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TO THE

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 Fashions for March, colored.  
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#### COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Fleur-De-Lis Banner Screen,  
 for Bead and Wool Work.  
 Smoking-Cap  
 Zephyr Shawl, in Crochet.  
 Coral Slipper Pattern.

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 Patterns in Crochet: Tidy and Border.

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Clara's Hero.  
 Watching the Wheat.  
 How Patty Went Skating.  
 The Haunted Manor-House.  
 The Children Have Been to See  
 the Jugglers.  
 The Picnic.

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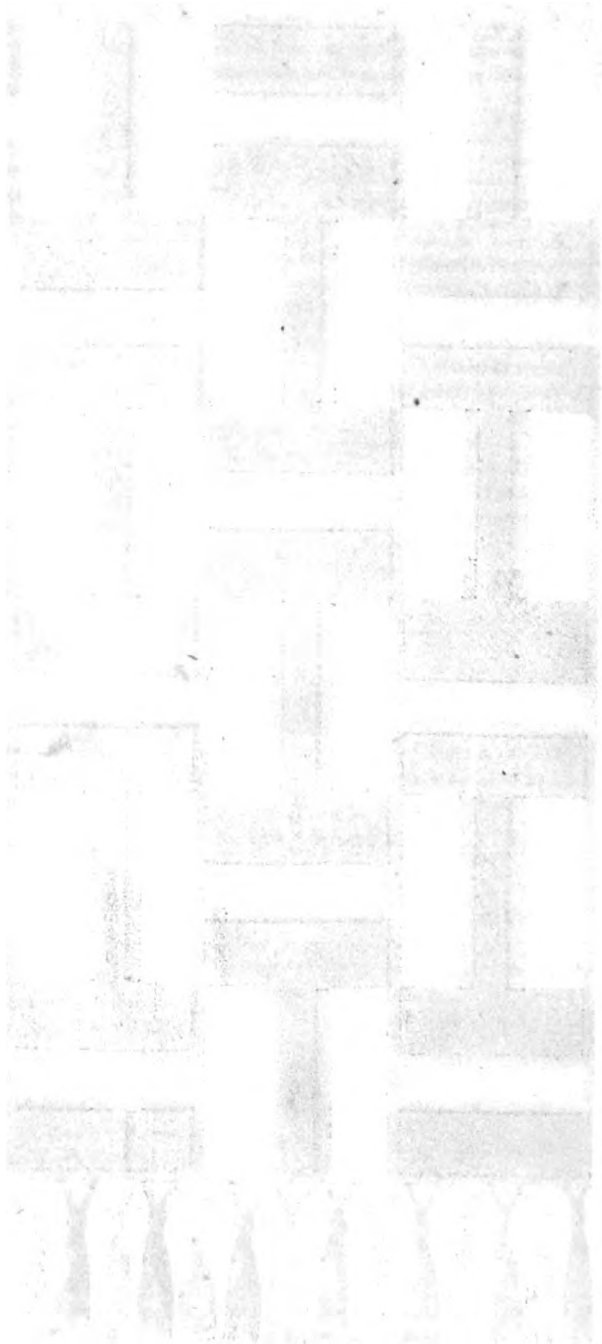
#### WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

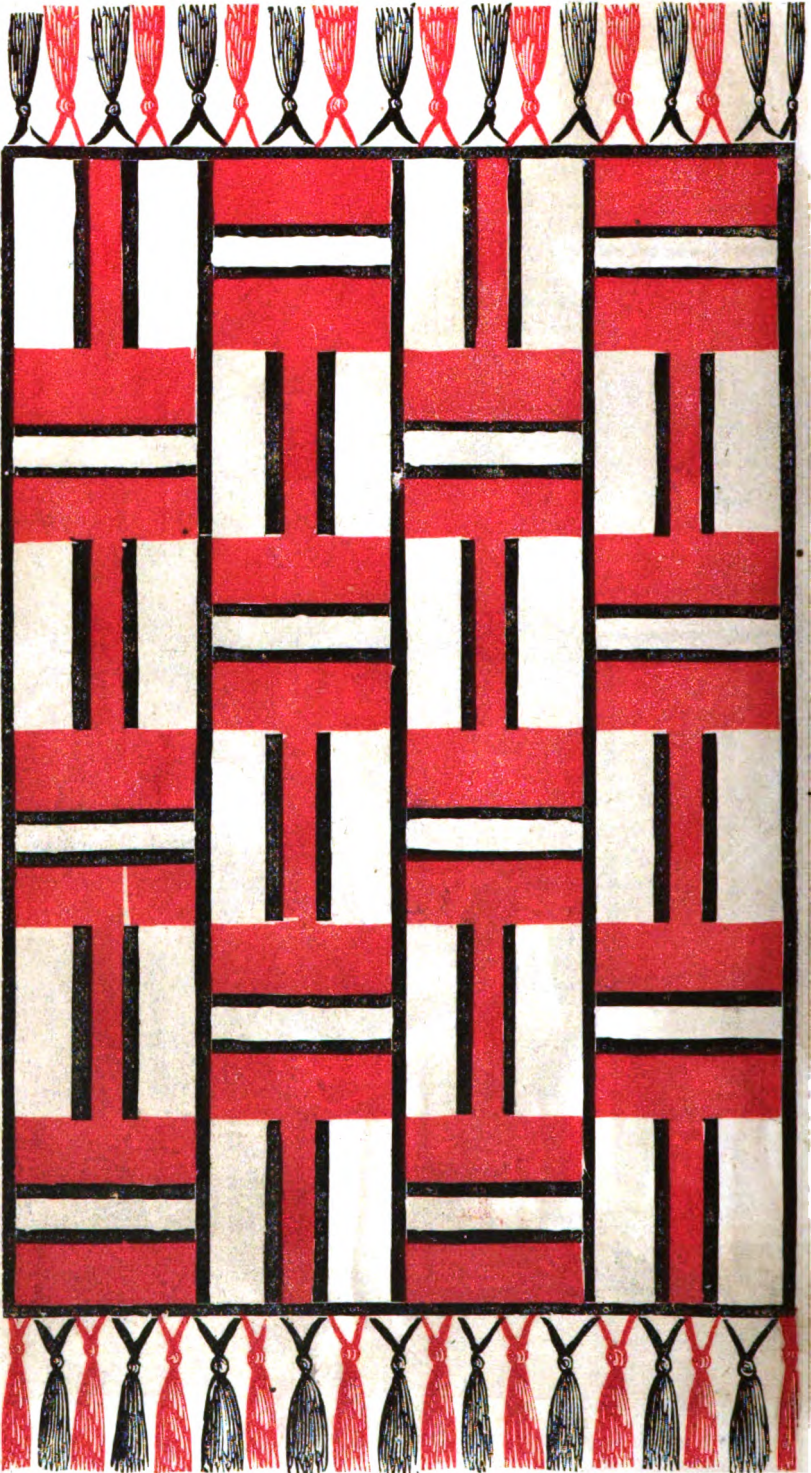
January Number, Fifty-Five Engravings.  
 February Number, Sixty-Two Engravings.  
 March Number, Forty-Two Engravings.  
 April Number, Forty-Two Engravings.  
 May Number, Forty-Five Engravings.  
 June Number, Thirty-Seven Engravings.

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#### MUSIC.

Sultan's Polka.  
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 Scottish March.  
 Morrie Schottisch.  
 Song of Enoch Arden;  
 or, "I'll Sail the Seas Over."  
 Eyes Will Watch for Thee.





BABY'S CARRIAGE AFGHAN.



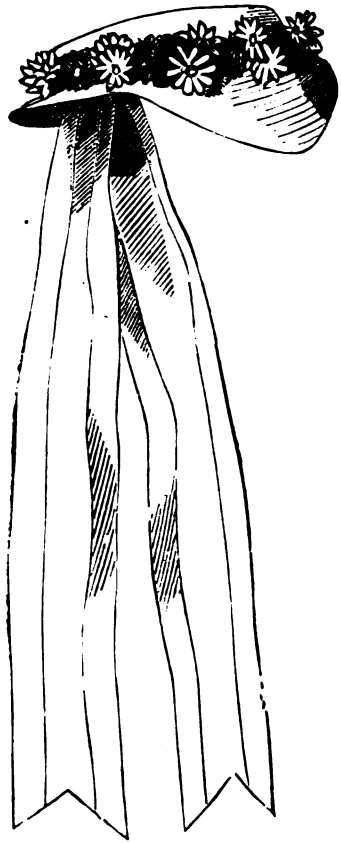


THE FIRST DIP INTO SALT WATER.

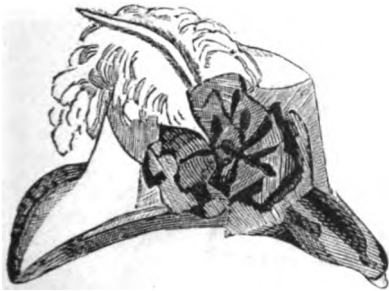




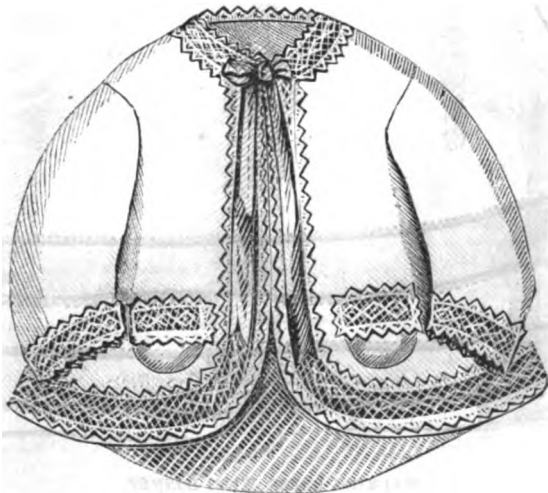
BONNET.



MISSER' HAT.



HAT.



SACQUE.

Emily

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS, WITH BONNET.



Emma

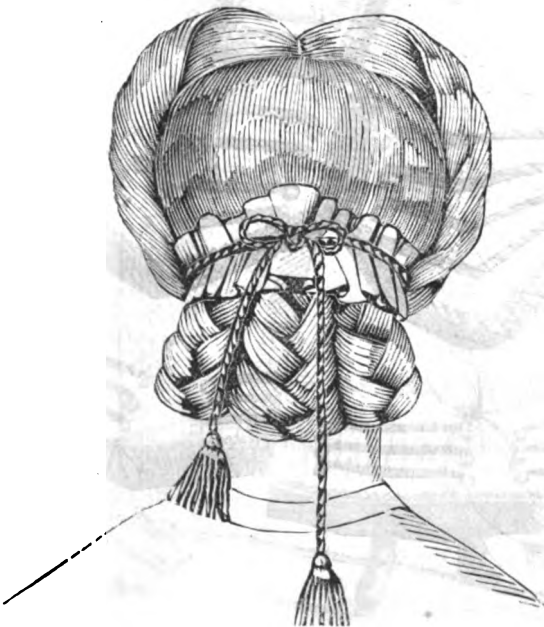
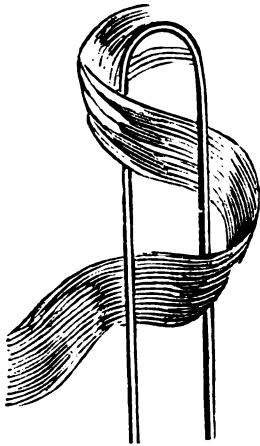
NAME FOR MARKING.



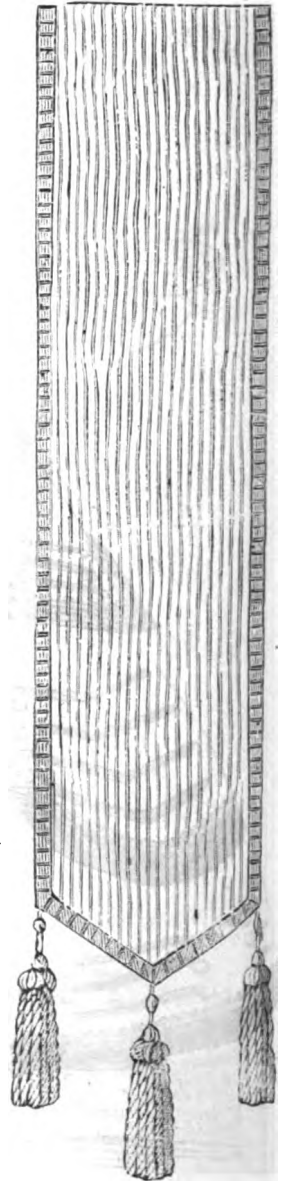
WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.

# HARRIET

NAME FOR MARKING.



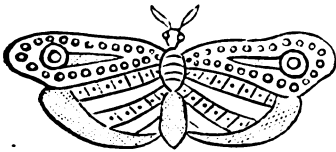
NEW FASHION OF DRESSING THE HAIR.



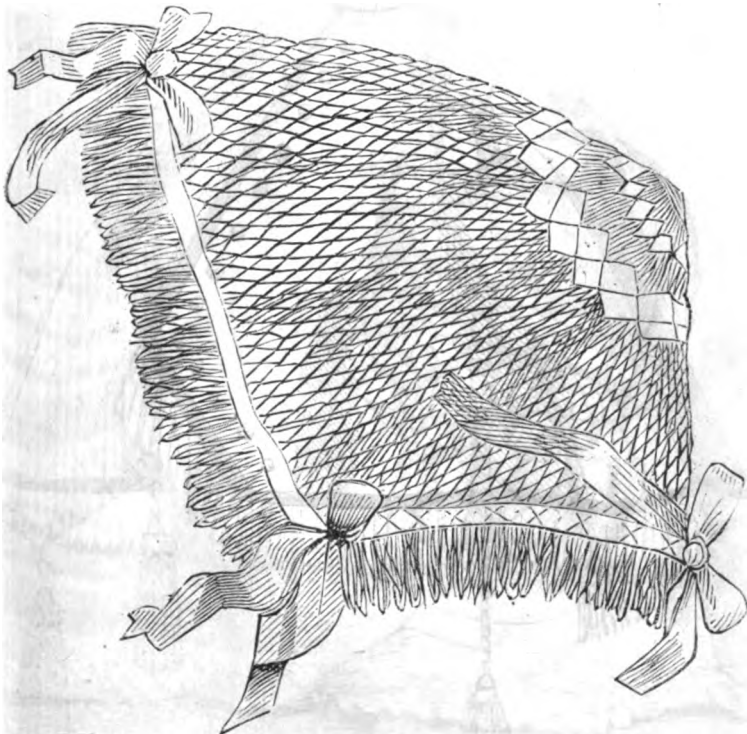
BOOK-MARKER.



YOUNG MISSES' DRESSES.



IN EMBROIDERY.



NETTED NIGHT-CAP.

# Aura

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.

# Martha

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.

# FAUST GALOP.

ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

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PIANO. *Introduction.*



GALOP.

*f*





FAUST GALOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a complex accompaniment of chords and sixteenth-note patterns. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the lower staff.

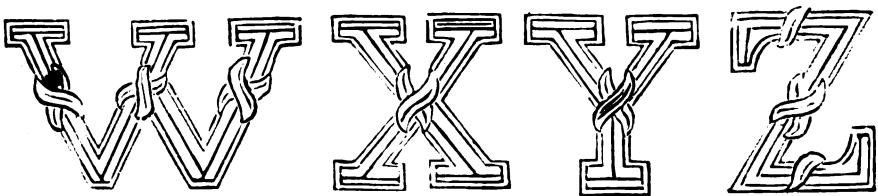
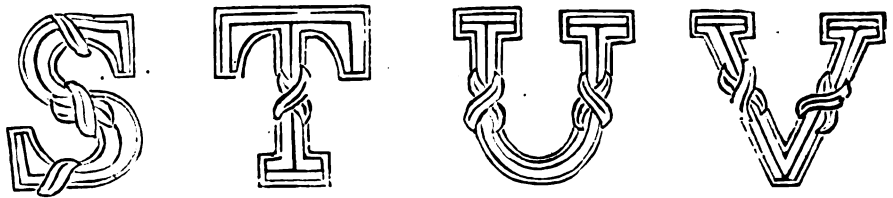
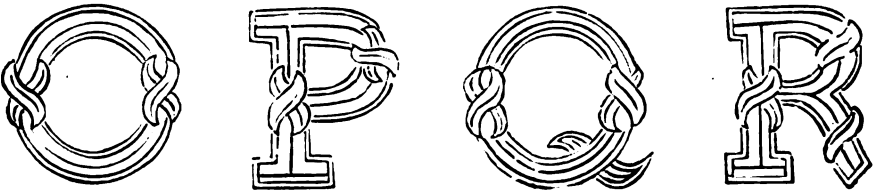
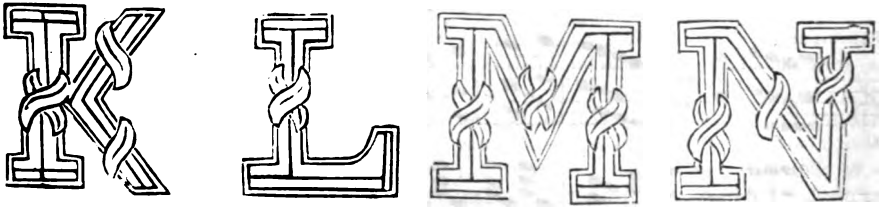
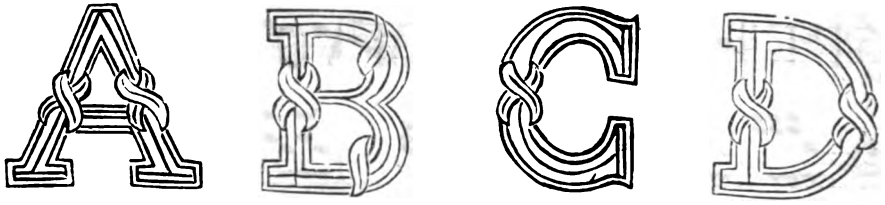
The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the melodic line with various rhythmic values. The lower staff continues the dense accompaniment. A trill is marked in the upper staff.

The third system shows further development of the melodic and accompanimental themes. The upper staff has a trill, and the lower staff features intricate chordal textures.

The fourth system continues the musical progression. The upper staff has a trill, and the lower staff maintains the complex accompaniment.

The fifth system includes a first ending bracket labeled "Sva" (ritardando) above the upper staff. The melodic line concludes with a trill. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The sixth system includes a second ending bracket labeled "Sva" above the upper staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D.C." (Da Capo) at the end of the upper staff.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1865.

No. 1.

## ALWAYS BEHIND TIME.

BY MARY H. SEYMOUR.

"My child, you are late again this morning," said Mr. Forester, mildly, to his only daughter, a young girl of fourteen, who had just made her appearance at the breakfast-table. "I'm afraid you'll get into a habit of always being behind time."

The young lady made no reply, but took her seat, with something of a pout on her pretty lips.

"Laura, are you not ready yet?" called her mother, about a year after, as she stood at the foot of the stairs, waiting to go out with her daughter. "I declare, my dear," she added, as Laura at last appeared, "you are getting worse and worse. I really am afraid that your father is right, and that you will always be behind time."

The usually handsome features of Laura had just the least bit of a sulky look on them as she answered her mother.

"Goodness, mamma, what a fuss you make! I'm only five or ten minutes late. Pa and you always worry me so, with your nervousness about being behind time."

"We do it for your good, my love," said the mother, in a kind tone. "We do not, however, personally, care so much about waiting; though a child ought hardly, I should think, to detain a parent under any circumstances. If there is one bad habit in a woman worse than another, it is the habit of procrastination. You are always late, Laura, because you always put off, till the last minute, doing what you have to do. When the morning bell rings, you think 'I will lie a little while longer,' and so are never down in time for breakfast. When you are going out with me, as to-day, you keep reading your novel till almost the moment you ought to start, and then have to dress in a hurry, and be behind time, after all."

"Well, haven't I heard that, again and again," undutifully retorted Laura. "I'm tired of this

sermonizing." And she frowned, as she spoke, looking positively ugly.

When Laura was eighteen, she fell in love, and, with the consent of her parents, was engaged. A radical change seemed now to take place in her character. She was never late for Harry. If he had asked her to ride; if they were going to a concert; if it was an evening party they had promised to attend, Laura was ready, to the moment, looking as blooming and happy as it was possible. More than this, she was always attired with perfect neatness; whereas, in the old times, she had often been dressed carelessly, in consequence of her haste.

"I am glad to see such a reformation in Laura," said Mrs. Forester to her husband. "I used, sometimes, to tremble for her future."

"Let us hope for the best," replied Mr. Forester, "but do not let us be too confident. Laura is naturally indolent, and, I fear, after she is married, the old habits will come back." And he sighed.

Alas! his prediction was correct. Laura had not been married long, before she began to be as late at her husband's breakfast-table as she had been at her father's. If she had been poorer, she would have been compelled to get up, in order to prepare the meal herself; but her means now were larger than they had ever been, she had competent servants, and she had few household cares. At first, when she came down late, and found she had kept her husband waiting, she blushed with shame, and resolved never to be guilty in this way again. But this soon wore off, and, before a year, it was the exception, not the rule, for the young wife to be punctual.

Nor did it stop here. In everything she was late. She was rarely ready in time for church, for an evening visit, for the opera, for anything. She would lounge on a sofa, reading the latest novel, or sleeping till the very last minute, and

then dress in such a hurry that she was hardly even neat. Her haste often influenced her temper, making her irritable, or peevish. Her idle habits finally affected her health, and, through her health, her beauty. She became sallow in complexion. Her movements grew languid. She lost the brightness that had once been her principal charm. Her face wore, not unfrequently, a discontented, even sullen look.

For, in proportion as she disregarded her husband's comfort, and neglected her personal appearance, his affection for her began to decline. He had loved her for certain fancied excellencies, and when he found that he had been deceived, the shock was a great one to him. Harry would have made a very domestic man, if his fireside had been as pleasant as it should have been; but when he found his dinner late, his wife never ready, and his house full of discomforts, he began to be less at home.

Things went from bad to worse. Laura resented his absence as an insult, and there were often angry disputes. In her father's house, she had, as we have seen, been sometimes pettish and disrespectful; and she was no better now in her husband's.

Laura has been married five years. A more untidy house you would not wish to see. "As the mistress is, so the servant," says an old proverb. Everybody, from the cook to the coachman, is behind time. Her husband spends most of his evenings at his club, does not always dine at home, and has settled down into polite indifference toward his wife. He is not without blame; but Laura is most in fault. She has made her bed, and she must lie in it. She is not happy. How can she be? But she never thinks of reform. Her habits of indolence and procrastination are too strong for her; and she will remain their slave till the day of her death.

## SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY N. F. GARTER.

In silence sunbeams warm to life  
The world with all its fruits and flowers;  
Clouds form above these scenes of strife,  
And rain descends in gracious showers.  
In silence telegraphic wires  
Flash our unwritten thoughts afar;  
The needle on the ocean fires  
With hope the night without a star!

We live, and with a silent power,  
Mould other lives to love or hate;  
To forms that charm the passing hour,  
Or for the day of burning wait!  
We may not see as others see;  
We may not feel as others feel;  
Yet still our life, so full and free,  
Brings them eternal woe or weal!

The sunshine of the smiling face;  
The darkness of a constant frown;  
Our zeal to run the Heavenly race;  
Our strife for honor and renown;  
Our love to poor and needy shown,  
The cold neglect, or open scorn;  
These wield an influence all their own,  
Whence endless life or death is born!

Hew careful, then, to make this life,  
In all its might of silent power,  
messenger of peace in strife,  
A light in every evil hour!  
Oh! blessed Saviour, light of men,  
Make plain the path Thy grace has given;  
Lead us therein, and ever then  
Our busy life shall woo to Heaven

## DIED RICH.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

That in the church-yard, roofed with green,  
Was all the home she here possessed;  
But she has entered, like a queen,  
A mansion in that region blest,  
Whose smile seemed on her face to rest.

No wardrobe, rich and rare, had she;  
But like that of a nun, she wore  
A holy veil of sanctity,  
Between her and this world, to draw  
When it was fair to her no more.

No jewels she bequeathed; but left  
Us golden memories to prize;  
And while those wealthiest here are reft  
Of all by death, she did but rise  
To join her treasures in the skies.

Well might we, then, when she to chose,  
In whose just scales the widow's mite  
Outweighs our yellow idol, rose:  
Though poor she seemed to human sight—  
"Died Rich," upon her tomb-stone write.

## THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME XLVII., PAGE 415.

### CHAPTER VI.

It was a clear, dewy morning; you drank in the morning freshness with every breath, whether in the cold air, or the flashing ripples on the river, or the chirp of the birds, or the wet gossamer glittering over the rose-bushes.

Barbara was over at Joyce's bright and early, with a face as fresh as the morning. She had helped the old man finish his anxious dressing, turned down his shirt-collar, buckled the shoes, roughened his white hair when he had flattened it down. "The clothes were so threadbare and darned; but what of that? he had the grand old face of a chevalier." So, while he stood consulting eagerly with Dunn Joyce, who looked strangely haggard and anxious this morning, she thought it was a pity the little French girl could not see him now, true gentleman that he was, it would strike a blow at her selfish, vain little heart. Or, what if her uncle could be rich and great, (and Barbara dropped her head on her hands, thinking it out,) and, going into the city, should meet the French girl poor and despised, and should take her back again to his love, as King Cophetua did the beggar girl? Bah! what idleness was this? Gabrielle was old and wrinkled now, no doubt; or fat, maybe, feeding on truffles and frogs—a rich mercer's wife. Barby's notions of the French were of the most primitive kind. Then she wondered, did Gabrielle wear specimens of her husband's wares, like women in the city?

Her reveries were interrupted suddenly.

"I'm going now, Barby," said her uncle.

She went up and straightened his coat, patting it, and talking merrily. If she, poor, awkward Barbara, were only pretty and graceful, and could take the place to the old man of the child that never had been born to him—but she could not.

She did not know how the morning sun lit up her fresh, earnest face, the curly, brown hair, and the tears shining in the dark eyes. She kissed him good-by on each side of his face; the wrinkled old cheeks flushed crimson.

"Why, why, child! where did *you* learn that little trick?" he said, softly, buttoning his coat with trembling hands.

"It was accident; but, somewhere, they do kiss each other in that fashion—not on the lips, as with us, do they not?" stooping to gather him a bunch of pinks.

"Yes, in—in France."

The old man seemed gayer and lighter after that, she noticed, for she stayed and breakfasted with him and Joyce; but she had no idea of the strange fancy which had touched him.

"It could not be," he plodded on thinking, after he had left them. "It was only an accident, as the child said. Yet what if she, being dead, should have sent that sign to show that what I do to-day pleased her? Tut! An idle fancy!"

It was idle; yet he looked up into the clear blue air, as if beyond it was a something very dear, which he gave up many years ago on that day, but which even now seem altogether lost to him; for he knew that Gabrielle was dead—she had not been happy as the silk mercer's wife, and she had soon died.

When the day had grown into noon, Nicholas Waugh came into the city; every few moments he thrust his fingers into the side pocket where the pill-box was—for he had a wholesome fear of pickpockets. He did not mean to complete the sale that day; would bring the diamond back with him, as he had told Joyce. It was too important a business to finish hastily.

About one o'clock he called at the jeweler's, and after remaining half an hour, went to a boarding-house, then standing at the corner of Tenth and Market streets, and took his dinner. Several persons, whose attention was attracted to the old man by his quaint dress and dignity of manner, testified afterward to seeing him at both of these places, and that at both he was followed by a man who kept him constantly in view, himself unseen; a tall, clumsy-looking man, the jeweler stated, with yellow hair and blue eyes, who walked indolently, and kept his hands clasped behind him. Mr. Waugh had, evidently, no idea that he was followed. During the afternoon he was observed in different streets, (the city did not so claim a million of inhabitants then, and people had time to remark and speculate upon an odd-looking stranger,) walking

leisurely from place to place, apparently tracing out old landmarks; but wherever he went, the same man followed him at the distance of a square. One of these witnesses gave evidence of meeting him near sunset in the northern part of the town, going toward the country-road, then leading up the Schuylkill, and which, in some places, was hardly more than a narrow path along the river's edge, with the wheel-marks of a few wagons in the grass. The unfortunate old man was then evidently making his way toward home, as the path to Dunn Joyce's house branched off from this road. It was long since he had visited the city, and a natural curiosity kept him wandering about until this late hour.

"It will be night long before I reach home," he said, buttoning his coat and grasping his cane more firmly, as he struck into the foot-path and glanced at the gathering fog on the river, that rose so heavily that it clogged his breath and dampened his gray hairs.

Barbara had kept a close watch for her uncle all day. From her window she could see the gate of Joyce's yard; she brought her sewing, therefore, early in the afternoon to it, in order that she might catch the first glimpse of his coming. She was restless, nervous; starting at every sound, she knew not why.

The house had been closed all day, except the kitchen, where old Deb held sway. Dunn Joyce had been gone since early morning; set out a few minutes after the old man. He had gone for cuttings, she supposed, to some of the neighboring farms.

When it grew dusk, the girl became more and more anxious; she threw down her sewing at last, and tying a sun-bonnet on her head, ran down the stairs, meeting her father in the hall.

"Going down the road, Barby, to meet your uncle? I'll walk with you. I have some business with him; but don't think yourself in the way. When we meet him, you can walk on a bit."

"Do not go out, Mr. Waugh," cried a shrill voice from the room; "I need you to roll these carpet-rag balls."

He made no reply, but hobbled off as fast as his rheumatic feet would carry him, down the steps, and behind the grape-vine trellice.

"We will hasten, my child," he said, trying to recover his dignity, and taking a pinch of snuff, "it grows late."

Barbara laughed secretly, but drawing his arm in hers, scudded off from the house.

"He said he would be here by sundown,"

she said, her brows knit uneasily as they walked up and down.

As one hour after another passed her anxiety deepened into real alarm. "He was too old to go alone," she said, at last; "something has happened to him."

"No, no, he's safe enough," querulously rejoined her companion. "But he carried valuable matter with him. It is well if it is not dropped out of a hole in his pocket, or given to the first beggar he met. Nicholas ought to remember he holds another man's property."

Barbara was devoured by curiosity at these words, but she asked no questions.

They went at last to Joyce's house and sat waiting on the stoop. It was an unusually dark night; the fog, even at that distance from the river, so thick it might be cut, she fancied. A reddish, murderous moon struggling through at long intervals only to make the darkness more palpable.

Finally, Mrs. Waugh came over, at first angry, and then alarmed; and Deb, the old cook, put on a clean apron and a scared face, and came around to the front to add her fright and ejaculations to theirs. Still, although they waited until midnight, there was no sign of either the old man or Joyce's coming.

At last, Barbara led her father home, shivering in the damp air, imagining, as he went, Nicholas in the river, with his throat cut by robbers, and, now and then, breaking out into lamentations on the loss of the valuable property which he carried. When Mrs. Waugh tried to discover what this was, however, by means of a few skillfully put questions, he silenced her by saying, "There were matters with which womenfolk should not interfere." Sometimes he turned on her with a snarling, pettish ill-humor, that drove her into a momentary subjection.

Barbara sat all night with her clothes on waiting for dawn; she could do nothing, and meanwhile she tried to content herself by believing that Mrs. Waugh's suggestions was true, that he had remained in town all night.

When the sun was up, she went vaguely across the fields which commanded a view of the house, and stood leaning on a low, worm-fence. A man got up slowly from the thick dog-fennel, on the other side, and came toward her. It was Dunn Joyce. Barbara made a step toward him, and put her hand out; his face, and what she thought she read there, terrified her beyond the power of speech.

He laughed hoarsely; his whole manner was different from the quiet, grave Dunn.

"You're out early, Barbara," he said, trying to speak gayly.

"Is he dead?" she managed to articulate. "Where did you leave him, Dunn?"

His face grew, if possible, a trifle more bloodless than it had been.

"Who? What do you come questioning me for?" he cried, almost fiercely. "What should I know of your uncle?"

Barbara was silent, trying to collect herself; Joyce, meantime, stood staring blankly at her. His appearance was that of a man under the influence of some powerful opiate that had dulled his brain, or one who had encountered some deadly terror; his face was smeared with clay, and his hair wet and matted; his hands went wandering aimlessly, fastening and opening his coat, pulling the bits of mud off that had adhered to it.

"You did not see him, then, yesterday?" she said.

There was no answer.

"Oh, Dunn, Dunn!" she cried, "try and help me," bursting into tears, and hiding her head on the fence-rail. "I have nobody to ask but you! I was sure you were with him to-night."

The sight of her tears seemed to bring him back to reason; he bent his head, looking at her sobbing, as if he were coming out of some unspeakable horror to the quiet, natural griefs of every day; but he said nothing.

"What ails you?" she said, looking up and with her usual impetuosity. "You are ill! You are wet——" putting her hand rapidly on his arm and shoulder, then pushing him from her, and looking up in his face, white and startled. "Did he fall in the river? Oh, Dunn! for God's sake—is he dead?"

He thrust her roughly from him, and turned away, his voice choking, as he said, "Is it that you are afraid of—death? What is that to this? If you and I, and all of us were dead, would it be what this is?"

There was a long silence, in which she stood looking frightened into his face; she never had seen a man suffer like this.

She put her hand out presently and took his, as it hung limp and cold. "Will you tell me what it is, Dunn?" she said, humbly. "I am sorry for you as for him. I never," her face flushing a sudden scarlet, "knew how sorry I was for you before."

One would have thought those words had brought the dead to life to see him. A strange flash of meaning transfigured his whole face and mien; then it died away, and he shrank down into—not the usual quiet, dull Dunn

Joyce, but paralyzed as by the touch of some foulest crime into a mockery of his old self.

"Barbara," he said, in a low voice, drawing his hand from hers, "I think, in all God's world, there is not so wretched a man as I," and suddenly left her, going with slow, uncertain steps into the road.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was about three weeks after the events recorded in our last chapter, the close of a hot, July day; a day of untempered heat, changeable, and crossed by one or two sharp thunderstorms, that left a sultrier heat when they were gone. Yet to Barbara, who had been out all day, going from one part of the city to the other, it seemed right and fitting; for a cool quiet, even in the atmosphere, would have irritated her; her nerves and muscles were strained to the point of exhaustion; her brain had that rasped, uttermost sensation, to which another touch would be intolerable. The fierceness of the heat, the thunder and wind, rested and relieved her. Yet she went from place to place with no expression on her face other than a dull stubbornness of purpose; her usual light, *insouciant* step fallen in a dogged, slow walk; addressing those to whom her business called her to speak with a set, artificial smile.

Her father trotted alongside of her, shaking his head doubtfully, when she stopped for a moment, giving him time to collect his thoughts, looking at every one they met with a wild, deprecating glance; and at intervals flourishing and admiring a new cane, which he carried for the first time to-day. Samuel Waugh's mind gave way greatly after his brother's loss, and never, I think, was the same afterward; not from grief—he was too selfish and puerile a man for that; but probably from the sudden breaking up of his daily habits, and the bringing of death so near and palpably home to him.

Once, during the day, Barbara met an old school-mate. "Where are you going, Barby?" she said, and "what are you doing these times?" according to school-girl fashion. The answer startled her enough.

"I'm the 'avenger of blood!'" Barbara said. "They have put me on the track of a murderer. Do you think I will find him?"

The girl looked frightened, drew back a step, then scanned Barby's face. "I think you will," she said, seeing the expression in it. They both waited a moment, the girl opened her mouth as if she would have spoken, then hurried off without offering her hand again to her old play-fellow, thinking her mad, no doubt.

But it was only this: Barby was not fitted for great emergencies, or capable of bearing heroically any deep shock either of her nerves or heart; she was totally unhinged now, and hardly likely to speak or act with ordinary discretion. She had imposed on herself the task of following up the traces of her uncle; no very difficult undertaking now; for the newspapers, according to their wont in those days, when the public mind was satisfied with the murder of one man in a season, and did not grow ennuied without a battle a week—the newspapers, I say, had dilated upon every trifling incident of his disappearance, from the moment of his leaving Dunn Joyce's house to the arrest of the supposed murderer. The story of the diamond, and its first discovery, added an unusual flavor of romance and a zest to the whole affair. It was the one point of interest in the city; the Waughs and the Joyces were discussed at every breakfast-table for a week after the event occurred; the excitement had begun to die away a little, but no doubt the trial, which was appointed for the next week, would revive it all. So Barbara, in her efforts to trace, step by step, the evidence in the matter, found herself only too successful, her questions being met with an eager curiosity about herself, and the old man at her side.

The day, as we have said, was near its close before she had finished her gloomy work. It was not altogether gloomy, however, for sometimes she would find heart of grace, and, turning to her father, say cheerfully, "It will be right; God will help us through, I know." To which he answered nothing, or would say pettishly, "I don't know what you want, Barby;" and once, "The fellow's guilt is clear enough. I don't think you need fash yourself to fasten it on him. It's unseemly such blood-thirstiness in a young girl." She made no reply. Coming at sunset to the entrance of a narrow street, lined with law-offices, she stopped and said, "There is one thing more, father. I must see him." "Who—Joyce? No, no, Barbara," tapping his cane on the pavement, "I've yielded to your whims long enough, but will have none of that. What good would it answer?" again falling into the weak, querulous tone. "It's a bold step in a girl like you, Barby." "I know," blushing deeply, putting her hand uneasily to her forehead, and speaking more to herself than him. "But it would do good. I have thought it all over. You will not forbid it, father, I am sure?" walking on as she spoke.

Wagh had been too long under a harsher petticoat government at home not to yield to

Barbara's; he followed her, therefore, grumbling as he went.

A few moments after, and the two were seated in Seaborn's office, waiting his appearance. Seaborn was then prosecuting-attorney, and had been unusually active in ferreting out testimony against the prisoner, probably out of a strict sense of duty; said testimony being altogether circumstantial, and therefore quantity being as much of an object as quality.

The office was a pleasant little place, with more of the air of a boudoir than any room in their house, Barbara thought. Her eyes wandered over the quiet tints in carpet and paper; the vines planted outside in the three feet square back-yard, covering and creeping in at the open window with a wealth of green leaves and purple blossoms. She did not know the plant, but how it would please Dunn if she could take him home a slip. Dunn! Then all that had passed came with a torrent of recollection, the more bitter for this momentary forgetfulness. Her uncle was dead. He was the one human being who understood her, who was always kind. That was all over and done with now; he was dead and cold, somewhere.

And poor old Dunn, whom they had laughed at and teased all their lives, Dunn was in prison awaiting his trial for murder.

Somehow she had grown dulled to all these things, as people will; in the last few days they came fresh and new to her, wringing her heart with a real physical pain, making her blood creep cold through her veins.

"Why should I care for Dunn Joyce?" she said, shaking the thought off angrily. "It must be for Richard's sake." But even as she said it, the remembrance of Richard brought with it a loathing recollection of his selfish injustice to his elder brother. She tried to mutter over some heroic lines about being "true to Glencairn, whatever may betide;" but they did not come readily. Yet she knew she loved Dick, certainly. In every book she read the hero was handsome, and fluent, and poor, and devoted to his mistress—Dick was all of these, and far more—that suited her peculiar ideal. Had he not gone out to conquer fame and fortune for her sake? Would not any heroine reward him with fidelity equal to—

"Barby! here is Mr. Seaborn." Barby's heart was in her throat instantly; she trembled—not from embarrassment, but—this man! This pink-faced little poppinjay, with his smooth, fair hair, and blue eyes, and delicately sprigged waistcoat! Was it into his dainty, finical fingers the life of Dunn Joyce was to be placed?

He recognized Mr. Waugh by a bow, and showed his want of recognition of Barbara by another, still lower; then took a chair, glancing at the seat first to see if there were any dust upon it.

"You wished to speak to me?" he said, with a quick, critical glance over her face and figure. Every woman by nature despises a *petit-maitre*, however education has taught her to tolerate them. No education had made Barbara tolerant; she felt an unconquerable impulse to be rough and big, and plain-worded with him.

"My name is Waugh," she said. "I came to see you respecting the prisoner, Joyce."

"You have additional testimony?" in the same smooth, unvaried tone. Good points that woman had, he thought—remarkably good; free, bold outlines everywhere; genuine eyes; delicate, cleft chin; time would bring out the rest; it had no vulgar flabbiness in mind or matter to overcome.

"I have no testimony," said Barbara.

Now, there was no man in Philadelphia with finer instincts about women than John Seaborn. After his first sharp glance at Barby, there was a quiet respect in his manner that called her to herself, made her easy in hers. She forgot, she afterward said, that the man was a fop.

"Take your time, Miss Waugh. Tell me the purpose of your visit in your our way—office hours are over," seeing her hesitate for a word.

"Barby has kept me going all day," said her father, as a helping prelude to Barbara's remarks.

"I have known Dunn Joyce a great many years," interrupted Barbara. "I wanted to see into this thing for myself, and make up my own mind. I've been over it all, tracing out the testimony."

"Yes. And your verdict?" with a look that Barbara took home to interpret before she answered.

"He thinks my verdict worth respecting; he has confidence in woman's wit, maybe."

"There is a love affair under this," cogitated the unseen John Seaborn. "If the girl loves that man Joyce, she has more discernment than many of her sex are blessed with."

"It has not been with my approval Barby has moved in this matter, Mr. Seaborn," said old Waugh, snappishly, looking at Barbara and interrupting her. "Women in their place, say I."

"Have you left your place?" said Seaborn, directly addressing her.

If Barbara did not know her own heart, it spoke out of itself now, her changing color emphasizing every word.

"I knew Dunn Joyce was innocent. It all goes against him—the testimony. But he is innocent, and I want to tell him that I think it. I came to you to help me see him. Maybe I have left a woman's place; I don't know."

The lawyer was silent, looking at an unseemly white fleck in his thumb-nail; but Barbara did not heed what he did.

"They have all turned against him," she said.

Seaborn caught the whisper. "I can give you a pass," he said, slowly. "I don't know of any objection to your going. Will it be any comfort to Joyce to know your opinion? Are you—"

"I think it will," she said, as if she had answered the question to herself before. "I was Nicholas Waugh's niece. I loved him better than all of them did. I knew him better. Dunn would think it was a message from him if I said I thought he was not guilty."

"No more than that?" letting his hand fall. "I will write you a short note to Poindexter, Miss Waugh; that will admit you. I wish every woman who comes to this office would be as explicit in stating their errand; it would be a marvelous saving of time and temper," writing as he spoke.

Coming toward her, he put the note into her hand, and then leaned his elbow on the mantelshelf, looking shrewdly down into her face.

"You had another errand here?" he said.

Barbara's face blushed scarlet. With all her outspoken courage, she was a modest girl, unused to any sort of society, particularly that of men like the one before her. Besides, it angered her that this little dandy of a lawyer, as she had called him to herself at first, should so naturally have mastered her, read her inmost thoughts; she lost command of herself, and stammered out, "What errand had I?"

"A very natural one, my dear young lady. You were a little doubtful of the evidence—not of your own conclusion about it, but of the manner in which it might impress the jury. I think you wished to find from me what chances of life your friend had—for he is your friend?"

"Yes;" and Barby's face turned pale again, wondering why her heart gave such a sudden, proud throb; when Seaborn went on to say, carelessly, how much impressed he had been by Dunn Joyce, as a simple-hearted, unselfish fellow.

"With a curious knowledge of the law," he said, "and a keen tact of seeing and adjusting the points of a case, his loutish manner masks his real self as much as an ill-fitting dress does."

a woman." (Barby would have been less than woman if she had not been conscious just then of the make of her own.) "I have visited Joyce several times," then, after a pause, he said, "but, while this is my opinion of him, Miss Waugh, I think it only fair to tell you that, at the same time I believe him guilty of this crime, and that it is my duty to do all I can to convict him. I think, too, I shall succeed."

If he talked to her in this way for the purpose of testing her, a mere analysis to gratify his whim, he was disappointed. She looked at him quietly, rising as she spoke, and tying her bonnet-strings,

"I knew you thought him guilty," she said. "I do not blame you—the evidence is strong. But you will not succeed, Mr. Seaborn—God will help us through."

"I hope so—I hope so, Miss Waugh," with a conciliatory bow to her and to Providence. "You are going? I wish I could offer you some refreshments—a glass of wine for Mr. Waugh, now. But a lawyer's chambers, you know—good-by! good-by, sir! Good evening, Miss Waugh! You have *not* left your place," with a sudden sinking of the voice; "you have only acted as a true woman should; to be faithful unto death, is one of their traits."

"I knew it was a love affair," he continued to himself, as he sorted away some papers on his table, put on his hat, and speedily forgot Barbara, and all that concerned her.

"He thinks I love Dunn Joyce," thought Barbara, going down the street. "I could not tell him it was for Richard's sake——"

But that thought died out like a thinnest vapor of fancy before the surging passions in her heart. Barby was startled at herself at the new, strange feelings that suddenly unclosed themselves.

It was well for him, far above them in safety and ease, to sneer at the truth of a woman to Dunn, bound and in prison—waiting for a death on the gallows, maybe! These were her thoughts.

The sun, going down in a cheerful, red glow, had a look of death in it to Barby; the hot air made her shiver. As they went down the broad pavements, thronged with bright-eyed women in their delicate summer dresses, her thought stole closer into that dark, narrow cell in the prison, and clung to the man there with a new feeling.

So kind as he had been to her! Going back to her childhood, she remembered little that was frosh and cheerful until she came here; and how much of the happiness of her life since then

was owing to this queer, simple-hearted Dunn? And she used to laugh at him—to think she disliked him. But he was going to die now, surely she could own the truth to herself. She wished she could die for him—looking about her at the indifferent faces of the men with a fierce impatience. Some of them were of the twelve who were to do him to death—what did they care for her wishes or her pain? Some powerful Hand seemed to hold them all, sweeping them down to this terrible fate. Then Barby stopped, going back to the lessons she learned long ago, when she was a mere baby, from the pale, gentle woman she had called mother. A Hand *did* hold her.

She walked silently for a long time by her father, her eyes fixed on the bricks over which she was going; when she looked up, her eyes were wet, and her face had caught the look of that woman just remembered, who had lain in her grave so long. "Poor' father!" she said, cheerfully, patting his arm, "I have tired you so! But it will all be right, I know; God will help us through!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning the rain fell heavily, steadily, too; the sort of day when you have a little fire kindled in the snugest room of the house, and draw up to it with a pleasant remembrance of cold November days, and family gatherings, and all home comforts, that center and close around the glowing grate, and the hearth-rug, worn thread-bare for so many years by dear feet, some of whom, maybe, will press it no more forever. The kind of day that brings haunting, sad, quiet thoughts like these in its heavy mists and gray, continuous summer rain; when, if even your business calls you abroad, perforce, your tongue is less acute in its cadences, your eyes less keen for a bargain than when the sun and air are awake and watchful.

So Barbara, coming into the almost deserted streets, where the rain and she seemed to have full possession, had no fierce bitterness against the injustice of Dunn's fate or her own, in the heart throbbing warmly beneath the flannel cloak. It was all wrong; circumstances were against him, but it would be cleared at last, as surely as that the heavy clouds would break away, and the clear blue shine out up yonder sometime.

Meantime, she was going to see Dunn; his trial was coming next week, she had learned that morning. Barbara had some vague and frightful notions of a prison, and felt herself



shiver when she came near the low wall that enclosed it. But it had very much the look of any other house. Three or four boys, with uncombed hair and their trousers rolled up to their knees, were playing marbles in the shelter of the vaulted gateway; the jailer who unlocked the door to admit her, was a man she had known by sight, Jim Cutler, who used to drive a huckster's cart past their house; he had a pictorial paper in his hand that he had been reading.

Somehow Barbara took courage; it is so hard to link the idea of a horrible death with people you know, and boys and marbles.

"Joyce? Oh, yes, yes!" looking over her permit, and then going before her, through the narrow entry. "Wet weather, Miss," with another look at the paper. "Waugh? Humph!" under his breath, and a curious inspection of her from her gray, felt bonnet to her shoes, followed. Here was one of the other party; he had begun to rather like poor Dunn, with his quiet, untroublesome ways; but this was the other side. "You ben't afraid, Miss?" pausing with the door-key in his hand. "He's not at all ferocious, in general; but, perhaps, seeing one of your family——" Barbara motioned to him, angrily, to open the door. "It's none of my look out. You've half an hour," going back to tell his wife that one of the Waughs was in to worrit that wretch, and then to his paper.

It was a large cell, with two windows instead of one; mere slits in the wall, however, through which the rain came, dropping in little puddles along the floor. There was the usual iron bedstead, the spigot in the wall, the scrawls over the wall with burnt coal—names, faces, dates. Dunn had fallen into the usual resource for hands forced to be idle, and was standing with his back to her, drawing some figures on the wall—the same Barbara's quick eye noted over and over. It was the date of his coming to that place. Hearing the door close, he turned.

"Why, Barby!" he said, holding out his hand with a sudden smile. Then he dropped it again; when she shook hands with him, it was she that did it, not he.

She did shake hands, and then sat down unbidden on the low bed. She could not speak just then; gave that kind of sob that women do who are natural as children all their lives, looking at him, meanwhile, with that keen instinct of comprehension which a woman never loses, no matter how she may suffer, and seeing by it how strangely Joyce was altered.

"The man in him has come out through the door," Seaborn would have said. Something in his look and every motion cried, "I am," for

the first time in his life. He looked down at her with an assertant self-respect, a kindly, genial, cordial smile. It was Dunn, yet not Dunn.

"So you came to see me, little Barbara?" he said, after looking at her in silence for a moment with an unspeakable tenderness in his voice; "I'm glad you did. I thought I never should see you again until—till we come to that other country."

"What do you mean, Dunn?" For Barby was not used to bring in heaven or hell as ordinary topics into her thoughts.

"Nothing," with a touch of his old bashfulness. "But one comes near to such thoughts in a place like this; and I've had a good many hours considering about that next place, Barby. You know," very gently, "they say I am not very far away from it."

"Dunn!" starting to her feet.

He bent over her, watched her heaving breast, her clasped hands, the hot tears on her cheeks.

"What is it? What did you come to tell?"

"If the whole world turn against you, I never will, Dunn," she cried. "I know how noble you are, and unselfish, like him that's gone."

A swift pallor came to the man's face, but he stood motionless. "I know you are innocent. Why do you not answer?" with a sudden falling of tone. "Why do you look at me in that strange way?" a terrified change on her face.

Joyce passed his hand vaguely over his forehead. "I don't know, Barby; but don't doubt me, child, for God's sake! You don't understand all that your words mean to me. Go on. Tell me all that you come to say."

Barbara stood by the open window, her clasped hands leaning on his arm, looking up into his face. He thought, as the dim light touched her brown curls and honest eyes, how much of a child she was still; how hard it was to soil her by even this contact with him, and this place to which they said he belonged. But he could not spare this little word; it would be the last. If he must go down into the pit, let him feel one little touch of her hand before he went.

"Tell me, Barby," he said, "why did you hunt out old Dunn, eh?" coaxingly. "Tell me that, and then you must go, and quickly. This is no place for you."

"I tried to find out all they could prove against you, Mr. Joyce," she hesitated; "that was only natural, you know. We have been such old friends," looking up confidently.

"Yes, old friends, Barbara," gravely.

"And when," her blood rising angrily, "I

saw how all had turned against you, that the testimony was so strong——”

“Well, then, what?” catching her hand.

“I wanted to come to you,” speaking breathlessly. “I knew then what you were to me—I never knew before.”

Dunn’s head was turned away; she waited for a long time for him to speak.

“I am nothing to you, Barbara,” he said, at last, slowly, “only a stupid old friend, in whom you have taken an interest; it is natural in a young and tender-hearted girl,” reasoning with himself more than her. “When this is all over, and I am gone, you will be sorry for me. But you will forget; and that will be better.”

He drew away from her, leaned his elbow on the deep cut in the wall that formed the window, and looked out into the rain.

There was such a conscious, utter loneliness in the ungainly figure and quaint face, that she did not heed his apparent rebuff.

“I will not forget,” she said.

He turned as if a new gleam of intelligence had come to him. “Oh! I see, Barby,” smiling kindly, but with the same look of patient loss on his face. “They tell me that to lovers all are dear that come near to the beloved. And so, Barby, poor, little Barby, came to find me when no one else came, and stood by me, and was my friend; for Richard’s sake, you know. I was Richard’s brother, she remembered that.”

“Richard?” said Barbara, slowly.

She wondered if she had done wrong to forget him so long; he was her knight, her ideal, some day to be a hero. But Dunn was her friend, and he had been in such perilous danger, that was her excuse.

She did not see Joyce, meantime, watching her with bated breath. It was time to send her away. He had felt the touch of the little hand, and had heard the last word. And the hand had been that of Richard’s plighted wife, held out because he was the brother of the man she loved! Well, had he not known this before?

The jailer tapped on the door. “Time’s nearly up!” he called.

“Good-by, Barbara. It would be better for Richard and Richard’s wife to forget me.”

“Do you wish me to be that?” looking up full in his eyes.

“What?”

“Richard’s wife!”

He drew his breath strongly two or three times. “If you love him—yes. Love will overlook all things.”

“What do you mean? Do you think that this which has fallen upon you would make me

shrink from Richard if I loved him? If you were guilty——”

“If I were guilty, what then?” almost fiercely. “Is there no pity for a man who is driven to the crime of which they accuse me? No love to be gratified which might tempt him?—no passion to drive him? A sudden impulse, a lifted hand, or a stroke, and the deed is done. Is the brother to turn away, and even the woman who loved him? Merciful God! this is the mercy of men!”

After this outburst, the cell was silent as death. He had buried his face in his hands.

Barbara broke the silence. “You are guilty, then?” the words shivering out from her shut teeth.

He dropped his hands, and stared in her face.

“I understand it all,” she said. “You wish me to know that you did this, that it was an accident unforeseen?”

Barby herself, not knowing her own heart, did not know how it was wrung, how like an agonized cry her words sounded.

“Do you mean more than that?” she cried, when he did not reply. “Do you want me to think some passion drove you to kill the poor old man for the sake of the diamond he carried? You told me once of some one who should come to me guilty and ask for mercy; was it yourself you meant? No one knew of that diamond but you and my father.”

He had listened to her with his very lips bloodless. Once he muttered something about “cruel,” and then no more. He said now,

“No; no one knew of the diamond but your father and me. And the diamond was found on me. That is the point they make. It is hard not to believe me guilty.”

“In spite of it, I did not. I will not, if you will but speak one word. Say you are innocent, that you know nothing of this murder.”

She had touched him to the quick now. He paced up and down the room, his breath coming quick. The jailer’s stop was heard without.

“Only one word,” she said, wringing her hands, “that you know nothing of it.”

He stopped, as if to speak to her, then turned. The door opened. “It’s only a word—will you speak it, Dunn?”

“No, Barbara.”

“Half-hour is over, Miss.”

“Good-by.” She held out her hand.

But he only bowed over it, and watched her in silence as she left the room. Then he turned to the window, looking out again, and said, “I’ve done a good deal for you, Dick. I can give up no more than that. Old Dunn’s work is nearly ended, I think.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

VIOLET HEATH was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reigned supreme in Readsville, the pleasant, little country town where her father resided, queen of fashion, as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her; and, as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. If she wore a blue hat, with a white feather, every girl in Readsville must have the same thing, without regard to age or complexion. If she robed herself in white, white at once became the prevailing color. Still, it so turned out, that after all their trouble, the Readsville girls never succeeded in looking like Violet; she was purely original, with an air and style of her own that it was just impossible to imitate. Every one admitted that she was beautiful, yet it was a difficult matter to determine what constituted her chief charm. At one time, all the feminine critics declared it to be the effect produced by a blue watered silk; but just when this belief began to be credited, out sprang Violet in a corn-colored *moire antique*, looking fairer than ever before. Whether her chief charm consisted in her fair, dimpled face, or deep blue eyes, looking like half-blown forget-me-nots bathed in dew; or in her curling, crinkling, golden tresses, or mischievous, rosy mouth; or in her half tender, half taunting air and manner, no one could say; but it was generally agreed upon that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her denials, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the village school, although he was a young man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long while before the little village beauty vouchsafed to him the least sign of preference. But perseverance and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last; and, in due course of time, one tender, moonlit eve, under a honeysuckle arbor, in the old squire's garden, the young man plead his cause in true lover-like fashion, and was transported into the third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections; and, after a

proper lapse of time, the young couple were united amid a bewildering profusion of laces and white flowers; and the poor, love-lorn swains of Readsville were left to console themselves as they could.

Everybody was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. She had been so gay as a girl, so full of mischief, so petted and flattered, that some of the Readsville wisecrackers shook their heads and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repent his bargain; but, on the contrary, he rejoiced over it anew every day, regarding it as the best transaction of his life.

They had a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in eglantine, with great shade trees, and a flower-garden in front; and the young schoolmaster must have regarded it as the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the briskness of his step and the brightness of his face, as he returned of evenings from his school-house. Violet was always at the gate to meet him, robed in some pretty, fresh apparel, her curls looped back with roses, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor and waiting supper-table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after awhile, as if fortune was bent upon running his cup over, something else came to make him still happier. A small, dimpled, crowing babe, with eyes like its mother, and rings of hair that looked like spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a happy couple, every one said, even the wisecrackers, in spite of their prophesies.

But there never was a paradise, perhaps, that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It even came to this perfect little home, trailing its slimy ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It was after this wise: One evening, Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom—but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden, he heard the cottage door open, and saw a *man*, a real, living man, young and very distin-

guished-looking, come out and pause on the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—his Violet. He saw her plainly laughing and chatting, and tossing her ringlets; and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by a side path.

"Don't fail to come," called Violet after him; "I shall expect you."

Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. Violet was dressed, as he had never seen her before, in a magnificent blue silk robe, all covered with laces and roses. What did it mean? Who was that man that she urged to come again so cordially? A sharp, swift pang of jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart—mistrust of the woman he held a thousand times dearer than his own life; and he hurried on to the cottage, his brow, for the first time since his marriage, looking lowering and moody. Violet was nowhere to be seen below—so he went up to her chamber. The door was closed, but he heard the babe wailing within.

"Violet, Violet," he called.

"Yes, dear," came the pleasant answer, "in one moment; as soon as I get my frock on."

He waited impatiently until she came out, and then he scanned her face with keen, anxious eyes. She looked flurried and confused, and ran back almost immediately to put the blue robe, which she had thrown on the bed, into the wardrobe. Guy followed her into the chamber.

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? Oh, no!" she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing; only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby all rigged out in her finery."

Violet blushed, and averted her face.

"Oh, yes!" she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery, "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but, come, let's go down and look after supper."

He followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about, making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom hung over the whilom happy home, which all her gayety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat on the porch, with his head bowed in his hands, and his soul tortured by a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the

usual hour, and found Violet and the babe awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten—she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with baby, they proceeded to the cottage; and Guy went running up stairs for his dressing-gown with his old, buoyant alacrity. On the topmost step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle, truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent, cunning watch on all her movements. The next evening, and the next, he came early; and in both instances, concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the tall, fine-looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet flitting about in the azure robe she had never worn for him. Suspense became torture; he could bear it no longer, he must know the worst. Had the wiseacres of Readsville prophesied the truth after all? He approached his wife, at twilight, as she sat in a low chair, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet," he said, gently, but very seriously, "I'm afraid we are getting to have a skeleton in our closet."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton, dear—how so?"

"Haven't you secrets from your husband, Violet?" he asked, solemnly.

She blushed deeply, and dropped her eyes; and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replied, "Oh, no, Guy! What makes you think I have?"

"Because," he answered, gravely, "I have seen a young man—a stranger—leaving my house every evening during the past week; and yet you have not even alluded to such a visitor to me. What does it mean, Violet?"

She averted her face; it wore a troubled, anxious look, yet there was a dancing, mischievous sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Violet," he went on, seeing that she did not reply, "you can't tell how this thing has troubled me. Can't you trust me, Violet—me, your husband? Explain it all, I entreat you, and end my torturing doubt."

She looked up, her eyes full of tears.

"You doubt me, Guy?" she said, mournfully.

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet—God knows I would sooner die; but it is strange, to say the least, that you should have such a visitor every evening, yet never mention it to your husband. But I believe you can make it all clear and satisfactory; do so, Violet, and let us be happy again."

Still she said nothing.

"Violet, won't you speak?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Guy, I have nothing to say."

He started to his feet, white with excitement.

"Nothing to say, Violet? Will you not tell me who that man is, and what he wanted?"

She shook her head slowly, repeating, "I have nothing to say."

Then he rushed from her presence, down the stairs, out into the open air, his head throbbing as if it would burst.

"Oh, God!" he moaned, sinking down on the turf, "how shall I ever endure it! My wife—my darling wife—my Violet, that I loved so much; can it be true—is she false to me?"

But no one answered him; only the little birds chattered and cooed amid the green leaves, making him envy their happiness. He remained there, wrapt in solemn thought, until the stars came out. He would not be rash; he would bear with her to the very last. Perhaps she would change her mind, and tell him the whole truth. He was ready and willing to forgive her, and love her all the same, no matter how deeply she might have erred. He arose and returned to the cottage. Violet looked a little pale, and was a trifle more serious than usual—that was all. She did not even allude to the matter. The night passed—another evening came.

He dismissed his school at noon, and came home, concealing himself in the shrubbery. Hours went by, and at last, instead of seeing the stranger coming, as he had expected, he saw him leaving the house. He had been there the entire afternoon, in his cottage, with his wife. His face grew white with anger, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. He would overtake him—force him into an explanation. But the stranger was too quick for him; he had crossed the lawn, and was out of sight in the wood beyond, before Guy could overtake him.

He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant-girl, chancing to meet him in the yard, shrieked, and ran out of his way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well-disposed young schoolmaster. Truly, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering, as he entered.

"You are early this evening, dear," she said, pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; she was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said, hoarsely, throwing himself on a chair, "you see that I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house again a few minutes ago—and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means?"

She bent lower over her work, but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate, "I cannot live with you, if you persist in keeping this secret from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have borne it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you now to tell me all, to make everything clear, or from henceforth our lives are divided."

Violet was very pale, and her fingers trembled nervously as she stitched away at her embroidery; still, that little, dancing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain?" urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanations to make."

He rose to his feet white and stern. "Then you are no wife of mine. I cast you off—wash my hands of you. You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have blighted and blasted my life, and broken my heart."

She rose, also, and gathered up her babe. "I will go, Guy," she replied, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light footsteps ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses; was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved? He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart and held him back. She was false to him—let her go. At that instant, he heard her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs,

"Guy, Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up. She met him in the passage. "Bear with me, Guy," she said, humbly, "I will go directly; but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little sparkle burning

in her eyes. Guy followed with a fierce, impatient stride. She threw open the door, and there, supported against the wall, was a portrait of herself, with the babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shining ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a round, dimpled, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out. Guy stared at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy, he exclaimed,

"Oh, Violet! where did you get it? It is yourself over again, and the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"To-day is your birthday, Guy," she replied, softly, "and that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than anything else in the world; so I coaxed the money out of father, and engaged an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against to-day."

Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret; he had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence looking heartily ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her pretty mouth; "I will go."

"Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive me—forgive me; I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other round his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her; but the babe gave a gleeful spring, and buried both fat fists in his heavy whiskers.

"That's right, baby," laughed Violet, "pull 'em hard, he deserves it;" but, she added the moment after, her eyes overflowing with tears, "Yes, Guy, I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered, tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

## WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?

BY EMILY J. BROWN.

Now, my brow is free from sorrow;  
Now, my steps are light and fast;  
And my hair like Autumn sunshine—  
But this will not always last.  
When these locks by Time are silvered;  
When deep wrinkles trace my brow;  
When my steps are slow and feeble—  
Will you love me then as now?

That your love is true and changeless;  
That your heart is mine alone;  
Is the vow you often utter,  
And to me 'tis sweet, I own.

But, when years have borne us onward,  
Will you then recall that vow?  
When these eyes have lost their lustre—  
Will you love me then as now?

Ah! my heart is wildly pleading,  
That you never could deceive;  
And the earnest love I bear you,  
Fain would cause me to believe  
That, though Time should lay his finger  
Deep with sorrow on my brow,  
Yet your heart will know no changes—  
You will love me then as now.

## FRANK.

BY OLIVE C. FERRISS.

"The angels will come to-night," he said,  
With a light in his shining eyes;  
"And I shall go ere the morning red  
Blushes over the Eastern skies."  
Oh, watcher! that listens with bated breath,  
Say, hear'st thou the rustle of wings?  
And knowest thou when the dark angel, Death,  
The drearyful summons brings?

Afar in the East a gleaming we see,  
The light of the early dawn;  
But thou, watcher! what is the day to thee,  
With thy beautiful idol gone?  
Fold the cold hands, and close the dead eyes;  
Kiss him, and lay him to rest;  
There's a beautiful home for us all in the skies,  
And our Father, who reigns, knoweth best.

## THE ASHES OF LIFE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SHE sat by the fire, casting in letter after letter, watching each one as it burned away; throwing in another, and another—silent, impassive; till all had died in smoke and ashes. The ghost of the past was with her as she sat there. Hopes that had once been bright, dreams that for awhile had seemed realities, flashed up again for a moment, as each old letter burst into flame, and then went out forever. After all had been destroyed, she still sat there, late into the night, vaguely looking at the embers. When, at last, she rose, it was to begin a new life. Her old one was gone, never to return; it lay there a heap of ashes.

Esther Rivers had come back, that day, to the home she had left ten years before—yes! she must call it home now, for she had no other place of refuge. It stood there, in that valley among the hills, a mansion surrounded by spacious grounds, as old-fashioned and picturesque as possible, but so solitary, so neglected, that one would have needed to be either very happy, or very miserable, to have tolerated existence there for any length of time. In those long, long years of her married life, she had only visited the spot once—that was before all the glare and freshness had worn off from her dream—and even then the stillness and gloom had oppressed her; but this day, as the carriage drove up to the gates, this stillness and gloom had become almost intolerable.

Such a hard, bitter face it was, as she looked at the fire this night; a face written over with the dark history of those past years, yet beautiful in spite of its gloom and bitterness, and young still, though the freshness and glow, which youth should have had, were gone wholly out of it.

Her reception had been as strange as her coming back. She had entered the darkened hall, passed through the sitting-room toward where she was certain to find her aunt, opened the door and entered.

Yes, everything looked as she had expected; nothing in the cold rigidity of the place had changed, even to the figure that sat near the open window knitting mechanically, yet as assiduously as if a human fate were being woven in the web.

“Is that you, Esther? I heard the carriage!

I can't come to you, for I am blinder than ever, and the room is dark.”

The voice was not even fretful; there would have been a humanity in that somewhat refreshing; just cold, as if a stone image, or something entirely beyond the reach of sympathy with this world, had spoken.

“I have come, aunt,” answered Esther, walking toward her. “How do you do—will you kiss me?”

“How do you do, Esther; but I shan't kiss you, for you know I never kiss anybody. You are at home now, you know what to do with yourself; there's your room just as it used to be; here's mine when you want to see me. Make yourself comfortable in your own way; don't expect me to listen to any complaints; you have chosen for yourself—first to marry, then to leave your husband.”

She ceased suddenly; she had spoken without the slightest change of voice; her fingers, which had paused a little, resumed their task as vigorously as ever.

“I am not likely to trouble you with complaints!” exclaimed Esther, proudly.

“So much the better—there's an end of it! I dare say your husband was as bad as possible—he wouldn't be a man if he wasn't. I dare say you were as stubborn and passionate as a devil—you wouldn't be a woman otherwise. Take off your things, go to your room to do it, though; when you come down, we'll have tea. We needn't say a word more; just think we've droned on together for the past years as we shall do for those to come, and we'll get on very well.”

“Get on very well,” replied Esther, mechanically; this was what her life had reached at last.

She left the room, and took her way up the broad staircase toward the chamber which she occupied during her brief residence in the house in the old times, and where we have just seen her bring a package of letters.

Ten years before she had left that old house a bride, after a residence of six months there; she was only eighteen then. She was but little more than sixteen when her father brought her back from the foreign lands, where they had sojourned since her childhood, and where every luxury and indulgence, and the influence of

those legendary climes, had fostered the romance and enthusiasm of her nature with passionate blossom.

Once more settled in this country, Mr. Grant collected about him a large circle of acquaintance, and Esther's dream life went on, petted and courted till the world seemed every day a brighter fairy land.

The change came suddenly, in less than a year's season of roses. Mr. Grant died after a brief illness, and—it is an ordinary tale—the orphan found herself alone with a bare pittance left from the fortune which had been hers from her earliest remembrance.

She came to pass the summer with her father's sister—Thankful Grant—recognized far and wide as the oddest specimen of spinsterhood known to mortals.

Some bitter disappointment had overtaken her youth, and for more than thirty years she had lived by herself in that old house, cold as an iceberg, stern as a sea-beaten cliff; asking no sympathy—giving none; and so hard even in her charities, of which she was lavish enough, that favors from her were worse than blows from most people.

By the time autumn arrived, before the strength of her youth had yielded to the Greenland which had taken the place of her fairy realm, Clancy Rivers sought her out and asked her to be his wife.

He had known her during the previous winter, had conceived for her one of his fierce passions, which he called love, and believed such; and believed, too, that the latest was always the real love, which was to be eternal, and he had determined to win her.

He was not thirty then, a brilliant man of the world who had seen everything, experienced everything, and still retained a specious sort of enthusiasm, which made him particularly fascinating to a girl like Esther.

She had admired him even during those gay months; thought of him often since. When he came into the desolate old house with his love story, she believed that the dream of her girlhood was realized, the true knight had come to lead her forth to happiness.

Thankful Grant offered no opposition; there was a brief courtship; Clancy's passion was a simoom that swept everything before it; and, ere the first snows fell, Esther left the lonely dwelling a bride.

I have told you ten years had passed, and now she had returned; and a gulf, which no human power could ever bridge, yawned between her and the life she had left.

I should need a volume to give the details of that time; nor would there be a novel syllable in the whole story—old as humanity, bitter as experience always is.

The gloss wore rapidly off the dream. Esther woke to find herself a woman; her power gone—a lonely, neglected woman in her husband's house.

Clancy Rivers was a man to have done all things courteously and in good order; he would have preserved every semblance of decorum in his home; and if Esther had been meek and patient, they might have dragged on as so many others have done. But she was neither; she rebelled, she struggled fiercely, she wearied him with her tears, and hardened him with her reproaches, till he grew too careless to keep up the mask of decency and good-breeding.

He was a born pleasure-seeker, to whom excitement was a necessity. I am not going to gratify you by condemning him utterly. There was good in the man, and yet bad enough he was—dissolute, sensual; but he had too much refinement to descend to the hideous nakedness of vice. He always kept the roses wreathed about his cup, the gay draperies before his skeletons—neither better nor worse than half of us, after all. If you are free enough from stain to fling a stone at him, do it. I shall tell my story without comment.

Then Esther dried her tears and curbed her tongue.

"You have heard my last complaint," she said; "you shall never again find me alone so that you need dread to come home."

She kept her word—she opened her house to the world. Rivers never opposed her; he asked only to be left in peace. He knew Esther well enough to be certain that he was safe to trust her.

She rushed into every species of dissipation; she flirted outrageously, but somehow even scandal would not assail her. She found her coquetries so intolerable, that before she had fairly chained one admirer she wanted a new victim under her chariot-wheels.

The years went on; the worldly farce, with its unvarying round of aimless pleasure, grew more dull than a funeral pageant; the blackest period of life had overtaken Esther—she had no faith left in any human being.

The time had come when jealousy even was out of the question—the crowning wrong between man and woman stood between her husband and her.

Yet she did not grow patient; the bitterness of death was in her soul—but it howled curses



instead of prayers; and between the husband and wife had grown that passionate bitterness which is like hate in seeming, works crueller pangs, deals sharper blows than even hate can do.

I shall not linger over these details; the ten years passed, the final tempest came, and then the pair stood gazing at each other over the impassable gulf.

Clancy Rivers had gone wild over a French woman, famous from the production of several books, full of beautiful theories and bad morality, which she carried into her daily life—gone too mad to keep up even the semblance of respectability. There was no folly too insane for him to perpetrate. In her box at the opera Esther had only to look across the house and see her rival, face to face, with her husband beside her; everywhere she turned, fresh stories filled her ears.

There was one terrible scene between them, and then she prepared to leave his house; but I believe that passion had more to do with her resolve than conscience; and I believe it is always so in such cases; yet how can one expect human nature to bear on to the end, since nine times out of ten death only can bring it.

So it was that Esther went up into her room, took out all the letters that had ever passed between her husband and herself, and burnt them, as we have seen. That night she slept quietly, for the first time in weeks, the long, dreamless sleep of exhaustion, only to wake feeling faint and strange—to wake knowing that the new era had begun, so cold and dreary, that it seemed almost worse than the delirious agony of the past.

She had not thought it would be so; she had believed that when she had once broken every tie which connected her with her old life, a sort of rest would come—but it could not be; she had taken with her into her solitude all her thwarted dreams, her dead hopes, her passionate resentments; and they kept her from the light which we say, and try to think, may be reached at last.

Esther's weeks settled into the most unvarying monotony. She rose early, walked in the grounds, breakfasted with her aunt, read to her if she desired—but the books might have been Sanscrit for all Esther understood; spent hours over needle-work, droned the evening and half the night in her chamber, and then to bed. Sometimes she passed whole days without stirring from the house; then a sort of insanity would take possession of her, and, be the weather what it might, she was forced to rush forth.

The fiercest tempest was less intolerable to her than the brightness of the chief of those midsummer days. Nobody marveled concerning her actions, except Hannah; and she rather shrank from her with a vague fear that her brain was touched, when she saw her rowing up the river in a terrible thunder-storm, or starting on a mad gallop without pity for herself or her horse.

The summer and the autumn passed; she had not the vague hope of change to uphold her, as it will do, in midst of keen suffering. Her life was ended; she had no place in the world, and yet death forgot or refused to take her.

The slender form grew more thin, the great eyes more hollow and sombre; but she could not even be ill, and, believe me, there is a state of mind when illness, severe enough to render thought impossible, is a boon for which one could bless God's angels.

She held no communication with the world she had left. Sometimes she went to the village church; but the service was meaningless, the prayers without efficacy. Of such resources as she had she gave freely. She had refused to accept a settlement from her husband, but she had no pleasure in giving. The material troubles she could alleviate, hunger and cold, seemed so petty, compared to her own anguish, she felt a sort of contempt to hear them murmured over.

There was not a shadow of change, even a new form of suffering would have been a blessing. Oh! be thankful if you cannot understand those terrible words.

The spring found her sunk in a sort of dumb apathy, broken rarely by fierce struggles; she was growing too numb and weak to call those mental tempests up.

The June roses blossomed again, clung brightly about the walls of the old house, and sent their fragrance through desolate chambers. The odor of the blossoms fairly turned Esther faint and sick. On days when she had energy enough to feel acutely, she hated them as if they had been living things.

Does it all sound unusual to you? Never say that of any description of suffering; none could be imagined by any human mind which has not been experienced by some human being.

It was the close of a June day. Esther had been far up the river in her skiff, drifting along among the mountain shadows, trying to weary herself physically, and at last she rowed her boat toward the shore just above the house.

As she stepped on the bank, she saw a man standing there—she heard her name pronounced.

"Mrs Rivers? Surely it is Mrs. Rivers?"

She had not been thus addressed in months—the words stung her like a blow. Her first impulse was to pass on without response.

"I trust you have not forgotten me," he continued; "I am Arthur Vance."

She paused then, and forced herself to speak a few commonplace words of greeting.

"I was too much surprised to see you here to remember you at first," she said.

"Oh, you know my profession of artist leads me into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks," he replied.

She asked no question; she had not fairly looked at him yet—he belonged to the old life.

"I have been here for several days," he went on, "and I have found such lovely studies. I heard you were living near the old farm-house, where I have taken up my quarters. I have been wondering if I might attempt the liberty of calling."

"I don't receive visitors," she replied, coldly.

"Don't speak so harshly!" he exclaimed, with a boyish impetuosity that made her ashamed of her rudeness. "You used to talk to me about my pictures, and come to my studio sometimes. I fairly thought we were friends. Excuse me if I am not polite. You know I am not a man of the world; I can't help saying what I think and feel, and this place is very lonely. You can't imagine what a charity it would be to let me come and see you sometimes."

Just that speech brought him clearly to her remembrance—she had half forgotten him. The last winter she had spent in town he had made his reputation by the production of several beautiful pictures. She herself had helped to bring the young man into notice, just because it was her caprice for the moment. She had received him at her house, started him in society, and then forgotten him in the sudden sweep of sword and pestilence across her soul.

She remembered now how he had pleased her with his frank, impulsive manners; he had been truthful, loyal, a faithful student. She recollected often thinking him so different from men in general, and wondering whether it was because circumstances had not yet developed his worse qualities, or whether there were men in the world born like women to be dupes and sufferers.

While she was recalling these things, Vance stood before her talking eagerly of the beautiful scenery, the work he meant to do, the pleasure he had in meeting her, and adding, with a sort of child-like manner at times natural to him,

"Now, please, you won't be stately, and put

me off at arm's length! I always want some impetus to make me work; to know that you will look over my sketches, and talk about them with me, will be a great inducement."

She looked at him, fairly marveling to hear any human being speak in a voice so ringing and true; to see any man's face wear such an impress of honesty and determination.

He was not absolutely a handsome man, but his face lighted up beautifully; his gray eyes were full of genius and sensibility; his smile, somewhat rare, was a pleasant thing to see; and though in his summer blouse, with his portfolio slung over his arm, he appeared a thorough gentleman. He looked very unlike the flock of men who had helped to make up her old surroundings.

It was that very difference which made her receive his advances civilly. If he had been brilliant and stylish, talked the jaded nothings of a man of the world, she would have left him indifferently, and never thought of him again; as it was, she said,

"If you choose to call on me, I will introduce you to my aunt, but you will find very little to repay you for your trouble."

"Oh, dear me!" he exclaimed; "I wish I might go now; but I suppose this blouse is not a presentable costume."

Esther fairly laughed.

"Since you take that ground to beg for an invitation, I must ask you to walk home with me—you shall have your tea at least."

"Oh, thank you! Now I recognize you! It was always your frankness and pleasant way which helped to make you so unlike the women of your world."

"It is not my world," she answered, abruptly.

He looked at her with a quick glance of pity.

"No," he said, "you ought to have belonged to our world—I mean, it always seemed to me you ought to have been a writer, or an artist—"

She checked him with a bitter smile; his words recalled her old dreams, her girlish fancies.

"Talk to me of your sketches," she said, "of yourself; there is nothing left of me to talk about."

An ordinary woman would have used such words to invite sympathy; Vance understood what they meant from her lips, he was not to speak of her in any way. He was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again, it was to make some remark concerning the picturesqueness of the old house they were approaching.

Esther led the way into the hall, and to the

room where she was certain to find her taciturn relative.

The old lady's ear caught the quick step, and she stared hard with her purblind gaze at the unusual sight of a visitor.

"Aunt," said Esther, "let me present Mr. Arthur Vance to you; he is an artist whom I used to know, and asks occasionally to infect himself with our dullness while he remains in this neighborhood."

"How do you do, sir?" returned Miss Grant. "If you choose to shake hands with a blind old woman, come and do it. I knew your father long before you were born; he was an honest man, and that's saying a great deal. I don't suppose you can be like him, for two honest men would be too much to expect of one family."

Vance laughed a little at the oddity of the speech, shook the cold hand she extended, and said,

"I hope you will try to believe a little good of me for my father's sake."

"I never believe anything," returned Miss Grant. "Just now I want my tea, and so do you, I dare say."

"Indeed I do," returned Vance. "I assure you a day's hard sketching gives a man a very unromantic appetite."

"So much the better; I hate romance! Why didn't you turn pedlar instead of artist?"

"On account of the difference in the pack I should have had to carry," he replied, laughing again.

"How old are you?" demanded the unscrupulous spinster.

"Twenty-eight," he said, quietly, as if the question had been the most ordinary one in the world.

"Twenty-eight, and you can laugh like that? So could your father. Well, it would be odd if you turned out a decent man, too!"

"Then you will at least like my laugh?"

"Yes; mine sounds like thorns crackling under a dinner-pot; and Esther's——"

"Oh, never mind mine, aunt!" she interrupted.

"But I do mind it," retorted Miss Thankful; "it sounds like a wind out of an open grave—the only consolation is, I don't hear it very often."

"Shall I ring for the tea, aunt?"

"No; Jane Flint has been punctual for ten years—we'll see if she gives in at the end."

But, true to the moment, Jane at that instant appeared with the tea-tray, and the meal was made ready.

As a general thing, Thankful Grant hated to

be helped in any manner, doing everything for herself that her glazed sight would permit; but Vance contrived to pull the table toward her and make her comfortable in a variety of small ways, without calling forth a reproof from her lips.

He talked a great deal, and he talked easily and well; he made Esther converse more than she had done in a year; and if Miss Thankful did not speak much, she at least listened without sign of disapproval, or any frosty sarcasm, such as she was wont to nip people's eloquence with.

He spent the evening with them, and did not remember to go until Jane Flint appeared to accompany Miss Grant to her room.

"Good-night," said the old woman; "you'll always find our tea-table ready at the same hour, and you'll be welcome at it just as often or as seldom as you choose to come."

"I only hope I shan't make you repent your invitation," he answered.

"Good-night, Mrs. Rivers."

She could not hear that name without a shudder.

"May I come to-morrow afternoon and row you up the river?"

She assented, walked to the outer door with him, and stood looking absently into the troubled moonlight. Many times Arthur Vance turned to watch that still form; but she did not see him, her thoughts had gone away into their chill vacancy. He passed on, but even into sleep the mournful beauty of those eyes haunted him, and the sad undertone of that voice repeated itself through all his dreams.

I do not know if you have gained any idea of Arthur Vance, as he appears to me, from the little description I have given on the few words he has spoken.

He had not made his genius an excuse for yielding to every temptation which offered itself; he had not, while professing to be an earnest student of nature, rendered his soul blind to her mysteries by a life of sensual indolence, and, though young still, he had already begun to reap his reward.

He was true and honest; his friendships had not been the caprice of an hour; loyal to men, faithful to women, and conscious that the real awakening for his heart had not arrived, he kept it pure, instead of blackening the altar with incense burned to every new priestess that an impassioned fancy might have erected there.

During that previous winter, Esther Rivers had been a new revelation of womanhood to his mind. He saw her as she really was, very

unlike the cold, worldly woman which the world believed her. He recognized the impetuous, passionate nature which had known such glowing dreams in early youth; he saw what a disappointment and wreck her life had become; he understood the wild utterance that burned, at times, in her eyes, and he pitied her as only a pure-minded man can pity a struggling, desperate woman.

The time came when he found that other thoughts had stolen into his mind; then he put himself sternly beyond the reach of her influence. He felt that in her, warped and distorted as her nature had become, he had found the nearest likeness he should ever find to his ideal; but beyond those feelings, and the bitterness of their pain, he was not conscious of having wandered.

Then came the final catastrophe at which the whole world wondered for a brief season. He knew that she had broken loose from the yoke when it galled too harshly to be longer borne; but nothing farther concerning her reached his ears.

When he came to the valley he was unaware of her presence; but the mention of her name had forced his interest into new action; and that chance meeting, that glance into her desolate life, that pale, worn face, with such promises of unrealizable happiness still in it, had torn his very soul with pity, mingled with such adoration as had made him instinctively bend the knee before some Mater Dolorosa of the old masters.

Through the late glory of the following afternoon they were floating down the beautiful river, and Arthur Vance's musical voice had taken Esther's soul farther beyond her troubles than it had done during the length of that blossomless year.

There was not the most distant allusion to her desolation. He understood that what she needed was to be roused out of herself, and he talked on every imaginative subject that could touch the old buried enthusiasm, and appealed so frankly for sympathy in his own pursuits, that she could but listen and grow calm.

While they were sitting with Miss Grant that evening, he said suddenly,

"Have you no piano here, Mrs. Rivers?"

"There is one in the drawing-room," she answered, "but it must be dreadfully out of tune—I have not opened it since I came."

"There's a tuning key in that drawer," said Thankful, "if Mr. Vance knows how to use it; only, if you drum, don't do it loud for me to hear."

Vance promised not to disturb her, found the key, and insisted upon Esther's showing him the piano at once.

"I am starved for music," he said; "I have not played in weeks—fragments of 'the songs without words' have haunted me all day."

He knew her love of music, and he felt certain that it would be of service to her; she needed some shock to break the apathetic spell which had seized her faculties—the old inspiration might do that.

Esther led the way to the drawing-room—in perfect order, thanks to Jane Flint, though never used, a degree more old-fashioned in its decorations than the usual sitting-room. The only modern thing in the apartment was the piano, which Esther had sent out a few years before when she thought of visiting the place.

"Now go away, please," said Vance; "I am not going to torture your ears with the tuning process."

Esther left the room and wandered out of the house, walking for a long time in sight of the moonlit river. As she approached the dwelling a delicious harmony made her pause. Vance was playing a strain from Beethoven, a wild, spiritual rondo, from one of the symphonies which sounds as if some spirit, newly freed and still oppressed by this earth's troubles, were questioning and receiving consolation from a mighty archangel.

The chord was struck—down on her knees sank Esther Rivers, and tears, that refreshed her as no tears had done for months, rushed from her eyes. When she grew calm, she stole into the house and entered the drawing-room. Vance had put out the lamp; but the moonlight crept in through the bay window, and in that delicious gloom he drew the hidden life from the cold, white keys, till Esther's pulses rose and throbbed in new harmony.

For a long time he neither noticed or addressed her. At length he turned from the instrument, saying gently,

"Has it done you good?"

"Thank you," she answered; "I understand now."

"And to-morrow will you try for yourself?" he continued. "Will you sing to me then?"

She bowed her head.

"I must go now," he said; "I hope I have not disturbed Miss Grant."

"Miss Grant is here," said a voice from the door.

They turned—there she stood upright and grim.

"You must be the devil," she said; "I

haven't listened to anybody's music in twenty years."

With those words she turned about, summoned Jane Flint in a voice like an iron trumpet's, and betook herself to bed.

The days dreamed by; summer deepened to its fullest prime. There are no words to paint the charmed afternoons with their golden haze; the glory of the purple nights; the broad splendor of the harvest moon; the weird melodies the river sang as it hurried away under the blossom-twined cliffs.

Day after day Arthur Vance lingered in the valley, wandering with Esther among the hills, talking to her while he sketched, reading sweet poets when he paused to rest; at evening teaching the piano to talk inspiringly to her heart, making her sing in her rich contralto voice, till her own pain was hushed under the harmony, and his soul floated all unaware farther into the charmed world.

Had there been a touch of consciousness in either mind at that season, I should despise both, but as it was, the sympathy which bound them had no sex; it was the free communion of two kindred natures that had put earth aside, as may happen for a brief season, and met without restraint or earthly shadow in the beautiful realm to which they had strayed.

She did not think even when, his lips hesitating one day over that name which always brought her a pang, she said,

"Call me Esther—they all do here."

From that time he addressed her thus, and the word came like a blessing in his low tones; but neither wakened.

One evening he had not come at the usual hour, Esther wandered up and down the long piazza, sat a brief space at the piano, playing snatches of melodies she had caught from him, oppressed by a vague restlessness which was not pain. Oh! as unlike the Esther of the past years as if her soul had reached its resurrection morn, and stood, too bewildered and entranced to think, upon the shore of the Infinite.

A step roused her; Thankful Grant stood by the piano peering into her face with her dim eyes.

"I am going to bed," were her first words; "my back aches so I know it will rain in just three days; I shall keep my bed till it's over."

"Can I do anything for you, aunt?" Esther asked.

"Nothing but let me alone; my back's mine, and I'm my backs—if it wants to ache, it must and shall."

Esther's hands strayed idly over the keys.

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"Humph!" said Thankful, suddenly. "Esther Grant!"

"Well?"

"Have you made up your mind to get a divorce?"

Esther started to her feet, looking like the ghost of the woman who had sat there an instant before.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" she exclaimed.

"Then don't play any more Beethoven, and show your painter the way home; now I'll take my back and go."

She passed straight out of the room, and Esther sank slowly into her seat, hiding her face in her clasped hands; those words had been the lightning flash that showed her soul where it stood.

A voice called,

"Esther, Esther!"

There was a power and a passion in the tone which tore her very heart-strings. She looked up—in the door-way stood Arthur Vance; one glance at his face was enough—he had, also, heard her aunt's words.

"Esther, Esther!" he repeated, in a whisper that made her dizzy and faint; but through all her confusion and blindness she could see him kneeling at her feet, hear him utter her name.

Esther knew that Arthur Vance was uttering passionate words of love, that the flood-gates had been swept aside, and the mighty torrent, whose gathering force she had not even suspected, was sweeping down upon her soul.

After those first instants of bewilderment and fright there was a season—she could never tell whether it lasted moments or hours—during which the whole material world reeled out of sight, and no sound or thought save that man's voice could reach her.

Suddenly back upon her mind rushed the words her aunt had spoken; she tore her hands from Arthur's clasp and pushed him aside.

He looked into her eyes with a reproach which cut her to the heart, and yet filled her with a momentary thrill of irritation that she should feel such pain.

"You won't send me from you, Esther?" he pleaded; "you cannot be so cruel to yourself and me?"

"Go away," she said, hoarsely; "I can't think—I can't talk. Go."

"Only answer me, Esther; you do love me—say that you do."

"God help me!" she muttered, "and I never knew it."

"Esther, Esther! my love! my darling!"

While that passionate cry dizzied her senses again, she felt Vance's arms clasped anew about her, and his lips raining kisses on her forehead and hands.

Once more she struggled away; her face grew ashen, and her voice was sharp with shame and remorse, as she cried out,

"Arthur Vance, I am another man's wife."

"Don't speak such cruel words! In the sight of God you are already free—man's law will make you equally so before the world. Oh, Esther, let us be happy! Have pity on yourself as well as me; remember the past—think of all you have suffered—do not reject the happiness which opens before us now."

Those solemn words of the marriage service rushed to her lips, not from any direct volition of her own, but as if some unseen influence had uttered them through her,

"What God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

"It is not you who have done it, Esther; that man has wrought all the sin; but his acts leave you free as though he had never cast his shadow across your path. The sin, the crime would have been in continuing the wife of him who had broken every vow, and rendered that marriage void and null. But his wrong doing has no right to wreck your whole life. You are more widely separated than if death itself had parted you; free to choose your own course—free to claim the happiness which every human being has a right to expect."

"I cannot think," she moaned, "all the old landmarks are swept away! God help me! I have no guide, nowhere to cling!"

"Take my hand, Esther; trust yourself to me, I will not lead you astray. This great love could not misguide; believe in it, cling to it, Esther, and it shall be a light to show us across these mists into a new world, where the sunshine shall never fade."

Then she listened to his earnest pleading until the doubts and shame which had racked her were dulled for a space. He was telling her of the future which lay before them; he opened his manly heart, and revealed the treasure of love hidden there. He employed every argument which his eloquence could furnish to prove to her that in the sight of God and man she had a right to hold herself free; every sophistry, but truth to him then, with which the world has sanctioned the breaking of the most holy covenant, and claimed for truth as Vance did.

Verily there was reason, there was a show of right under it all; heaven itself could not

demand the sacrifice of a whole life to a bond which had no longer, from the man's sin, anything sacred in its hold. It was now only a broken shackle, which galled her heart, and held her a prisoner from her own weakness, since, with a single effort, she might wrench it away, sweep every trace of the past aside, and pass into a future as completely separated from it as if she had entered a new world.

But it was not these arguments which moved her most; she listened and tried to believe, when he told her that God gives every human being a right to be happy, that the blind superstition which could make her still cling to the wreck from which every hope, every living thing had gone down, was madder, more fanatical than the frenzy which makes the Indian woman cast herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband—it was not any of these things which most deeply touched and swayed her.

But when he talked of her as his wife; painted their future as it should pass honored and blessed by the world's sanction, and made so beautiful by their love, it seemed as if heaven opened to her sight, and she had but to extend her hand and be lifted forever into its glory.

It had grown very late; the house was so still that it seemed as if they were solitary in the world; the full radiance of the moon lay about them like a promise of bliss; and still Arthur Vance talked with all the power and strength of a man whose whole soul is in his words.

And it was—every argument was truth to him—the language wherein he could describe his love, only too weak to express its depth and purity. Esther was torn and weak with emotion; a thousand diverse thoughts tugged at her soul and made her powerless.

"Only go away to-night," she pleaded; I cannot talk; give me time think—only a little time."

He saw how pale and faint she was, and took pity on her; he turned to go—at the door he paused. Once more that mighty love surged up and swept every reflection before it. He caught her again in his arms; he pressed his lips upon hers till his kisses seemed to reach her very soul, and become a thrall which she could never again cast aside.

She dragged herself wearily away from him, so weak and faint that she could hardly walk, tottered across the room, and disappeared before he could speak.

She was unconscious how she reached her chamber, whether the hours that intervened had been wasted in insensibility; but when the

early summer dawn struggled into the sky, she was lying on her bed gazing straight before her, every sense stupified, every limb rigid, as if she had just been roused from a cataleptic trance.

Then a dull, cold pain stirred at her heart, like a numbed snake uncoiling itself, grew sharper, and extended, till every fibre of her frame responded with physical agony to the suffering in her soul.

Through the closed blinds gleams of daylight shot in and troubled her with their curious glances. She shrouded her face in the counterpane, and tried to sleep; but there was no eastern drug which could have lulled her to repose then.

How long before Hannah knocked at the door she could not tell; she had just sense and strength enough left to answer that she was unwell, and should not leave her room that day. Then she was left to herself once more.

Without sleep which could bring forgetfulness, or any tangible thought to steady her mind upon, the forenoon dragged away. Later, she heard steps on the verandah; every nerve was so overstrung that her hearing was acute to absolute pain; she knew that Vance had come; she heard his voice in parley with Hannah—then his retreating steps.

More hours of mad restlessness; then her soul fixed upon one word Arthur had spoken, and held to it as if it had been an anchor in the storm. His wife! his wife!—only that; but it was a spell which, after a time, deadened pain, and raised a magic circle against chaotic thought.

Her last bodily strength gave way, and she sank slowly to sleep with those words upon her lips.

The sun was setting when she awoke. Hannah had entered the room and was bending over the bed; she had opened the shutters, and the dull red of evening, precursor of a storm, shot across the chamber.

"Are you better?" asked the girl.

Esther looked at her wonderingly; she could not recall her dreams, but it seemed as if her soul had been absent from this world, and it was with a struggle that it returned.

She rose from the bed and began to dress.

"I shall bring you some tea and something to eat," said the girl. "Miss Grant's in bed, too; she won't get up, though there ain't much the matter."

By the time Esther was ready, the girl returned with her tea and such edibles as she deemed might please a sick fancy.

It was already twilight when Esther de-

scended the stairs and entered the drawing-room. Hannah had only lighted the lamps in the hall, and they cast just radiance enough through the apartment to make a pleasant gloom. Esther lay down upon the sofa, and the girl left her to herself—lay there listening to the rising swell of the wind, and the beat of the rain upon the trees.

For a long time there was no other sound; at last the outer door opened; the rush and whirl in her mind began again, and the physical pain responded to it as before.

Arthur Vance had entered the drawing-room and stood looking vaguely about in the gloom. He saw her, and hurried toward the couch; she put up her hands as if in sudden fear.

"You are not afraid of me, Esther?" he said. "You are ill—I have killed you! Let me sit by you; I won't distress you by word or look—at least accept my companionship in your loneliness."

He drew a chair close to the couch and sat down, talking kindly and gently, but not a word that could agitate her; and at last a delicious feeling of rest crept over her.

Hours after, when his influence had so calmed her that she could bear, without more than a passing trouble, what he wished to say, he whispered softly,

"We will not think—we will not question! For a few days let us be quiet here, away in this charmed land where the world cannot reach us."

She let him go, and rested upon those words; they had a peace in their meaning which carried her away into quiet dreams, and preserved her physical force, so that it could bear up against the shock which might otherwise have proved dangerous, so completely had it shaken the innermost depths of her being.

The next day he came, and there were long, peaceful hours which bore Esther on toward strength, though the foundation was, in a measure, upon a false security—for she was giving herself more and more to the plea that he urged; not, if she had argued the matter, so much from faith in the doctrine of which he strove to make her a votary, as from the great love that had so unconsciously grown up in her heart.

And it was love; not the affection a young girl gives, and which is half from that necessity of loving that belongs to extreme youth, half made up of dreams and ideal imaginings, but the love of a soul matured by suffering; the love of a heart womanly and pure in spite of all thwarting influences, which recognized its likeness in the man beloved, and sprang courage-

ously forward to grasp its long-delayed happiness.

What wonder if she snatched at this promise of peace, and cried to herself that she had a right to claim it?

Think what her life had been! Remember how the dream of her youth had been torn away, not dispelled slowly, so that her eyes could become accustomed to the dull gray of the actual, and able to trace a path through its mists, but rudely, without warning, leaving her stone blind, with every heart-chord torn and strained; every good feeling shocked by fiendish treachery; every delicate sense wounded and bleeding; vice and sin bared to her shrinking gaze, and ruthlessly forced upon it, till the last trust in humanity died out, and she flung herself down among the ashes of her ruined offerings, and called upon the desecrated altars to crush her.

Recollect the long, terrible year of loneliness which had followed; not a break to let a ray of blue sky through; not a single breath of Eden wind to bring strength on its fragrant breath. And now the contrast. The old life, with its clouds from spent tempests, its ruins, its pale corpses, its charnel-house odors, not alone securely shut out, but hurled resolutely into the past, to be as much beyond all possibility of contact as that life which we sometimes fancy was ours before this sphere claimed us.

Was it strange that she faltered? Was it to be wondered at that she caught at new creeds which have a great show of reason in them; strained after new doctrines which, if this world were several hundred years nearer the millennium, might become as feasible and right as they are beautiful and freedom giving?

So the days passed, and on the third Arthur Vance said,

"See, Esther, the storm is over, the rainbow is out; it is a sign that we may come back to the lower world and find peace."

She began to tremble.

"Don't make me think, Arthur! I have been at rest; you will bring all the blackness back—don't make me think!"

"Let me think for you, darling; trust yourself in my hands."

Many women would have done this blindly, childishly; and, perhaps, afterward, if shame had come, reproached him with having led them on—but not Esther. As in the future, if she accepted her new life, she would bear bravely a full share of the blame, if blame there were; so in the contemplation of that act she must exercise her own judgment, and stretch out her hand half way to meet his.

"If I believed what I asked wrong, I would tear my heart out sooner than urge it upon you," he said; "but you are mine by that love which binds our souls; the acts necessary to free you from your trammels are no more in reality than a law process would be to enable you to procure any other property belonging to you—and what you claim is your freedom, your life."

It was strange, but his very arguments brought up in stronger force the beliefs which had been with her always.

"What God hath joined let not man put asunder," she repeated.

"But the bond is broken, Esther, and not by your act—you are free from sin. You do not consider that man your husband?"

"No, no!"

"You would not, under any circumstances, believe it right for you to return and live with him as his wife, after he has by his sins annulled your marriage?"

"God is my witness that I could not!"

"Then you are free! There are superstitions, dead scruples that make you hesitate, without force in the eyes of every liberal-minded man."

She was trying to recall a passage in the old, old Book, but it would not come clearly to mind; God help her, in her tempest of the past years she had forgotten too much to seek its counsels with an understanding heart.

Then all recollection of the words faded under the spell of his voice, for he had ceased to argue. He was telling her of the life that should be theirs, the sweet haven of rest, and the new day; there was his stronghold, more potent far than all the worldly arguments or metaphysical creeds that he could repeat.

"We would travel, Esther; not among the ruins of the old world—we are sick of men and the sight of their follies! Such journies into the far West—only think of the broad prairies; and, farther on, the life-giving wind of the mountains! Then I could turn my years of study to account—with you by my side, what pictures I should paint."

"And every picture would be a part of our lives," she murmured.

He saw her color come and go; her eyelids droop; her lips part in a smile, which brought the old beauty back to her face, and he hurried on.

"And the tropical scenery that you love so much, oh, we will find that out first! Don't you remember that description we were reading of that old Chilian city? We shall have one of



those picturesque houses at the foot of the hills with the sea in front—just us two in the world alone! Think of the long, golden days; the nights with such moonlight as they saw in Eden, sharing every pleasure, every task, our lives growing always more closely into one, till even death could not separate us, but needing either must claim both.”

Could she think—was reflection possible? She only leaned nearer him till there was no sight in all the world but his face, no sound but the music of his voice.

“You will go with me, Esther? Think, every day wasted is so much happiness lost; eternity itself can never give back an hour of neglected bliss! You will go, darling!”

The scent of the tropical wind seemed dizzing her brain; she heard the wave of the palm-trees whispering peace and rest; the low rush of the silver sea bade her come; and, in the midst of those entrancing sights and sounds, that face bent nearer hers and made the heaven more real.

“Come, Esther, come!”

The very words the blessed palms and the silver sea had uttered,

“Come, Esther, come!”

Away over the molten billows into the new world, the fadeless Eden, and stronger in reality than if she had yielded to the force of human philosophy, because she yielded to the might of love and the soul which had grown the mightier part of her soul; she folded her hands in his with only one conscious thought, one overwhelming desire to be gone—at once; not a moment left for fear or doubt—away into the shadow of the palm-trees, and within reach of the syren voice of the silver sea.

The sun had set, the twilight had floated on; that glory which is neither of night or day rested on all things, and through its peace they wandered back to the old house among the cedars.

All that evening the spell lasted, grew more strong with every word he uttered, every strain that he played; and distinctly through all, so blending with his words and his music, that each seemed to grow out of the other; she heard the Southern utterance of the palms and the voice of the sea, passionate with the fervor of the Southern skies.

He was gone; Esther was alone in her chamber. The moon had been shut out; the lamps were lighted on the table—it seemed to bring her back from the world where she had been lost, down into the finite again.

She was on her bended knees before the table,

and the open Bible was spread out before her. As if some unseen agency guided, her hands turned the very pages that held such counsels as might befit the strait wherein she found herself.

It was a changed face now which bent over the sacred volume—a white, anguish-stricken face, that the angels near must have pitied and pleaded for indeed!

Up through the stillness went a low sob, which bore a breaking heart on its tone, and Esther, groveling upon the floor, tugging at her bosom in blind agony, as if to tear out that crushed heart which murmured so.

The spasm passed; tears came, but not freely; perhaps prayers, though she was unconscious of it; only the angels must have watched her still, or she could not have escaped even with life from that crisis.

It was almost daylight, and Esther sat at her table with the letter to Arthur complete under her hand. There were no tears now, no struggles, they belonged to the life that had died that night.

I shall not give you her letter. It was thus it ended:

“If I obtained my freedom only to marry the man I loved, how would my sin be less than his? I should only be trying to give a lawful covering, which should show fair to the world and shield my guilt.

“I have told you that I cannot argue upon this point. I do not even say that to those who can believe, divorce may be not pardonable in the sight of God as it is in the eyes of men; for myself, I can only cling to the one way open to me.

“That I have loved you I need not repeat; that this world can only be a night of waiting until I stand by your side in eternity you know as well as I; but so it must remain. Life is forever—the suspense here a brief one; for the sake of a little happiness, I cannot cloud the bliss which may be ours beyond this shore, in some existence which our souls must reach at length.

“I am calm—calmer than I have been in years! Arthur, farewell! Once more let me write the words—lover, friend—farewell!”

If she had given up the whole world for him, she could not have offered so great a proof of her love as in this utter self-abnegation. It was over—the final sacrifice was made.

In the gray of the early morning, Thankful Grant was awakened by a cold hand laid upon her arm, and a voice like that of the dead, crying,

“Wake up! wake up!”

There Esther stood prepared for her journey. It needed but a few words to tell her story.

"I am going away at once; when he is gone, I will come back to you. Try to love me a little; let us do what we can to reach toward the light together. Good-by."

And through the early morning Esther was driven swiftly away, and once more she left the ruins of a world behind her.

A week after, she was settled in the outskirts of a quiet town, the guest of an old governess who had known and loved her during her childish days.

That she was not more wretched than ever before I shall not say; nor did the consciousness of having done her duty always uphold her. Often she cried out,

"If I have erred, after all; wrecked his life who loved me, and so sinned doubly! Surely, my part in this world is done, and yet death will not take me."

Everything gone—destroyed—burned away; sitting among the ashes of life and waiting for them to freeze her last heart-throbs under their coldness.

The autumn came and found her there; no news from without had broken the seclusion; but now came a brief letter from Thankful Grant. Arthur Vance had sailed for Europe; she could return, and that seemed the only course left to her.

The two friends had driven into the town, and Esther was to wait at the hotel while her hostess transacted some business.

As they drove through the usually quiet streets, it was evident some wild excitement prevailed; and when they reached the inn, the crowd was so great that they could hardly gain admittance.

The answers came fast enough in response to their questions. There had been a railway accident just below the village; several of the sufferers—several who would never suffer any more—had been brought to the house.

"I shall go in, Esther," said her friend; "I may be of some use—drive on to the other hotel."

"I shall go in, too. Why should I shrink more than you from suffering?"

They entered the house, and the landlady and physicians were glad of such help as Miss Ransom was sure to give.

They passed the room where the mutilated forms were lying, an hour before, full of life and the eager plans of a journey; they ascended to the chambers where the injured persons had been carried; you know what Esther found there.

"The most good you can do is here," said the surgeon, pausing before a door; "the poor fellow is entirely unconscious—I doubt if he will ever recover his senses again. Miss Ransom, if you will go in there Mrs. Haven will show you what to do; and if this lady will follow me, I will take advantage of her offer and get her to remain with another unfortunate until the nurses arrive."

Esther followed him into the chamber to which he led the way.

"You have just to bathe her head and keep her quiet," he whispered; "she is only suffering from severe bruises and fright. If she can get asleep without fever setting in she will soon be up again."

He went away to more pressing duties, and Esther walked toward the bed where the stranger lay.

"Who is there?" called a voice sharp with pain and excitement. "I thought I was to be left alone here to die. Are you the nurse?"

"I am going to stay with you until the nurse comes," replied Esther; "you must be quiet and try to sleep."

The woman started up on her pillow and looked at her, gave one shiver that was like mortal terror, and remained silent. The light fell full upon her face—the pale, delicate face, about which the golden hair had broken loose and was drooping in rich masses; the face that Esther knew so well, which she had seen many times smiling, scornful, defiant, which now looked at her with such sickening dread; the face of the woman for whom Clancy Rivers had forgotten the last instincts of honor and faith.

For moments they remained looking into each other's eyes with that fascinated stare; then the injured woman cried out,

"You had better not come here; I know you, Mrs. Rivers."

"And you are Nathalie Vigne," returned Esther.

Both voices sounded fairly cold; there was no scene—no outbreak of emotion.

"Go away!" exclaimed the sufferer, at length.

"I wonder you don't spring at my throat and tear me in pieces."

Before Esther could speak, or in any way collect her thoughts, the excitement brought back Nathalie Vigne's terrible nervous spasms; and at the sight of her rolling in delirious agony upon her pillow, tearing her long, fair hair, and uttering broken cries, Esther could only remember that she beheld a human being who must be helped, unless she would have the danger of the crisis on her head.

For an hour she was working over the unconscious creature. Even in the exigency of the time Esther could but feel a nameless thrill as her hands touched the writhing form, or slipped away from the golden curls as if they had been serpents.

When Nathalie recovered her senses, and the spasmodic writhings ceased, she was so weak that she could not utter a syllable, and the opiates she had swallowed took a speedy effect; but she was perfectly conscious, recognizing Esther, and watching her always with a wondering stare out of those childish, blue eyes, which had wrought ruin and shame wherever she turned.

She slept, and then Esther stole away to the room where she had left Miss Ransom. Her friend started up when she entered and motioned her to turn back.

"Don't come here," she whispered; "don't."

"Hush!" returned Esther; "I know already. Go into the other room—to her; I shall stay here."

Miss Ransom went out; Esther approached the bed and looked down upon her husband. His eyes were closed; the face was not injured; the deep, labored breathing, the strained muscles told the whole—the injury was upon the brain.

It was a strange meeting, a strange vigil to keep; you will wonder what her thoughts were—very few, quiet enough.

She was not even remembering the past as she sat there performing such simple duties as were necessary; just stunned and passive, with only energy sufficient to do what lay before her.

After a time, there was a consultation of the surgeons, and she learned that if the sufferer finally recovered, it would be with his mind so shattered that, for the remainder of his life, it would be weak as that of an ailing child.

Then she made arrangements to stay there and nurse him, settling all inquiries, heedless of the looks of wonder, by the words,

"He is my husband—I am Mrs. Rivers."

In the night Miss Ransom came to her; Nathalie Vigne would not rest until she had seen her; every moment of excitement was endangering her life—there could be no hesitation.

Esther found her sitting up in bed, her eyes blazing with fever, all her old beauty heightened into something absolutely terrible by bodily and mental pain.

"I don't know if I am dying," she cried out; "I am not afraid of that, any way; but I must speak to you—I can't lie here with your curse on my soul."

"You do not," replied Esther; "you may believe that."

"But you hate me; you must long to kill me."

"I never felt that toward the Nathalie Vigne of old times," she answered. "I think you were very little in my mind; the fact that my husband could wrong me was all I could remember—what did I care about the woman?"

"Then you did not love him?—he said you were ice!"

"Perhaps so," returned Esther; "the wrong must have been partly mine."

"You know he is here—that he is injured, too. They wouldn't let me go to him."

"I left his room to come to you," said Esther.

"I can't understand it," cried the provincial, tossing aloft her white arms. "I have written books—I thought I knew human nature! There you sit, talking quietly to me—you, the injured wife—I, a woman the world calls lost and reckless! You ought to be cursing me, and I overwhelmed with shame. How is this?—what does it mean?"

"I can't answer you," replied Esther; "I am not good either—I have been wicked in my thoughts, at least. I feel that this hour must be meant as a warning to you, as a means of expiation to me."

"What do you mean? Are you going to live with your husband after this? Suppose I won't give him up—he loves me?"

"He will never know either you or me again."

"Is he dead—my God, dead?"

"No; but if he lives, his mind will never be restored."

Nathalie Vigne covered down among the pillows and was silent for a time. Suddenly she started up again, flung out her arms, crying,

"It don't answer! I really believed my wrong was right. I said love was above human law—it don't answer! All my beauty, all my talent has only made me a fiend! I thought my new doctrines were to work good, but eternity itself can't make amends for the harm I have done."

"They will tell you it is never too late," said Esther.

"But do you believe it, do you?" she shrieked.

"If you can pardon and believe, maybe I can find pardon."

"You have mine," answered Esther.

"Can you pray?" exclaimed Nathalie; "not as men pray, with their lips; but pray, and put your soul in it?"

"I can now," said Esther; "but it is only lately."

"I won't make a Methodist tract of myself," she cried. "If I thought I was dying, I wouldn't

do it at all; you know what I mean—it don't sound wicked to you. I wouldn't repent from fright. But I would like to hear you pray."

Esther knelt by the bed-side and prayed as she had done on the night she left her aunt's house, not for Nathalie Vigne's sins—what had she to do with them? but that they might both have light, and patience, and submission.

Before it ended, Nathalie was weeping tears which cooled her fever and her soul.

"You shall decide! Do you want me to take care of him?" at last said Nathalie.

"No," said Esther; "he was my husband. If I have sinned, this must be my expiation."

"Be it so," replied Nathalie; "and mine must be to go away from him forever; because, look you, if he was blind, maimed, hideous, idiotic, I should love him still. I'll go back to France; at least I can burn the books I have written. I'll spend my fortune to buy them up."

"You ought to sleep now," Esther said.

"Yes; and I can, perhaps. In a few days I shall be able to go away; will you come and see me before then?"

"If you wish to see me."

"And—I don't know how to ask it——"

"You want to see him before you go."

"Yes, I do."

"You shall! Good-night. What is it?"

"My mother used to kiss me here, on my forehead; nobody's lips have touched that place since. Would it make you shudder to kiss me there?"

Esther bent over and kissed her. Nathalie gave a long sigh of relief, as if the touch had, in some measure, purified her heart.

"Good-night, now," she whispered, "I shall sleep."

For days there was no perceptible change in Clancy Rivers' condition; but during that time Nathalie Vigne was so much worse as to occasion great alarm. She did not die, however.

She rose from her bed at last, was able to travel; and the moment she could she went away.

The morning of her departure Esther fulfilled her promise. She took her into the chamber where Rivers was lying.

It was a strange scene, but a brief one; and long before Clancy Rivers could be moved, Nathalie was back in her native land, carrying her old energy into her new purpose; and when she had done an act she felt to be right, it seemed to her as if the kiss Esther had pressed upon her forehead was throbbing there anew.

It was late in the autumn when Esther once more returned to the old house among the cedars; and the man who had been her husband was with her.

"Have you found your work?" was all Thankful Grant asked.

"It was too plainly shown for me to mistake," she answered.

Thankful had a stony wonder in her eyes for many a day as she watched Esther; but it softened at last into a feeling which made her old age more human than the past had been.

Clancy Rivers was like a child—he was troubled with no memories. His fancies were usually playful and bright, and it always pleased him to have Esther near.

I am not going to tell you she was content. Often the struggle was almost as hard as in the old years; but she grew patient—ah! that means so much!

Arthur Vance did not return to America—he had no place here. He worked diligently, and his fame grew; but it was years before he could thoroughly convince himself that Esther had acted rightly. Perhaps Nathalie Vigne did more to change his mind and take away the morbid bitterness which tinged his whole life, than any other influence could have done. In that case she worked some good after all.

## AT THE SOUTH.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON

I STAND beneath soft Southern skies  
And Southern airs about me blow;  
A Southern river gently glides  
Beneath me with its silvery flow.

A Southern city's graceful spires,  
From masses of dark foliage rise;  
And Nature spreads ten thousand charms,  
Where'er I turn my ravished eyes.

But, oh! these balmy Southern airs,  
So laden with the sounds of strife;  
These fields where fratricidal hands  
Were raised against the nation's life.

War's sombre clouds close darkly round;  
We smart beneath the avenging rod;  
But victory and peace must come,  
Since right is right, and God is God.

## A CLERICAL DILEMMA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THERE is a great deal of expression in a carpet-bag; taken in connection with a visit, it marks, with wonderful exactness, the number of days to be spent abroad; and every one who saw the Rev. Miles Shoresdale enter the cars, on a certain Saturday afternoon in June, bag in hand, knew as well as he did, that the time fixed for his return was the following Monday.

The appearance of the gentleman who carried it was youthful and prepossessing in the extreme. It was only a year since the Rev. had been attached to his name; and in that time he had received considerable adulation; but though unmarried, he was not spoiled. He had not yet overcome a nervous uneasiness at officiating in a new place; and this unexpected invitation to Blaseford, a flourishing town in a neighboring State, was particularly exciting. The beautiful little church there was rectorless; but many candidates had tried their hand at it, and found themselves "unequal to the situation;" and the vestry had the unenviable reputation of being particularly hard to get along with.

The young clergyman grew more nervous as he neared the station at which he was to get out, and wondered by what outward token he and Mr. Bettleton were to recognize each other. This was the name subscribed to the letter of invitation, "Erasmus Bettleton;" and as Mr. Shoresdale was to become the guest of the senior church-warden, during his sojourn at Blaseford, he naturally felt some anxiety to identify his host.

Arrived at the railroad station, he walked up and down to no purpose, until a bright idea suddenly struck him, and he concluded to examine some of the numerous vehicles that were drawn up at the side of the depot. A comfortable buggy, with a comfortable-looking man in undisturbed possession of it, attracted his attention; and, by a sort of animal magnetism, the two gentlemen saluted each other by their respective titles.

Yes, this was Mr. Bettleton; but quite a different-looking personage from what the visitor expected; and Mr. Bettleton was making the same mental comment respecting Mr. Shoresdale. But the two were soon on the very best of conversational terms. The young clergyman's

first impressions of his field of labor were decidedly pleasant. Blaseford was a very pretty place, and seemed redolent of wealth and comfort.

Mr. Shoresdale had just removed his traveling-duster, and disembarrassed himself of his bag, when tea was announced; and, on entering the dining-room, his host introduced him, with a flourish, to Mrs. Bettleton—a nervous-looking lady in a black silk dress. So Mr. Bettleton was stout and rosy, Mrs. Bettleton was pale and angular; and housewifely anxiety sat upon her brow during the entire meal.

The quantity and variety of viands were perfectly bewildering. All sorts of cakes that could be baked, or fried, or griddled, seemed to be there; all pickles that ever were invented, sour and sweet, large and small; every sort of preserve that the fertile mind of woman could devise—sweet-cake, with and without fruit, iced and otherwise, from soft gingerbread up to "black plum;" oysters, chicken, tongue, and everything of the meat kind admissible on the tea-table; strawberries and cream, custards and jellies, and everything to drink, hot and cold, that could be manufactured without alcohol—all this to entertain one young clergyman who had never been guilty of eating to excess, and who would have been far more acceptably fed with a plate of strawberries, a slice of home-made bread, and a glass of milk, with a few of the superfluities converted into a vase of flowers for the center of the table.

But not a flower was visible; Mr. Bettleton was one of those men who, without knowing it, sacrifice their wives' very life-blood to their fondness for the table. Poor Mrs. Bettleton's mind and soul were fried, and stewed, and roasted into various pet dishes relished by her lord and master; and if the person for whom this was done ever contrasted her altered looks with those of the bright girl whose youthful bloom had charmed him in years gone by, it was only, perhaps, to think that love was a boyish dream too bright to last.

Therefore, Mrs. Bettleton entertained her clerical visitor in the only way that she knew how; and Mr. Shoresdale left the festive board with an unsatisfied feeling, while his hostess remarked confidentially to a friend that she was

always glad when such visits were over—clergymen were said to be so fond of good eating that it made a perfect slave of her.

Conversation did not flourish. Soon after supper—it could not be called tea—was disposed of, Mrs. Bettleton mysteriously disappeared, and the junior church-warden, with two of the vestry, came in.

The five men immediately drew their chairs together and entered into a regular "talk." Mr. Shoresdale was quite confounded by the disclosures with which he was favored respecting the parish; this person's "meanness," and that one's "touchiness," and another one's "quickness," were vividly represented.

He modestly expressed his sense of inability to cope with all these difficulties, and would, if possible, have been excused from the ordeal that awaited him on the morrow; but his apprehensions were overruled, and the church-wardens and vestrymen seemed anxious to do away with all unfavorable impressions.

"There is only one thing," said Mr. Bettleton, who sat thoughtfully embracing his knees, "and that has proved a stumbling-block to many of the clergy."

Mr. Shoresdale inquired, with some trepidation, the nature of the "stumbling-block."

"It is a dog," replied the senior church-warden, solemnly.

"A dog!" echoed his amazed questioner.

"Oh, yes!" said one of the vestrymen, with a laugh, "that everlasting dog of old Pinford's, a remarkable quadruped, Mr. Shoresdale, and, unfortunately, much more fond of going to church than his master."

"The truth is," observed Mr. Bettleton, confidentially, "that dog is one of the greatest pests that we have. The old judge, his master, who, by-the-way, gave us the ground on which the church stands, got huffed about something or other, and never came to service afterward; but the dog has a queer fashion of getting into church, no one knows how, and presenting himself most unexpectedly in the pulpit or chancel, to the great amusement of the congregation. It is only once in awhile that he makes his appearance, but he is sure to do it on any extra occasion. Why, it was only last week that he preceded a wedding-party up the aisle, furiously barking his disapprobation, till the bride was ready to faint from mortification, and the bridegroom looked anything but 'happy.'"

"But why is not the animal chained up during service?" asked the astonished clergyman.

"It has been tried," was the reply, "and didn't work well; for, as Judge Pinford lives

just over the way, the dog's unearthly howls spoiled the whole service. Some people maliciously say that old Pinford sends the dog to church as his representative."

The young clergyman was quite petrified by the absurd nature of the trial in store for him; and as the visitors rose to depart, one of them said kindly,

"Keep a good heart, Mr. Shoresdale—perhaps the enemy won't show himself, after all, and we will try to be on the watch for him."

Mr. Bettleton declared that he never heard anything to beat the conduct of that dog—who was a good enough dog in the main, and not a bit vicious, but just *possessed* to go to church; and, likely as not, the first notice he'd give of his being there, would be to pop his head over the pulpit. "But forewarned, you know, is forearmed," he added, encouragingly, "and, perhaps, between this and service-time, you can invent some plan of dealing with him."

All night long, canine visions were passing through Mr. Shoresdale's mind, and disturbing his dreams; and he lay awake wondering what manner of dog this was, and what plan would be most effectual with this annoyance.

Mrs. Bettleton's breakfast was on the plan of the supper, and the conversation was in the same proportion. Mr. Shoresdale found his own society more agreeable than that of his new acquaintances, and retired to his apartment until the time came to start for church.

It was quite an old-fashioned edifice, and the pulpit was perched up over the reading-desk. The young clergyman had almost succeeded in casting off his embarrassment, and all fear of man, as he entered the chancel, arrayed in priestly vestments, and proceeded to the duties of his sacred office. A large and attentive congregation were gathered around him; and as his rich, youthful voice led the words of prayer, all involuntarily joined in the responses, and entered into the service with heartfelt zeal.

The church-wardens nodded at each other, and the vestrymen exchanged significant looks of approval; while Mr. Shoresdale endeavored to forget that critical eyes were bent upon him, and almost lost sight of the trial he had dreaded.

Even clergymen are not insensible to the presence of an attentive listener; and a very sweet face among the congregation (it was just in front of the chancel,) attracted Mr. Shoresdale's notice from the first. It was a girl's face, earnest, rapt, with a truthful, steady gaze that never wavered; and the little, cottage bonnet of plain straw, with its simple white ribbon, seemed just suited to the wearer. Mr. Shores-

dale blamed himself for noticing even the diminutive Prayer Book, with its cover of brown and gold, clasped by a pair of small, daintily-gloved hands; and the young girl looked smaller and slighter from being alone in the large, square pew.

The service had proceeded uninterruptedly to the second lesson, that was being read with reverent impressiveness, when a sort of movement among the congregation disturbed the reader, and directed his attention to the fact that looks of amusement and suppressed smiles were becoming general, sadly interfering with the reverence due to the sanctuary.

He glanced round about him for the cause of this unseemly conduct, but nothing was visible, and he endeavored to proceed as usual; when, perceiving that all eyes had a decided upward tendency, he, too, gazed up at the pulpit, and encountered a pair of wild orbs set in a brown head, that surmounted a smooth, chocolate-colored body securely poised on four legs.

His redoubtable enemy had the start of him, and had taken possession of the pulpit; and the benign expression of countenance with which the dog regarded the amused congregation was so indescribably ludicrous, that Mr. Shoresdale felt his gravity rapidly deserting him, and could only control himself by a powerful effort. How that wretched dog had quietly attained his present elevated position was a perfect puzzle to him; but there he was, and what he would next do to distinguish himself remained to be seen.

The service went on, and the dog remained quietly gazing over the pulpit until the psalm was given out, when he coolly descended and crossed the chancel. The young clergyman's heart beat quickly at this profanation of the holy place; but after a moment's hesitation, his dogship trotted down and stood in the aisle.

Mr. Bettleton, who had been in a state of great nervous agitation respecting the dignity of his office as senior church-warden, felt that the time had now arrived for distinguishing himself; and leaving his pew in a dignified manner, he confronted the intruder, and, with a majestic wave of his hand, advanced toward the church door. The dog stood perfectly still, and gazed after him as though his conduct were altogether inexplicable. The poor church-warden heard an audible tittering, and felt utterly powerless to assert himself.

He maintained his station by the door, apparently in the hope that his antagonist would see the folly of his ways and consent to be ushered into the street; but the case seemed rather hopeless, when, after waiting a suitable time to avoid

interfering with the proceedings of his elder, the junior church-warden, who sported a most formidable hat and cane—which articles he caught up instinctively from the window where they had rested—sallied out in full force, and pointing the cane at the obstinate quadruped, the latter started off on a trot down the aisle.

His pursuer, however, in his zeal, got in advance of him, when the animal suddenly veered around and trotted leisurely back to the chancel. Poor Mr. Silbert was made painfully aware of his defeat and ridiculous position by certain unpleasant sounds which reached him from the adjoining pews; and he remained standing in the aisle and gazing wildly after his tormentor, who, after some consideration, curled himself up at Mr. Shoresdale's feet, and remained perfectly quiet during the remainder of the service.

It would cause less disturbance to let him alone than to attempt to dislodge him, and profanation though it was, the dog was left unmolested; while, during the whole transaction, the young clergyman's manner had betrayed no consciousness of interruption, and the Blaseford people behaved much better in consequence.

Mr. Shoresdale had glanced at the occupant of the square pew once or twice during the strange occurrence, and was struck by the painful embarrassment of her face, with its deepening color, and the total absence of anything like a smile, or even a look of amusement. It was the only grave face in the congregation, and the circumstance gave him pleasure, although somewhat puzzled to account for it.

The dreaded trial had passed off better than the clergyman expected; and when the congregation began to disperse, the dog arose, shook himself, and walked quietly out of the vestry door. Mr. Shoresdale had decided upon a measure that presented itself to him in a favorable point of view; and declining all invitations to dinner, he excused himself to Mr. Bettleton for a short time, and bent his steps toward Judge Pinford's.

Surprised whispers were circulated respecting this movement, but sensible people said it was the best thing that could be done; and, followed by good wishes, the young clergyman crossed the lawn, and found himself in front of a comfortable-looking dwelling, the door of which stood hospitably open.

The sound of voices fell on his ear, and arrested the hand he had just laid upon the bell. Soft, sweet tones, that could only belong to the face in the cottage bonnet, were remonstrating; and the words, "Oh, father! I never felt so mortified! and I do think Don ought

to be sent away, if he cannot be kept out of church," reached him in connection with the reply,

"It's a good test of a man's mettle; and if this young fellow behaved as well as you say, he's the very rector for Blaseford; and rector he shall be as sure as my name's John Pinford."

"But is it not rather a hard ordeal for a stranger?" asked Mr. Shoresdale, walking in with a smile. "We read of trials by fire and trials by water, to prove people's worth or virtue—but I never yet heard of a trial by a dog."

The eccentric judge burst into a loud laugh; and then instantly calming himself, he addressed his visitor with respect, and even elegance; while the young lady, with a frightened look of surprise, glided out of the room.

Mr. Shoresdale experienced a momentary embarrassment when confronted with the formidable judge; but, remembering the authority of his office, he gathered courage, and entered upon his mission.

"You are probably surprised at my visit," he began, "and may even consider it ill-timed; but I cannot feel that I am as much out of place here as your dog is in the house of God; and I have come to represent to you the impropriety, not to say wickedness, of such a profanation, and to request that, for the future, you will take measures to prevent it. Think of the feelings of a clergyman, a stranger, subjected to this species of annoyance. I do not speak from interested motives, for I never expect to see the place again; but I speak for the sake of my successors, and all whose sense of reverence will lead them to mourn such needless profanation of the sanctuary."

The judge looked uneasy, and, to quote a popular but impossible performance, "turned all manner of colors."

"Mr. Shoresdale," said he, frankly extending his hand, "I respect your boldness in the performance of duty, and I quite agree with you that the church is no place for a dog. It is unjust, though, to accuse me of sending him there, for he goes entirely of his own accord; and if I try to stop him, as I have done, however unwilling people are to believe it, he makes such a terrible racket that there is no standing it. I don't profess to be anything but a wicked man," he continued, encouragingly, as though he were rather proud of it, "and therefore it didn't, I suppose, make me as unhappy as it should have done. I think, too, that it has really done some good."

"I am quite at a loss to imagine in what light such a singular proceeding could possibly be

regarded as a benefit," observed Mr. Shoresdale, who was very much mystified by his strange companion.

"I think," replied the judge, with great equanimity, "that it has probably saved Blaseford from an incompetent rector. A clergyman, in my opinion, should be equal to any emergency, however unexpected; and if he cannot see an inoffensive-looking dog occupy his pulpit for a few moments without losing his presence of mind, he is scarcely fitted for the position to which he aspires. I have seen queer sights," continued the old man, with a chuckle of enjoyment at the recollection, "all produced by Don's quiet entrance into church—and I have then weighed the candidates in the balance and found them wanting. One young fellow of about your age," with a sort of arithmetical glance at his visitor, "but without the sense in his whole body that you have in your little finger, came flying wildly out in his surplice, with the white drapery floating around him like extensive wings, in mortal terror of poor Don, who evidently looked upon him as some strange bird, the like of which he had never before seen. Another called out audibly to 'put that dog out!' and got most of the congregation enlisted in the exciting occupation; while a third went into the chase himself—and a fine one Dan led him. I have seen some rare fun, I assure you," added the old reprobate, encouraged by the smile which the young clergyman vainly tried to suppress at this ludicrous account of his clerical brethren, "and I leave you to judge whether any of these men would have been fit to take charge of any church, let alone of one that needs what they call 'building up.'"

Mr. Shoresdale was silent, scarcely knowing how to deal with this singular specimen of humanity; and the old gentleman went on with great urbanity.

"When Jennie came in fairly crying this morning, and told me how well you had behaved, and how Don was conquered by it into perfect quietness, I felt really sorry that he should have gone, and made up my mind at once to send him away. I said to myself, 'that is the man for us!' and now I hope you will be elected rector of St. Luke's, and go right to work and convert that old sinner, John Pinford."

It was in vain to talk solemnly and reprovingly to the "old sinner;" a few words in season might work a miracle with him, but Mr. Shoresdale did not feel that the season had yet arrived; and after renewed expressions of approbation from the judge, an urgent invitation to stay to dinner, and many warm wishes for his instal-



ment as rector, the young clergyman took his departure with the feeling that his mission had not been altogether in vain.

Mrs. Bettleton presided at a meal that surpassed the former ones in every possible respect in which a dinner can show its superiority to a breakfast or tea; and she always looked at the end of every repast, as though she were saying to herself, "so much over."

Between services, Mr. Bettleton entertained his guest with an account of all the favorable opinions that he had gathered respecting him; and Mr. Shoresdale could not but perceive that it was the intention of the chief men of the place to elevate him to the vacant seat of honor.

But never did man work harder to accomplish his object than Judge Pinford: an idea once lodged in his brain took such firm possession, and threw out roots and tendrils in so many directions, that only the rending asunder of

soul and body could possibly dislodge it. He made liberal propositions toward the salary; he refuted, with an unanswerable sneer, all insinuations on the score of the candidate's youth; he even presented the church with a pretty cottage, to be used as a perpetual rectory; and carried all opposition so effectually, that, in due time, the Rev. Miles Shoresdale was installed rector of St. Luke's.

On the young clergyman's second visit to Blaseford, he took up his quarters at Judge Pinford's, by special invitation; and so well did he improve his opportunities, that, after awhile, Miss Jennie took up her quarters at the rectory.

The old judge became one of the pillars of the church; and as to Dan, who had brought about such a wonderful revolution in the order of things, he attached himself devotedly to Mr. Shoresdale, and became so obedient to his slightest glance, that he never again ventured inside of the church.

## THE TRYST.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

The willow dips her fingers  
Into the shining brook;  
She starts and shrinks, then lingers  
With long and steadfast look.

What is it upward smiling,  
Under the moon's pale light?  
What is it downward gliding,  
So stilly and so white?

Oh! not the downward drifting  
Of silver-maple leaves;  
And not the golden sifting  
Of grain from Autumn sheaves;

But a tender little face  
The willow bends to weep;  
And a little form of grace—  
It seemeth but asleep.

The happy knight stands smiling  
Where the river turns away;  
He saith, "My love is whiling,  
I chafe at her delay:

And, ho! what little white barque  
Is this that comes this way?  
It beareth nor sail nor mark,  
Nor floats with streamers gay.

Nay, now, this is no white boat,  
A drift upon the brook;  
But 'tis something strange afloat—  
I tremble as I look.

'Tis my love with silent feet;  
My love with whiten'd look;  
And thus, ah, woe! we meet,  
To tryst beside the brook.

## A LONE.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

ALL else of her in death has faded,  
Except this precious tress;  
This golden curl the fair brow shaded,  
We loved so to caress.  
Blue eyes are closed in dreamless slumbers;  
White hands, they folded lie;  
And silent now the harp's sweet numbers—  
Hushed is its minstrelsy.

Only a few short months ago,  
With flowers in Summer bloom;  
Now, cold and white the Winter snow,  
And dreariness and gloom.

We walk alone the silent halls;  
No footstep echoes near;  
Deep sorrow all our sweet hope palls—  
And darkness resteth here.

No voice in music-tones to glide,  
Glad wishes to repeat;  
No gentle form is by our side,  
No answering smile we meet.  
Remembering her—her trust, her prayer,  
Our sinking faith should rise;  
A brightness, as of Summer, wear—  
She dwells in Paradise.

## MARRYING FOR LOVE, AND MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

SIXTY years ago there was no prettier girl in the whole Bay State than Polly Howland. None prettier, none more self-willed, and none more capable, as you will presently see.

"It is no use talking, Polly, your father will never consent to your marrying a poor stick like that Almon Curtis. I think myself you might do better." Speaking thus, the mother looked with fond admiration at the comely figure and handsome face of her daughter; but she sighed, for it had not been so many years since she was young, that she had not yet lost a sympathetic remembrance concerning the ins and outs of a maiden's heart.

Polly was spinning on a great wheel, which buzzed away like a giant bumble-bee, as she stepped briskly back and forth, drawing out and running up the rolls of white wool. Now, in spite of all which it is fashionable to say, at the present writing, about the gracefulness and becomingness to the youthful figure of this old time accomplishment, I am persuaded it was a noisy, greasy employment, in every way much more useful than ornamental; nevertheless, at that period one could not be respected without a thorough acquaintance with it; at least not in the part of the Bay State of which I am treating; and so Polly, of course, was equal to the best in this sort of knowledge.

And thus, as I said, she was making noise enough upon the great wheel to drown the sound of a million mosquitoes, a whole summer of flies, and two modern pianos. But for all the noise Polly was making, she heard her mother well enough as one might know, although she did not at first reply, by the twisting of her red lips and the fire in her black eyes.

Presently the spindle was full, and as she took down the hand-reel from its peg behind the cellar-door, she said, "Almon Curtis is as likely as any young man in town."

"I know that, and so does your father. It is nothing against his character or respectability. But he is as poor as a June shad, and your father says he always will be. He thinks Almon lacks energy and stability," returned the mother, anxiously, in her earnestness stopping her weaving, which occupation, by-the-way, is worse, in each particular, than spinning; and, for my

part, I am heartily glad they have both gone out of style.

"All the more need of his getting a go-ahead wife then," remarked Polly, tying up a knot. She looked, as she spoke, fully equal to the holding of Bunker Hill, and the storming of the Heights and the Plains of Saratoga in her own person: let alone the storming and holding of one inefficient young man, and the conveying him safely through the world.

Then she hung up the reel and began to spin with such a whiz and whirr, that all the bees of Hymettus and Hybla together could not have drowned her. So there was no place for farther words, but plenty of opportunity for thinking.

"I am sorry Polly and her father are so much alike in being set in their own way," thought Mrs. Howland. "Now I could give up and let her marry Almon, seeing she is so determined; but Mr. Howland never will consent after he has once refused: and Polly is all dear father, not a drop of my blood in her veins seemingly, so I am afraid we shall have trouble."

Meanwhile Polly's eyes were growing blacker and more resolute, and she poised her slender figure like a Zenobia-in-triumph, as she stepped lightly back and forth, keeping time to the droning monotone of the whirling wheel. "Father may consent or not, just as he pleases," she thought. "I have given my word to Almon, and I shall not come back of it. I hope I am old enough to know my own mind. Marrying is something which concerns only the parties themselves, and father has no right to dictate. Anyhow, I think I shall take the liberty of pleasing myself in the matter," thought she, fiercely.

Resolving was doing with Polly; and upon the very next Sunday her bans were read in the meeting-house.

"Polly, you don't know how to prize a good home, and you don't deserve one," said Mr. Howland, nervously, when the family were sitting, afterward, about the round cherry table, eating their supper from the same platter, as fashion then required.

Mrs. Howland wiped her eyes with her linssey-woolsey apron; but Missy Polly conde-

scended to make no reply; and her father, taking a drink of cider from the family tankard, went on,

"You've always had a good home, and so you do not know how to prize it, I say; but I do. I was put afloat to shift for myself, as it were, when I was only a little shaver. At the place where I was bound out, I was fed on samp-porridge which used to fairly rope if I dropped any of it from my spoon; and cuffs were a good deal plentier than coats; so I know what a good home is, and what it is to want one, too. I am afraid, Polly, daughter, you will find out some day. I have always meant to do well by you, Polly; I've never charged a penny for your board since you came of age, any more than when you were a child, and I have provided for you just the same. You and mother have had the butter money, and what the eggs brought in; besides all the time to yourself after you got the work out of the way, and your stint spinning done. The old man hasn't been hard with you, Polly, daughter—no he hasn't; and if you ever come to want for a home, you will always find one ready for you here; but I don't and I shan't give my consent for your marrying with Almon Curtis; and if you prefer him to me, you must keep away with him. You needn't expect a penny, either, nor the value of a penny from me, for you won't get it. Not a penny nor a farthing."

Polly's heart had softened a little during the former part of her father's remarks, but it grew harder than the nether millstone at the last words. "Very well. Almon and I can take care of ourselves without help from anybody," she said, and went on eating her pork and potato as cool as frozen apple-sauce.

The supper dishes had been washed and put away for two hours, when Polly went into the cow-yard with a wooden pail upon her arm to do the nightly milking, (another feminine accomplishment of the old times, which is, I opine, more charming in poetry than in prose.) She had hardly seated herself on a three-legged stool before one of the sleepy-eyed cows, when a pine cone flew toward her from the shadow of the forest which crept up close behind the yard.

Quick as lightning, without turning her head, Polly threw a tiny stream of milk toward a narrow lane on the opposite side which led to the cows' pasture and a brook, and then kept on milking as though nothing had happened.

This material telegraphing meant, however, that Almon Curtis was waiting among the pine trees, and that Polly Howland would presently meet him in the lane.

So, as soon as the Puritan Sabbath was well over, in the early twilight, while the mother frogs were croaking their little ones to sleep, and the turkeys were tucking their heads under their wings for the night, in their airy bed-chamber up in the apple-tree, Almon and Polly, seated upon a log for divan in the cow-lane, began to make love in their way; which way was, I dare say, very much like yours, after all, my young Master and Miss.

Perhaps Mr. Howland did not enjoy the sight as he sat in his porch smoking his evening pipe; but he made no remark when Polly came in, her hair damp with dew, and her eyes shining with something brighter than dew or diamonds, either; nor afterward, during the two weeks which came before the three-times-crying of the marriage bans. Not until upon the third Sunday; then he said, "Well, Polly, so you are off to-morrow, I suppose."

Now he did not suppose any such thing, and was fairly staggered when Polly replied, "To-night, father."

"To-night, hey? Where are you going to-night?"

"Home," answered Polly, proudly as a queen with a hundred palaces.

"Well, well, Polly, child, when you get tired of the new home, come back to the old one, you will be always welcome here; but mind, don't you never bring back anybody with you."

"I never will," answered Polly, more proudly yet.

The mother, poor heart, upon this, rather than break into a fit of crying, bustled up and brought out a large wooden tray, hollowed from a huge oak-tree trunk, with a blue and white woven counterpane, saying, "These belong to Polly; her grandmother willed them to her, you know, father."

"Very well, let her have them," returned the father, yearning over his daughter in spite of himself. But his old stubborn heart would not relent; and at nightfall Polly went from her father's door never to come back again.

She met Almon at the minister's, and in fifteen minutes they were as wholly one flesh as ever Adam and Eve were. In fifteen more they were well on their way toward their new home, with their sole outfit and entire household stuff along; namely: one wooden tray, and one woollen bed-spread.

This was the bride's portion; the bridegroom's consisted of several acres of wild woodland a few miles away. But what are a few miles to youth, and health, and love? It seemed to them but a few steps for the love they had; and long

before moon-setting they had reached it, and made ready a couch of fragrant hemlock boughs.

Polly leaned up the tray by way of bed-head, and spread over all the counterpane; and thus their home was founded and their housekeeping commenced.

You must imagine for yourselves how thrift, and energy, and industry, wrought comfort, and finally wealth, out of poverty; and how this new Adam and Eve in the wilderness, went on from this simple beginning growing to be prosperous and respected house and land-holders. Indeed, Almon Curtis even became, so the legend saith, "a tavern-keeper;" and when I have said that, I have said everything to one who understands caste in the locality and at the date of my story.

Polly never felt the need of depending upon her father for a home again. On the other hand she made one for him in his old age, when, having lost property and heart, he was at last glad to take up with a poor stick like Almon Curtis.

Now, my dear young girls, Polly did very foolishly in marrying without the entailment of a brown-stone front, and a few thousand at least in continental currency—and you must never do so. And you are not to think that because she came out prosperously, and was blessed in her disobedient fool-hardiness, that you would be. No, indeed, my child! You have not a tithe of the energy, and strength, and capacity which gave her success, in spite of indiscreetness—success which she had no right to expect, and which not one in fifty would have had.

And even Mrs. Curtis herself, in after years, did not approve of such lack of worldly wisdom, as you will presently see.

When her daughter, Molly, grew to be as red-lipped and round-checked, as slender and as graceful as the young Polly had been in her time, she also had the weakness—inherited, perhaps—to fall in love with a penniless youth, and the fortune to be opposed in her affection by her parents. Now Molly had heard the story of the early loves of Almon and Polly, and,

taking courage by their triumph, boldly resolved to follow their example.

But it seems she was a fainter impression of the same die, and so her project miserably failed. The elopement was to take place upon a certain night; but before the night came her father and mother had somehow discovered it.

So upon that night Molly Curtis was sent up stairs to sleep in a room within theirs, and Molly Bliss, a girl who was helping about the spinning, was directed to sleep in her bed, upon the ground floor, with young Master Elijah Curtis.

Some time in the middle of the dark hours, as Molly Bliss says—for I have the story second hand from Molly Bliss herself—she was awakened by the sound of the window, at the bed's foot, being carefully raised by some one without. Understanding at once whom it was, she did not speak or move, even when Job Whin's voice said, softly, "Molly! Molly!"

"Molly! Molly!" called the anxious lover again—but there was no voice or sound. Then he touched the bed, minded thus to awaken the sleeping beauty.

But alack and alas! his hand fell instead upon the foot of the boy Elijah, and anon there was a howl from the infant, terrible. "Be still! Get away! Let my foot be! Yo-o-o-oh!" he screamed, with a sleepy kick.

The window dropped instantly, and cut off in its falling the hopes of Job Whin. He was evidently lacking in pluck and vim—let alone father and mother Curtis to discover if he had had the elements of prosperity in him—and probably the faint heart did not deserve the fair lady.

Afterward Molly, for the pleasure of her parents, married "a man of good property," much older than herself; but the marriage proved, as it ought, an unhappy one; and, finally, she came back poor and desolate, to be taken care of, with grandsire Howland, by Almon and Polly.

Thus you see, my dears, that love is better than money, but that a union of both is best of all.

## NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY NETTIE STEWART.

REED from the toils and sorrows of earth,  
Thy spirit has winged its flight  
Across the dark valley and shadow of death,  
To the beautiful fields of light.

To the beautiful fields of light and life,  
On the banks of that flowing river;  
Where sorrow and death no more shall come,  
But bliss forever and ever.

# THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME XLVII., PAGE 441.

## CHAPTER IX.

"THEN I have your consent, sire!"

"Ay, and my prayers for thy safe deliverance of the place afterward," answered the king, with a laugh that rang loud and clear through the apartment in which he stood. "I do not think the old lodge has been inhabited since our father's time. I once had a fancy to make it useful for a double purpose, and spent some gold on the embellishment of certain rooms that never found an occupant; for just then I happened to chance on that encounter in the woods with my Lady Bess; and, on my honor as a king, she drove all the rest of womankind out of my head for a whole year; so all my trouble went for naught. But what has aroused this sudden fancy, Dickon? Is not Braynard Castle large enough for thee and our lady mother?"

"Ay, truly it is," answered the young prince, in his calm, grave way. "But of late I have taken to studies which might not altogether please her highness, and which otherwise make seclusion necessary."

"What, has her Grace of Bedford infected thee with her mania for the occult sciences? If so, there must be more in them than I trow of."

Duke Richard smiled and shook his head.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot pretend to a taste for the noble science which contents itself with thrusting pins into waxen images, while praying that each stab may inflict pain on some unhappy wretch hundreds of miles away. All the glory of such studies I leave to the queen's mother without envy of the results. The lore I pursue is that which teaches men how to rule their fellow men."

"There is little need of study to teach thee how to govern and yet seem to obey," answered the king.

"If this be true, it is only that the glory of our house may shine the brighter," said the young man.

"In all that pertains to statecraft," said the king, cheerfully, the honor of fifty royal houses might safely be trusted to thy discretion. While

Edward Plantagenet is king, he needs no wiser counsel than may be gathered from thy young lips."

Richard smiled one of those clear, cold smiles, that charm a heart without warming it.

"Then I have leave to possess myself of the old hunting lodge?" he said; so conscious of his own ability, that even the king's praise did not flatter him.

"Ay, it is a royal and most brotherly promise. Moreover, Richard, thou shalt invite us to be a guest when the hawks are in their prime, and we weary of the state our Lady Bessie will have about her."

The young duke seemed little pleased by this genial self-invitation. The blood rushed to his brow in a crimson cloud, and he lifted one shoulder restively. But these signs of discontent passed away, and the cold smile came back to his lips.

"It is a double favor you offer, sire," he said; and bending low, the strange young man passed out of the chamber, leaving Edward alone.

"It is a strange youth, so brave, so secret, and yet gentle withal," thought the reckless monarch, falling into a reverie. "In the council-chamber he shames our wisest gray-beards; but there is no warmth in him. No youth—no enthusiasm! Neither beauty, wine; no wassal has charms for him! I sometimes wonder if he ever felt such temptations as make my life a tangled web of joy and discontent. Has he no conscience, or too much? Now I wonder what he wants of that little hunting lodge. It is a lovely spot, and I lavished costly things upon it with little return, so far as my pleasure was concerned. What if some mystery lies buried under this request. He was less at ease than usual, and once absolutely blushed red—a thing I never witnessed before. But no, no! the lad is far removed from human frailty. His keen wit serves as an armor to the young heart. Still we may chance to visit him in this sylvan retreat, if it is only to see how restively he will give up those huge Italian tomes he loves so well."

A knock at the door, and the entrance of a man in a hunting garb, disturbed this reverie.

"My liege, the hounds are unkenneled, and a finer day never blessed the earth."

Edward sprang up eagerly, drew on his gauntlet-gloves with a quickness that made the seed-pearls which embroidered them rattle again, and tossing the velvet cap to his brow, shook its white feather till it fluttered over his shoulder like a dash of sea-foam.

"What, ha! and we have been dreaming a bright half-hour away! Go forward and hold my stirrup, man; I will be in the saddle before the hounds can clear their throats."

With a light, joyous tread, and a gesture which bespoke the zest with which this man enjoyed every species of pleasure, Edward descended to the court, mounted the milk-white horse that had been pawing the stones for half an hour, impatient for a rider, and dashed away, followed by a cavalcade of noblemen, which made the very sunshine glisten brighter as it passed.

Many a beautiful court-lady hastened to her casement as the lordly train swept toward the great entrance to the Tower; and many a noble gentleman bent to his saddle-bow in homage to the loveliness that looked down upon him. The queen came out upon her balcony—twined with massive wreaths of sculptured stone—and stood with the sunshine glistening through her long, golden hair, to see her lord pass to the hunt; a tiny rainbow fired up from the jewels on her hand, as she waved him a graceful adieu, receiving back a dozen kisses, wafted from the royal hand. These were followed by a radiant smile, and a doffing of the plumed cap, prompted by that easy homage which Edward was always willing to bestow on beautiful womanhood wherever he found it.

Just before the cavalcade reached the gate John Halstead came through, and stood respectfully aside, cap in hand, watching keenly to catch the king's eye, but making no other effort to attract attention.

Edward's quick observation soon fell upon him, and, obeying a motion of the royal hand, the horse swerved out of line.

"Ride on—ride on, but slowly! We have a word for this good citizen," cried the king, waving his hand. "Well, now, my prince of merchants, what success? Will the city churls disburse as their king wishes; by that black brow we should judge not."

"My liege," answered Halstead, in a voice that quivered either with passion or fear, "when your highness first came back to London, the city merchants were ready to pour all they

possessed into the royal treasury, without much question of the security offered for their gold; but now——"

"Well, what now? What has the king done that seems ungracious, that they hesitate, as thy face implies? Why, has not the queen, in giving England a male heir, doubled the security of our throne? Have not I, their liege lord, drank of their atrocious beer, and danced with their wives and daughters till no swine-herd was ever half so weary? What is the meaning of this hesitation? If there is a secret, let it out, or this glorious day will be wasted."

Halstead's face was pale, and he looked down with unusual gravity.

"Sire, I fear me that it is this very drinking of beer and condescension toward the wives and daughters that has done the mischief."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king.

Halstead lifted his clear, gray eyes and fixed them in a stern glance on the monarch's handsome face; a cloud of crimson swept over it, and the bold, blue eyes fell.

"Since the court-gallants who follow the example your highness has condescended to give them in visiting the city, one of the most respected of our city merchants has come back from a journey, taken on this very business, to find his home empty."

"Empty! Well, what then? How is the king or his courtiers responsible for that?" questioned Edward, shaking off his momentary confusion, and turning his half quailing eyes on Halstead.

"It is thought," answered the merchant, reading more in the king's face than pleased him, "it is thought that this pretty dame has been lured away from her home by some person connected with the court."

"And if it be so," answered the king, angrily, "what is that to the king? Is he expected to keep all the unruly passions of his nobles in order, or guard every man's hearth, lest a comely wife should chance to stray from it? Tush! tush! man, this is a question for the nearest magistrate—surely not for the king."

"Save as it threatens to thwart his wishes, and make all negotiations for a loyal loan unpopular, if not impossible," answered Halstead.

"But why?" cried Edward, with a forced laugh; "why unpopular? Surely these churls do not accuse their king; and, lacking that unheard of audacity, how can the fact of a city dame's flight from her husband effect the moment interests of a nation? Answer me that, John Halstead."

"Sire, I do not give reasons, but state facts

This matter has exasperated the whole community; the honor of our order has been invaded. There is not a merchant of the city who does not consider the disgrace that has fallen on William Shore as his own."

"And they persist in holding their king responsible, the churls! biddings! rascalions! one and all? Has the monarch's condescension worked so badly? Hark ye, John Halstead, there has been something too much of this; the King of England wants money, and will have it. These paltry excuses are little better than treason—go back and tell them as much; by free will or force the money must be forthcoming, and that right speedily."

Halstead shook his head, but remained silent. Edward had put his horse in motion and rode forward angrily; but all at once he wheeled around and came close to the merchant again.

"Halstead, thou wast once a leaf friend to the house of York, ever ready to serve it, and quick to comprehend its wants. I tell thee, man, it is now in sore strait for means to raise fresh troops; for this scum of Lancaster must be swept from the land before Edward is altogether a monarch. Thou art better bred than most of thy class, hast a tongue to persuade, and wit to control. Go among these disaffected men and convince them, as thou mayest in all truth, that Edward, all, and his courtiers, are, doubtless, free of all blame regarding them and theirs. As for this sad affair of the goldsmith's wife—if noble or page of our court has lured her away, he shall be punished with disgrace and imprisonment. What more comprehensive promise can they ask? To this we pledge ourselves on the honor of a king!"

Halstead's face lighted up; but a close observer might have seen that the expression was one of angry scorn rather than satisfaction. Edward had, during the whole conversation, avoided looking directly in that stern face, and did not pause to scrutinize it now; and when Halstead bent unusually low, he took it for consent, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode swiftly after his train, which had drawn up and was waiting for him outside the portal.

Edward was a good deal disturbed when he rejoined his followers; a look of baffled anger darkened his eyes, and bent his brow. All the bright animal spirit that had led him to the chase was swept away, and he rode on moodily enough, reigning in his generous horse furiously one moment, and goading him to a sharp speed the next. A little distance from the Tower, the cavalcade passed several buildings with some grounds behind them, and balconies in front,

under which the street ran; behind a lattice, which opened into one of these balconies, there was a flutter of garments, a gleam of floating hair, and an eager hand fluttering like a bird about the window, which was at length pushed open far enough to reveal a lovely face peeping through bright with eager smiles.

Edward looked up, and for an instant his brow cleared. He neither waved his hand, nor lifted the plumed cap from his head; but a glance of brilliant recognition was lifted to the balcony, and, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed on with the old sportsman's spirit, crying out, "On, gentlemen, on! we lose the prime of the day!"

As the train swept out of sight, the window was forced more completely open, and Jane Shore stepped out; her dress of damascene silk rustling to the eager motion, and her rich hair held back with a narrow band of gold. She leaned over the stone railing, and, shading her eyes with one hand, gazed eagerly after the king. That moment John Halstead, who had mounted his horse at the Tower gate, rode slowly along the road; but she was so occupied that his horse was drawn up under the very balcony before it could force her attention from the royal cavalcade. When it was entirely out of sight, and nothing but a cloud of dust remained in the distance, she dropped the hand from over her eyes and saw the citizen just below her. With a cry as if she had been shot, the woman darted through the casement, closed it in shuddering haste, and fell upon the floor, burying her face in the lustrous silk of her dress, which, at the moment, filled her soul with loathing.

During a few minutes John Halstead sat upon his horse, hesitating whether he should seek the wretched woman and satisfy himself of the king's falsehood, or pass on, leaving her to the destiny which was sure, sooner or later, to overtake her. A little reflection convinced him that nothing but evil to the cause, sanctified by the devotion of his life, could spring from an interview which promised nothing but pain. With a heavy sigh, which ended almost in a groan, he cast one glance at the window, and rode away, filled with a bitter sense of wrong, and more intense hatred of the Plantagenets than had even entered his heart before. From that hour his devotion to Margaret of Anjou was intensified, and a keen sense of personal injury stimulated every breath of his life and faculty of his mind for her, and against the family that he honestly regarded as usurpers. On his way through the city, Halstead passed

his brother-in-law's house, and, fastening his horse to the door-post, went in, heavy-hearted enough; for, instead of consolation, he brought a certainty of disgrace, which, up to this moment, William Shore had refused to accept. His wife was young, he said, and subject to wild, affectionate impulses, which might have taken her from home on some errand worthy of her kind heart—for, say what they would, she was as kind-hearted a creature as ever lived. It might be that her mother was sick and had sent for her suddenly—so suddenly that she had no time to leave a message; as for writing, Jane was not much given to that, though she had learned a good use of the pen with her young foster-sister, Maud Chichester.

With this wild hope, Shore had left his dreary home and gone down to Barnet. With a heart full of anxious pain, he entered the farm-house, and found the old couple sitting sadly together, quite alone. They knew nothing of Jane's departure from home, and that gentle-hearted man had no wish to distress them with a knowledge of his own desolation. They were stricken and sad enough already, for the young lady, whom they revered as a mistress, and loved as a child of their own hearth, had left them secretly, and at night, without a word of explanation, of thanks, or farewell. Like a shadow she had disappeared, leaving no trace behind; and in their helpless old age, they could only draw closer together, and mourn over the darkness that had fallen upon them with her departure.

Worse than all this, another bereavement had followed close upon the first. The very morning after Maud Chichester left them, the boy, Albert, left the house in search of flowers, which he had often gathered from a brook that cut the rich green of the battle-field with vivid diamond flashes, discernible even from the threshold of the farm-house. The lad crept down through the grass, shaking the dew away with each movement of his feet, following the track of some other person who had evidently passed in that direction before daybreak. With the instinct of a dog, he kept these tracks in sight till they brought him under the clump of larch trees, where Maud and the young Yorkist officer had sat and talked, not many days before, while he gathered violets for them in the hollow. Here he found the grass beaten down and trampled by horses' hoofs. More than one horse there must have been, for two of the tallest larch trees were almost girdled by the halters which had been tightened around them.

A small dog, which had accompanied Maud from the burning tower, followed Albert, and

the two, with like instinct, searched these tracks with anxious bewilderment. The footsteps had been traced directly from the farm-house; but none returned there, nor did they lead in any direction from the larch trees. A strange sadness crept over the face of the idiot boy as he went down into the hollow and began to gather flowers from the margin of the brook; while the dog raced up and down the bank, smelling around the hoof-tracks, and sometimes rooting with his nose in the trampled grass. The tumult which he made seemed to frighten the idiot boy, for he sat down on the bank, and let the wild blossoms rest in the cap he had cast on the grass beside him, without an attempt to disturb their fragrance. Usually he would set there for hours together, turning these delicate gems of the soil into bouquets and graceful wreaths with unconscious taste that no artist could have surpassed. When no one cared for these simple treasures at home, he would spend hours together twining them into a thousand fairy forms, which were cast to the waters of the brook with a low laugh, musical as the waves themselves gave forth, as they sparkled and drifted away with the garlands he loved to twine for them.

Now the lad sat quite silent with tears stealing, one by one, down his cheeks. There had been heavy rains that week, and the waters stole over their natural margin, and went sailing through the grass and ferns like an infant carrying its grief into sleep. This deepened the sadness that fell on the idiot boy. Since the young mistress had been under his father's roof, he had refused a single flower to the brook, reserving all that he gathered for her; but some subtle instinct told him that it was useless now. Twine the garlands cunningly as he might, she would never, under that roof, brighten his day with thankful smiles, or thrill his innocent heart with gratitude sweeter than the music of the brook when the sunshine was brightest upon it.

The idiot boy had been seated on that bank a full hour, with the quiet tears stealing down his face, when the dog came slowly down the bank, and, crouching at his feet, looked into those innocent eyes, and began to whine piteously. A more perfect mind would not have understood the dog half so well as this half-witted lad. The eager prayer in that dumb creature's eyes brought a glow of kindred intelligence into his own.

"Ay, ay, Wasp," he said, mournfully, wiping the tears from his eyes with both hands, "we will go, thou and I. It is our secret, and no one shall steal it from us; they think us lack-



witted, Wasp, but we know how to hold our tongues—thou best of all, Wasp. No one ever gets a word out of thee. Wait a little, good dog, while I make these into a garland, such as made her smile so. Nay, nay, an thou wag thy tail so naughtily against the grass, I can do naught, for I shall think thee angry.”

Wasp gave out a low bark, and, creeping a little way off, expressed his pleasure by beating the sable brush of his tail on the grass, without disturbing the dainty work of the idiot boy, who wove the yellow butter-cups and purple violets together in harmonious masses, broke up the monotony with golden-eyed daisies and opening clover, and wove pale primroses and clustering thorn-blossoms with the delicate green spray of young fern leaves. Naturally, as God formed the blossoms in their birth, this garland grew into exquisite beauty under the witting's fingers. When it was done, and the lad held it up with a look of innocent satisfaction, feeling to his innermost heart how beautiful it was, without the reason to understand why, the dog gave a joyous bark, and tore up the bank, looking behind him, expecting to be followed.

“Ay, ay, I am coming, Wasp—I am coming,” cried the idiot; and, with the garland in his hand, he followed the dog, who, guided by the hoof-tracks, led him farther and farther away from his home at every step.

The night found these two helpless creatures far away from the battle-field of Barnet—far away from the farm-house, beyond whose smoke they had never wandered before; but the dog, sharp, vigilant, and dauntless, took the lead ably, and the witting followed in silent wonder. The garland of wild flowers withered to a mass of sodden leaves in his hand; this brought the tears to his eyes more than once; but directly they were drawn back by some new burst of sunshine, or mass of flowering shrubs that awoke hope in his simple heart.

Mutually impelled by want of food, the idiot and his dog stopped at a cotter's hut, and with their hungry eyes begged for food. Bread and milk were given them, and the two helpless creatures passed on their way; the boy silent as the dog, for, as his companion could not speak, he had resolved to be dumb. Thus, guided only by an instinct of love, these innocent creatures went forth into the world, searching for the gentle, young creature who had been to them as a divinity.

When William Shore heard of this second bereavement from the old people, a new hope swelled in his heart, and he thanked God for it.

For some reason, unknown to every one, perhaps, Maud Chichester had left the farm-house, taking the idiot boy with her. Doubtless she had sent for his wife, charging her to secrecy. What more likely? Most probably she had fled for shelter to Margaret of Anjou. Devoted as her family had ever been to the Red Rose, it was but natural that she should escape to its queenly representative, and needing a female companion, had secured one in his wife. At any rate, he would go home and wait in patience, neither by word or look betraying to his neighbors the agony of suspense that wrung his heart.

With this false hope the good man went back to London, and shut himself up in the solitary home which had once been made so happy with the presence of that beloved one. The secret of his wife's absence he strove to keep from all the world; but it had gone forth far more broadly than he knew of—and the wrongs he had not yet believed possible, were already commented upon and deeply resented by his friends.

Shore seldom went abroad in these days, but kept at home, hoping to hear some news of his wife. So long as no tidings reached him of Maud Chichester, his faith was strong that Jane was with that young lady, carried away from her home by the intense love which sprang from their mutual foster-mother. But as day after day crept on bringing no intelligence, his heart sickened under this prolonged suspense, and a new dread seized upon him. The last trace to be discovered of his wife, took her to the banks of the Thames. What if she were under its waves? The very idea struck him with chills of horror. He could not endure it for a moment. Some one had seen her standing by the water-stairs, with a boat lying close to the wall. This forbade the thought that she had met with a violent death; on the contrary, it strengthened his belief that she had gone to meet Maud Chichester, who had, it was more than probable, sailed for France; and it was to seek the vessel which carried her away, that his wife had gone down to the water-steps.

Thus reasoning with himself, hoping against hope, John Halstead found his brother-in-law on the day of his visit to the Tower. Shore received him with a quick brightening of the eye. Always keenly expectant, he fancied that every person who sought him must have some news of her; but this very force of anxiety was sure to keep him silent. He watched for intelligence, but seldom asked for it, save by that sad yearning look which was enough to break the beholder's heart.

The two men met in silence, each wringing the hand of the other in mute sympathy.

"Thou has news—something that I ought to hear?" said Shore; "but not of her; do not say it is of her, with that pale face and those eyes. Sit down! Sit down!"

The man was trembling all over; even his very lips were white and quivering. He believed that his wife was dead, and strove to put off the awful tidings, giving himself one moment more of uncertainty.

Halstead sat down and lifted a hand wearily to his forehead. Had he, indeed, come to tell of her death, his look would have been far less painful. Shore sat gazing on him like a criminal waiting for judgment. His dark eyes, usually so benign in their expression, blackened like midnight with terrible apprehension; beads of perspiration stood thick on his white forehead, which grew cold and marble-like under the black masses of his hair.

"Now tell me that she is dead."

His voice was so husky that the utterance was like a prolonged groan.

"Nay, my brother, I have no such merciful tidings. God help us, that I should say this!"

"No such merciful tidings! Man, man, speak out! Can you not see how I suffer? Is she maimed, gone mad—what thing is there on this earth more terrible than my wife's death?"

Halstead hesitated; he felt in all its force how terrible was the news he brought, and how much more terrible than death. Up to this moment he had never understood how impossible it sometimes is for a pure, good man to comprehend sin in its absolute significance. While the whole community had been giving a just interpretation to the absence of Jane Shore from her home, her husband had never once suspected the possibility of her willing degradation. When Halstead looked into those dark, questioning eyes, and saw the innocent trust there, he felt as if his own more worldly knowledge were a crime to be ashamed of; his keen eyes fell abashed, and his voice faltered as he replied,

"Is not willing dishonor more terrible?"

"Willing dishonor—my wife——" said Shore, in a low, questioning voice. "But that is impossible. She was gay and bird-like as a child, and as innocent of all wrong. What, my Jane! Thou dost not know her, brother-in-law, as I do, or this black thought could never find place in that heart."

He spoke almost calmly. The thing suggested to him seemed so impossible, that he received it with gentle incredulity, nothing more.

A pitying smile crept over Halstead's lip. Another man might have felt contempt for the gentle faith which resisted all ideas of sin in a beloved object so persistently. But there was nothing despisable in all this to a man like John Halstead; he understood the sublime purity which refused to mingle itself with evil thoughts; and he felt like an executioner while resolving to tell the truth.

"William," he said, "I saw your wife to-day with my own eyes."

"Saw her—you? Where—when? In that case she will be home soon and find the house in disorder." He started up, and, going to the door, called out, "Sarah! Sarah! come hither! Stir about, and see that everything is in readiness. The mistress is coming home!"

Halstead followed his friend, and drew him back with gentle violence.

"Hush, William! Do not name her under this roof. God help thee, brother, for thy wife can never darken thy home again."

For a whole minute Shore looked into the pitying face of John Halstead, then his eyes fell, a crimson flush settled around them, and falling upon a seat, he covered his face with both hands, and moaned aloud. At length he looked up; but in those few moments his face had changed so painfully, that it seemed ten years older.

"Thou hast seen her?" he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Where, and how?"

"She was in the balcony of a house which seemed built for the residence of some noble of the court, rustling in silken attire, and gleaming with gold."

"Was she alone?"

This question was uttered in a whisper. The wretched husband had no strength to speak aloud.

"At the moment, ay; but just before, King Edward, with a train of courtiers, passed under the balcony."

"King Edward!"

These words broke through his hoarseness like the cry which follows a sharp blow; and Shore began to tremble from head to foot with a passion of anger so awful, that Halstead stood appalled; for on this earth there is nothing more terrible than a tempest of angry grief in a good man.

"The king!" he cried out, wringing his hands till they grew pale and cold under the torture.

"Pray for me, brother, for I shall kill him."  
The words were wicked; but there was no evil passion in his heart. A fierce, wild, excited wrath beamed in his eyes, and froze his

features into marble. He might have killed his enemy that moment, as the law executes a criminal from a sense of eternal justice, but not out of revenge. There was murder in his spirit but not in his thought. Yet Edward Plantagenet, powerful and brave as he was, might have trembled to meet the whirl of wrath that uttered itself in a single sentence.

Shore walked to the entrance of his dwelling, and was lifting the latch when Halstead seized him by the arm.

"Brother—brother William, come back. Such words are treason!"

Shore turned his white face and almost smiled.

"Treason is the only law by which tyrants can be reached," he said.

"So I have long reasoned," answered Halstead, drawing the wretched man back to his seat. "The man who fails to put down a tyrant, having the power, neglects a solemn duty."

"It was but a little while ago that I took up arms for this bad man," said Shore, with a shudder of the whole person.

"And he rewards thee with dishonor."

"I was wounded," added Shore, baring his arm, which an arrow had pierced, "and did not care to speak of it, even to her."

"Do not speak of her."

"No, no—my poor, lost lamb! we must not speak of her now."

"Let us turn our thoughts to hunting down this prowling wolf who infests the throne of England. The true king still lives."

"Not now—not now," replied Shore, faintly, "my head swims, my heart aches, my, my——"

Slowly his face bent downward, and, covering it with both hands, he remained motionless with great drops of grief gathering between his fingers.

After awhile Halstead touched his arm.

"Be comforted, my brother. This man has outraged God's laws, and trampled down our rights too long. Turn thy thoughts from this wretched woman."

"Nay," answered Shore, dropping his hands, "she was ever sweet and gentle-hearted; blithe as a bird, and innocent as the flowers. I loved her better than myself—better than the whole world. She has been lured away. Deal gently with her name, good brother, for my sake."

"For thy sake I would do anything," was the prompt response. "But calm this agitation—thy limbs tremble even yet."

"I shall be calm anon; the more, that this poor woman, who was once my wife, will have need of me. Sooner or later this will surely come."

"And you would help her?"

"Help her—surely. Why not? Has her sin released my soul from its marriage vow?"

"Some men would think so!"

"Poor soul! poor soul! She will be very unhappy—God help her!"

"God help thee, rather, my generous-hearted friend," cried Halstead.

"Nay," answered Shore, with a heart-broken smile, "I have far less need! Think of her gentle heart burdened with shame. She was not bold nor forward, my poor wife. So young, too. Those who flout her will not think of that. But thou and my sister wilt remember these things, and be merciful."

"But this king!" cried Halstead; a flash of fire broke through the tender gloom which had settled in those eyes. Shore reached forth his hand, clenching that of his brother.

"Show me any way to reach him short of sin, and I will tread it to the end," he said.

"Is it sin to put down a usurper?"

"No!"

"A man who has reached the throne through seas of blood?"

"No—no!"

"Who first outraged his father's friend, the noble Warwick, forcing him into revolt, and then triumphed coarsely in his death?"

"Go on—go on!"

"Who holds in unjust imprisonment one sainted monarch, King Henry; and is even now mustering soldiers to drive Queen Margaret and her princely son from the shores of England? Is it a sin to choose between the right and the wrong?"

Shore lifted a hand to his head.

"Leave me a little while, for I am ill," he pleaded. "My mind listens, but this poor heart turns back to her—this is so sudden. Leave me—leave me another day; repeat all that thou hast said, and I will strive to listen calmly; but now I suffer—I suffer."

Halstead wrung the trembling hand held out to him, and went away heavy-hearted enough. When he was gone, Shore arose and went up to his wife's chamber. All the little articles of dress, put aside in the careless security of domestic life, were just as she had left them. Over a little steel mirror, one of the rare luxuries seldom enjoyed by a woman of her class, hung a chain of gold, rich with the delicate workmanship of Venice. Lying across the bed was her taffety robe, bordered with jennet fur, and looped with gold cord, just as she had taken it off, as too gay for the secret expedition on which she went. A pair of pretty high-heeled

shoes, with crimson rosettes at the instep, stood near the bed; and some roses had withered and cast their leaves from a jar on the window-sill.

All these things Shore regarded with a shrinking heart from the couch on which he had seated himself. Then he fell upon his knees and buried his face in the pillow her head had pressed for the last time. Murmurs of prayer, and broken exclamations of anguish broke through his sobs, and filled the room with such grief as can only be wrung from the heart of a good man.

After this paroxysm of sorrow had passed, he arose, took up the silken robe, and folded it ten-

derly, as if it had been a living thing. He took down the chain, his own gift on the wedding-day, and, opening a large oaken chest, laid them in it with other articles belonging to his wife. The pretty shoes, which seemed scarcely cold from the impress of her feet, he held in his hands till the rosettes floated together in a fluttering mass of crimson under the tears that filled his eyes and fell heavily upon them.

He closed the massive lid of the chest, fastened the brazen hasp, and went heavily away, as a man leaves the grave of a woman he has loved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SHE'S WAITING AT THE GATE FOR ME.

BY A. ALPHONSO DAYTON.

She waited at the gate for me,  
And I remember well  
How softly round her beauteous brow  
The gentle moonbeams fell;  
When sparkling dew-drops used to fall,  
In soft and trembling showers,  
She waited at the gate for me,  
Amid the fragrant flowers;  
So young, so fair,  
She waited there—  
She waited at the gate for me,  
In the purple shade of the lindon tree—  
For me, for me.

She waited at the gate for me,  
When purple shadows spread  
Their long lines down the shaven lawn,  
And mingled with the red;  
The evening zephyrs wooed the flush  
That crept upon her brow,  
While waiting there beside the gate,

Where stately lindens bow;  
The trembling bars  
Of silvery stars  
Play'd round her head in childish glee,  
As she waited at the gate for me—  
For me, for me.

She's waiting at the gate for me,  
In Heaven's celestial clime,  
Where angels sing their songs of praise  
In sweetest, softest rhymes;  
The gate is pearl, the path is gold,  
And rubies gem the way;  
And she that waits to meet me there  
Will not have long to stay;  
She's waiting now,  
And on her brow  
Is a crown all gemmed with light,  
And she's waiting now in that land so bright  
For me, for me.

## HOME AND THEE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Half the night as a picket,  
Upon my dreary beat,  
Watching for the deadly foe man  
Amid the rain and sleet;  
The wild-cat's cry is echoed  
By owlet in the tree;  
And I lean upon my rifle  
And think of home and thee!

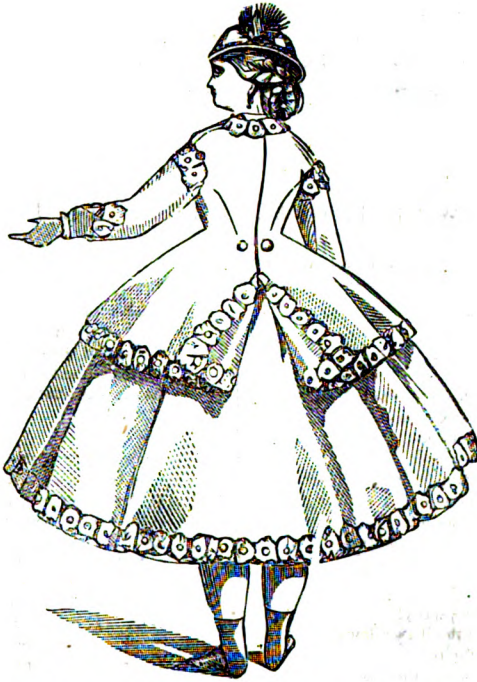
The moon is lost in darkness;  
No stars are in the sky;  
The fires are flickering vaguely  
Where the encampments lie.  
Oh! I love the brooding stillness,  
Though danger there may be;  
It adds a holy blessedness  
To thoughts of home and thee!

Across my face a sabre-cut  
Has left an ugly seam;  
My comrades laid me down for dead  
Beside a purpled stream.  
But life came slowly back again  
I strain'd my eyes to see  
The war-worn battle-flag once more,  
And thought of home and thee!

Thoughts of home since then are precious;  
Thoughts of thee are sweet;  
And so my heart is longing for  
The time when we shall meet!  
May God guard me in the battles  
For the flag of the free!  
My life I give to my country—  
My thoughts to home and thee!

## BASQUINE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We are frequently asked to send paper-patterns for children's dresses. We cannot do this, but we can do what is just as good, we can give diagrams from which they may be enlarged. One of these we give now, accompanied with an engraving of the dress itself, which is a Basquine for a little girl ten or twelve years old. The pattern is composed of seven pieces, viz:

- No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
- No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
- No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.
- No. 4. THE SLEEVE.
- No. 5. THE *revers* OR LAPELS OF FRONT.
- No. 6. THE *revers* OF BACK.
- No. 7. The small, straight *revers*, which is laced at the side of the sleeve and carried as far as the elbow.

The three *revers* can be easily distinguished from each other, and adjusted to the places they are intended to occupy in the Basquine by fitting them to the different pin marks and notches, which will be found in the corresponding pieces

of paper. That intended for the back is the largest.

The Basquine may be made in either black *gros grain* or *glace* silk, according to taste, with the *revers* of the same material. The trimming represented in our engraving is a ruche of black lace, ornamented at regular distances with small steel drops; but there are many other trimmings which would also be suitable.

The *revers* might be made of white *glace*, which would impart a more dressy appearance to the small garment. The Basquine might also be edged with a thick silk cord, beaded with jet and *aiguillettes* added on the shoulders. Narrow black ribbon velvet, edged with white, might also be used for trimming.

For summer wear this Basquine would look well, made of white *pique*, with colored *revers*.

If black *gros grain* of three-quarters width is selected for the material, three yards and a half will be found sufficient.

On the next page we give the diagram.

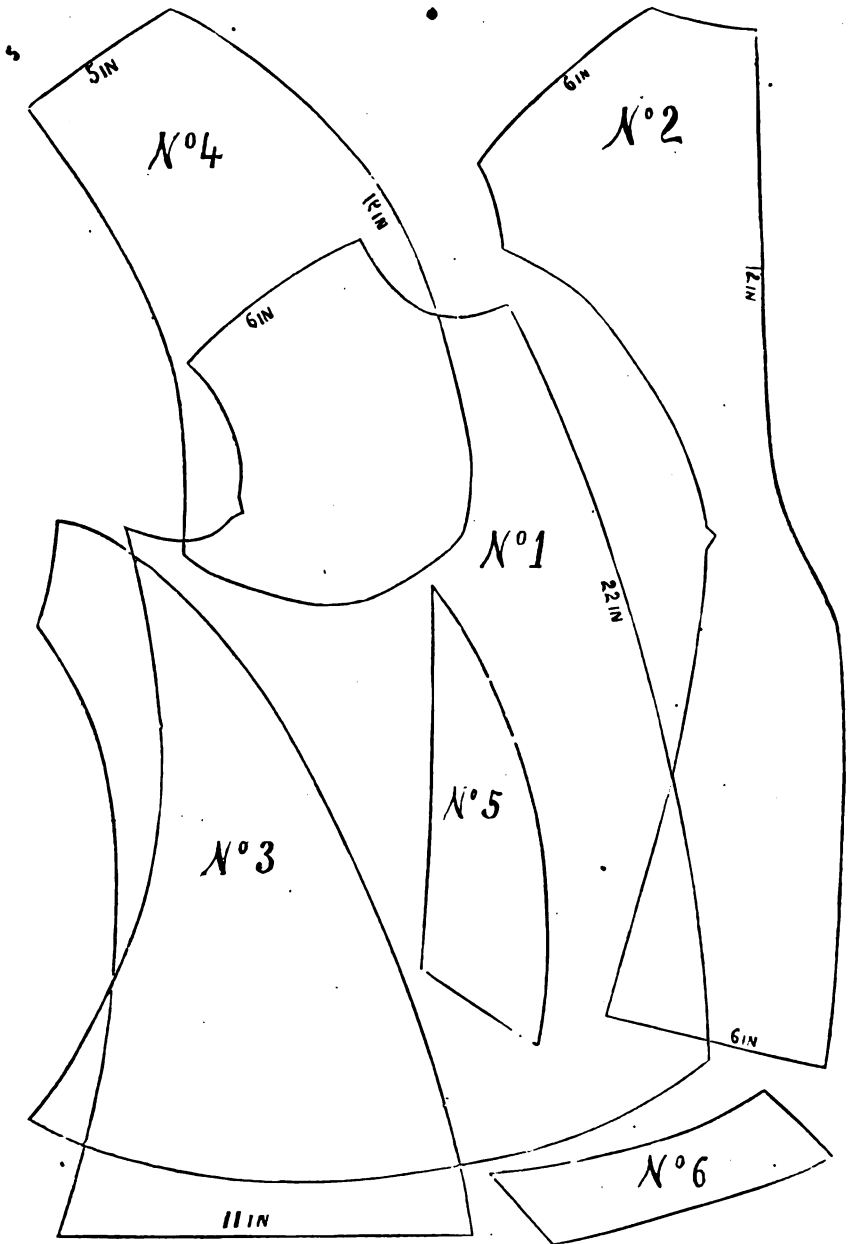


DIAGRAM OF BASQUINE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

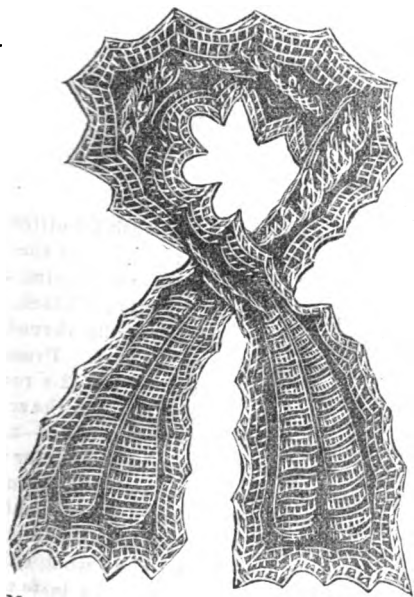
## A BOOK-MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a Book-Marker, made of royal blue moire antique, lined with white sarsnet, with a button-hole edge of magenta silk and tassels of gold cord.

# SHETLAND CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—A skein each of white and colored Shetland wool, and a pair of knitting pins, No. 14, Bell Gauge measured in the circle of it.

**THE ENDS.**—Commence with the colored wool, and cast on 54 stitches loosely, and with one pin; at the end tie on the white wool, leaving the colored. They are changed every two rows, and therefore left when not in use.

1st row—Work with the white wool, (knit every 2 stitches together 3 times;) then (make 1 and knit 1 plain 5 times;) make 1, then (knit 2 together 3 times;) knit 1 plain; repeat from the beginning of the row to the end.

2nd row—White, slip the first stitch, and knit the rest of the row all plain.

3rd and 4th rows—Use the colored wool, and knit both rows plain, slipping the first stitch.

These 4 rows form the pattern, and are repeated until six inches are worked; the number of stitches should now be reduced to 49 before the center is made. The decreasing row is as follows: knit 8 plain and then 2 together alternately; at the end knit 4 plain; then knit one row plain.

**CENTER PATTERN.**—This should all be worked in one color.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 1 \*, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, knit 3. Repeat from \*. At the end knit 2 instead of 3.

2nd row—Slip 1, knit the rest plain.

3rd row—Slip 1, \*, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat from \* to the end.

4th row—Same as the 2nd row.

5th row—Knit 2 together, \*, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 3 together. Repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, then knit 2 together.

6th row—Same as the 2nd row.

7th row—Slip 1, \*, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, repeat from \* to the end.

8th row—Same as the 2nd row.

These 8 rows form the pattern, and are repeated for about half a yard; then leave the stitches on an extra pin, and work the other end.

Cast on 54 stitches, and repeat as before, working to the center. This end is then attached by threading a sewing needle with the wool, and placing the pins with the end and center close together; pass the needle into the first stitch of the center, then through the first stitch of the end, and back again into the first stitch of the center, continuing the same until they are joined.

**THE BORDER.**—Every two rows of this border are to be worked alternately with the colored and white wool.

Commence by casting on 8 stitches.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3 plain.

2nd row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

3rd row—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain.

4th row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

5th row—Same as the 3rd row.

6th row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

8th row—Knit 2, (make 1 and knit 2 together, twice,) make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

9th row—Same as 3rd row.

10th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, (make 1

and knit 2 together, twice,) knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

11th row—Same as 3rd row.

12th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, (make 1 and knit 2 together, twice,) knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

13th row—Same as 3rd row.

14th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1,

knit 2 together, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

15th row—Same as 3rd row.

16th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Repeat from the first row until the required length is made. Sew it to the Cravat.

## BABY'S CARRIAGE AFFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a pattern for this beautiful affair.

**MATERIALS.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of scarlet single zephyr;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of white single zephyr;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of black single zephyr. long bone hook for Princess Royal Stitch.

Begin with the scarlet wool, make a ch of 24 stitches, work (in Princess Royal Stitch,) 8 rows; join the black wool, and work 1 row; join the white wool, and work 2 rows; black, 1 row, 8 rows of scarlet, making in all 20 rows, which completes a square block. Then tie on the white wool, and work 16 stitches; drop the white wool, tie on the black, and work 1 stitch; drop the black wool, and tie on the scarlet, and work 2 stitches; drop the scarlet wool, tie on another black thread, and work 1 stitch; drop the black,

tie on another white wool, and work 10 stitches, (thus you have five threads going.) On the return row work 10 stitches white, dropping the thread as before, 1 black, 2 scarlet, 1 black, 10 white, observing always to drop the thread of one color before taking up the next. Proceed in this way until you have worked 20 rows, which completes the block. Then join the scarlet wool and proceed as in the first block—nine blocks to every stripe, and nine stripes for the whole Affghan. Arrange the stripes as seen in the design, and crochet them together with 1 row of black, and 1 row all round; tie on a fringe of black, scarlet and white wool, either all round, or only at the end, as the taste may suggest. The Affghan will be perfectly square, and the fringe all round is generally preferred.

## A NEW FASHION OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give three illustrations: a new fashion for dressing the hair.

Three pins, similar to crimping pins, made of pliable wire. The hair is braided in and out, as shown in the diagrams. The trimming is a

box-plaiting of ribbon, with a cord and tassel to correspond in color. One advantage in wearing the hair in this way is, that the second day the waterfall will be waved by the use of the pins the day before.

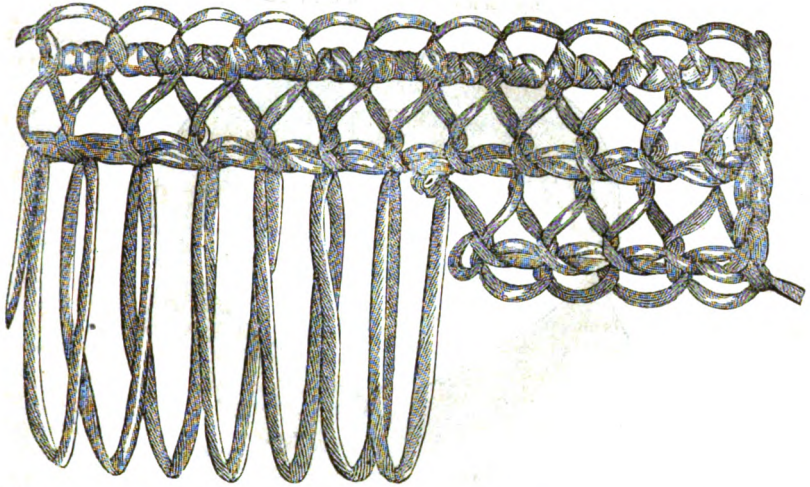
## EDGING.





## KNITTED FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In thick, fleecy, or double German wool, this will be found a rich trimming for anti-macassars, knitted shawls, etc.; with fine steel pins and boar's-head cotton of a middle quality, it is suitable for trimming doyleys, the sleeves of children's print frocks, and other articles.

The size of the pins used must depend upon the material with which you intend knitting. No. 10 pins would be suitable for single Berlin wool; No. 8 for double wool.

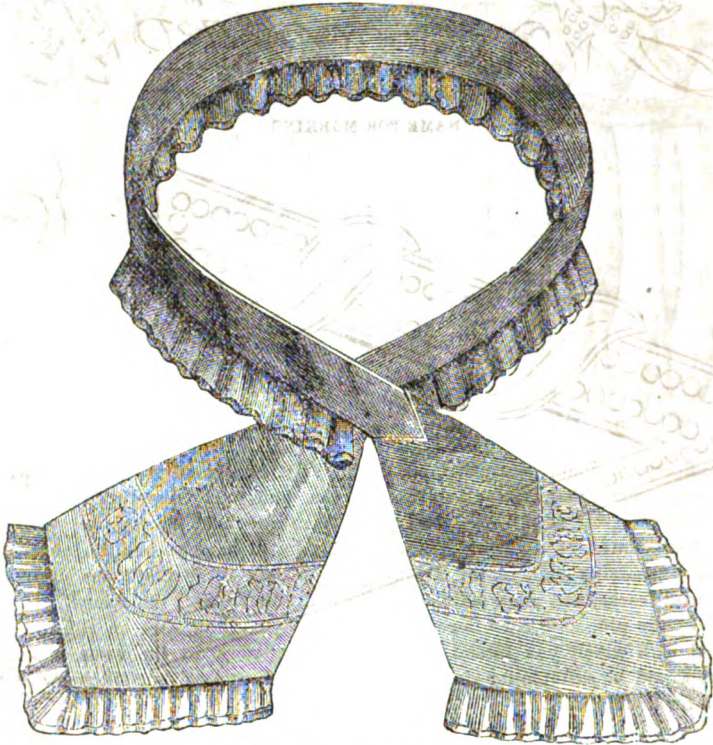
Cast on six stitches, put the wool round the pin, and purl two stitches together. Repeat this throughout the row; every row is the same until you have knitted the length you require; then cast off four stitches, draw out the other pin, and unravel the fringe. If you prefer a double heading, cast on eight stitches instead of six, work in the same manner as before directed, cast off four stitches and unravel.

## NEW FASHION FOR THE HAIR.



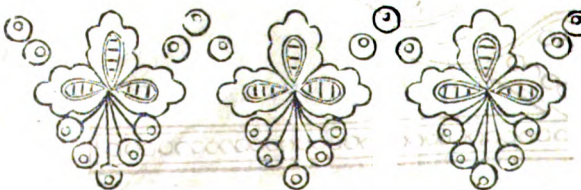
## LADY'S CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



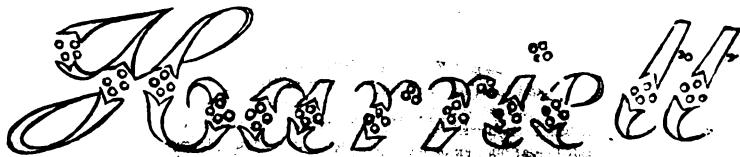
This little Cravat may be made of velvet, sarsnet, or satin. It should be lined, and edged with a quilling of ribbon to match. The embroidery, which is worked in point *Russe*, should be very brilliant in color. The edge, for instance, might be of maize filoselle, the crosses alternately green and black, or red and white; the little pattern between the medallions green and black alternately; the dots are small gold beads. The Cravat should be cut absolutely on the cross. The length of the lappets is five inches. The width at the widest part should be three inches, and the band round the throat should be one inch and a half in width—the length, of course, fitting the throat.

### EDGING.

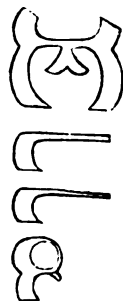
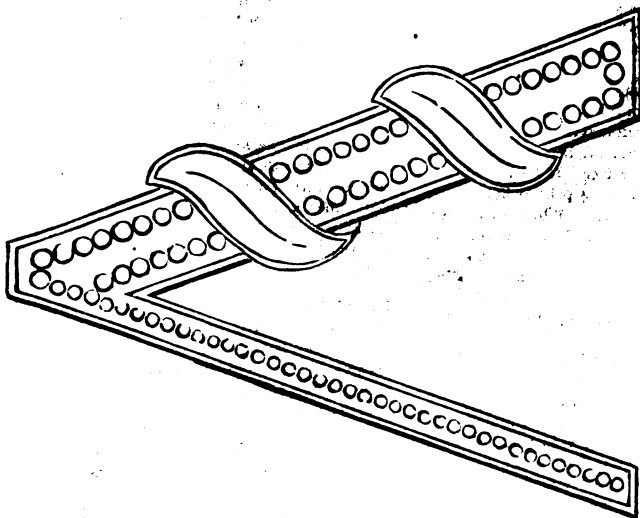


# VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY

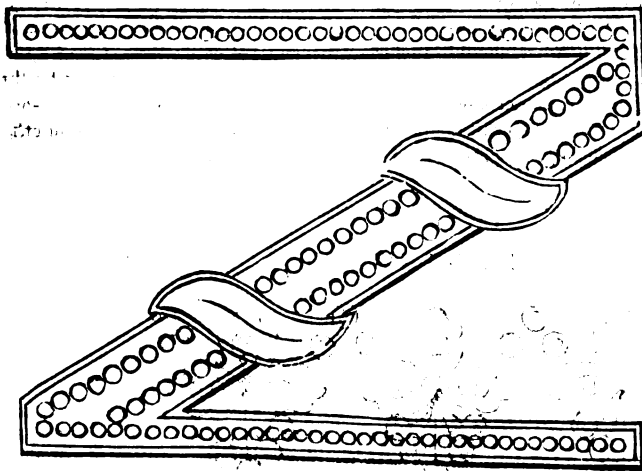
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



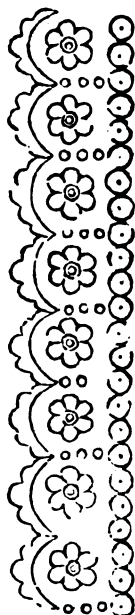
NAME FOR MARKING.



NAME



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



EDGING.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**BALLS AND PARTIES IN FRANCE.**—In some respects, the etiquette at balls and other dancing parties is different, in France, from what it is in England and the United States. Something of this arises from the fact that fewer young girls go to parties in France. A late French writer says:—"A modest girl will wear a simple dress; her demeanor will be calm, utterly devoid of airs and affectation. She will, perhaps, manifest timidity on entering the room and saluting her hostess; but blushes are preferable to boldness. She will speak little, and not giggle at all; she will listen attentively to the music, and will dance quietly and modestly; she will not accept, still less will she lay herself out for, attentions on the part of young men; she will not give them her fan, her memorandum card, or her handkerchief to hold; she will partake of refreshments with great discretion. When dancing, she will not lift her dress too high, nor look her partner full in the face. If he utter a few ball-room commonplaces, she is to reply politely but briefly, without bluntness or embarrassment. When all is over, she is to thank him with a curtsy. If, by mistake, she has promised the same quadrille to two partners, she is bound to do her utmost to prevent any misunderstanding between them, by refraining from dancing with either of them, and perhaps even by renouncing dancing for the whole of the rest of the evening."

These are excellent rules and not inapplicable in America. Equally sensible are some points of etiquette, in France, relating to the behavior of gentlemen at balls. A French young gentleman asking a lady, will request not the *pleasure*, but the *honor* of dancing with her. If she is under the care of a chaperon, he will treat the chaperon with exactly the same respect as he would her mother. Dancers, in France, never take off their gloves, nor venture to squeeze their partner's hand, nor press their own against her side in a gallop, and especially a waltz. The moment she wishes to interrupt that dance, they drop their arm instantly. If they are dancing with a single lady, their respectful reserve becomes still more marked. The dance over, they offer their arm to conduct her to her place, where, bowing lowly, they thank her for the honor she has done them, and retire. A young lady should never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, even blameable, on the part of the gentleman, to attempt to establish anything like familiar intercourse. At a ball it is not allowable for the same partners to dance too frequently together.

At French balls, it is allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our custom. In good society, *nobody* ought to be supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. Any gentleman, therefore, present should be supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissible partner for any lady.

**POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS** partake highly of the fantastic and fanciful. For afternoon out-door toilets, the handkerchief is of unbleached cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes, sewn on without any fullness. At the four corners of the handkerchief there are small Valenciennes patterns inserted, and the cambric cut away. A butterfly, a bee, a jockey's cap, and a peacock, etc., are the general ones. The peacock, when worked in exquisitely fine Valenciennes lace, is beautiful. But the initials form the most distinguished patterns.

**HATS AGAINST BONNETS.**—The attempt to make hats fashionable has not succeeded. There are, indeed, more bonnets worn; but many ladies still prefer hats: in fact look better in them. The hats are so various that it would be difficult to indicate which form is preferred. Some ladies wear hats more like the high-crowned black hats worn by men; the crown is not quite so high, and the brim is broader—these are the only differences; we have engraved one of these hats. Very little trimming is added; a flower is usually placed at the side, and appears to fasten a scarf, which is twisted round the top of the brim and falls on the shoulders. These hats are made of either black or white sewed-straw, and the color of the veil corresponds with that of the hat. The *toquet*, with brim turned up at the sides, and forming a point both at the back and front, is very becoming to the generality of faces; a long feather is worn round these *toquets*, and forms the sole ornament to them. The *jardinier* hats are also worn. These have round brims, which are turned down and bound with velvet, to which is added either a gauze or lace veil. These hats are worn alike by young girls and their mothers, and especially by those who are not sufficiently youthful to adopt any of the faster forms.

**LADIES' RIDING HATS AND HABITS.**—In Paris, the high-crowned, or man's hat, has quite superseded the Spanish, or pork-pie, or, indeed, any other shape, for ladies when on horseback. These tall, black hats are trimmed with a rosette of black lace, and two long streamers of the same at the back; there is a short black veil in front, and this veil is rounded off at the corners, and fits the face as a mask. The hair is worn in one large bow or boss at the back, well padded with a huge frizzette, and kept neat by means of a very fine invisible net made either of hair or fine silk to match the hair. The size of this "back hair" is, in many instances, wonderfully large. In the rest of the riding costume there is nothing novel from last season; the habits are long, and the bodices are made with swallow-tail basques at the back; the small linen collars, the deep cuffs, and the bright neck-ties, have been worn for many seasons, and are not likely to be superseded. But the divers shaped fancy hats, ornamented with peacock's, pheasant's, ostrich, Moscow duck, and other brilliantly metallic plumage, which gleamed and glistened on the heads of the fair riders last season, have all disappeared to make room for the more severe and orthodox man's hat.

**"CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD."**—The Platteville (Wis.) Witness says, in a late notice:—"Peterson's is, without question, the cheapest Magazine in the world. It is still being offered at the old price of two dollars per year to single subscribers, and to clubs at the rate of four copies for six dollars, and six copies for nine dollars. Nothing but an immense circulation could justify such low rates in these expensive times. Though low in price, the Magazine keeps up to the old standard of merit: indeed, we think rather goes beyond." And the Lockport (N. Y.) Union says:—"No lady, about to subscribe for a magazine, should fail to examine Peterson's, and, having examined it, she will conclude with us it is the best Magazine, for the money, that is published."

**LACE VEILS** are, for the present, put aside; fancy veils are worn in preference, and these are worked over with pearls, crystal drops, and beads, and every part of the design is put in relief by means of spangles of some description.

**GOLD SPANGLES** are quite the rage. Full dress bonnets are worked over with them, and these are worn with a gold tiara for cap. Deep gold waistbands, which have been so frequently abandoned, are once more in vogue. They produce a good effect, particularly over rich, light silk dresses, which are made with high bodices; over mauve moire and willow-green silks they look especially well. These gold waistbands have only one defect, they are exceedingly costly, and it is useless buying the cheap ones, which look very speedily like a band of copper round the waist.

**TWO ELEGANT EDITIONS OF ENOCH ARDEN**, have been published in Boston, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton. The "Artists' Edition," superbly illustrated by Mr. Hammatt Billings on nearly every page; the price of which is \$4.50. And the "Cambridge Edition," also illustrated with vignettes, including "Aymer's Field," "Sea Dreams," "The Captain," and all of Tennyson's late poems. Price \$1.50. Both will, probably, be found at all the principal bookstores, or will be sent by mail by the publisher, on receipt of the price.

"**THE QUEEN OF THE MONTHLIES.**"—The Edenburg (Pa.) Alleghenian calls this Magazine "the Queen of the Monthlies," and says it ably sustains its reputation.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**History of Julius Cesar.** 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this elegantly printed volume we have the first instalment of Louis Napoleon's history of the first Cesar. The book opens with a graphic sketch of the Roman republic, discusses its laws, its conquests, and the changes in its constitution, and closes with the consulship of Cesar and Bibulus, just before Cesar took command in Gaul. Another volume will soon follow, the whole work being understood to be finished. Of course, this history attracts universal attention. Any book, written by an emperor, especially on so engrossing a theme, would awaken public interest. But, in this case, curiosity is heightened by the evident parallel which Napoleon the Third runs between the first Cesars and the Bonapartes, not to say by the similarity which he infers between the condition of Rome in the first century of our era and that of France in the nineteenth. In England, as a general rule, the critics assail the book, while in France the press is practically silent about it; hence an impartial judgment, if one can be looked for at all, can only be had in the United States. We have not the space to go into the subject in these pages, nor do we suppose our readers would thank us if we did. But the book is certainly well written.

**St. Phillip's.** By the author of "Rutledge." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is very much better than "Rutledge," and incomparably more so than "Frank Warrington," or "The Sutherlands." It is difficult, indeed, to believe that the same person who wrote "St. Phillip's" could have written either of the other two. In no other case can we recall such a mental growth as between the earlier fictions of this author and the one now before us. "Rutledge" was, at best, only a feeble echo of "Jane Eyre." "Frank Warrington," and "The Sutherlands" were simply stupid. But "St. Phillip's" would do no discredit to the author of "Christian's Mistake." The characters are drawn from real life, and not from books; and the plot is at once original and effective. We hope the author of this excellent story will write often, if she writes in the same conscientious and meritorious manner. The volume is neatly printed.

**Kate Kennedy.** By the author of "Wondrous Strange." 1 vol., 8 so. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very nice old-fashioned love-story, by an English author, printed in double column, octavo, and bound in paper.

**Mary Brandegee.** 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—If there is anybody who wishes a sensation novel, in its most pungent form, here they have it. Miss Bradden is nothing to the author of "Mary Brandegee." People are smothered with chloroform and poisoned with arsenic; the heroine is incurably in love three times in one year: elopements, marriages, and suits for divorce, keep up a continuous scandal through the pages. Never was a dish more highly peppered. With all these faults, however, the book exhibits a certain kind of smartness. There is plot enough for half a dozen fictions. The sketches of life in Virginia, such as it was before the rebellion, are spirited, and so are those of the "fast" set in New York, which set, we are sorry to say, has survived the rebellion. If the author curbs the extravagances and improves the morals of her novels, she may become a writer of merit, and win general approbation.

**The Presbyterian Historical Almanac for 1864.** By Joseph M. Wilson. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Joseph M. Wilson.—We have here the sixth volume of this excellent publication, containing some four hundred and fifty pages. It is embellished with several mezzotint engravings of eminent divines in the Presbyterian church. It may be regarded as a perfect store-house of facts pertaining to the large and influential denomination which adopts the theological tenets of Calvin.

**The Vicar of Wakefield.** By Oliver Goldsmith. 1 vol., 24 mo. New York: Frank H. Dodd.—Mr. Dodd has begun the publication of what he calls a "Pocket Series of Favorite Standard Authors;" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" is the first of the series. The volume is printed at the Cambridge University Press, on fine tinted paper, with new type and initial letters. The copy before us is bound in vellum cloth, with gilt top. It is an edition that will recommend itself to every person of taste.

**The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.** By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Very handsomely printed on cream-colored paper. "Praying Everywhere," "Intolerance," "Living to One's Self," "Patience," and "No Temple in Heaven," are among the most interesting of the essays, though all are in the best manner of this popular writer.

**Skirmishes and Sketches.** By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of the shorter essays of this popular writer. "Child-Power," "Doubtful Arguments," "Christ as a Preacher," "A Court Crime," "Language," and "Mob Patriotism," are the titles of some of the articles, of which, in all, there are about thirty, each written with the mingled humor, eloquence, spirit, and dogmatism, which characterize Gail Hamilton.

**The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.** By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition in "blue and gold," of the best prose work of Holmes; and one of the very best books in prose that has been written on this side of the Atlantic.

**Life in Heaven.** By the author of "Heaven our Home," and "Met for Heaven." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Very neatly printed on laid paper. The author is a favorite in the religious world; and this new work will be, as it deserves, extensively read.

**Historical View of the American Revolution.** By G. W. Greene. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Mr. Greene is peculiarly fitted by his historical studies, for writing a work of this character; and the result is a volume of rare merit, which we cordially commend to the public.

**Lovers and Thinkers.** A novel. By Harvey Gordon. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A very neatly printed volume, by a new candidate for public favor, who writes, we incline to think, under an assumed name.



## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## MEATS, ETC.

**Mincéd Fowl.**—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone, skin, and etceras into a stewpan with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up; add nearly a pint of water; let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Lee & Perrin's Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs, and chop them small; mix them with the fowl; add salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy; also half a tablespoonful of very finely minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer Cayenne to common white pepper.

**Veal-Cake.**—This is a pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal which you may not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of your cold roast veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices; have also a few thin slices of cold ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two dessertspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs, and parsley in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with strong stock, and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, the veal-cake looks very pretty made in a plain pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

**Fish-Cake.**—Put the bones of the fish, with the head and fins, into a stewpan, with about a pint of water; add pepper and salt to taste; one good-sized onion, a handful of sweet herbs if you like, and stew all slowly for about two hours. Then mince fine the clear meat of the fish, mixing it well with bread-crumbs and cold, mashed potatoes, and a small quantity of fine-chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper to taste, and make the whole into a cake, with an egg well beaten up. Brush it over lightly with white of egg, and strew with bread-crumbs, and fry of a rich amber brown. Strain the gravy made from the bones, etc., and pour it over; stir gently for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot, with garnish of parsley and lemon slices.

**Fish-Cake Again.**—Carefully remove the bones and skin from any fish that is left from dinner, and put it into warm water for a short time. After taking it out press it dry, and beat it in a mortar to a fine paste with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; season to taste. Then make up the mass into round, flat cakes, and fry them in butter or lard till they are of a fine golden-brown color. Be sure they do not burn. Cod-fish is excellent recooked after this fashion.

**Hashed Beef or Mutton.**—Slice and brown one large onion with a small piece of butter in an iron saucepan; then add one teaspoonful of moist sugar, which also brown well. Mix in a small cup a dessertspoonful of flour with a little water. Pour this into the saucepan, mix well, and add a breakfastful of good plain beef or veal gravy, stirring occasionally. Cut your cold beef or mutton into thin slices, pepper it, and put into the saucepan with a bunch of sage. Let the whole stew until it boils. Serve up garnished with pieces of toast, as is the English custom.

**Salt Fish-Cake.**—Carefully take away all the bones, chop up the remains of yesterday's parsnips and potatoes; mix all together with the cold egg-sauce; put the whole in a pie-dish, and place it in the oven for half an hour. Look at it occasionally during the baking, and if it seems to get too

dry, put a little fresh butter on the top. The plain, cold cod-fish, treated in the same way, substituting oyster-sauce for egg-sauce, eats excellent.

## SUMMER DRINKS.

**The Best Raspberry Vinegar.**—Fill a large bowl with fresh-gathered raspberries picked from their stalks, and cover the fruit with the best white wine vinegar. Let it steep for eight days, and then strain off the liquor carefully. Fill the bowl again with fresh fruit, and pour the liquor over it. Four days afterward, change the fruit, and let the infusion stand for four days longer. Then strain the vinegar carefully through a jelly-bag until quite clear, and weigh the juice against its own weight in lump sugar. Boil it up for a few minutes with the sugar, removing the scum, and bottle it when cold. This syrup, mixed with water and lumps of ice or soda-water, is very refreshing. A delicious syrup (closely analogous to what the French call *grosselle*.) may be made by squeezing the juice out of fresh, ripe currants (dry-gathered and picked from the stalks,) into a bowl, and letting it stand until it stiffens. Then pass it through a tammy, and boil it up with an equal weight of powdered sugar. Let it stand for a day and bottle it, corking it up carefully. Strawberry vinegar, which makes an excellent sherbet, is made by steeping the fruit in the best white wine vinegar and renewing the fruit every day for four days, repeating the operation three times. Then strain the syrup, and boil it up with its weight of sugar. Let it stand a few days, and then bottle it.

**Vino Pontificato.**—This is a very delicious beverage, and is prepared in the following manner:—Steep the rinds of six oranges and six lemons in a gallon of good brandy, closely stopped. Boil one pound and a half of loaf-sugar in two gallons of water for a quarter of an hour. Clarify it with the whites of ten eggs, and when it is cold, having added the juice of twenty-four oranges and five lemons to the gallon of brandy, mix the whole together and strain off the rinds. Put the liquor into a cask well stopped, and at the end of six weeks bottle it. It will then be fit for use, but will improve by keeping.

**Milk Punch to Keep.**—Pare six oranges and six lemons, as thin as possible, and grate them afterward to extract the flavor. Soak the peel for twenty-four hours in a bottle of rum or brandy closely stopped. Squeeze the fruit on two pounds of sugar, and add to it four quarts of water and one of new milk, boiling hot. Stir into it the rum, and run it through a jelly-bag until quite clear, then bottle and cork it closely immediately.

**Milk Punch.**—Put as much lemon-peel, pared very thin, as you can into a bottle, and fill it with good brandy. Cork, and let it stand six days; then pour out the liquid, and add two pounds and a quarter of loaf-sugar, two quarts of water, two quarts of new milk scalding hot, having had a little spice boiled in it, one pint of lemon-juice, and four quarts of brandy. When quite cold, strain, clear, and bottle.

**Bottled Lemonade.**—Dissolve half a pound of loaf-sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid; four ounces of tartaric acid; when cold, add two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

**Soda Water in Bottles.**—Dissolve one ounce of carbonate of soda in one gallon of water; put it into bottles in the quantity of a tumblerful or half a pint to each; having the cork ready, drop into each bottle half a drachm of tartaric or citric acid in crystals; cork and wire it immediately, and it will be ready for use at any time.

**Lemonade.**—Take a quart of boiling water, and add to it five ounces of lump sugar, the yellow rind of a lemon rubbed off with a bit of sugar, and the juice of three lemons. Stir all together and let it stand till cool. Two ounces of

cream of tartar may be used instead of the lemons, water being poured upon it.

#### JELLIES, PRESERVES, ETC.

**To Preserve Pine-apple.**—Select ripe pines free from blemishes; do not break them or remove the leaves; put them in a large boiler or pan filled with water, and cover them tightly down. Boil them until they are sufficiently tender to run a skewer through them with ease, then take them up, and let them get perfectly cold. Peel them when cold, and cut them in slices. The slices should be one-fourth of an inch thick. Take out the cores, weigh the fruit, and allow the same weight of the best sugar, granulated sugar. Spread a little on the bottom of the preserving jars, put in a layer of fruit, then a layer of sugar, until it is all in. Let them remain until all the sugar is dissolved, then drain off the syrup, and strain it. Set the jar in cold water; let it remain till the water boils, then take it off; in the water in which it was heated, put the syrup to heat at the same time as the fruit, only in a separate vessel, and pour it when boiling on to the fruit, put the pan on the fire again with the jar of preserve in it, and let it remain until the water boils. Cork the jar well, and paste white paper over it; wet the paper with white of egg, press the edges down, then cover with another paper, likewise wetted with white of egg on both sides, and keep it in a cool place. Small jars are the best for this preserve.

**Red-Currant Jelly.**—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and on a dry day; strip the currants carefully from the stalks, put them into a jar, which place in a saucepan of cold water, over a clear fire, until the juice flows from them freely; then turn them into a fine hair-sieve, and let them drain well, but without pressure. Weigh the juice, and to each pound allow ten ounces of loaf-sugar. Boil the juice fast for thirteen minutes, then remove it from the fire; add the sugar, keeping it stirred till it is quite dissolved. Give the jelly eight minutes more of quick boiling, and pour it into moulds. Be sure to clear off the scum both before and after the sugar is added, or the jelly will not be clear. **N. B.**—The currants which remain in the sieve make an excellent jam, boiled with equal quantities of sugar for eight minutes.

**Blackberry Jelly.**—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and in very dry weather. Put the blackberries into a jar, and place the jar in hot water, keeping it boiling until the juice is extracted from the fruit. Pass it through a fine sieve or jelly-bag without much pressure. For every pint of juice add fourteen ounces of sugar, and boil in a clean preserving-pan about five-and-twenty minutes, carefully taking off the scum as it rises to the surface. Place it hot in small jars and cover it down with thin tissue-paper dipped in brandy, and brown paper over it. Keep it in a cool, dry place.

**Gooseberry Fool.**—Wash and pick one quart of gooseberries; put them into a stone jar, and having covered it, let it stand in a saucepan of boiling water until the gooseberries are quite tender, and then pulp them through a horse-hair sieve. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and the white of one. To these add, by degrees, a small quantity of milk and a little pounded sugar. After this, put in the pulped fruit, whisk it all up, and add gradually half a pint of cream (or milk, if cream be not plentiful,) and sugar to taste.

**To Preserve Fruit.**—Pick off the stems and put the fruit into bottles; fill them quite to the top. Put the cork in loosely, and set them upright in a pan of water; place this on the fire till it nearly boils; let it stand afterward for a quarter of an hour. Pour boiling water into each bottle, leaving an inch unfilled; cork tight, and allow them to cool. Peck them away with the bottles placed horizontally, to keep the corks moist. Fruit that is not quite ripe preserves best.

**To Preserve Strawberries Whole.**—The strawberries must be gathered on a dry day, before they are very ripe, and their stalks left on. They should be placed separately on a dish, and twice their weight of pounded lump sugar strewed over them. Next, a few ripe scarlet strawberries crushed are put in a jar, with an equal weight of pounded lump sugar. They are covered closely down, and allowed to stand in a saucepan of boiling water until quite soft, and until all the syrup has come out of them. They should then be strained through muslin into a preserving-pan, boiled, and well skimmed, and, when cold, the whole strawberries are put in and placed over the fire until they are milk-warm, when they should be removed and allowed to get quite cold. Again they must be put on the fire and made a little hotter than the last time, letting them cool afterward, and this process should be repeated until they look clear, but they must never be allowed to boil, as that would cause the stalks to fall off. When cold, they may be placed in jars or glasses, with the stalks downward, filled up with the syrup. Papers dipped in brandy must be put over them, and they should be closely tied down.

**Preserved Red-Currants in Bunches.**—Gather the finest bunches on a dry, warm day, and having brushed off the dust and insects with a feather, tie them to spools of wood six inches long; put their weight of sugar into a pan with as much water as will dissolve it, and boil it five minutes, skimming it well. Take the pan off the fire, and lay in it the sticks with care, and let the fruit boil up ten minutes slowly. Take off the pan, and, when cool, disengage the bunches, and place them in glasses or pots. Add to the syrup half a pint of good currant jelly of the same color as the fruit; boil it up, skimming it well till quite clear, and pour it, when cool, over the fruit, covering it well. When cold, put brandy paper over, and paste white paper over the glasses. Set them in a cool, dry room, and they will be excellent in three months.

**Currant Fritters.**—Make a light batter, with half a pound of fine flour, half a pint of milk, and two fresh eggs, sugar according to taste, part of a nutmeg grated. When ready prepared, take a small teaspoonful of the same, and place the contents into a frying-pan, with scalding fresh butter; place as many separate fritters in the pan as it will hold, and add the quantity of currants over them, according to fancy. When sufficiently done, strew sugar over them to your taste, and serve them up quite hot. **N. B.**—Quince or apple marmalade should be mixed up with the batter, if such fruits should be deemed preferable to currants.

**To Preserve Magnum Bonum Plums.**—Prick them with a needle to prevent bursting; simmer them very gently in thin syrup, put into a China bowl, and, when cold, pour the syrup over. Let them lie three days, then make a syrup of three pounds of sugar to five pounds of fruit, with no more water than hangs to large lumps of the sugar dipped quickly and instantly brought out. Boil the plums in this fresh syrup, after draining them from the first; do them very gently till they are clear, and the syrup adheres to them; put them one by one into small pots, and pour the liquor over them.

**Rhubarb Marmalade.**—Peel five oranges, taking away the white rind and pips from them; put the pulp into the stewpan, with the peel cut very small; add five pounds rhubarb, cut small, (as for tarts,) and four pounds of loaf-sugar; boil the whole two hours, and the fruit half an hour before adding the sugar. Three lemons instead of five oranges will make an agreeable change.

**Rhubarb Preserve.**—To every six pounds rhubarb add six pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger; the rhubarb to be cut into pieces two inches long, and put into a stone jar, with the sugar in layers, till the sugar is dissolved; take the juice, or syrup, and boil it with the ginger for half an hour, then add the rhubarb, and boil another half-hour.

## DESSERTS AND CAKES.

**Good Children's Cake.**—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh, clean beef dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway-seed, a quarter of an ounce of pudding-spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and with this liquid make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours baking. N. B.—Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

**Ice Pudding.**—Boil one pint and a half of new milk with one teaspoonful of isinglass. Beat five eggs and mix them with the milk as you would for custards. Take a tin mould with a cover, oiled, not buttered, and line it with candied fruits, such as plums, greengages, etc. Then pour the custard in very gradually, so that the fruit will remain at the bottom. Put on the cover, and bury the mould in ice for the whole day, only turning out the pudding at the moment it is wanted.

## FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF BLUE SILK, the skirt trimmed with lace in an entirely new style. Hair dressed with blue flowers.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Hair dressed with scarlet flowers and green leaves.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS, PETTICOAT, BASQUE, AND JACKET OF GRAY ALPACA, trimmed with black velvet and crimson buttons. The skirt is looped high up above the petticoat.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD SILK, with square coat basque, trimmed with brown silk.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF MAUVE SILK.—Over dress of snow-white alpaca, trimmed with a band of mauve silk and white goat's hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED FOULARD SILK, trimmed with heavy green and white cord. The front of the basque has green silk lapels heavily embroidered.

FIG. VII.—SENORITA JACKET AND JACKET OF GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed with silver hanging buttons.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DESS IN THE GREEK STYLE.—The short, loose curls are confined by bands of ribbon.

FIG. IX.—BONNET OF WHITE CHIP, with a swallow on the back, and trimmed with white ribbon, ornamented with swallows.

FIG. X.—HAT OF BELGIAN STRAW, trimmed with wild flowers.

FIG. XI.—HAT OF SPLIT STRAW, trimmed with blue velvet and feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Waists, unfortunately, are becoming shorter and shorter. Those fearful times of the Empire, and since so laughed at, are returning with all their ridiculous fashions. Hair is dressed upon the summit of the head, and waists are made under the arms, so that even the prettiest, thus attired, become ugly, and one must have inherent taste to be able to look graceful with such fashions. Beauties and the *ladies* of society leave off crinoline entirely during the day time, and only put it on to go out walking or for a ball. Ladies receive without crinoline, and the dresses open both before and behind over white or red silk petticoats, or striped cashmere of a thousand hues. The thousand hues are made to harmonize with the dress. Thus one in Havana brown would have a petticoat "a mille

raies" in blue and white. If the dress is trimmed with blue ribbon the sash is also blue, and blue ribbons are passed through the hair. Dresses opening behind are also worn out walking, but then they must be buttoned up behind, and only left open in front.

STRAW GIMPS are very much used to trim evening dresses, and fine straw cord is mingled with the loops of ribbon which decorates the front of shoes.

SMALL SLEEVELESS jackets are in high favor among young ladies. Those made of black silk are trimmed round with silk of the same color as the skirt with which they are worn. This band of colored silk is about two inches wide, is laid on flat, and then worked over with either steel or gold beads in various devices—stars, lattice-work, diamonds, grecques, etc., according to fancy. These jackets are worn over white Garibaldi jackets with full sleeves closed at the wrist.

FOR SILK DRESSES cable cord is much used. Black and white cord is frequently used for black dresses. The skirt is usually scalloped around the edge and the cord sewn on, following the undulations of the dress. Sometimes it is carried up the seams, but then it is put on plain around the skirt.

SASHES are still much worn with thin dresses. The ribbon used is very wide, or else silk pinked, or trimmed with blonde, etc.

WHITE MUSLIN PETTICOATS will be embroidered with black wool in satin-stitch, instead of being braided as last year. White foulard petticoats, trimmed with black velvet, are much used for house wear.

STEEL is profusely used for bonnets, mantles, and dresses. Many of the new gimps and braids are heavily decorated with steel, and these are profusely used to ornament dresses with. Steel beads are studded all over bonnets, parasols, etc.

LACE JACKETS, studded with steel, will be worn over low-necked dresses.

OLD BASQUINES can be modernized by cutting them shorter, especially in front, and by making the sleeves narrow. Some of the new basquines are spangled with steel in the form of small birds.

THE SCARF MANTLE is much worn by young ladies; it is both graceful and original, and is high on the shoulders as a pelerine, but pointed at the back; it opens in front where it crosses as a Marie Antoinette fichu, the long ends being pointed and falling at the sides of the skirt. The scarf is ruffled round with a thick notched out taffetas ruche.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

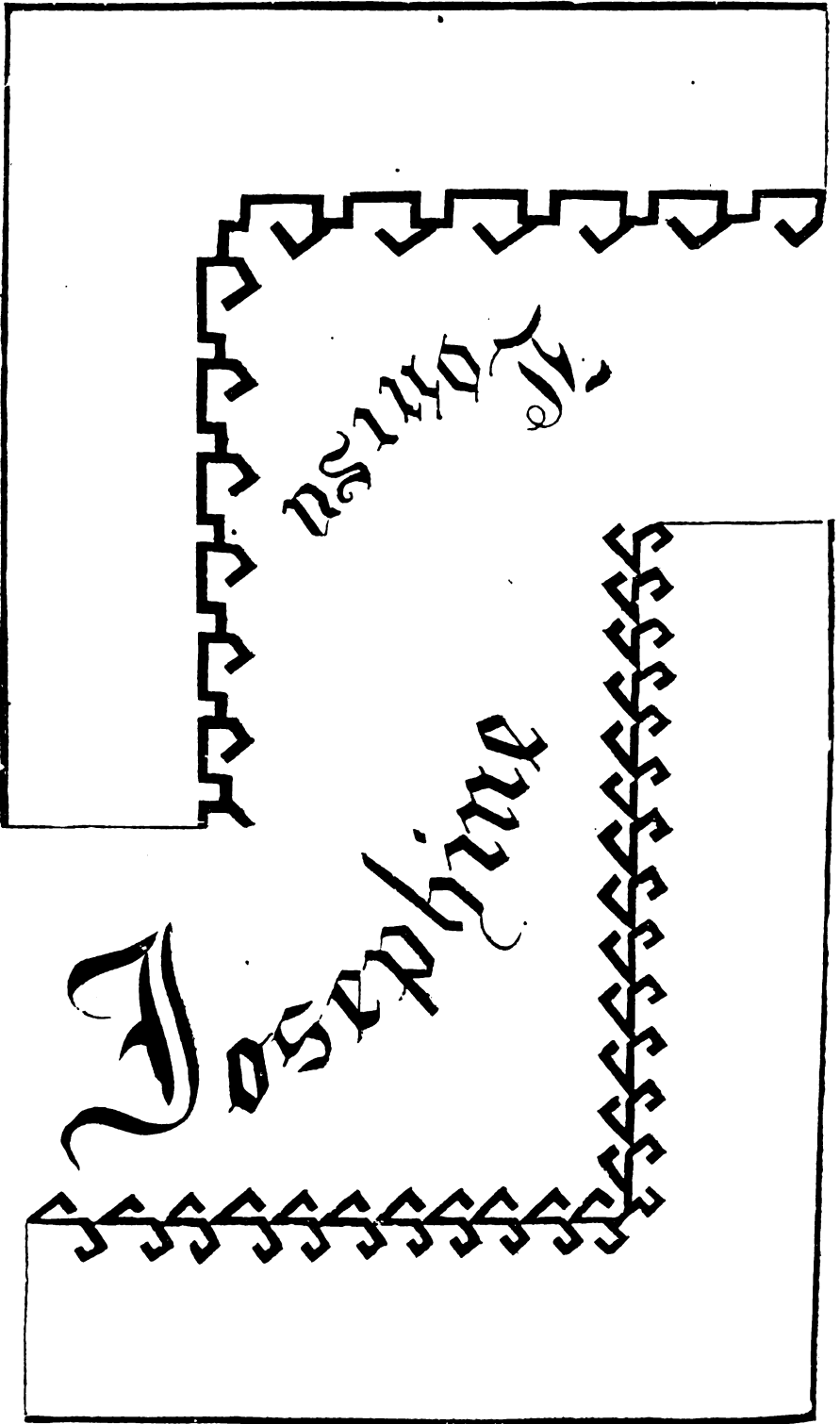
GENERAL REMARKS.—Nothing is so elegant for children's dress as white. Since English embroidery has gone out of fashion, it is replaced with *pique* braided; and for dresses of lighter material with insertions of satin-stitch, Valenciennes, and guipure. To keep children's frocks clean in the house, they wear small aprons made of very fine Holland, braided with either coral or blue worsted braid. The aprons are made low, and the sleeves cut short. Besides being useful they are very coquetish looking.

IN PARIS, white alpaca will be the popular material for little children's dresses during the spring. The frocks will be trimmed with several rows of either colored ruche or narrow ribbon velvet, either violet or blue, and small steel buttons will be placed at intervals between the ruches or upon the velvet. Paletots to correspond. White *pique* frocks and basquines will likewise be ornamented with colored trimmings and steel.

SMALL SAILOR JACKETS made of soft, white flannel, striped with blue or purple and fastened with metal buttons, are very novel coverings for children. These sailor jackets have the advantage of being easily cleaned, an important consideration where children are concerned.







HANDKERCHIEF BORDER—IN SATIN STITCH.

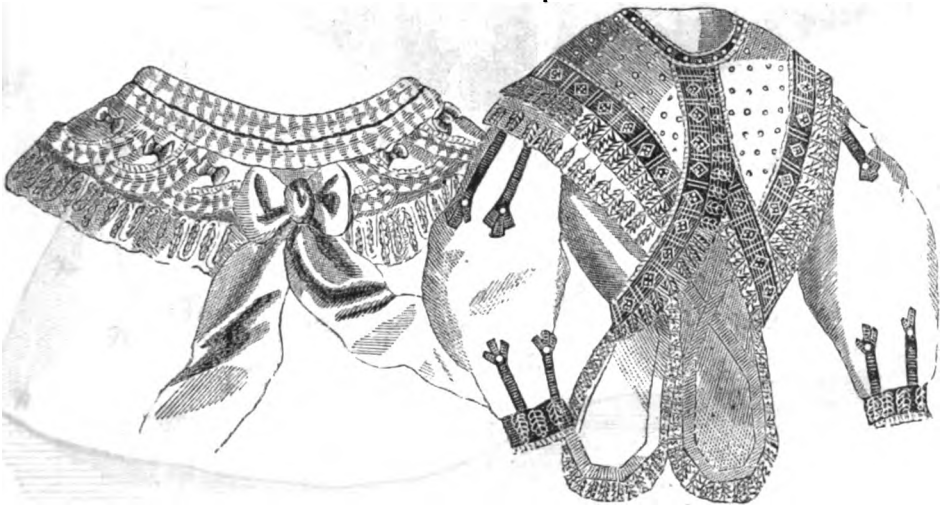


A BORN COQUETTE.





NEW STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES.



BERTHE AND BODY.

# Caroline

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

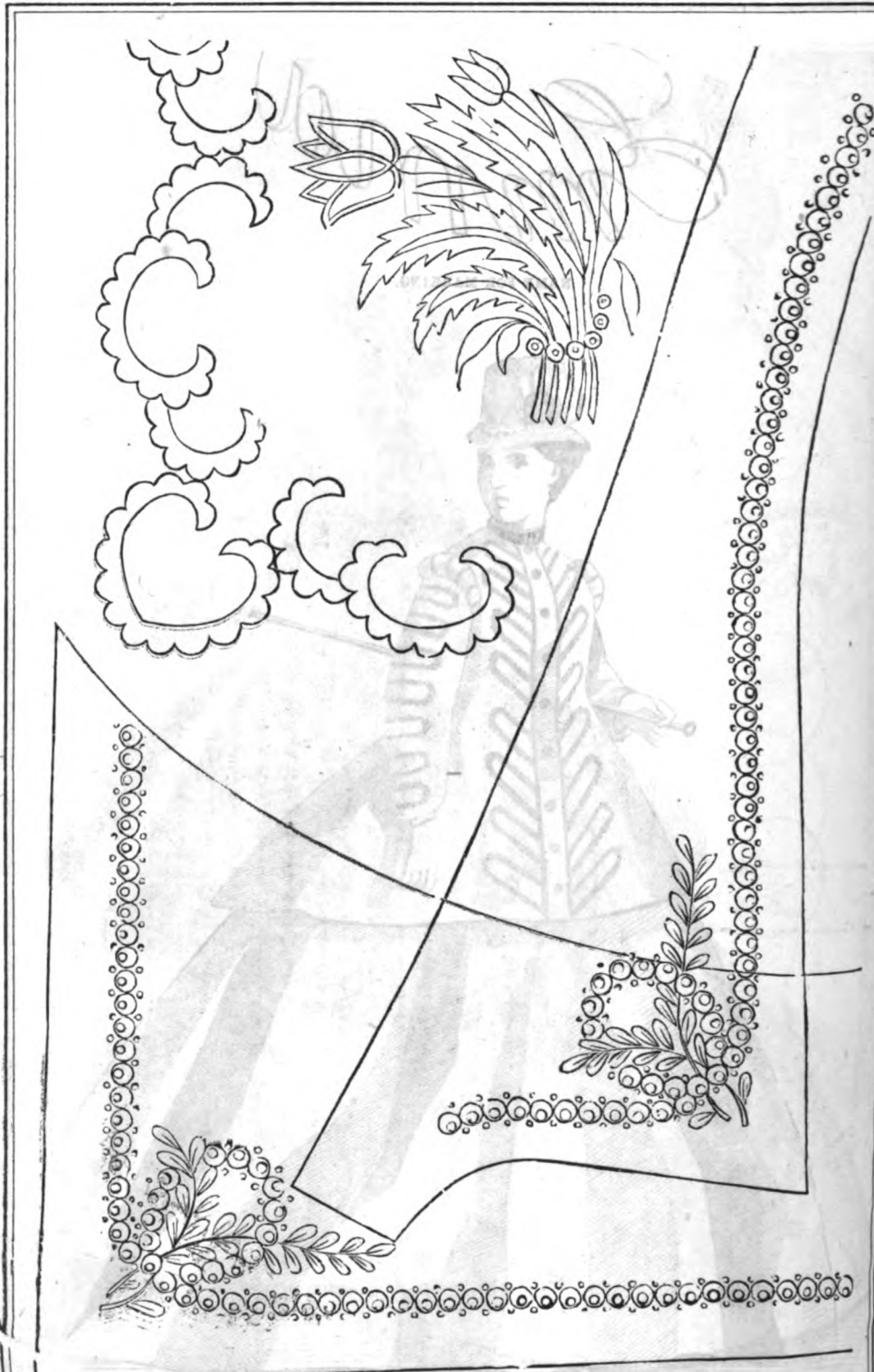


Emma

NAME FOR MARKING.

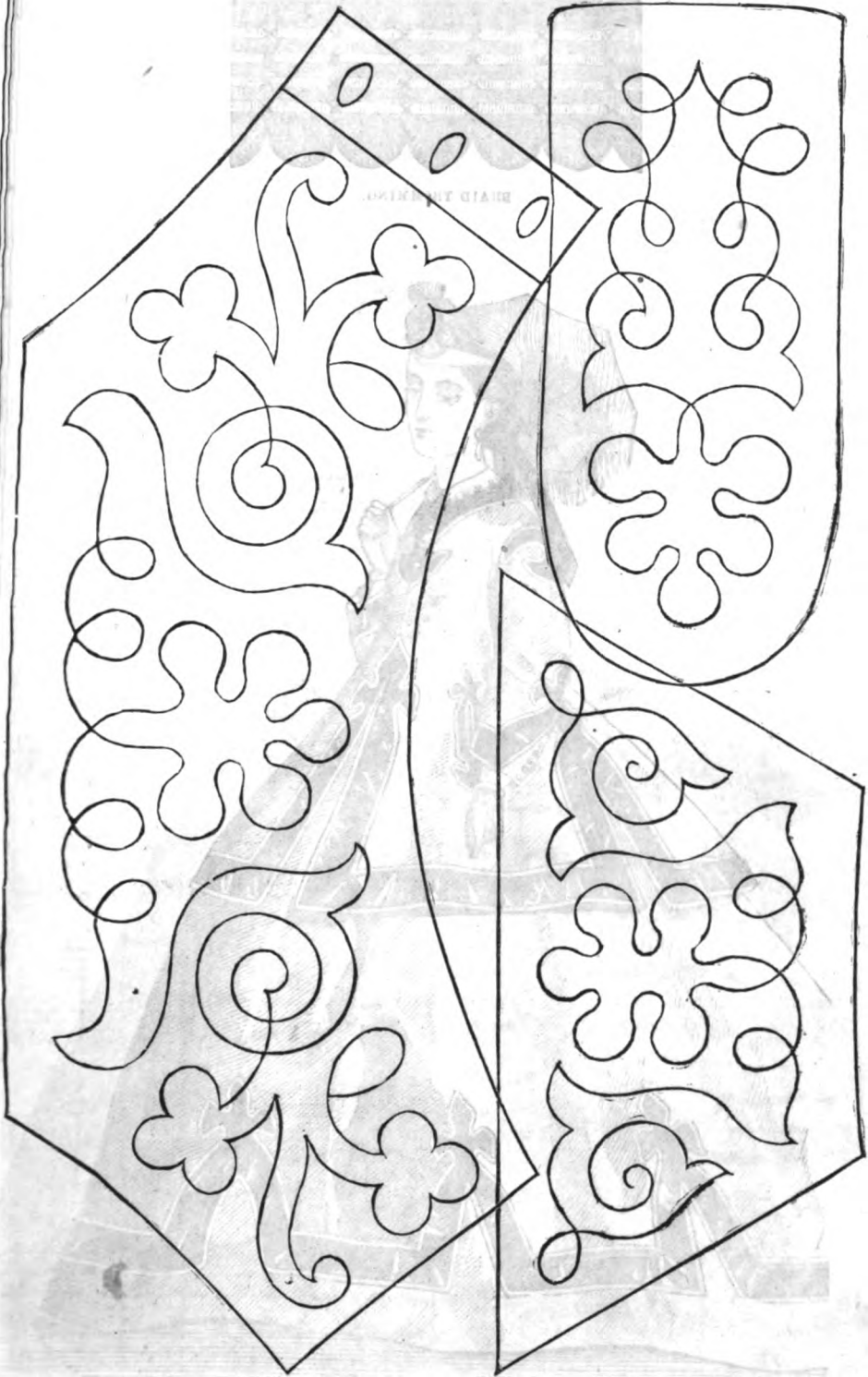


WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.

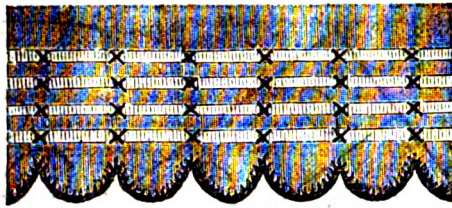


COLLAR AND CUFF IN EMBROIDERY: SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL: HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

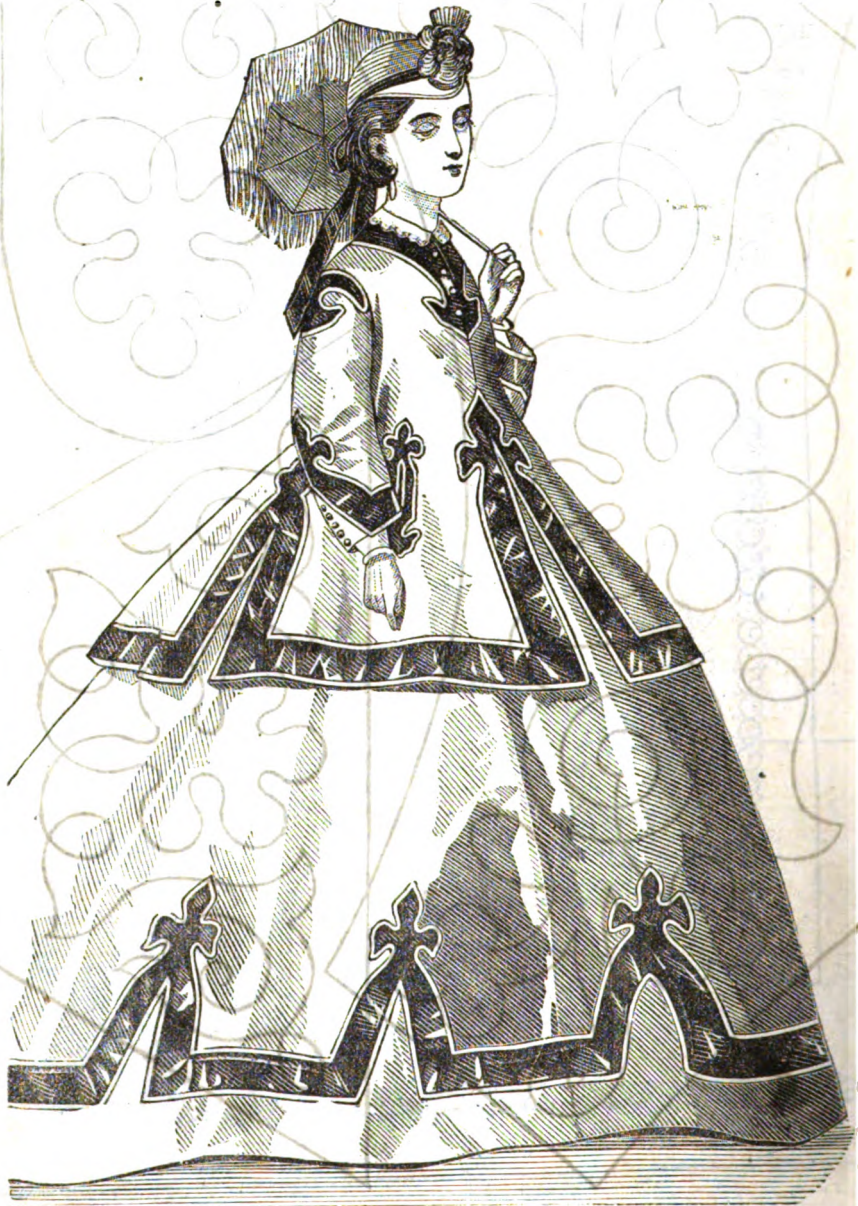




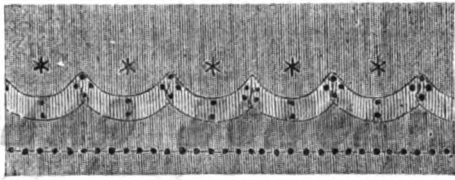
CHILD'S SHOE: BRAIDED ON CLOTH.



**BRAID TRIMMING.**



**WALKING DRESS.**



BRAID AND POINT RUSSE TRIMMING.

ARRANGED BY



BALL DRESS.

# RACE-HORSE GALOP.

ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

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*Allegro.* 8va. GALOP.

PIANO. INTRODUCTION.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system is an introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro*. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a bass clef. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The introduction concludes with a double bar line. The second system begins the main piece, which is a galop. The right hand continues with a lively melodic line, and the left hand plays a dense accompaniment of chords. The tempo and style are maintained throughout the piece. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *V* (forte). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the right hand.



RACE-HORSE GALOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes with accents. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a piano accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, including a repeat sign. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and is marked "TRIO." It features a melody with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody in the new key signature. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment. The system concludes with the marking "D.C." (Da Capo).



LACE CAP.



HEAD-DRESS



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"BEAUTY and the Beast! Minnie Stokes for Beauty—who'll be the Beast?" and Mrs. Lovejoy looked at the group of eager children before her for an answer.

Minnie had already stepped from the ranks; and now there sprang to her side a boy, some three years her senior, who said,

"I'll do, I guess, Mrs. Lovejoy!"

"You'll do," was the laughing response. "Stand over there, both of you;" and the young couple joined the ranks of performers, whose position was assigned them.

"What are you doing?" cried a merry voice at the door; and in a moment the new comer was the center of a group composed of all the children in the room.

"Now, Lou, see how you've bothered me. I shall never get these children sorted again in the world."

"But what is it all?"

"My Clara is going to have a tableau party, and we are taking the fairy tales to illustrate. I've found parts for some of the children, and sent them off to that end of the room."

"Well, sort them out again; come, I'll help you;" and, catching up the book, the merry girl called name after name from those written.

"Beauty and the Beast; Beauty, Minnie Stokes; Beast, Herman Wood. Oh, Fan!" she whispered, "how could you?"

"Chose it himself, my dear," was the answer. "A good joke I call it!" and Mrs. Lovejoy took up her list again.

But Lou's pitiful eyes, resting on the children, did not mirror any of her cousin's mirth. Minnie and Herman were standing in one of the window-niches, talking earnestly, unconscious of the soft blue eyes bent so lovingly upon them.

Minnie was a beautiful child of twelve years, with brown curls and dark eyes, perfect in form and feature. Herman had the face of an angel,

with the figure of a Caliban. He had been a tall, well-developed boy for five years of his life, when a terrible fall had ruined his form. His spine was injured, curving till he was almost hump-backed; his hip was crooked, causing him to limp; and the whole figure was twisted out of shape and almost the semblance of humanity. The face was lovely, blonde, waving hair, large blue eyes, delicate features, and an expression of perfect good-humor were its leading points of beauty.

Minnie, the pet of the whole town of Danville, was the warmest champion and friend of the crippled child of the minister, Godfrey Wood. She was the only one who knew how false was the content the unselfish boy professed to his sorrowing friends. She alone knew how every jest he made upon his own deformity was a sword-thrust to his sensitive spirit; and now, as they stood in the window, she was pleading with him to relinquish the part he had chosen. But he was obstinate; the character would keep him at her side, and he had determined to take it.

At last all were provided, and the rehearsals and dresses were the main business of all the little folks who were counted in Clara Lovejoy's circle of friends. The birthday party was a brilliant success. Never had Minnie looked lovelier than when she knelt over the expiring beast, whose false head and shaggy-coated figure her tender little heart longed to hide from the curious eyes looking at them. As is often the case, the names of the performers clung to them, and for many weeks Minnie's heart swelled painfully at hearing Herman called Beauty's Beast; but at last the tableaux and names faded away in new interests among the young folks of Danville.

Years glided by, and Herman Wood was of age. He had followed in his father's footsteps;

and Danville was waiting to hear his first sermon, before he left them for the new home and duties to which he had been "called."

Minnie, an heiress and a belle, beautiful beyond even the promise of her childhood, was most anxious to hear the first effort of her old friend. Years of study and humble seeking for the will of the Master he had chosen, had set their seal upon the pure, spiritual face of the young clergyman, and, as he stood up to face the friends of his life, there was a hushed awe went round the church. The full white robes concealed the misshapen figure, and only the fair face spoke to them of the boy they had watched grow from childhood to youthful manhood.

Slowly they dispersed, each wondering at the eloquence and piety of the young devotee; and the next day Herman Wood went out from amongst them on his Master's service.

In one of the largest houses in Danville, Minnie Stokes sat reading a love-letter. Her rich beauty was fully developed, and every decoration wealth could give her was at her command. From the jeweled band that held her clustering curls, to the dainty slipper that covered her tiny foot, her dress was exquisite and costly. She had been dressing for a large party when the letter was brought to her. With it was a bouquet, which she was implored to carry, if the answer to the suit was a favorable one.

She was offered all that had constituted her world. Her suitor had wealth, talent, and beauty; he adored her, could match her in worldly position, and give her a home as luxurious as the one she had lived in from childhood.

"I wonder if I care for him," she said, letting the letter lie open before her. "I have not thought much of love. My life has been useless and aimless; and now when I was thinking I might be better, when Herman had made me think; here is a new life of ease and luxury offered me. I wonder if I care enough for Rudolph Haines to be his wife; he is very handsome, very devoted; and every winter, when I have been at aunt Jane's, he has made the time pass very pleasantly. I did not think he would follow me here to my quiet country home. I am very happy; I was going to try to be very good—and somehow this letter perplexes me."

You will see that she was not very much in love with the writer, yet he had been a pleasant companion in her gay city winters.

"I am to carry this bouquet, if I love him!" she mused. For nearly an hour she sat over the letter thinking deeply; then she rose, took

the bouquet in her hand, walked down stairs, and deliberately thrust the flowers into the kitchen fire to the cook's utter consternation.

Rudolph Haines felt a keen pang when he saw Minnie saunter into the brilliant drawing-room, leaning on her father's arm, empty handed; but he was not a man to drop after firing one shot; and, to Minnie's surprise, he was as devoted as ever.

It was an odd life the young girl led after this evening. She was in constant correspondence with Herman, and held fast to her resolve to be good; but while every letter spurred her on to higher aims and new efforts, every interview with Rudolph drew her back to the gay world again.

Rich, beautiful, and courted, it was no wonder that the attractions offered her tempted by their false glitter; and while her charities and kindly care of many pensioners were her peace-offerings to her resolution of goodness, her dress was as rich, her voice as gay, and her step as ready for the waltz as ever.

Godfrey Wood died, and the vestry unanimously voted to "call" his son to Danville. For one year he had been absent, and there was not a heart in his congregation but felt a pang, as he rose to speak, on the first Sunday after his return. The pallid face, hollow eyes, and weary droop of the mouth, told a tale of illness and suffering that went to every heart there. As he spoke, the color came slowly back to his hollow cheeks, and the fire to his eyes; while his stirring words of exhortation told of a spirit unquenched by physical suffering, a mind devoted to one cause and one work.

With pitiful eyes the congregation watched the drooping figure of their beloved pastor as it daily grew weaker; while over Minnie's bright life a pall seemed suddenly to fall.

Die! Everybody spoke of his death as a certain and not far distant event. Die! Her friend, her counsellor, her guide to every pure and holy aspiration of her life. She turned sick over the possibility; and then, sparing herself no maiden pang, she read her own heart truly. He had never spoken to her of love, never given her more than a friend's interest; and she knew that, unasked and unsought, she had given the deformed minister the love Rudolph Haines vainly sought to win.

Poor, deformed, and sickly, he had won what her handsome suitor would have given all his wealth to gain.

It was late one summer afternoon, and Minnie was dreaming away the twilight in her own room, when she saw a figure in deep mourning



coming slowly up the garden-walk. It was no new sight, for the old minister's widow, Herman's mother, was a frequent and welcome visitor at Mr. Stokes' house. Everybody was out, and Minnie called the old lady to her own room, took off her bonnet, found her the easiest chair, and then sat down on a stool at her feet for a long chat. Motherless herself, the young girl was very fond of Herman's only surviving parent.

"Minnie," said the old lady, stroking back the clustering curls, and looking into the fair face raised to hers, "I have come to make a strange request to-day. I want you to go away to your aunt Jane's until after you are married."

"Go away! Married!" cried the astonished girl.

"You are engaged to Rudolph Haines, are you not? You will be his wife soon?"

"Never!"

"I was mistaken, then. Still, I implore you, take your lovely face, for a time, from Danville. Perhaps, after a while—oh! Minnie, Minnie, spare me my only son!"

"Tell me what you mean? Quick! Tell me?"

"Do you not see how he loves you? Do you not see that he is dying of hopeless love?"

"He never told me——"

"No—no; how could he? He, the dwarfed, deformed, poor parson; you——"

"I, so unworthy of his noble heart, his holy affection!"

"Minnie—Minnie, do not mock me," and the aged hands grew tremulous.

"Mother!" she whispered; "may I call you mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lovejoy, as she took off her bonnet, "I never expected to see Herman Wood look as he did this morning when he stood at the altar with Minnie! He is a new man; and she looked lovely! He is horribly deformed, though; so, after all, as it was years ago, she is still Beauty to his——"

"Hush! cousin;" and Lou's soft hand stopped the word on Mrs. Lovejoy's lips. "She has chosen well."

But the merry laugh, long stilled, rang out at the parsonage as Herman said, caressing his wife's curls,

"You know, Beauty, the Beast was dying when the fair lady promised to marry him. Unfortunately the promise has wrought no transformation to-day."

Tenderly the little hand fell on the disfiguring hump as Minnie whispered,

"My dear husband, has not God made a perfect soul even in this poor, suffering body? Ah, my darling, believe me, no beauty could be, to me, so lovely as the holy life I have seen led by one tried in the furnace of affliction as you have been."

And so the sorry jest passed by, and the minister's wife followed humbly in the paths her husband trod in his Master's service

## TO MARY.

BY FANNY WILD.

How sad are birds and flowers?  
How long are passing hours  
Since thou hast left these bowers,  
My dear, dead Mary?

How gently Nature weeps,  
And sad, sweet vigil keeps  
O'er where she gently sleeps,  
My angel Mary.

How sad the willows wave  
Above the verdant grave,  
Like sentries sad, but brave,  
Where sleeps my Mary.  
The flowers, with dewy eye,

Will bend as if to sigh,  
Then slowly fade and die  
Above my Mary.

The breezes whispering sigh,  
For spirits in the sky,  
That never more shall die  
With happy Mary.

And love will linger yet,  
And mem'ry ne'er forget  
The hapless sun that set  
On dying Mary.

But in the world of light,  
Where ne'er is grief or night,  
We'll meet as angels bright,  
So happy, Mary.

I'll see thy sunny smile,  
So peerless, free of guile,  
Thy pure, angelic wile,  
My own pure Mary.

We'll wander in the shade,  
By deathless branches made,  
And sit 'neath Heaven's arcade,  
Forever, Mary.

And sweeter joy and love  
E'er swell our hearts above,  
With God and angels, dove,  
Angelical Mary.

## A PART OF THE MISSION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

### PART I.

THE ties which bind the different parts of our country are living, warm, flashy ones. There is not a meagre little village, holding on amid the rocks of New England, whose outlook is not toward the West—the outlook of youth, enterprise; that of imagination, sympathy, pride, yearning, following after. These cords link house to house, room to room. They bound a maiden's bower, full and delicately neat as its occupant, that sanctified a home in New Hampshire, to the attic-chamber of the principal of the Alton Academy in Illinois. Day by day, month by month, Frances Osborne sat quietly at her sewing-machine, or her writing-desk; and never a half-hour passed that thoughts of her brother were not rousing her love, coloring her ambition, firing her pride. She possessed the capacity of an entire and passionate projection of her whole being into that of another.

For one golden round of seasons did she thus guard her brother's distant steps by longings and love, when a letter came that he had joined a regiment of Illinois volunteers. To how many hearts have such letters come in these latter days; and how for many will there be no need for one to make vocal the silence that followed its reading?

Out in the dashing western township, James Osborne had been chosen captain of a company.

"The schoolmaster! a white-faced book-worm," said one of two or three boat-hands among its members. "What can the fellows be thinking of? What is he from, anyhow?"

"From New Hampshire," answered another.

"What, a Yankee! a Yankee, did you say?" was the rejoinder, with an expression of intense disgust.

But young Osborne's quiet, self-reliant authority, and active, elastic, though slight *physique*, soon altered the feelings of the roughest of his command to hearty respect and love. Perhaps the absence of that assumption and bombast, in which they themselves so much indulged, impressed them as much as anything else.

Six or eight months after its formation, the regiment found itself in Virginia the night before the battle of Fredericksburg. Walking

through the encampment, Capt. Osborne came upon some of his men holding a prayer-meeting. It was a wild, picturesque scene. The vivid, leaping firelight lit up the lank, awkward, uncouth figure of a boatman swaying back and forth on his knees, as he prayed in a shrill, droning kind of chant, while his companions knelt and stood around, leaning on their muskets.

The men were praying for their captain—James stepped into the circle and knelt down. Nothing could have more won upon their simple hearts. Presently wild excitement began to take possession of them, and the desire seized James to see whether he could be lifted on the wave of feeling as they rode. Educated in the most coldly intellectual of creeds, there was no place in his mind whereon he could meet them sympathetically; and his refinement of thought and habit shrank fastidiously from such a garniture of sacred emotions; still, quietly seating himself on a log, he proceeded, on the eve of his first battle, to make this psychological experiment.

The result was not satisfying, only confusing and indefinite. He stole away from the shrill voice, now raised in exhortation, and lay down in his tent with his sister's hand almost palpably on his brow.

The next day drew to its bloody close. Toward sunset James Osborne received his death-wound in a struggle with a Georgia cracker. The man threw him from him, rifled his pockets, and went off. Osborne was stunned at first. When he recovered, he sat up and gazed about him. The battle was over. The slashed and battered dead lay around. A stream of blood was dyeing the bright green of the marsh grass at his side a deep crimson. It was his own. He examined his wound. A small one, but the blood was leaping forth in steady little jets. He tore some strips from his shirt and tried to staunch it. In vain. There was no help for him. He was alone, and must die.

He gave way to a paroxysm of rage and anguish. A North American Indian, a character in a novel, and now and then some heroic character out of a novel, may resign himself quietly to exchange warm life, with all its ambitions,

passions, and work, for the coldness and silence of death; but I doubt if any ordinary young man can do so. James Osborne certainly could not. He threw himself back, gnashed his teeth, tore up great handfuls of grass and earth, uttering, meanwhile, between his closed teeth, shuddering roars like those of a beast.

One of the bodies near him moved with a groan. It was Sam Birnie, the exhorter of the night before.

"Is that you, Sam?" he said. "Where are you hurt?"

"My leg, sir," answered Sam, pointing to the bleeding, shattered mass struck by a spent ball. "I'm afeared I can't turn over, sir."

"Don't try, then," said Osborne. "Here, reach out your hand. You may get through it yet, and this will be of some value to a little girl I know—my sister," and he handed him a pocket diary.

"Is it all up with you, captain?" asked the private.

"I believe so," answered Osborne; and he laid his head back in the black, foul, ill-smelling ooze of the marsh, thickened now with blood. On the shoulder of his gentle, delicately-reared sister had that head been pillowed not long before. He thought of that as he lay there; thought of the home of his childhood, where this moment her sweet voice might be singing, of his own rooms in Illinois, adorned with many elegancies and luxuries, the more prized because they had not come in on the tide of abundant wealth, but were the providing of thoughtful love. He thought of the care bestowed upon his childhood, his education, of the aspirations of his father for him, of his own self-culture, his purposes and dreams. And this, this was the end of all!

Rapidly did these earthly thoughts troop through his soul, as he lay and looked at the serene September sky, and watched the gray mist gather between him and it. He knew what that meant well. Slowly his life-blood welled away.

Suddenly a horse, a few yards off, lifted his long neck and head with a moan and a hoarse cry of agony, and then left them fall heavily, almost a human look of appeal in its eye. Osborne raised himself, drew a pistol from the belt of a dead Confederate near, and, steadying his hand, took good aim at the head of the poor animal and put it beyond pain.

Presently, attracted, perhaps, by the report of the pistol, a man jumped down the bank. It was the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. Agnew, a young man who, for the last five years, had

been trying, in a weakly way, the trade of minister in a small town in western New York. They say the war opens a career for ministers and doctors of that stamp. Maybe it does; but what sort of a career? Found incompetent to break the daily bread of life to mouths surrounded with every aid, and comfort, and instruction, Mr. Agnew yet had dared to thrust himself in the way of men who walked in paths leading to such goals as he saw around him now.

"Captain, where are you wounded?" said he, bending over Osborne tenderly.

"Here, in my side," returned the captain. "I don't believe you could have done me any good, even if you had been here before. Anyway, you can't now."

Agnew saw the truth of this, and knelt down by him in silence. Osborne raised his eyes to his with a look so earnest, so grasping, the appeal of a soul standing on the brink of eternity for some word of help, that the young man's gaze fell, and a thrill of genuine, healthy humility shot through his spirit. Yet this was his accredited business, part of what he had come to Virginia to do.

His individuality sank, it proved utterly inadequate to the demand, the need of the hour; and he naturally fell back upon the organization to which he belonged. Almost involuntarily he fumbled for his Prayer-Book.

James understood the movement. "No, no. I've got past that," said he. "Man, in a few moments I shall see my Maker. Can't you pray? Yet—where's your book? It may be better than any words of yours. There's a prayer for the dying, isn't there? Read that if you don't know it."

"Captain," almost roared Sam Birnie, a sob gurgling in his throat, "if the parson 'll lift me up a bit, I'll pray for you."

Young Agnew raised and partly turned him, carefully supporting the leg. A strong shudder ran through the gigantic frame as the mangled member was touched. Leaning on his elbow, Sam poured forth a prayer in the familiar, but strong phraseology of his sect, that seemed to pierce the heavens. It was a soul dying to its consciously present God for another soul. As Sam went on, he rose to the language of the old prophets, his tone and manner gained majesty. "Oh! Lord, hear! oh! Lord, forgive! oh! Lord, hearken and do! for thine own sake, oh, Lord!" rang out from that battle-field from amid the unceasing undercurrent of moans and cries, and the deadening roll of ambulances already commencing. When he stopped, the chaplain knelt on with uncovered head. And

Christ came down to the side of poor James Osborne; came with feet and hands bleeding like his; came, and brought peace.

## PART II.

It is useless to go back to that quiet, tastefully-ordered home amid the lichen-covered rocks of New Hampshire, and realize the falling of the thunderbolt when James Osborne's name was read in the list of Fredericksburg; useless to go to the sister's room and see the life crushed out of every pursuit and joy; to see the books studied for the absent one; the daily journal perused for his eye; the needle-work begun for him; the ingenious and deftly-wrought ornament—all laid aside in grief and horror. Neither will it be necessary to explain how, after months had brought calmness and some strength, Frances Osborne was found in one of the Virginia hospitals, a watchful, reliable nurse.

Standing by one of the cots in the ward to which she was assigned, the first morning of her coming, was a tall, dark-eyed girl, whose wonderful beauty drew her instant attention. Juliet Soule had been a belle in Charleston; then passed two years abroad, gay and admired; came home after the war broke out, still unmarried, wearied of the round of society, without aim or object in life, discontented and morbid. She wanted occupation, an object. A mighty struggle was going on. Might not her heart and mind here find room to live? Indolence and want of enthusiasm long held her back; but she at length almost angrily questioned herself, "Should she keep aloof from the great conflict of the age, the grand opportunity of her lifetime?" An insignificant share was that of a nurse; but it was, at least, a part in the vast whole, a post near the center of influence, impossible but that she must feel its throbs. Then she thought of the poetical talent God had given her, and visions started up of being the Bard of the War, as she remembered Mrs. Browning chanting hymns of liberty to the Italian patriots, becoming identified with their struggle, making her English voice dear as a home-born one to heroes daring death.

She was in New York. Finding it difficult just then to cross the lines to the Confederate hospitals, she came to Harper's Ferry for the present.

The two girls soon became intimate. They were very different. Frances was a New Englander, with a highly vitalized brain and system, finely-strung nerves, acute intellect, trained to

walk in paths where few women outside of New England tread, a daring speculator in thought, though not in action. There is no abandonment, no enthusiasm in her voice. It is cautious, reserved, rather too thin and high. Her fine, clearly-cut profile is very sweet; so are the mild hazel eyes; and every outline is pure and graceful. Juliet's character, faults and virtues, throbs in every lineament of her face, moulded for happiness, even ecstasy in life, health, nature's gratified desires, nay, passions. But written there is the tale of unrest, inquiry, self-analyzing, rare among Southerners.

Another nature was here in Harper's Ferry, approaching in a dim way the problem of its existence. A young Quadroon girl was seeking whether, through the door of personal liberty, she could gain a higher freedom, without which she were still a slave. She rather disappointed Frances. Contact with a half-roused nature is not inspiring. The spectacle of a whole race in the like condition, an inexorable hand upon their possibilities of anything better, has a melancholy interest; but the individuals, except in rare cases, are not attractive. We fancy floating from the mournful, appealing eye the question, "Why, why is it so?" or, "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" But the dark problem of their condition does not, generally, present itself to them with the trenchant, incisive edges that it does to our disciplined intellects. Personal, physical, immediate, in no other light is its outline often defined, even when, like Diana, they have climbed to the window-ledge, and can see the sunlight and the free rolling meadows stretching away, while they feel the thrill of the masterful Anglo-Saxon blood. Whatever Diana's thoughts, they did not influence her daily demeanor. She had the complete secretiveness of a subject-race—that instinctive muttering of one personality to another—"Hands off!"

Juliet Soule and Frances Osborne worked faithfully together—the lower, selfish motive answering, for the nonce, as well as the higher—among the cots where the maimed suffering fellows lay, bearing their trouble cheerfully enough. Many a story, pulsating with hope or sad with disappointment, was poured into Frances' gentle ear. Sometimes tales of daring and adventure, and wild contrasts, simply told, as by men who, loving such things, had had no time to reflect on the tragic element in them. Even the most commonplace lives were lit up by the scarlet flame of the danger through which they had lately come, or softened into something like beauty by the helplessness and

suffering in which they lay. It was a strange gathering—not the least striking figure in the group, that of the graceful Carolinian administering broth to some Green Mountain boy.

Now and again a ludicrous vein cropped out—the love-making of the captain, the same Mr. Agnew, who had formerly belonged to James Osborne's regiment, to Juliet Soule. Poor, flimsy young man! he was incapable of comprehending her; and he never perceived that the attentions and flatteries suited to a drawing-room had roused the winks of the men, and made the doctor and nurses laugh heartily. One soft June evening he drew Juliet out in the moonlight, and pictured in dainty and flowing language the "rural parish" to which he would woo her, with its rose-covered rectory, the abode of "simple eloquence and refinement," modeling it (as he had never seen it he could do that as he pleased) after those charming English homes that live before our delighted eyes in our best English novels. Juliet quietly refused it—and he was simpleton enough to be very angry. His airs of offended consequence afforded excessive amusement for many days.

About a week after poor Mr. Agnew's disappointment, Frances Osborne heard him expostulating with Juliet at the outer door, saying, stiffly, "My dear young lady, it is no fit thing for you to do. I take the right to speak which my cloth gives me—considerations of propriety, etc."

Juliet was habited in the dress of the Gray Sisters, the hood drawn over her head. At the door was a wagon, in which sat a faithful and well-known orderly. "Whither bound, Juliet?" asked Frances.

"Down to the river-side, where the fight was to-day," answered she. "Lieut. Bronson has not come in. No," she continued, "he is not my lover, nor any kin to me. But I promised his mother in New York that if I could ever do anything for him, I would. I may save him; and if not, there are those who would give years of life to look upon his dead face."

Frances knew that well, but she said, "Can't you send?"

"Send! You, so thorough-going, self-reliant a girl, tell me to send! Don't you know it wouldn't be half so sure. This dress protects me—I run no risk."

She got into the wagon and drove off. The New England girl would have had to be strong-minded to do this. The unconscious Southern girl did it readily.

There had been a "brisk little scurry" that day, in which the regiment at that post had

been engaged. For hours those at the hospital had listened to the rattle of musketry, the far-piercing yell of charging, for which the Southern troops are distinguished, then the pause by which they knew the quiet, deadly work of steel to steel.

Arriving on the field, Juliet commenced her search among heaps of the dead and dying, human arms and legs, rags of flesh, dead horses; the earth slippery with blood, the billows of smoke surging about her. She shook from head to foot. She had overrated her strength in coming hither. She went from one body to another, lowering her lantern to the face of every one who bore any resemblance to Lieut. Bronson, turning them over when they lay, as they frequently did, on their faces. A party of Confederates was on the ground, carrying off the wounded. She went up to the litters and scrutinized each pale, anguish-struck face. The men looked at her with reverence. "It's her brother she's after," said they, "if she is a nun."

As she toiled on there flashed upon her a remembrance of dancing the Lancers with Percy Bronson, in New York, the winter before. Again she heard his gay laugh, his thoughtless words. Just then she came to a heap of bodies, in which, partly under a dead horse, she discovered the object of her quest. His hair was dabbled with blood; his smooth cheek terribly gashed, smeared, and blackened with powder and dirt. He was not dead, but would have breathed only a few minutes longer. It required all Juliet's strength, added to that of her attendant, to extricate him. They placed him tenderly in the wagon.

"We might bring off another, Miss," said the orderly. "There's room. I don't see any of our men hereabouts, leastways, none alive. Here's a fellow looks as if he might live—he's tother side, though."

"No matter, I'll take him," said Miss Soule—and he was put in the wagon.

When Juliet returned to the hospital, her dilated eyes wore a look of horror that they were not to lose for weeks. What was frivolous in her nature was crushed out in that night.

The next day the Federals were allowed to bring off the field the rest of the wounded. The beds were full again, and the work of attendance became trying.

### PART III.

THE Confederate, Droyer by name, whom Juliet had rescued, was placed in one of the beds under Frances Osborne's peculiar charge.

He was a cross-grained, ignorant fellow. One day he drew from beneath his pillow, and showed her a pencil-case, which she at once recognized as her brother's. "This I took from a Yankee chap that I finished at Fredericksburgh," he said. "Here's his name on it."

Frances stood as if petrified. "You—killed—him—did you?" said she, sternly.

"Well, I reckon," returned the man. "But not till he had slashed these three fingers off, confound him! The last stroke I gave him was for that."

Frances stood looking at him, her eyes dilating, her face growing whiter every instant. He it was who had quenched the light of those eyes, so dear to her; who had made it impossible for her ever again to hear that voice; who had cut short that career of proud promise, widowed her heart, made the world for her little else than a place of longing and waiting. He lay there before her, almost boasting of it. And she—

"Was he any kin to you, Miss?" said Droyer, peering into her blanched face.

Frances turned quickly and walked out of the room, straight out of the house, up the hill, out of the village. When alone, on the hill-side, she turned into a grove of maples and sat down on the moss.

The fire-hot, bubbling flood of hate and rage, thirst for revenge, took possession of her soul; and as the lava-flood licks up all before it, so did that. Grief was obliterated. It fused every thing into its own substance. It spirited up the wildest, most diabolical images. God's vengeance it was that she longed for. She was no Spanish senorita, to plunge a knife into the heart of the man who had injured her.

Strange sounds were they that crept among the laurels on the Virginia hill-side, like those of a blast of agony.

She began to quail before herself. Her hate had taken on an existence quite distinct from that of its miserable object down in the hospital yonder. It was a deadly monster; she covered before him. The instinct of self-preservation impelled her to resist him. She knew that if she admitted him into her spirit to reign there, to animate it with his hideous life and power, to coat it with his horrid slaver, he would make her akin to the evil ones. Already she felt his rapid, foul fingers shaping and coloring her soul, breathing into it an evil, fetid, laidly strength.

Then her eyesight, cleared and sharpened by the sympathy with the malign and debased already working within her, there was given to

her a look into the world of hate. No other element was needed, not sin, not remorse, not banishment from all good, to make her see it a world of misery, whose mighty activity was born of corruption, horrible, loathsome. And to share this she had a capacity. She stood at the entrance of the road thither.

The powers of light and darkness were battling for this woman's soul. She knew it with a strange insensibility as to the result; indeed, with a sort of clutching at the serpent-coils tightening about her.

It was singular, this power of self-introspection in the midst of tumult and torture. No other temperament than one like hers could have exercised it.

She rose and wandered on, she knew not whither. She had been led down here from the mountains of New England to meet the crisis of her life. Many others had met their last crisis here—just here, in this hollow, circled by peaks which cut the sky. In sight was the guard-house, where John Brown was confined. Behind the Virginia Heights was a huge burial-pit, the end of much human flesh and bones—and what beside?

Milroy's men had cut their way, not through, when the Confederates stormed the place in June. Many brave fellows had been buried where they fell. Amid broken wagon-wheels, fragments of soldiers' jackets, canteens, with whiskey dried in the bottom, her eye caught a ghastly sight—a man's hand sticking out of the ground. The rain last night had washed away some of the few inches of earth. She stooped over it, discolored, dirty, bruised. She thought of the face so near. Had he a sister, perhaps? She thought of another nameless grave, like this it might be. And then, sick and reeling, she looked up at the pitiless blue sky, and heard the oriole singing in the maple-tops, saw the sunbeams glancing on the crimson moccasin-flower, and the crimson stains beside it, and, to her tortured brain, that cold, repulsive object seemed to fit in well with all she saw and heard. It was this world's gift to its human denizens. With her delicate hands she loosened the earth around, and scooped it away, that the hand might find a resting-place beneath; and then went on, contending feebly. Words of prayer issued mechanically from her lips, but not from her heart. The agonized longing for aid refused to take the shape of prayer—and no help came; no help, except the recollection of her look into the world of hate.

This soul was to be driven, not led to the light. Still she ceased not the struggle. Her

grasp loosened not from the eternal laws of right and wrong.

At four that day, the surgeon had appointed to operate upon this man Droyer's leg. She took out her watch. It wanted but twenty minutes of the hour. She turned and walked straight toward the hospital, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Ah! Miss Osborne," said Dr. Walker, as she entered the ward, "I was wondering where you were. You're pretty steady to-day?"

She did not answer. Dr. Walker gazed at her curiously. She looked like a sleep-walker. She assumed her post at the bedside with a hate and loathing, an unutterable horror and shrieking. She held the very right hand which had let out the young life of her brother. But her eye was alert, her comprehension of the surgeon's wants instant, her hand most tender. And all the while her soul was the football of fiends.

The operation was finished, the bandages were adjusted, and the patient composed to rest. About an hour after he called to Frances, "Look here, Miss, I believe this is bleeding again." She turned down the sheet. The blood was streaming from the artery. She knew what to do. Placing her thumb on the orifice, she called to the orderly at the door to go instantly for Dr. Walker.

Dr. Walker was not to be found. He had ridden over to another post.

"I don't see what else you can do but go after him then," said Miss Osborne, "and bring him or some other doctor back with you."

The man grumbled something about "cursed old secesh, not worth such a darned sight of trouble;" but the strangely steady eyes of Miss Osborne never moved, and she soon heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped down the street. She listened to it as far as she could hear it—speculated on how long she should have to stand there. If she moved her thumb before some one came who could take up the artery, Droyer would bleed to death. She stood, her eyes fixed on the wall behind his head. What did she see painted on the air between? Her dead brother's face, his smile.

A low curse escaped the wretch before her, and her eye fell on his face, sensual, brutish, malignant. "Let me have him!" screamed the tempter in her ear. "He is fit for me; he belongs to me—don't you hear? Take away your hand. Let me have him."

Ah! this would be an exquisite revenge; and so easy withal—a simple movement, nay, a mere ceasing of effort. Her muscles were rigid now; her spine almost refused to sustain her;

her strength was well-nigh exhausted. Surely, she has done more than could be expected of her. A glare, as of a reflection from the pit, came into her eyes. And then a look of affright. "Oh, God, help me!" she murmured.

Droyer looked up at her. "Oh, Miss! You won't give it up, will you?" he whined. "Yer can hold on a bit longer, can't yer?"

He received no answer.

And still there came no help to the soul clutching with the grasp of desperation to the eternal truth of love—none save the vision of the abode of hate.

Frances stood two hours by that cot, Droyer ever and anon raising abject glances of fear and entreaty to her face.

The surgeon hurried in at last. He took up the artery, replaced the bandage. Then he turned to Miss Osborne who stood by a window. The sleep-walking expression had disappeared. Yes, her will had held firm. The powers of evil had retired, baffled.

"So," said the doctor, "you've stood here two hours. Well, you've saved his life. Heigh-ho!" he continued, as he glanced round on the evidences of care, the jelly, the tumbler of cool drink, "it seems strange that this worthless rebel should be so tended, while many of our poor boys— A coarse, low-minded fellow, I should think. Wonder how many better men he has sent to their account? I don't like his mouth, or the way he wets his lips. He could be cruel when he was roused. Hey—what! Hysterics, or a fainting fit? No, you won't faint. Here, drink this," and he put his brandy-flask to her lips.

When next morning came, and Frances Osborne resumed her duties, none would have suspected that she had passed through the battle of her life the day before. Only Diana divined it by the magnetism of a sympathetic temperament.

Diana was watching, cat-like, these daughters of freedom, on whose shining but undefined possession she had laid her hand, especially the Yankee girl, from that far land where the snow lay nearly all the year. She had early discovered that neither was happy, and this bewildered and disappointed her. There was no certainty among these Northern folks, she thought, in this life of liberty. Down in the Sea Islands, for massa's folks, there was the certainty of home, love, luxury, varied enjoyment and occupation, service more or less faithful; for her the sure rendering of that service, interwoven with many pleasures if with some privations. But before the ruling, macerated

nature that had come forth from its trial, stern, sharp, not attractive or endearing, Diana shrank, puzzled and appalled. Yet it was to Frances that she made the prayer that she would take her home with her—for now Frances was going home. Harper's Ferry had accomplished its mission for her. And—a compliment to her own New England—Juliet Soule, too, wished to accompany her. Frances smiled as she thought of making her appearance, in her matter-of-fact home, with two such overpowering adjuncts.

"I want to begin to live really, earnestly," Juliet said to Frances, as they sat together beneath the sandstone ledges, "and I think that, near you, I could learn to do it."

"I have nothing for you, Juliet," replied Frances, shivering; "and Brandon is no sphere for you."

"I want to try it," said Juliet. "Is there no one who would take me in?"

"Why, yes," replied Frances, "if you really wish it, there is the minister of the parish, Mr. Bullit."

"Is there anything I could do there?" asked Juliet.

"Yes," returned Frances, "you could teach his three grandchildren. A governess like you, with your brilliant accomplishments and talents, would be invaluable to them."

Teach three country children among the "Green Mountains!" Was this what now appeared on the magic curtain for the brilliant Juliet Soule? However, she accepted it with a smile. "It will be healthy for me for awhile," she said. "And Diana shall go with us. I don't subscribe to your New England creed of self-help. My energies are more valuable than hers; and so, if I can, I may use hers for the lower purposes of life, and leave mine free for the higher."

"But, Juliet," resumed Frances, "I thought—ah! here comes destiny in the shape I surmised for it;" and she looked up the path to Lieut. Bronson coming down, now a very hand-

some figure of an invalid officer, pale, and limping slightly. As he neared them, she rose and sped lightly away. Juliet sat amazed; but the lieutenant soon gave her the result of his cogitations during his weeks of painful tossing on his cot. Every soft touch on his fevered brow he had taken for tenderness, all care and kindness for the assiduity, the anxiety of affection. What else had sent her out to seek him? And then he began not to want this affection. "Of course, it was very good in her to come after me," he muttered. "I'd have been underground now if she hadn't, and, of course, I'm very grateful to her; but, hang it! it places a fellow in a deuced unpleasant position. I wish to heaven two of them had come, and, as I couldn't marry both, I shouldn't have been expected to marry either."

At last he had magnanimously determined to sacrifice himself. And never was a poor wight more surprised than when rejected.

"Why, I thought that you——" he began.

"You thought that I loved you, and, therefore, you made me the offer you have!" exclaimed Juliet, reading his thoughts. "And now you feel relieved, and yet nettled. But what sort of a love did you offer me in return for one which, as you deemed, sent my woman's feet out among the blood, and bared to my woman's eyes the sights of a battle-field? Ah! well, from that place of horrors I came back a woman—the morbid, discontented girl was laid to rest that night. As for you, my friend, you have made a mistake. Never mind. Tell your mother, when you see her, that Juliet Soule kept her promise."

And, rising, Juliet took her way up the mountain-path, found Frances Osborne in her room, and, twining her arm about her waist, said, "Come, my sister, let us go. We are done here. And Diana can come, too. She also has learned to enter on a new path."

And Frances turned, replying, "Arise, let us go hence!"

## ROSES.

BY JENNIE B. ALLEN.

WHITE roses, all in flower,  
Glimmer like tufted snow;  
And the petals fall in a silver shower,  
On the grassy turf below.  
In the flush of the Summer's sweetest hour  
They bud, and bloom, and go.

There's a rose of yellow hue  
That opens its buds of gold,  
As if on the battle-field it grew,

Where the sulphurous vapors rolled;  
And it drank them all till its cup of dew  
Was as full as it could hold.

Ah! here is the crimson rose,  
As red as blood can be:  
And the turf is blushing where it grows,  
With leaves from the fading tree;  
They are falling every day, like those  
Who are dying for you and me.



## THE RECTOR OF ST. MARK'S.

BY MRS. MARY L. DENISON.

THE rector of St. Mark's came of a proud family. He was in all respects unexceptional as a man and a Christian. He had a large fortune—was thirty-one, and unmarried. Find me three better requisites for popularity. I forgot to say that he was handsome—not effeminately so, with small, pretty features, but tall, commanding in his movements, impressive in his gestures, and rather majestic than otherwise.

St. Mark's was indebted to him for its splendid window, and rare and chaste communion-service. Poor widows, and men who dined on the homeliest, twice a week at least pressed to their lips the costliest cups of silver, in which the amber wine sparkled in a hollow of gold. The rector loved his church, and petted it; it was in his thoughts and affections to the exclusion of human love, many believed; and it was generally understood that the rector of St. Mark's was not a marrying man. Notwithstanding his church was composed almost entirely of young people, and the elite of Wilkham attended upon his ministry. Devoted and God-fearing, he was pure-minded, and, as many a good old lady said, "too saintly for this world."

Whether the wide array of beauty presented on Sabbath and feast days ever quickened his pulses, or reddened his cheek, is not known to the writer; but that he was unaffectedly retiring, and, in appearance, somewhat shy when brought into contact with the women of his flock, is on record. At all events, his study was his chief attraction. There he had ancient and honorable books, bought at foreign sales—blue, black, and yellow; some of them rarely illuminated, some of them mutilated, but all of them precious beyond compare to the student, who had taken literature to his heart as his only love. Here of mornings, in that study of his, in the most elegant of elegant silk dressing-gown—for his tastes were a trifle luxurious—he sat and read, and studied, and wrote, utterly oblivious of the fact that many a pair of rosy lips were discussing his merits; and many a pair of laughing eyes pensively falling in meditation upon the pastor, more than upon the duties he inculcated.

There were some beautiful girls in the parish—

and not a few were wealthy. Among them they contrived to get up rural gatherings in summer, and societies in winter; but the rector, to redeem his solemn promise, made his appearance at picnics, invariably, about fifteen minutes before they closed; and at societies in time to recite prayers. It was too provoking—but what was to be done? The rector's thoughts were evidently in the moon, or some other planet out of reach.

The poor loved him. To his honor and credit as a minister of the church, let it be recorded, that the eyes of many a toiling woman brightened at his approaching footsteps—for he was a humble man, without any show of humility. He looked upon every man as his brother—every woman as his sister; and he knew how to address them in the universal language of love. The little children did not fear to present him flowers, or to prattle with him of their innocent joys, and tell him their griefs. His Sabbath-school was flourishing—he, himself, played the organ for the children's chants, and enjoyed that hour with keenest zest.

There was one house in Wilkham which had been without an inhabitant for five years. Old Col. Montgomery had owned it; and it was thought, universally, that he was a very rich man. But when he died, the house and all his possessions went to his creditors. He had ventured in unsafe speculations, and left his family beggars.

Rumors became rife that this imposing old mansion, with its green-house and splendid orchard, and rich acres so long exclusively but carelessly kept, had found a purchaser. Hitherto the price had seemed beyond even wealthy men, who would not invest their money in what seemed useless splendor; but the Warringtons were immensely rich—so report said—and had but just returned from a tour on the Continent. Mrs. Warrington was an invalid, and the place seemed exactly fitted to her needs.

The town took a new lease of life. A host of workmen began to invade the old place. Gardeners dug and painters painted; a porch went up here, a bay-window was thrown out there; the sound of hammers, the thud of axes, the songs of the carpenters, sounded in every

part of the premises; and at last came furniture and servants—and all things were ready. Some who gaped with eyes wonder-wide around the great gates, reported marvelous stories of the furniture. There were plush sets and velvet sets; there were blue hangings and crimson and gold. There were carpets that seemed woven in fairy looms, and boxes that hid more splendors than could be told. Indeed, the stately Dr. Mervin was not above going with a friend of his, who was intimate with the family, and inspecting these wonders. After that the rumors grew stronger. Much of the furniture was imported from Paris, it was said. Certain people, with peculiar ideas, shook their heads at that; and the word aristocrat began to be used freely by the gossips. Before long it was known that the Warrington family consisted of six persons—some said three, others two daughters, a son, and the *mere* and *pere*. The daughters, particularly the eldest, were miracles of beauty and style—fresh from the leading cities of the old world, how could it be otherwise. The best families began brushing up their houses and themselves. To be sure, Wilkham was a small place, but it held stately people—families of note; some whose coats-of-arms and family-trees hung up in conspicuous places, and told the story of stability and age.

At length it was whispered one day that “the folks” had come. Nobody had seen them, for they arrived in the night. The grocer, who had bought a new stock, and had all his shelves painted, told the news. Yes, there were some indications of life stirring. The garden-gate was open once; a child’s voice was heard in some remote part of the grounds; now and then a curtain was drawn aside; now and then a servant passed by now and then the faint, sweet notes of music floated out from the grand parlor; once or twice a lady in black, supported by a lady in white, walked up and down the front piazza. Baskets were carried up the back avenue, and boxes and barrels came in express wagons to the same depot.

By-and-by it was known that one of the best pews in St. Mark’s had been bought by Mr. Warrington, a large, stately man—some would say fat; and that in the course of a Sunday or two the family might be expected to make their *debut* in the critical St. Mark’s congregation. I dare not say how many milliners, and dress-makers, and magazines were consulted before this important event took place; human nature will stoop to such vanities in the midst of the most solemn realities. It is certain that a better attendance had never been seen in that

handsome little church; and the rector’s calm, dark eye seldom rested on an empty seat after the Warringtons came.

“And you have really met them before,” said Mrs. Wilkinson, attending carefully to the rector’s tea as she spoke—for he had called in, and had not the nerve to refuse their earnest entreaties that he would remain, at least till that meal was served.

“I met them in Liverpool,” was his reply.

“And are they really—well, I suppose I must say—as aristocratic or exclusive as is reported?”

“They are a somewhat proud family,” replied the rector, quietly. “I believe Mr. Warrington came into a large fortune at his father’s death.”

“And is Miss Helen so *very* beautiful?” lisped a pretty pink and white young lady of eighteen.

“I don’t know that I am a judge of beauty,” replied the rector, a little disconcerted; “but you will probably see her on Sunday;” and he adroitly changed the conversation.

The young girls were prepared to find in Miss Helen a rival, and had made up their minds either to hate or adore her. The young gentlemen said nothing, but, perhaps, they thought all the harder, particularly when the Warringtons came quietly into church the following Lord’s Day—father, mother, son—aged ten—grandmother, and two young girls, who looked to be nearly the same age.

Helen Warrington was magnificent. Coal-black eyes and hair, a rich color on cheek and lip, a toilet that was faultless, and an air at once dignified and graceful. She captured, I dare not say how many hearts, in her victorious walk up the church-aisle. The other was slenderer, almost drooping in figure, dressed neatly, but not richly, in half-mourning, her face as fair as an artist’s dream, with flitting color, modest brow, pale as marble, and soft waves of rare chestnut-brown flowing away from the straight white line that parted them. Could she be a sister? If so, why dressed in half mourning? Besides, there was no resemblance to that brilliant, overpowering girl, whose languid eyes seemed to see nothing, but whose furtive glances under those long, night-black lashes, took in everything. She might be a cousin; she might be a more distant and a poor relation; and I am afraid dinner-tables heard longer discussions concerning the Warringtons that day than the sermon or its eloquent author elicited.

Helen Warrington remembered the rector, and wondered if he yet bore any recollection of her, and the day they met. Helen had made a great

many mistakes; a few on the Continent, which, at times, she bitterly regretted. Her ambition had been boundless; and she had allowed a good many glittering fish to escape her net; or rather, I should say, had thrown them away. Nothing less than a title, and a fortune—two concomitants rarely found together when love is in question—would satisfy her—and these she never secured.

She had returned to America disappointed, unhappy—and twenty-four. Yes, that was her age, in spite of her extreme youthful appearance—not a very advanced one with such beauty as hers; but she angrily called herself old when she thought of it. The rector of St. Mark's was rich—he was eminently handsome. Before the service was quite over, she had determined that she would captivate him. Strange plans for holy time; but church, to her, was only another kind of show-house. She was no Christian, and had rather made her boast of it, claiming, at times, to be a free thinker.

All this while the girl at her side, who wore a plainer dress, and used a Prayer-Book guiltless of gilding—what did she think about?

Ah! all her heart went into each response—and now and then a bright glittering drop fell on the white leaves over which her head was bowed; and had any one taken the pains to look closely, he would have seen the heaving bosom, the trembling fingers. What meant this unusual emotion?

And Helen went home, sure in her mind of the rector. Not that she craved, particularly, the honor of being the minister's wife—she had few graces that would enable her to adorn that office; but it would give her a leading position, and, besides, a handsome husband and unlimited wealth. It was too late now to be very particular as to choice; and though she would have preferred a rising politician, or a general, or some other brilliant lord of her heart, still she could not afford to wait. Hence she set herself to work with all the energy she possessed to secure the handsome rector of St. Mark's.

Of course, he came there—it was his duty. Mrs. Warrington had a feeble hold on life, though some physicians had said that she might live to be gray. Perhaps Helen's beauty attracted him—it was so said among the angry Wilkham belles, who felt far more disposed to hate than adore her.

One day the rector had made a call of unusual length. It was summer. The windows were all open, giving entrancing views of meadow, field, and hill. Myriad flowers sent their fragrance in with the sweet music of singing birds. The

rector held a sprig of mignonette in his hand. He was unconsciously comparing it with a gaudy crimson tulip, flecked with yellow spots, that held no perfume.

Helen sat near. She was mistress of every attitude; knew how to dispose of folds with a touch; how to display her foot; how to perfectly pose her white hands. A rich and cloud-like muslin enveloped her beautiful figure. She was in full dress, for it was after dinner, and she could bear a great many ornaments without seeming overloaded.

The rector of St. Mark's was about leaving.

"By-the-way," he said, carelessly, "I notice a young lady with you at church—a relative, perhaps."

"Oh! a person we employ in the family out of pity!" responded Helen, with a slight, supercilious smile. "She's a very useful girl, but quite dull—not a person of refinement by any means; but I believe," and her smile grew more winning, "a staunch Episcopalian. She always attends church with us—in the sight of God we are all equal;" and after this immense concession to the rights of a fellow creature, she considered herself worthy of canonization. Seldom, indeed, was God in her thoughts or on her lips.

The rector of St. Mark's bowed and departed; and she puzzled herself wondering if she had made a step forward in his good graces.

"At all events, he'll never trouble himself about her again, I imagine;" and, self-complacent and hopeful, she resigned herself to the French romance nearly finished.

The rector walked slowly through the grounds out into the road. Strangely enough, he was thinking about the young girl so contemptuously designated as her by Helen Warrington.

"Every time I see her," he murmured to himself, "I think I must have known her—and still, where—when? Not certainly abroad—not here, I know."

He found himself passing the church-yard. The central path was nearer to his home, and he often cut across. He had gone but half-way when he thought he heard a low voice.

"It is about here old Col. Montgomery lies buried," he said to himself; "and well that he erected this noble monument during his lifetime. Ah! Miss—Miss, I beg your pardon."

"Montgomery," replied a low, sweet voice, and tears trembled on the soft lashes—for it was Helen Warrington's companion who stood there half hidden by the long, drooping branches of the willow that sentined the old colonel's monument.

"Is it possible? Montgomery? A relative,

perhaps;" his words were broken in upon with a wail of anguish.

"Oh! my dear old grandfather, if I could only lie down beside you and mother. It is so hard," she murmured, a moment after, leaning head and hand upon the cold white marble, "to come back to my old home a stranger and a dependent—oh! it is so hard!"

A sudden light broke upon the rector. His face illuminated suddenly.

"What!" he exclaimed, in his extreme surprise, "is this little Maggie Rose, the medal-scholar of St. Mark's; the child of eleven years, who, seven summers ago, came up to my study to bid me farewell? Is it possible?"

"Yes, I am Maggie; but, oh! everything—even I am so changed!"

The rector gazed sadly upon his once little favorite. The mystery was solved. Hers were those clear brown eyes; hers was the oval face, and low, white brow, that he had said once, looking at her, he should want in his wife, if ever wife should bless him. Crowding upon him came the sweetest recollections of all his ministerial career. He saw her tripping into his study, always a welcome little visitor, with the first cherries, or peaches, or plums, that had ripened on the old place. He heard again her innocent confidences—his heart beat with strange, new, wild throbs, as every incident came before him, fresh as if of yesterday.

Ah! Helen Warrington, from that moment your doom was sealed—and so, cold, proud, but good rector of St. Mark's, was yours.

He saw she had not lost, but rather gained, in the peculiar and artless beauty he had so admired. He found her, after a longer acquaintance, rich in nature's graces, and not

poor in the gifts of intellect. Now was he doomed to feel all the tormenting doubts and transports of love; for Maggie, dependent as she was, and reading the signs of her determination and her passion in Helen Warrington's face, rigidly pursued the line of duty she had marked out for herself. More than one saw that the stately rector of St. Mark's was not like himself, and the fact was attributed, as usual, to the wrong cause. The rector was miserable, fearing he knew not what, and his fears drove him to a bold and decisive action. He called upon Helen and requested to see her dependent. She was sent for—Helen blandly remaining.

"Miss Warrington," said the rector, and there was a bright spot of crimson on either cheek, "may I ask the favor of a few moments alone with Miss Montgomery?"

With a pang like death, and a face as colorless, Miss Helen, feeling the shock of a sudden revelation, arose, and, with the step and air of a princess, left the room only to fall miserably helpless upon her couch in her own apartment—to rave the language of hate, and deplore her lost love.

Need I say more than simply this: that the rector of St. Mark's thought himself the happiest man this side eternity, when Maggie's low, sweet voice said, "Yes," and Maggie's little hand laid in his; when, all her scruples overcome, she was the promised wife of one who seemed as far above other men as the stars are above the earth?

Helen Warrington married a rich tobaccoist, one year from the time that the rector brought his beautiful wife to the pleasant rectory of St. Mark's.

## AUTUMN WINDS.

BY LEON WEST.

MOAN, ye saddened winds of Autumn,

O'er the green forsaken heath;

Down upon the forest's bottom

Cast the Summer's verdant wreath;

Faded now, and brown, and sore—

Parting gift of Spring-time dear.

Moan in sadness o'er the flowers,

Blighted by your frosty breath;

Seek the song-birds in their bowers,

Tell them of the Summer's death;

Bid them haste, nor tarry here,

For the Winter's drawing near.

Stir the wavelets on the river,

Moving with majestic flow,

While the cold, pale moonbeams quiver

In the gloomy depths below;

And the stars, with twinkling light,

Keep their vigils through the night.

Sigh o'er hopes once fondly cherished,

Hopes of loved ones "gone before:"

Hopes that, like the leaves, have perished,

Here to live again no more!

And the spirit, crushed and broken,

Heeds your wail of grief unspoken.

Moan, ye saddened winds of Autumn!

Dying Nature sinks to rest:

But the spirit-germ will blossom

In the garden of the blest;

And the heart, o'erwhelmed with grief,

In the thought finds sweet relief.

## THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.

### CHAPTER IX.

CRIMINAL trials excited more interest then than now. It may be that the liberal draughts of blood, poured out by the Americans of late, have dulled their relish for lesser horrors; but it is certain that only in the English papers now, do we find the small, sickening minutiae that accompany crime and make it grimly pathetic or absurd. In the times of which we write, however, every trifling circumstance was seized on with avidity by the press, and I am able, therefore, to be certain of the correctness of all that I relate. The report of the trial is too voluminous for these pages. I will condense it as much as is practicable, divesting it of technicalities, which would only cloud its meaning to a general reader.

"The streets," says a journal of the day, in its inflated account of the trial, "the streets were filled at an early hour in those squares through which the accused must pass to reach the scene of trial. Not an unwholesome nor unnatural curiosity drew the people out to see the man who, for the glitter of a costly bauble, could so dog, and so inbrue his hands in the life-blood of an old man—a man who for years had slept beneath his roof, and dipped his hand in the same dish with him. If we prejudge the case, we but express the thought of the community—our fault must be pardoned. The public are already in possession of every particular accessible to us regarding the prisoner. We were informed, however, by a person having frequent intercourse with him in his business, that his temper has been at all times morose and sour; and that he was noted among his neighbors for the contrast in character to his brother, Richard Nolt, a young man favorably known among us as a promising artist. We sincerely hope this occurrence may make no change in his prospects, whatever may be its termination. The accused, Joyce, has every chance for a mercy that tempers justice in his trial, as Judge C— will preside, than whom a more honorable and discerning man never wore a spotless ermine."

Judge C— was, in fact, a miser and a glutton, one of the few men who have not done honor to his bench in this district. Abstract

those two traits, and you had a mere soulless pulp remaining, saturated with a few legal maxims, probably. He had been elevated to his position by family influence, and for a term or two, perhaps, tried honestly to do his duty. After that, the routine of the courts became nothing but hum-drum work to him, to be shuffled over; the gist and zest of the day lay in the discovery, after court, of the best dinner procurable at the lowest rates. So much for Joyce's judge; his counsel (appointed for him, for he refused to employ any.) was Philip Mottar, a young lawyer of limited capacity, who had hung about the courts for a long time without a case; this was his first, and I believe he gave all his energies to it; but, unfortunately, they could accomplish but little. The journal we have quoted patted him on the shoulder, in its report, as a "worthy and eloquent young orator." Seaborn it approached with that half jovial, half deferential air, which journalists use to men who do not want their aid, as "that consummate limb of the law well known to all our readers."

Mottar would have given one of his fingers for such a notice. Mottar was, perhaps, the most nervous man in the court-room that day, glancing over the massed faces at the reporter's bench, then back to his papers. "It was such a stroke of good luck—this case! But there was no hope of gaining it. Joyce was guilty, if ever a man was; look at his blood-thirsty eye! But if he could gain it, what a certain notoriety it would bring! and then briefs, and then, an assured income; and then—Matty and he could marry—at last."

So Mottar's thoughts went off to a certain little house out Hoy's Lane, which he and Matty passed in their walks every Sunday evening; and he had already rented the house, and papered it, and was building a bow-window and pantry out at the left side when the case was called.

Certainly, Mottar was more nervous than his client, when he also took his place and glanced over the wall of faces on every side turned to him with an eager curiosity. His dress, even, was more composed and neat than usual; he

was well-shaved, moved with a certain self-reliance, lightness; his step was more assured than ever before. The deeper Dunn Joyce sank in the mire of public obloquy, the more men averted true human recognition from him, the firmer he seemed to stand on his own ground of self-respect and right. When he plead, "Not guilty," in a clear voice, there was a quiet truth in the answer, as if God had asked him the question. Yet, was this the defiant assumption of innocence? Many who believed him innocent at first, as the trial went on, and proof grew strong against him, thought that it was, and gave up his cause. Seaborn's opening speech was skillfully and neatly suited to its exact purpose. He could not contravene Dunn's honest air and look, so seized on them to convert to his own aims.

"I do not claim this to be an act of premeditated villainy," he said; "the character previously borne by the prisoner, which can be proved by responsible witnesses, forbids this. And let me say here, gentlemen of the jury, that I urge upon you a deference to all the weight of testimony which can be brought in proof of that character. God forbid that we should sully the record of a whole life, because the blot of one foul crime has fallen on it." He proceeded in the same vein, doubtless in accordance with his own honest conviction, to render futile any evidence which might be adduced in Joyce's favor as to integrity of previous life; sketched him as a man whom circumstances and simplicity of habit in thought had kept free from temptation; belonging to a nation whose thrift was proverbial—a thrift which strengthened with age, and which, when opportunity offered, was a strong provocation to crime. With a consummate skill he hinted at the existence beneath this outside honesty, of the one fatal weakness, the break, through which he could be drawn into guilt. "Many men," he said, "go through life with some such plan, undiscovered; wear as honest and kindly a front as this man bore, ay, and bears now," (for Dunn's quiet blue eyes were turned full upon him,) "the opportunity never comes; the temptation is never offered; and they go down to the grave respected and honored; as this man would have done. But He, who knows the secrets of hearts, suffered him to be tried as by fire. If he could not bear such trial, let us be merciful. It is my duty here to bring home the vengeance of the law to the culprit; but let us remember we, too, are men, and be merciful in judging, while we are stern in punishment. Not your heart nor mine, per-

haps, could bear its weakness unveiled. The only difference between the prisoner and those who condemn him, may be that he has been tempted, and we have gone free."

"Seaborn was just and temperate," the jury thought; they were quiet, middle-aged men, he had noted, temperate arguments would be the most effective. Besides, there was no use in trying to make Joyce out a full-blooded scoundrel; the mass of an audience always came to a tolerably just conclusion about a prisoner from his looks by a sort of instinct, was Seaborn's experience, unless some glamour was thrown before their eyes. Dunn faced them all, boldly enough; the sun shined in through the uncurtained windows full on the dock, and the man standing there. He did stand, most of the time, as if to rest his brawny limbs; once or twice taking up the sprigs of herbs near him, and smelling them, as if they put him in mind of home. No, it would never do to call it premeditated crime; there was not, perhaps, a homelier, or more ungainly man in the crowded court-room than Joyce; but there was not one to whom a beggar would come so readily, or a mother trust her child. Besides, Seaborn spoke his own belief about Joyce, and, therefore, carried the jury with him; Mottar, pleading for him, thought him guilty; and more, thought, like all shallow-eyed people, that depravity of character must underlie all guilt. So Mottar's speeches had as much effect, that day, as so much water dropping within hearing.

"An honest man," Seaborn summed up his preamble, "unless a great and peculiar temptation was thrown in his way. It was so thrown. The glitter of a large and apparently costly jewel was the bait used by Satan this time. The old man was going to throw it away on a purpose which Joyce thought foolish. To what end he intended to apply we know not; perhaps one which, in his morbid fancy, justified his crime. There have been such cases. It might be a curious psychological study, the slow working of the poison in this man's mind"—at these words the prisoner was observed to start and fix his eyes on Seaborn, following him with a strangely eager attention. The lawyer's keen eye perceived it, and, keeping his eye furtively turned on Joyce, he went on—"how, day after day, the theft seemed to him more feasible and light—a thing without which his own future was impossible now to forecast or to accomplish. Look!" suddenly pointing to the prisoner, "his own face attests the truth of my conjecture!" for Joyce was leaning slightly forward, his head resting on his hands, making.

unconsciously, a gesture of assent to each pause which Seaborn made. "I do not say that the full crime he committed was contemplated by the guilty man at first," he continued; "it may have been the diamond alone that he coveted, without any defined idea of how it was to be gained. Murder may not have been in his thought—"

"No! Before God, no!" muttered Joyce, sinking back on his bench, and burying his face in his hands.

Seaborn was silent; he, as well as the jury, had heard the words; they exchanged quick and significant glances—but the shrewd lawyer did not diminish their effect by a word of his own. Before one witness had been brought forward, there was not a jurymen present who did not hold a strong presumption of Joyce's guilt. Seaborn, they thought, was a clever dog, thus to elicit the truth from the lips even of the prisoner, though they had been prejudiced against him at first—for it was one of Seaborn's affected eccentricities to appear in full dress whenever he conducted a criminal trial. Many of our readers may remember how, even in old age, his appearance was that of a *petit maitre* in the court-room. The old Quakers, who formed the present jury, were not likely to be prepossessed by his fair, waving hair, delicate laced ruffles, and flashing rings; yet they had begun to alter their opinion of him now already.

"I will now bring forward the testimony," Seaborn proceeded, in a rapid, business-like manner, "in consideration of which Dunn Joyce now stands before you, indicted for murder in the first degree. We expect to prove, that a month before the murder, an old man, then an inmate of Joyce's house, became possessed of a diamond, which the prisoner pronounced to be of value; that he revealed the fact of his possession of it only to his brother and Joyce; that when, some time after, he came to the city to dispose of the stone, he was dogged during the whole day by the accused; was overtaken by him at nightfall, some distance from the city, and there foully murdered. The evidence we mean to exhibit in this case has been assumed by the dally prints to be entirely circumstantial; on the contrary, we will prove the fact of the murder by an eye-witness."

He sat down. Joyce had not lost a word of the harangue; but he heard it without the movement of a muscle in his face until the mention of the eye-witness was made; he looked up, as if astounded, at Seaborn, then bent his head again thoughtfully.

The witnesses for the prosecution were called in rapid succession, each telling a straightforward story in a few words, that, linked together, made the history of Joyce's guilt complete. Mottar asked a few questions in cross-examination, with but little sense or purpose in them. The silence became profound in the court-room as the evidence went on, nearing the climax slowly. Seaborn had his witnesses well arranged; he understood, what few lawyers do, the adjusting of the testimony until it closes around the prisoner without a flaw, holding him fast, in a death-grip, we may say, in reality.

First came one or two old parishioners of Nicholas Waugh, who, unconscious that they were doing it, sketched the simple character of the old man—his gentleness, credulity, obstinate little whims. These men testified to the time he came to live with Joyce—the confidence that existed between them.

Next called was Samuel Waugh, who appeared carrying a cane in his hands, clasped behind him, his head, as usual, down on his breast, his queue shaking, and his thin lips moving nervously. The importance of the occasion, and the amount of sorrow lawfully expected by the public from him, had made him, in a manner, drunk, and quite removed his ordinary timidity. He had his story ready, committed to memory; and went over it glibly, unless a question interrupted him; they always threw him entirely off his balance, and it required an interval of sneezes and coughs to bring him back again. He told the conversation on the night when Nicholas Waugh first showed him the diamond, which he remembered accurately enough.

"How do you know that your brother confided the secret to you two alone?"

"Because he told me on the day he started that no one knew it but myself and Joyce."

"You say," said one of the jurors, "that he lived with Joyce—what was there, then, to prevent the prisoner's taking the diamond when your brother was asleep in his own house?"

"No one know it was there but us; if he took it there, discovery was certain," with a cunning laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the man.

"A robbery on the highway would naturally be thrown upon professional thieves," suggested Seaborn; "particularly as Mr. Waugh had offered the jewel publicly for sale during the day. You say the money was to be given to you, Mr. Waugh?"

"Yes; in fact, it was a small liability of Waugh & Turner's—that—"

"That will do—we understood; it was to pay a debt of yours. If it had not been appropriated in this way, was there any chance of Joyce's obtaining possession of any of it?"

"Every chance in the world," his eyes snapping with a petty venom. "Every chance; in fact, Nicholas mentioned to me his previous intention of helping Joyce on a bit, if I had not needed the money."

"That is sufficient. Mr. Mottar, have you any questions to ask?"

"Only this: had you cause to suspect any unkind feeling between your brother and the prisoner?"

Waugh half shut his small eyes, considering. "I thought, that day, that Joyce, seeing the diamond, seemed distraught, envious, jealous. I've no doubt in my mind you've got the man," in a confidential tone to the jury. He was called to order and sent down.

Dunn Joyce followed him with his big, calm eyes, as he sat down, blew his nose, glanced around, shuffling, with a self-complacent smile, to see if there were any approving glances. This man had been his neighbor so long! He had often tried to do him little acts of kindness—he was Barbara's father.

"Well, well!" said poor Dunn. It was all over now; the act that brought him into that dock had been done of his own free will; he could bear its results as they came as best he might. He looked over at an old green desk, chipped and blotted more than the others—that used to be old Judge L——'s, his friend and patron. He remembered how he used to haunt the courts, when a boy in the office, always receiving a friendly nod from the lawyers, who knew him from the judge to be "the canny Scotch chap that was going to be a better counsellor than the whole of you."

"And I might have been," said Dunn, with an unconscious self-recognition, glancing around at the circle of shrewd, cultured faces about him, and then back to his own coarse jean clothes, and thinking of his habits, more rough and boorish than his clothes. "There's Billy Sampson, and Joe Myers," finding some familiar faces. "Billy's the best marine lawyer in the courts, they say; he's married to that pretty girl in Penn's Row, and I'm here, in the dock. 'To be hung by the neck until you are dead'—'by the neck until you are dead,'" going over the words again and again mechanically; "and may God have mercy on your soul."

"I wonder where Dick is," he muttered, after

a long pause. "I wonder if he'll ever know I did it for him—for Dick!"

When he roused himself from the sort of stupor into which he had fallen, they were hearing the evidence of people who had seen the old man on the day of the murder, and had noticed Dunn following him. "At a distance," they all said, "keeping carefully out of sight."

Next, Martin Forsyth was sworn. "Am a silversmith and jeweler by trade. Deceased came to my shop on the morning of the murder; and after some explanation, offered me a diamond for sale, or a stone which he supposed to be one. I declined to purchase, assuring him, when pressed for a reason, that the stone was, in reality, of but trifling value, being one of those bits of composite easily mistaken by the ignorant for stones of value. The old gentleman seemed a good deal troubled. It made me sorry I had told him. Felt as if I had been rough, some way, without intending it. Asked him to go to an eating-house and have a bit of lunch with me; but he refused, and went out down toward High street. A few moments after, it might be five, the prisoner came up to me where I was standing at the door, and asked for the true time. When I had given it to him, he said, nodding to the old man who had gone a good way down the street, 'Did you make a trade with him?' I said, 'No, his wares did not suit me;' a moment after he started off, walking hastily toward High street."

"What was his expression while talking to you?"

"That of a man in a great trepidation of mind, pale and red by turns, with a quick way of glancing furtively about, as if afraid of being watched."

Cross-examined by one of the jurors. "The conversation between Mr. Waugh and myself was not overheard by any one. Am not aware that he offered the stone for sale to any other jeweler that day; but think he did not, as I was the first to whom he brought it, and he seemed satisfied with my decision, saying he must go home as he came. Thought the prisoner's manner strange; was more agitated than Mr. Waugh; more disappointed, apparently, at not finding the jewel of as much worth as he had supposed."

Jane Sayers sworn. "Am a laundress. Have a small house on the road running up the Schuylkill; it is a wagon road; it is not much frequented after the business part of the day is over. Was at home on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June; was taking in my clothes off the line to sprinkle, when I saw the old



gentleman go by. Think it was the one who is missing from the description. (Witness then described the deceased, identifying the man she had seen with Nicholas Waugh.) It was just before sundown when he passed, going out the road. I noticed him because travelers are scarce out that road, and he was odd-looking. About five minutes after the prisoner passed, walking rapidly, and looking up and down the road, as if he was afraid of being followed. I do not remember that any other persons went by; cannot be sure of that, for I was in and out attending to my clothes. There was an uncommon heavy fog that night, too, which hindered one from seeing." The remainder of her testimony was but of trivial importance.

John Van Note sworn. "Am a tanner by trade. Live on the Schuylkill several miles beyond the city limits; saw the prisoner on the twenty-sixth of June, late in the evening, he was apparently following an old man, whom I presume, from the description, to be the missing Nicholas Waugh—was gaining on him rapidly. The road and the river both make a sharp turn above my house, so that they were soon out of sight; but I should think he would have caught up to him in five minutes at farthest at the rate he was going. There is a sort of gully by the river just beyond that turn; I did not see them after they went into it."

Cross-examined. "Did not speak to either of them. They were both in sight at once. It was a dark, foggy night, with a kind of gray mist, almost rain."

There was a sort of heave or swell in the audience when the next witness was called, and then a profound silence, people bending forward so as not to lose a word; for it was known that this was the chief testimony against the prisoner, the eye-witness of the murder, of whom Seaborn had spoken, and so carefully had the precise nature of this evidence been concealed that the jury, and audience outside of the jury, waited for it with the thrill of suspense with which men wait the *denouement* of a novel; having followed the slow steps of the old man, dogged by his merciless pursuer into the lonely gully, out of which only this witness came to tell the tale.

He was a middle-aged man, thin, stoop-shouldered, with a dry, hacking cough.

"Face the jury," said Seaborn, as he went up. He did so, lifting his head, and looking straight at them. It was a rough, but honest face; and his voice, when he spoke, had a like meaning in it—neither of which, as Seaborn had calculated, lost their effect.

Being sworn, he spoke as follows: "My name is Jesse Cummins; am a dairy-man. On the twenty-sixth of June, I was returning from a farm out on the Schuylkill, where I had gone to buy a cow. It was after sunset when I came into the slip of road just where the river bends; it was very lonely there; there are no houses, and it was a damp, foggy night; I climbed up over the ridge so as to make a short cut toward town. The ridge is overgrown with young cedars, but I could see over them down to the road, and on the other side of that, the river. I saw Nicholas Waugh pass below where I stood, on his way out home; he went on northward out of my sight, the cedars farther on coming between him and me; I know the old man by sight, having seen him once or twice at Dunn Joyce's, when I stopped there on business. A minute or two afterward Joyce passed along the road following him. I thought nothing of it, supposing they had been in town together and got separated. Just after Joyce went behind the cedars, I heard angry voices—I heard them indistinctly, as they were a good distance from me, and the wind was high and uncertain. Once I heard the old man give a sharp cry and call out, 'Joyce! Joyce!' Thinking something was wrong, I was going down the hill, when I saw the two figures leave the road, wrestling or struggling together, and go toward the river. I hallooed with all my strength, but my voice did not seem to reach them, and the undergrowth was thick, so that I could force my way but slowly. They came to the edge of the river, when one pushed the other in."

The witness here paused.

"You saw the prisoner push Waugh in? You will swear to that?"

"Yes," after a few moments pause. "It was too dark to see their faces; but Waugh's dead, and Joyce is here to-day, and there were none others in the gully, so there's not much doubt as to who pushed. Yes, I saw it done."

"What did you do then?" demanded Mot-tar.

Cummins changed color. "I didn't go on. No, I didn't. It was no use; the old man went under twice while I watched, and it would have taken me ten minutes to reach him; and I did not care to face the murderer alone; he's a stronger built man than I, Joyce is; and it would have been fighting for life if I'd tried to rest him. So I came home."

"Was this all you saw or heard?"

"Yes; except, as I was leaving the gully, I heard voices down below, low and fierce, hardly over a whisper. Neither was that of Waugh,

though. It must have been the prisoner and a 'complice.'

"I thought," said Mottar, "you said your position commanded the entrance to the road, and that no one came on it while you were there?"

"Neither did they before the time of the murder; but I jumped forward then, and so got below the point from which you could see over the cedars. He may have come in afterward."

"Did you leave the gully, then?"

"Yes, I came straight into town, then. I left the men who were talking in the gully. I did not speak of this matter until I saw an account of Waugh's supposed murder, and Joyce's arrest in the papers; then I came up and offered my testimony."

The prisoner turned his head, and glanced rapidly over the audience when this witness had finished; a more careless eye than his could have seen the effect which his evidence had exerted; Joyce read his doom in every face turned toward him. The newspaper reporters jotted down just here that "Joyce's pluck seemed, for a moment, to forsake him; he grew pale and deadly sick." What if he did? He was a man, and the stronger the man, the more deeply rooted is the loathing of any death, and surely of an ignoble, base death as here.

Some point in the testimony, however, had produced a marked effect on both of the counsel; they exchanged glances of surprise and pleasure—Seaborn's the most so, perhaps; through the whole trial he was, in fact, more warmly interested in Joyce than his own lawyer, being a man of broader sympathies and more alert insight.

Mottar approached the prisoner for a few moments consultation before cross-examining Cummins. "I think," said Dunn, stroking his chin, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh, "that last speaker has done for me, Mr. Mottar."

"It's strong, sir. We did not count on that. It's neatly put—dove-tailed, as one might say, their evidence. But one point, Joyce, in a whisper, 'the 'voices' he heard after Waugh was drowned? You said nothing to me of that; Seaborn did not expect that bit, either. It seems a big loop-hole of escape to me. Whose voice was it?"

He asked the question hesitatingly, for Joyce had not put the usual confidence in his lawyer; remaining with him, as with others, obstinately silent.

Joyce was silent a moment now, as if he considered whether to avail himself of this loop-

hole of escape. It did not require more than a moment to make the decision. "Bah! there's nothing in that," he replied. "Cummins was fairly drunk with terror by his own confession, and ready to hear voices all about him. Don't insist on trifles, or they'll see how weak our cause is. There's nothing in that."

"If there's nothing in that, then," hesitated Mottar, "we must make up our minds to the worst."

Joyce's jaws worked as if he would have spoken; but he did not, and sat suddenly down, his knees giving way. "You can make no point there," he muttered, presently.

Mottar went back to his desk with a worried look on his face; and Seaborn took up a pencil and began cutting it impatiently and vexed. He had been watching the two men keenly while they talked, as if he, too, hoped there was "something in it."

Cummins was allowed to go down with little, if any farther examination, which caused Seaborn to set down Mottar as a blockhead. "Blind as a bat," he said, afterward; "he let slip flaws in our evidence, through which he could have driven a cart-horse."

Joyce, meanwhile, sat stooping, holding his old slouch hat over his face, as though he wished to avoid some part of the evidence yet to come. Seaborn's witnesses were brought up rapidly, and hurried the story to its end.

A cow-boy, who met him about dawn, "skulking along the road near home;" Deb, who "watched for him all night, and found him coming in, wet through and through, looking sick and crazed-like;" Samuel Waugh and his wife, who both testified to Joyce's haggard looks and guilty confusion of manner when questioned; and, finally, the police-officers who arrested him, and found the diamond secreted in a pocket of the waistcoat he had worn on the night of the murder; these all went through their parts with clearness and brevity.

When they had finished, and Seaborn declared the evidence for the prosecution closed, Joyce took the hat from before his face. It had a look of relief on it; he had expected Barbara to take her place among his accusers unwillingly, perhaps. But no one knew how that would have wrung the heart of the poor soul if she had helped to condemn him. Mottar had no evidence, except as to character; that was given cordially enough, but weighed little taken alone. For the facts proven about the night of the murder he had no explanation to offer; Joyce had given him no hint of an hypothesis to start with—what could he do?

Night fell as the defendant's testimony closed, and court adjourned until the next day.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN it opened again in the morning, notwithstanding that the day proved dull and rainy, the crowd was greater than before; the air thick and stifling, drops of damp gathering on the window-panes from the dense human breath within. The interest was no less, but the horror had passed out of the public mind about the affair; the juice was out of the nut, as it were, and people had time to chew it at their leisure, listen critically to the lawyers speeches, compare their impressions of Joyce's face, etc.

When the street boys came in with pean-uts and candy to sell, shoving themselves through the crowd, there was a sort of swoop and hustling of hats down toward them. "It is as jolly a show as a country fair," thought poor Dunn, bitterly. He did not seem to listen to either Mottar or Seaborn, nor to the judge's charge, with the exception of a small part of it. He appeared to have made up his mind as to what the end must be, and thrust all doubt off from him; to be busied with some thoughts nearer to him than the life he would soon lose, and of more weight; with just the difference between them of facing death and facing the judgment beyond it.

Only one little thing in the room attracted his notice after that. There were a few women of the rougher sort in the crowd; one woman, unlike them in some way, though dressed in the gray bonnet and linen wrapping that most of them wore, made her way up the aisle, and sat down on a bench close by the dock, as close as she could come. Presently, when there was a breath in the proceedings, she pushed aside the green veil over her face.

"Barbara!" suddenly burst from Joyce's lips.

Plainer than any words could have spoken it, Dunn could read why she was there in her face. It was no time for a woman's blushes and sense of shame and propriety, fitting and beautiful as they are in their place. All that long, murky day the poor gardener stood alone in the crowd, his soul guilty or pure, as it may have been, but one step from death, forced to look it in the face; that was the day when it behooved her to be real. If she loved him, and knew it but now, when he was in danger; or even if it were only that she thought him innocent when all had turned against him, her place was by the dock; and by God's rule of the fitting and

just, she did well to go there. Dunn watched her a long time. "It is for Dick's sake," he determined at last. "I'll not think it's anything else, like a fool. Oh, Dick! Dick! there's a good deal been given up for you!" If any shooting doubt crossed his mind as to whether the man was worth the sacrifice, it did not rest there. It was too late to think of that! "Barby thinks I am innocent!" I think, with a woman's quickness, she saw how much even this comforted him.

We may as well hurry on to the end of it.

The jury went out about six o'clock; they were out but a few minutes. One knows how those minutes go in a court-room, when the verdict may bring death; the dead, intense calm; the sense of relief with which even the terrible decision is received.

To Dunn Joyce there was a half stupor in them. And yet all his past life rushed up before him, the man he had meant to be when he was a boy in L——'s office before Richard came—more powerful and helpful than any of these men about him; an earnest, God-fearing citizen, with a loving, happy home, wife, and children. All men look forward to something of this. It was so real to Dunn, this old hope, that he seemed to see, as in a horrible dream, only the court-room, the people waiting, the jury coming in with anxious faces at the side-door. A stunted walnut-tree outside rustled in the damp blow of wind. It would be bad for the peaches—this cold rain; and he had meant to—

He shivered, with a sudden remembering when the peaches would be ripe.

He wished he could be buried somewhere in the orchard, or garden there; he knew they did not bury in consecrated ground any who died in *that* way. Would Barby see to it—for Richard's sake? Then came up a sudden picture of Barby going cheerfully over the grave in the orchard, with a pleasant thought of him when she was Richard's wife. But that would never be. "I'd have liked her to keep up my name, to tell it to her children; but it will be dead along with my body," stroking his chin in the old way, his eyes going calmly over the darkening room. An end to name and man—a few days, and Dunn Joyce would be as if he never had been born. "And yet," his eyes gathering a stern, inward look, "I used to try to do right."

The jury were in their place now with a shuffling of feet; "how pale the foreman grew when he rose to speak, clearing his throat—why, what else could he say?"

"GUILTY!"

"Poor little Barby!"

"The prisoner leaned forward," said the newspaper before quoted, "during the rendition of the verdict, catching the rail of the dock with both hands, watching intently a woman who sat with her face concealed near him, his wife, we understand. He showed no sign of emotion until she looked up at him. Then he changed his position, and was observed to heave a slow, heavy sigh."

When Dunn saw her look, a dull certainty came to him; for the first time, now, when it was forever too late.

"It might have been! It is not all for Richard's sake," he thought.

The judge had been talking for some moments to him unheard. If there had been a time when they waited for him to speak, it was gone by, he had not heeded it. "I used to try to do right," said Dunn to himself, vaguely; his mind going back to God only knows when, and staring out of the dirty, square window at the patch of drifting sky, thinking that God was there, after all, and could see—

"And there be hung by the neck until you are dead," said Judge C—, concluding.

That was the end of it—all. The end of it—yes. He waited a moment with his eyes closed, and then turned and motioned to the officer to lead him out. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WILL'S ORANGE-FLOWERS.

BY EDITH M. CLARE.

SHE opened the letter too quickly,  
Not knowing these buds were there,  
And out fell the snowy-leaved shower—  
These blossoms of beauty rare.

Our forests are robed so gayly,  
With hues of tropic dye;  
But 'twas the hectic of decay—  
For Autumn passeth by.

Far away, on a sunny island,  
Where hostile flags stream out;  
Where an army in sullen silence,  
Guards all the coast about,  
A soldier gathered these blossoms,  
Thinking of home as he sent  
O'er the sea his fragile treasure,  
With loving message blent.

Oh! his bronzed cheek glowed the deeper,  
And his blue eye grew so dim,  
For he thought of brown-haired Maggie  
Waiting and watching for him—

For him awaiting and praying,  
Her soldier loyal and true;  
Following, through fields of carnage,  
The red, and white, and blue.

Some time, when the war is ended,  
The sword returned to its sheath,  
She'll stand by his side, little Maggie,  
Wearing Will's orange-flower wreath.  
Till then to wait she is willing;  
But if God should take her Will;  
Poor Maggie 'll say, through her weeping,  
"God bless our country still!"

Ah! there's many a Maggie among us;  
Some waiting for Will to come;  
And some—oh! the sorrow and darkness—  
Mourn in a desolate home.  
Some time, in God's beautiful justice,  
With Heavenly love replete,  
Somewhere, in bright sunshine and gladness,  
These Wills and Maggies shall meet.

YOUTH'S DREAMLAND.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

OUR days are slipping by;  
Their sandaled tread falls heedless on the ear,  
Yet here and there some landmarks will appear,  
To catch the casual eye.

Life looks so bright and fair  
To young hearts in its amarantine bowers;  
A Summer day, with birds, and bees, and flowers,  
And sunshine everywhere.

The streamlet in the vale,  
Whose dewy lips caress the lily's cheek,  
Seems in soft lullabys to speak,  
Soothing the wind's low wail.

The pale white cloud that smiles  
Along its pathway in the upper deeps,

Is but a fairy bark, within which sleeps  
Some queen of Heavenly isles.

Night holds her rich levee,  
And sends us messages upon the dew:  
The stars that glisten in the vault of blue,  
Sweet angel eyes may be.

Oh! brilliant youthful dreams!  
Oh! world of beauty to unpracticed eyes!  
Thou art more lovely than the star-lit skies,  
With all their silver beams.

Let hope still linger bright  
Amid the tempests on life's stormy sea;  
Our boat will weigh its anchor soon, and we  
Bid last adieu to-night.

## TAMING A HUSBAND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

TOM RENSFORD had ruled everything that came near him, from the time he could lisp broken syllables enough to announce his sovereign will to his mother, who seemed inclined to make amends for having been unnecessarily strict with her elder children, by completely spoiling this youngest fledgling.

A pleasant fellow, when he had his own way, was Tom; a favorite in society, and, I grieve to say, an arrant flirt, so perfect in the accomplishment, owing to the assiduity with which he had improved his natural gifts in that line, that it was as marvelous to witness his performances as those of a conjurer.

Tom was tired of a bachelor life, and while the idea was fresh in his mind of having a home of his own, kept in perfect order by a pretty little fairy, who would worship and reverence him as a superior being, he wooed and won his ideal, after a brief courtship, which was as pretty as possible; for, when Tom was in the humor, nobody could make a more charming gallant or companion.

I did not reach town until some weeks after Tom and his bride had returned from the inevitable honeymoon trip, and were comfortably established in their little gem of a house, where you may be sure there was everything for Tom's convenience, while he might be in the mood for staying at home.

"I have not married from any exaggerated passion," Tom said to me, when we met and were talking matters over. "My wife is the darlinest little thing in the world! No petticoat government for me—no sour looks if I happen to glance at another woman. I intend to be an example to all husbands, present and to come."

I knew before what his ideas in regard to matrimony were, but he took the pains to enlarge considerably upon them, and I thought to myself what a patient slave his darling of a wife would become.

My fancy went forward to the lonely evenings that would overtake her before six months had gone; the bitter knowledge which must come, if she had any soul at all, that her husband looked upon her as something to nestle contentedly in the outer folds of his heart, to make pleasant

the hours which the world and some passing amusement did not fill; and I pitied her for the bitter experiences which lay before her.

"I wouldn't for an empire have married one of your brilliant, showy women, such as a man likes to flirt with," said Tom, when he had summed up his opinions in a brilliant period, which made me pity more and more the darling little wife.

Not that I feared she would have to submit to any absolute wrong—but Tom would flirt; he would go on in his old selfish, careless, easy way, and I understood how it would be possible for such conduct to wear peace and youth out of a woman's heart, as effectually as if there were some actual blow struck at her happiness, which would overwhelm it in one dark chaos.

So I went home to luncheon with Tom, thinking of all those things, and was duly presented to his wife.

She was, in truth, a sweet little creature—that just expressed it. Small and delicate, with winning manners—not gay, but cheerful and bright, giving to her house that indescribable air of home which so few dwellings possess, evidently quite devoted to Tom, and yet—Before we had done luncheon, I had ceased to have any fears for her future, and began to think it possible that my friend had yet to learn several lessons which I had always wanted to see him taught—being my very particular friend, of course I enjoyed the idea all the more.

I really cannot tell you on what grounds I based my opinion; yet I declare that, after that first interview, I never pitied the fragile, delicate-looking creature, and waited quietly to see her prove herself a consummate general when the moment arrived for a decisive marshaling of her forces.

It was before the days of "Lady Audley's Secret," so one did not suspect every golden-haired woman of having several spare husbands hidden in old wells; but there were certain signs in the face of Blossom—that was what Tom called her—which I never yet saw fail as an index of character, and which, if they proved true, would hinder the possibility of her ever being flung aside, as is the fate of so many blossoms held for a season with such tender care.

She was so slight and fragile that she would have almost had the appearance of ill health, only there was nothing bony about her; and the paleness of her cheeks seemed to go as naturally with the spiritual purity of her face as the untinted whiteness of a lily.

When the features were in repose the small mouth shut together so firmly; the eyelids drooped over the soft, watchful eyes that were, oh! so beautifully sly; and when she took your hand, the slender fingers met across yours in a firm, nervous pressure, which did not coincide at all with the first idea of fragility which her appearance gave.

Slight signs, you will say—watch for yourself, that's all. There were two others—her voice, usually, was a weak, almost shrill soprano; but when she talked seriously, it would sink to a contralto key, that showed the other woman, the spirit inside, awake and alert; and whenever she sat silent and thoughtful, the toe of her slipper was pressed as hard and firmly on the carpet as if she were crushing something under it, and never would lift it till there was no life left in her enemy.

Tom was having his own way completely, as he always had it—of that he was perfectly certain, and I am sure it seemed apparent enough.

Only among the cold meat sauces Tom did not find a hot, diabolical East Indian compound, with which he was fond of running the coats of his stomach, and he said,

"Touch the bell, Blossom, that stupid man has forgotten the——" (really, I cannot attempt to spell the name.)

"Oh, Tom!" said Blossom, in her childish tones, "please don't eat it. I am sure you will get burned up with it some day."

Tom laughed, and she appealed to me; but, of course, Tom had his own way, and Blossom rang the hand-bell like an obedient little fairy as she was, and gave the order herself in such a sweet, pretty voice, that it must have been a pleasure, I am sure, to be her servant.

"You may just bring the whole bottle, William," she said. "I know it is not so good poured into a cruet," she added, to Tom; "for I have heard uncle James say so."

And Tom called her a thoughtful little witch, and looked at me to envy him for possessing such a treasure.

The bottle was brought in, and Mrs. Rensford took it from the servant's hand, asking,

"Haven't you made a mistake?"

While she was examining the label in her possession for that dear, old Tom, he was saying to me,

"It is the most wonderful sauce imaginable—that is the only bottle I could find; and I don't suppose I could get another short of Calcutta. Fred Norris brought it to me; you only want a few drops—it's heavenly."

"It's dreadful stuff," cried Blossom; "and I'm sure you'll say so. Tom, dear, give me one nice mouthful of the pate with it on—I want to make a face."

"Oh, ho! so you give in, that my way must be best," said Tom.

"As if I was likely to think anything else," laughed Blossom; "it's too much trouble to think for myself."

She gave one of her ecstatic little shakes; the next thing was a scream—a crash—the bottle had fallen from her hand, and the red liquid was distilling slowly over the white table-cloth and velvet carpet.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she moaned. "You'll never forgive me. Oh! I'd rather have cut my hand off!"

She was almost crying; she made such an abominable fuss that Tom could do nothing but soothe her, declare it was no matter, and kiss her, so that she might be sure he was not angry.

I should have thought it all real enough, only a little foolish, and decided that she was a baby; but I caught one glimpse of her eyes over Tom's shoulder—there was premeditated destruction of bottles in them, if ever I saw it in any eyes!

I ate my luncheon, smoked a cigar, heard Blossom sing; and before I went away, Tom found an opportunity to tell me again he had married just as he had always determined to; and I departed, chuckling, as we always must, when we know that our friends are going to pay up for all past sins, with the instrument of retribution, the most innocent appearing thing in the world, selected to aid their comfort.

So, for a few months, matters went on very brightly; Tom made an attentive husband while the romance lasted; but I did not forget to watch the pair any the less.

Before spring, Tom was beginning to take up his old habits again, and I doubt if Blossom either coaxed or pouted, "she was such a good, yielding little thing."

About that time, a dashing widow from Montreal began making a brief sensation in society—a brilliant creature, with coquetry enough, derived from French ancestresses, to have been sufficient for a half-dozen women.

I remember the first time Rensford met her. It was at a great ball, given for the benefit of some association or other, gotten up by a set of

fashionable women, who liked to work for these charities in an agreeable manner.

Madam was waltzing, and it really made one dizzy to watch her as she spun round in the arms of a dashing young officer who couldn't dance at all, according to Tom's verdict.

"A splendid woman!" Tom said, and he left Blossom to my tender mercies, while he went off to obtain an introduction to this dark-eyed divinity.

It was the first time since their marriage that he had indulged in any open, downright flirtation, and I watched Blossom all the evening to see how she would take it.

Very quietly, indeed; but before the night was over, I saw that, however pleasantly she might be talking, her mouth would settle into the firm, hard lines; and those restless eyes, with their wonderful faculty of seeing everything from under the downcast lashes, never once lost sight of the pair who were flirting in a sufficiently marked manner to make people say,

"Tom Rensford has gone back to his old habits; I thought marriage wouldn't cure him! I wonder how his wife likes it; she looks too meek to complain."

I am sure Blossom must have overheard similar observations herself, for I did several times when I was standing near her; but whatever she heard, or whatever she saw, Blossom made no sign.

And driving home, when Tom was wondering if Blossom would pout a little, and require to be broken into this sort of thing, and prepared to be very cross if she said a word on account, perhaps, of some little conscientious pangs. But she agreeably surprised him by chatting as pleasantly as possible over the events of the evening, neither avoiding nor forcing in the black-eyed Canadian's name. Tom was fairly puzzled, and did not know at all what to make of a proceeding so novel to him in feminine tactics.

That night broke the ice, and Tom plunged over head and ears into a sea of flirtation that fairly made the most accustomed marvel.

The Canadian was a good deal admired by the men, the chief reason, probably, which made Tom so much in earnest; and though her manners and daring speeches caused her to be dreadfully canvassed and criticised by the women, she was well received in society, thanks to the standing of the relatives whom she was visiting.

Blossom bore it like an angel, people said. I thought she suffered things to go on very much as a wily old Indian chief might allow a reckless

band to march unmolested through his country, waiting patiently until they reached the precise spot where not one could escape from the ambush he had ready for them.

Tom and the widow rode—Tom and the widow drove; he waltzed with her, and leaned over her at the opera, and she listened to his pretty speeches, and looked in his face with her eloquent black eyes, and cared no more for him than she did for one of the red camellias in her hair, only she liked to drag him about at her chariot-wheels, in the hope that she was annoying somebody.

Toward the last, Blossom was so meek and quiet that the black-eyed one treated her with a sort of patronizing indifference, very much as if she were a child who could be frowned into proper behavior. But she hardly found that a safe performance, for before long Blossom was sure to find some quiet way of stinging her, but so artlessly, in such an unintentional manner, that even those who enjoyed it only thought she stumbled on the revenge by accident, and would have been frightened out of her little wits if she had known what she was saying.

I only wanted to give you the end of the affair, so I may spare myself the trouble of relating any more details of how it went on day after day.

We were all at one of Mrs. Foster's dreadful jams, and Tom and the widow had performed rather worse than usual. I made up my mind that, cold-blooded as I knew she was, if the affair went on much longer, she would get herself more abused from her recklessness than other women, from being weak enough to indulge in real feelings in what begins as a mere flirtation.

Tom was putting her cloak on for her at the door of the dressing-room, and I heard him ask her if she would be at Mrs. Plain's concert the next night. First she thought not—then she was undecided; and at last he begged her to let him know before the time came, for he should not go unless she did.

"Oh! you will have to go to wait on your wife," said she.

"You know I will not stir except for the pleasure of seeing you," he answered.

"But I can't let you call on me to-morrow," returned the widow; "my husband's old uncle is in town, and I have to devote the day to him."

"But you might write to me—"

"You most impudent of men!"

"Only a line—it would make me so happy to have such a souvenir to cherish."

Then a great deal more nonsense, and at last the widow said,

"If I do go, I'll send you a bouquet of violets, that can't make your wife jealous, flowers are so innocent."

Somebody slipped by me and entered the dressing-room at the other door—it was Blossom. I waited tranquilly; I saw her face, and I knew the pair had reached her red Indian ambush at last.

The next day I called at the house on some business errand for Tom, and as I went up the steps, a bright-looking Italian boy was leaving a bunch of violets with the servant—but it was not the man—an old woman who had been with Blossom for years was at the door.

Tom was out; I went into the library and wrote a note. While I sat there I walked Blossom, and in her hand was the bunch of violets.

I only wanted to know if the old woman at the door was a chance; and I asked Blossom if I might send William, the man, on an errand.

"So sorry," said Blossom, sweetly, "but I gave William a holiday. Tom was going to be out and wouldn't want him, and so my old Lucy has been doing his work."

I went away grave as a judge, and while I was eating my dinner, there came a note from Tom.

Would I call and take Blossom to the concert? He didn't want to go; there was a private card-supper at the club. If I would be good-natured he should be greatly obliged.

Of course, I called at the house, talked awhile with Tom; and as he told me everything, he told me without the slightest hesitation the reason he did not go to the concert—the widow would not be there.

Down came Blossom wrapped in her white opera cloak, and off we drove. It was late when we got into the rooms; there was a pause in the music, and people were walking about and talking, with the feeling of relief they experience when they have been forced to keep their tongues still for an hour.

Blossom looked like a little dove in her charming dress; but I nearly died when I saw that the only decoration in her hair was the bunch of violets the widow had sent Tom.

We promenaded, and did our share of being agreeable; and before long we stumbled on a little knot of people collected about the Canadian, who was tremendously gotten up, and really looked like a modern Cleopatra.

I knew Blossom was going to strike her grand coup, and I waited as I would to have discovered the denouement of one of Planche's comedettas.

She had got close to the widow—she had been unusually cordial in her greeting. I saw the Canadian look round in surprise at not seeing Tom; then her eyes fell on the bunch of violets, and the queerest mingling of perplexity and rage shot into her eyes that I ever witnessed.

"I have a message for you," said Blossom, in her childish way, "but I must whisper it."

She bent over the widow, and in a whisper that would have done credit to Rachel, for it was distinctly audible to the whole group; though you would have sworn she supposed it only reached the ear for which it was meant, meek little Blossom said,

"Tom got your violets, dear madam, and I told him he was a monster for breaking his word and not coming when you let him know, as you promised, if you decided to be here. But he would not give up a horrid whist party, and he said I must wear the violets. Husband and wife should share alike, he vowed, and these were to be my part of your pleasant flirtation, which, I dare say, has amused you as much as it has us."

Everybody heard; but it was so innocently done, that I can give you no idea of the effect. I verily believe some of the people only thought Tom had been boasting about his conquest, and she was fool enough to be pleased.

As for the widow—she did not break a blood-vessel, but she must have been very near it. She tried to laugh, to stammer out something; but the blow had been too sudden and too dreadful. I am sure her head whirled so that she saw a whole garden of violets instead of the one little bunch nestled among those golden curls. I knew it was all over with Tom—she had a most horrible temper; she would never allow an explanation, and would hate him to her dying day, believing that he had been making a dupe of her, and that he had laughed the matter over with his wife from the first.

The next day I went into an exhibition of paintings which was just opened, and Tom Rensford overtook me at the door. There was a great crowd, and as we moved along we came face to face with the widow, leaning on her uncle's arm.

Tom stopped just beside her; she raised her eyes and looked him full in the face, with no more appearance of recognition than if he had been a post.

"These stupid, vulgar New Yorkers," said she, quietly, to her companion; "if one dances with them at a ball, they have the impertinence to suppose they are one's acquaintances hence-



forth. She passed on, and Tom stood turned to stone.

There never was any chance for a reconciliation; and somehow people began to talk so much about the widow, that she took herself back to Montreal; and Blossom wore violets for a month after, without Tom ever comprehending what a horrible insolence they were.

You are by no means to suppose that my gentleman was cured of his propensities for flirting. As yet he had not gained the slightest inkling of Blossom's character; he no more connected her with the widow's conduct than he did the man in the moon.

It was not long before some new affair drove away the recollection of his anger.

It was an odd dance she led him, yet never was there a flirtation which she did not break up—and her devices were Protean.

But when the next summer, at Saratoga, she tried an entirely new "dodge," and did the martyr—the silent, uncomplaining martyr—with all the eloquence of a broken heart in her face, and the women fairly sent Tom to Coventry, he began to open his eyes; and looking back on the past months, he saw Blossom in a new light, though even yet he could not realize the truth.

He tried to quarrel with her—it was useless. He reproached her for going about with such a melancholy face, and trying to make people think he abused her. Blossom was only innocently surprised—vowed she had been suffering agonies from a neuralgic attack; and by way of settling matters right, went off and told two old tabbies that such was the case—for Tom was afraid people would think she was unhappy, and she would not have anybody suppose so for the world.

It was impossible to quarrel with her—impossible to circumvent her devices, or even catch her in them; but I don't believe there was a woman flirted with Tom during that year, without paying dearly for it. He began to shudder at the reputation he was getting; for his old relations came and talked to him, and wrote to him reproving letters; and yet, what had Blossom to do with it all? Poor little Blossom was as gentle and affectionate as ever, petting him, giving way, and looking more fragile and delicate than ever, and yet gradually winding Master Tom up in the meshes of a web which would entangle him completely before he discovered that, for once in his life, he had met his match, and was being governed in the sanctuary of home, where his sway was to have been so absolute.

But once back in town, the experience of the past had not made Tom any wiser in reality; and among the first evenings he went to see the new French company play, he met with his fate for the—I cannot pretend to tell you the number of times.

You remember Coralie Jussac—she was the one. People always said all sorts of dreadful things about her, and, of course, for one reason that made her popular. The truth was, she did not deserve the half they said; and there was a certain freshness and impulsiveness about her which would have always left her with a great deal more real good at her heart than was ever possessed by three-quarters of her traducers:

This time Tom was terribly in earnest—more so than I had ever seen him; and I began to fear that Blossom would go down before the storm. Mistress of diplomacy though she was, I did not well see how she was going to make headway against this new rebellion from her insecurely seated supremacy.

Tom gave charming suppers; and Coralie never refused to go. She took no presents, and treated his love-making quite as she did that of the rest of the men about her—and I happen to know, that one and all had their trouble for their pains, as the saying is.

Whatever poor Coralie's past might cover up, she had left the ruins of a fresh young heart lying somewhere in it; and whether she was governed by any newly formed principle or not, there was the memory of the old love and the old trouble to keep her from downright wickedness—and that is a great safeguard to a woman who possesses both sentiment and imagination.

But Tom flung himself at her head or heart with all the recklessness of his character. I saw that after a time she began to separate him in her thoughts from the young fops or hardened libertines who crowded about her, determined, at least, to have the pleasure of ruining by their attentions what little reputation she had, since they could meet with no other reward.

Tom had the merit of being in earnest, and there is a great deal in that, let me tell you.

I once heard one of the most renowned French rouses of modern days, when asked for the secret of his successes, give the answer,

"I was always in love myself!"

It is mean and pitiful enough, in all conscience, to acknowledge that one's capability of loving is a sort of kaleidoscope; but it is better than being cold-blooded, or a poor miserable creature of vanity.

And Tom was in earnest—he began to make

himself ridiculous; and yet all he had gained with Coralie was the feeling I have described.

I think his own house was the only one where the matter was not beginning to be talked over; but between him and Blossom there had not been the slightest allusion to the thing—and Tom was quite in doubt whether any rumors had reached her ears.

I never felt it my duty to lecture him—thank you; I learned the folly of that, where my friends are concerned, a great many years ago. The consequence of my reticence was, he did not fight so shy of me; and what little good I could do I did. I don't wish to take any credit to myself, the Lord knows. It was little enough, and very likely it would have been less if it had cost me much trouble.

About that time a man connected with one of the daily journals, became offended with Coralie, and began lavishing the most horrible abuse on her and her acting; and the poor creature was made really ill by it; and she sent for me to come and see her.

I was sitting with her, and trying to propose some way of settling the matter, when a card was brought up, which Coralie read, and handed to me, saying,

"What can that mean?"

I read the following lines:

"A lady interested in you has just returned from a visit to the editor of the Daily ——. She has received from him an assurance that he was unaware of the attacks made upon you in his paper, and a pledge that they shall cease at once. If this seems to you a favor, you can confer one in return, by granting the writer an interview.

I recognized the hand, but was silent. Coralie bade her servant show the lady up, and pushed me into another room, though I heard the details of the meeting a long time after.

Very soon the door opened, and in walked the stranger, whom Coralie sprang forward to receive with most exaggerated French protestations of gratitude, and a hearty flood of tears—her visitor was Tom Rensford's Blossom.

"I do not know how to thank you, madam," said Coralie, in her pretty, broken English; "you give me back my courage—my life."

"Perhaps you can do something for me in return," replied Blossom, pleasantly.

"I would give you my right hand!" cried Coralie; "yes, my heart's blood!"

"Then I will tell you who I am—you will understand matters at once. I am Mrs. Rensford."

Coralie was frightened at first. The lady's

calmness reassured her. Then she declared, frankly, that it was only Tom's folly—she knew it very well; he made love to her as all men thought they had a right to—but madam might believe—

"I do," interrupted Blossom, "and that is why I have come to you. My husband has forgotten himself so far as to write you a letter, proposing an elopement—"

"But he is mad!"

"You will consent," said Blossom.

"I? Never! I don't wish to run away with any man—why should I?"

"You will answer his letter, and consent to fly with him; to go at once—on the steamer which sails to-morrow for Havana."

Coralie looked puzzled.

"But, promise to run away? Really I don't care one bit for your husband, dear madam. I will never make you unhappy. I will not see him again. I have had no letter—"

"No—it is in my pocket! Sit down and write what I wish, as briefly as you please."

"But what an idea! I can't oblige you, dear lady, in that particular way. I don't want to run away with your husband."

"But I do!" said Blossom.

The whole plot dawned on the actress' mind, and she screamed with delight.

"I see it all—you will cure him! Oh! he cannot contend against such a general."

The two women sat there, and held a long conversation; and I don't know which enjoyed it most—a great pleasure to poor Coralie to be talked with freely, and as an equal, by a woman of Blossom's position, and a delicious novelty to the tactician to find herself able to see with her own eyes what the wonderful arts and powers were which those queens of an hour discovered to rule men's hearts.

That very evening Tom Rensford told Blossom he was obliged to go to Havana for a few weeks, and that she could not accompany him. There were no tears from the model wife—she submitted as patiently as she had done to the rest of his caprices.

I cannot pretend to tell you what he thought, or how he felt. I dare say he neither thought nor felt at all. He had worked himself into one of those frenzies in which a man never stops to consider what he is about to sacrifice, neither reflects nor cares; and the blacker the ruin in which he involved himself, the more madly he plunged into it.

The steamer was to have sailed at noon. It was detained by a telegram from Washington, and would not leave until evening.

Tom had not seen Coralie since he received the hurried answer she wrote to his mad letter, which he, perhaps, never expected would have met such a response.

The boat was under weigh. He stood on deck looking back at the city, for the first time realizing what an egregious idiot he had made of himself, and ready to put a bullet through his ridiculous head.

Coralie he had not seen; she was to meet him on the steamer; and when he went down to her state-room, she thrust a paper out, on which was written,

"I cannot see you yet; leave me to myself till the boat is out of sight of land."

He paced up and down the deck in the twilight, and drove himself nearly mad with his own reflections. Eloping was by no means the pleasant thing he had thought it—why he should be ruined! This little trip could never be kept a secret—ruined, and for what? He began to think of Blossom—his poor, ill-treated wife. It seemed to him that he had never loved any woman as he did that patient, child-like creature.

If he could only recall the last two days! Well, it was of no use to lament now. He stamped up and down with feverish anxiety, while other people were disappearing, one by one, overtaken by the first clutch of sea-sickness. After awhile he could bear his own reflections no longer; the deck was deserted by this time, for a fine rain had begun to fall, and driven off those whom incipient nausea had not taken before—and Tom turned to follow their example. He saw Coralie coming toward him—he recognized her cloak. He went forward to meet her, saying, drearily enough,

"You mustn't stay here—it rains hard. I dare say you wish yourself back on shore. Well, watery journies are silly things."

"I don't mind the rain, and I expect to enjoy this trip very much. It was nice of you to prepare me such a surprise."

That voice—that— He had no time to be dramatic; the lady turned—it was Blossom.

"Tom," said she, gently, "I have been watching you for the last half-hour. I think you had begun to realize the punishment you had prepared for yourself."

"How came you here—what does this mean?"

"That you and I are going to Havana, as a husband and wife may very properly do. Now, Tom, just listen to me, and don't speak; we can settle our future lives in a very few words. You have thought me a baby, to be played with and stood aside when you were not in the humor. I am, on the contrary, a woman, strong to feel, and quite your equal in intellect. You can see what your passion for excitement has brought you to——"

"Oh! Blossom, Blossom!"

"You may now decide whether you will be in truth my husband; whether you will prove yourself worthy of my forgiveness, or I shall go back to New York on that pilot boat you see yonder, and before you return, shall have taken measures to free myself from you. Look back on the past year, Tom!"

The rain was falling faster. Tom was wet, sea-sick, and miserable—and there he shivered out ample confession.

Tom was very ill during the trip. Blossom showed him another note from Coralie, telling him she had only laughed at him all the while.

They made the voyage, staid several weeks in Havana, and then returned. People gossiped, but never knew the truth.

Blossom and Tom moved into the country when spring came; and they remained there for several years. The last visit I paid them, Tom was meekly dangling his youngest baby in his arms, looking fat, easy, and happy; and his Blossom shined by the dinner she marshaled, that she preserved her powers as a general.

The truth is, he doesn't dare say his soul is his own, and is only too grateful for being governed.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY O. P. BUTTON.

As in the lone desert the wanderer turns  
His languid eyes to where the date-tree tells  
Of good, green herbage, and of crystal wells,  
Where he may quench the fire that in him burns;  
Where for the time he may forget his pain,  
And rise refreshed to tread the waste again;  
So in the future there may come a day,  
When may the cares of life thy mind annoy;  
Sorrow may spring where thou hadst looked for joy.

Or dear friends called by Providence away;  
Or the gay fabrics which thy hopes have reared,  
Like the false mirage, may have disappeared.

A green spot in the desert then may prove  
This book to thee. Each sacred page shall tell  
Some name—some honor'd name, remember'd well—  
And teem with works of friendship and of love.  
May the perusal of thy woes beguile,  
And light up tears of sadness with a smile.

## THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

### CHAPTER X.

AWAY from his home, in the depths of a forest that, to him, seemed vast as the world itself, Albert, the idiot boy, wandered alone with his dog, Wasp. The gentle wiling had traveled on and on, following the dog with such calm patience as a Christian feels under the guide of a pure religious faith. He had but one hope, and no fear. Where Wasp took the guidance all must go well. Hitherto their path had led them from hamlet to hamlet, where a crust of bread and a cup of milk were never withheld at the cotter's door; but now they had followed a bridle-path, which seemed to lead into interminable woods, and the slender boy grew faint with hunger; his feet stumbled and faltered with fatigue; his eyes were heavy, and at last filled with tears.

Wasp looked in his face with almost human intelligence. He ran up and down the path briskly, as if to say, "It is only a little farther; keep up courage."

But Albert had done his best—fatigue and hunger took away his strength. He faltered, reeled, and attempted to sit down on a fragment of stone that broke the turf where he stood. But Wasp darted upon him and seized his tunic, dragged him toward a boulder of stone, tangled up with the roots of an old oak, from under which the waters of a spring gushed with pleasant murmurs.

Albert was athirst, for he had tasted no drink that day, nor food during that time. Kneeling down, he refreshed himself, while the dog lapped the silvery coolness a little lower down, keeping his soft, honest eyes on the idiot as he drank. When his thirst was assuaged, the boy looked around for some bank or mound on which to rest himself. Wasp ran eagerly forward, as if understanding his gentle master's wish; and when Albert sunk upon a heap of grassy earth a little refreshed, but still weak and spiritless, the delighted animal began to leap around him, barking forth such encouragement as a human being might have given.

The idiot boy gave way utterly, his head sunk slowly on his breast, his eyes closed, and directly he settled down into a slumber so pro-

found that it seemed like death. Wasp ceased his gambols, and stood looking on that pale face with almost human wistfulness. The pinched features were so painfully white that all life seemed frozen out of them. The dog at last broke into a pitiful whine, and creeping close to the exhausted boy, softly licked his lips. No response was given—scarcely a breath stirred the pallor of those lips.

All at once the dog sprang off the bank and darted into the woods, careering through underbrush and ferns like a mad creature. Then his pace slackened, the eager look in his eyes grew cunning and thoughtful. He sought a thicket, and creeping under the clustering leaves, lay motionless, but with a fiery gleam of the eyes brightening through the leaves. As he lay waiting thus, a very young fawn came across an open glade searching for its mother. Wasp began to quiver all over; his fore paws were pressed eagerly into the soil, and his ears trembled like the leaves around him. A bound, a low, eager yelp, and the pretty fawn lay upon the forest turf bleeding, and with a dull film creeping over his beautiful eyes. Before it was quite dead, Wasp seized his prey by the neck and dragged it toward the spot where Albert lay, pausing now and then to give out short, joyous barks. At last, he dragged the little animal close to the bank where Albert still slept, and, frantic with a consciousness of success, began to pull at the idiot's garments with his teeth, and yelp out his triumph.

All this was insufficient. The boy slept on utterly exhausted, and scarcely breathing; the dog lay down whining piteously. His eyes turned from the dead fawn to the scarcely more life-like form of his master, as if something like reason were struggling in his nature. Again he sprang up, seized the lad's tunic with teeth and paws, and shook it violently.

Albert was partially aroused by this. Pressing both his trembling hands on the earth, he half lifted himself up and cast a dreamy look around. The dead fawn gave him no suggestion of food; he fell back faint and trembling.

Wasp made no farther effort to arouse him,

but darted off along a forest-path which instinct told him must lead to some habitation. For a mile or more, this forest-path ran along the margin of a small river, one of those bright, sparkling streams that make a riot of silvery noises as they pass along. In high courage Wasp trotted onward, too earnest in his purpose for any side issues, to which overtame birds and venturesome hares were constantly tempting him. If anxiety and distress ever did rest in the eyes of a dumb animal, Wasp experienced these feelings to a wonderful extent. But nothing presented itself to give hope of relief for the master he had left behind. True, the narrow path widened into a bridle-road, and occasionally Wasp sniffed at a hoof-mark on the turf with more than canine sagacity. He was now on the very outskirts of the forest. Hawthorn hedges and wild vines trailed along the river's bank, garlanding it with shadows of trembling green. More than once the dog broke through this tangled undergrowth, and looked up and down the stream, but no human habitation was near; and after a prolonged search he trotted into the path again.

A third time he forced a passage to the brink of the stream, and saw a tiny boat lying close to the shore, with an awning of crimson silk and cushioned seats. Wasp made a great leap over thickets and brambles back to the bridle-path, and raced forward like a comet. Now the river took a series of serpentine wanderings, shooting in and out through rocks and rough grounds that broke up that portion of the forest into picturesque beauty. All at once a sudden curve of the stream brought him in view of the hunting-lodge, which Edward had so cordially resigned to his kinsman and favorite. It is impossible to imagine a more lovely spot than that wild nook of forest, glade, and water, which the lodge occupied. The waves of that bright, restless stream were limpid and broken up with active, jubilant motion, which turned the sunshine into dancing silver whenever a gleam fell on them through the leafage of the forest trees. In and out the river wound its way, sending a thousand vagrant flashes of silver through the rich green, till it curved like a bow around one of the most beautiful promontories that ever completed a miniature sketch of Paradise. On this promontory stood the lodge, which was built of gray stone, and consisted of a broad, square tower, battlemented at the top, and looming just high enough to cast its shadow across the belt of sparkling waters which almost surrounded it, quieting them into strange sadness

both at morning and eventide. Some of the noblest forest trees in old England were grouped on the promontory, and sheltered the tower, which had a heavily sculptured portal, and was lighted by many a narrow window looking out upon the forest glades and down upon the water. Some of these windows were enriched with stained glass; and, where the finest view could be obtained, three windows were thrown together and opened on a stone balcony, over which a great bough from one of the oaks stretched itself like a living banner. There was no appearance of neglect or decay around the tower. Solitary as it was, an air of cheerfulness pervaded it, for the sunlight came in upon it in long, pleasant gleams; the turf around it was thick with flowers; and a thousand wild-birds were singing cheerily to the soft chime of dancing waves and rustling leaves.

But other signs of life soon became visible to the sharp eyes of little Wasp. While the evening shadows were softly lengthening themselves on the grass, the window which opened on the balcony was unclosed, and Maud Chichester stepped out. She leaned over the stone balustrade, and looked eagerly down a bridle-path that wound along the margin of the river. A shade of disappointment came to her face when she saw nothing but a deer stalking across it, moving quietly toward his covert for the night.

Still some vague expectation that had brought her to the window kept possession of her. She settled down upon one knee, and, resting her hand upon the balustrade, watched the path with wistful anxiety. The bark of a dog, wild, exuberant, and ringing, brought her to her feet. An exclamation, half terror, half surprise, trembled on her lips. Wasp landed beneath the balcony with a great outcry, and, making a wild series of leaps, absolutely landed on the stonework at her feet. Here he growled and whined, and begged piteously with his almost soul-lit eyes, for help.

Struck with astonishment by his presence, Maud stood looking down upon him almost in terror. How came the dog so far from his home? Had the old yeoman followed her so close? The thought filled her with dread. She would have given worlds to question that dumb creature; but could only look with a frightened stare into his eyes, and repeat again and again,

"Wasp, why—why, Wasp, have you found me out? Poor fellow! poor fellow! how glad he is."

Wasp recognized these words with a dumb look of appeal, and a whine that went to her heart.

"Wasp, Wasp—are you hurt, or do you want something?" The dog seized her tunic of crimson silk with his teeth, and attempted to draw her through the window. She followed him at once, snatched her mantaline from the back of a chair, and went out through the great stone hall, sure that something painful had happened. Away rushed Wasp on a sharp run, which baffled all her attempts to keep up with him. He never went quite out of sight, but returned again and again to make sure that she followed.

At last Maud came suddenly upon the form of poor Albert, lying prone and deathly on the earth. His sunken eyes, and the blue shadows that had settled around that innocent mouth frightened her. She stooped down and touched the pale hand. It was then inert, but not cold. Maud began to understand the strait into which the poor witting had fallen. He must have wandered away, miles and miles, with his dog, and oppressed with hunger and fatigue, had laid down to die. She knelt down, lifted the pale head between her hands, and, kissing it tenderly, laid it back on the turf again; and motioning Wasp to remain behind, hurried back to the lodge.

When Maud came back again, two men and a woman followed her. The first carried a basket filled with bread and wine. The two men were strong and stalwart fellows, to whose powerful strength the light form of the idiot boy was nothing.

Regardless of her silken tunic, Maud sat down upon the turf, and again lifted Albert's head to her lap. Taking a crystal flask from the basket, she forced those pale lips asunder, and poured some of the wine down the poor witting's throat.

At first the lad could not swallow, and the drops trickled slowly from his lips, turning this pallor to a blood red. But Maud persevered, and directly the delicate white throat began to stir with life; the boy opened his soft, blue eyes with sudden animation, recognized Maud, and closed them again with a heavenly smile beaming over his face.

"Albert, my poor boy, tell me, if you can, how this happened?" she said, kissing that beautiful face again and again.

His eyes opened once more wide and innocent as an infant's.

"It was Wasp, he brought me. Oh! a famous dog is our Wasp; he knows all about the whole world. We talked it over under the larch-trees. Wasp and I set out together."

"But how did you find the way hither?"

"I—I din't—Wasp knew!"

"Poor lad! Poor lad! And you are almost starved!"

"Yes, I want something to eat—but after Wasp. I found haws and blackberries—he had nothing. But how strong he is—how he barks; give the bread to him."

Maud was attempting to feed the poor boy with some crumbs of white bread soaked in wine, but he resisted with considerable force.

"No, no! give it to Wasp! He had no berries!"

Maud flung a fragment of bread to the dog, who caught it eagerly; then Albert seized upon the crust, tearing it with his hands, and casting a fragment to the dog, as he devoured his own portion ferociously.

"Nay, you must not eat so much or so fast; it will harm you," said Maud, gently.

"I will—I am hungry! Give me more!" was the famished reply.

"Nay, boy, not yet. Wait a little."

"But I will have more!"

"Then Wasp will have none; see how he begs for it?" said Maud, with generous art.

"What, Wasp! Poor old fellow! Here it is!"

The lad tore the crust from between his very teeth, and, closing his eyes, flung it to his faithful companion, who received it with a bound in the air and yelp of hungry delight.

Albert tried to laugh in chorus; still his hunger was but partially appeased, and, instead of smiles, great tears ran down his cheeks.

"My poor lad," whispered Maud, bending over him, "wait a little, and you shall both have plenty. Can you sit up, Albert?"

The lad struggled to a sitting posture, and folding his hands, began to look about with a vague questioning gaze. "Only trees?" he murmured. "Do you live with the birds, or down below with the dead? I should like them, only they leap away, and give us nothing to eat."

"My dear Albert, I have a pretty home close by, where you shall have plenty to eat, and the birds will sing to you all day long."

"May I go there?" asked the lad, brightening.

"Indeed, you may."

"And Wasp?"

"Surely; is he not my old friend as well as yours?"

"Come, Wasp, come; we shall have plenty to eat, and—and birds to sing, and——"

The poor witting attempted to stand up, but he wavered, lost his balance, and fell back again, gasping for breath, and fainted quite away.

One of the servitors, at Maud's command,

lifted the lad in his arms, and carried him along the bridle-path till they came in sight of the little boat, which he entered, laying his burden on the cushions.

Some fifteen minutes after, the boat was moored under the promontory, and the stout arms of the servitor bore Albert into the lodge, gently, as if he had been an infant. They laid him upon a pile of cushions, which were hastily flung on the floor, and Maud again betook herself to applying restoratives. He recovered after a little, and at last was dropping off into a gentle slumber, when the sound of a bugle, blown apparently with some caution, made her start to her feet, and brought the warm blood richly to her face.

"It is he—it is his bugle!" she exclaimed, forgetting the boy, and everything else, in a burst of sudden joy.

Out upon the balcony she sprang, and leaned over, eager and quivering like a bird poisoning itself for flight. A solitary horseman was coming along the bridle-path at a rapid pace. His crimson mantaline gleamed out vividly against the greenness of the trees; but without that she would have known him as far as her eyes could reach. He saw the lady on the balcony flinging kisses toward him with both hands. Then his horse was put upon his speed, and directly stood panting before the entrance-door of the lodge, to which she had darted like an arrow.

"My lord!—my own, own lord!" she murmured, pausing upon the threshold, while a quiver of delight ran through her voice. "You have come, and I, oh, I am too happy!"

She ended the fond speech in her young husband's arms, and other sweet words which might have followed, were gathered up by his kisses.

"Maud, my beloved wife!"

That word never failed to send a thrill through her whole being.

"Come in, love! Come in!" she said, ashamed to let the daylight witness her happiness. "Come in and see how beautiful our home is. I have changed everything, always striving to think how my sweet lord would like it best."

The young man threw his arm around her waist and went into the great hall, smiling upon her.

Here he found the lofty walls hung with spears, battle-axes, and such rude implements of war as were known to the times. Many of these were cumbrously rich—for the lodge had, in some previous reign, been occasionally a royal residence, and was full of curious and costly relics.

"This," said Maud, brightening triumphantly under her husband's well-pleased gaze, "this is our armory. Mark where we have placed your coat of mail, which should, from its gold enlacements, have belonged to some monarch, where the light strikes it best. You shall tell me something of its history."

"Yes, sweetheart, when you and I tire of saying how much we love each other; but my lips have not yet learned to frame colder words, with those dear eyes gazing into mine."

The face of that young wife dimpled and glowed like an opening rose.

"Nay," she said, laughing pleasantly, as they went along, "why should we think of aught else. I never do, except—except—"

"Except! Well, except when, or what?" he questioned, a little seriously.

"Nay, if you speak so gravely, I will not answer."

"Better that you should not, if the answer would cast one shade on this happy moment, my own sweet bonnibel," was the reply.

"Then I will not say another word, for, in truth, I am very, very happy in this bright spot, which the most precious love that ever blest woman has chosen for my abode. Come, now, let us leave these grim antlers and war implements behind, I have something here that will surprise you as it did me; and, trust me, will give you pleasure, too."

She led the way into the circular bower-room, from which the balcony opened. Its oaken floor had been freshly strewed with rushes from the river's brink, interspersed with fern leaves and summer wild-flowers, that filled the room with a delicious fragrance. Couches covered with crimson silk; chairs of ebony, carved into wonderful richness; and cabinets delicately veined with coral or ivory, were contrasted with the tapestry which covered the walls in a glowing maze of colors. A ponderous mantle-piece of blackened oak filled one section of the room, the exquisite beauty of its carving was a wonder of art; bunches of game fell down each side in rich festoons, wrought so delicately, that the very plumage on the birds seemed to quiver in the wind; fruit and flowers, wreathed together in luxuriant profusion, surrounded it; and in the center was a royal crown, wrought to perfection, and lightly touched with gilding.

The young bridegroom cast a well pleased look around this apartment, filled with the pure breath of summer, which swept sweetly through the open sashes.

"This is, indeed, a change," he said, sitting down on one of the couches, and drawing Maud

to his side. "One might almost be content to live here forever without thought of the world beyond."

"Almost! Did you say, almost?" questioned Maud, with a look of child-like surprise. "Why, let me tell you, gentle sir——"

"Nay, call me Richard!"

"Well, so I will; but let me tell you this spot is simply Paradise."

"What, even when its master is away?"

"Ay, even then, for the very air is full of him. There is not a wild-flower which gives its breath to the air but it reminds one faithful heart of him. Everything sweet and gentle in nature speaks of him, as children prattle of their parents when away from them. Come hither, and I will show you the time-keeper by which I count the days and hours when I expect you."

Maud led her husband to the balcony, and pointed out a hawthorn tree which stood on the opposite bank of the stream beneath them.

"Look," she said, "when the shadow of those topmost branches falls across to this side, I say, with a sigh of wonderful satisfaction, another day is gone, and I am twenty-four hours nearer him than I was yester e'en. When a flower starts up and blossoms on the bank, I ask myself, will it perish before he comes, or brighten the path that brings him to me? But I forget everything in the sweet delirium of having you home again; walk hitherward and see what has happened. Some one has found us out!"

"Some one found us out!" exclaimed the young man, who called himself Richard. "Who—what? Can you speak of my secret so lightly woman?"

"Woman!" Maud repeated the word with a sort of terror, in touching contrast with the stern tones in which he had uttered it. She looked up timidly into his face and began to tremble, for it was stern and dark as the young wife had never seen it before.

"Richard, you frighten me," was her plaintive cry a moment after.

"What, I frighten my pretty Maud—what folly! But you were about to tell me something."

"Only that some one we both love has followed us from the farm-house at Barnet."

"Impossible! How could any one follow us—every precaution was taken?"

"Yes, yes; but no precaution can blind a heart that loves truly. Look here!"

Maud opened a side-door and revealed Albert lying upon a pile of cushions, with Wasp stretched on the floor, with both his fore paws planted on the boy's chest.

"See, it is only the idiot boy, who gathered flowers while we talked of love."

"The idiot! But how came he here? By what marvel did he learn the way?"

"I think his heart taught him," answered Maud.

"Ah, I see, that sharp, little dog is an old friend, also. But is this all? What evil is likely to follow this intrusion?"

"None; I will answer for it," answered Maud, half frightened. "He is but a witting, and only knows how to love and be faithful."

"But what can we do with him?"

"What we do with wild-birds when they seek the balcony yonder. Give him food, shelter, and gentle greeting, that is all he wants."

"But he may find his way back to Barnet, and so give a clue to our retreat."

"Nay, he loves me too well for that. Look on his poor face, he has almost perished in searching me out. Let us treat him kindly, and I have no fear that he will ever stray from this."

Wasp had taken his paws gently from Albert's breast, and, approaching the young couple while they conversed, looked from one face to the other, as if he comprehended the subject under discussion, and intended to hold a share in it.

"But the dog—he is sharp enough for anything. The boy may be safe; but we must kill this quick-witted cur!"

"What, kill Wasp?" cried Maud, in dismay.

"Oh, no, no! I will never consent to that."

"Not consent! Our safety depends upon it."

"Not so. You are only trying to frighten me. What, my poor dog, who followed me from my father's burning house, and gave me warning in time to escape the flames."

"But this very sagacity is full of peril to us."

"And of comfort, too. Oh, Richard! if you only knew how glad I was when these two helpless creatures came to me out of my old life."

"Then you began to feel the want of other society than mine, Maud?"

"Did I say that?" answered the young creature, with tears in her eyes. "Why, Richard, how can you ask these strange questions?"

"How can I, indeed, sweetheart? Why, this little storm will only make our life brighter. Come—come, I must not see this face clouded for a moment."

The young man threw his arm around Maud's waist once more, and, drawing her toward him, kissed the tears from her cheek, and wiled the look of affright from her face with caresses so exquisitely tender, that hate itself must have yielded to them.



"But you will not allow any one to harm the poor dog?" she said, anxiously.

"Nay, there will be little need; he will, doubtless, run away before morning," answered the youth, with quiet carelessness.

"That is kind," she cried, breaking into smiles again. "Wasp, Wasp, down at my lord's feet and thank him."

Wasp leaped against her, licked the white hand she held out; but refused to perform the act of homage she commanded.

"What, disobedient!" she cried, stamping her little foot. "Has this vagabond life made an ingrate of thee, Wasp? Down, I say—down!"

But Wasp slunk away, and took refuge behind his sleeping master. Maud saw a cold, steel-like gleam in her husband's eyes, and her face rose again.

"He is but a poor dumb creature, and knows no better," she said, with sweet persuasion.

The young man took no notice; but, pointing to the lad, said very quietly, "I think he is awake."

Albert was, indeed, partially aroused; his blue eyes opened wide, and he put the golden hair back from his face with both hands, gazing wistfully at the young couple.

"Im glad you have come—so glad," he murmured; "the birds talked about you all the way; and Wasp, nobody understands Wasp but me. I do. Wasp said that we should find you both—he knew. But I want more bread—more wine."

The idiot fell back to his cushions after speaking these disjointed words, and sank to sleep again. Then the young couple retreated into the bower-chamber, a little depressed and troubled by the presence of the idiot.

"You are not angry," said Maud, sinking to a cushion at her husband's feet, and looking wistfully into his face, after he had seated himself in one of the ebony chairs, whose carved back rose high above his head.

"Angry with my wife? Nay, sweet one, it were an evil day for us both if I could be that. Let us think no more of this poor innocent!"

"Nay, I do not think of him now that you smile again. So tell me something of the great world which has been made brighter by my husband's presence."

"Curious child, what care you for that turmoil of life that men call the world?"

"Nothing, indeed—nothing at all. Only as this heart goes ever with its lord, when he mingles with this world, I can but wonder what it is, and how he holds his part among the high-born and brave of Edward's court."

"But such thoughts may breed discontent with this lonely life which I am compelled to give you."

"Not so. I ask after these things without a wish to hold place in them. Believe me, I am happy here—happier a thousand times than you will believe."

"Yet thoughts of court and tournament will crowd themselves in even here. I wonder if there is a soul on earth free from ambition?"

The young man said this thoughtfully, and with a grave face, as if solving a problem, while his fingers wandered among the thick, black tresses that fell down the shoulders of his wife in waving masses.

"Ambition! I scarcely know what the word means," answered Maud, innocently. "Is it not a struggle between men, or classes of men, for wealth or state?"

"In common minds this may be so; but those who aspire greatly, it is a thirst for power."

The young man's eyes grew black as midnight while he spoke; his slender fingers clutched and unclutched themselves unconsciously, as if fastening their hold on a sceptre. Maud was looking into his face—it grew cold and keen like finely-cut marble. She caught her breath in a kind of terror, and seizing hold of his hands, kissed them tenderly.

"Is it ambition which changes you so while we are talking?" she questioned. "Oh! drive it away, or after this it will haunt me as the enemy of our love."

"Nay, I will drive it away, the restless spirit. It has no business in my lady's bower-chamber. Come, smile again."

"I wonder what has made me so sad all at once?" she answered, nestling close to him. "Just now you looked like another man."

"Nay, that is fancy. Tell me, love, how has the time passed since I went away?"

"How! Oh, very happily! While you love me, there is no misery in the world; the tapestry that you approved, is the richer by half a dozen roses, at the least. Yesterday the frame broke down under my elbows, as I rested heavily on it, thinking of a truant gentleman, whose name shall be a secret. Honest Guilford put it to rights again, and that is the only mishap that I have to complain of."

"But is this solitude never oppressive? Have you never craved a companion?" he asked.

"No. A companion would mar my thoughts, which have such sweet communion with the beautiful things we both love so much. I have no need of company when every thought of my soul follows thee. Where love thrives, solitude

is sweet. Sometimes the whole day seems too short for all my thoughts. Shall I give you a history of the last twelve hours?"

The young husband looked down into those soft, earnest eyes, and bade her go on. Such devotion as he saw there stirred all the better feelings of his nature into wonderful tenderness. With all his heart and soul he loved the young creature at his feet. Beyond that love was the strong master-passion of his nature; but it was slumberous now, and but half developed, lying underneath all the passionate tenderness in his heart like a serpent sleeping under roses.

"Well, let me remember," she said, with a pretty, thoughtful air. "This morning I was up with the dawn, looking out of my lattice, gladdened to see how wondrously beautiful the earth was when freshened with a night's dew. Oh, beloved! the king's crown has no diamonds brighter than the drops that hung on all the twinkling leaves and slender blades of grass in the forest and on the earth. I thought then of one who would have made all this heaven itself, had he been at my side; and breathed a little prayer to the Virgin, half thoughtfulness, half hope—for my heart whispered that you were coming.

"Then I went down to the river, got into the boat, that flew away with me like a bird. I took the oar and went down stream, knowing that the path you travel winds along the bank. The banks were all abloom with wild roses, from under which hares and fawns peeped at me without fear—I was floating downward so quietly. Then I found myself in a bend of the stream, where the waters gathered into a little cove, starred all over with water-lilies. The air around was sweet with them, as they bent and swayed, and came up from the limpid waves with their white cups full of gold, and raining down diamonds. Then they settled back, and floated softly on the crystal swell, drinking in sunshine after the deluge, as my heart has filled itself with happiness since that awful night at Barnet. I stayed an hour among these lilies—not harming them, the beautiful things—but talking to them of my lord, and promising them to come back at sunset, with some one whom they would recognize in the boat with me."

The young husband bent down and kissed that bright enthusiast. His keen intellect and superior cultivation, gave to this fanciful talk the charm of exquisite poetry.

"Well, sweetheart, after the lilies—what then?"

"Oh! I came home with one that I had

plucked in my bosom, whispering to myself, 'before it fades, he will come!'"

"But what made you so certain of that? I made no promise."

"Oh! I feel it in my heart when your very thought turns homeward; so I whispered the dear truth to the flower, and put it in cold water, that it might live its time out, notwithstanding the stem I had broken. After that, I took down one of the huge tomes you love to read, and tried to find out where its charm lay; but it was too deep for me, so I closed the heavy covers with a bang that frightened my woman half out of her wits, and drawing the embroidery-frame close by the balcony-window, began to work like a little dragon—for I remembered your liking that cluster of bluebells, and was resolved to have it perfect before your eyes fell on the tapestry again."

"And are the bluebells finished?" inquired the young man, enthralled by her innocent prattle.

"Not quite; there is a bud, and some spray of green wanting yet, for I heard a noise, and almost upset the frame in my haste to see if you were coming."

"Well."

"It was not as I wished. At first I saw nothing, save one of those tiresome deer; but, as I sunk down in the balcony so bitterly disappointed, the sharp bark of a dog brought the heart into my mouth, and Wasp, dear, old Wasp, leaped to my feet, the happiest little creature you ever saw. I could have cried over him, but he gave me no time. Away he rushed, forcing me with him along the river-path and into the forest. There I found the poor witing, with scarcely a breath on his white lips, perishing of hunger. We brought him here, and had scarcely won a breath of life back, when I forgot him, and everything else—for the sound I had listened for so long came ringing up from the forest, and took my breath away!"

"Tell me that you are very happy when I come," questioned the youth, wiling her on to new expressions of tenderness.

"Happy! I sometimes wonder if the angels in heaven do not envy me!"

"And I," answered the young husband, "I love no words like yours; but, till we came to this spot, I never knew what happiness was."

"And I have taught you?"

"You alone, my beloved."

Maud pressed one hand to her swelling bosom.

"My heart is brimming over like a cup of wine, warm with spices. Do not make me too happy."

for it seems almost like pain," she said, innocently. "Does joy ever flow into sadness with you, Richard?"

"Me? I have not had so much of it till now; for my life, thought short, has been a stormy one."

"Full of brave deeds, I will be sworn," she answered, sparkling with pride.

"Brave men do not speak of their own deeds, Maud."

"That is needless here," she cried, eagerly. "The young duke of Gloucester has none but brave men near his person—and among the bravest he is ever the leader. His worst enemies say that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man, with a quiet smile. "And in what am I the better because his grace is brave?"

"Why, are you not his master of the horse, and is not that a post of high honor, which can only be filled by a man who is both gentle and valiant?"

"Ay, so far you have spoken sooth."

"And is not the only fault you ever committed against him, that of having loved and wedded a poor, friendless damsel, with the Red Rose in her bosom—a fault so grave and terrible that it were disgrace, or, perhaps, death, to confess it. Think you, sweet lord, that Maud does not understand all this, and thank heaven every day of her life that this lodge is so deep in the wilderness that our worst enemies could not find us out. Yet—yet I never hear the name of Gloucester without terror!"

"And why?" demanded the husband, so sharply, that she looked up surprised.

"Because he is my husband's master."

"But, even so; he is not an unkind one, at least to me."

"Bless him for that! But I have heard him spoken of often as shrewd and cold beyond his years—unrelenting, too."

"Where did you hear this?"

"Indeed, I scarcely know! It was the common talk regarding him among the Lancastran gentlemen who visited my father."

"Mayhap, they were right," was the slow, thoughtful rejoinder. "But, as the young duke seems in a manner distasteful to you, we will not talk of him."

"Distasteful! Did I say that? No, no—not distasteful; but somehow I never hear his name without a strange, cold thrill running through me, as if some time or another he would do me harm."

"What, Gloucester?"

She looked up with a wistful smile. "Strange, isn't it, what fancies I have? But they shall be flung aside. The duke is a kind master to my husband, and I were an ingrate not to love him."

The young husband broke into one of those low, ringing laughs that seldom broke from his lips.

"Come," he said, with the air of a man who flings off a distasteful subject, "let us pay that promised visit to the water-lilies. Yon woods are red with the sunset, and the river in all shadow."

Maud started up, threw a mantaline of black tuffety over her crimson dress, and, leaning upon her husband's arm, descended to the boat. They took no oarsman, but sitting down among the silken cushions, drifted with the stream. The young man took up a pair of oars, and used them idly, just enough to keep the little craft on its course, but allowing them to ripple up a winrow of diamonds half the time, as they dragged in his hands.

Thus the young husband and wife floated away toward the cove of water-lilies, which had folded themselves to sleep, and given forth their last fragrance before the young couple came drifting among them through the purple twilight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A HOLY DEATH

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

The idol is broken!  
Its glory is fled!  
Our tears are the token—  
The dear one is dead.  
When night was around us  
She journeyed away;  
The morning bath found us,  
But gone is our day.  
The wan moon was sleeping

Within the embrace  
Of clouds, which were heaping  
To look on her face,  
In every direction,  
With aspect divine,  
Like nuns in dejection  
Of prayer round a shrine.  
The owlets were hooting,  
The dogs made reply;

Bright met'ors were shooting  
 Along the clear sky;  
 While murmurs were rolling  
 Through wood and through bower,  
 And far bells were tolling  
 The knell of the hour.  
 All speechless with sorrow  
 We sat round the room,  
 And sighed for the morrow,  
 And surcease from gloom;  
 Afraid that each minute  
 That hastened along,  
 Would harbor death in it,  
 And do us great wrong.  
 When, high up in Heaven,  
 We heard a sweet sound;  
 When, lo! there came seven  
 Fair angels bright crowned;  
 The stars looking o'er them,  
 With wondering gaze,  
 Stood still to adore them,  
 And sang in their praise.  
 The night-birds ceased screaming  
 And stared at the sight;  
 The met'ors ceased streaming,  
 Ashamed of their light;  
 The streamlets stopped singing  
 Of Summer's renown;  
 The flowers all swinging  
 In zephyrs bent down,  
 And sent up such incense  
 To Heaven in prayer,  
 That all the winds, with intense  
 Rapture, swooned in air.  
 All Nature suspended  
 Her work for the time,  
 The angels descended  
 With music sublime.  
 The windows were open,  
 They came, and they called;  
 The harp's strings were broken—  
 We all stood appalled—  
 The death-watch beat quicker  
 Within its confine;  
 The darkness grew thicker,  
 The lights ceased to shine.  
 "Sweet sister! come hither!"  
 The angel-hand cried;  
 "We'll bear thee up whither  
 The blessed ones abide."  
 She moaned, while a splendor

Encompassed her head;  
 We ran to attend her,  
 But, lo! she was dead.  
 A fluttering o'er her,  
 As soft as a sigh,  
 Was heard, and they bore her  
 Sweet spirit on high.  
 And this was the anthem  
 They sang in their flight,  
 While Heaven did grant them  
 The glory of light.  
 "Unveil we our faces,  
 And tenderly bear  
 Her in our embraces,  
 Up, up, through the air;  
 While some go before her,  
 And scatter perfume,  
 And some shower o'er her  
 Elysian bloom.  
 Ye guards, on the towers  
 Round Heaven's domain,  
 Announce to the powers  
 Our coming again;  
 Let sweet harps be playing  
 A welcoming song;  
 And trumpets be braying  
 As we pass along.  
 Make ready the bowers  
 Where seraphim stay,  
 'Mong transcending flowers  
 Which never decay;  
 But still are increasing  
 In beauty more fair,  
 Bestowing, unceasing,  
 Bliss more and more rare.  
 And songsters are soaring  
 On pinions of light,  
 And lavishly pouring  
 Their mellow delight,  
 Around through the splendor  
 That filleth the sky,  
 Till all, hearing, render  
 Applause in reply.  
 Tell Heaven the story  
 Of her fair renown;  
 Make ready the glory!  
 Make ready the crown!  
 God's mandate is spoken,  
 The triumph is won;  
 Ye gate-ways, be open!  
 Our journey is done!"

## LULLABY.

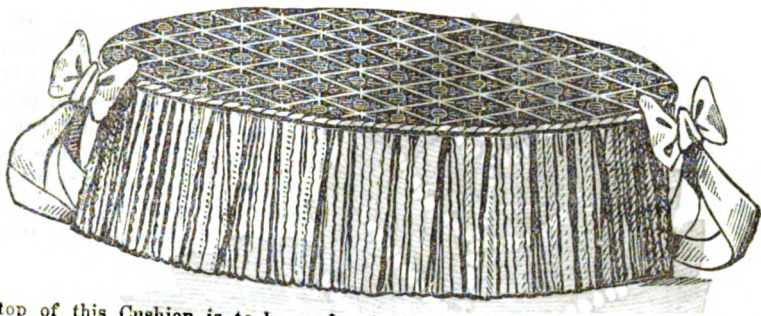
BY BELLE BUKER.

SLENDER now, baby, dear!  
 While I sing thy lullaby;  
 Slumber on—mother's near;  
 Heeds each gentle infant sigh.  
 Softly now thine eyelids close;  
 Sleep in sweet and calm repose;  
 Slumber on—mother's near,  
 Singing still thy lullaby.  
 Little feet, weary now,  
 Rest from pattering infant play;  
 Folded hands—chubby, white—  
 Soft above thy child-heart lay.

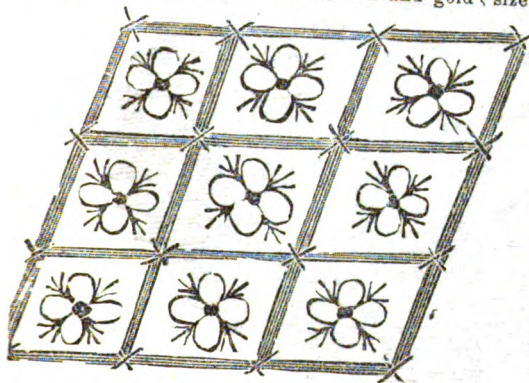
Sleep's blest kiss is on thy brow;  
 Angels watch thy breathing low;  
 Peaceful rest, baby, dear,  
 Sing I still thy lullaby.  
 Oh! dear God! guard my child!  
 By thy love, from every ill;  
 May life's storms, rude and wild,  
 Never reach her heart to chill.  
 Let her sleep be ever sweet;  
 Watch and guide the dear young feet.  
 Slumber on, baby, dear—  
 Mother sings thy lullaby.

## TOILET CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

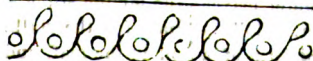


THE top of this Cushion is to be made of  $\frac{3}{8}$  thread. First mark off the diamonds of the white merino, embroidered with silk and gold  $\frac{3}{8}$  size given in design No. 2, and do them in narrow black silk embroidering braid. The cross stitches at the points of the diamonds are done in gold thread; the little rose pattern in pink silk, and the three stitches between the leaves also in gold thread. Make a circular-top cushion (or an oblong one,) with a straight border three inches in height. Cover the border with the merino, and stretch the embroidered piece over the top. Trim all round with a deep silk fringe, pink, black, and white mixed; a gold cord, and pink bows of ribbon completes the cushion.



## EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.

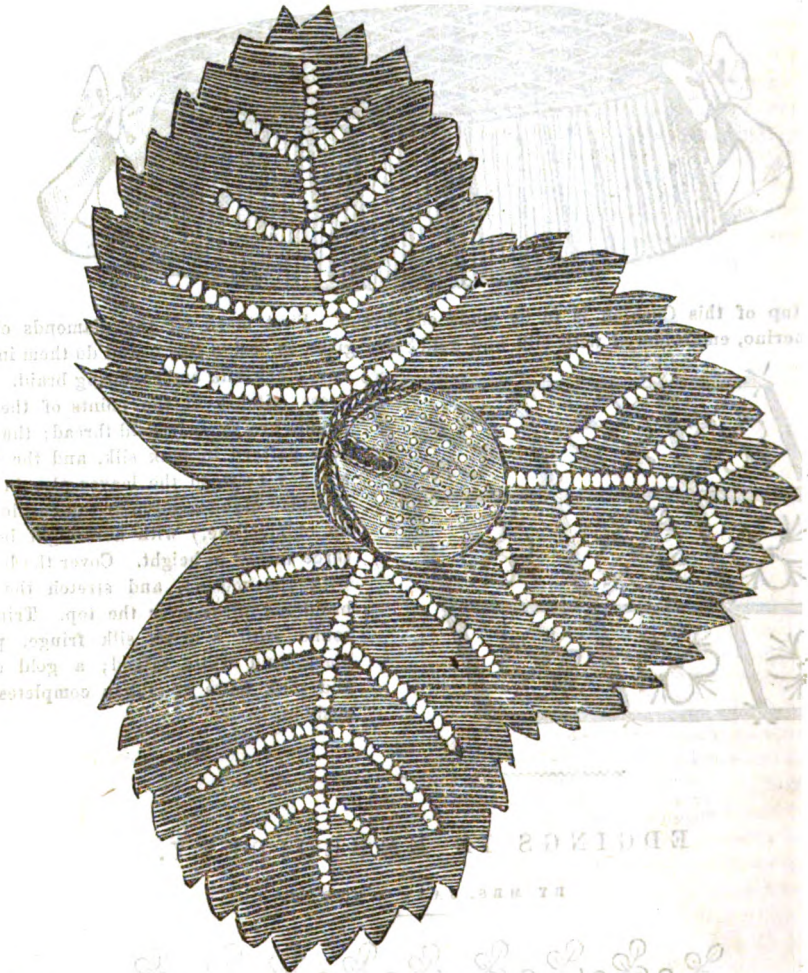
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





## STRAWBERRY PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut two leaves from green or any other colored cloth to the exact size and shape of the design. Work the veins on the upper leaf with beads—gold or steel beads look well on green cloth, white transparent or opaque glass beads on scarlet cloth. Two or three inner leaves of black cloth will be needed, cut in the same form as the outer leaves, but not so large. These will be placed between the outer leaves for the useful part of the Pen-wiper. Roll up a piece of wadding into the size and form of a strawberry; work a bag or case for it in double crochet with scarlet wool, put in the wadding, and dot over the strawberry with small, semi-opaque yellow beads. Next make a chain of crochet with green wool about an inch long. Work along one side with double crochet; from the middle stitch of this bar work two more bars like the first, one on each side, and from the middle stitch again make a chain of half an inch for the stalk. Sew the strawberry firmly on to the leaf, and the Pen-wiper is completed.

## BRAID TRIMMINGS FOR UNDER-LINEN, JACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

EMBROIDERED trimmings requiring infinite time and trouble to work, and lace ones being very expensive, they are now frequently replaced by patterns worked in black or colored braid, and fastened on the right side of the material with cross stitches. The braid is arranged either in straight lines or vandykes, the intervals being embroidered in chain-stitch or *point Ruuse*, with butterfly knots, stars, crosses, and a variety of other small patterns. We give two illustrations of this kind of trimming, in the front of this number, which our lady readers will find extremely easy to copy, and which will be very useful for Zouave jackets, petticoats, chemisettes, and children's frocks. For washing materials the braid should be white, put on with colored cotton or silk.

### A SPANISH JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our diagram, this month, is of a Spanish Jacket. Above, we give two engravings of it; one to be made of dotted lace, or Swiss muslin, the other of the material as the dress with which it is to be worn. The first is trimmed with lace and ribbon, the lace with a *ruche* of whatever the dress may be trimmed with. is of the most fashionable style; it is slightly shaped at the elbow. In cutting out this pattern, the seams are *not* to be allowed for, as all the requisite additions have already been made to the pattern. When the jacket is to be made of the same material as the dress, the corner of the neck is to be rounded off, as shown by the pricked line in the diagram. In a jacket of this kind (as will be seen above,) a white habit-shirt is worn underneath.

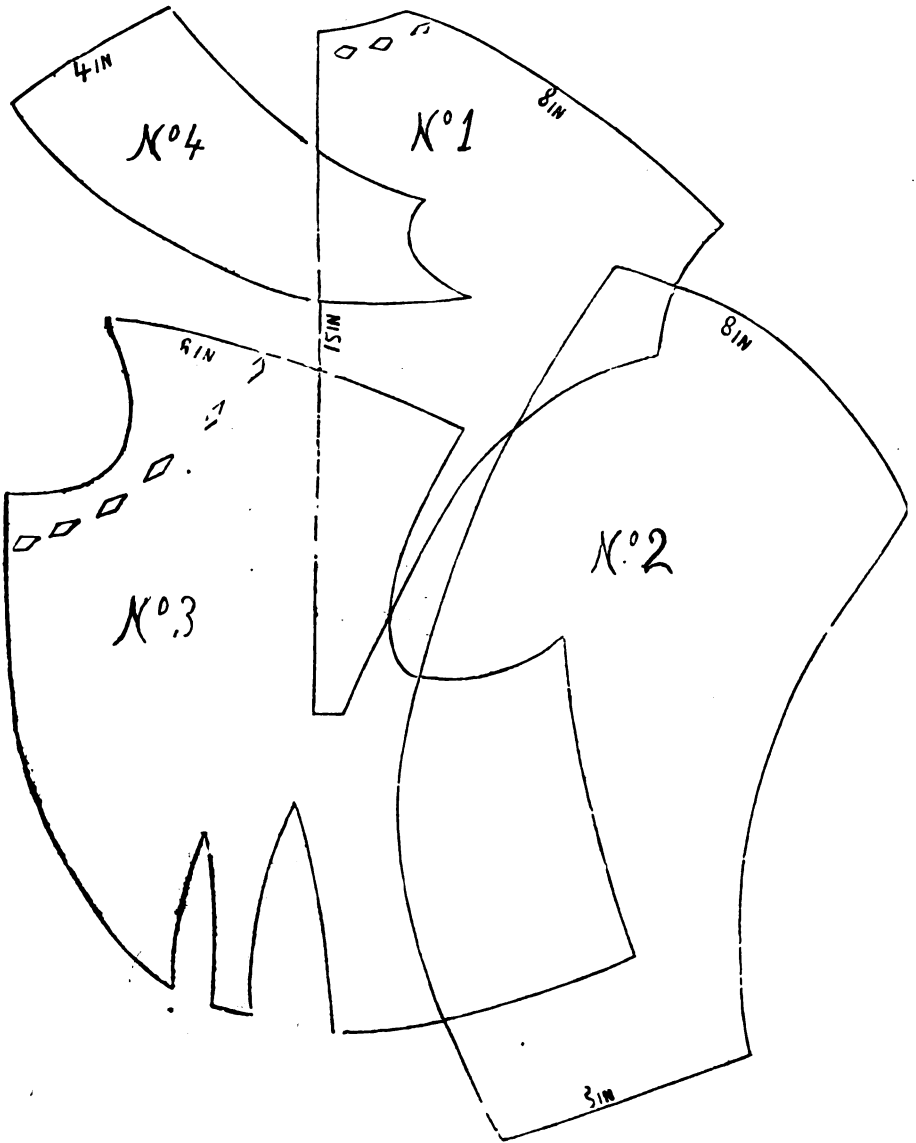


DIAGRAM OF SPANISH JACKET.

INFANT'S SHOE.

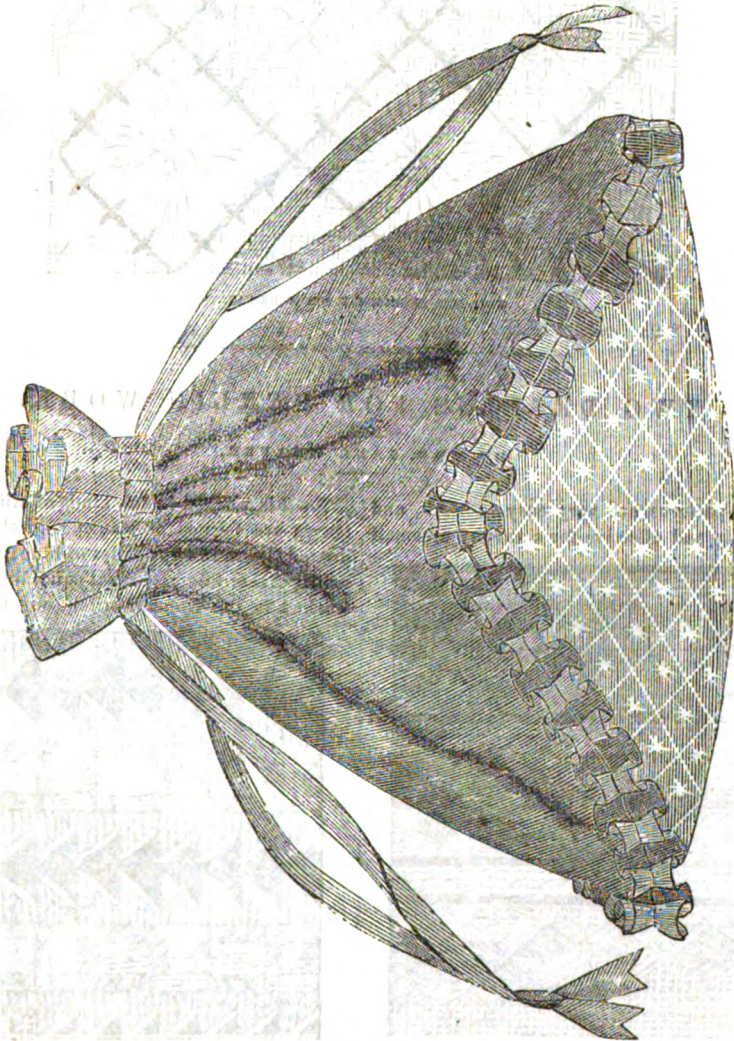
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern for an Infant's Shoe, to be done in braid or various parts of the shoe, as given in the illustration, will enable any lady to make one of these pretty affairs.



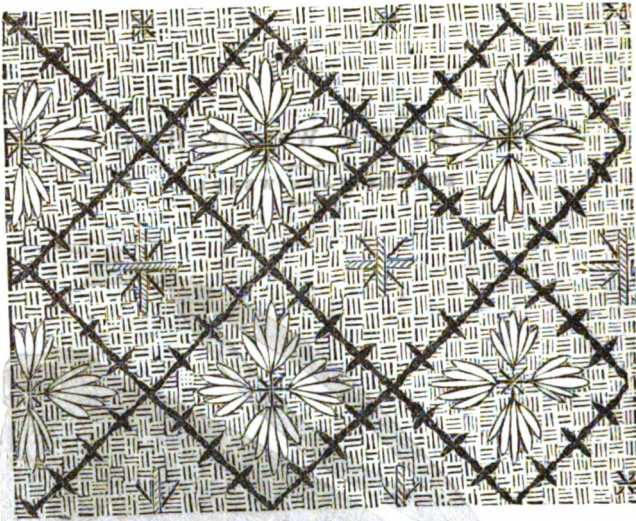
## A LADY'S WORK-BAG

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WE give, above, an engraving of a new style of Work-Bag; and on the next page add a pattern for the embroidery, engraved of the full size. The lower portion of this bag is composed of a square of Brecilien canvas, embroidered with silk. The little crosses forming the squares are worked in black filoselle, over four squares of the canvas. The star pattern is worked alternately in violet and scarlet filoselle, the centers of these stars are worked with black filoselle, and crossed with fine gold cord. The centers of the alternate squares are worked with gold cord, over six squares of the canvas, and the black lines are over four squares. The upper part of the bag is made of violet velvet, and the ruche is of quilled sarsnet ribbon.



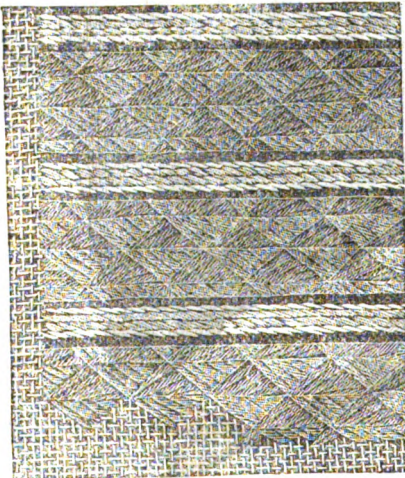


FULL-SIZE EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG.

## TWO DESIGNS FOR BERLIN WORK.

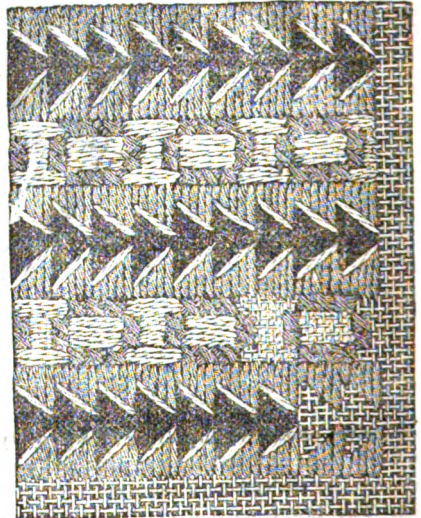
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE patterns are very easy to work, and very pretty and effective for a variety of small



articles, such as slippers, bags, tea-cosies, mats, etc. The first is composed of a pattern in black wool, with an edging of maize filoselle on a green ground; the second, a cross-stitch pattern in violet-colored wool, filled up with long stitches in maize filoselle. The size, number, and position of the stitches are clearly seen in our illustration.

No. 2 is worked in two kinds of stitches. The leaves are formed of slanting stitches of graduated length in two shades of blue; the stripes, which divide this pattern at equal distances, are worked in the Gobelin stitch, one thread only

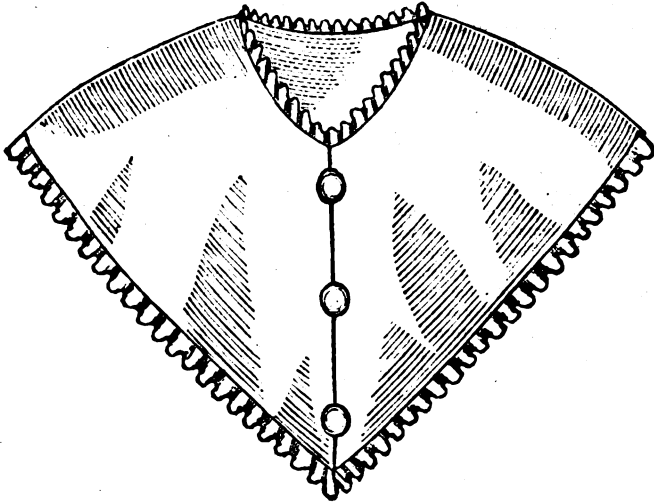


being taken in breadth and two in length; the two middle rows are worked in claret-color, with a border of yellow and black on each side. Part of the work, one row of each, being shown

unfinished in our illustration, the way in which we have selected. Any bright shades can be the stitches are made will be at once under- chosen to work these patterns, care being taken stood. The colors need not be adhered to that that they harmonize well.

PLUSH PELERINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our pattern can be worn either under or in front. It can be made in satin or velvet, over a cloak. It is made of plush, lined and and can also be wadded and quilted, if pre- trimmed with a quilling of silk of the same ferred. This Pelerine is extremely pretty and color. Three gilt buttons fasten the Pelerine comfortable worn over an opera cloak.

INSERTIONS, EDGINGS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



## EDITOR'S TABLE

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**DYING WILD-FLOWERS.**—A correspondent asks us the best way of drying wild-flowers. The first thing to do is to get some blotting-paper; and of this the red kind is the best, at least for succulent plants. If you have not got a napkin-press, you will require two nice smooth pieces of board about the size of half a sheet of the blotting-paper, and four rather heavy square stones, which, for convenience and appearance sake, may be incased in gray linen-bags, the strings of which should form hoops. The plants must be spread out in the most natural manner. Small plants of those whose roots are remarkable, like the wood-sorrel, and many species of birches, are best dried whole if the roots are well cleaned and quite free from moisture. It is often necessary to remove some of the leaves and flowers when they are too much crowded. Light weights are useful for keeping parts of refractory plants in position while the other parts are being settled. The blotting-paper, when folded in two, will form pages about twenty-four inches in length, and fifteen in breadth. Place the plants on the sixth page of the blotting-book, which, however, should not be stitched together at the back. Then turn over to the twelfth page (soft, moist plants require more paper over them than this for the first few days, and hard, dry ones, such as ferns, require less,) arrange more plants on it, and so on till the stock of blotting-paper, flowers, or patience is exhausted. Then place the pile of plants and papers between the boards, and lay on one or two of the weights. Leave them undisturbed till the next day; then dry the papers well, replace the plants, and add an additional stone. Repeat the same process for the next two days. After that time it will be sufficient to dry them once or twice a week. When quite dry, the specimens have to be fastened down with strips of paper and classified. Families that contain but few species can all go on the same page. The herbarium must always be kept in a dry, warm room, and under a light weight. There is a kind of paper called botanical paper, but it is expensive, and blotting-paper does very well.

**THE WAR OF THE BONNETS.**—The strife still goes on, in the fashionable world of Paris, between the partizans of the Empire bonnet and those of the half-handkerchief one. We think the latter will carry the day there, as it has done here. Let the milliners try to introduce the ugly Empire bonnet, with its large, flat brim, if they will, their labor will be lost, few purchasers will be found to patronize them. The small half-handkerchief bonnet is infinitely more graceful, and will continue the popular favorite during this season at least. Somehow ladies contrive to wear these tiny bonnets over the scaffoldings of hair puffed out with frizzettes in all directions. The crowns are altogether suppressed, and over the back hair either gauze, *crêpe*, or tulle scarfs, or else long and wide ribbons are allowed to fall.

**"RUTH."**—Everybody is familiar with the story of Ruth, one of the most beautiful in either Pagan or Biblical literature. Our principal engraving, this month, is a very happy illustration of the heroine. She looks, in her calm beauty, just the one to say, "Where thou goest I will go, thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people."

**COQUETTE vs. CROQUET.**—In the next number we shall finish "The Missing Diamond," a story that has increased in interest every month. In the October number we shall begin "Coquette vs. Croquet," which our readers will find to be the best, of its kind, ever written by Frank Lee Benedict.

**CAMEOS OF THE EMPIRE.**—Cameos continue, in Paris, to possess all the favors of fashion; but, in fact, in order to conform to the actual taste which prevails, it is only necessary there to rummage in old family jewel-cases, and hunt out ornaments which have not seen daylight for many, many years. The long pendants of both malachite and lapis-lazuli, so fashionable in the days of the First Empire, the black mosaics, with such subjects as animals and groups of flowers, chateaines with three long pendants, can now all be utilized. Young ladies in France go and ask their grandmothers to select from their old stores of jewelry, as those ornaments which are made to order are now only copies of old patterns. But never, at any previous time, has jewelry been so abundantly worn during the day as at present.

**BETTER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE.**—The Springfield News says of this Magazine:—"It is no groundless claim which Peterson's asserts in proclaiming itself the best and cheapest of the magazines. For, indeed, we know not where else to look for so much taste, beauty, variety and excellence at so inconsiderable a price. Two Dollars is but a scant remuneration in these times for the labor bestowed on a monthly periodical. As the world goes, we should naturally look for a deterioration in quality as the inevitable accompaniment of Peace prices in war times. But there is not a trace of this in Peterson's Magazine. It is better and more attractive than even of old we knew it."

**CHOICE BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK.**—Mr. J. S. Claxton, successor to William S. & Alfred Murten, No. 606 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just issued three very excellent books for juvenile readers. One is, "The Two Friends," by Miss C. M. Trowbridge, a very interesting story, and with a good moral. Another is, "Clifton Race; or, Thou God Seest Me," by the author of "Win and Wear." The third is, "Ida Kleinvoegel," also, like the two first, a well-written tale, calculated to instruct as well as to amuse. All three of these books are handsomely illustrated.

**CIRCULATION A TEST OF MERIT.**—The Henry (Ill.) Courier says:—"Circulation is a good test of merit, and during the last year 'Peterson' had about one hundred and fifty thousand subscribers, and this year it will have well on to two hundred thousand. Only Two Dollars to single subscribers, with club rates and premiums, by which it can be had for much less."

**WE DO NOT PURCHASE** goods, or other articles, for subscribers. We mention this in order to prevent persons sending us such commissions. There is nobody connected with "Peterson" who has the leisure to attend to such matters; everybody, publisher and editors, is busy, all the time, in preparing novelties for our three hundred thousand readers.

**THE SMALL NECK-TIES** made of unbleached *batiste*, and trimmed with Valenciennes, with lace patterns inserted at the ends, are very fashionable. Lace is now sewn round collars with scarcely any fullness, and black velvet is run in and out of the insertion. The black velvet is tied at the back and falls as low as the skirt.

**"A BORN COQUETTE."**—The vain little thing is already at the looking-glass, and practicing the airs and graces that, by-and-by, will ensnare her victims.

"REAL AND IDEAL."—On a former occasion we spoke of the poems of John W. Montclair. We have now before us a very beautiful edition of these poems, the paper, printing, and binding of the volume, each and all, being unexceptionable. And as a specimen of the original poems, we quote the following:

BELLS BY NIGHT.

'Tis Sabbath eve; from the old kirk tower  
Merrily chime the bells by night;  
The organ peals with thrilling power,  
And the windows glow with holy light—  
Merrily chime the bells by night.

Year by year, to the pilgrim throng,  
Warningly speaks the bells by night;  
"Life is short, Eternity's long;  
Children of darkness waken to light—"  
Warningly say the bells by night.

Over the grave of the patriot slain  
Solemnly rolls a dirge by night;  
"The good are gathered, like ripened grain—  
Why should we weep when angels delight?"  
Solemnly echo the bells by night.

Lone do I list to a curfew bell  
That woefully throbs within me to-night.  
Of waning life its pulsations tell;  
And many a legend does memory recite,  
That mournfully wrings my heart to-night.

NEW NOVELS.—The high price of paper, which still unaccountably prevails, continues to prevent, to any great extent, the republication of good English novels. The cheapest reading now to be had is the American magazines and newspapers.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We again announce that we cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Superior Fishing; or the Striped Bass, Trout, and Black Bass of the Northern States.* By R. B. Roosevelt. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this work is already favorably known for his "Game Fish of the North," and his "Game Birds of the North," both of very great merit; and the present book is not inferior to either of its predecessors. Besides a thorough description of the striped bass, trout, and black bass of the Northern States, there is a spirited account of a sporting visit to Lake Superior. Mr. Roosevelt also gives directions for dressing artificial flies with the feathers of American birds. Numerous graphic wood-cuts, tastefully introduced as tail-pieces to the chapters, embellish the volume.

*Household Poems.* By Henry W. Longfellow. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the first of a series of volumes, which Ticknor & Fields design publishing, each volume to contain about one hundred pages, to be handsomely illustrated, and to be printed on tinted paper and bound in neat pamphlet form with a vignette title. The present volume has engravings from John Gilbert, Birket Foster, and John Alsolon. The price is fifty cents. "Songs for All Seasons," by Alfred Tennyson; "National Lyrics," by John G. Whittier; "Lyrics of Life," by Robert Browning; and "Humorous Poems," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, are announced to follow in quick succession. The enterprise is one that deserves to be succeed.

*The Life of President Lincoln.* Illustrated. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a biography, an earlier edition of which had the good fortune, we believe, to be pronounced correct by the late President himself. It has now been enlarged and illustrated. No other biography contains as full, or as reliable, an account of the assassination, or of the imposing ceremonies which attended the funeral procession of the body from Washington to Chicago.

*Fairy Fingers.* By Anna Ora Ritchie. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—It has been several years since Mrs. Ritchie appeared before the public in a novel. Once, as Mrs. Mowatt, she was a popular actress; and when she abandoned the stage, she took to literature. "Fairy Fingers" is but an indifferent fiction. The scene opens in France, and then changes to the United States; a double love-story runs through the tale; and the dignity of labor, as contrasted with a life of idleness, is the moral. Many of the chapters are quite lively, but others are too sentimental. The story is very improbable.

*The Smaller History of Rome.* By William Smith, L.L.D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Intended for young students, and designed as a companion to Dr. Smith's "Smaller History of Greece." The volume is illustrated with excellent wood-engravings. Dr. Smith carries the story of Roman history down to the establishment of the Empire: and then there is a continuation, by E. Lawrence, A. M., to A. D. 476, or the time of Augustulus. The work is a very meritorious one.

*A Son of the Soil. A Novel.* 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though this story appears anonymously, we have no doubt it is by Mrs. Oliphant. It exhibits the same nice perception of character, and the same vivid descriptions of scenery, which distinguish her former fictions. The scene lies principally in Scotland. One of the best creations of her pen is Mrs. Campbell, the mother of the heroine, one of those women, who, even in the humblest life, inspire respect and love in all.

*Canada: Its Defences, Condition, and Resources. Being a second and concluding volume of "My Diary North and South."* By W. Howard Russell, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—The author of this book is "Bull-Run" Russell, the well-known correspondent of the London Times. At the present juncture, his opinions on Canada are not without interest, and the book, therefore, we presume, will have a ready sale.

*Wylder's Hand.* By the author of "Uncle Silas." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu made quite a reputation by the publication of his novel of "Uncle Silas." The present fiction will be liked, by many persons, even more. It is not as sensational as its predecessor, and to that extent is better; but it has no character that is as original, or as forcibly drawn, as "Uncle Silas." The volume is neatly printed.

*Looking Around.* By A. S. Roe. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Mr. Roe's novels have the merit of being always well written, and of being faithful pictures of New England life. The present work is quite up to the best of its predecessors. Purity of tone, strong common sense, and freedom from vicious sensationalism, characterize it especially. It is nicely printed.

*Hypodermic Injections in the treatment of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, and other Diseases.* By Antoine Ruppaner, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—We confess our inability to criticize a book like this, or indeed any book connected with the medical profession. We can, therefore, merely announce its publication.

*Hugh Worthington.* By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The scene of this novel is laid, partly in Kentucky, and partly in Massachusetts. Kentucky, as it was before the war, is particularly well described. The admirers of Mrs. Holmes' fictions will find this quite equal to the best of her former books.

*The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers. Third Series.* 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—If you want a good laugh get this book. It is just the thing for a sultry summer afternoon.

*Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion* has reached its eleventh number, completing the story of the first year of the war, or up to April, 1862.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A NEW VOLUME! LOOK AT JULY NUMBER!—Portraits of PRESIDENT JOHNSON—two views; SECRETARY HARLAN; Queen Victoria; the Empress Eugenie; the Emperor Alexander; Julius Cæsar, with Sketches of Character; the Conspirators, and How they Look; the Physiognomy of Classes; Love and Lovers; Second Marriage; Fat Folks and Lean Folks, and How to Cure them, with Illustrations; The Russian, with portraits; Enlarging the Lungs; Immortality of Mind; A Wonderful Prediction Fulfilled; Hymenial Poetry; Maiden's Eyes; An Appeal from the South; Art and Artists; Practical Preaching; Work-Day Religion; A Hint to Maiden Ladies; Dictionary of Pterology and Physiognomy, with engravings; Hats—a New Notion, illustrated; Our Country "Able-bodied Men;" Early Patriots of America, illustrated; Our Finances: The Atlantic Cable, and Americans in England; with much more in JULY DOUBLE NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Best Number ever issued. Begins a new Volume. Only Twenty Cents, by return post, or a year for Two Dollars. Subscribe now. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

LIFE OF ANDREW JOHNSON.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published a life of Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. The volume contains an excellent summary of President Johnson's speeches on various occasions, both before and after he became President, and gives the best view, in this sense, of his opinions, that we can recall in a collected shape anywhere. The price of the volume, bound in cloth, is \$1.00.

LIVES OF THE GENERALS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued a series of biographies of the most distinguished Union Generals in the late war. Among them are Grant, McClellan, Meade, Butler, etc., etc.

"OLIVER OPTIC."—Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., have just published a new work by Oliver Optic, author of "The Riverdale Story-Books," etc., etc. This new fiction is, "The Young Lieutenant," and is a story of the late rebellion.

## HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWERS FOR RECESSES, DOOR-WAYS, ETC., ETC.—Flowers are never out of place. A dinner-table, with the simplest nosegay on it, becomes at once refined. Rooms, especially in summer, may be made much more beautiful, by adorning the chimney-pieces, recesses, or door-ways, with flowers. Where there is a looking-glass on the chimney-piece, a pretty fashion is to stand a shallow basket on the slab, so that the green branches may stream down and the long leaves be reflected in the mirror. The basket should be of wicker-work, light, and, if open, lined with moss. The sides of the basket should be extremely shallow, and they generally look best when they slope out a little. They may be either gilded, or white, or brown. One of the prettiest green things to put here for hanging down over the edge is the graceful drooping *Isopeltis gracilis*—a very fine and narrow hairy sort of grass; also the prostrate growing and branched *Lycopodiums*, or *Selaginellas*, are good for clothing the edge, as well as the ground of the tray. And, also, there may be small pots of blue lobelia, dwarf scarlet achimenes, little low-growing mimulus, and, above all, campanulas, both of the bright blue hairbell, and of the delicate drooping white kind that seems as if it were too filmy to be a flower. A green, mossy surface with flowers like these thinly scattered, may be exceedingly pretty—the taller plants should be chiefly those of most elegant form, such as will rise up fountain-like and graceful, to fill a central place, or such again as will drop away in long, ferny leaves, as at either end they represent green tassels.

The recesses are done differently from these slabs, and they are the more pleasant to write of, because they are so far the most numerous and the most easy. These recesses are done equally with a tray. They are charming for blocking up entrances when some door or window is meant to be shut off, and they, too, are useful in giving the effect of a conservatory, when shrubs and flowers are grouped back upon a landing, and in front of some door-way curtains, this wide bed of flowers stretches. Mignonnette and geraniums, verbenas, and stocks even do here. Perhaps, of all things the brightest is a mass of tulips—red and white single tulips forming a wonderful mosaic. Small Van Thols and crocuses are ready to bloom thus in January, and in the later spring months, one has but to substitute Vermilion Brilliant and some good white kind for these. The moss would, however, require, in the latter case, to be raised a little, so as to prevent the stems standing up too tall. The very clear, pure colors look well, too, in knots. And when the corners are well filled, and the back well massed with evergreen and with leaves, the telling knots of color will be found very striking. How charmingly we may here use the "five colors" that are so popular at present. A knot composed, say with red tulips, deep blue-purple hyacinths, white or pale stone-like crocuses, with ferns for the green required; and if on a bed of green, some jonquilles must be for the yellow. I give the scheme in common every-day spring flowers, because they seem to me the most sure to be known. The back of such a recess requires abundant leafage. Why do not people grow vines more, and have a supply of green thus? No leaves are half so exquisite, and few are so easily grown. And rooms, which are tastefully decorated with flowers, in either of these ways, or both, have an air of refinement indescribable.

## FIRE SIDE MAGIC.

THE CARD IN THE EGG.—To perform this feat, you must have a round, hollow stick, about ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the hollow being three-eighths of an inch in diameter. You must also have another round stick to fit this hollow, and slide in it easily, with a knob to prevent its coming through. Our young readers will clearly understand our meaning when we say that, in all respects, it must resemble a pop-gun, with the single exception, that the stick which fits the tube must be of the full length of the tube, exclusive of the knob.

You next steep a card in water for a quarter of an hour, peel off the face of it, and double it twice across, till it becomes one-fourth of the length of a card; then roll it up tightly, and thrust it up the tube till it becomes even with the bottom. You then thrust in the stick at the other end of the tube till it just touches the card.

Having thus provided your magic wand, let it lie on the table until you have occasion to make use of it, but be careful not to allow any person to handle it.

You now take a pack of cards, and let any person draw one; but be sure to let it be a similar card to the one which you have in the hollow stick. This must be done by forcing. The person who has chosen it will put it into the pack again, and while you are shuffling you let it fall into your lap. Then calling for some eggs, desire the person who drew the card, or any other person in the company, to choose any one of the eggs. When he has done so, ask if there be anything in it. He will answer, There is not. Place the egg in a saucer; break it with the wand, and, pressing the knob with the palm of your right-hand, the card will be driven into the egg. You may then show it to the spectators.

A great improvement may be made in this feat, by presenting the person who draws the card with a saucer and a pair of forceps, and instead of his returning the card to the



pack, desire him to take it by the corner with the forceps and burn it, but to take care and preserve the ashes; for this purpose you present him with a piece of paper (prepared as hereafter described,) which he lights at the candle, but a few seconds after; and before he can set the card on fire, it will suddenly divide in the middle and spring back, burning his fingers if he do not drop it quickly. Have another paper ready, and desire him to try that; when he will most likely beg to be excused, and will prefer lighting it with the candle.

When the card is consumed, you say that you do not wish to fix upon any particular person in company to choose an egg, lest it might be suspected that he was a confederate; you therefore request any two ladies in company to volunteer to choose each an egg, and, having done so, to decide between themselves which shall contain the card; when this is done, take a second saucer, and in it receive the rejected egg, break it with your wand, and show the egg round to the company; at the same time drawing their attention to the fact of those two eggs having been chosen from among a number of others, and of its not being possible for you to have told which of them would be the chosen one.

You now receive the chosen egg in the saucer containing the ashes, and having rolled it about until you have blacked it a little, blow the ashes from around it into the grate; you then break the egg with the same wand, when, on touching the spring, the card will be found in the egg.

THE METHOD OF PREPARING THE PAPER, MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE FEAT, IS AS FOLLOWS:—Take a piece of letter paper, about six inches in length and three-quarters of an inch in breadth, fold it longitudinally, and with a knife cut it in the crease about five inches down; then take one of the sides which are still connected at the bottom, and with the back of the knife under it, and the thumb of the right-hand over it, curl it outward as a boy would the tassels of his kite; repeat the same process with the other side, and lay them by for use. When about using them (but not till then, as the papers will soon lose their curl if stretched,) draw them up so as to make them their original length, and turn the ends over a little, in order that they may remain so; when set on fire, they will burn for a minute or two, until the turn-over is burnt out, when the lighted ends will turn over quickly, burning the fingers of the holder; this part of the trick never fails to excite the greatest merriment.

PARLOR GAMES.

**FOX AND GOOSE.**—There must be an even number of players in this game, and a circle is to be formed standing two by two, so that those who are on the outside have each one person in front of them; these are called the Gooses, and there must be some space left between the couples, to allow the one who is chased to run in and out of the circle. Two must be left out, one a Goose, and the other the Fox. The Fox is to catch the Goose not belonging to the circle, who can run around the circle, and also within it, which the Fox cannot be allowed to do; but when the Goose, who is pursued, places himself before one of the couples composing the circle, there will necessarily be three in the row, and as this is against the rule, the outside one of that three immediately becomes liable to be caught instead of the other, and must endeavor to avoid the pursuit of the Fox by darting within the circle and placing himself before some one of the players. It is the object of the Fox to catch the player who makes the third one of a row, and it is the object of each Goose to avoid the third place. The Fox can only catch the Goose as he stands the third in a row, or before he succeeds in escaping to a place of safety. If the Goose is touched by the Fox while in the position of third one in a row, or if touched in passing from this third

place to one of safety, he becomes the Fox instead, and the other becomes a Goose again. It will be observed that the amusement of this game will depend upon the spirit and animation with which it is conducted. Great rapidity of movement is necessary.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

VEGETABLES.

**Stewed Cucumbers.**—Pare and split in quarters four full-grown but young cucumbers, take out the seeds, and cut each part in two, sprinkle them with white pepper or Cayenne flour and fry them lightly in a little butter, lift them from the pan, drain them on a sieve, then lay them in as much good brown gravy as will nearly cover them, and stew them gently from twenty-five to thirty minutes, or until they are quite tender. Should the gravy require to be thickened or flavored, dish the cucumbers and keep them hot while a little flour and butter, or any other of the usual ingredients, are stirred into it. Some persons like a small portion of lemon-juice mixed added to the sauce; cucumber-vinegar might be substituted with very good effect, as the vegetable loses much of its fine flavor when cooked.

**To Cook Green Artichokes.**—Take four good sized artichokes. Strip them from the outer leaves, cut off the stalks, and also a little from the top of each. Beat each artichoke separately until it opens; then fill them between the leaves with the following mixture:—Mince finely a thick slice of uncooked ham, a little parsley, and two small roots of green garlic; mix them together, and season with pepper and salt. Place the artichokes in a stewpan, but not too closely together, and pour over each one table-spoonful of sweet oil. Stew them gently at the side of the fire for one hour, and serve them in a vegetable dish.

**Cabbage in Cream.**—Wash a white-hearted cabbage very thoroughly, cut it into small pieces, boil it until tender, and let the water drain from it. Brown some butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, pour over it a tea-cupful of good cream, let it simmer gently for half an hour.

**Portuguese Tomato Sauce.**—Slice tomatoes and onions, and stew them in a nice gravy with small slices of bacon, and pepper and salt to taste.

EGGS.

**Omelette Soufflee.**—Break six eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks. Add to the latter some sifted sugar flavored with lemon-peel. Beat the yolks and sugar, then whisk the whites. Pour the yolks and whites together, continuing the whisking until the eggs froth. Melt a little butter in the omelet-pan and place it over a slow fire. When the butter is melted (but not hot,) pour in the mixture, and gently shake the pan until the top of the mixture falls to the bottom. When the butter is dried up, fold the omelet on a buttered dish, sift a little sugar on the top, and brown with a salamander. The above soufflee may be varied in endless ways by adding different flavorings, or preserved fruit, at the time of beating the yolks of the eggs.

The following is another method of cooking eggs, which dispenses with the difficulty of frying. It is a most convenient, easy mode of making a *rechauffe*, and is particularly suitable to invalids and little children who are not of an age to masticate their food. By the adoption of this plan, all the nutritive qualities of the eggs are preserved, together with the lightness of the omelet, without the richness which is inseparable from ever so small a quantity of fried butter. The requisite number of eggs is beaten, seasoned, and passed through a sieve, to which a small quantity of good gravy is added. The mixture must be placed in an enameled stew-

pan, and set over a slow fire till the eggs thicken. The stewpan is then removed, and a small piece of fresh butter is added to the mixture, which, when melted, is ready to receive the addition of any finely minced fowl, meat, fish, asparagus, peas, or cauliflower, that may be desired. The latter ingredients must be stirred in until warm through, but not suffered to boil. It is difficult at first to make a good omelet, it is so apt to be tough, but nothing repays trial better; and as eggs are so cheap, it does not matter if a few are wasted at first.

**Pickled Eggs.**—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan, until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and is a relishing accompaniment to cold meat.

#### PICKLES.

**India Pickle.**—Two cauliflowers torn into sprigs, two white cabbages cut in slices, one pint of small onions peeled, one pint of shallots; put a handful of salt on them and place them in a pan, with sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them remain a night; the next morning take them all out and spread on a tray covered with a coarse cloth; put them in the sun to dry for three days, taking them in-doors each night. When quite dry, put as much vinegar as will cover them, and let them remain a day or two; then put all together into a kettle with half an ounce of turmeric, two ounces of mustard, one ounce of Cayenne pods, one ounce of black pepper, one ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of mace; all to be boiled together for a quarter of an hour; then throw in any green pickles you choose, such as gherkins, French beans, radish pods, nasturtiums, slices of cucumber; a few capsicums add much to the appearance.

**A Quick Mode of Pickling Gherkins or Small Cucumbers.**—Take the quantity of gherkins required, prick them with a needle in several places, and put them in a pan of cold water, adding as much salt as will make a strong brine. Let them soak for three hours. Take them out, wipe them dry in a clean cloth; put in a saucepan, over a gentle fire, add some strong, brown, pickling vinegar, with allspice, half the quantity of whole black pepper, a little brown ginger, and some Cayenne pepper. Let them simmer for a quarter of an hour; take them up, and when cold, pour them over the gherkins in a jar, and stop them tightly down. They will be fit for use in the course of three or four days; one or two young onions will be found an improvement.

**Red Cabbage Pickled.**—Put a quarter of an ounce of cochineal into a small bag, and boil it with the quantity of vinegar considered sufficient for the cabbage you wish to pickle, adding a little salt and bay salt. When it boils, scald the cabbage with it, having, of course, previously cut up the latter into transverse slices; boil the vinegar up again, this time adding ginger and pepper. Let it cool, and when quite cold, having put the cabbage into jars, pour the pickle upon it, and tie it down closely.

#### TO MAKE YEAST.

Boil or steam some very mealy potatoes with the skin on. If boiled, dry them well in the pan. Peel and mash them down to a fine powder. To every teacupful of mashed potato, put a teacupful of fine flour, and when these are well mixed, shake up the bottle of hop-liquor, and add a teacupful of it; mix the whole up well together, and it will be about the consistency of hasty pudding; put it into a large jug, which must be covered, and put near the fire for

twenty-four hours. If right, the yeast will rise very light and high. Thus prepared, it may be used immediately, but it is better for being kept a day in the cellar, closely covered, and will continue good a week. *Or:* To a pint of mash-1 potatoes (mealy ones are best,) add two ounces of brown sugar and two spoonfuls of common yeast. The potatoes first to be pulped through a colander, and mixed with warm water to a proper consistence. Thus a pound of potatoes will make a quart of good yeast. Keep it moderately warm whilst fermenting.

#### SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD.

Take one pound of butter, twelve ounces of finely powdered loaf-sugar, two pounds of flour, four eggs, a few caraway seeds, candied peel to the taste, and the little white sugar-plums called caraway comfits. Make the flour and butter hot before the fire. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with the hand, and make it into a stiff paste with the eggs, previously well beaten. The rolling-out to the required thickness must be done with as little use of the rolling-pin as possible. Either take small pieces, and roll them into oblong cakes, or roll out a large piece and cut it into squares or rounds. Prick a pattern round the edge of each little cake with the back of a knife, and arrange slices of peel, comfits, and caraway seeds in a pattern. They will take about twenty minutes to bake, and the oven should not be too quick. The mixing of flour, sugar, and butter, and of the eggs afterward, must be done very thoroughly and smoothly.

#### DESSERTS.

**Ice-Pudding.**—The pudding is generally considered a difficult dish to produce at home, unless what is called a professed cook reigns over the kitchen department, but we can assure our readers that, if they will follow our directions carefully, they will be enabled to produce this popular pudding at a quarter the cost a confectioner usually charges for it, and that it will be found equally as good. Take one quart of thick cream, the yolks of twelve eggs, one table-spoonful of brandy, and some dried fruit, such as apricots, pine-apple, ginger, greengages, cherries, etc., etc. The cherries may be left whole, but the rest should be cut up into pieces about the size of a filbert (the quantity of fruit is optional.) Beat up the yolks of the eggs well in a basin, scald the cream with a little lemon-peel and an inch of vanilla pod chopped up and tied in a muslin bag; pour it into the yolks, first taking out the lemon-peel and vanilla, and stirring it continually while mixing. Put it on the fire again in a saucepan, allowing it to thicken as a custard without curdling. Pour it into a jug, and when it has slightly cooled add the brandy, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, and the dried fruit. Let it stand until quite cold, stirring occasionally. The earlier this is all prepared in the morning the more successful the pudding will be. Pour the above mixture into a tin milk-can which has a lid to it; cover it and set it in a pan filled with rough ice well beaten and mixed with coarse salt. Care should be taken that the can is well buried in the ice, there being plenty of ice underneath as well as around it. The cream and other materials inside the can must be stirred every five minutes with an iron spoon to prevent them from adhering to the bottom of the can; and in addition to this, the can itself must be turned round in the ice very frequently; upon this depends the success in freezing the pudding. When the cream has remained an hour and a half in the can, imbedded in the ice, pour it into a tin mould, tie it down closely with clean writing-paper, with a piece of white muslin above it. Set this mould very firmly in the rough ice, the pan having been again filled up with ice and salt. The mould must be placed in the center of this, so that ice covers it over as well as lies round and underneath it. Leave it there until wanted, with a blanket thrown over the pan. Three half-



Pints of cream will be found quite sufficient for ten people, and about one shilling's worth of rough ice for freezing it. There will be no difficulty in turning it out of the mould, and if approved of, liquid red currant jelly may be poured into the dish before serving to table. It improves the appearance of the pudding.

THE WARDROBE.

**How to Prepare Starch for Use.**—Take a quart basin and put into it a tablespoonful of the best starch, which, with a clean wooden spoon kept for the purpose, gradually moisten and rub down with a quarter of a pint of cold spring water, adding only a tablespoonful at a time. When in a perfectly smooth state, and about the consistence of cream, gradually stir into it a pint of boiling water. Then pour the mixture into a clean glazed pipkin, kept for the purpose, and stir it over a gentle fire till it boils, adding a lump of sugar which prevents the starch from sticking to the hot iron. While in a boiling state, take a piece of wax-candle and turn it round two or three times; this gives a smooth and glossy surface to the linen after it has been ironed. Then strain the starch, thus prepared, through a piece of coarse muslin into a basin, cover it over with a plate, to prevent a skin forming on the top, and then before it is quite cold it is ready for use.

**To Wash a Muslin Dress.**—Make a good lather, and wash the muslin in cold water—never putting it into warm water even to rinse it. If the muslin is green, add a wineglassful of vinegar to the water in which it is rinsed; if lilac, the same quantity of ammonia. For black and white muslins, use a small quantity of sugar of lead.

**To Clean Silk.**—Quarter of a pound of soft-soap, one ounce of honey, one pint of gin. Put on with a flannel, or nail-brush, and afterward brushed with cold water, then dipped in cold water five or six times, and hung out to drain, then ironed (wet on the wrong side) with a hot iron.

**To Extract Grease from Silk.**—Wet the part with eau-de-cologne, and gently rub the silk upon itself, between the hands. When dry, the grease will disappear. This will, also, remove recent paint, and the grease from a wax candle.

**To Perfume Linen.**—Rose-leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, mace scraped. Mix them together, and put the composition into bags.

TOILET.

**Aromatic Vinegar.**—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves, for seven days; then express the liquid, and filter it through paper. Another aromatic vinegar, for sprinkling through apartments during the prevalence of fevers, or any contagious complaints, is made thus:—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk with it to destroy the acidity, let it subside, and, pouring off the liquid, dry the white powder in the sun, or by the fire. When perfectly dry, put it into a stone vessel, and pour upon it sulphuric acid, as long as white acid fumes continue to ascend.

**Excellent Dentifrice.**—Procure a lump of whitening, and scrape off as much, in fine powder, as will fill a pint pot. Take two ounces of camphor, moisten it with a few drops of brandy or spirit of wine, and rub it into a powder. Mix this with the whitening, and add to it half an ounce of powdered myrrh. Put the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cork down. If too strong of the camphor, it will be easy to add a little more whitening.

**Lotion for the Skin.**—Take an ordinary milk-pan, and fill it with the white flowers of the elderberry bush. The flowers should be covered with boiling water, placed out-of-doors in the sun for about three days, strained off, and bottled. The liquid should be of a dark mahogany color. It is an excellent lotion to remove sun-burn and freckles.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

**Syrup for Preserved Fruit.**—The best sugar, which will require no clarifying, should be used for this purpose; but when it is of inferior quality, it should be prepared in the following manner:—To clarify six pounds of sugar, break it into large lumps, put it into a preserving-pan, and pour to it five pints of cold spring water; in another pint beat lightly up the white of a small egg, but do not froth it much; add it to the sugar, and give it a stir to mix it well with the whole. Set the pan over a gentle fire when the sugar is nearly dissolved, and let the scam rise without being disturbed. When the syrup has boiled five minutes, take it off the fire, let it stand a couple of minutes, and then skim it carefully. Let it boil again, and then throw in half a cup of cold water to bring the remaining scam to the surface. Skim it until it is perfectly clear, strain it through a thin cloth, and it will be ready for use.

**To Wash Flannels.**—Wash them in warm water, rather above luke-warm, in which the soap has been boiled or dissolved, and not to rub the soap upon the woolen. Rinse them thoroughly in water rather hotter than that in which they have been washed; this removes the soap from the material instead of allowing it to remain and get hard, as it does if the last water is not decidedly hotter than the first. This plan will also be found to succeed perfectly with fleecy or Berlin wool; but then I generally wring the different articles or skeins by twisting them up in a linen cloth, so as to avoid straining the wool, and do not dry them too quickly. But the important point is certainly getting them thoroughly free from the soap, which would otherwise thicken and stiffen in the fine pores of the wool.

**Light Tea Buns.**—Take half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and the same quantity of bi-carbonate of soda, and rub them well into a pound of flour, through a hair sieve, if leisure permit. Then work into the flour two ounces of butter, and add two ounces of crushed and sifted lump sugar, also a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, and (if liked) a few caraway-seeds. Having mixed all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle and pour in half a pint of cold, new milk; one egg, well beaten, mixed with the milk is a great improvement, though your buns will do without any. Mix quickly, and set your dough with a fork on baking tins. The buns will take about twenty minutes to bake. From these ingredients you ought to produce a dozen.

**To Bleach a Straw Bonnet.**—First, scrub the bonnet well with a brush dipped in clean water. After this, put into a box a saucer containing burning sulphur; it must remain there a short time, and as soon as it is removed, the bonnet must be placed in the box and well covered up, so that the sulphuric atmosphere may whiten it.

**To Preserve Rhubarb.**—An equal weight of fresh, young rhubarb and sugar. Wipe, pare, and cut the rhubarb into small lengths; add the sugar; let them heat rather slowly, till the fruit is tender, and then boil rapidly for half an hour, stirring it well. Candied peel added, at the rate of an ounce to a pound of fruit, is an improvement.

**Sun-Burn.**—Old buttermilk, applied to the face, is a very effectual cure for sun-burn. Also a little lemon-juice put into a cup of milk, and then the face washed with the milk, is a complete remedy for sun-burn. It should not be applied too frequently, as all things are, more or less, hurtful to the skin when used too often.

**Indelible Marking Ink.**—Nitrate of silver, two drachms; distilled water, three ounces. Dissolve. Moisten the spot to be marked with a concentrated solution of carbonate of potassa, to which a little gum water must be added. When the spot has become dry, write upon it with the solution of nitrate of silver.

**Cement for Broken Glass, etc.**—A little isinglass dissolved in mastic varnish. The least possible quantity should be used.

**To Remove Rust from Polished Iron.**—The best method of removing rust from a polished grate is to scrape down to a fine powder some bath-brick, put it into a little oil, and rub the spots well with a piece of flannel dipped in the mixture, after which apply some whitening, also well rubbed in. This process must be repeated daily until all trace of the rust has disappeared. To prevent the grate or fire-irons from becoming spotted with rust, it is a good plan to rub them over with the fat from the inside of a fowl, and finish them off with whitening.

### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**FIG. I.—OUT-DOOR DRESS.**—The skirt is of black alpaca, trimmed down the front with black velvet, edged with crimson braid. Black velvet belt and jet buckle. Jacket of crimson cashmere, trimmed with black. Black hat of the Scotch form.

**FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN,** trimmed with blue.

**FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA,** trimmed with black velvet.

**FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF VERY THIN WHITE MUSLIN,** with several tucks, above each of which a rose-colored ribbon is run. Ruffle around the bottom of the skirt. Body and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

**FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY FOUILLARD.**—Loose saque of light maize-colored cloth, trimmed with gimp. Gray straw hat and maize-colored feather.

**FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED CHENE SILK.**—Basque of black silk.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—A greater simplicity is apparent, we think, in out-door dresses. They are less trimmed, and are almost invariably worn with a plain saque of the same material as the dress. All walking dresses, if made as long as they usually are, ought to be looped up over petticoats of the same material as the dress, or else some other underskirt, which is very quiet in effect. The more dressy kind of toilets have the skirts looped up with bows of ribbon, or a circle of quilled ribbon. Usually strings are put on the under part of the dress, and tied in such a way that the skirt appears to be fastened by the trimming.

**WHITE PETTICOATS** are generally ruffled, and the ruffles are fluted. Some have a black or scarlet braid run on the hem of the ruffle.

A lady with one or two white dresses can always have a great variety in her toilet, by having trimmings of various styles and colors made on a foundation of rather stiff book muslin, when they will be always ready to tack on the dress. Thus narrow pinked silk flounces, rings interlaced in each other, straps ascending the skirt, with bows and long ends floating over the hem, puffs, through which ribbons are run, etc., in an endless variety.

**NANKEN AND JEAN** are again appearing for dresses. Another material called Spanish linen is also very popular. These dresses should be *gored* and trimmed very simply with rows of braid.

**MORNING DRESSES** of a plain color are trimmed *round* the skirt, above the hem, with two rows of bright moire ribbon, an inch and a half wide, and with one row *down* every seam where the breadths are joined. The bodice is made with basques at the back, which are edged with ribbon; the ribbon is also carried straight down the center of the back from the neck to the waist, where there is a small strap and two buttons, thus giving the effect of a dress fastened at the back; the epaulets are mere lines of ribbon.

**JACKETS** of the most dressy kind have no sleeves. Ladies who wish to wear something more than merely a white bodice, put on a small, open jacket, without sleeves over it. A colored silk jacket looks extremely well over a plain or figured white muslin bodice with full sleeves. The most

fashionable sashes have a wide band, a large rosette on one side, and long lapels finished off with fringe. The pointed Swiss band, however, is still worn, as well as a great variety of bands, sashes, and low bodices.

**BUTTONS** of steel, jet, ivory, mother-of-pearl, etc., are all fashionable. These are cut in great varieties of form, such as stars, diamonds, oblongs, etc.

**BUTTON FRINGE** is also popular, especially on the jackets and summer dresses.

**SAILOR-COLLARS**, and the Judge-collar, are both popular; but the variety of fancy linens is endless. The Judge-collar is made of lace, a narrow piece of which stands up around the throat, and the ends in front fall like bands.

**THE EMPIRE BONNET** is too unbecoming to be popular just yet. It is stylish-looking, some say, but not fascinating. The little three-cornered articles, which are now perched on the head in such a bewitching style, is infinitely more becoming, but so easily manufactured at home that the exclusives will no longer tolerate it.

**ROUND HATS**—or rather what are commonly called round hats, for they are not round at all—are now pretty and very becoming. The shape has gradually turned from the Scotch cap to the *tricorn*, or something very like it. The crown is moderately high, and slopes off into a point in front and at the back; the brim is turned up entirely, and is higher at the sides than at the back and front. This trim is, generally speaking, covered with black or colored velvet, small gretots, or round spangles of spun straw; steel, crystal, or jet being arranged as a fringe over it. One long curled feather sweeps round one side of the hat, and in front there is either a small bird or the head of a larger one, with a few feathers arranged, fan-shaped, at the back of it, forming a sort of aigrette. One of the prettiest we have seen was of white straw, the turned-up brim covered with blue velvet, and pretty round spangles of spun straw drooping over it. An elegant bird of Paradise was placed in front, with a long tail sweeping over one side of the brim.

**SHOES** cut high on the instep, like the old "Jefferson" shoe, is again being worn, but is not as popular as the gutter for out-door wear. These shoes are ornamented with large steel buckles.

**THE STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR** in the morning and that adopted in the evening differ materially. In Paris, for the evening, curls, *crepes*, and frized bands, and wide plaits, are worn at the very top of the head; but the effect is closer, not nearly so extravagant as last season. For the morning, the plait as a coronet, and the hair waved and slightly turned from the temples and combed over a frizette at the back, is the prevailing *coiffure*. Simplicity of style for the morning has passed into a fashion. It was expected that with the hair turned back from the temples over high frizettes that the large cushions of hair at the back would be suppressed. But it is not the case, the only difference which has been made is, that the cushions at the back are worn somewhat higher than the nape of the neck. These cushions are positively necessary with the present style of half-handkerchief bonnet. The back hair arranged in a profusion of ringlets massed together by means of a comb, is very suitable for low dresses; but the curls are not convenient with high ones, as they soil the collars, etc.

### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

**FIG. I.—PARTY DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.**—Above the fluted ruffles of the skirt is a quilting of pink ribbon and a line of roses. Square neck, trimmed to correspond.

**FIG. II.—A BOY'S DRESS OF WOOD-COLORED CASHMERE,** trimmed with black velvet.

**FIG. III.—DRESS OF PINK ALPACA, FOR A LITTLE GIRL,** trimmed with black velvet.





Ladies' Slipper Pattern—in Silk Embroidery.





LES MARCHANDS  
DE PARIS



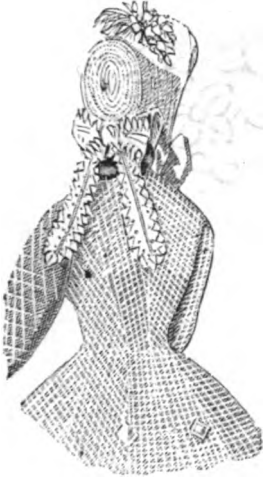




THE BUTTERFLY.



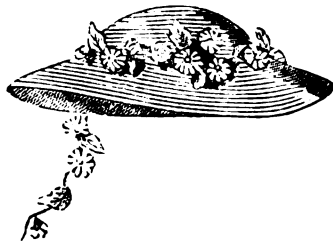




EMPIRE BONNET.



NEW STYLE OF DRESSING HAIR.



HAT.



COAT DRESS.



SPANISH JACKET.



INSERTION.



WALKING DRESS: GIRL'S DRESS.

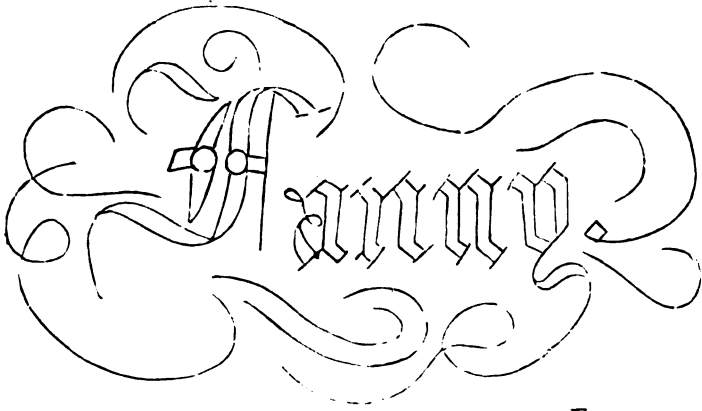




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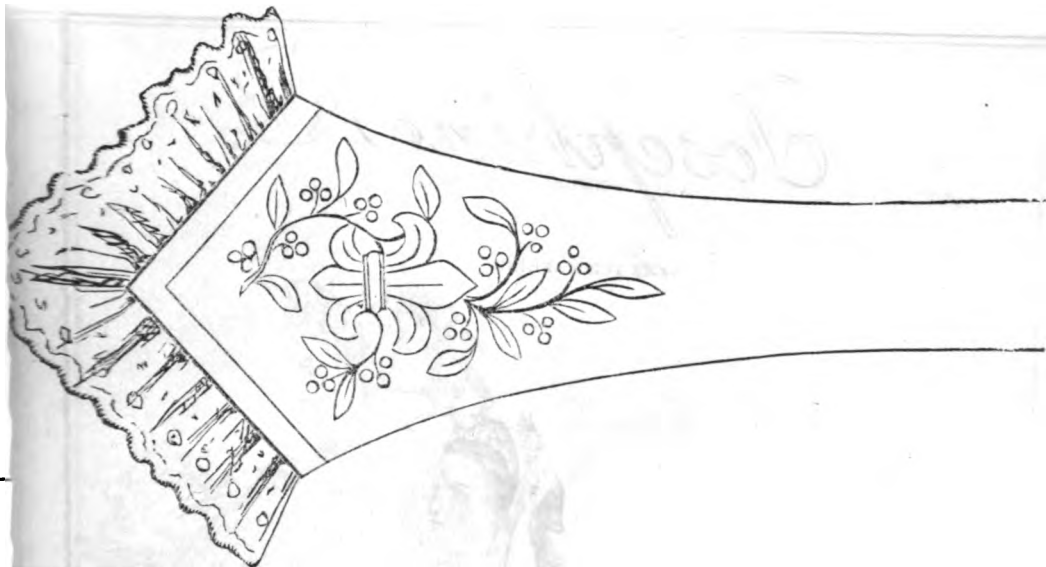


WALKING DRESS: GIRL'S DRESS.

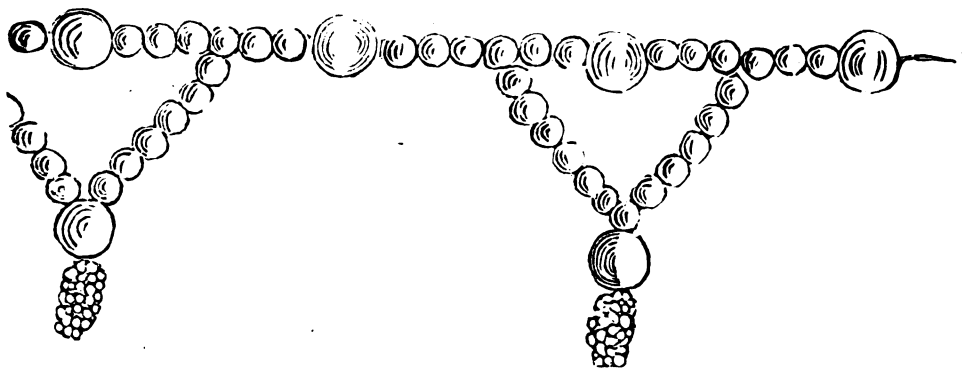


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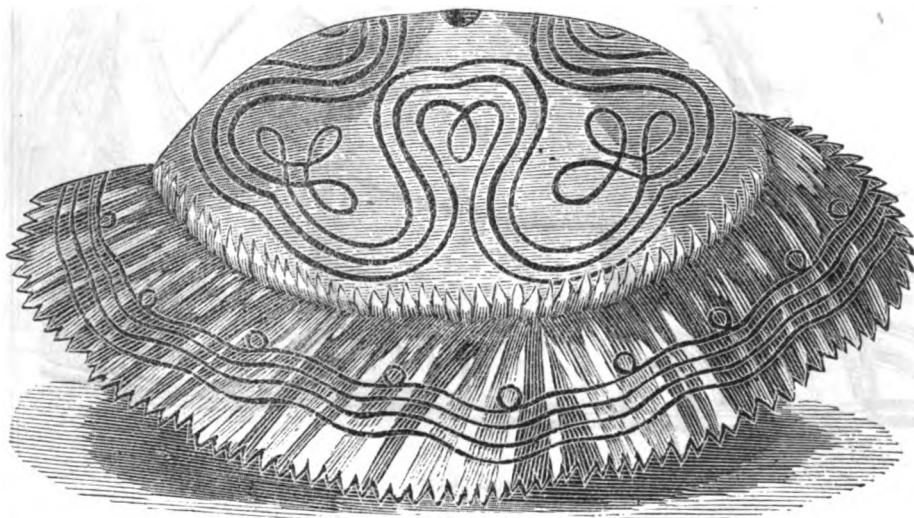
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LADY'S CRAVAT.



BEAD TRIMMING FOR A DRESS.



BRAIDED TOILET CUSHION.

# Josephine

NAME FOR MAKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.



# Prima Ette

NAMES FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

# I AM THINKING OF THE LOV'D ONES.

SONG AND CHORUS.

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED BY

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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*Moderato.*

PIANC.



The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'PIANC.' (piano).

I am thinking of the lov'd ones, That have pass'd from earth to heav'n:



The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I am thinking of the lov'd ones, That have pass'd from earth to heav'n:"

Of the silk - en bands of friend - ship, Which by time's rough hand were riv'n.



The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Of the silk - en bands of friend - ship, Which by time's rough hand were riv'n."



I AM THINKING OF THE LOV'D ONES.

I am dreaming, fondly dream - ing, Of the happy days of yore;

Of the joys that I have tast - ed, Joys which I shall know no more.

C H O R U S .

I am dreaming of the lov'd ones. Of the hap - py days of

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

yore: Of the joys that I have tast ed; Joys which I shall know no more.

Ped. \* Ped. \*

2.  
 Ah! my heart is filled with sorrow,  
 When I think upon the years  
 That have left some pleasant mem'ries,  
 But alas, how many tears.  
 I have seen the fairest flowers,  
 Blasted by the snows of fate;  
 Brightest hopes all torn and scattered,  
 Hearts once glad left desolate.

3.  
 Oh, I daily pray to heav'n,  
 That I soon shall be at rest,  
 With the cold earth for my pillow,  
 And the turf upon my breast;  
 Yes, I would that I were lying  
 In the cold and silent tomb,  
 There to rest till I awaken,  
 Where hope's flow'rs forever bloom.



When you are in a hurry, you  
will find it best to wear a  
hat that is not too high,  
and a dress that is not too  
long, and a pair of shoes  
that are not too tight.

It is better to wear a  
hat that is not too high,  
and a dress that is not too  
long, and a pair of shoes  
that are not too tight.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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## ONE OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY E. S. MARIE.

SHE stood at the gate, her face slightly flushed, and her black eyes aglow. The young man, leaning on the fence at her side, must have been two years her elder, with a pale, handsome face, and brown hair and eyes.

"Well, Jean," he said, at length, with a sudden change in his voice, "I must bid you good-by, I suppose." Reaching out his hand—"you won't forget me, I hope."

"No, indeed." She laughed. "I'm afraid you will be the first to forget. Good-by."

She went into the house with a grim smile over her lips. "Forget, indeed! I almost hate myself that I cannot. I wonder"—looking into the mirror opposite her. "I shall be handsome some time," with a sudden proud lifting of her head—"handsome enough for even him. If my cheeks were only red, my face and form rounded a little more. Perhaps—"

She broke off suddenly, and the old sad, hopeless look came over her face. What mattered it if she was beautiful? Philip Burdell was going to the great city to study law, and his profession would place him far above her level in life—for her parents were comparatively poor, and all the education she had ever received came from the village district school, and the few books that had fallen in her way.

So she lived on, loving hopelessly, but well, until two years after, her father, by a successful speculation, raised himself from comparative poverty to independence, and from thence by rapid strides to wealth.

Jean was sent away to school, and for a year after her life seemed wholly composed of sunshine. The first she had ever known, poor child!

She studied eagerly, though not enough to prevent her becoming more and more, each day, what she had once prophesied, a beautiful girl. This, combined with an exquisite taste in dress, might have given her more power over hearts

than she ever dreamed of possessing; but she studiously withdrew herself from almost all society in the school, knowing but one or two intimately, and living in dreams of the future.

At the end of the term she met Philip Burdell, now admitted to the bar. But her seclusion had made her shy, and she found it impossible to throw it off, even in his presence. He construed this reticence as an indication of her changed feelings toward him, and met her with a coldness that chilled her to the heart. She went away sadder and colder, shutting up the pain in her heart with a firm hand, shedding no tears, and taking up her changed life again in much the same way as before, so that no one dreamed of the cruel shadows that darkened her soul.

It was the old tale, a misunderstanding, and an estrangement. It was years before they met again. At last, urged by her friends, and pitying the suitor, Jean married. She knew she did not love this man as she ought to love a husband; yet the shielding tenderness in his manner, the love in his quiet eyes were so new, and so sweet to her, that sometimes, in his presence, she almost forgot the past. None who saw her married would have dreamed that the blossoms of her hope were dead, and her life henceforth a wearisome desert, forever staring her in the face with its shadowy, desolate waste.

She fulfilled her duties as a wife unflinchingly. She tried to love her husband, and could not help respecting him. He believed the slight restraint, which always characterized her manner toward him, to be only the natural result of her phlegmatic temperament. Thus she lived on, sternly self-reliant, giving her confidence to no one, and waiting patiently, yet more sadly each day, for the forgetfulness that never came. Once only she met her old lover. One evening, at the house of a friend, she caught his eyes

as he stood watching her enter. She looked surpassingly beautiful, and his eyes showed that he felt it. She came forward rapidly, extending her hand with a smile of recognition, yet so different from her old smile that it haunted him long afterward—a smile which hid her inmost emotions securely from his gaze. He went away more utterly blinded, if possible, than before, believing her happy, believing she had never, even as a girl, loved him.

The years went on. Her husband died, leaving her at thirty unfettered again. Her life henceforth, she thought, would be sadder than ever, more desolate, more forsaken. In the months of her widowhood, the sorrow and regret for her husband was such that she never admitted, to herself, the possibility of ever marrying again.

Philip Burdell, she believed, at last had grown to be nothing to her. Where he was she did not know, and never asked.

One evening she sat alone in the parlor singing snatches of one of Tennyson's songs.

"The stately ships go on  
To their haven under the bill;  
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones at sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is flown,  
Can never come back to me."

The music, sad as the words, and her own voice sadder still, thrilled through the room mournfully, startling even herself, and she arose and turned to the window. Suddenly she heard a voice behind her, and turning, met the same pale, fair face, the same thrilling brown eyes

that had haunted her all her life. Even then her self-possession was but slightly shaken. She started as she caught sight of his face, but recovered herself instantly, though seeing the old look in his eyes, the same look he had given her that night of their parting so long ago.

After the first greetings were over, he asked her to sing the song over again, and stood watching her as she complied. He saw the old glow come into her eyes, saw her pale face flush and whiten again beneath his steady gaze. and as she turned from the piano, caught her hand in a sudden passionate pressure. "Seven years ago to-night," he cried, "I stood with you at the gate with a voice saying, in my heart, just what it does to-night, 'I love you, I love you;' but I hushed it, thinking to wait until I could take you wholly as my own. When I came back again, in the changed looks you gave me, I could read nothing but indifference in your manner, nothing of your old love; but to-night I see the same smile on your face, the same love in your eyes. Have I loved you all these wearisome years for nothing? Must I wait still longer?"

He read the answer in her eyes, and folded her in his arms. This time the beautiful face turned scarlet as his lips met hers, and the hand he clasped fluttered and trembled like a frightened bird.

And the shadows fell darker and darker through the window, and the night clasped the earth in a solemn embrace; but over their lives had broadened a beautiful day, more bright, more glorious for the shadows past, the sorrows endured.

## A U T U M N.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

O'er hill and vale, oh! Autumn time,  
Thy beauties linger now;  
And breezes mild, from Southern climes,  
Blow softly round my brow.

I see the sunlight lying  
On fields of waving grain;  
And Summer flowers are dying  
Along the lowly plain.

I hear the sweet bird-notes echo  
Among the rustling trees;  
And mournfully their music floats  
Upon the Autumn breeze.

I see, faded leaves are falling,  
All marked with sure decay;  
And spirit voices calling  
My thoughts from earth away

A dreamy silence reigneth  
O'er earth and sea to-day;  
On all that's bright and beautiful  
Is breathed, "passing away"

I list the gentle murmur  
Of woodlands rippling rills;  
Oh! sadly low their music-tone  
Upon my spirit thrills.

Oh! dreamy days of Autumn,  
A magic spell is thine,  
With all thy varied beauties,  
To bind this heart of mine.

Thou bringest visions golden  
Of all that's loved and dear;  
Thine hours are sad, but sweeter far  
Than all the changing year.

## THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 118.

### CHAPTER XI.

But the officer could not take Joyce directly from the court-room; the crowd swayed and surged about, but did not break and disperse, and so densely was the mass wedged together, that even the private passage from the dock to the jail entrance was filled. So it came about that, for a space of nearly five minutes, the poor wretch, condemned to death, stood to be a focus for all eyes.

The lawyers gathered up their papers, and turned to each other in groups of two or three, chatting in an undertone; Seaborn making his way past the woman who had sat near the dock, closely veiled, during these last days; he had a fancy that it was Barbara, and wanted to be sure.

Mottar forgot to speak to Joyce going out, as he had intended to do. He had built so much upon success in this case—a good practice, and income, and then—Matty. It was all up now; so he forgot in his own chagrin that this poor creature had lost more than he.

Judge C—— looked at Dunn with a solemn face, as he passed him, that held all the warning he had missed in the unheard charge. C—— was going to his dinner—to a succession of dinners between to-day and a far-away grave; life was a lusty, fat relish in his lungs, with an animal twang to it, maybe, but a sound moral strength; also, he being upon the bench. This poor devil, looking at him with lack-lustre eyes, could count the hours between him and the gallows; how the hands of God and the devil had been at work with both since their birth, and brought them to ends so different, hardly concerned Judge C——. He paused, and looked with all the menning of the law at Joyce. Perhaps a more human touch, of pity moved him suddenly, for he said to Proctor, the jailer, who stood near, "He seems a half-witted fellow; let him see his friends between now and ——, as far as is consistent with safety. And, look here, Proctor," lowering his tone, "give the poor creature enough to eat. Not your prison grub, understand. I'll make it all right." Proctor nodded significantly. "Make way for his honor," shoving a rough Irishman out of the way.

All this in less time than it has taken for me to write it down. It was but the halt made by any crowd before breaking up; a Babel of voices talking and coughing, of pushing of benches, creaking of doors began. In another moment the whole audience would have been scattered, when a shrill cry from a woman cleft all lesser noises and silenced them.

It came from the girl who had kept her seat by the prisoner, silent even when the sentence was read; now her very soul rushed out in that cry,

"Dunn! Dunn—look! Oh, God!"

It was a thanksgiving that came with that name; but it was choked before uttered. Barby had thrust out her arms, stooping forward, her eyes fixed on the open door of the court-room; she tried to make a step, staggered, and fell insensible.

"What is this?" said Judge C——. "Take out the woman——"

"Gently! gently, men!" said Seaborn.

"Your honor! judge," gasped the jeweler. "The—the corpse, in fact. The murdered man, Mr. Seaborn," pointing to a tall figure making its way slowly through the crowd.

Samuel Waugh, who was thrust in one corner on this second day, gave a shout of unfeigned astonishment and joy; then, remembering the publicity of the occasion, called out, "My brother!" dramatically enough.

"What does this mean?" demanded Seaborn, growing red. He would have been glad Joyce had been cleared by any other means than this, however. "You don't mean to say," he cried, "that nobody has been murdered, that all this has been a farce?"

"It looks like it. Disappointed, Mr. Seaborn?" laughed one of his brother attorneys.

"Judge C——, one moment! Stop him, some of you!" called Seaborn.

But the judge had already stopped; an expectant hush had fallen on the audience to know what had happened. There was an uncertainty of a moment, and then all eyes gradually centered on the old man and the prisoner, by whom he stood.

Dunn Joyce had laid his hand upon his shoulder to know if he were flesh and blood. It was

Nicholas Waugh, his features pinched, pale from loss of blood, but still alive. He had the same old clothes on which he wore on the day he was missed, but they flapped loosely about him now he had grown so thin; the same old shovel, broad-brimmed hat; horn spectacles; the yellow silk handkerchief sticking out of one pocket; the gray whiskers a shade or two whiter and stiffer, perhaps. But his wrinkled face was curiously lighted up with an expression in it which Dunn Joyce had never seen there—as a man's face lights when one of life's rare occasions stirs and fires his blood; the comprehending of one of God's primeval truths, or, better still, the unfolding of a great, heroic deed of a brother man.

"Joyce!" he said, "thank God! I am in time!"

So profound was the silence that the words were heard distinctly through the dense crowd, though his voice was cracked and feeble. Dunn Joyce's head had sunk, was out of sight; he stood bent unsteadily, like a criminal, crushing his woolen cap up in his hand.

"Mercy!" he muttered; but Waugh leaned close to hear. "It will cost you nothing, Mr. Waugh, and I would have died to save him——"

"I know, Joyce, so you would—I know!" he stopped a minute. "No man ever offered his life more nobly, or for a more worthless scoundrel," in a lower tone. "You have come within an ace of swinging for him, too."

"Can you save me?"

"Why, I'm alive, man."

He looked at Joyce, who was pulling at his collar as if it choked him; the muscles in his face were relaxed; his eye dull and heavy; the sudden shock of relief had blurred his senses, Waugh thought.

"It's been a hard strain on him this day or two," he said to Seaborn, holding Dunn by the shoulder like a sick boy as the lawyer came up, confusedly, with a smile on his mouth.

"They tell me you are Nicholas Waugh, sir? We have come near to doing a murder ourselves here, it appears."

"Very near," the old man growled out, gruffly. "Twelve children would not have brought in a man guilty on evidence such as that, if you had not honeyfugled them. Bah! Well, what red-tape formula must be gone through to bring the boy out?"

A rap on the judge's desk silenced the old man, followed by some words spoken in such a rapid voice by that dignitary, that but half a dozen practiced in the court vernacular could make them out.

"What is it he says? What, eh?" pulling at Dunn's coat-sleeve.

"He will hear evidence that you are, in truth, Nicholas Waugh," said Seaborn.

All this time the excitement around them had grown to a repressed fever heat, when Samuel Waugh again mounted the witness-box, and Judge C—— stood, cane and hat in hand, to hear his testimony. Waugh put it into more vigorous English than one could have hoped; his wife followed; the others who had seen Nicholas on the day of the alleged murder; some of his old neighbors who happened to be in the court-room. A volley of exclamations and half shouts followed each bit of evidence: the lawyers looking at Joyce with astonishment and curiosity; and the "roughs" claiming fellowship with him by pulling at his coat and calling, "You're free, Joyce, old fellow! Three cheers for this chap, Joyce, boys!"

Nicholas Waugh's identity was fully proved. "There can be no legal ground for detaining the prisoner on the indictment," said Judge C——, "unless," glancing from his watch to Waugh, his curiosity getting the better of his craving fat stomach for dinner—"unless he is prosecuted for the attempted robbery."

"Robbery?" said Waugh, with a bewildered look. "Dunn Joyce? I do not understand."

"Nor does the court," said Judge C——, impatiently, putting up his watch. "The best way, Mr. Waugh, would be for you to mount the stand, and give us an account of this transaction. Who is the guilty party?" Seeing the old man's hesitation. "It is informal, certainly; but it will remove all uncertainty as to the actual amount of this man's culpability."

Joyce caught at Waugh's arm as he turned to go. "Mr. Waugh," he whispered, "spare us. It's an honorable name, let it remain so. Nothing can be served by telling the whole truth; he's out of the law's reach. For the love of God, spare me!"

"Dunn Joyce, you are a fool! If I spare him, it will be for your sake." He went up on the stand.

"I don't know what you want me to say, sir. I am here, and alive. If I came near to death, it is owing to Dunn Joyce that I am alive. 'The diamond found in his possession?'" catching the question of a by-stander. "Yes, it was. I met Dunn Joyce before leaving town, and gave it to him to make another attempt to ascertain its real value. I couldn't bring myself to believe it was worth nothing at all. I asked him to do this because I felt ill, and was hurrying home; and instead of doing it, he followed to



save me from the very robbery you charged him with."

"You were robbed, then, or an attempt made?" asked Mottar.

Waugh's color changed, he glanced uneasily at Joyce.

"You were seen struggling with a man," persisted Mottar, seeing his advantage, "who was supposed to be the prisoner?"

Joyce's agitation at this point, and Waugh's distress of perplexity did not escape the crowd; there was another swell and heave forward to catch every sound.

"There is no use in evading the truth. There was an attempt made. Dunn Joyce saved my life by holding back my assailant. In the cover of the darkness I swam on shore. I have been ill since then at a hut to which I wandered that night in my trouble. Joyce did not know that I was alive until I came here to-day."

"But he knew," said the judge, and, turning to Joyce, he asked, "Why did you not offer this defence?"

"You did not even give this hypothesis to me on which to try to elicit evidence?" pursued Mottar, angrily.

Joyce made no reply, though the crowd of wondering eyes were turned to him on all sides—wondering and suspicious, also.

Old Waugh could bear it no longer. He drew himself up to his full height, his eye a-blaze, and his wrinkled jaws growing red with the blood of his youth wakened into life; and putting his hand on Joyce's shoulder, he said curtly, "It's a long story—why the lad took shame and death on himself. I doubt if it's worth the telling—there's few here would read it right. Come, Joyce, boy. There's nothing to keep us here longer?" looking at Judge C—.

"A mere legal formula."

While they stood waiting, Seaborn came closer and touched Waugh on the arm. "I think I understand. Joyce took the place of some one else?"

"Yes."

"And would have gone through with it, think you? To the end—that end?"

Waugh looked up with a fatherly sort of pride at Joyce's ugly, strong face, on which the last few weeks had deepened the forcible lines.

"There's no backing out in those jaws, I fancy."

Seaborn watched Joyce critically during the time they stood, bowed respectfully to him as he came down. He never forgot the incident; in fact, it was from him I first heard a hint of the story. "Joyce was a man you would look

after in a crowd in spite of his shambling gait," he said, in speaking of his personal appearance. "Not the sort of man to make a hero of, either; but yet there was great power in his face—power and kindness mixed."

Nicholas Waugh did make a hero out of him, however. The knightly spirit of the old man was fully roused by this thing the gardener had done. Following him out, his shovel hat in his hand, and gray head bare, he watched jealously, from side to side, the people who made room for Joyce to pass. Many of the crowd, beginning to comprehend the true state of the case, cheered eagerly as they went. Waugh's eyes filled with tears at that. "So they ought," he said to Seaborn, "so they ought! What better thing is there than that a man should give his life for his friend?"

## CHAPTER XII.

It was a bright, clear morning after a heavy night's rain; the stubble-fields and grassy wagon-road were soaked brown; overhead, a few ragged bits of the broken thunder-clouds drifted about in the mellow sunshine like fragments of opaque silver; a strong sea-breeze ruffled through the wet orchard trees, and the crisp leaves of the great walnut outside of the porch, carrying its salty, invigorating smell with it.

At least so Dunn Joyce fancied, looking out of the window of the little breakfast-room. Yesterday morning he had wakened in the jail-cell, with the foul smells of the prison-yard in his nostrils, with the prospect of but a week's life before him; to-day—how broad, and fresh, and powerful nature opened before him! how infinite was life! The simple-hearted fellow had a vague idea that the world rejoiced in his freedom; that the sky had a different blue; the air a healthier, stronger breath; he liked to fancy that the salt taste of the sea was in it as a welcome. For Dunn Joyce had known the full value of the life he had meant to sacrifice, down to its very meanest particulars. It was no willing heroism, we confess; he reached the resolve there in the jail slowly; for Dick's sake he did it, but it wrung his soul bitterly;

He was free now; God had given life to him again. The morning air blew freshly into the little "keeping-room," which Deb had cleaned and furnished up in honor of his coming home. The square of green carpet, in the middle of the floor, had been turned the bright side up; the slip of floor, bared at its edges, was white as the muslin curtains pinned back with bits of cedar; a wooden crackle on the hearth; the

table was set with the odd pieces of blue china, which were the pride of Deb's heart—that old, deep-blue china, which contrasts so strongly with the white table-cloth, and for which we confess a predilection equal to Deb's. The old woman came in now in a clean calico gown, her wrinkled face in a distortion of smiles.

"The old gentleman's not down yet?" putting a couple of dishes on the table. "The coffee's done to a minute, and I've got a beef-steak broiled, and muffins baked to your pleacement. Mr. Dunn."

Joyce nodded and smiled, adjusting the two chairs at the table as he heard the heavy steps of the old man overhead.

It was all natural and commonplace—Deb, and the breakfast, and the nursery outside, yet it rasped and irritated his nerves, strung as they had been for days past. Everybody knows the jar with which we fall into the old ruts of every day living, after our souls have gone through some fiery furnace of trial; have been wrestling with some of God's accredited powers of evil or good; it is not easy to come back, to turn from the great temptation of our lives, or from the dead body lying cold under the moist, yellow clay, there holding all we knew of good in life, to remember that it is foreign mail-day, or that there is no coffee browned, or that sugar has gone up ten cents in the pound. The matter half of our being forces itself back to notice repulsively and meanly, yet with a curious sense of relief.

So the breakfast passed in almost utter silence between the two; the straits they had just gone through were too near and awful to bear discussion—too near to suffer them to enter into thoughts with jest.

"Where are you bound, Joyce?" said Waugh, as they rose from the table.

"The melon-patch. There's work to be done there, I fancy, that won't bear putting off."

"I must go over to Samuel's, I suppose. They will expect it."

The two men stood silent a few moments, Joyce with an anxious, undecided look.

"Mr. Waugh!"

"Well, Dunn?" turning, "I see," after waiting for him to continue. "I understand what you want. He is safe, boy; but not for his sake—not for his sake. I will never accuse Richard by word or look."

"I would rather you had been silent for his sake," said Joyce, pacing to and fro, his eyebrows drawn down, and his hands clasped behind him.

The old man's haggard face took an angry

sternness in it, which Dunn had never seen there before.

"Richard Nolt," he said, "is your brother. Mr. Joyce, for that reason I spared his name. But I do not forget that he plotted to rob an old man living under his roof, and, balked in that by you, tried to murder him. I am no fool, Joyce. I see things as they are."

Joyce stopped. "You cannot call his deed by too harsh a name," he said, "and I don't expect you to look on the other side and see what temptation he had. I don't expect it of you, sir—you least of all men. But I cannot help seeing it," letting his head fall on his chest, and resuming his slow walk.

Waugh was staggered. "Nobody ever sinned without temptation," he said, angrily, "I suppose. You always were too fond of that fellow, Joyce. You indulged him to his ruin, sir. But this is carrying it a little too far—a little too far. And to me, too. I feel his fingers on my throat now," with a shiver.

"I don't ask you to find an excuse for him. But I cannot belie my own feeling, sir, and I do it. Maybe I did indulge him to his ruin. But he had a look of my mother's in his eye that I could not resist. And Dick had his good points, God help him!" with a choked groan, sitting down to tie on his leggings.

"What were his temptations?" growled out Waugh.

Joyce looked up eagerly. "I don't think, to begin with, that Dick had a sharp enough sense of the right of property. His father was loose in that way, though he was a kind, whole-hearted fellow."

"Generous on other men's means? I've known such good fellows," under his breath.

Joyce reddened. "I only mean he would give away rather than pay away."

"Exactly; and Dick would borrow with the intention of paying double—borrow with, or without leave. I know the secret you held between you, Dunn. Forgive me if I speak of it now, we'll have the air all clear between us. I knew that Richard forged a draft in my name, and that you redeemed it to hush the matter up."

Again Joyce's face burned scarlet. "But you never knew," he said, passionately, "what it is to work on, for year after year, and see success just escape you, for the want of a little money, as he did. To see those you loved needing help, which one day of good luck would enable you to give them; to find yourself thwarted and cramped in the best part of your nature; to love a woman you dared not marry—when a little money would have mended all this. That was



part of Dick's temptations, sir. He thought you were going to throw your money away uselessly, and——"

"So he kindly would have relieved me of the care of it?"

"He meant to repay you. As God lives, I think that. And when, in struggling with him, you discovered him, it was a movement of desperation to throw you off."

"Oh, Dunn! Dunn! Is it you who justify robbery and murder?"

There was a moment's pause before the answer came.

"It is useless to try to make myself understood," answered Joyce, at last. "Let the matter rest between us. I am grateful if, for any cause, you will spare my brother's name, Mr. Waugh."

The old man took snuff—a sure sign of displeasure. He did not like to be bluffed out of his argument; he would rather have owned himself wrong and had leave to talk it out.

"Well, as you please," he said. "It is not so pleasant a subject to me that I need care to linger on it. Richard is safe for me, as I told you before. He is punished enough by this time, I warrant you. By the time a man has thought himself a murderer for a month, he is tolerably fit food for the gallows!"

He pulled on his hat and stalked out of the house, while Dunn looked after him with an anxious, startled face.

"I never thought of that!" he said to himself. "Poor Dick! It has been a bitter month to him."

He went out to his gardening; pruning, clipping, hoeing, as in the old time, going back gradually into the every-day habit so thoroughly, that when dinner time came, and he and Nicholas Waugh sat down alone to the cold ham, and bread, and beer, he caught himself glancing down the road two or three times, up which Dick used to saunter, switching the tops of the thistles with his cane.

"Never again," he thought, bending over his plate to hide his face. "Never!" He had not realized it before.

It was a silent meal; but the old man seemed to have forgotten the morning's skirmish, and was full of quiet kindness.

"You'll go over to Samuel's soon, Joyce?" as they came out from table, and lighted their pipes preparatory to a smoke. "You'll be a hero over there. I was," with a chuckle.

Dunn's eyes twinkled. "With Mrs. Samuel?" he said.

"Yes. She took me out to a cranny, near the

old stone-quarry, where she told me she had intended a modest monument to be raised to my memory, and showed me a 'memorial,' in verse, destined for next week's issue of the Times. There was a chastened sadness in her face as she turned over this ineffectual effort, that made me feel as if I had somehow swindled her by coming up alive and jolly. I told her to keep them, however, they'll answer some time. You've not seen Barby since—to-day, I mean? She's looking thin and haggard."

"Ah!" said Joyce, whittling a bit of peach-bough vigorously; after awhile he said he "was sorry;" and that was all.

That night Dunn Joyce slept but for a few minutes before dawn, and got up, looking, as he dressed, constantly out over the hay-field to the smoke rising from Samuel Waugh's house beyond the Lombardy poplars. How the fresh morning light shivered on their wax-like leaves, but it looked cold to Dunn, as if it shone on trees above a grave. There had been a foolish little hope that had started into life in the past yesterday, which would have lighted his wide, aimless, dull life into an untold splendor. But all through the night he had been putting it out of sight forever. "I was a fool!" he muttered perpetually to himself. "It was a sickly fancy that I could be anything to her but poor old Joyce, whom she endured for Dick's sake. And if it were otherwise, Dick shall never think I profited by his misfortune. God help him!" He always ended his thoughts of Dick thus; tried this morning to convince himself that it cost him nothing to resolve he never would cross the hay-field to Samuel Waugh's again. "Now that Dick's gone, I'll go back to the law, out West. I'll not cross Barby's path again. She ought to have young, fresh blood near her. We've aged the child—the Waughs and I. It will be a young, cheerful heart—her friend's and—her husband's. As for the rest, the old calf-skin books will be enough for me."

So he put on his working-coat and went down to breakfast, with a face more haggard and hopeless than any he had worn in prison.

### CHAPTER XIII.

DUNN JOYCE was true to his resolve; he never did cross the field to Samuel Waugh's. Barby came once or twice to her uncle's room as she had been used to do, but her visits ceased after that. She had passed Joyce in the nursery, and had exchanged a few words with him about the vegetables and fruit, during which their voices shook in a way which the subject hardly

seemed to warrant. When they touched hands, too, at meeting, hers was feverish, and his curiously cold and clammy.

But that was all. Except that brief discussion of the potato and melon crops, they had found nothing to say to each other.

"Nor ever would," Barby thought, sitting at her window with her interminable sewing, and looking over at the familiar path she had trodden so often, and now meant to pass over no more.

There was much in the trial, in her uncle's whole adventure, which she could not comprehend, which he would not explain, let her father apply the forcing-pumps as he would.

For her part, she asked no questions. The subject had died out of the public mind, after the newspapers had dressed the *dénouement* into a "romance in real life;" but it still remained the sole topic for Barby to pore over in these long, solitary days. Where was Richard Nolt? Where had he been during his brother's danger? Dunn Joyce was preparing to sell the nursery stock and emigrate to "the Ohio," (as it was then called.) She heard this as a matter of common report. What was it to her? And Barby gulped back the hot tears, her whole flesh burning as she remembered how she had suffered him to look into her very soul on that day, when she thought him on the brink of death. He seemed to have forgotten that; maybe, thought it bold and unwomanly—with a sharper thrill of shame and anger. Dunn was in no whit guilty, she knew that; but there was a mystery in the whole business—a pushing of her out and away by both Joyce and her uncle. They were the only two people in the world whom she loved; they were the whole world to her—but let it be; she would never intrude on them again.

Old Nicholas Waugh was not blind: he saw all this moving and counter-moving of the man and woman, and laughed over it as a fragment of the world-old heart strategy, out of which come half the zest, and joy, and tragedy of every-day life.

"It's the old business," he said, thinking it over one evening, as he sat on the stoop smoking and waiting for Dunn to come into tea. "The old business—but it needs a skillful touch to set it right, I fancy. I had other plans for Barby; a year or two of life outside would make another woman of her." Something suggested that it might unfit her to be Dunn Joyce's wife. And the old man did Joyce justice; with all his perception of his awkwardness and simplicity, he knew that he had known no truer-hearted

gentleman. "It needs a hint or two to set it right," knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I can manage it."

He could hardly wait to swallow his tea and bread, in his haste to be off to Samuel Waugh's; and forgot to give Joyce a letter he had brought from the office until he was just starting. "A woman's handwriting, too, Dunn—and from abroad. I'm sorry to have kept you out of it."

There was no answering smile on Dunn's face as he took it. He knew Richard's writing in spite of the disguise; he did not break the seal until the gate swung behind the old man.

The date was at Florence; the letter itself was but a few hurried words, beginning without preface:

"I was about," it said, "to write 'my dear brother,' but remembered that you may no longer claim me as a brother. To you I am but the thief and murderer which circumstances made me; hereafter, when my nature and talent have room to work out, others may think differently of me. Meanwhile, I ask of you to forget me; there is no one else to whom that task will be hard, not even Barby. It would have hurt me a month ago to think that; but I tell you frankly, Dunn, it does not now. The events of that day, the change, and even this short intercourse with the world, have showed me how idle was the fancy that would have nailed me down to that little corner in the marshes. I should never have been the painter I was meant to be. I'd have grown fat, and lazy, and dull, as Barby's husband. That air even affects people in that manner, I think—I can see it in even you, Dunn. I say nothing to you of Barby herself, because I think whatever feeling we had for each other was merely the result of propinquity. For that last night, we will let that go, too. I have reasoned over all that I did a thousand times, and I can see it only in one light. Circumstances drew me into the scrape, and drew me out again. I meant to borrow the money which the diamond would bring. When I was discovered, a mad impulse made me thrust him into the river. It was accident saved him—in fact, it was accident throughout. Of course, there was wrong at the bottom of it, but I don't see where my crime began. I read the account of your trial in the papers yesterday. You're a good fellow, Joyce, to go to all that trouble for a poor devil. But, of course, you knew you were safe all the time. You brought in the old man in the very nick of time for effect. That Mottar must be a sharp chap. Now, as it's all safely over, I'm off for a

Jash at fortune. You shall never see me again unless I find her. Good-by, Dunn! I've been a burden to you long enough. Thank God it's over! and forget me until I turn up again. R. N."

Joyce read the letter over but once; then he tore it up and burnt it, bit by bit, looking with aimless eyes into the fire after it was all gone, as if something had hurt him. Dunn was human, after all; he could not but remember how much of his life had been given up for this brother, and that this was all the reward.

He never spoke of this letter until years after; then he said that Dick had covered up his own feeling, and written harshly and roughly that he might be less regretted. In the course of time the dull soul, stupid always in thinking evil, had persuaded himself of the truth of this.

To-night, after destroying the letter, he went out, and paced to and fro for awhile before the house, then stopped, leaning against the hacked, gray trunk of the great walnut. The soft evening shadows were lying over the cooled fields near at hand; while away off, on the rim of the horizon, a yellow haze of heated air hung. Deb was coaxing the fat, old cow into the barn-yard, with many an encouraging slap and "ho-ey!" The chickens were mounting clamorously on to their roosts; now and then the shrill cry of some solitary bird, winging its way home to its nest, broke the stillness. But Dunn's eyes were fixed on two figures down in the hollow; he grew blind and deaf to all else—the old man and Barby. She wore white. He could see the light dress flutter about her figure as she walked, holding a straw hat on her head with one hand, and steadying the old man's walk with the other. Her every motion was graceful and careless. He fancied how the wide, brown eyes would glisten and flash through the darkening twilight; how the young girl's soul shone through it, simple and pure. "'Propinquity!' Dick had thrown her off as he would a spaniel, her and her love. *Had* she loved him, or—"

Dunn Joyce started up from his lounging attitude, erect, and, pulling his hat over his brows, strode down the hill to where the girl stood now alone on the little foot-bridge, having parted from her uncle. There are moments in a man's life when his nature starts up, defiant and wakeful, and in a brief space conquers the slow future of years; one of them came to tardy Dunn now. "The man was man, and master of his fate."

Nicholas Waugh passed him, and chuckled silently, having given the skillful touch, he thought, which would set all right. In this

wise: Coming along the road, Barby said, "Richard Nolt makes a long tour through the Lebanon Valley?" No reply. "Is there no letter? Has Mr.—Mr. Joyce not heard of him?" "He has not told me of any letter. I've something to show you, Barby," drawing out a folded piece of paper from his waistcoat pocket. "What is it?" "The night I was assaulted—the night—" "I know," under her breath, bending forward eagerly. "The man dogged me from under the square bit of rock at the corner of the road there, you remember?" "Yes. Go on, uncle," catching her breath. He wondered how much of the truth she knew, how much she could bear. "Never mind. It was a tough wrestle. I used to stand up against better made men than he; and it is half skill, you know—but no matter. You don't want a prize-fighter's story. It was a tough wrestle. But the fellow did not want to hurt me—mind that, Barby. Give the devil his due. He was after nothing but the diamond. His hat was slouched so as to hide his face. In the struggle I clutched at his breast, and caught this bit of paper, which must have been carelessly thrust into his pocket; and when I got that in my hand, he closed on me, and threw me into the river, fearing identification through it." "Can I see it?" said Barby, in a tone of forced calmness. Her uncle did not speak as he placed it in her hand. What if she loved the man? But it was better, even then, that she should know. The letter was one written by her step-mother, to her friend in Lebanon, introducing Richard Nolt. To his surprise, when she looked at it, her eyes glowed, and her face burned; she smiled softly to herself. "I thought of this before," she said, quietly handing it back to him. "I am glad to understand Dunn Joyce at last." There was a sort of sob in her voice.

"I knew what was coming," Waugh used to say afterward; "so I said good-night, and made off. I cannot bear a woman's tears, and I knew Barby's little heart was bursting for a good cry. On the hill I met Dunn—it was time for me to be gone."

Perhaps it is no time for us to come in; to pry through the soft, half light at the narrow foot-bridge over the little creek, and the two figures standing there, bending toward each other, the whole world without that circle made by a bent arm—a world that was worth nothing then to them; to look at the doubt, suspicion, certainty, chasing each other over poor Dunn's honest face, and the radiant glow that ended all.

It would not have startled Dunn if she had driven him back roughly. Dick's letter had

galled him to the quick; he was ready for rebuff or slight; a wound had grown to be a natural expectation for him. How did Barby show him that rebuffs were over for him in the world—that she meant to take his blundering old heart into her love, and keep it there? How? I don't know. Cried a little, I suppose; (she was sobbing when he came;) called him her hero, and hid her face, and let him say the rest. Words which never came from a stronger, deeper heart-love than old Dunn's, or with more power to conquer, dull though men thought him. When he came home, late that night, he stood a moment in the porch, baring his hair until the fresh breeze should blow through it, and looking at the moonlight bathing the sleeping valley.

"It is as if I had been born again," he said; then his eyes turned slowly upward to the home of Him who had done all this for him.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Six years later, a half-genteel grog-house on the confines of a western town, half a dozen men playing "sevens-up" on a bench outside. "It's my luck!" said one, dashing down the cards, and standing up with a yawn. "It has dogged me this thirty years. I'll stand a drink, gentlemen."

Only one or two accepted the invitation. The speaker was not popular amongst them; a stranger without any name, who had been hanging about the town for a week without any obvious business, joking with the loafers at the tavern-door and groceries, dropping in at the printing-offices, gossiping, questioning, carrying through all the same furtive, watchful face, and sour wit. Every joke he dropped left a bitter smack after it. He was not liked; the men played with him, but would not drink at his expense.

They took one glass now "to luck," he and the half-grown boys who followed him. "It's all luck," he said, spitting out the bad whiskey. "Cursed poor stuff, that! I say it's all luck. Look at your leading man, sir, who rules this country. I had twice his brains, at the same age, but the chances were against me. Well, one more glass for a good journey. I'm off in the morning. I could stay and live on the fat of the land here, but I'm not such a mean hound yet as to live off of any man's alms."

After they had done drinking, the others went back to their game, paying but little heed to his boasts; and he sauntered out of the street into an open common, and from that into a country road. He was a middle-aged man, rapidly growing old, thick-set, and stooped. The dull

malice on his face came out more strongly when he was alone; but there was also a something sad and bitter in it, that would have touched any one who had watched him. There were none to see but One! he who is loving to this man as to every other; whose eye had followed the growing selfishness of his each step through life with a pitiful and exceeding tender care.

The man walked on until he came to a hill fenced in with a thick grove of horse-chestnuts. Beyond them, a smooth lawn ran up to a large quietly-toned building, full of queer abutments, deep bay-windows, broad chimneys—a model of home-comfort. The man stopped by a hedge, and stood watching.

"It is a snug rest for your old days, Dunn Joyce," he said. "I could have a seat by the fire, I suppose, for the rest of my time, and stupid old Dunn would believe in me as much as ever—if his wife would let him. Bah! She has sharp eyes! It's cheaper to draw on him as before, and spend the money in my own way. My way is not his."

Richard Nolt had drawn very freely on his brother during these past few years, and had come now to see what could further be done; but something had deterred him from throwing himself in his brother's way. His confriars at the tavern hinted that he was afraid of old Mr. Waugh. Dodged him always when the old man came jogging in on his gray mare from Joyce's to the post-office; though why, no one could imagine—for Waugh never did harm to any living creature, according to popular belief; brushed the very flies gently off of the horse's ear.

While the man stood and watched, a gentleman came out of the side-door of the house, and helped a little girl to mount a tame-looking pony—a tall, strongly-built man, moving slowly, with the air of one who habitually exercises authority, yet nervously gentle in his touch of the child. He turned presently, calling to some one within, and a lady came out and stood in the full glow of the setting sun, watching the old pony canter slowly about, coaxing the timid rider, calling out, "Well done, my baby!" and turning to laugh with her husband.

"And that was Barbara! He recognized her well, as the sunlight struck on her white arm, and the mass of brown hair that lay like a coronet on her head. In all his life he had never seen a more delicate or prouder presence.

The little girl was lifted off at last by an old servant; father and mother stood petting and soothing her, until she laughed with them, and

then all went in together. It was a pretty picture, Richard Nolt thought.

He waited, walking up and down outside of the hedge, until the dark came on, and the lights began to glimmer in the house-windows. In the room which he had already learned was the library, he could see figures passing backward and forward—his brother's, Barbara's, the bent form of the old man. As he watched, the bitterness faded off his face, and the disappointment deepened. He looked down at his shabby trousers and greasy coat—they seemed to express himself, and his whole life to him. "I'll not go among them," he muttered. "I've had a glimpse, and that's as much as I can bear."

Once or twice he stopped and hesitated; some kindly feeling of old childish days seemed to drive him toward the house, then he drew back, and resumed his stern walk, muttering, "No! But I'd like to have seen Dunn's child nearer."

It was near midnight when he left the road. After the last light had gone out in the house, a damp mist had risen, and wet his coat and whiskers with a clammy damp. He buttoned up his waistcoat, with a shiver. "That's the last of old Dunn!" looking at the sleeping house, dark and massive, piled up against the gray sky. "Going down to his grave like one of his own shocks of corn, fully ripe, with God and

man looking kindly on him. If I'd gone to his house, it would have wakened the devil among them all. I'll let them alone. Dunn was a good fellow to me once."

The heavy night deepened and grew clammy as he toiled up the hill; at the top of it he stopped and looked back a minute, then lit a segar, and plunged down into the fog and cold. "God knows where the difference began. I thought it was luck did it," with a dull perception that a man held the rudder of his own fate, after all. "If I can make a decenter man of myself, I'll come back; and if not, it will take but a few more years to finish me."

The cheerful morning sun drove away the mists and fog from about Dunn Joyce's home. There was no happier, more life-full home in the West, where life is so full of strength and zest. Richard Nolt disappeared in the cold and fog. No tidings ever came from him. If his life changed and ran in another current, higher and more unselfish than he had ever known; or if it went out into that cold and fog from whence none have returned to tell the tale, Dunn Joyce never knew.

But of one thing we are sure, that He whose eye held Dunn and his loved ones in sunshine and rest, followed the erring wanderer with a glance more tender in that he erred; and we would fain believe that it will bring him back, in this life or another, to peace at last.

## SUNBEAMS.

BY TRUSTIE HOPE.

BRILLIANT, happy sunbeams!

Frolisome and free;

Happy with the children,

Laughing in their glee;

Playing o'er the meadows,

Sparkling on the wave;

Watching so cheerily

'Round the silent grave;

Straying in the lone heart,

Waking up the mind;

Drying every tear-drop

Trembling in the wind.

Stealing into shady spots

Where the dew-drops hide;

Forms them into diamonds,

Fit for queenly pride;

Peeps into the flower-cup

Where the fairy weeps;

Gazes on the lily bud,

On her bosom sleeps;

Glances on the bright green leaf—

Turns it into gold;

Kissing every rain-drop—

Loving all the world.

Dancing like a fairy

'Round the rich man's door;

Playing with the baby

On the cottage floor;

Smiling in the evenside,

On the lassie gay,

Tripping o'er the meadows,

On her homeward way;

Thinking of that dear one

Watching in the glen;

Listening to silver notes

Coming now and then.

Tips each clouded darkness,

Hails the rosy morn;

Gilds a gaudious sunset

E'er the night comes on;

Lingers 'round the death-bed—

Wius the soul to God;

Brightens every sorrow,

E'en the chilling sod;

Makes this world a Paradise,

Blooming, bright, and free;

Smiles of God descending

To the world and me.

## UNDER A CLOUD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I stood and looked at her in dumb surprise. Was this the woman I had seen so cold and self-possessed, going about, day after day, with scarcely a change in the resolute face, or an alteration in the icy, dignified manner?

There I stood, I say, and stared at her till stronger feelings rushed over that stupor of astonishment, and stung the cold pain, which lay always at my heart, into a momentary fire. I did not enter the room, or make my presence in any way known to her. I could no more do it than if we had been utter strangers. I was as powerless to send my soul near hers, with comfort for that wild grief, as if the boundaries of half the universe stretched between us.

She was down on her knees, as if she had at first tried to stem the tempest with prayers and supplications, her auburn hair falling in gorgeous masses even to the floor, her whole frame shaking with convulsive sobs, between the intervals of which I could hear the tears patter like rain on the marble table by which she knelt.

Then I went slowly away, back to my own part of the house, and left my wife, Eleanor Wynne, to her solitude and her secret grief.

We had a dinner-party that night. I remember it was given in honor of some European acquaintances of mine, and I did not meet Eleanor until I went into the library, where she was receiving her guests. It was difficult to believe she was the woman whom I had seen weeping in such insane anguish only a few hours before.

How cold, and proud, and beautiful she looked, with such force and intensity making themselves felt under all the coldness of her face; and her eyes, with an absorbed, far-away expression, as if they were always watching her soul travel away from the tame restraints of the present.

She was elegantly dressed—always that. Her life through she had been accustomed to wealth and luxury, and the refined perfection of her taste was a thing to marvel at. I never saw her that her dress was not an artist's study, however simple it might be; never looked at a bouquet of her arranging that was not a poem from the exquisite feeling for the beautiful.

We had been married six months; but if I had remained across the ocean, which for so many

years separated us, we could not have been farther apart than during these past weeks.

I cannot tell you what people thought, or suspected; but I really believe, such strange control had we both over ourselves, that there was scarcely one among the gay crowd who filled our house, that stopped to think there was anything uncommon in the undercurrent of our lives.

Ours had been a girl and boy engagement; not from a love which was the growth of childish association, for we never met until I was eighteen, and Eleanor three years younger.

Eleanor's mother had married a relative of my father, and I saw her for the first time when I went to their house on a visit. There were only a few weeks of companionship—I was soon to start for India—but long enough for a dream to spring up in my heart, which was more than the passing fancy of a young nature; and during those years of separation it grew stronger, till it became the foundation upon which all my hopes for the future were based.

But the history of those first weeks—it needs few words to make it clear. Before I went away we were acknowledged lovers, and it was an instance where the wishes of young people were in entire unison with those of their friends.

Then followed all those years of absence, with only letters to break the void which swept between us.

I was able at length to return—free to live in my native land once more, and to claim the happiness for which I had waited so long.

Let me say for myself, that during those years my heart had never once swerved from the allegiance which it had so proudly accepted during that beautiful summer time.

I returned to find Eleanor transformed into a stately woman, lovely, far beyond even the promise of her girlhood. There were a few days of such excitement that I had no leisure in the whirl of varied feelings, consequent upon my return, to see anything clearly; and then the marriage, which in our letters it had been arranged should take place two or three months after my arrival, was hastened in the most unexpected manner.

My father was very ill. He was so strongly impressed with the idea that he should never

recover, that at his earnest plea we were married without delay or preparation.

It sounds very romantic to read of such things, but the reality was the most uncomfortable, wretched affair that ever anybody endured.

I noticed no change in Eleanor; the time was so brief, I was so full of my own happiness, that I could not doubt her feelings. Yet, much as I felt, perhaps I betrayed very little in my manner. I was naturally quiet and reserved, my life had made me still more so, and the very excess of my feelings added to it at that time.

We were married. There was a week or two of quiet, marred by the suspense and anxiety in which we were kept by my father's illness; then he began to mend, and we went away by ourselves.

Between that season and the period of which I began to write, many months had elapsed, and we were waiting for spring to come in our city home; while in my own heart the longing for the bright summer, and the quiet it brings, grew into absolute unrest.

The months had passed, and between my soul and that of the woman whom I had so loved for years, there yawned a gulf which no effort of mine had been able to bridge over.

Not from contentions which burn love up in their hot fires; not from doubts or suspicions which rust it away; there was no one period to name as the commencement of that misery; no cause which I could assign as its basis—but there it was. Eleanor Wynne and I were more utterly separated than when, in the freshness of our youthful love, the broad ocean first allowed between us.

Eleanor did not love me. In her cowardice she had allowed our marriage to be hurried on, when her heart shrunk with horror from the idea of that union.

There was no possibility of assigning worldly motives as the prompters of the act—her fortune and position were brilliant. I could understand from the first that she had consented to this sacrifice, because she had not the courage, at that late day, to break through the pledge which had bound her so long.

We had no explanation—how was it possible, when the bare thought tore at my heart like an iron hand? I opened not my lips, and slowly we drifted on toward that frozen sea, where the last hope and warmth was dying out of my soul.

But I had a story to tell you, not merely to give utterance to these broken expressions, which can afford you no idea of all that I suffered during that season.

It was but little more than a fortnight after our marriage. We had gone away from the anxiety which had disturbed the whole circle of relatives. We were traveling, and ready, one might have thought, to accept our new-found happiness in the very fullness of content.

Until that journey we had not been alone, constantly surrounded by friends, and oppressed by fears for my father's safety, for Eleanor's affection toward him had always been like that of a daughter; so that now, for the first time, I was able to comprehend that the dream of all those years had become a reality—Eleanor was, indeed, my own wife.

And while these thoughts were fresh in my mind this was what met me—the phantom which was every day to gain substance, until its giant shadow shut me completely out from the sun.

I went into Eleanor's room. I had knocked, but hearing no summons, fancied her absent, and looked in to see if such was the case. She had not heard me—did not perceive me as I stood there. She was sitting with her back to the door, weeping and sobbing as only once after I ever saw her do, holding in her hand a little package of letters, worn, it seemed by the glance I got, from constant perusal and tears.

Only for an instant I saw them. A lighted candle stood on the table by her; she held the letters in the flame, and then threw them on the hearth. When the last fragment had died to ashes, I saw her sink slowly on her knees; then I stole away—I had seen more than enough—I could trust myself no longer.

Oh! the misery of the thoughts that kept me company, as I sat in my room reflecting upon what I had seen! I was not jealous in the ordinary acceptation of the word; my mind could never have gone sufficiently astray to blind me to the true, pure instincts of Eleanor's nature, but I could not help understanding the truth.

I had seen Eleanor Wynne destroying the last relics of some dream, which now had no right to a place even in her thoughts. During those years of separation, she had discovered that her affection for me had been only a girlish fancy—some one had come between me and the heart I believed mine.

I was not angry with her. I declare to you that even in the first whirl of emotion I felt only deep regret and sympathy for her pain. I did not blame her for having deceived me. I knew how open and truthful her nature was, and I could understand how this apparent treachery had been forced upon her.

I did not doubt that she had formed a deter-



mination to tell me everything on my return, and trust to my sense of right to free her from the shackles of her engagement, but circumstances or fate had prevented all this.

Immediately after my arrival, there was the confusion of my father's illness; his incessant pleadings with both of us that our marriage might take place at once, lest he should be deprived of the sight for which he had waited so anxiously during those years of my exile. She could not draw back then—she was completely hemmed in by the exigencies of the time. She saw, perhaps, the risk of endangering the sick man's life. She had not courage to support the wonder and indignation of our relatives; so, with martyr-like patience, she had permitted the sacrifice to go on; and now both our lives were wrecked, for this world at least.

I was uncertain how to act—it was so difficult to form a decision. I stilled my own agony and tried to think only of her. My first impulse was to rush to her—to cry out,

“Eleanor, poor Eleanor! I know the truth at last! I cannot free you from the evil destiny we have forced upon you; but look on me as a brother—confide in me—let us talk together, and see if no means can be discovered to bring you, at least, peace and rest.”

Then, as I reflected more calmly, it seemed to me that my better plan was never to appear to suspect the truth; to give her the entire freedom of her life; relieve her in every way possible of the burden of my presence; taking every precaution that those who knew us best could have no reason to suspect that there was any division between us; and leave no loophole, through which the curious eyes of the world could stare in upon our wretchedness.

This I decided to do; and I knew myself well enough to be confident that I could carry out my plan with patience and resignation.

But for a season, at least, I must be alone. It was only in entire solitude that I could school myself to endure that overthrow of all which made life endurable.

That evening I said to Eleanor,

“I find I must leave you for a few days; you will think me a very ungallant husband.”

She looked up wearily.

“I don't understand.”

I hurried through an explanation.

“Ford writes me from town, concerning some business that my father's illness has prevented his attending to. If I neglect it any longer, I shall be a considerable loser.”

It was true enough, though heaven knows the dread of losing money would have affected me

little at any time, certainly was not even to be felt then.

“Do not hesitate on my account,” she said.

She longed for a brief respite; she needed solitude as much as I did, to have time to subdue herself to the manner which she must henceforth wear.

“You will be lonely, I am afraid,” I said, from one of those impulses of self-torture common to all who suffer pain such as I was enduring.

“You know I am accustomed to being alone,” she answered; “I beg you will not think of that.”

So I went away; and when the week which I had allotted myself was at an end, I returned with my mind thoroughly made up, able to look the future plainly in the face, and go through my course with apparent calmness.

It was fortunate for me that I had always been in the habit of restraining my feelings, that my natural manner was reserved, almost cold—it made it less difficult for me to act the part which I must henceforth do. Perhaps, when this phase of existence should be over, and Eleanor and I stood face to face in the light of another world, she might understand the motives which had actuated me, and pity at least the past life of sorrow and renunciation.

I knew how she would blame herself because she could not love me. I could picture to myself her hours of remorse for the wrong of which I held her blameless.

Oh, I thank God! that I had no harsh, selfish thoughts; that from the first my one aim was to spare her every pain I could; and since it was too late to set her free, render her life at least tolerable by my forbearance.

But I do not wish to tell you a long story, and this mere record of my feelings and resolutions cannot interest you.

The winter had come. We were settled in our home—and a beautiful home it was; for in the minutest details I had thought of Eleanor's taste and comfort.

People said every room was like a picture, or a poem. I trusted that the gratification of her love for the beautiful might win for her something of repose.

We were wealthy, our position was a fine one, so that, in spite of ourselves, we were surrounded by society, and forced to take an active part in its poor play.

Under other circumstances this would have been distasteful to me. I should have grudged the world its intrusion into my happiness; but now it was better so—much better.

I did not like business. I had always intended, after my return, to devote myself to the cultivation of such pursuits as gave me leisure and satisfaction—but this would not answer now. I must have occupation—hard, dry business details, to steady my mind; so I plunged into the dull routine with as much earnestness as the most determined money-worshiper of the crowd.

With our lives thus arranged, you can see how free I left Eleanor, how seldom I intruded upon her time or patience. The whole day she had to herself; night after night we were out, or had people gathered about us, so that we lived almost as much apart as if we did not share the same home.

I watched Eleanor. I saw her grow colder and more quiet, wrapping her pride closely over the pain at her heart, and going through her duties with a calmness for which I honored her. In society she was gay and animated; but I at least could see through the hollow mask, and understand how lonely and weary she was in the midst of it all.

So it went on. Oh, the dark, dreary time! I can find only one comparison for it. I was like a man who had been buried alive, and was groping for some outlet from the dark terror of the vault, and knowing that none could ever be found.

It was one night at a party; I had made a plea of business, and only went very late—it was as much as I could endure for that evening.

The rooms were crowded, and there were a great many people whom I did not know. I saw Eleanor dancing with a man whom I had never met—saw her with a light in her eyes, an animation in her face, which I had not seen there since the day I called her wife.

I have told you, I think, how beautiful she was, and more admired than any woman in all the crowds we frequented. Two ladies were watching her. I was wedged in close to them, and could not avoid hearing a few whispered words.

“That is Mrs. Wynne dancing with Fred Warren; he has just come back from the South. I wonder how her husband will like it?”

“Why?” the other asked.

“Because it’s an old flirtation. I believe Eleanor More loved him. I always thought so; but this engagement with Wynne was an old affair; there was no getting out of it—poor girl!”

In those gossiping terms I had heard the secret of Eleanor’s life. Perhaps there would

be curious eyes upon me—people watching to see how the husband regarded this meeting between his wife and her former lover. Verily, they should find no gratification.

I had been dancing, and was leading my partner to a seat, when we met Eleanor and Warren. I was presented to him, and there we four stood talking gaily; and I bore it calmly, reading all the while in Eleanor’s flushed cheeks and glittering eyes the proof of that which gave a new sting to the pain of my life.

Here I was powerless to act. I could not help her in this strait. But I did not fear for her. You may believe me when I say that I suffered from no jealous pang. I could trust that pure soul, that earnest, clear-sighted nature; but more than ever I pitied her for the terrible fate which had been forced upon her.

For a time after that evening Eleanor went out much less. I understood the reason—she could not allow herself to meet that man. Sometimes, during the brief moments that we were alone, I would catch her eyes fixed upon my face with an earnest, imploring glance, as if almost impelled to give me her confidence, and ask my aid in her distress—but she never spoke; and I could not by a single word give her the consciousness that I in any way suspected her secret.

As for Warren himself, I treated him exactly as I did any other former friend of Eleanor, whose acquaintance I chanced to make. I did not hold aloof from him. Abroad and in my own house he was received with frank courtesy; and, in spite of every feeling which would have prejudiced me against him, I could see that he was a noble, honest-hearted man; and I felt confident that never, by word or look, would he add to Eleanor’s pain, or attempt to fling the spell of any old remembrance against the barriers which now separated them.

Several weeks must have gone on in this way. I think no one, except such as had suffered similar agony, could be made to understand how full of misery they were.

The careless words which I had overheard concerning Eleanor, made me fearful that many of her acquaintance might suspect that secret of her girlhood, and be watching every act with the cold scrutiny with which the best of us regard our friends under like circumstances. I knew that nothing in Eleanor’s conduct would ever give the least clue to gossip of any sort; but it made me furious to think that those among whom we lived might be pitying or blaming us, according to the mode in which

their particular ill-nature found vent—and I longed anxiously for Warren's departure.

We had given a morning concert, in order to introduce some poor, struggling girl, in whom Eleanor had interested herself; and after the crowd dispersed, a number of the men, whom it was most desirable to propitiate, had stayed to luncheon, interspersed with a sprinkling of those whom it was pleasant to have remain for their own sakes.

The day had been completely wasted; it was growing twilight when the last of the idlers sauntered out. Eleanor and I would have been alone in the library, to which we had retreated, except for the presence of Frederick Warren.

He had outstayed the last of the guests—a gay widow—who had been making a dead set at him all the morning; and after she had gone, he said,

"It is very rude of me to tire you so completely, but it seems so deliciously quiet here after all the bustle."

"We shall not drive you away," Eleanor replied. "For my own part, I am incapable of any exertion beyond resting in my easy-chair."

I made some remark—I don't remember what; speaking only because I feared it would look odd if I remained silent, with that ridiculous feeling one always has when one fears to betray any secret.

After my brilliant conversational effort, I rose to leave the room, but Warren said,

"Let me bore you a moment longer, Wynne. I staid on purpose to tell you and your wife something."

I sat down in a sort of stupid wonder.

"Now for it," I said, with an attempt at a laugh.

I glanced at Eleanor—she looked pale and nervous. I could see she was making some strong effort at self-control. I would not trouble her by my scrutiny—I looked resolutely away.

Shall I tell you what my feelings were as I sat waiting for Warren to speak? Perhaps you will not believe me, but I was thinking how cheerfully I would give my life, if by that sacrifice I could restore to Eleanor the happiness I had so unconsciously wrested from her. I pitied her so when I thought of the shipwreck her youth had endured, that I almost forgot the keen pang at my own heart in the remembrance of her suffering.

"I want to ask a favor of you two," Warren said. "Wynne, your family and I are old friends. I have known you so long that I have never felt that you were a stranger."

"Eleanor's friends are mine," I answered.

I am certain there was no sign of coldness in my voice.

"And now for this wonderful favor," Eleanor said. She spoke quickly, it seemed to me, with an attempt at playfulness, which poorly concealed some deeper thought.

"Will you have patience to listen to a romantic story?" he asked.

"Oh, that will interest us both!" I returned, quickly, dreading to give Eleanor an opportunity to speak just then, lest she should make some betrayal of feeling, which would shatter the hollow ground where we stood.

"It will sound like folly, perhaps," he went on; "but, after all, I fancy, life's pleasantest things usually come under that head, according to the definition of wise people."

"But we are not wise," I answered; "are we, Eleanor?"

"No, no! Heaven knows we are not!"

The repressed earnestness of her voice seemed to strike her, and she added gaily,

"But the story? Really, my feminine curiosity will not bear any further delay."

The twilight had gathered so rapidly that the room was wrapped in shadow. Eleanor sat at some distance from me, with her head partially turned away—sat still and cold as a carved figure, with her hands clasped together in her lap—clasped hard and firm, in a way which I had learned to understand. She was fighting against some strong emotion when she sat thus.

Sitting there in the gloom, Fred Warren told us his story in a few clear, terse words—and Eleanor Wynne and I sat and listened; I with the tempest growing fiercer in my heart, full of rage at him that he dared speak as he did, of pity for Eleanor—yes, always the tenderest pity for her.

He told us that more than two years before he had fallen in love with a poor, friendless girl, in some quiet country place, where he had been spending the summer; and when he found that he had won her young heart, had determined, in spite of any worldly scruples, to marry her.

He had taken her from the cold shelter she called home, placed her in a good school, and now, with her mind carefully trained and cultivated, he was going to take her thence and make her his wife.

She had no near relatives. He did not choose to tell his haughty aunts and cousins the facts of the case; and he came to us to reveal the whole story, and appeal to Eleanor's kindness to receive Mabel Ray in her house as some girlish friend of her own, and give her the

shield of her protection and influence until spring.

While he spoke, I was wondering if he had never dreamed that Eleanor cared for him. Then I recollected the time I had seen her weeping over those old letters. Was he innocent, or was this only a deliberate plan of insulting cruelly—a desire to wreak a safe vengeance upon Eleanor?

He gave no time for an awkward delay.

“Do not be afraid to speak freely,” he said. “If you have any hesitation——”

Eleanor interrupted him in a firm voice.

“You ought to know me better than to think it possible. If I was silent, it was only because I did not know how Mr. Wynne would feel about having a young lady guest.”

“Act your own pleasure,” I replied; “that will be mine.”

Eleanor was silent again for an instant. I saw the white hands twist themselves hard together—there was no other sign.

“I congratulate you, Mr. Warren,” she said, calmly; “I hope you will be happy—you deserve to be; and of one thing rest satisfied, your wife will have the strongest possible claims on my friendship and regard.”

“I have no words to thank you!” he exclaimed. “I thought you had not changed from the kind, earnest girl I knew of old; and I felt certain, too, that the man who became your husband would be one who would possess similar feelings.”

I could not allow this to go farther. I was fearful that Eleanor’s composure might give way; better death than any betrayal at that moment.

“I congratulate you, too,” I said; “expect every aid and friendliness from us. Come tomorrow and talk about it. Eleanor, I am sure you are worn out.”

“She must be,” Warren said, rising. “I was very selfish to detain her. Good-night, Mrs. Wynne; some other time I will try to thank you.”

He bent over her hand; she uttered a few low, quiet words, then he passed out of the room, and I followed. We stood for an instant in the hall, while he uttered warm thanks, which seemed to me only fresh insults, but I was very calm—for Eleanor’s sake.

“If I am only half as fortunate in my choice as you have been,” he said, “I shall be content! I have always vowed, Wynne, you were the luckiest man alive; and now I can add, you are the only man I ever saw worthy to have become Eleanor More’s husband.”

So he went away. The outer door closed behind him, and there I stood in the hall irresolute how to act.

Would it make our lives easier if I went quietly to Eleanor and showed her that she might trust in me; that she might be frank and open, as if I were her brother; that my only desire was to win for her peace and rest; that all my life long I should have no other study, no other aim?

On the other hand, it might be better to allow this dark hour to pass in utter silence, to appear the same blind, short-sighted creature I had seemed since our marriage; to trust to time and her own strength to heal her wounds, and relieve her from the humiliation of supposing that I had ever fathomed her miserable secret.

I could not decide upon any course then. I could not trust myself in her presence until I had grown more calm. I should never forgive myself if I in any way added to the suffering of that hour.

I went up stairs. Instead of passing on to my own apartments, I turned toward those which Eleanor occupied. I had not seen her go up—she must still be in the library. Very frequently, when I ran no risk of being discovered, it was a sad pleasure to me to enter her rooms, to sit down in the spot where she spent so many hours of lonely meditation, and wring my heart afresh with the thought of all the happiness which might have been ours, and which no power could ever give now in this world.

I entered the little boudoir I had fitted up with such care as her special haunt, and moved through the shadows toward the bay-window.

The draperies were flung partially down; I saw Eleanor crouching there; I heard a sound like a repressed sob. She caught the echo of my step, and sprang hastily from her knees. Something which she held in her hand fell and rolled close to my feet.

I picked it up—it was a small miniature-case; but before I could move again she came forward, exclaiming,

“Give it to me! It is mine! Give it to me!”

“I have no desire to intrude upon your secrets, Eleanor,” I said, wounded sorely.

She snatched the miniature, and held it tight in her hands.

“Did you want me?” she asked, hurriedly.

“No; I thought you were down stairs.”

“I will come down in a few moments.”

I turned to go, I would not disturb her privacy. It hurt me beyond the power of endurance to see her standing there, so pale and cold,

struggling to keep back the anguish which smote her heart.

I reached the door and looked back. Eleanor had seated herself, and was hiding her face in her hands. I forgot all my resolutions—I remembered only that she was suffering.

I fell on my knees at her feet, crying out,

“Eleanor, Eleanor! trust me! confide in me! Do not stand aloof from me any longer. Think of me as a brother—tell me all your grief!”

She was sobbing violently now; through her tears I caught the broken words,

“Sometimes I have thought it would be better; but you have been so cold. Oh! forgive me, if I have blighted your life. If I had known——”

“Eleanor!” I cried; “you know I have loved you, boy and man—loved you always—you only! I can see how our marriage was forced upon you; but you may trust me, you could find no truer friend! I have not troubled you with protestations of affection—you have been left free! All I ask is to be your friend; grant so much to the man who loves you better than his hopes of heaven.”

She was staring at me in a sort of blind stupor.

“Either I am mad,” she said, “or—are you

deceiving me? You pity me, and want to ease my pain! Oh, Robert! I never meant to speak! I found a part of the letter you had written and torn up the night before we were married. I found it an hour after our wedding; but I could have borne everything except the thought of your wretchedness.”

“I did write, saying how I disliked that hurried wedding—that it gave you no time——”

Then the truth broke on me—I saw where we had both been blind.

“I loved you, Eleanor,” I cried; “I thought you did not care for me. I saw you crying over old letters——”

“Your letters! I burned the whole. It was so painful to look at them and know you did not love me any longer——”

“But I did—I do! There has never been a moment that my heart was not yours.”

The miniature she was holding dropped again. I picked it up and saw the face—it was mine.

I cannot tell you how our explanations were made, but the sky was cleared at last. During all these months we had kept aloof, each believing the other wretched from that hurried marriage; but it was over now—Eleanor was my wife indeed.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ELIZA JANE STEPHENS.

'Twas Spring, though tiny drifts of snow  
Along the fence were seen;  
The trees had not put on their leaves—  
The meadows were not green.

The sky had yet a Wintry look,  
That cold and cheerless blue,  
Save where the sunlight touched a cloud  
With faintest rosy hue.

Just then, while standing in my door,  
I heard as sweet a strain  
As e'er had fallen on my ear,  
Or ever will again.

'Twas but a robin's simple song;  
Yet 'twas so soft and clear,  
It woke a thousand memories,  
My heart still owned as dear.

It seemed, indeed, the very note  
I heard long years ago,  
While wandering by the brook one day,  
To mark its changeful flow.

It called to mind the face and form,  
And e'en the voice's tone,  
Of those who sported with me then,  
Though many years have flown,

Since eagerly we climbed that hill,  
And sought and found the nest,  
Where objects of untiring love  
Their downy pillow prest.

I saw the looks of wonderment,  
And every childish word  
Was fresh again in memory,  
As if but lately heard.

They seemed to me as children still,  
Each brow all smooth and fair;  
I could not think of them as changed  
Since when I saw them there;

It seemed as if the robin's song  
Would find them just as gay;  
Their step as light, their cheek as fresh,  
As on that Summer's day.

As if no chilling blast of care  
Had ever o'er them swept;  
As if o'er no departed joys  
They e'er had sighed or wept.

And yet I knew it could not be,  
For I have sadder grown;  
It cannot be of all that band  
That I am changed alone.

## LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE story I mean to tell you is one of love's heroism. It has come down to me through many generations, accompanying a picture of a fair young girl, about whose brow cluster masses of waving brown hair; whose face is eloquent with the sublime faith and beauty of the old legend. She looks down upon me, from the canvas, out of sad, brown eyes. Her hands are nervously clutching a bit of parchment which she holds from her. One can see the deep, rough ways she has gone through for that scrawl. It is all told in the earnest grasp, in the fixed brow, and the straightened lines of the face. She seizes it as one might clutch from death a precious life. Looking up at her pure Saxon face, one knows why that staunch Cavalier, Basil Underwood, loved her—that he was worthy to be loved by her.

She was only a forester's child; the only one of the head keeper at Underwood Hall, down in the south country, but a pet and plaything up at the hall during her babyhood; educated, and almost adopted there as one of the baron's family in her girlhood. In that way she was lifted out of the forester's cottage in the world of the then fashion; and it is told that once, at some fete, or assembly, she was graciously smiled upon by that first Charles, for whose grace and beauty we have great sympathy even unto this day. One thing she learned that day, as, leaning on the arm of the baron's son, she courtesied lowly to the courtly Charles, that was not in her book at home; love for king before her, and love for Cavalier beside her. That which she gave the king, she called loyalty, and quite a different thing it was from that which she meted out to the comely Basil. How could it have been otherwise? She and he so long playmates and friends at the hall? They fell into Cupid's snare as one might walk over a bank in sleep. The old baron and his wife were of the simpler sort, and seeing which way love ran, consented to let it run smoothly, and for that a blessing on their old hearts, which have been dust these two hundred years, and more.

But the dark days had come to "Merrie England" now. There were a goodly majority in that little island who objected that royal Charles, and royal Charles' Cavaliers should wear their

hair as Absalom wore his. So these objectors, as a suggestive method of expressing their displeasure, shaved their own off close to their crowns; yet, with less than no effect on contumacious Charles, for king and Cavalier still wore their flowing curls, and, in derision of their objectors, called them Roundheads. But these Roundheads were men of terrible earnestness and meaning. They fancied, in their earnest way, that England was going wrong, and that it was their work to stop her on her fatal way. I am afraid they had no very strong opinion of expediency; but when they saw a lie and wrong they smote it down, not stopping to bless it, either, as they smote. There were certain truths they held, which they thought the world should learn, and, with Bible and sword in hand, they went forth to teach them. Revolutions seldom lack leaders—this one did not. A man, applied like a god for the hour, was surged up from the depths of the people to set right old England's wrong. Looking at this Cromwell, now, through some old portraits of the libraries, one sees not a cruel face. It always seemed to me to express the sorrows of a race gone wrong, a sublime face pregnant with the stern meaning of the time. I know of those hard lines about the mouth, the square jaw, and the tiger glare of the eyes. But under it all the man's heart pulsed finely as a woman's. It was full of an infinite tenderness—majestic with a purpose that looked down the ages. Kent's loyalty to poor old Lear is one of those stories that always touch me to tears through its beauty and pathos; but Cromwell's loyalty to his God and to England is a spectacle sublime and beautiful forever. It has made the son of a brewer walk side by side with kings and queens, crowned lordlier than them all through two hundred years of history. But this is history, which you know better than I, and not the story I meant to tell you.

The hall was deserted now, and tenantless; the baron's family had fled before the approach of the army of the Puritans. Basil was somewhere in the ranks of Charles; Bessie, in her glory of youth and loveliness, had again gone home to the cottage, not a very suitable place for her now after the luxury and indulgence of the hall. But her true heart bowed loyally to life's duties; sad, too, were the long wintry

days, and longer evenings, when she no longer saw the face of her lover. But to the heart's core he was loyal to her as to his king. More than once had the neighing of his horse been heard outside the cottage on these long nights, even though between him and his love stretched the long line of the opposing army.

She loved him as most young maidens love, with an entire abnegation of self; so that though her happiness was only full when he was with her, yet she would have banished him forever rather than he should run such risk of death in seeking her. Her tears and pleadings that he would consider his own safety were laughingly thrust aside, and set at naught. "He bore a charmed life," he said, "against the Roundhead's bullets; he knew the secret ways, the hidden paths familiar to him from his boyhood, which they could not know. There was no danger," he would say, tenderly shaking the rich masses of her brown hair; "and if there were, I must brave them for the sake of sometimes seeing this dear face." He was so strong, and brave, and wise, this Cavalier of the olden time, that he could not see or fear danger; and death was for old men, not for lovers and soldiers of the good King Charlie. So he pushed danger and death aside, and by the old secret ways came once too often to visit his bonnie forest blossom.

A still, starlit night settled down upon hall, and church, and cottage. The moon, rising slowly above the hills, revealed afar-off the white tents of the Roundheads. In the old church-tower beyond, the bell tolled the hour of curfew. In the cottage the lights were out, and by the embers of the fire, where dreamed and dozed a dog, sat the forester. Too old and weather-worn for a soldier, he feebly wended his way, until late days, through the forest, accompanied by his old dog, True, unmolested by Cavalier or Roundhead. When the baron came back to the hall, he should find nothing amiss there, the old man thought. But to-night, with Bessie nestled at his knee, a new thought replaced the old. All the days he had lived came back to him to-night; they passed before him like a splendid pageant. There was a tree overhanging the low gabled roof, one of its branches awayed in a gentle wind against the gothic window, through which the moonlight fell in a wonderful radiance. It stretched across the room to the old man's feet, resting there, a golden path to the heavens above him. The noise against the window startled him from this new thought into which his mind had fallen, and he turned and looked out through the dia-

mond panes into the clear blue of the sky. The refrain of an old Puritan hymn from the camp, sweet, tender, and mournful, was wafted to them on the wind. "It is for me, Bessie, girl. It beckons me away, dear."

The girl, pale and trembling, started to her feet. He had been ill all day, she knew, but not ill like this; his mind wandered now, and the new thought that drove out the old one was of fields beyond the confines of the hall—beyond human ken. The dog, roused from his slumber by the girl's cry, dragged himself slowly over to his master's side, and laid his head upon his knee, with a look of unutterable affection and yearning, as if he knew. Bessie held her father's head upon her breast, sobbing softly under her breath, and brushed the white hair from his temples. The old dog whined now and again, asking, in his poor way, for a parting word. It came at last—to him, not to the child. "Old True! we know the forest nooks! The secret places where the hare and pheasant hide; for so many days we have known them together. Old True—old True!"

Sobbing loudly now, the girl bent over him, begging him to speak to her; softly the moonlight crept up his feet, and breast, and lay like a glory of peace and beauty on his fair and silvered hair. There were sounds of horses' hoofs without; the door swung open, and Basil stood there, one of a silent group, one of which was as yet invisible. The opening door disturbed the old forester out of his dream; it may have been of one of the bright days gone; or his introverted gaze may have been fixed upon fields fairer than any his feet yet had passed; or, who knows, it may have dwelt upon the presence, whose voice he seemed to hear in that mind awhile ago. He looked up, recognizing Basil. "You will take care of Bessie, and of old True?" The invisible presence in the room became visible, and in that chill hour the soul of the old forester was required of him.

From the neighboring hamlets came the simple foresters; and from the tented village came the bronzed soldiers by one or two's, or larger groups, to do reverence to the memory of their old friend of the forest. So, with life-long friends about her, they took her precious dead and laid him under the shadow of the tower, beside the true old wife who had gone thither before him.

Basil would not leave her until the last duty was done, and meanwhile was in hiding in one of the numerous forest fastnesses of which he so well knew. When night had come again, he was standing there beside her in the sombre



glimmer of the cottage fire. "I will remain here," she said; "the Roundheads never are rude to me." In the forest's walks they often met her, doing homage roughly out of their manhood's loyalty to a pure and saintly presence. A sort of chivalric loyalty that men imbibe as they lie in babyhood upon the breasts of mothers. She clung to him now with love's fierce tenacity, and besought him to incur danger no more, by absenting himself from the forest until the happier time had come when they could meet in peaceful, undisturbed loving. Her tears fell fast upon the hand she held; and while her pleading voice made a music in his heart, sweet as song of birds, he gave her the promise to cross the stern old Roundhead's lines no more. For a long moment he held her close to his great, wide breast, stroking tenderly her shining hair and tear-wet cheek. A trusty forest friend was bringing his horses up to the cottage, his steps was heard outside. Much pain and sorrow had exhausted the girl's natural strength: and when he pressed his lips to her cheek, she was unconscious that he did so. A low, warning word from outside, gave him notice that he must not linger longer. He laid the girl tenderly down upon a rude settle by the fire, and leaping to the saddle, commended her to the care of the man who stood there with his horse. The forester, giving him the bridle, said, "Ride fast to-night, your hand upon your sword. Bear no man company; there is mounting in haste in the camp yonder, as if in pursuit. There is danger in the forest to-night; whispers of spies from the royal forces abroad. Take heed that no man bear you company."

"Fear not for me, good Luke; they have no such mettle in their steeds as this one boasts. He and my sword will be safeguards enough against any single foeman."

He rode swiftly away over the yielding sward, and soon became undistinguishable amid the low-hanging foliage.

"A venturesome youth is Basil," said Luke, as he went within the cottage; and seeing the slight form of the beautiful girl upon the settle, added, "So would I have been in my hot day of youth for maiden fair as this."

Not the best nurse for a delicate girl, but as true, delicate, tender a one as any woman. The fine, sweet instinct of loyalty to womanhood was in his heart, filling each drop of warm blood coursing there.

He chafed her hands, and threw some water in her face, when the soft, brown eyes opened wide on him in a gaze of wonder and inquiry. Then they slowly closed again—for she saw

that the old father nor Basil were no longer there. They would not come again—never again, never! That was her loss; she knew it all now. Father and Basil could not come again—saying it over to herself. But God's love, and father's and Basil's love were with her yet. She knew that. Her soul was strong in that; but the poor, weak heart sobbed itself to sleep; and the man who had cared for her, laid down upon the rug before the fire, loyally watching over her, loyally praying for good King Charles and Master Basil. "God forefend them both by forest-path and open field; in court and camp, in life and death, God find them with their Christly armor on!" A goodly prayer, to which let all true hearts echo, Amen!

The young Cavalier, pursuing his sudden thought, had never slackened pace until the forest and its lengthened shadows were lying, ghost-like, behind him. But now, striking the hard, open road, more caution was necessary, though the enemy's lines had been passed, and the tread of the far out-lying pickets was no longer distinguishable. He rode carefully, looking ahead into the gloom of the night, watchful of any horseman in advance of him. No one in advance, but behind the reverberation of iron-shod feet in the road. A single horseman, too. It might be a foeman, but it was not yet time for flight; time enough for that when challenged, and the odds against him. He slackened his speed, and drew the rein closer to the foot-path.

"Who goes there?" This challenge from the rider, who had now come up with him. "A friend, if friendly proven," replied the Cavalier, laying his hand quietly on the sword's hilt. "A fair night, friend." "A fair night, friend," answered Basil. "What of the cause, friend?" Basil leaned forward, that he might see the face of the new-found friend, and answered the last challenge, "For God and King Charles, the cause prospers." "We will ride in company, and so it please you; two swords being better than one." "An it please you, we will," was Basil's reply. The man was no foeman. The questions he gave showed him to be of the camp of the Cavaliers. A face little seen under the slouched beaver he wore; but that little seen had nothing prepossessing in it, to our young friend Basil; a face to shun when met by the road-side, on a dark night, when one's sword rested in its sheath at home. A scowling, mean face, full of subtlety and cunning; a face for foul deeds and black work. A spy—the man against whom he had been warned. To be captured in his company was death—worse than

death ignominy. How was he to shake him off? They were both enlisted in the same good cause, one for love and one for hire. How did he know that? This fellow beside him might have as fine instincts of loyalty as any that warmed his own heart, and fired it to heroic deeds. This vile, low face, might be only a mask, hiding a right loyal soul. Yet against this man the warning had been spoken. What matter? He would take the risk; was not the danger all left behind in the camp of the Roundheads? But in the solemn hush of the night, he raised his hat and prayed for King Charles, the lady of his love, and his own safety.

Rashly, madly resolved, young Cavalier! The enemy was upon them. From a bit of forest lying adjacent to the road-side the Roundheads swarmed down upon them. Stern work was there. Twenty stern old soldiers setting to work to capture two men who defiantly faced them with swords out, and death in their eyes. It lasted but a moment. There was a sharp clash of steel, a resounding blow from the sword of Basil upon a Roundhead's steel cuirass, which sent the trooper reeling from his seat, and shattered the young Cavalier's weapon. That was the end of it. Basil, unarmed, was easily made prisoner now. The spy was already captured and bound. They searched them on the ground where they had fought. From the dress of the spy they took convincing evidence of his guilt—plans and drawings of their works—specifications of their numbers—and descriptions of their arms.

What will poor Bessie say when she hears of this? Poor Bessie! with the dead face of the father lying there only yesterday, and his dead face to-morrow! *His!* God help poor Bessie! And God help them all! Amen.

They carried them to the foot of the hill, where quietly rested a few hamlets and the gray old church, with its ivy-covered tower looming up hundreds of feet into the night. The prisoners were taken to a low-gabled building on the outskirts of the hamlet—a thick, stone-walled house, with heavily-mullioned windows, looking out into the dark street and fields. About the door stood a group of grim-visaged soldiers, silent and stern, looking keenly into the face of the young Cavalier, but speaking no word. They passed through a long, low room, wainscotted half-way to the ceiling. In the rear of that was the guard-room, low-ceiled, red-tiled, and cleanly enough. There spy and Cavalier laid down together. When to-morrow came, where would they be lying then? They slept on the tiled floor the refreshing sleep of

tired, healthy men. Whatever dream came to them gave no token of to-morrow's doom. The Cavalier, waking in the chill gray of the morning, saw the face of the man he had left at the cottage last night. "Do not tell *her*, old friend," he said; but he was too late—the man was gone.

The sun rose that morning over that little world of England, looking upon no sadder sight, I think, than that of the fair young Bessie listening to the story of Basil's capture. No tears were in her eyes; dark lines came underneath them; her mouth grew fixed and rigid; her hands were buried with a nervous clutch in the lapels of the forester's coat. She clung to him desperately, as if he could help her, as if in some way he could save Basil. He was to be tried with the spy at high noon. Cromwell would be at the camp to-day—maybe, at the trial. He had been an old friend of her father's in that earlier, better time. Since then he had sat at their homely board—was friendly still, she knew. Why, this stern old Puritan had, caressingly, held her on his knee, when she was a little child. If she plead for this Basil's life, would the grim old soldier remember her, and what had gone before? Let us hope he would: for the day when memories of a better, quieter life could sway him were fast fading. In that after-time, when Naseby was to be fought and won; when a king was to be dethroned—imprisoned; when a scaffold was to grow in a night in the street opposite to Whitehall, and the Royal Charles to lie there, with his fair neck upon the block; a man, with a mask, holding the kingly head before the multitude, saying, "This is the head of a traitor!" it would be too late for memories then. Let us be glad, for Bessie's sake, that these days had not yet come.

At noon the prisoners was led into the court, held in the long room through which they passed to their prison last night. A dark room, set round by dark, earnest faces. They were there for serious cause. The painful stillness was only broken by the clang against the oaken floor of a gaunt old soldier's sword, as he strode to his place at a deal table, about which sat a dozen warriors—grim men of iron, in leathern-jerkins, used to the din and smoke of battle, and loving its carnage better, in their Puritan hearts, than this quiet way of sending men down to their death. Relentless men, where duty was to be done; hardened by long years of civil war, and through believing that God had sent the sword in their hands, to the end that they might restore the olive-branch; full of a strange superstition and religious enthusiasm, which made them bad judges and irresistible soldiers.

Crowding about the room were the people of the hamlets, all in eager sympathy with at least one of the prisoners—Basil had played and grown up with many of them. Between hall and hamlet there was little difference in those days. They loved him, every one, for his frank and manly ways; for his hardy, healthful youth and comeliness; for all that he had been to them in their some time want and pain. They spoke low and excitedly together. "He, a spy! Our Basil, of the hall, a spy!" and the speaker's voice rose high with indignation. A woman timidly touched his arm, and asked if she might stand beside him during the trial. She could see Basil from there, and he could not see her. It was best he should not. But he would know all the same she was there. After awhile she asked the man if he would hold her hand the while. "I'm not strong to-day," she added, apologetically. He took her hand, and held it in his strong, horny fingers, tenderly as a woman.

Silence now, terrible in its intensity, reigned throughout the room. The prisoners were to be tried together, and were arraigned and called upon to answer to the specifications of the charge of being spies of one Charles, against the honor and dignity of the commonwealth. "How say you, Robert Sherwood and Basil Underwood, guilty or not guilty?"

The spy, desisting for a moment from gnawing the nails of a dirty hand, slowly lifted his head, and looking toward the court, made answer, "Guilty!"

"*Not guilty!*" Clear, earnest, and deep as an organ-tone, fell upon the court—the answer of Basil Underwood.

The court proceeded to the evidence. Only this it was. This, a confessed adherent of him called King Charles I., was found at night, in unfrequented ways, bearing company with his fellow prisoner, upon whose person were found conclusive proofs of guilt. Nothing more. For the commonwealth, the case was closed. "Had the prisoner any witnesses to call in his defence?" Basil bowed his head on his hands, and answered, "None!" Hope slipped the leash in that moment, and was gone. At this instant a girl made her way through the crowd, and took her place beside the table of the court. Quietly, modestly she said, "I wish to be sworn on behalf of the prisoner." She was sworn. In a few simple words she accounted for Basil's presence near the enemy's camp. "Such an old friend of father's and mine," she said, with womanly crimson covering cheek and brow. "My father died in his arms the night he came,

leaving me a precious trust to his care. He was with me through my long days of suffering and sorrow. He was no spy." "But a Royalist?" "Yes! loyal to his king and to his manhood, which would not let him be a spy. Upon my soul, brave gentlemen, not a spy!"

Bravely spoken, little maiden! Yet these are stern, duty-loving men you address. They see heroic faith and simple truth shining through your eyes; and they also see a maiden battling for her lover's life. The blush alone told them so much. The prisoner has looked up but once while she speaks. He sees the fine crimson mantling the cheek, and, with life gliding from him, he takes farewell of its sweetest hope and fairest dream. She has gone back to her place, and the man gives her his arm to lean upon—not so strong as when he gave her his hand awhile ago. She never looked away now from the faces of the court. She will see their verdict written in their iron visages before they have spoken it. They confer together. Silence, awful and profound, reigns throughout the sombre old room. The grotesque faces in the wainscoting, stare forward, waiting for their verdict. Men breathe fast and heavily. They love this young man; from his boyhood up he has been so noble, brave, and unselfish in his instincts; so true to them; so observant ever of their rights. Something out of their own lives will be lost when his is forfeited. In dreadful stillness they await the verdict, and from all hearts an unspoken prayer ascends for the prisoner. If he would only speak it might not yet be too late.

He rises slowly from his seat. Life is so sweet to him to-day. He will not lose it without one poor effort. He craves the indulgence of the court—a moment only he will detain them. Permission to speak is granted him. "You know," he said, in a clear, musical voice, "that what this maiden has just spoken is truth. Where she left off I will begin. I had crossed your lines by paths unknown to your troops, and coming upon the high road, and being on my way to join the forces of the king, my master, was accosted by my fellow-prisoner here. From signs he gave me, I recognized him as being of the king's forces, but in what capacity I only guessed. Of what he knew, I nothing knew—he having communicated nothing to me. A moment after he found me, your troops were upon us. I therefore claim the rights and hospitality of a prisoner of rank taken in honorable warfare, and as such, my life is not forfeit to the commonwealth."

A stir of pleasure, rising out of a hope that the simple earnestness of his speech would save him, swayed the multitude.

Again the court conferred together; then the prisoners were bidden to stand and look upon the court. They did so. The hands of the spy tremblingly wandered about his mouth; his eyes were bent upon the ground, and an awful pallor overspread his face. Doomed, and afraid to die. There was a record of dark deeds lying behind him, in those years gone. Death touched him, and he trembled. His fellow-prisoner was paler than since the trial began; but his face was the face of a man who had looked upon death often, and knew it was only sleep. He knew of the pleasant vales of Eden—of the better country beyond. The hand which firmly held the chair before him was clear of guilt; behind him no dark record lay open; immortality glowed within him. He stood upon the shining shore, and the waves of death surging toward him, gave him no terror.

A war-begrimed soldier rises from his place as spokesman, and reads in slow, dead tones, the finding and sentence of the court. "The prisoners at the bar are found guilty—as to all the charges and specifications upon which they were arraigned, and the sentence of the court is, that they be taken from this place to a place of confinement, and from thence to the square, in view of the quarters of the general commanding, and there to be shot to death, at the ringing of the curfew next ensuing; and may God have mercy on their souls!"

Bessie heard. A sharp cry of pain, as if a heart had broken, rang through the room. Women wept, and wrung their hands; and men went tearfully out into the air. They could not breathe there where death came so close to them. A few women gathered about the girl, and bore her to her home. The prisoners were led back to their prison—between them and death a few brief hours lay. To die at curfew! Oh, God! how dear life had suddenly grown to this young Cavalier. He did not think that his heart could ever so tremble. His old mother and father, when they knew? Why, he would never see them again, here—nor Bessie. Youth's hopes were his then; he meant that she should one day be mistress of the hall and the broad acres. They were to live their, lovers forever, helping, nourishing Christ's poor, and little ones. A thousand times he had planned that. Last night only he had held her in his arms—had heard her voice in loving music. To-night—to die! This death he had never dreamed of. He might sometimes have fancied it would come

to him amid the clash of steel, and the snort of battle-steeds; with sword in hand, leading heroic legions to victory for good King Charles. But this death, away from the contested field, was a death a dog might die—not a man. Thus he thought and wondered in his mind, as he looked out over the hills and fields to where the old church-tower rose, covered with its eternal verdure, brightened by great masses of sunlight.

Slowly the day wore on. An hour or more before curfew Bessie had one hope—she would see Cromwell. He must and would save Basil. It was miles away to the camp. Then she would seek him. Basil was not guilty; Cromwell was just—it was his pride and boast that he was that. He should do justice—Basil should live. He could not die, for his life was hers; hers until the good God demanded it of her. It was not to be forfeit now. She knew that the stern old soldier should be just; ay, that was the word—just. He would be!

Just? There was yet to come the solemn, awful spectacle of the scaffold in front of Whitehall, and royal Charles' head laying thereon. Yet this was to be when the grim soldier, Cromwell, grew to his greatness.

Through line after line of pickets she passed on her way to the tent of the general; high resolve and noble purpose nerved her heart. She would be strong to-day; steel-hearted, as these bronzed warriors; steel-nerved, clear-brained to execute her purpose.

"It is for Basil," she said, as she stood before the spacious tent of the soldier, Cromwell. On either side stood the guard, as if but half on duty. "I would have speech with General Cromwell." "He is absent from the camp," said a guard. "Yet he will be here before the curfew?" "He will come to-night; but not before curfew." This from a grim-visaged Roundhead, who, leaning on his halberd, regards the girl curiously. Her head was sunk to her breast; her hands grope darkly on the folds of her dress. That was the last hope. Only for an instant she feels the keen pain of its loss, and then the sickening blindness of despair, arising out of her weakness to save the life dearer than her own, fills her brain and eyes. Slowly raising her head, she sees the guard yet regarding her with a look as nearly akin to pity as any that ever visited his face. She sees him; the other guards standing idly about; the long rows of tents; the standards; the glistening arms; and beyond them, to the westward, the sun, sinking down in crimson glory behind the old tower, where swung the curfew-bell. It has been so many voiced to

her in all those years gone; from earliest childhood she and it have been such true friends. Only she, she fancies, knows all its tones, and all their deep and solemn meaning. She recalls how sad-voiced it was that day when its shadow first fell above her mother's grave; how full of comfort, too, seeming to blend pity in its tones for her loss, as if it knew and cared. She remembers other days, when anger and strife were in her heart, how its mellow music softened away the bitter feeling. So often, in that happier time, it has summoned her to hear words of helping grace and faith—words that cheered her life, and blessed the hours she lived. All this feebly passing through her mind as she watches the sun fading, slowly, surely fading, falling beyond the town. It is to be endowed with a new voice to-night; to swing out from its height in the gloom of the sky solemn words than it spoke ever before—words of death to the heart of the young Cavalier.

She repeats slowly to herself the words of the stern old guard, "He will be here to-night, but not till after curfew." Then, fires must blaze, and tapers burn with the stars to-night. The curfew shall not ring. She has jewels and coin with which the old verger may be bribed from his duty. If she plead with him, offered him these bribes, Basil might be saved—for Cromwell would come to-night; and Cromwell, for the sake of the old love he bore her father, would pardon Basil, if she asked it. She would fall at his knees, and not be torn away till he had pardoned Basil—and he would do it, hard and stern as he seemed. She had passed the guard, and quickly, by the old mill-path, approached the verger's cottage. An old man, quite deaf to sound of his own bell, or voice of priest, and almost blind now, his years had been so many; with only strength enough to ring the old bell on the tower, and build the church fires, he was retained in his place more for past services than for present ones. He sat now on the broad stone at his door, smoking his pipe, his hat and the church-keys lying beside him. He had stood by the quaintly-carved font when she was held there in the priest's arms to be christened—such a wee tiny thing then, a grand and graceful lady now, but mindful of him in her advancement. He had many things within the old cottage to remind him of her kindness since those first days of her babyhood. Too feeble-sighted to see the agony of her face, or to notice the excitement of her manner, the old man rose and bowed to her quaintly as a cavalier. "She wanted speech with him? Then she must follow him to the

tower, for his step was slow, and it was a good mile off, and ere they reached it, it would be time for the curfew." Thus saying, he took up his hat and the keys, and walked beside her, along the path she had come. Slowly he began to understand what it was she required of him. "There must be no curfew to-night! Here were jewels and gold—a fortune for such as he; it would make his old age bright, and free from thought and care. Besides, a dear life would be saved to her. He would do it! He would not sound Basil's death-knell! For the love of the good God he would not do that! He roughly pushed her bribe away; he assumed a stern manner, and gruffly refused. What else could he do? To the good cause of Christ, whom he served under the great Cromwell, Basil was a traitor and enemy. Not his enemy, else he would have saved him. The old heart was tender, but Cromwell and his times cased tender hearts in iron shells; and he refused her, even as they reached the foot of the great tower, wherein, above them, hung the great bell, shrouded in the darkening sky. His hand was on the latch, and the oaken-door was pushed open, when he turned to say some final word to her, but she was gone.

As the door swung back from the old man's hand, an impulse, springing out of defeated purpose and hope beaten down, seized the mind of the girl. She looked upward within the tower; but a few of the crumbling stairs could be distinguished above, darkness covered them like a pall. With an awful shudder vibrating through every nerve, and the strength of her mind, heart, and soul, bent to a single thought, she dashed past the old verger, and her feet pressed the stairway into murky space, where before, for three centuries, no feet but hers had trod. With her soul sickening within her, sustained only by the hope that would not die, she went upon her fearful flight, cheating death of its victim, irresistible in her love and daring, as a fate standing between the comely Cavalier and the grave that yawned to claim him.

A single line of blood-red was in the sky yet, and the hour of curfew had come. About the door of Basil's prison stood a guard of solemn, earnest faces. They looked away silently toward the tower rising still and sombre against the sky. They waited for the curfew as one within, prayerfully kneeling on the tiled floor of his cell, waited. They leaned upon their fire-locks, liking not this shooting of a man in cold blood. They wished in their hearts it was over.

As the verger touches the dangling rope,

something falls to his feet from the steps above. "A bit of the oaken stair," he says, picking it up "Crumbling away together, we are; church and verger alike growing old together." The old man forgets that the tower was a gray-beard of hundreds of years when he was yet a puling babe. "Not ring the curfew!" he muttered. "False to-night in what I never once failed in before? Yet, she's a comely lass; and he a good youth, and not a spy, either; but he dies for the good cause."

Had his eyes been less dim, and the gloom within the tower less dense, he might have seen, far above him on the oaken stair, a woman slowly ascending; upward, upward, over quick and dead, her delicate hands pressing for support, with horrible disgust and loathing, the reeking, slimy walls; her strength almost gone; but upward through paths of vermin-life, by which swarm noisome, poisonous reptiles and uncouth shapes unknown to her, she toils on. Above her darkly hangs the bell; below, the old verger stands ready to give it speech and meaning, new and terrible. At last, she stands on the narrow platform beneath it—can touch its sides. It shall not speak those words of death. Slowly it begins to move, her hands seize, with the grasp of death, its ponderous tongue, and as the rope descends, she is swung out into the black sky, hundreds of feet above the undistinguished earth. Again, and again, and yet many times she sways to and fro with the motion of the bell above the earth, and yet her hands are strong as iron, stronger than mortal hands, unnerved with love, could ever be. To and fro, for the allotted time, the verger swung the bell, and yet was the curfew silent of its new voice and meaning, for love-nerved hands held fast its tongue, and made it dumb. Cromwell would come to-night, and, bless God! the hour of curfew had gone by, and Basil lived. "He shall die at the ringing of the curfew," said the stern soldier judge; and, in the solemn meaning of the sentence, till then he cannot die.

To the camp again, and there to wait and wait till Cromwell comes. Dark shapes and fearful noises fill the air as she descends, but the lowermost stair is reached, the wide door grates again upon its hinges. She looks back upon the hamlet and sees lights burning in every window. There, too, is the prison, and there, also, burn the tapers, though the stars fill the world with brightness. A dull, numb pain fills her limbs; her hands are dead; her feet wander from the path, and her brain whirls in a dizzy trance. But yonder lies the camp,

its red fires gleam out in crimson belts of light and warmth over the hills and low-lying vallies; voices of men shout out a battle-hymn of the Lord they serve. It is borne to her upon the winds in tones of unutterable sweetness, for distance has robbed the thousand voices of all coarseness. They read a fiery gospel, and enforced it with burnished steel.

Her feet must not yet fail her, for her work is not yet done. A few rods more, and the tent of the warrior Cromwell will be reached. At last she is there; the guards send the challenge, and receive for reply, "A friend, who craves speech with the general, Cromwell." They make way for her, let her pass into the presence of the man she seeks. Let the day and the hour be responsible for whatever was hard or cruel in this man's career. A hard and cruel hour of anarchy and blood moulding the man into the shape he was. What freer, fairer, more generous youth than he once was in all England? History sends back the answer—none. In her hour of greatest peril, Rome gave up her vested rights and sacred liberties into the hands of one man, and let him act the tyrant as he willed, so saved they the republic. It was England's day of sorest need when she recognized this Cromwell as her saviour, and gave up to him her rights and privileges—a soldier sworn for God and England. Great, masterful blows he struck for them; great wrongs he did in their names. But, let us believe he did the best he knew; as may others believe it of us, when our turn comes to be adjudged. Not that we shall stride down the ages with kings and queens for company, but that the least of us shall have an audience of critics one day coming.

He did not notice her, nor rise as she approached, as any cavalier would have done. An orderly stood in waiting, whom Cromwell thus commanded: "Get you quickly to the cottage of the old verger by the mill; tell him the hour of curfew is long since gone, and bring me answer why he has not tolled the bell; weighty matters depend upon his duty being done." She did not longer wait for him to give her greeting, but said quickly, "You will not send this soldier on his errand till I have speech with you? To me more weighty is the matter that I bring than can concern the tolling of that bell to you. I come for justice, noble Cromwell; you hold in vile duress a prisoner of war, condemned to death upon a charge of which he is not guilty. Hear from me the truth before you let that soldier go upon his way."

"I'll hear you, maiden; soldier, wait without." The man withdrew; and the story, as she knew

it from Basil's defence, and of her own information, she related to the chief. With what grace of speech it sprang from her lips, till it seemed alive with heroic truth and beauty, I fain would attempt to portray, but dare not. The soldier knew that what she spoke was truth; that the man she loved could not lie. Yet this Basil Underwood was one to fear; the peasantry around shout out a cause, whose holiness they could not see, for love of him. It would be well to have him removed; God accomplished His good purposes by allowing evil to triumph; so might he do this seemingly evil act that good to the cause might come. "He is a Royalist; if he dies not, maiden, the good cause must suffer; so—he dies." Slowly he said it, like one making up his mind to a deed from which his soul revolted. But a great pity was on his face now. He remembered this girl, and her old father, too. Years and years ago, before the cause had wakened him from peaceful ways, he and the girl's father had been friends; and he remembered he had permission given him, once from the baron, to shoot upon his preserves, and for many days he was the old forester's guest. How generous in their humble hospitality they were to him then! Let him remember this, for upon him, too, is the shadow of death stealing, and ere long it will help his soul upward that he forgot not these things.

The girl came close to him. Either hand she placed upon his wide breast. Low, steady-voiced, calm as a star, she stood above him, and said, "You dare not do this thing. The good Master, whom we both serve, will not let you do it. This man is innocent; upon my soul, he is not guilty! Look through my eyes, down into my heart's depths, and tell me if a spy could there be throned and crowned. I do love him; I love him for his noble soul, which knows no taint of sin or shame; I love him for the pure truth that dwells within his heart; I love him that he is loyal to his king—the king that, in his mother's arms, he learned to say his nightly prayers for. See, brave Cromwell! men fear but love you not. I'm here at your feet, the whilom child you nursed upon your knee. I kneel to you and ask for simple justice, and you deny me. I can recall the day and hour you held me to your breast, and whilst you pressed a kiss upon my cheek, you said, 'God be ever with you, little bairn, tenderly keeping you and all your loves.' Oh, Cromwell! they are all dead but this one! Yesternight I saw my father laid in his grave; my mother lay beside him there these many years dead. Brother or sister have I none. Give this one back to

me, and you will link two hearts to you, by ties of love, stronger than links of steel. Your victorious legions count their slain by thousands; I ask but one poor life, it is dearer than my own. You relent! You will pardon—for the dead father's sake, you will. You have eaten of his bread, and you dare not kill his child. For the sense of justice that is eternal within you, you will give me back the life I crave."

Not a stern line of the war-worn face that was not melted away. "If God's work were only done; if it were work less hard and cruel to do," he thought, as memories of that olden, happier time poured, like an avalanche, through his mind, moved by the force of the girl's words. A sad, old man even; weary of the leathern jerkin and the weighty sword. To redeem old England, yet not to see the day; He was not to pass, over into that promised land. But his people did, and let us trust that from the heaven above us the grim old saint looks down and sees his work completed.

He raised the girl to her feet, and placed his hands upon her head caressingly. In that far-off city of London he had a daughter, too, maybe he thought of her, and fancied he had done his work, and by his own hearth caressed her as in that earlier day. It was to be a long while before he saw her again; and when he did see her, he was a prisoner, and in prison she visited and ministered unto him. In these prison hours to come, it will be good for him to remember what he did this night. He sat down, and on a bit of parchment wrote out a pardon for "one Basil Underwood, unrighteously held under sentence of death as a spy; to be released upon his parole of honor, not to absent himself, without leave of the commanding general, from beyond the ancient landmarks and surveys of the hamlet of Underwood." He placed it in her hands, only saying, "Take this, that justice may be done. You shall bear it to his prison."

She thanked him in only such words as full, love-burning hearts can utter, and quickly turned to the tent-door. He had not moved since he gave her the parchment, but stood with folded hands wistfully regarding her. He seemed not to hear her grateful words; nor to notice that, even as she thanked him, her gaze was fixed upon the pardon, which she clutched with a grip of death-like tenacity; that her eyes seemed to devour it, not to see him at all. If in that hour the awful shadow came near him, it should have touched him then, for it was his royal hour of life, the one in which his soul stood nearest to its Master. Her hand was



raised to push aside the curtain at the door, when, in a voice, gentle as her own, he called her name. She turned toward him, and, as if their souls stood, for the moment, on the same broad platform of eternal truth and humanity's love made perfect, she stretched out her two hands toward him.

With painful slowness he spoke, and his manner was that of a man gone blind in all the tenets of his faith, like one lost in a monstrous sea of doubts. "This is God's work?" questioningly he said this, and then added, "I fear, sometimes. Oh, God! if I have erred, show my feet the right way; I meant to be the servant of Thy will; lead me, thy servant." He bowed his head lowly before her, as if he saw in this child one nearer to his Christ than he, and said, "Lay your hands upon me, child, and say, God save and bless thee, Cromwell." With startled thought she looked up into his face, and what she saw there filled her heart with a great pity and tenderness for this man. She saw a great and god-like soul tossed and torn in a maelstrom of doubts and misgivings—a soul sick unto death, crying out with unutterable pathos and yearning for light—light—light!

She laid her hands upon the bowed head, and slowly, reverentially repeated the words; then she sped away through the tented streets, and the picketed fields toward the prison, where, beyond the tower and the bell, her lover was held. She would be in time; the ground seemed to fly beneath her feet; but at last the prison was reached. She would not give the pardon to the old guard; she held it tightly clasped in her poor, bruised hands, while with a grim smile he read it. He humored her whim, as who would not? So fair, and true, and brave she was, the glamour of an heroic deed performed shone like a halo about her face. He led her to the room where, in the morning, Basil had been tried, then released his prisoner, and brought him to her. "Now, maiden, you will yield me up the parchment? The prisoner is free." She placed it in the hands of Basil, saying, "Give it you to the soldier. I have snatched it from the skies."

Without understanding, he did as she bade him, and the soldier was gone. And now Basil held an unconscious form in his arms. When its work was done, the tired body gave way; it had been sorely tried. She loved much, and for her love had dared and done much. To such much love is given. It was to her. A free man now, Basil carried her to an old dame's house, and there watched over her for many days. But when the weary watch was over, she bloomed

again fair as any lily of her native valley; and health and beauty crowned her with their perennial blossoms, and she grew in grace and comeliness.

The happy, peaceful days had come again to merry England. In the revolving years, the old baron and his wife passed away to their long home; and the new baron, Basil, held his court in the hall of his ancestors.

Cromwell, too, has passed the day in which all his deeds were to be accounted for. They have been. His record is open only to his Master, whom, let us believe, he served with all the light there was within him. And let us try to remember him as he stood that day within the Parliament-House, his face aglow with fiery zeal, his drawn sword reflecting God's red sunshine, as he uttered these memorable words: "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me, than put me upon this work." Solemn words, these. Let us believe that this man felt them down to the depths of his soul; that they were the key-note to all that jangled music, out of tune, that went before and after in his life.

As the years went on, tiny feet and childish voices echoed through the oaken corridors. These little ones added a new grace and radiance to the hall; among them was a kingly Charlie, and a Cromwell, too. In the long gallery, where hung the family pictures, Basil was wont to linger most over the latest portrait there. The little Cromwell of the hall, by times observing this fancy of his father's, questioned him regarding it. Then he told him the story of the picture, and the old bell in the tower. For two hundred years, generation have told it to generation, as the picture was handed down from one to the other. I have now told it to you, thus giving away our family story, and it is ours no longer. But the picture is a sweet poem to me forever. Its colors glow with autumnal warmth, and have the depth of Falernian wine in antique vase. In the face above me, framed in its wealth of waving hair, there are no sweet possibilities of love, of which it does not give assurance; there is no home which it would not bless. Adorn your homes with pictures—they are civilizers. A picture on your walls, commemorating a loving, heroic deed, if it is mellowed into immortal tones and tints of beauty, as mine is, will be found an exhaustless store of pleasure. But better than picture, marble, or bronze, or ought else with which to make beautiful your home, is a wife, who, if she has not swung from curfew-tower to save your life, would do it, if occasion required.

## SENT BY THE STORM.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE little village of which we are about to speak, bore the name of Beach-Head, and stretched itself lazily along a sunny corner of the Atlantic coast, so near to the great sea that the salt waves thundered against its threshold when the tide was up. But the people of Beach-Head were used to the sea, and liked to have it near them; its voice had no terrors to them.

One quiet evening, in early autumn, when this same little village seemed to look lazier than ever before, an incident occurred that thrilled it to its inmost heart, and brought even the oldest fisherman to his feet.

Dick Bolton was arrested—and for stealing! Was it true? Every man, woman, and child in the village rushed out to ask the question. A dozen voices volunteered what they could tell. Mr. So-and-so had told Mr. So-and-so, that he had seen Dick when the officers were marching him to prison. But the old men and women shook their heads; they must have stronger proof than mere say-so, before they harbored a suspicious thought against such a lad as Dick Bolton. The proof soon came. Tottering along on his cane, his white locks blown about by the sea-breeze, Capt. Wharton, or the "Old Cap'n," as he was known in Beach-Head, appeared in their midst. The Babel of tongues were hushed on the instant. The "Cap'n" was an oracle in Beach-Head. The oldest living inhabitant, not only in that place, but for miles and miles up the coast, he was looked up to with a kind of loving reverence by his simple neighbors; and more especially so by that portion who made it their profession to follow the sea; the fact of the old man having "sailed round the world," as they expressed it, some half a dozen times, making him, in their estimation, something greater than a hero. All eyes were turned upon him, and more than one tarpaulin was lifted in respectful waiting, as he appeared in the midst of the excited crowd, gazing round him with a sad, bewildered glance, piteous to behold.

"Is it true, Cap'n?"

The question came in a low, intense whisper from more than a dozen lips at once. The old man paused before he answered, steadying himself upon his cane, and shaking his gray head slowly from side to side.

"Yes, boys," at last; his voice feeble and piteous. "I saw 'em take him to jail wi' my own eyes."

That was enough. The people of Beach-Head did not ask for better assurance—the "Old Cap'n" had seen it. But they hesitated about that other question, burning in their hearts and trembling on their lips, scarcely daring to put it into words. The Cap'n had a daughter, Maggie Wharton—the fairest and sweetest in all Beach-Head; and she was the affianced wife of Dick Bolton.

People wondered at first that it should turn out so, that Maggie, so young and pretty, and heiress to the snug two-story cottage in which she and her old father lived, should care for a great, rough, lumbering sailor like Dick, especially when she could have her pick of all the Beach-Head lads; and rumor said, that young Dr. Romney himself was in love with her. But Maggie seemed to think it all right enough, and went to "meeting" with Dick on Sundays, in preference to any one else; and so dazzled and overjoyed the poor, good fellow with the smiling glances of her bright, blue eyes, that he came well-nigh losing his senses. In due time it was all settled; Maggie and Dick were affianced until he should make his next voyage, and come back first mate, when they were to become man and wife. The "Old Cap'n," her father, had no objection to make; so the village folks left off wondering, and called Maggie a sensible girl, to choose a true, honest fellow like Dick, in preference to a fine-dressed dandy.

What would Maggie do now? What would the "Old Cap'n" do? Was Dick innocent or guilty?

No one dared to ask; but reading what they hesitated to speak in their eager eyes, the old sea-captain went on, sadly,

"A bad case, boys!—a bad case! It'll go hard wi' poor Dick, I'm thinkin'," his eyes filling with tears, as they wandered toward the little two-story cottage, and caught a glimmer of Maggie's white frock, then flashing out suddenly, as he added, "Not that I b'lieve the lad guilty, boys! I'm settled on that pint, though the evidence will be strong agin him. Dick Bolton's no rogue, boys! I'm settled on that pint; and we must stick close by the poor lad, if the worst comes to the worst."

"Ay, ay, Cap'n!"

These simple-hearted Beach-Head people knew how to keep their word; when they made promises, they meant them. When the day of trial came round, Dick Bolton did not find himself friendless; they stood up for him to a man, and to a woman, too, for that matter, headed by the "Old Cap'n." But, for all that, they could not save him. Dr. Romney, the individual upon whom the larceny had been committed, had engaged skillful counsel, and the evidence was clear and indisputable. It was after this wise:

On Tuesday night, at ten o'clock precisely, Dr. Romney heard some person entering his bed-chamber—a ground-room on the east front of his house. Rushing down stairs, he reached the apartment only in time to see the burglar make his escape through an open window; and to find his desk rifled of a considerable amount of money, and a jeweled watch of great value. He roused the nearest officer, and started in pursuit; and just out from the village they came upon Dick Bolton, looking wild and restless, like a crazy man. The doctor caused him to be searched, and the stolen articles were found upon his person.

To all questions, whether put by friend or foe, he kept a most provoking silence. He was not guilty; he went to Dr. Romney's that night, but he did not commit the robbery. Farther than that, he had nothing to say. It was in vain that his friends urged upon him the insane folly of such a course. Nothing moved him—not even the "Old Cap'n's" persuasions, or his widowed mother's tears. He did not steal the articles; how he came by them, he was not at liberty to say. "He was a fool!" the old lawyer said, who had undertaken his case, and who had known him from his boyhood up. Dick smiled quietly, and said nothing.

The day of trial brought an unusual crowd to the little Beach-Head court-house. Crime was something new in that simple and primitive country; and this unprecedented case startled the quiet fishermen into a fever of keen curiosity. They flocked down from miles and miles along the coast to see the prisoner, and form their respective opinions concerning him. He stood up proudly in the square prisoner's box that day, his arms folded across his brawny chest, and something in his gray eyes that gave the lie to any accusation that might be brought against him. Dr. Romney paled, and grew nervous at the sight of him. But the trial went on. The doctor's evidence was brief. He heard some one entering his chamber at ten o'clock,

and reached the room just in time to see the thief escape. He did not recognize—could not identify him. There was another witness, a fisher lad, who testified to having seen Dick Bolton on the doctor's premises on the same night, and about the same hour. After him, Maggie, the "Old Cap'n's" daughter, was called to the stand. White as the cambric robe she wore, her pretty, flossy curls pushed back in disorder, and her blue eyes strained upon the prisoner's face with a wild, piteous gaze, she stood there awaiting their questions.

Was the prisoner at her father's house on the night of the robbery? Yes, he was! At what time? All the evening nearly—he came early. But at what hour did he leave, could she remember? Yes! She remembered, but she would not tell. They stood together beneath the old locust-tree, she and Dick, watching the westward going moon, and listening to the faint echo of a fisherman's song far down the coast; and just as Dick bade her good-night, and said that he must hurry up to Dr. Romney's for a dose of medicine for his mother, the bells in the little harbor struck for half-past nine. She remembered; but she would not answer—no word of her's should convict Dick. The counsel repeated the question—but she turned from him with white, sealed lips. Dick watched her keenly for a moment, and then rose to his feet.

"Let me answer for her," he said, a great light gleaming from his gray eyes, and making his plain face grand and touching; "don't worry the poor child any more. I left the 'Old Cap'n's' just at half-past nine, and started up to the doctor's for a dose o' medicine; but I didn't steal them things—God knows!"

A great thrill swept through the crowd as the plain, simple-hearted fellow uttered these words, and turned his clear, honest eyes from one to another of the familiar faces around him; and not one soul, perhaps, dared question the truth of what he had said. Still the evidence, the circumstances, the law, convicted him; and he was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State's prison.

The morning when Maggie went down to bid him good-by for the last time, was a wild one. All the pleasant Indian-summer weather had departed, and the fall had set in with black, scudding clouds and weeping rains. The old stone jail standing out on the desolate sands; the hungry sea sobbing and lashing almost against its mouldy walls, looked strangely desolate as the young girl passed through its heavy door, and made her way down the damp

corridor. The prisoner was pacing up and down his narrow cell; but he heard and recognized her light step, and stood with glowing eyes and extended arms to welcome her when she entered. For an instant both were silent—he reading the language of her tender, uplifted face. Then he said passionately,

“You do—you do believe in my innocence, Maggie?”

“Yes, Dick, as truly as I believe in God.”

“You do not doubt me, in spite of all you have heard?”

“No; I trust and believe in you, because—”

She stopped, blushing and drooping her eyes.

“Because what, Maggie? Say on, please—I want to hear it.”

“Because I love you!”

His gray eyes flashed as he stooped and kissed her forehead.

“Oh, Maggie!” he said, “you don't know how this comforts me. God never gives us a great trial to bear without also giving us some great source of comfort. I believe I should sink under this if I did not know that you believe in my innocence; that makes me strong, Maggie—makes me a man. I can bear it—I will bear it. Five years ain't forever. I'm young, and strong; and God is just. I'll live this disgrace down. I'll prove my innocence yet. I'll come back to you one day, Maggie.”

“I'll wait for you, Dick!”

“God bless you! I know you will; your love will never fail me. But here they come. Good-by!”

“Good-by, Dick!”

He kissed her again, strained her slight form to his heart, and went out into the wild, sobbing rain; but the last object that his eyes rested upon was the dim shadow of her white face, gazing after him from the prison window.

Five years went by, making but little change at Beach-Head. The fishermen fished, and mended their nets, and dried their cod; and youths and maidens strolled along the seashore of evenings; and white-haired children hunted shells, just as they did in days of yore. The “Old Cap'n” still lived in the two-story cottage, and Maggie lived with him. But the old man had been growing a little feeble of late; and one evening, toward the last of October, Maggie called in Dr. Romney. The doctor had been very kind to them in all these five years; and more than once he had offered Maggie a place in his handsome home, as well as in his heart—both of which she firmly rejected.

Sitting by the gloomy fire, that chill October

evening, while the old captain slept, and the sea heaved and moaned without, the doctor renewed his proposal.

“Why will you persist in living here, Maggie,” he said, “lonely and desolate, when you might come to my cheerful home, where your father could be properly cared for? You know how much I love you? Will you come, Maggie?”

She shook her head.

“Why not?”

Maggie dropped her knitting on her lap, and gazed for a moment into the gleaming coals; then she replied, with a little sigh, glancing out at the gray storm,

“Because I must wait for him!”

“He will never come, Maggie!”

“Then I shall wait forever!”

There was something so sublime in the expression of the girl's face, and in her simple answer, that the doctor said no more; and they sat in silence till a sharp rap at the door startled them. Maggie arose and opened it; and a female figure, scantily clad in dripping garments, fell forward on the floor. The doctor, at Maggie's command, raised her in his arms, and bore her into an adjoining room. Half an hour's work restored her.

“Don't you know me?” she said, staring from one to the other, with her great, hollow eyes. “I am Belle Bolton, Dick Bolton's cousin. Don't you know me, Lawrence Romney—me, the woman you ruined?”

The doctor paled and shivered, as if a ghost had confronted him.

“Go for a magistrate,” she went on. “Quick! I have a confession to make before I die—and I can't hold out long. Go, I say.”

The doctor obeyed her.

“Dick Bolton did not steal your money and watch, Lawrence Romney,” she began, when the two stood by her bedside. “I stole them myself. I came to you for money for my child—*your* child—and you refused me; then I went back to your chamber at night, and stole it for my child's sake. But you pursued me, and the officers were at my heels, when I met Dick Bolton, and, thrusting the stolen articles into his hands, begged him to help me. You took him with the stolen things on his person. But he wouldn't betray me—poor, good Dick! He took the crime on himself sooner than see me suffer. I knew it all, but I held back, and let them condemn him for my child's sake. I couldn't bring disgrace on her. But she's gone now, and I've nothing to care for; and Dick must be cleared. He's innocent—I am the culprit.”

An hour after, the hapless girl was dead; and leaving her and her father in the care of the neighbors, who had dropped in, Maggie, prompted by an impulse that seemed irresistible, went down to the sea. The rain had subsided, but the winds were high, and the waves rolled and dashed hither and thither with sullen fury. The night would be black and perilous. Sitting down upon a rock, she gazed, with solemn eyes, over the endless expanse of heaving waters. Where was he? He was innocent—his name was cleared; but would he ever come back to her again? She was so weary of waiting. A cruel hunger seemed consuming her heart. She stretched out her fragile arms toward the stormy sea, and cried piteously,

“Oh, Dick! Dick! when will you come back to me?”

The sobbing winds drowned the faint murmur; but at the same instant a little speck caught her eye far out upon the waves. She sat still and watched it. Slowly, slowly it came; now sinking out of sight in the trough of the sea, and again rising into view on the crest of a billow. At last she could discern its form. A life-boat, containing two men, who pulled for the shore.

The night came down heavily, and with it the solitary boat touched the strand. One of the men leaped out, and approached the spot where Maggie sat, with a boat-lamp in his hand. His face was bronzed and bearded, but the clear, gray eyes were unchanged. Maggie put out her arms with a glad cry,

“Oh, Dick! it is you—you have come back to me!”

He clasped her to his breast.

“Yes, Maggie, I have come. I was going another way—going out into the world to win a name before I returned; but our vessel struck the bar—the storm sent me.”

“God sent you, Dick. Your cousin Belle is dead; the Beach-Head people know that you are innocent.”

“Thank God!”

The gray eyes flashed proudly for an instant, and then grew mistily tender.

“And you have waited for me, and trusted in me all these years, Maggie?”

“Yes, Dick. We will never part any more now, will we?”

“Never any more, my darling, until death part us.”

And they never did.

## I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

I know that I must die;  
But the earth is very fair;  
And incense of a thousand flowers,  
Float on the balmy air.  
The sunbeams seem so very bright;  
The brooks breathe melody;  
While leaflets on the waving boughs,  
Dance joyously and free.

I know that I must die;  
For a form is ling'ring near,  
With a smile of angel sweetness,  
And with eyes so deep and clear,

That would win my heart from earth,  
And turn my thoughts of love  
To a land made fair and bright—  
To a home of bliss above.

I know that I must die,  
And leave earth's hallowed shore;  
But my heart is lighter far  
Than e'er it was before;  
For faint music round me floats  
With a dreamy spirit-spell;  
I am dying! I am dying!  
Gentle sister, fare thee well!

## THE DEAD ARE CALM 'NEATH STARRY SKIES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The dead are calm 'neath starry skies;  
Life's many jars disturb them not;  
Ambition's feverish dream is o'er,  
And love's wild anguish is forgot.

The dead are calm, and we shall rest  
When we have run the round of pain;  
And sleep shall fold the weary lids  
Of eyes that shall not weep again.

Ah, me! When youth and passion's high;  
When light the throbbing pulses play;  
Rest seems no boon that we should crave;  
We coldly turn from it away.

But, oh! when all's been tried—found vain  
When broken is each favorite toy;  
We gladly seek Heaven's proffered peace—  
Nor for its glory ask, nor joy.

# THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133.

## CHAPTER XI.

"But it must be so, John Halstead. I tell thee, it must be so!"

"Think of the awful peril, gracious lady," pleaded the citizen. "Rather let us make an effort to bear a letter to his highness; though difficult, this is not altogether impossible," persisted John Halstead, terrified at the audacity of Margaret's plan. "If we get the king's signature to this new levy of troops, will it not suffice?"

"His signature, man! Cold hand-writing! No! no! It will not suffice! Is he not my husband as well as king? I alone can infuse a war-like courage into his heart. Let me tell him all that his wife and son have suffered. Let me——"

The haughty queen, whom men called cruel, and who was cruel in her hot anger, now sunk to a chair, and, covering her grand face with both hands, burst into a passion of tears.

John Halstead and William Shore stood near her greatly concerned; the thing she asked was so far beyond their power, that they could only look on her grief in dumb sympathy—for how could either of them help her to an interview with the imprisoned king.

At last Margaret lifted her head, and smiled through her tears one of those mournful, winning smiles which no true heart could have resisted.

"Do not wonder," she said; "they think me hard and made of iron. So I am, when the enemies of our house are near; but, under friendly eyes, this woman's heart will assert itself. But it hath not lost its courage; tears can never wear that away. Now bethink ye, kind friends; there must be some way by which we can evade these Yorkist jailers?"

Margaret sat before them in an attitude full of pleading womanliness. Her beautifully formed hands were clasped, and her magnificent eyes, misty and softened with tears, looked imploringly into theirs.

"Is there no bribe we can offer to his jailers?" She looked down upon her hands, from a habit of finding means of bribery in the gems with which they had once been loaded; but not a

jewel was there—the golden circlet of her marriage alone broke their symmetrical whiteness.

"Alas! I have nothing!—I have nothing!" she cried, wringing the hands which had no aid to offer.

"Lady," said Halstead, "if gold or jewels could avail in this, be certain that the last golden angel in my poor coffers should go forth to work out our queen's will: but all this has been tried already."

"Still there must be some way. Bethink thee, my leal friends. Men who reject gold have ever hearts than can be reached."

"Father," said pretty Constance, who stood behind Queen Margaret's chair, "if you would but bring Philip Gage to speech with her highness."

"Philip Gage! And who is he, lass? Be silent, John Halstead; there is more wisdom in this young head than ye wot of. Speak out, child, and say what this Philip Gage can do for his queen."

"I do not know, your highness, but—but—Philip is quick of wit, and bold as a lion. Then he knows the court well, all its ins and outs, having——"

"Hush!" said Halstead, glancing anxiously at Shore, who turned white as death.

"Nay, heed me not," said Shore, in a low, hoarse voice. "It is of her highness we must think. Philip may be of use here."

"Ay, he is a sharp lad, and honest," answered Halstead, turning his eyes, with a half smile, from the blushing face of his daughter. "I would trust him with my life."

Margaret fixed her great, black eyes upon Halstead for a moment, then she said, with decision, "Let us see this person."

Constance sprang to her feet, eager and glowing. "I will tell him. He is not far off," she cried.

Margaret smiled, despite her anxiety. Her woman's heart turned back to the remembrance of its own youth, when her love and her ambition were gratified in the union that had exalted her so highly, and from which she had suffered so much.

"He will be faithful, doubt it not," she said, flinging back the priest's cloak that covered her feminine apparel, determined to trust entirely where she gave confidence at all.

In a few moments Constance came back, flushed like a mid-summer rose, and preceding her lover with a pretty air of triumph.

"He knows all. He has seen your grace before," she said, taking her position back of the queen's chair, while Philip dropped to his knee, and kissed the hem of Margaret's robe reverently.

"It is an honest face," said Margaret, passing one hand over the young head bent so naturally before her. "Young man, what wouldst thou do to pleasure thy queen?"

"Die for her." The words came from his bright lips with an outburst of enthusiasm that pleased Margaret well. The hand which had passed lightly over his hair settled upon it with a gentle pressure.

"Our Lady forbid that thy young life should follow the rest," she said, earnestly. "Even the great want which makes this heart ache so, shall be foregone rather than that."

"Tell me, noble lady, in what way Philip Gage can please you?" answered the boy.

"Thou hast been at the Tower of London?"

"Ay, lady, many a time."

"Know ye the tower in which they have imprisoned the king?"

"What, King Henry?"

"There is no other king, sirrah."

"Your highness, I know the tower well. It was but last week that I had some pleasant talk with the sentinel who guards it, while waiting for my Lord Hastings to come in from the hunt. He took a marvelous fancy to the aiglets on my holiday jerkin, and, bethinking me of Master Halstead's order to make friends in the Tower, I gave him one."

"Listen!" said the queen, earnestly. "To serve this nation, its queen, and the good king who suffers in that Tower, couldst thou gain entrance there?"

The youth dropped his head and thought keenly a moment; then he looked up with brightening eyes.

"For myself? Yes."

"And another person?"

The queen's voice faltered and grew hoarse with intense anxiety.

"That requires thought, your highness. Who is the person?"

Margaret looked steadily into his questioning eyes.

"Thy queen!"

The boy started half up from his knees, but settled back steadily. All at once he leaped to his feet, and went up to William Shore.

"The ring, master—the signet ring, which was picked up by some witing on the battlefield. I could not get speech with the chamberlain, according to thy order, and it is here in my gipsire."

"Heaven be praised!" said Shore; "it may prove of use."

Margaret reached forth her hand for the ring, and examined it eagerly.

"It is the signet ring of Edward Plantagenet," she cried. "If the usages of his court are not changed, this will gain its bearer access to any place within the Tower. Heaven has, indeed, favored us."

Halstead examined the ring. He had not seen it before.

"This, indeed, makes your highness' project barely possible," he said, doubtingly; "but the danger to your royal person is still imminent."

"Nay, we will have no fear; but go at once."

"Not in that disguise," said the youth. "Even I saw through it, and fell upon my knees at once to kiss the ground our queen had trod on."

Margaret was startled by this. She looked at Halstead

"Counsel me—teach me some safe disguise," she pleaded, "for I must go."

"Her highness is about my height," whispered Philip to Constance.

The young girl understood his thought, and her eyes sparkled.

"If she would but condescend."

"Condescend! What is it? Speak out! Margaret will condescend to anything which gains one half-hour of speech with her king."

"Philip was thinking," faltered Constance, turning scarlet, "that—that—"

"Well!" exclaimed the impatient queen.

Constance shrunk back, catching her breath.

"I—I have two holiday suits, and—and—"

Margaret scanned the slender figure of the youth from head to foot. Quick as lightning she comprehended his idea.

"Well, speak out," she commanded.

"But for the hair, that long, black hair, which no flat cap can cover."

"Girl, bring me the scissors from yon 'troi-dery-frame."

Constance brought the scissors and held them out, but her hand trembled with excitement.

"Nay, tremble not, but keep thy hand firm. Now shred this black mantle short at the neck."

She shook the superb masses of her hair out



loose as she spoke, and they fell around, thick and waving, like the plumage of a raven.

"Quick, quick!" cried the queen. Her eyes flashed with impatience, her cheeks were red as flames. No wonder that beautiful woman found partisans ready to go to the death for her.

Like a bird tangled amid those jetty meshes, the little hand of Constance Halstead sent wave after wave coiling downward to the floor, bright, glorious, and full of life. A groan broke from John Halstead as he witnessed the sacrifice; and a faint sigh stole from the lips of William Shore, for memory was strong within him; but Margaret gave herself no time for regret till the rich mass lay around her feet. Then she stooped and gathered the tresses up one by one; her lip quivered, and her eyes filled as she regarded them.

"Take them," she said, gently. "If any mischance happens to me, send them to my husband. It will be some consolation."

Constance received the precious burden reverently, and carried it away into another room, her young heart swelling with tender compassion as she went.

Margaret followed her. Philip went into his sleeping-room, and came forth carrying an armful of his own garments new from the tailor. These Constance received from him at the door, where she bade him go and prepare himself to accompany the queen at once.

In less than half an hour the queen had disappeared, and out from the pretty bower-chamber of Constance Halstead came a slender form, daintily clad in a suit of new garments. The corset was of fine white cloth, prettily embroidered with gold thread by the hands of Constance Halstead. Above it came the edge of a lawn shirt, edged at the neck with narrow gold fringe. Over this was flung a supertunic of blue cloth, slashed with buff and edged with gold braid. The hose, like the corset, was of fine white cloth; and these were completed by long, narrow shoes turning up at the toes like modern skates, and laced with gold cord in a diamond pattern on the instep. Attached to a girdle of embossed leather was a gilt chain, to which a dagger swung; attached to the same belt was a gipsire of crimson velvet, embroidered with many-colored silk.

This was the costume of a man in whose veins ran some gentle blood, but not altogether unfit for the inmate of John Halstead's house; for he was known to be a merchant of great wealth, thriving under court patronage, and his people were expected to go better dressed than their neighbors, especially when business took

them to Edward's court. Besides, the lad Philip was considered as an adopted son of John Halstead.

Another woman might have lost something of her queenly dignity, in the eyes of her subjects, when appearing before them in this strange costume—but Margaret of Anjou would have been regal in a beggar's clothing. She had subdued herself into an appearance of stolid quietness—but that was all. There was nothing of the flippant air or effort at ease, which a less proud woman might have assumed. She came forth gravely and without awkwardness. True, the color on her cheeks was hothy red, and her heavy lashes drooped; but all this only gave her the appearance of a reticent, shy youth, who found himself much better dressed than usual, starting forward on an errand which required a staid demeanor.

A few moments of hurried conversation with Halstead followed Margaret's re-entrance to the room. Then Philip came in, ardent and daring, ready to guide that noble lady through her peril, or die in the attempt.

"I have gotten a boat ready," he said, "and waiting at the water steps—the best that I dare engage. Besides, I have been to the warehouse, Master Shore, and brought out the silver salver ordered by Lord Hastings, but never sent. There must be no lack of honest reasons for our journey. Now, comrade, shall we set forth? The tide will take us down by twelve o'clock, when Edward will have ridden to the hunt, so we shall have a clear field, and no favor."

Margaret stood gazing on him, unconscious that it was herself whom he was addressing; but when he repeated,

"Come, lad, come! the day wears;" a bright gleam of intelligence came over her face, and, drawing the pointed cap over her face, she prepared to follow him.

"This is well; his shrewd self-possession shames us; but there is hope in it," she said. "Farewell, good friends. If your queen fall into the hands of her arch enemy, convey the tidings to my son, and tell him that kingly rights never die."

With these words Margaret went out, leaving profound anxiety behind her.

When these two reached the street, Margaret walked on rapidly. She was greatly excited, and breathed like one in a fever; but the street was thronged, and no one seemed to observe the two handsomely dressed lads who bent their way toward the river in silent companionship. Fast as Margaret had walked, Philip kept close

by her side, regulating his pace to hers with a jaunty step, and carrying the silver salver under his arm with a brisk air of business. Margaret was descending the water-stairs with a gravity more becoming her station than the disguise she bore; but Gage, seeing the watermen's eyes upon her, rushed by, calling out, "Why, comrade, at this rate, we shall lose the tide. Look sharp."

With this he leaped into the boat, and sat down with the salver resting against his knees. Margaret followed, and springing into the boat, sat down.

"Here, John, take a fair portion of the work, thou art ever a laggard," cried Philip, pushing the salver toward Margaret.

She reached forth her hands to grasp it by the edge. Philip shuddered as he saw how white they were, and that one of the boatmen was eyeing them curiously.

"Nay, there is no use in being sullen," he said, with a jovial laugh, "thy hands have grown too dainty with handling nothing but graveurs tools. Carrying a burden now and then will give them pith and manliness. At any rate, I will undertake but half the work."

Margaret did not answer. She was afraid to trust a voice, peculiarly sweet and ringing, with words; but she gathered the salver up with her arms and leaned her head upon it.

"Thy companion has forgotten how to talk," said one of the boatmen, allowing his oars to drag, while his half shut eyes were fixed on the seeming boy; "he lacks thy spirit."

"Oh! that is because the damp weather has given him a catarrh in the throat, but for that you would find him noisy enough. The leech has forbidden him to let this river air in upon his lungs by but the parting of a lip. I wish you could only have heard him this morning; why the wind came wheezing up from his chest like water through a sieve—it was not speech, but whistling."

The curiosity of the oarsmen seemed appeased by this, and, for a time, the boat went down the river with a steady progress; then Philip began to ask questions.

"I wonder if the king hunts to-day?" he said.

"Nay, I can answer that," replied the oarsman, "for this is the second pair we have taken down the river since the dawn. At eleven o' the clock King Edward was in his saddle, and half the court with him. We saw his train sweep down toward Greenwich, horses, hounds, stalkers, and all."

"Well, it does not matter," answered Philip. "Failing to find the Lord Hastings, our errand

lies with her Grace of Bedford, who never hunts."

"I should think not. Since her magic has overthrown the great duke, and set Edward firm as iron on his throne, her grace gives no thought to anything of lesser note, but keeps a whole band of alchemists ever at work, turning lead into gold, and withering up the king's enemies. It is said she has a waxen figure closely like the good King Henry. Hey day, my lad, sit firmer on that seat. Another start like that might fling the boat out of balance, and upset us in the water. As I was saying, this image is laid by a slow fire, where it wastes, and wastes away, hour by hour, as the poor king is dropping out of life."

Margaret leaned forward, and parted her lips as if to speak: but Philip gave her a warning glance, and she drew back again breathing heavily.

"Is the good king suffering in health then?" asked Philip, quietly. "Does this necromancy begin to harm him already?"

"That, or some other cause, equally potent, has taken away all the life and strength that imprisonment had left him—that is the gossip we hear in rowing passengers up and down the river. Some say he is pining for a sight of Queen Margaret and his son. There was a rumor at one time that they had landed on the coast; but, take my word, it will be a long time before that she wolf and her cub show themselves in old England again, now that the great earl is dead."

Philip glanced at his companion, and saw that she sat motionless, with her lips compressed and her eyes gleaming.

"Come—come!" exclaimed the lad, "the glib tongue ever makes a slow arm. Keep better time with thy oars, good man, or we shall be late at the Tower; and I have promised my comrade here that he shall see the great bear fed, as well he may, seeing as we of the city are taxed for all the beast eats."

The man laughed, and bent more vigorously to his oars, sweeping his craft down stream with long, vigorous efforts, that soon brought them to the Tower steps.

Philip bade the men wait their return, and passed a moment to speak with his companion, who was carrying the salver under her arm.

"It shames me to let your highness carry any burden," he whispered; "but perforce it must be so, or they will suspect something. Give this to my share," he added, taking the tray under his own arm, and drawing forth a book—which had been all the while concealed beneath

his supertunic—one of those sumptuously bound volumes that held the labor of years between its covers.

"This must gain your grace admission to the king, who is well known to delight in such costly matters: carry it in sight, and walk firmly by my side. Stay, that question of the boatman reminds me that great danger lies in a voice. Therefore, my comrade is a French artisan, who speaks no English—not a word. He has spent much time on the toise under his arm, and hopes to find a customer in the imprisoned king."

"I understand," answered Margaret, sitting the book under her arm. "Fear me not, I will be firm and wary."

Philip glanced at her with admiring wonder. Her face was calm, her bearing natural, with the adaptation of great genius; she had merged all her pride and native dignity in the half wondering stranger.

"Now may all the saints guide us!" exclaimed Philip; and with a firm step he presented a general order for admission, always extended to Halstead or his people. Then he crossed the great court, or garden, as it was sometimes called, in which the courtiers and ladies, or such of them as had not followed Edward to the hunt, were assembled in groups and pairs, each seeking its own diversion. Margaret followed with a firm step; but as they advanced, every tint of color left her face, and the keen look of a wounded eagle burned in her eyes; for groups of ladies and their attending gentlemen were passing to and fro in the garden, or moving along the battlements, where the sheen of their rich garments took the sunshine like the plumage of tropical birds. Many of these persons through whom Margaret moved unheeded, had formerly been among the hundreds that knelt around her throne in the days of her pride. Falsehood, treachery, and fickle lightness had marked the transfer of allegiance, which had seemed easy to them as a change of garments, but had cut her proud soul to the quick.

As Margaret and her conductor was walking up the light and highly ornamented cloisters that ran around one end of the garden, they passed a company of ladies playing at clasheys, or nine-pins; a splendid dash of the ball had swept down all the ivory pins just as the two strangers came up; and the lady who had bowled them down turned a triumphant look at her companions, who swarmed around her like a swarm of humming-birds glorifying the roses on which they feed.

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"Thus it was," laughed the lady, "my lord swept down his enemies, at one brave swoop, on his last battle-field. If no one sets the clasheys up again, my work, like his, will languish for lack of opposition."

A light burst of laughter, and a murmur of sweet voices followed this speech from the bevy of ladies, while a page came forward carrying the victorious ball in his hands.

"Where is Sir Hugh?" cried the lady, turning her flushed face away from her pretty throng of flatterers. "Why is he not here to pick up the dead?"

"The Duke of Gloucester drew him aside but now," answered one of the ladies.

"Nay, if it is Richard, we must perforce submit," was the constrained answer. "But where have they all gone? Methinks it will take a year to bring our court back to its former decorous state. Edward is so used to the tumult of a battle-field that he winks at all irregularity here. Will some one range the clasheys?"

That moment Margaret and Philip passed close by the group, pursuing their way to the particular tower in which King Henry was confined. Margaret was a little in advance, and Elizabeth Woodville's eyes fell upon her first. The proud woman must have had a wonderful power of self-command, for she drove back the tumult of bitter feeling from her face, and looked calmly into that of her rival, who, flushed and smiling with triumph, addressed her in a tone of careless authority,

"Go and set up the clasheys," she said, "and stay close by till some of my pages come."

Philip started forward, pale and breathless, with affright; but the seeming youth checked him with a steady glance of the eyes, and surrendered the book he was carrying to his keeping, prepared to obey Elizabeth Woodville's command. With a quiet look of obedience, he passed down the cloister and arranged the ivory pins in their places.

"Neatly accomplished," said Elizabeth, receiving the ball from her page, and hurling it onward with rash confidence.

This time the ball swerved aside, and went bowling at random down the cloister.

That moment the Duke of Gloucester came up with the young nobleman whom he had so thoughtlessly withdrawn from his duty. The queen received him with arching eyebrows and a downward curve of the lips, which was the nearest approach to absolute displeasure that she ever allowed her face to express.

"What punishment shall we award for turning our knight from his duty?" she said, looking

askance at the wandering ball; "but for a strange lad, who roamed this way, we might have been compelled to wait."

"Nay, if I bring back the truant ball with my own hands, will that appease our sister's just wrath?" said the duke, in a sweet, low voice. "Besides that, I stand ready to reward the person who took Sir Hugh's place with a golden angel, if his rank is not too high for such guerdon. Where is he?"

Both the queen and her ladies looked around for the youth, but he had disappeared in the confusion attending the duke's approach.

With a quick, firm step, and a face like marble, Margaret left the cloister and turned the angle of a neighboring tower, and found herself in an inner court, as solitary and still as the heart of a desert. The poor lady knew the place well; she knew, also, that in one of the square towers which cast its shadow on the spot where she stood, her husband was confined. Not even the humiliation to which Elizabeth Woodville had unconsciously subjected her, could destroy the firm resolve to be cold and prudent with which Margaret had started on this enterprise. Truly a storm of indignant hate surged in her heart; but it was like the great heave and swell of waters under the falls of Niagara, their own weight and mighty force keeps the surface calm as a lake for a mile from the downward plunge. So it was with this proudest of proud women. Nothing could have been more quiet than the manner with which she performed that menial service for her rival; but a deadly storm was raging within, which left her face white as death when she stood before the sentinel who guarded the low-arched door which led to her husband's prison. Philip Gage was at her side, watching each movement that she made with a keen eye. The youth had followed her at a distance, and came up the moment she needed his help.

"Give ye good day, most doughty soldier," cried Philip, with cool audacity. "Walking still the same dull round as when we held our last gossip. That was when I brought jewels to her highness, the queen. Now I have another message to the king's favorite. Tell me, an thou canst, ride the Lord Hastings forth with his majesty?"

"Nay, how am I to know, shut in here by high walls, and forbid to lengthen my walk by a single pace. I heard a dog's bay, and the bugle sound when our good king went forth; but who went with him, there I am at fault, young sir."

"Well, well, I must go and learn while my

comrade here does his errand to Harry of Lancaster. Pass him in, good friend, and I will call for him anon."

The sentinel cast a glance at the seeming page; but Philip instantly drew his attention away.

"See, I will give thee a good look at the treasure I bring for my Lord of Hastings," he cried, eagerly removing the cloth from the salver. "See how deftly his lordship's arms are wrought in with this arabesque scroll. My own hands had something to do with this. As for my comrade here, the master sent to France for him to complete the work. No artisan in London could have drawn these lines. See how they quiver on the salver-ground like sunbeams in the sky."

The sentinel examined the engraving with forced attention a moment, then lifted his eyes to the disguised queen, and was about to speak.

"Oh, it is useless expecting words from him," interrupted Philip; "he cannot speak a word of the king's English. If thou couldst only *parly vous* now!"

"Nay, but what does the lad want here? Said ye not that he craved speech with Harry of Lancaster?"

"And no more than the truth, if I did," answered Philip. "He brings a tome beautifully written and blazoned, which consumed the better part of two year's work, under one of the best artists in France. He has heard that Prince Henry has a marvelous taste for such rare books, and brings it hither, hoping to find a market for his handiwork."

"But has he an order?"

"Else how got he an entrance to the Tower?"

"Of a surety; but all who come to the Tower of London do not get permission to see Prince Henry. Has the lad an especial order from the king, Duke Richard, or Lord Hastings? Lacking that, he cannot pass."

"The lad has something better by far than any of these—the king's signet-token, from his own royal finger. See!"

Philip made a motion with his fingers, and Margaret, who had been standing with downcast eyes, and a pale, stolid look of indifference as the dialogue went on, took Edward's signet-ring from her gipsire, and held it out. The sentinel took the ring, examined it close, and gave it back with a satisfied look.

"Now let me examine this tome," he said. "By the carving on its back it should be marvelously rich; but among the pictures there may be treasonable papers. At any rate, it is my duty to search."

Philip drew the book from under Margaret's arm, and opened it boldly. The sentinel turned over the emblazoned pages leaf by leaf, examining the pictures and scanning the manuscript with a knowing air, as if reading had been one of his lightest accomplishments. Philip felt safe after one glance at the man's face, and turned over the pages with a prompt hand.

"Thou canst read for thyself, good friend, and make sure that no treason is lurking here," he said. "As for other parchment, my comrade will make no resistance while ye search his gipsire, though it should be enough that he comes from John Halstead, whose loyalty to the White Rose has been tried like pure gold."

"Oh! an he comes from John Halstead, and bears the king's signet-ring, I shall be content with seeing his gipsire turned inside out."

"There, it is done!" cried Philip, seizing the gipsire. "There is not an inch of the lining that thou mayest not scan. Now let the lad pass, that I may be free to go on mine own errand."

"But when wilt thou return?"

"In ten minutes by the dial, if the pages keep me not waiting, which they are the less likely to do, knowing the welcome I bring under my arm. Ah! that is well! Now that my comrade is on his way, I will lose no time."

But Philip stood by the sentinel, chatting in his light, careless way some five minutes after Margaret had disappeared up the winding staircase that led to Henry's room. Then he moved away, and proceeded toward Lord Hastings' apartments, knowing well that the master was abroad hunting with the king.

Margaret of Anjou almost ran up the steps the moment she was free from the sentinel. She found her way into a little anteroom, in which two men were keeping guard. A glance at the king's signet was sufficient for them, and Margaret passed without question through a door which one of the guard unlocked.

She found herself in a low, square chamber, hung with faded arras, and lighted by narrow windows, through which gleaming rays of sunshine turned the particles of dust floating through the room into a golden haze. The day was warm, and the atmosphere of the place unpleasantly close, for rushes three months old strewed the stone floor, moist and mouldy in the damp corners, but ground to powder where the sun struck upon them. Some articles of massively carved furniture stood around, and a couch, covered with tapestry, seemed to have been but recently occupied, for a cushion was indented, and an open volume lay upon it.

Margaret looked around for her husband, but he was not there. Now all her fortitude gave way; a glow of life, which was light rather than color, came back to her face; the heart in her bosom swelled with a storm of tumultuous passion; the sound of a low, monotonous voice came faintly through the hangings; she flung them back, and saw a small oratory, with low, bleak walls, and an altar draped in white, against which an ebony crucifix stood out, black and sombre as death.

The arras dropped from Margaret's shaking hands—she was alone with her husband, for he knelt before that altar, meekly praying.

"Henry, my king, my husband!"

These words, thrilling with anguish and burning with mad joy, aroused Henry from his devotions. He stood up, tall, white, and bewildered, looking, almost with terror, on his wife, whom he did not recognize.

"Henry! Henry! It is I—it is Margaret!" whispered the wretched wife, sobbing out the words, and moving toward him with both hands outstretched. "Will you not know me, oh! my husband!"

He knew her voice, and over his still features came a joy so luminous, that the dull face was transfigured.

"My wife! My poor, poor Margaret! Let me look! Let me make sure!"

He lifted the cap from her head, and revealed that beautiful, stormy face, bathed with quick tears, and quivering with smiles that seemed so unaccustomed to those features, that they died out mournfully under his sad eyes.

"Margaret!"

He folded her to his bosom; he smoothed her shorn hair with a caressing hand. Through the mist, which half blinded him, he read, with a sorrowful heart, the changes which years of woe, privation, and bitter, bitter mental strife had left on her person.

"My Margaret! My poor wife! How this fierce warfare has changed thee!"

Margaret drew back her head, and regarded him earnestly. Those who said that she did not love her husband, wronged the proud woman, and would have confessed it, had they looked upon her then; for her great, black eyes were flooded with tenderness, her lips quivered, and her form shook with alternate throws of joy and pain.

"Margaret! Margaret!"

It was all the good king could say. Next to his God this woman had been the object of his idolatry from the day that she became his wife. Thoroughly believing in her, he had yielded up

the best strength of a calm, unambitious nature to her control, and in all worldly things looked up to her superior strength with the confidence of a devotee. But even then he had no power to express the swell of thankful tenderness that filled his heart almost to bursting. They stood close by the altar. Henry sunk to his knees again, drawing Margaret down also, and, with his meek face uplifted, thanked God that she was by his side once more. The habit of devotion had become so strong with him that even in that supreme moment his full heart bowed itself before God.

A tall chair was in the oratory. The back, of carved ebony, formed a cross, and on its cushion a rude picture of the crucifixion was embroidered. Henry drew his wife to this seat, after he arose from the altar, and knelt beside her, happy as a child.

"Edward is merciful at last, and will permit us to dwell together," he said, softly kissing her hands. "But, tell me how it all came about. And our son, oh! we have much to say!"

"And but brief time to say it in," answered Margaret, looking upon him with mournful sadness. "Edward Plantagenet knows nothing of this visit."

Henry's visage fell, his hands dropped away from hers, and he sighed heavily.

"Then we must part again. God help us both! It were almost better that this meeting had never been."

"No! No!" cried Margaret. "It will give us strength to suffer and struggle."

Henry sighed heavily.

"Nay, my wife, there is no struggle. Since the great earl died, nothing is left but submission."

"Submission! Oh! Henry! in a just cause like ours there can be no submission. Bethink thee, my good lord, there is no being on earth so abject as a disrowned king content with his destiny."

"Thou wert always brave, Margaret, and far more kingly than the man on whom God put the heavy burden of government all too soon."

"For our son's sake, Henry, we must both be brave."

"For his sake! Oh, Margaret! must our boy take up this evil inheritance? Let it pass! Let it pass! Why set his young life afloat on this sea of blood, in which our happiness has been wrecked? What matters it whether——"

"Nay, do not say it; I would not be angered with thee, Henry. Our son's inheritance is his birth-right. We have no power to yield it up."

"Ah, Margaret! The same old spirit of

dominion! Will nothing daunt it?" said Henry, shaking his head.

"Not while I have a husband's wrongs to avenge, and a son's inheritance to maintain."

"But how can this great task be accomplished? Warwick is killed, our troops dispersed."

"Our son is in England."

"What! Edward! My son, Edward!"

"Ready to lead the armies which his name and thine will raise."

"God protect him!"

"Ah! if he could but stand here in the person of his father—so beautiful—so rich in honor—so chivalric; his very face, beaming with martial ardor, would arouse my Henry to action."

"As thine does now," answered Henry, with a touching smile. "Oh, Margaret! thy brave soul must ever take the lead."

"One more effort we must make," continued Margaret, answering the smile with one that shone upon him like a burst of light. "Our son, Edward, can do much—but he is not king. Give but thy sanction to a new levy of men, and he will lead them, while your wife rides with him, to victory or—or——"

"Death! Alas, alas! that victory and death ever go hand-in-hand."

"That is ever the sure fate of war; but there shall be less danger here, inasmuch as we will strike quickly and with force—already are the people flocking to our standard. We lack only the king's name, which is ever a tower of strength."

"And didst thou come alone for this?" said the poor king, with a mournful shake of the head.

"No! No! On my soul, no!" Margaret answered, with eager truth. "Oh, Henry! my heart pined for its lord—my very soul grew sick with loneliness. I could have written—another might have brought thy signature, so important to our success; but I risked danger, humiliation, death itself, only to look into those dear eyes, and feel the clasp of these arms again."

"My Margaret, forgive me."

"Forgive thee, Henry! What have I to forgive? Or if I have, take it thus, and thus."

She kissed him upon his lips, his forehead, and on the eyelids that quivered above a sudden rush of tears.

"It is over, this is, perhaps, our last meeting on earth," she said. "If I am weak and childish—nay, we must not talk of these things, it takes away all wish for sterner action."

"Ah, if it could," sighed the fallen monarch.

"how much happiness we might find even in this prison."

"Even here Edward's malice would pursue us," answered Margaret, shaking off the tender weakness which had made her so womanly for the moment. "We may be interrupted any moment. Is there pen and ink at hand?"

Margaret opened the illuminated book at a place where some leaves of parchment, written in manuscript like the rest, had been carefully introduced. It was a proclamation calling all adherents of the Lancastrian king to resume their arms and follow Prince Edward to battle.

"Read it quickly, and write the signature here," she said, with prompt authority, which Henry had never yet disputed; "we may be interrupted."

Henry took the open book in both his hands and began to read. A footstep in the next room alarmed Margaret. She started from the chair, snatched up her cap and drew it over her face. That moment a guard looked in. Henry turned pale, his long, brown robe, which swept the floor, rustled to the quick shiver that passed over him.

"Be calm, and seem to examine the book," said Margaret in French. She spoke quietly, but her voice was hoarse with agitation, which destroyed all its feminine tones.

"I come to say that John Halstead's lad is waiting in the court," muttered the man.

Henry did not answer, he was too much disturbed by the thought of parting with his wife so suddenly for the utterance of a single word. When the man had withdrawn, he laid the book down upon the altar, brought pen and ink from the next room, and signed his name on the spot Margaret had pointed out.

"It is signed, but I cannot read it; God forgive us all if I have done wrong in this!" he cried, in great agitation, closing the book and giving it to Margaret. "Thus," he continued, "let us shut out all thoughts of war—we have but a few moments, Margaret. Now tell me of my son."

Margaret lifted her face to the soft blue eyes bent so lovingly upon her.

"My Edward shames his birth in nothing," she said.

"Has he thy look, Margaret?"

"In his face—yes. I am sure this will please my Henry, or I would not say so; but his smile has the sweet tenderness which men so love in his father; besides, he is tall, like thee!"

"But strong of limb?"

"Edward is brave, young, strong, and comely. Once seen, the people will worship him."

"God grant it! Well, Margaret, we must hope for the best; but promise me, if the victory should be ours, that there shall be no executions, no enemies beheaded."

"I promise," answered Margaret, sadly.

"Sometimes the memory of these things paralyzes my resolve. Fear not, Edward has his grandfather's spirit in the fight, and his father's sweet mercifulness afterward."

"Heaven guard the boy!" cried the unhappy father, falling upon his knees before the altar.

"Amen!" whispered the wife and mother, kneeling by his side. "Now, Henry, farewell!"

Her arms stole around him; her head rested on his bosom; a shiver of terrible anguish swept over them both. At last Margaret arose and went slowly from the room, carrying the book with her. Henry watched her through his tears till the arras fell together with a sweep that made him shudder. Then he fell forward upon the altar, and, burying his face in the folds of his long robe, stifled the sobs that were breaking his heart.

Margaret conquered her grief, as she had before subdued the fierce anger aroused by Elizabeth Woodville. With an equal, quiet step she passed through the outer chamber, and down the stairs. At the entrance to the tower, she met Philip Gage carrying the silver tray under his arm. He was talking gayly with the sentinel, bewailing his evil fortune in not finding Lord Hastings in his apartment, and promising himself another trip to the Tower, when he would come alone, and see the great bear batted in company with his good friend, the sentinel.

"Oh! here comes my French comrade, with his book under his arm. So the good prince does not effect his work. Well, well, he is but young."

"More likely by far his highness, Prince Henry, has not the golden angels which might answer thy comrade's demand for the book. If so, he would not take it at a lesser price; for in everything but war Henry has a right kingly spirit. Tell thy comrade this, for he looks desperately down-hearted."

"Oh! he will soon win over it," answered Philip Gage, laughing carelessly. "It is not every youngster that can get a king for his customer, even though that king be kept under guard. He will come again some day and speed better."

With these words, Philip settled the cap on his head, and followed his seeming companion from the court.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## KNITTING-BAG.

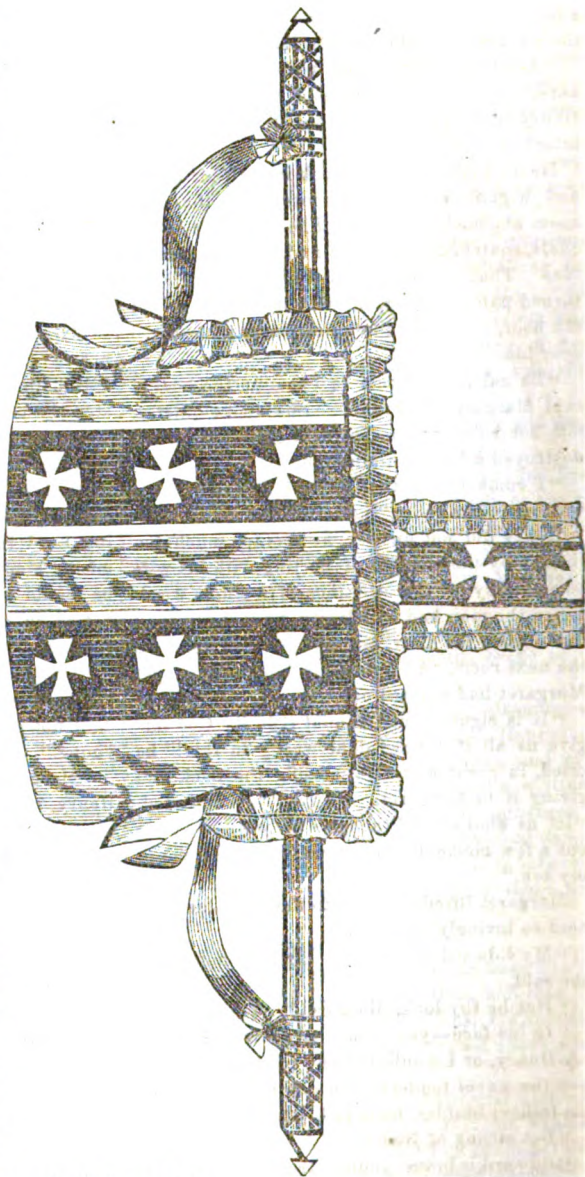
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—A piece of canvas, (the usual size for working with single zephyr,) ten inches square, and a piece nine inches long and two inches wide for the handle; two yards of mantua ribbon, (dark green) one inch wide; half oz. of single black zephyr; half oz. of shaded green zephyr; two skeins of white floss silk; a pair of ivory knitting-sheaths; if ivory cannot be procured, silver, or even tin nicely japanned, will answer the purpose; four inches of elastic.

Work the pattern in cross-stitch in stripes, two of black, with the Maltese cross done in white flosselle, one row of white between the stripes. The remaining stripes are simply filled in with the shaded green zephyr, giving the effect of a chene pattern.

The ten inches of canvas will form both sides of the bag; it is to be joined at the sides, within about an inch of the top; line the bag, leaving it open for the handle to be sewn on between the outside and the lining; the ribbon to be quilled in the center round the whole bag. Sew the sheaths on one end of the elastic, which is to be divided and covered with a piece of the ribbon; the other end to be fastened to the bag, and the knitting-needles, when not in use, to be placed in the sheaths.

This is a very beautiful affair, can be easily made, and is necessary to almost every lady; knitting being now so general. When going out to spend a sociable afternoon, a pretty bag, like this, is really indispensable.



## DOLL PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



GET a small china doll. Break off the legs. Cut a round of cardboard two inches and a half across; sew securely round it a piece of calico

the size of the round, and three inches and a half deep. Stuff it firmly with wadding at the bottom of the round, and put less wadding as you get toward the waist, so as to make the doll a nice shape. Fasten the calico neatly round the waist. For the frock, procure a piece of scarlet flannel ten inches wide and five inches in depth. Join it round, turn in the bottom and gather it, put in the doll and cushion, and draw the gathering round beneath the cardboard bottom. Fasten it firmly; gather with a strong thread round the top, which needs a small turn in, and make another gathering one inch below for the waist. Tie these two gatherings round the shoulders and waist. Two holes must be made to pass the arms through, and two small, straight pieces of flannel sewn round the arms for short sleeves. The frock is then complete. The apron is a piece of white muslin three inches square, gathered at the waist, and pinned on. The bib of the apron must be cut out to the diagram. The cap is of the same muslin as the apron, cut three inches and a half in depth, three inches and a quarter in width at the widest part, and two inches at the plain part, which ties with a piece of cotton round the face. The whole is cut as nearly as possible in the horse-shoe form, gathered from one side of the front to the other, and drawn tightly up at the back. Then a little bit of china ribbon is tied round, with ends waving at the back. The doll is very quickly dressed.

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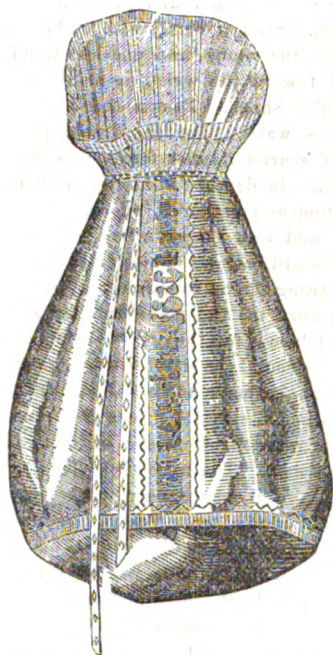
## BRAIDED TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of this pretty cushion. The cushion may be worked with braid or chain-stitch, either in white or colored, on pique or muslin. The prettiest and most durable is scarlet. The lower edge of the border should be in button-hole stitch with single zephyr, same color as the braid; and the upper edge should be whipped, or cross-stitched with the wool. The same design worked in velvet, satin, or silk, makes a very handsome cushion; for instance, a black velvet cushion braided in gold-colored braid, with a border of black silk pinked at the edges, and braided according to the pattern, is exceedingly effective. The top of the cushion makes a pretty design for a braided toilet-mat.

## TURKISH TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



IN Constantinople, whence comes our model, the Turks, who consume much of the fragrant weed, wear these bags or pouches attached to

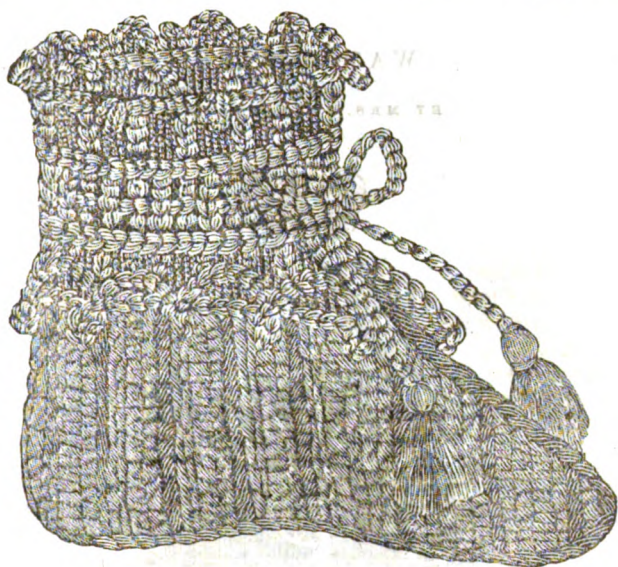
their ceintures. Here their novelty and utility will render them suitable little presents for gentlemen, or will make a nice variety in contributions for bazaars, where gentlemen are expected to purchase largely, yet the supply of articles, suited to their needs, is usually confined to smoking-caps and slippers. Our model is formed of crimson cashmere, herring-boned with coarse white silk, and embroidered with gold thread, it is lined with a striped Persian-patterned foulard. The bag is formed of a piece of cashmere, nine inches in length and thirteen and a half inches wide, lined with silk of the same size. Run up the seams separately, fix the outside and lining together, and herring-bone them with white silk, as seen in the engraving; a round of cashmere is cut to fit the bottom, and is sewn in afterward. A fringe is placed over the seam and at the top of the bag. Embroider a band about two inches in width with any pretty little pattern with the gold thread; put it over the seam the entire length of the bag. The narrow band, forming the fastening, has little diamonds worked on it in chain-stitch, and is afterward lined with a piece of ribbon; it is sewn on one side of the bag. An opening of sufficient width to pass the band through is cut and worked in button-hole stitch to form the fastening.

## BABY'S SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—A small bone hook, half oz. of scarlet wool, and half oz. of white. 12 chain, 1 chain to turn, 2 double in first stitch, 12 double; you have now 14 stitches. 2nd row—1 chain to turn, 2 double in first, always taking the back part of the loop all through the shoe, (to form the brioche,) 14 double. Continue working in the same manner, increasing 2 stitches every row until you have 36 stitches. Work 2 rows across without increasing, fold the two edges together and crochet them down the front. Take a needle, draw the toe together, and secure the ends. Commence leaving 5 stitches from the center, work 25 double, which will leave 5 stitches on the other side. 1 chain to turn, and crochet backward and forward in the same manner for 7 more rows; then 11 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 11 double, turn; 10 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 10 double, turn; 9 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 11 double. Fold it in halves, and crochet the heel together in single crochet. The lower part of the shoe is now complete. With white wool, work a row of treble crochet all round the



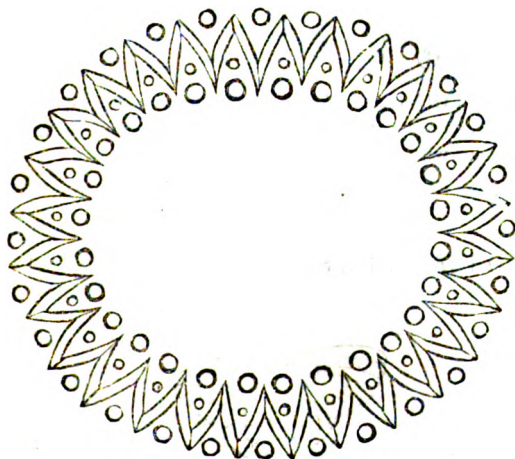


top of the shoe. There will be 36 stitches. Join round; 4 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble. Work the round in open treble for the cord to be run in. 4 chain, 1 round of long, putting the wool twice round the needle, another round of treble open, 1 round of plain treble. With scarlet wool, work 3 chain and 1 double, missing 2 chain; 2 chain, 1 double all round, turn and work 5 chain, 1 single, in the same loop.

As the last round, it will form the trimming. With white wool, do a round in the same way as the last, but work the single stitch into the white treble row round the scarlet part of the shoe; 3 yards of white wool doubled and made into a chain drawn through the first row of holes, and finished with 2 small tassels, completes the shoe, making a neat, warm, economical, and really pretty one.

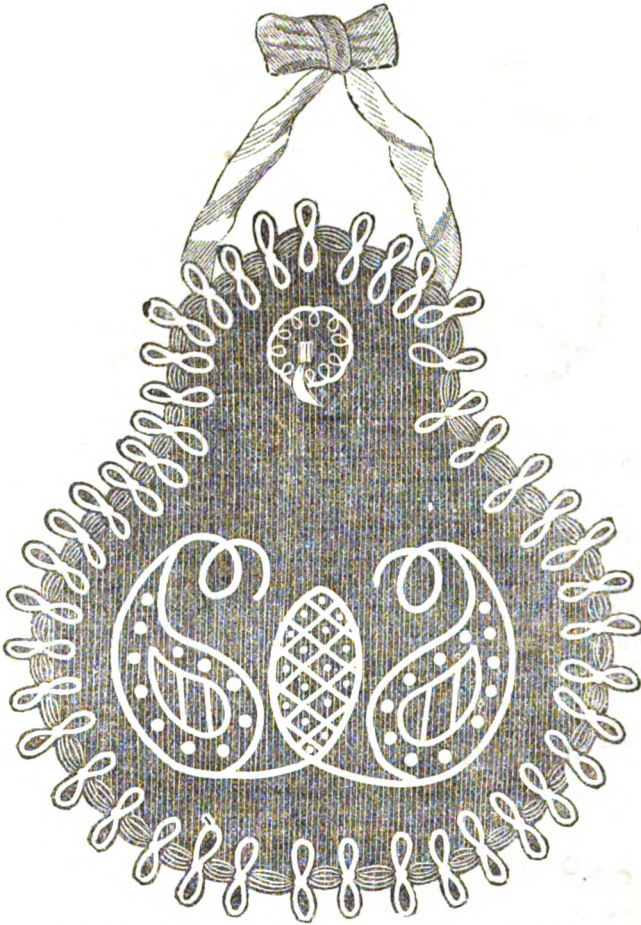
HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



# WATCH-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



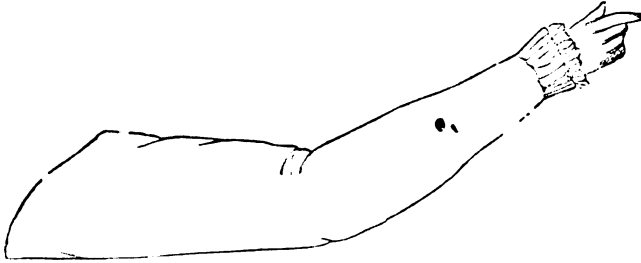
Use any pieces of silk or velvet you may have by you. Trace the design upon the silk, and braid with silk or gold braid. A narrow ribbon, caught up at equal distances, forms the border, with the addition of small loops of braid with a bead sewed in the center.

## EMBROIDERIES.



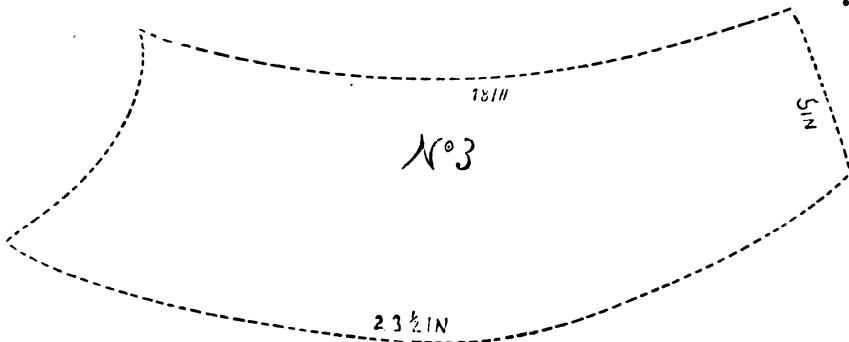
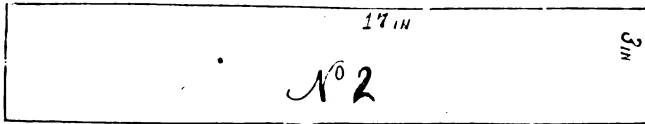
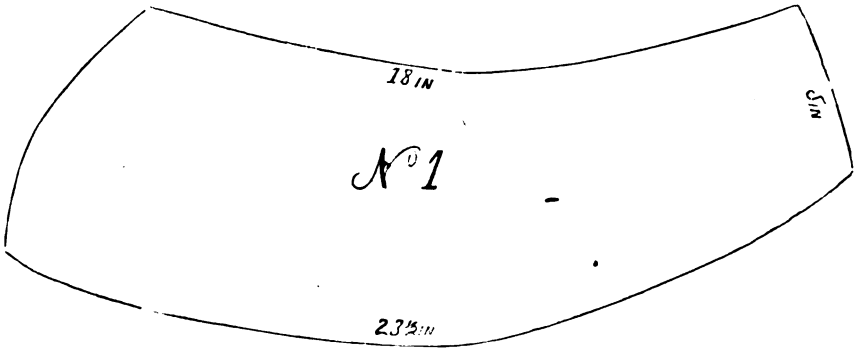
# PATTERN FOR AN EMPRESS SLEEVE

BY EMILY H. MAY.



As the Empress Sleeve is now all the rage edged with braid, velvet, or gimp; epaulet in Paris, we give here an engraving of it, and velvet or passementerie. The pattern is composed of three pieces.

sleeve, it will be seen, is very narrow at the No. 1. UPPER PART.  
wrist, and cut with a seam at the elbow. The No. 2. CUFF.  
sleeve has a cuff composed of two puffings, No. 3. UNDER PART.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**Who's Bit My Apple?**—You laugh, don't you? That little fellow, crying with rage and disappointment, because somebody has had a bite out of his apple, provokes you to mirth. And yet, if one was in a mood for moralizing, one might say that it was no more a laughing matter than hundreds of things at which you do not laugh. There are few of us who find our apple what we expected it to be.

Good little Mrs. Brisk, who might be very happy with her husband, children, and neighbors, if she would only content herself with them, has an ambition to rise into what she calls "a better set;" and after infinite trouble, after countless intrigues, after doing many things that are but little short of meannesses, she thinks she has succeeded. She soon discovers her mistake. She finds that her new friends are not as true as her old ones; or that she is only in her "better set" on sufferance; or that this fashion and show do not pay. Or, if her success is more complete, if she becomes really a leader in society, she discovers that there is always some one who has been before her, and whose empire is more despotic still. Another has had the first bite of the apple.

Or a young girl marries for wealth. Perhaps she has rejected one whom she could have loved, in order to wed another for whom she has no real affection. She believes, for awhile, that she has done well. She has a house in town, and a house in the country; she goes to Saratoga and Newport at will; her carriages, India shawls, diamonds, and dresses, are the envy of all her acquaintances. At her balls the most exclusive people are seen. Her dinner-parties are as select as they are elegant. The world thinks she has everything to make her happy. But is she happy? Alas! she soon discovers that wealth falls on the possession, and that marriage, without love, is only a galling chain. A thousand times she wishes she had listened to the dictates of her heart. The poor clerk, whom she discarded, is now, perhaps, a successful merchant; he has a happy family around him; his home is said to be a very Paradise. At her hearth there is nothing but bickering. No one there would shed a sincere tear if she died. Has she not cause to cry over her apple?

A young man is ambitious of political distinction. For this he neglects his business, the culture of his mind, and the happiness of those about him. Perhaps he even gives up a dream of love; he is too poor, he says, to marry. Sometimes he fails from the beginning, and ever after has a soured heart. More rarely he succeeds for awhile. The lower offices in the gift of the people, or of the executive, are so numerous, that even moderate abilities, or ordinary influence, may hope to attain them. But when he aims higher, he finds the competition increasing; and in this fierce struggle only a very few prevail. Of the thousands who begin a political career, expecting to be a Governor, or a Senator of the United States, a dozen, perhaps, achieve their ends. The number of successful aspirants for the Presidency is even smaller. More than one eminent American statesman has died, broken-hearted, because he missed this goal. In the career of ambition there is always some one who gets a bite out of the apple before you.

It is often no better with literary distinction. To the few, indeed, fame comes at last. But even then, it does not always come without heart-burnings, or shattered nerves, or something else to make the apple disappointing. Who, after reading of the closing years of Sir Walter Scott, that narrative which is so full of tears, would be willing to take

his reputation, if all the rest had to be taken with it? Napoleon the First is the idol of many a youthful mind. But Napoleon at St. Helena, tied to his rock, eating his proud heart out with rage, is the saddest of all spectacles. Everything is disappointing, but doing good. Ambitions cheat us as we grasp them, except the ambition to do unto others as we would be done unto. Make those around you happy, and you will be happy yourself. Nobody gets the first bite of that apple.

**BRACES** are becoming favorites again, and are added to high dresses in the same material, or of broad ribbon cut full upon the shoulders should the dress be trimmed with it. Braces are made quite separately from the dress, and are then usually in black lace and black velvet edged with lace, and forming knots upon the shoulders. These braces finish in front, losing themselves in the waist-band, and behind descend in two tails over the skirt. When these braces are in ribbon, the ends are doubled, making four behind, and these are cut in vandykes and edged with a flounce of lace. Sometimes this trimming is repeated three or four times up the sash, in which case it must be cut from piece silk instead of ribbon, as the tails have to be graduated. Dresses are no longer caught up with strings. If they are very full dress, they are not taken up at all; but if they are to be taken up, it is done by means of fastenings made in gimp, with two or three tassels hang from them. Petticoats, similar to the dresses, are not generally worn, but when not the same, must be either white or red, with ornaments of black velvet. The striped petticoats have become vulgar, and may only be worn quite in midress.

**BOOTS MADE OF BROWN OR UNBLEACHED LINEN** are the latest novelty abroad. They ascend half-way up the leg, and are fastened at the side with rock-crystal bell-buttons. White linen boots are worn with muslin dresses, a bow of the same color as the dress trimmings being added in front. These are much more sensible than the silk boots which have been hitherto adopted with dresses of thin material; the linen boots can be washed, and will always look fresh. For picnics, the boot is replaced by kid shoes with high heels, to which a garter, made of unbleached linen, reaching to the knees, is added. In town, when the weather is doubtful, kid boots are worn with black and white check poplin gaiters.

**THE EMPIRE BONNET** is definitely accepted in Paris, where it is considered more distinguished than the Fanchon. In London the Empire bonnets are to be seen but rarely; they are only very scantily trimmed, and the crowns are flat and wide, edged, we might say, with a narrow band of straw, below which the plaits of hair are arranged in such manner that they are quite as visible as with the Fanchon style. There is much doubt whether this Empire form will be accepted so readily in this country as it has been in France.

**A PRETTY DRESS.**—We have just seen, at a fashionable dress-maker's, a white muslin, scalloped out round the edge, bordered with Valenciennes lace, and looped up over a plain blue silk petticoat; sky-blue ribbons, covered with lace insertion, commenced at the waist and descended each breadth of the skirt, looping it over the petticoat; a half-bodice of blue silk was to be worn over the high, white bodice.



**THE LEADING MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND.**—The Stoughton (Mass.) Sentinel says of this Magazine:—"It is the cheapest, as well as the leading one of its kind in the country in every feature." The West Union (Iowa) Record says:—"It is the *cheapest* Magazine in the world, and probably has a stronger hold on the popular heart than any other ladies' magazine." The Lafayette (Ind.) Advertiser says:—"No magazine of equal worth is afforded for the price this is. Only two dollars per annum, and to clubs at a lower rate." The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Press says:—"We venture to say there is not a publication in the country that has a more talented corps of story writers." And the Springfield Republican says:—"In the department of fashion-plates, patterns, etc., the rule with Peterson is always excellence, freshness, variety, and profusion—of which this number is an example."

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.**—The publisher of the "Home Weekly," one of the best of the Philadelphia literary papers, has just offered tempting premiums for good stories. He announces that he will give one thousand dollars for the best story, three hundred dollars for the second best, one hundred dollars for the third best, and fifty dollars each for the two next best. A committee of well known literary men is to make the choice. The stories unsuccessfully competing will be taken by the publisher, at a fair valuation, or will be subject to the orders of the respective writers. The only restriction on the stories is, that the scene of each shall be American. These very liberal premiums ought to bring out first-rate talent. It was for the "Home Weekly," then known as the "Dollar Newspaper," that Edgar A. Poe wrote his prize story of "The Gold Bug."

**BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.**—Do not be too late in starting your clubs for next year. We contemplate great improvements for 1866. "Peterson" will be better than ever. Vastly more will be given, for the money, than by any other magazine. Talk to your friends about "Peterson."

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Miss Mackenzie.** By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Anthony Trollope is the most charming of realistic novelists. He never rises to the ideal, but short of that he is perfect. In "Miss Mackenzie" some of his very best points come out. The heroine is the only character who is not hopelessly commonplace. And yet, though we almost despise some of the people, and some that the author intends us to consider good, we are forced to confess they are true to life. Miss Mackenzie herself is amiable, without being a fool, which is more than can be said of Thackeray's heroines. Between her three lovers she has trouble enough; but she departs herself invariably with modesty, if not always with wisdom; and we learn, at last, to love her, in spite of her thirty-six years and her temporary weakness toward Mr. Rubb. Two of the best chapters are those in which Miss Mackenzie keeps a stall at the Fair, and in which her cousin brings Sir John to book, and makes him propose to the heroine.

**The Martyr's Monument.** 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: American News Company.—This is a capital summary of the speeches, messages, orders, and proclamations, of President Lincoln, from the Presidential canvass of 1860 until his assassination, April 14th, 1865. The volume is very neatly got up, and ought to have a large sale.

**Miramichi.** A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The scene of this story is laid in the province of New Brunswick. It is a religious novel, pleasantly told. Like "Hunted To Death," it belongs to "Loring's Railway Library," the volumes of which are well printed and bound in paper covers; and are just the thing for summer reading.

**The Gayworthys.** By the author of "Faith Gartney's Childhood." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—One of the very best books of its kind, which has appeared for some years, was "Faith Gartney's Childhood." But the present fiction, by the same author, is even superior to its predecessor. It is a story of New England life, with a good deal of religious feeling, but free from cant; and the characters are particularly well drawn. Joanna Gayworthy, Gertrude Vorse, and aunt Prue, have all striking individuality. The heroine, Sary Gair, is also vigorously sketched. One of the best characters is wealthy Hoogs, whose quaint philosophy, delivered in her broad New England dialect, is deliciously refreshing. The book is full of quiet pathos, and shows great versatility. The volume is very elegantly bound in cloth.

**Mildred Arkell.** By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel by Mrs. Wood, and is printed from the author's MSS. It is full of action, as all her works are, so that the interest never flags. In the development of character, Mrs. Wood, as a general rule, is inferior to many other novelists, but no one surpasses her, and few equal her, in the absorbing curiosity she awakens by her plots. It is not easy to lay down one of her books till the end is reached; and it will be no easier, in the case of "Mildred Arkell," than in others of her stories. The volume is well printed.

**On Guard.** By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a writer comparatively unknown to American readers, but who is destined, we think, to become quite a favorite. "On Guard," at least, is one of the best novels of the season. The characters are honestly sketched, which is saying a great deal. On this account, the heroine charms us in spite of her faults; and we even like Claude, her second lover, better than Stanley, whom she discards for him. The ultimate fate of the latter is unnecessarily hard, we think; and this is the only objection we have to make to the book.

**Theo Leigh.** By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We like this novel, in some respects, less than we do "On Guard." The Saturday Review says truly of this excellent writer, that "the people she draws have plenty of vitality and distinctness; they are fresh and active, and she never confuses or bungles them." It is, says the same high authority, "in elaborating the airy harmless plots and counterplots of society" that her skill consists.

**Essays in Criticism.** By Matthew Arnold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of these capital essays is a poet as well as a critic, and inherits ability, for he is the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The articles in this volume have very great merit. They are particularly remarkable for earnestness.

**The Squibob Papers.** 1 vol., 12 mo. By John Phoenix. New York: Carleton.—A capital book of its kind, full of humor, and illustrated with comic illustrations by the author, who was one of the best writers of his class, if not the best, in America. He was a Capt. Derby.

**Hunted To Death.** A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story of love and adventure, which ends happily, and which will help to wile away the hours of travel. The volume is one of "Loring's Railway Library."

**Wayside Blossoms.** By Mary H. C. Booth. 1 vol., 18 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A volume of poems, which show more than usual tenderness and grace; the book is very neatly printed and bound.

**Alfred Hogart's Household.** By Alexander Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A quiet sketch of domestic life, with touches of simple pathos. A very readable book.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## SOUPS.

**Pumpkin Soup.**—Take a quarter of a pumpkin, cut it in pieces, after removing the rind and seeds; add three pints of water, some turnips, celery, potatoes, parsnips cut in slices, as for *julienne*; add two ounces of butter, salt, and pepper; let it stew slowly till the vegetables are done, and the pumpkin reduced to a marmalade. This is very good, but we prefer it made as follows: Boil in water about a quarter of a pumpkin till tender enough to pulp through a tammy: to this *puree* add milk enough to make it the proper consistency, a blade of mace, or a little nutmeg; about two ounces of butter must first be stirred into the pulp. Season it to taste with either a little Cayenne or white pepper, and salt. Before serving, add a few drops of orange-flower water, or you may in place add about an ounce of sweet almonds, pounded fine. It is a delicate and delicious soup *maigre*.

**To Make Stock for Soup.**—On six pounds of beef pour six quarts of water; put your soup-pot on a slow fire to heat the soup; stew slowly an hour; then increase the fire till it boils; skim it well as the scum rises until it is clear; then add some parrots, parsnips, turnips, leeks, celery, and an onion stuck with six cloves, and a few whole peppers. The vegetables will cause the scum to rise again, so it must be well skimmed. Then take off the soup-pot from the fire, and let it simmer by the side of it (or on a hot hearth) very slowly, keeping it closely covered. Let it stew six or eight hours. When it is done, it will be a pale gold color; strain it off for use, and carefully remove the grease or fat.

**Palestine Soup.**—Use stock of white meat. Boil three or four potatoes, the same of onions, and at least a dozen large Jerusalem artichokes, until quite soft, and rub them down to thicken the soup. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and add a little cream, or a pint of milk. As the soup must be quite white, great care must be taken as to the cleanliness and brightness of all the utensils which are used.

## MEATS.

**Hung Beef.**—Take a piece of flank or brisket of beef, and hang it up in the cellar as long as it will keep good, and until it begins to be a little sappy. Then take it down, cut it into three pieces, and wash these, one piece after another, in sugar and water. Take a pound of saltpetre and two pounds of bay-salt, dry them, pound them fine, mix with them two or three spoonfuls of brown sugar, and rub the beef with it thoroughly all over. Strew a sufficient quantity of common salt all over it, and let the beef lie close until the salt is dissolved, which will be in about six or seven days. Then turn it every other day for a fortnight, and after that hang it up in a warm—not in a hot place. It may hang a fortnight in the kitchen; and when you want it, boil it in bay-salt and water until it is tender. It will keep, when boiled, two or three months, rubbing it with a greasy cloth, or putting it two or three minutes into boiling water, to take off any little mouldiness it may have.

**A Savory Stew of Veal.**—Cut the knuckle into about four parts: cover it with cold water, and stew it for three hours very gently with two ounces of rice, some whole peppers, and a bunch of parsley tied up; the parsley should only remain for a short time in the water, and then be taken out and chopped up quite small. When the meat is cooked, it should be put on a flat dish; some melted butter, in which the chopped parsley has been put, should be served in a tureen. Beat up two eggs, and pour them into the broth, stirring it well at the time. A little white wine may be added, if approved, and the broth be served separately with sippets of toast.

**A German Side Dish.**—Boil eight eggs quite hard, and when cold, cut them in two lengthways. Take the yolks out very carefully, pass them through a fine sieve, and mix them well with half a pint of cream, (or more, if required,) and then add pepper, salt, and herbs. Pour this sauce into a very flat pie-dish that will stand heat, and place the white half eggs carefully in it, arranging them in the form of a star, or any other pattern preferred. Fill up the vacancy left in them by the yolks having been removed, with the same mixture, and strew a few bread-crumbs over them. Bake this very slightly, just enough to give it a bright yellow color, and serve it up in the dish in which it had been baked.

## PICKLES AND KETCHUP.

**Mushroom Ketchup.**—Put a layer of mushrooms; sprinkle with salt, stirring it every day with a spoon; then boil very gently for an hour, after which wring them through a coarse cloth to extract the juice; let it stand until the next day; then strain off the sediment and boil the liquor gently for an hour and a half with ginger, pepper, and allspice, a few cloves and blades of mace, shallots, and some horse-radish. Let it remain a day or two to settle, and pour it off bright.

**Artichokes Pickled.**—Boil the artichokes till you can pull the leaves off; take out the choke and cut away the stalk, but be careful that the knife does not touch the top; throw them into salt and water; when they have lain an hour, take them out and drain them; then put them into glasses or jars, and put a little mace and sliced nutmeg between; fill them with vinegar and spring water, and cover your jars close.

**Pickled Red Cabbage.**—Take about a quarter of an ounce of cochineal, and put it into a little bag, and boil it with as much vinegar as you think enough for the cabbage, with a little salt, and bay-salt; when it boils, scald the cabbage with it, then boil it up again, and put a little ginger and pepper into it; then put it somewhere to cool; when cold, put the cabbage into jars, put the pickle upon it, and tie it down.

## DESSERTS.

**A Rich Pudding.**—Stir a large tablespoonful of fine flour into a teacupful of new milk; then add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs, and sufficient pounded loaf-sugar to sweeten the mixture, flavoring it with either vanilla, lemon, or almond, as desired. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and put them into a saucepan at the side of the fire; stir continually, and on no account allow the contents to boil, but only to thicken. Line a dish with puff-paste, and over it place a layer of preserves, (apricots, strawberries, or raspberries,) according to choice; then pour in the mixture. Whisk the whites of the eggs, so that they may be ready; put the pudding into the oven, and let it set well; then pour on the whites at the top, and sift some loaf-sugar over them. Put the pudding into the oven again, and let it bake for twenty minutes. It should be slightly brown at the top when cooked. It is eaten hot.

**A Simple Marmalade Pudding.**—Take a quarter of a pound of homemade marmalade, (that which is bought ready-made is generally too thin and juicy for the purpose;) melt two ounces of fresh butter before the fire; pound finely two ounces of loaf-sugar, and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, (each yolk must be beaten separately.) Warm one pint of new milk, and whisk all these ingredients together, adding, by degrees, three sponge cakes, which must be broken up into the mixture. Pour all into a pudding-dish, and lay lightly and evenly on the top the whites of the three eggs, which must be beaten up with the loaf-sugar until they resemble snow. Bake the pudding in a moderate oven from an hour to an hour and a quarter.

**Nursery Pudding.**—To use up the crusts. Put your crusts into a large basin, with any other pieces of stale bread you may happen to have; pour over them as much hot milk as you think they will absorb; cover close, and let them soak all night. Beat thoroughly one or two eggs, according to your quantity of bread; add, on the same principle, raisins, stoned, and sweeten at discretion. Then work in a little flour to solidify the materials; butter your basin well, and boil from an hour and a half to two hours, as your pudding is larger or smaller.

**Apples a la Françoise.**—Having peeled and cored a dozen apples, cut them in slices, and place them in a deep dish, having first sprinkled powdered sugar over it, and spread it thinly with apricot jam, and very thin slices of butter over that. Mix one ounce of potato-flour with one pint of cream, (or new milk, if cream cannot be had,) a small piece of butter, and sugar to taste. Stir it over the fire till it begins to boil, then pour it over the apples, and bake the whole in a moderate oven.

**Brad Omelet.**—Break six eggs, season them with pepper and salt, or sweeten with sugar, if preferred; add a good tablespoonful of finely-grated bread-crumbs made of stale bread. Beat the whole well together, and fry in the same manner as for the plain omelet. This omelet requires a little more attention in the dressing than those which are made without bread, being more liable to burn and break. It is an excellent accompaniment to preserved apricot, or any other description of rich jam.

**Economical Pudding.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice, put it into a small saucepan, with as much water as the rice will absorb. When boiled enough, add a pinch of salt; then set it by the fire until the rice is quite soft and dry. Throw it up in a dish, add two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and a pint and a half of milk, sugar to the taste, a little grated nutmeg, and two eggs beaten up. Let it all be well stirred together, and baked an hour.

**Water Pudding.**—To eight tablespoonfuls of water, add the juice and rind of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites beaten to a froth. Bake it for one hour in a slow oven.

**Snowdon Pudding.**—Half a pound of beef suet, shred very fine and small, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls orange marmalade, three eggs, raisins round the mould; boil three hours; wine sauce.

## CAKES.

**For Making and Baking Cakes.**—Currants are so frequently used in cakes, that you should be very particular in having them nicely washed, dried, and all sticks and stones taken from them, and then put before the fire to dry, for if damp, they will make cakes and puddings heavy; before you use them, dust a little flour lightly over them.

Eggs should be always a long time beaten, the whites and yolks separate, taking out the tread.

Sugar should be well pounded, and sifted through a drum or lawn sieve, and kept well dried.

Lemon-peel should be either rubbed on sugar, or grated fine, and some sifted sugar sprinkled amongst it to keep it a good color.

The lightness of all cakes depends upon the whipping of them, and at last being well incorporated.

If you use yeast to your cakes they will require less butter and eggs, and will eat equally as light and rich; but if the leaven be only of milk, flour, and water, it becomes more tough than if the butter was at first put with the ingredients, and the dough set to rise by the fire.

The heat of your oven is of particular importance for baking cakes or pastry—more particularly large cakes—as at first, if not pretty brisk, they will not rise; if likely to brown too quick at the top, put a piece of paper upon the top of the cake so as not to touch the batter. The oven

should be lighted some time beforehand, to insure a good solid body of heat. If the oven is not hot enough, add more fire to it.

Bread and tea-cakes made with milk eat best when new, as they become stale sooner than others.

Never keep your bread or cakes in wooden boxes or drawers, but in tin boxes or earthen pans, with covers.

**Crust, Short, and Rich, but not Sweet.**—To eight ounces of fine flour, rub in well six ounces of butter, and make it into a stiffish paste with a little water; beat it well, roll it thin, and bake it in a moderate oven.

**Citron Cake.**—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, then weigh one pound of fine flour, one pound of sifted loaf-sugar, half a pound of almonds (cut small,) quarter of a pound of candied citron, and the same of lemon-peel (cut into strips.) Beat up eight eggs separately, then mix the above ingredients in the following order: First, the butter to a cream, then the eggs, then the flour, and beat these continuously for one hour, then add the other ingredients, flavoring the whole with almond or orange, according to taste. Line with paper the tins or dishes in which the cakes are to be baked; and previous to dropping in the mixture, beat up into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in a very small quantity of new milk. Bake in a moderate oven.

**A Good Family Bun Loaf.**—About four pounds of flour and a spoonful of salt put into a kneading-pan or basin, rub into this about half a pound of clean dripping, add one pound both of stoned raisins and nicely picked currants; beat three or four eggs well, add them to a cupful of yeast and sufficient warm milk or water, and pour this into the flour; stir all thoroughly well together, cover over, and set it before the fire for about three-quarters of an hour, when knead up again, and put into buttered bread-tins and set before the fire to rise, and in about half an hour put them into the oven to bake.

**Funchonettes.**—These are most delicious, and very useful as a pretty supper dish. Put two ounces of flour into a saucepan, with three of sugar, one of butter, one of pounded almonds, some lemon-peel, two yolks of eggs, and one whole egg, a little salt, and half a pint of milk. Place the saucepan on the fire, and let the mixture set like a cream. Line some tartlet tins with puff-paste and fill them up with the preparation; place them on a tin, and bake the funchonettes in a brisk oven. Take them out when about three parts done; put some whipped egg on each, sprinkle sugar over them, and put them into the oven again to finish the baking.

**A Good Receipt for a Soda Loaf.**—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar, whisk the eggs well, stir them into the flour, etc., with the milk; dissolve the soda in the milk, and beat the whole up together with a wooden spoon for some time; it should not be allowed to stand, but be placed in the oven immediately, in a small loaf-tin with paper round well buttered. Bake for nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

**Ammonia Cakes.**—These will keep fresh for any length of time. They are made as follows: One pound of flour, one pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, a piece of ammonia rather larger than a silbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cake should not be cut for a fortnight.

**Cheese Biscuits, to Eat with Cheese.**—Take as much flour as you want for your biscuits, and with skim milk mix it into a very stiff paste, after which roll it out to about the thickness of a penny, then cut it into small pieces, the size of a shilling, and, after rolling them out very thin, bake them in a quick oven.

**Kringles.**—Beat well the yolks of eight, the whites of two eggs; mix with four ounces of butter just warmed, and with this one pound of flour and four ounces of sugar to a paste. Roll into thick biscuits; prick them, and bake on tin plates.

## SANITARY.

**For Corns.**—Apply a piece of linen, saturated in olive oil, to the corns night and morning, and let it remain on them during the day, it will be found to prove a slow but certain cure; they will wear out of the toe, and some of the corns may be picked out after the oil has been used for a time, but care should be taken not to irritate the toe.

**Immersing the Feet in Hot Water.**—Remember never to have the foot-bath so hot as to occasion a disagreeable sensation—this would drive the blood to the head, instead of drawing it from it. If possible, when bathing the feet, have a warm bath for the hands also; the object being to bring the heat to the extremities.

**Antidote Against Poison.**—Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt—a large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

**To Strengthen the Gums and Fasten Loose Teeth.**—Take one ounce of myrrh in fine powder, two spoonfuls of the best white honey, and a little green sage in fine powder; mix all well together, and rub the teeth and gums with it every night and morning.

**Tooth-Ache.**—Pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Get as much cotton as will fill the tooth; damp it; put it in the mixture, and place it in the tooth. This is also a good mixture for cleansing the teeth.

**Agué.**—Infuse an ounce of well-roasted coffee in three ounces of boiling water, and having strained the fluid, acidulate it with lemon-juice. The whole is given at once, five hours before the paroxysm.

**Weak Eyes.**—There is no better receipt than cold water. Spruce plentifully, not only the eyes, but the ears, especially the orifice.

**Gargle for Sore Throat.**—Tincture myrrh, two drachms; common water, four ounces; vinegar, half an ounce. Mix.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF BUFF ALPACA, trimmed with blue velvet.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is very long, and finished with a puffing of silk at the bottom. The basque slopes very much at the back, and is trimmed with a deep goat's-hair fringe, with pearl-colored silk fringe intermixed.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OR WHITE ALPACA.—The petticoat, skirt, and basque are trimmed with golden brown silk.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—The under dress is of blue and white striped silk. The upper dress of blue silk. The under dress has a high body and long sleeves, whilst the upper dress has a low body, and only caps for sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED FOUARD, trimmed with gimp, and looped up over a petticoat of the same material.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with white quipure over black.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—September being an intermediate month, as it were, nothing is as yet decided for late fall and winter fashions. There is still a great inclination displayed to have all the toilet match in color, skirt, petticoat, basque, parasol, and gloves, are all of one hue. The bonnet may be of a different color, but with trimming which assimilates.

**DECIDED CHANGES** are predicted in the make of dresses, but nothing very novel has as yet appeared. It is hinted that the enormous quantity of trimming now in use will be dispensed with. We hope so, for it is certainly not elegant.

**SHORT WAISTS**, with no plaits in the skirt, at the hips, are talked of. This approaches the Empire style, and would accord with the present mode of dressing the hair; but other prophets inform us that double skirts, the upper one of different color or pattern from the under one, and loped up in the Louis XV. style, will be the fashion. Whatever may be decided on in Paris, the head-quarters of the volatile goddess, will take some time to become universal here.

**THE GARBALDI BODIES**, and pretty little jackets, with white under bodies, are as popular as when first introduced for young girls. This fashion is both jaunty and economical, as old skirts, with worn out bodies, can thus be made useful.

**SACQUES** still continue to fit the figure rather closely. We do not know as yet what the winter fashions will produce in the way of out-door coverings. Scarfs have been somewhat worn during the warm weather, and, when well put on, nothing can be more graceful.

**BONNETS** have undergone a decided change in Paris. Here the small fannon, or half-handkerchief style, is the only thing worn as yet; but our taste for novelty is so strong, that we have no doubt the pretty, becoming bit of head-dress which we now call a bonnet, will be displaced by the Empire bonnet, with the large, flat crown. We give an engraving of this style of bonnet in our wood-cut. A correspondent says that we "must not imagine that this shape which has triumphed is at all large; on the contrary, it is a consolation to find it is rather small than otherwise. The crown is flat and wide, the curtain is not more than the breadth of two fingers in width, and it is made of the same straw as the bonnet, being sewn to the crown quite flat without any pleat."

**THE FACE TRIMMING, OR BONNET CAPS**, have also somewhat altered. Tufts of tulle, bows of ribbon, and bunches of flowers have all given place to flat bandelettes, with a latterly, humming-bird, a leaf, or single flower.

**THE HAIR** is now dressed in a much more simple style than for two or three years past. The huge disheveling puffs in front have given place to little curls, or plain locks somewhat frizzed and turned carelessly back. Masses of very light ringlets are worn at the back of the hair sometimes, but a large, full twist, such as was fashionable many years ago, is worn also. We do not mean to say that "waterfalls" are not worn, but they are moderate in size, and are placed higher on the head. We give one of the prettiest styles of dressing the hair in a wood-cut this month.

**EAR-RINGS, NECKLACES, ETC.**, are a good deal worn yet, and have not decreased in size. Steel ear-rings and brooches are as popular as ever.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with black velvet, and long hanging buttons.

FIG. II.—A GIRL'S DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED FOUARD, striped with white. Coat of Nankeen-colored cloth. Chinese hat, with a blue ring.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF SCARLET CASHMERE, for a small child.

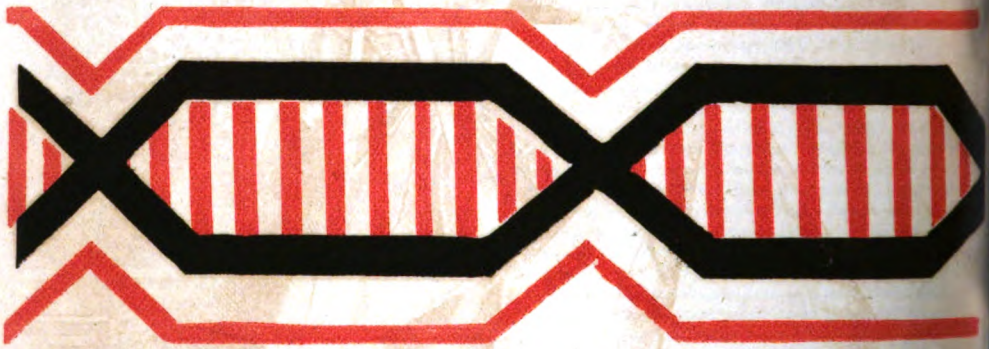
FIG. IV.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—It is cut and bound with velvet, and trimmed with black velvet buttons. It is square in the neck, and worn with a white plaited chemisette with long sleeves. Blue velvet bandelettes in the hair.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is of gray poplin, trimmed with black. A black velvet coat-jacket is worn over a white under body. Gray felt hat and plume.

FIG. VI.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE.—Black velvet jacket, black gaiters, and black Scotch cap.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR A BOY SOMEWHAT OLDER.—Dark gray pants and jacket, trimmed with blue.





Designs for Trimming Balmoral Petticoats.





Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

OCTOBER.

1865.





THE GAME OF CROQUET. (SEE COQUETTE VS. CROQUET.)







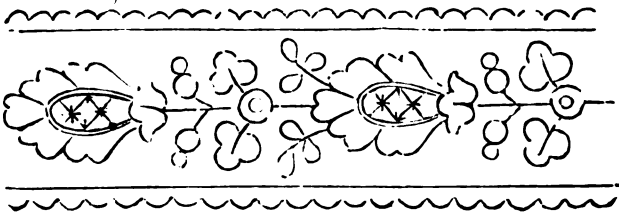




EMBROIDERY IN MUSLIN.



ALBERT JACKET AND DRESS.



INSERTION.



PRINCESS COTILDE COAT.



# Emily Esther

NAMES FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.

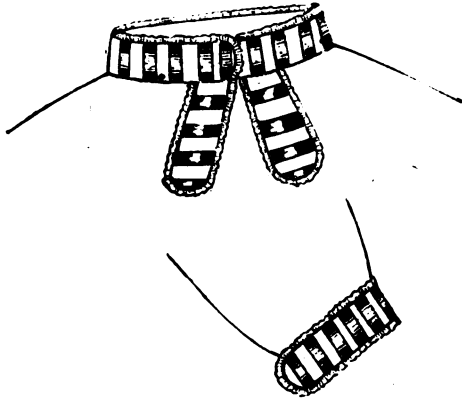


# Kate Sarah

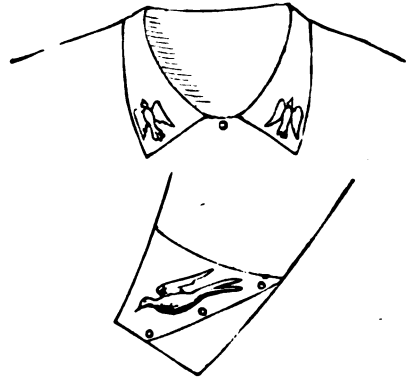
NAMES FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.



**COLLAR AND CUFF.**



**COLLAR AND CUFF.**



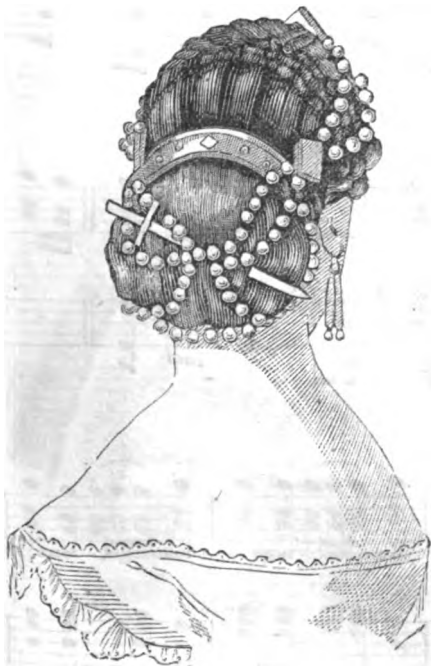
**SILK COAT, TRIMMED WITH LACE.**



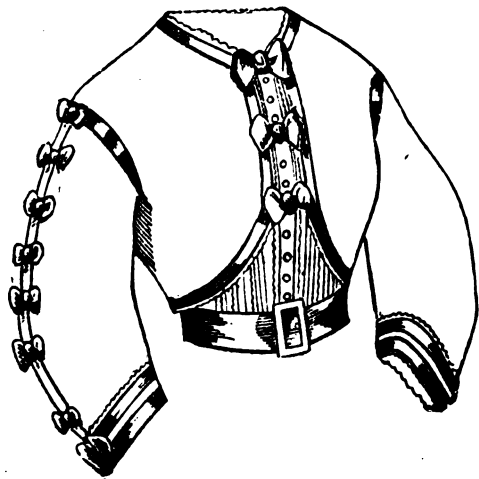
BONNET.



HEAD-DRESS.



BALL HEAD-DRESS.



MUSLIN JACKET.

# DREAM MARCH.

BY ROLLIN A. SMITH.

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MODERATO.

PIANO.

The first system of music is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The second system continues the piece. The right hand has a melodic line with some triplet markings. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment of chords.

The third system shows further development of the melody in the right hand, including a triplet. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

The fourth system concludes the piece with repeated triplet figures in the right hand and a final accompaniment in the left hand.

DREAM MARCH.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. It features a series of chords and triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece with similar chordal textures. The upper staff shows more complex triplet patterns and slurs. The lower staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

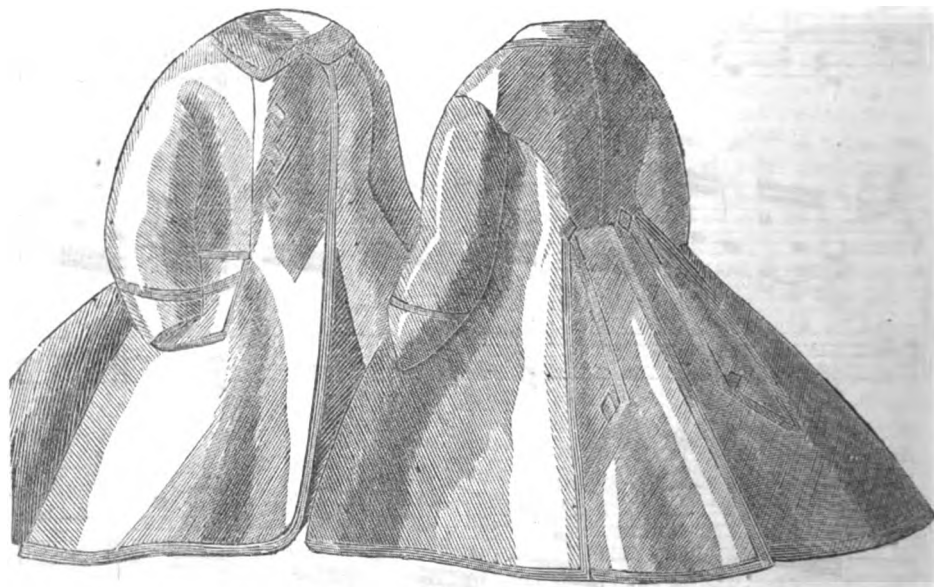
The third system features a more active upper staff with frequent triplets and slurs. The lower staff continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The fourth system shows a continuation of the melodic and harmonic ideas, with many triplets in the upper staff.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final series of chords and triplets in the upper staff, and a simple accompaniment in the lower staff.



LACE CAPE, COLLAR, AND SLEEVE.



MISSES' COAT: BACK AND FRONT.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1865.

No. 4.

## THE LITTLE STREET-SWEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE winter night-wind cut sharply after the dull, sickly heat in the crush-room of the opera; but it was clear and bracing. Dr. Bruno loosened his cravat, and stood a moment, gulping it in, thinking that men, like himself, who had to carry through life a heavy-built, bilious body, and the worse weight of a melancholy, foreboding brain, were trebly fools to expose themselves to impure air, and music such as that which had scarce died away within. The opera was Don Giovanni. Bruno, more than any man in the theatre, perhaps, felt the meaning in it which no words of the libretto could reach. Even now its unwholesome fire sent his blood quivering through the veins; the broad, chalky face paled; humdrum citizen as he was, husband and father, he had been made to feel the something within him which would shake off all hold of God or man, and for a fierce spasm of joy and triumph dare the Christian's death and hell. He stooped to button his little boy's overcoat—for he was a kind-hearted fellow; wondering if this tigerish vim in animal life belonged but to him and the long dead Don Juan, or if the music had wakened any of it under the dress coats and opera-cloaks about him.

His wife was stretching her head over the crowd to find their carriage, her thin face heated, her black eyes glittering; one of those physically nervous people on whom music acts like liquor, making them maudlin, or feverish, as the case may be. The cold air, Bruno thought, would do her less harm than this unhealthy excitement, so he drew her arm within his, and, covering her throat, led her down to where, more than a square from the door, their carriage was waiting, while Johnny ran on before. Mrs. Bruno was not blind to the admiring glances of even the cab-drivers as she swept by them, her delicate head rising out of the folds

of pink velvet and ermine; conscious of the velvet and ermine, too, not having long been used to them, and wishing vaguely that the world was differently sorted somehow; that everybody could go to the opera, and appreciate it as she did.

Bruno, who, in spite of his heavy body, had a feebler frame-work, and was ten years nearer the grave than his wife, hurried on, his brain rasped and worn out by its night's work; the scene he had just left present to him still; the music, lights, brilliance; the tier swelling above tier of beautiful women, and exquisite drapery; the unclean perfumes; the hard, critical faces in the dark gallery above—it inflamed, vexed him as if he were a child. The dark clearness of the winter sky, with its few stars, came with its full power of contrast—the solemn ages through which they had watched and waited. "If it had not been for that aria of Don Giovanni's, I would not have noticed these things," he muttered, wishing that, when he got home, Jack would not be too sleepy for a game of romps. The boy and his father were very intimate. He was tired in body and soul; craved something healthy and invigorating. He called John back, taking his fat, little hand, from which the glove was half torn already.

Their carriage was at the crossing of a back street. He had ordered it to wait there as more easy to find than if nearer the opera-house, where there was such a press of carriages. A dim light was shed on the scene from a church window, where there had been late services; a few people were even yet going away. As Bruno turned to assist his wife to enter, the dull flicker fell on an object close beside him in the gutter. He shivered nervously, and was silent a moment.

"Look here, Charlotte," he said, after the pause, in a hoarse whisper—"here."



As she leaned out of the coach-door, trying to distinguish the shape in the darkness, and then muttering some broken words of pity and horror, he stood quite motionless, his teeth set, wiping, at last, the clammy sweat from his face.

His wife looked at him. "Come away," she said, hastily. "Relieve the child, and come in the carriage at once. Your nervous system is overworked, or these little things would not thus affect you. You know Dr. Woods counselled you against undue excitement." But Bruno felt vacantly in his pockets, his eyes still fastened on the child.

There was nothing unusual in the sight that it should touch him so nearly, she thought; no point of misery greater than met your eyes daily on every street of a great city. It was a little girl, who ordinarily swept the crossing of the wider street above during the day. She had her broom in one hand now; but near her was one of the barrels filled with ashes, set out by the servants of the neighboring house, to be removed by daylight; and she had been rooting in this for any unburned cinders that remained; a few she had found were in a rusty tin pan in the gutter. She was covered with ashes; her feet bare, were red and bloody on the frozen stones; the bed-gown and petticoat thin; but her eyes were beautiful, and there was an inexpressibly sweet expression in her face. That was all; for the rest, somebody was starving, freezing at home, waiting for the cinders she might find to keep them warm until morning. One guessed at that part of the story—she told nothing; only, as they came near her, she had lifted herself up from the ashes, and, coming a step closer, held out one hand stiff and dumb.

Do not blame Charlotte Bruno if the story seemed to her an old one. It was old. If she had been born and lived in an inland country town, it would, from its rarity, have filled her with horror; here, in the Atlantic cities, it was but the hackneyed tragedy of misery and hidden vice going on in every street-corner, and on which the curtain, day or night, never fell. No wonder that she and the well-dressed throng pressing into the coaches for shelter, grew weary and hardened, and, like the Levite of old, went by on the other side.

Mrs. Bruno looked at her husband's face with a vague alarm. What was there in this particular case to move him so strongly? "You have no money with you?" she said, impatiently. "Of course not, you never carry money at night, you know. What matters a few hours, Joseph? The child will be here in the morning, and then you can take measures for her permanent relief. It

is too late for her to buy coals to-night, if you found it."

There was some truth in this. Dr. Bruno buttoned his overcoat slowly. He did not see clearly what could be done; his own house was too far to return from if he went for money, and he could not keep the child freezing there while he sought relief. It was curious what a swarm of small difficulties always beset him when he wished to do good, he thought.

The child stood silent, her hand still outstretched, with neither hope nor disappointment on her face. She, too, had grown hardened, maybe, into her heart, and used to the whims of the people above her. Or, had the pain and want become breathless, having almost done their worst?

The horses chafed, the coachman shuffled the reins impatiently. "To-morrow, my child," said Mrs. Bruno, "you shall be attended to—you will be here? Come, Joseph! I at least have care of your health, let the rest of the world be nursed by whom it will. What can you do?" as he sprang into the carriage, and she adjusted her skirts to give him room. "Think of the mountain of misery in this life. These pretty bits of grief that come in our way are but straws—puerile nothings compared to the whole. I should go mad, sometimes, did I not know that God has care over all."

Yet she and the boy both glanced uneasily back at the child as the carriage drove away. The girl had started forward, as though she could not believe them gone, pushing her cotton bonnet back with both hands.

"Look at her hair in the gaslight! Look!" said Jack, pulling his mother irreverently.

"See, Joseph! It really is wonderful! Shall we go back? It seems dreadful to leave the wretched child on such a night."

"Because of her hair?" said Jack, slyly; "that's just you, mother!"

Mrs. Bruno's hand was raised to the check-string, but she hesitated, glancing at her husband. "There is such a curiously familiar look on that child's face? One I have known long and well."

But Dr. Bruno made no reply; his head was buried in the collar of his overcoat.

"I am quite certain I have seen that peculiar curly, yellow hair before?" continued his wife; but meeting with no response she was silent, and soon fell into a doze.

Dr. Bruno felt a vague relief that she had not identified the yellow hair. His memory was better.

When he was a boy, carpentering, studying

for college, and starving all at once, thinking the way to conquer the world was to give it hard-fisted blows, he used to carry a long wisp of just such yellow hair in his waistcoat pocket, with the feeling with which a knight of old fought under his lady's colors. He smiled now, looking out, as the carriage rolled along, on the long rows of two-story bricks, thinking of what chivalric fancies throbbed in his boy's heart then under "the golden tress," as he called it; how he meant to be a great reformer, the "coming man" in America, who was to bring truth, order, charity, into all this chaos of parties and classes. What a fool he was, as a boy, to be sure! How he used to tell his vague dreams to Mary Haskill—"Mary of the golden locks"—and how real as gospel truth they were to her simple, pure heart! When she married Joe Cullom, boss carpenter at the shop, he was just admitted to practice, and was in love with Charlotte yonder. Joe and Mary and he used to joke about their old engagement; the wisp of hair tossed about in one of his old trunks, until once Charlotte took it to sew on a rag-baby's head she was making for Jessy.

Well! well! He never had kept a lock of hair since that, nor cared for any except this; catching a handful of Jack's stiff bristles, and pulling him over on his knee. The boy liked rough play. He romped a little, and then settled himself, with his head out of the window, to watch the darkening houses, and count the policemen, asking his father how much pay they had, where they carried their billies, giving an account of an encounter which had taken place yesterday between one of them and black Jake in their alley. While his father listened, half asleep, thinking of little Jessy, dead years ago, wondering if Joe Collum had lived—he was a hectic, consumptive-looking fellow—wondering if he himself would not have lived a higher, different life if he had married Mary Haskill. "By George! she was a saint of a woman! She'd have made a preacher of him, or fanatic of some sort, ranting about helping the world somehow." So he thought then, as he answered Johnny about the chances of skating to-morrow, and the merits of highs and lows, his life came up dully in the undercurrent of thought, as it had passed in these last ten years. He had not been a reformer—no, truly! A man found other work to his hand than castle-building in the air after Kossuth or Wilberforce's fashion. He had made for himself a good paying practice in one of the suburb towns of New York—no easy job, either. There was Dr. Flint, that old quack, to oust. It took hard, patient drudgery; then

Charlotte wanted a house in town, and he speculated a little in coal—a little, but it paid better than anybody knew but his banker. So here they were—he had almost given up practice now. His work seemed, in a manner, done; he could sum it all up now, take account of stock. Well? They had enough to eat, and drink, and wear; but he had no especial tastes to gratify; so there the uses of his money stopped. It was not much, after all; one day after another was humdrum and empty enough. There was the boy, Jack—yes; and he chafed the rough, black hair, and turned up the honest, ugly, little face to his. If he had married Mary Haskill and tried to do some good in the world.

Here they were at their own door.

"Better, Joseph?" said his wife, kindly, as they crossed the icy pavement. "Your nerves were a little unstrung to-night. For me, Don Giovanni exhausts me utterly—utterly," ordering tea to be brought up to her dressing-room immediately. "Yet one needs some higher touch to be laid upon our natures than the coarse, commonplace of every day affords," she continued, drawing up her dress, as she settled herself before the fire, for fear the heat should shrink it. It was a habit she had learned when she was Lotty Johnson, and earned her dresses by slop-shop work. "A fine picture, a strain of rare music now and then," pensively sipping her tea, "to remind us whence we came, and whither we go. You agree with me, my dear?"

The doctor, who did not drink tea, and was meditatively poking the fire, said, "Certainly," looking at Jack on the hearth-rug, and questioning if the truths of whence he came, and why he was here, would ever be hammered through that bullet-head by music or painting. "Is there nothing in the commonplace of every day?" he began.

"No, my dear, positively *not*. Don't, I beg of you, begin to quote Mr. Carlyle, and Sartor Resartus to me. My ideal lies quite outside of my actual, I assure you. Music, art—quicken the soul to ideas of its capabilities, for which my daily life is no theatre."

"I never read Sartor Resartus," said the doctor, meekly, and began to untie poor sleepy Jack's shoes, not listening to the peroration of his wife's harangue.

When she had finished her cup of tea, she lay back in her chair, tapping it with the spoon.

"I remember now who that child recalled to my mind so strongly. Cullom's wife—your old chum, Cullom, you know, doctor? Well, well! how many years that is ago! She was a pretty,

but a faded-looking woman then, even with her first child."

Dr. Bruno did not break the silence that followed.

"They began to go down," said his wife, in a softer voice, "from the day they married."

"Joe never was a good workman."

"No? Ill health, too. I kept my eye on them longer than you did, Joseph. I used to fancy you and Mrs. Cullom had some old grudge—there was a nameless restraint between you."

"No."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. Poor creature! Do you remember the Christmas dinner they took with us—the first after we were married? They brought their little girl with them. I forget the child's name, but a delicate little body; and how you nursed her all day, Joseph, like a woman. It surprised me, I remember. As I was coming and going from the kitchen, there she was cuddled in your arms all the time, with such an anxious, tender look on your face. I never liked children, to be honest."

"It was but a little while before John was born, Charlotte." He hesitated. "I thought—I was full of foolish fancies then," his sallow face suddenly red and ashamed. "I remember the time. I think Mary Cullom understood; she left the baby alone with me whenever I took it."

"Well," shaking the crumbs from her napkin, "it is natural for some people to overvalue babies; it never was to me. It seems weak, I think," and so bade them good-night.

Dr. Bruno was shaken. He was not his usual easy-going self that night; and being a weak man, according to his wife's code, and afraid of bearing pain alone, found himself before morning in Jack's low trundle bed, with his arm about the boy's shoulders.

## CHAPTER II.

THE chance meeting had stirred the same old fermenting memories in another brain than Bruno's—one where they were not so easily quelled to sleep. There are cellars, inlets to hell, in New York, to give them their plain name, running deep underground, ventilated only by the door of entrance. Boards swung in these from the ceiling, bunks in the wall, and benches over the floor, are dignified by the name of beds, and hired to white and black of both sexes for a couple of pence. The police know them as dens, from which a criminal can rarely be drawn, so deep are they sunk, and so extensive are their channels of egress under the streets, and through the sewers of the city.

Beside a bench, nearest the door of one of

these cellars, the little street-sweeper was lying an hour after Bruno left her. A woman sat on the bench, holding the child's head on her knee that she might sleep more easily. One or two tin lanterns, hanging from the walls, dimly lighted the room and made half visible the stretch of dusky figures, the foul vapor, the damp-reeking walls. This woman alone was wakeful and watching, glancing from under her heavy black brows suspiciously at every faint movement or snore, holding the child's hand tighter. She herself coughed often, a hard, racking cough, that shook her whole body.

The negress who kept the cellar stopped, in the first part of the night, and looked at them both. She remembered the woman as a decent tailoress in the outer court. "What you heab for, Missus, hee?" she demanded, with a look on her foul face akin to pity. "It's your fust night, shore?"

"We had no fire; I could not see the child freeze," the woman said, dully. After that no one spoke to her.

Once or twice, some of the men hearing her cough and stertorous breathing, had muttered something about her being "booked;" and one asked the negress if it was safe to have her there till morning. "She'll be ready to plant afore another day's over, Bet," he added, "and it's oncreditable having such things in your place." Bet shot an angry glance at the woman, but did not disturb her. Some old remembrance of kindness from the tailoress kept her silent.

The child's head rested heavily against its mother's knee. All night long her wasted hand passed over it—over the soft, yellow hair; over the chubby face, as if it were the last time it should touch them. Whatever thought she had of this, she hid it; for down in these lowest deeps of want, the long battle with poverty affects men as other battles do, deadens the terror of death; they touch his hand every day; he is a hard-faced but commonplace companion.

Bet came up to the woman at last. "You're sick, Missus?"

"I am not dying, if that's what you mean. I'll hold out a day or two more. It's not consumption ails me, it's an affection of the head. This starving life has hastened it." She spoke rapidly, glad of even this half brutish listener. It is not easy to die quite dumb and alone.

"I'll bring you anything you like," said Bet, coming closer, looking at her curiously.

"No, no," eagerly. "I'll be quite well by daylight. I'll hold out another day. I am going to place my little girl with friends," with a certain sort of dignity.

"Oh!" said the woman, moving away.

"If I grow worse, may I call for you?" the other said, turning her ghastly face after her. Bet nodded, and went to her own lair in the den.

Once or twice after that the mother touched the child hastily to rouse her, but only by a momentary impulse, frightened at the deathly chill, maybe, creeping so near. "Let her sleep," she said to herself, "I'll be well enough by daylight. It's selfish to want to see her dear eyes, and she so worn out. But the time's so short now."

When the day began to break, she roused her, however. "Lavvy!" she cried, "Lavvy!"

The child wakened sharply, completely, as used to sudden calls to work, and stood facing her, quiet and collected.

"How did you know his name was Bruno?" said the mother. "Tell me again."

"The driver named him. His wife called him, too, 'Joseph; Joseph Bruno,'" she said.

"Yes, I remember," holding her head with her hand. "You understand what you are to do? Tell him you are Mary Haskill's child. Bring him to me; and if it's too late, Lavvy, tell him I asked him, for his old friend James Cullom's sake, for the sake of Christ, to be kind to you, to take you from the street, to make you a woman your dead father will not fear to own."

She sank back, pressing both hands to her mouth.

"I'll tell him all, mother. But I'll cure you first," Lavvy said, tugging at her mother's gown to open it with a forced smile on her face, which was white with terror.

The spasm of pain was soon past. Mary Cullom lay quiet, holding little Lavvy's face close to her own.

"It's a pretty little face, and a good one," she said, with an attempt at playfulness that was more sorrowful than any tears; "and I want it to be a happy one, my pet, even if it's late—even if it's late. He is a good man, Joseph Bruno. He will make your life what mine might have been. Tell him how this all came about, Lavvy; of the shop we tried, and the tailoring, and all; and how it all wouldn't do. Oh! if I could have found him years ago. And then forget it and be happy, baby—nothing but happy."

So she lay, waiting for the day to break, still passing her hand over the chubby, watching face, over the soft limbs, over the yellow curls. "He'll remember the hair," with a half laugh at their childish folly, thinking all the time of the child as a woman, good, and beautiful, and happy, shutting her eyes, and trying to see her

as she would be at twenty, thirty years old, when her own flesh would have been dust long ago; moulding the little hands and arms in her own fingers, looking into the firm-set, brown eyes, nearer to her and dearer than her own flesh or blood. This baby she had nursed since it lay on her breast. Her baby—her all; that would be a woman, and she would not know her, never kiss, touch her again. "Oh, Lavvy!" she cried, holding her fierce and close. "Oh, my baby girl!"

"I'll go now, mother," said the child. "He may come early."

"So he may—so he may," pushing her off hurriedly "And he well take us, and cure me even yet. A little wine every day—something to eat. Oh, God! I want to live!"

About ten o'clock, the woman Bet, and one of her lodgers, carried Mrs. Cullom to her own garret, and made a fire for her. They waited until noon until Lavvy should come back.

"My little girl is going to meet her friends," she said again, and again to them. "If my health would have permitted, I would have gone with her." Her face grew brighter every hour, more contented, peaceful. At last she lay quite quiet, with a smile on her face, plucking at the bed-clothes, bidding "James" shave and dress; talking of the new frock Lavvy was to wear, and that it was time to put it on, for that Joseph Bruno was coming to tea that evening. The negress listened in a grave silence, but did not interrupt her. Her cheeks flushed into pink; a long absent smile lighted her eyes; her voice grew tremulous and eager, broken by bursts of happy laughter.

When the door was slowly pushed open and Lavvy came in, her mother welcomed her with outstretched hands and a glowing face, bidding her, in a hurried whisper, bring her father. "It is so long since he has seen Joseph Bruno, and they were staunch friends—staunch friends." Then some perception of the truth came to her, but vaguely and far-off.

She patted Lavvy's hands, said something at intervals of the happy home waiting for her little girl, and that she herself was going to be well again. That she was very tired now, and would sleep; and so turned over and lay quiet, for so long that Bet came and touched her hand with an awe-struck face. Mrs. Cullom looked up with a sharp cry to "Joseph Bruno, for God's sake to—to—" Then her voice died out, and the restless hands grew still, never to move again.

"She meant," said the child, looking up. "for him to take care of me. But he did not come."

"No," said the woman, stooping to carry her away; but Lavvy, with a dawning perception of what had happened, clung to her mother's arm. The negress had seen glimpses outside of this life in which she and they were wallowing. She knew what the girl had been shut out from that day; and, God help the foul, black creature, she knew too well the life to which she was condemned! She let Lavvy sob out her grief over the dead woman undisturbed.

"Poor chile! poor chile!" she said, touching the ragged little dress, "that's but a little of yer loss this day."

At that moment, two squares off, Dr. Bruno was slowly descending the steps of a house whose bell was muffled; he entered his coupe, and was driven home. He wondered as he went, if Simons had found that girl this morning. Simons was a trusty, shrewd fellow, yet, perhaps, he should have gone himself. But the operation in which he had just been called to assist, was one that, more than all others, required a cool brain and steady fingers, and something in that child's look and voice had shaken him strangely last night; it was only justice to his patient to avoid such a chance again.

The next night he was standing at his library window, looking out into the dark street, when the butler, Simons, came in. "It is quite useless, sir, I can find no trace of her," he said. "This is the fourth attempt to-day," with an agrieved tone.

Dr. Bruno grew hot, swore at Simons, was silent the rest of the evening, and that was the last of it.

Mary Haskill, in the gathering night, was quietly buried; and her little girl went slowly down unnoticed into that deeper grave, from which the world knows no resurrection.

### CHAPTER III.

TEN years after that, Dr. Phillips, a physician of long standing in Philadelphia, received a visit from his old friend and fellow practitioner, Bruno, of New York. It was a pleasant holiday for the two gray-headed old fellows; they drove out together, talked of their young days, of the new modes of practice, sat long over their wine; dined out every evening with some of the grave, out-of-time clique of physicians to which they belonged.

Phillips was anxious to divert his friend by every means in his power, to take his mind off of a subject which disquieted it greatly. The yellow fever had broken out severely in Norfolk,

Virginia, and his son, John Bruno, had gone with a party of young men as nurse, against his father's will, it was said.

"John is but a reckless, fool-hardy boy," Bruno had told his friend. "What need had he to meddle with this matter? There are enough common, useless lives to throw away in it. Life's short enough. I've done what I could to make his easy and bright, and now he flies in my face, and goes to hunt out danger. I'm an old man, too. I want my boy with me in my old age," and so on, and on with his peevish complaints, whenever an opportunity occurred to bring them in.

Dr. Phillips did not say what everybody thought, that this business was the first chance of John Bruno's proving himself a man, or other than a shallow idler in a town, leader in boat-clubs, a judge of horses and wine, for to that point his father's indulgence had brought him. Nor when the old man extolled the bravery of the act, and its moral heroism, did he hint his doubt that Jack had gone into the midst of the plague, as he might to a tragedy or a battlefield, for the new sensation, not for the good to be done. "Let the boy row his own canoe a bit," was all he said, "it will do him no harm;" striving meanwhile to interest his father in the news of the day, and his curious cases, for his practice, old as he was, was still large.

They drove out one morning to an asylum for magdalens.

"The House of the Good Shepherd, they call it," said the old doctor, as he stopped the horse in front of a plain, rambling brick building. "They will admit you with me, being a physician. I know of no place where you could better pursue your favorite studies in human nature than here."

It was a hobby of Dr. Bruno's, the study of faces, and that which lay beneath. He had grown to be a silent, rather morbid man, as old age approached. Fond of quiet researches, it pleased this whim to trace the effect of different circumstances of life on characters resembling each other, to guess at their past history by its ineffaceable writing on the countenance; to say, "blood thus far—vice here, resistance there," following the marks. So he went into this hospital for souls with a quickened step and observant eye.

If austerity and meagreness of outward life could "minister to minds diseased," here was remedy. In the bare walls, the plank floors, the hard, square, inflexible outline of every apartment, or bit of necessary furniture, barren of all trace of beauty but that of cleanliness,

there was nothing in which to refresh or rest the eye. A prison, bald, poor, monotonous; with not a flower in its ruled yard, a picture on its walls, to appeal to the too strong emotional natures that had led its inmates away from God. Bruno shivered, glancing about him, surveying the long lines of downcast faces, the still-moving figures clad in sombre brown.

They had gone into one of the wards where some of the most miserable inmates lay ill. Dr. Bruno sat down on a bench by the door opening into a little yard. He looked out here, his wrinkled face paler than usual. "I'll stay here, Phillips," he said. "Go on; let me get a breath of air."

"I am sorry I brought you," said the old man. "It's a sad place; but I thought you were used to sights of suffering."

"Sad! What are dead bodies to these? Go on—go on. But be quick."

Phillips bustled off, thinking what a nervous, morbid old fool his friend had suffered himself to become, shrinking from pain like the veriest woman.

He was absent longer than he intended; an attendant came to him. "Dr. Bruno is gone," she said; "he will meet you outside." Her face was greatly troubled, anxious, and frightened; but some of the patients were present, and Phillips asked no questions. Something unusual had occurred, he saw; but Bruno would explain.

He did not find the old doctor outside, however; nor was he at the house when he drove there.

It was late in the evening when Bruno returned, very quiet and grave, with a something in his pale face that made his friend silent as to the occurrences of the morning.

"Joseph Bruno," Phillips was used to say years afterward, "never was the same man after that day. God only knows what chanced there, nor whether I was to blame. But it wrought a change in him that lasted until the day of his death."

The next morning Dr. Bruno announced his wish to return immediately home. Phillips took courage to hint his fears. "You are not well," he said. "Something has troubled, shocked you?"

"No," he said, slowly, "no. It is not the shock, nor the pain, though. But it's the gray hairs, Charley Phillips, the gray hairs," touching his beard with a sorrowful smile. "It's to think there's so little time left, and that there's a life wasted—wasted."

Phillips was silent, puzzled and troubled; for his old friend was very near to him. But Bruno

did not heed him; the few remaining hours of his stay were marked by the same grave, silent pain in his face and manner.

"After that day," Phillips used to say, "I saw him no more. A week afterward, Mrs. Bruno wrote to me that he had gone to join Jack in Norfolk. I never understood it."

Nor did his wife; she and many of his friends to this hour think that Dr. Bruno was partially deranged during the latter part of his life.

John, perhaps, thought differently. He told me, in his vague, harum-scarum way, of that summer in the midst of the plague; his mouth growing set, and his voice hoarse, as it always did when he spoke of his father. "We were there five weeks together," he said. "The governor and I always were chums since I was a boy riding pony on his foot. I thank God for it now. That made his old life happy, I think. I never kept the worst of my scrapes from him at home; so, when he came to Norfolk, he was just one of us. If you want courage, there it was for you, such as I'd never seen; for, you see, we young fellows weren't afraid—but he was. The sight of the pain and loathsomeness about him kept him sick, shivering; but there was none of us could keep up at work with him. Night and day, the boldest to go into danger, never out of the sight of the dead and dying, and with such a tender, awful pity on his old face, and such a gentle touch! I tell you," (his eyes growing fixed at some far distant point, and with the dark circle about them that comes instead of tears to such men as John Bruno,) "the sight of the old boy's face in those days made a different man of me. I saw there was some terrible pain urging him on, a dread, growing every instant, lest he should be too late to ease some miserable life before his own was required of him. He explained it all to me. One night, I remember—a dark, rainy night—sitting by the window of a sick room, where one of the patients lay sleeping, he told me the whole wretched story.

"No; let it pass," John Bruno added. "I cannot tell it. Yet it was a thing that might have happened to any of us—you or me. Only carelessness, neglect to help a child once that came in his way. An every-day matter. But years after, in an asylum, he met her. Well, no difference; it's all over and gone now. But I'll never forget," his voice sinking unsteadily, "my father's gray head, as he leaned against the window-frame, the rain beating in on it and his white face, when he cried, 'To think that she knew me, Jack! To think of the lost soul for which I must answer to God! I!' He

had some very soft, curly, yellow hair, which she cut off because it was like her mother's, and she was not fit to wear it. She gave it to him.

"He was very feverish and in distress—father," John went on, after a pause, "in the first weeks of his coming to Norfolk. Afterward he grew calmer, went about his work steadily, and, until the day he was taken down, he talked to me in the same quiet way, but with the earnestness of his whole soul in it, knowing his time was short. 'It's a wasted life, Jack,' he'd say, 'a wasted life. God didn't send us here to eat good dinners, or speculate in coal alone, but to grow stronger and purer by living outside of ourselves, by helping the souls for whom Christ died. And I never did it, boy—I never did it.' That was his cry, night and day, to me. Until just at the last. He wasn't ill long—it's a sharp thing with old people, that fever, you know. But the last evening, I was sitting holding his hand, when he looked up suddenly, and said, 'What's that about the laborers who came to work at the eleventh hour? They all received the same. But I was very late.' I never was good at preaching, but I said these words of His beginning, 'I was sick, and ye came unto me.' I think he understood, for he pressed my hand. Soon after that, about nightfall——"

Bruno broke down here, and, rising, walked to the window.

He's a rough fellow. Jack Bruno, people think who know him slightly; uses slang, is

fond of a joke and a laugh. But he has succeeded in business, married happily, and has a merry, cheerful home, with two or three children's faces peeping out of the door as he comes home. He has no connection with societies, charitable or sanitary. "I've my rough edges," he says, "I don't fit into committees." But there is no household where helpfulness to the poorest of God's creatures is so much a part of the family life, so commonplace and ordinary a thing as in Jack Bruno's; children, wife, and father giving, not alms alone, but head work, and heart-sympathy, to bring those beneath them up to their own level.

I met Bruno the other day, haggard and pale, just out of an hospital. He had spent three years in the war. "I wanted to give these poor fellows a chance," his eye kindling as he looked at some wretched negroes passing. "They've got it now—thank God! I knew the governor would have liked me to put my shoulder to that wheel."

And it seemed to me, looking at the broad, gracious, liberal life that shone out from this man and those near to him, and at the countless blessings it brought to the weak and poor, that the seed of ill, sown in that long-ago night, had turned into bounteous and good harvests. And I thought, too, that remembering how the poor nervous brain and fevered heart, laid to rest down yonder in Norfolk, yet spoke in all this, that we should count no life or word wasted until we had seen the end thereof.

## ONLY A FEW WILD AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY PHILO HENRIETTA CARE.

ONLY a few wild Autumn flowers,  
Gathered along the way,  
Where the falling leaves in gorgeous showers  
Of gold and crimson lay.  
Some pearly blossoms that tell a tale  
Of the endless love of God;  
A few wood asters, sweet and pale,  
And a spray of golden rod.  
And like all fair and beautiful things,  
They have woven a spell for me;  
Yet their voice is sad as the bird that sings  
From the mournful cypress tree.  
Only a trifling gift, to be sure,  
But I've taken them into my heart;  
And every blossom, fresh and pure,  
Seems of my life a part.  
I've preserved them all, these sad days, here  
In this antique, Eastern vase,  
And kept them fresh, with the bitter tears  
That fall, for a still, white face.

He gave me the blossoms, and bade me "good-by,"  
And then went back to the fight;  
And the hand is sweeping a harp in the sky  
That gave me these flowers that night.  
He was only one of the host that stood  
Firmier than Spartan band;  
Only a drop in the river of blood  
Trailing over the land.  
And yet he was all of life to me,  
And hope with him is dead;  
And in the future I only see  
A desert wild and dread.  
Only a few wild Autumn flowers,  
Gathered along the way,  
Like a low, sad song they thrill the hours  
Of this still September day.  
A few wood asters, pale and sweet,  
And a spray of golden rod,  
Yet they whisper that we shall surely meet  
In the great bivouac of God.



## THE OTHER SIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is it?"

Unpleasant lines were cutting down through the smooth brow of Mr. Bostwick.

"A young lady, sir."

"What does she want?"

"I don't know, sir. She asked for you."

"Did she send up her name?"

"It is Wild, or White, sir. I couldn't just make it out, she spoke so low."

A hard expression condensed around the mouth of Mr. Bostwick, as he went to the parlor where the visitor awaited him. She was young—by her face, though deeply shaded with care and trouble, not over nineteen.

"Miss Wild," said the visitor, in a timid voice, introducing herself.

"Miss Wild? What Miss Wild?" Mr. Bostwick knit his brows closer, and hardened his mouth to a severe expression.

"I am Mr. Howard Wild's daughter."

"Oh! Ah! Yes." The forehead of Mr. Bostwick became a trifle smoother; the mouth a line more flexible. He knew his visitor now. Mr. Wild, her father, was dead. It was nearly a year since he dropped away from the business circle, where Mr. Bostwick had met him almost daily. Out of sight had been out of mind. Mr. Wild had passed to the forgotten ones. The daughter's presence not only reminded Mr. Bostwick of her father, but of things heard after his death. How that his estate had proved to be insolvent, and that his family was left, in the ordinary phrase, without a dollar.

We will not here describe what passed at the brief interview between Mr. Bostwick and Miss Wild.

"Who was she?" asked Mrs. Bostwick, as her husband came back to the family circle.

"Howard Wild's daughter," was almost abruptly answered.

"Howard Wild's daughter!" responded Mrs. Bostwick, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"Money."

"Money!"

"Yes. Asked me to lend her twenty dollars!"

"You didn't do it."

"Oh, no!"

"The girl must have considerable assurance," said Mrs. Bostwick.

"So it strikes me. She tried to look very sad and embarrassed; but I saw through her poor disguise. It was a mere speculation on my purse; but it didn't succeed."

"Was it Mary Wild?" asked a low, interested voice; that of Mr. Bostwick's eldest daughter.

"She only called herself Miss Wild—nothing more," returned Mr. Bostwick.

"Was she about my age and size?"

"Yes."

"It was Mary! Poor girl! I'm so sorry. I wish you'd given her the money," said Annie Bostwick.

This was met by an almost harsh rebuke from the father, who denounced, rather intemperately, both Mrs. Wild and her daughter.

"Why don't they go to work, like other poor people, and make an honest living?" he said.

"Beggings is immoral, no matter who engages in it; and I, for one, shall give no encouragement to the vice."

Annie looked hurt by this response, and shrunk back into silence.

"It was all a sham—all a speculation," went on Mr. Bostwick. "I haven't lived fifty years in the world without learning how to detect a false coin. Twenty dollars! I wonder how many she has called on to-day?—how many twenty dollar bills she has received?"

No one answered. After muttering to himself for awhile, the annoyed gentleman, who really believed all that his denunciations implied, dropped down into an uncomfortable silence.

There is another side to all this. Let us see what it will unfold. Mr. Bostwick may be right in his judgment of the case; but we will not accept that judgment until we have examined for ourselves.

Only three short blocks distant from Mr. Bostwick's comfortable, or, we might say, luxurious home, lived Mrs. Wild, the widow of Howard Wild. At the time of her husband's death, twelve months before, she and her children were dwelling in equal comfort with the family of Mr. Bostwick. Misfortune came with sorrow. Death took from them sustenance as well as love. The home in which they lived had too costly furnishing to be spared. Creditors, eager to get their own, seized upon and sold everything not secured by law; and when the wreck

and dispersion ended, only a few necessary articles of household goods remained; and with these Mrs. Wild shrunk away, stunned, frightened, shivering in face of a dark and dreary future, and sought shelter for herself and children in a small house, the rent of which was moderate.

The ways and means to get bread—these came next into consideration. The extremity was close, and had to be met by early action. What could Mrs. Wild do? Alas! In girlhood her educational advantages had been limited. She was not competent to teach. In the needle-hand alone lay all of her resources. There were four children, of whom Mary was the oldest; and she was still at school when the storm broke suddenly over them. Very soon after her father's death, Mary began to comprehend the new relation in which she stood to the world, and to have faint glimpses of the new duties devolving upon her.

"I must do something," she said. "But what?" There came the perplexing question. The willing heart and ready hand never long remain idle. Mary was not skilled in any work by which she could earn money; nor did she feel competent to teach in any department. She had been for years at school; but, like too many girls, she had merely skipped along the surface of things, and was profound in nothing.

"If I had dreamed of a time like this," she said, tearfully, one day, several months after her father's death, and when absolute want began to look her sorrowing mother in the face, "how different my life would have been! I had such good opportunities. Might have been so well educated. Might have been competent to teach in almost any department."

She laid her face against her mother, and sobbed.

"If the piano had not been taken," she said, mournfully, a little while afterward, "I might try to get a few music scholars. But, without an instrument, I can do nothing."

"Don't they hire pianos?" asked a younger sister, who had been a silent and almost unobserved listener.

No answer was given to the suggestion, but it dropped, like a word of hope, into the mind of Mary, and her thought dwelt upon it.

"I will hire a piano and take music scholars," she said, to herself, not long afterward. Acting upon this resolution, she called at a store where she had been in the habit of getting music, and asked if an instrument could be obtained in the way desired. From the music-seller she received the address of a man who kept pianos for

hire. The rent charged for a passable instrument was ten dollars a quarter; and as Mary was a stranger, payment in advance, or security, was demanded.

The next thing was to see if scholars could be found. Mary was no hesitating, half-hearted girl. She saw before her only one way in which she could help her mother; and in that way, if the path were not too difficult, she meant to walk. First, the scholars; then the instrument. But where was she to go for scholars? Not among strangers, for that would be a fruitless search. She must call on the friends she had known in sunnier days—and particularly on her mother's friends. Pride, native independence, and a sensitiveness about intrusion, held her back; but stern necessity urged her forward. Bravely she walked in the way of duty, though every step was in pain—such pain as only they who have walked by the same path can comprehend. Four ladies, who sympathized with Mary in her effort to help her mother, promised her each a scholar, at eight dollars a quarter. On the faith of this promise the piano was hired, and the rent for a quarter paid in advance.

Only three of these scholars came. Older sisters, in the other case, interfered. Their little sister, they said, must not receive her first lesson from a girl who had never taught, and who was but indifferently educated in music. At the end of the first quarter, one of the three scholars was removed under the pressure of a like influence. It was all in vain that the child's mother, who thought more of helping Mary than of her daughter's music, urged that she be permitted to give another quarter's instruction. The older sisters clamored against the arrangement in an almost heartless manner, and it ceased.

Poor Mary Wild's heart sunk when this scholar was taken away. She had only two left. Faithfully had she tried to increase the original number, but without success.

The owner of the piano called promptly, at the end of the first quarter, for another advance payment. It was made. The second quarter opened discouragingly for Mary Wild. She had only two scholars, and saw no prospect of obtaining others. She had been around among her mother's friends several times, but even those who manifested interest in the beginning were growing indifferent—some even showed annoyance.

At the close of the second quarter, Mary was unable to meet the prompt demand which came from the owner of the piano. Not obtaining his money, he went away, saying that if the advance

rent were not paid in a week the instrument would be removed. This was only a threat. The rent was not forthcoming; but the piano still continued in Mary's possession.

Everything looked dark for the striving girl. She still had but two scholars, and was beginning to give way to feelings of deep discouragement. Weeks passed, and there was no change. The third quarter was drawing to a close.

One day a lady called. She had two daughters and a niece that were to receive music lessons. She had heard of Mary Wild, and was pleased with what she had heard; asked her terms, and said they were satisfactory.

"My niece does not live with me," she remarked, "and her mother has no piano. She will have to come here to receive lessons. It is arranged for her to practice at my house."

This was satisfactory, and the scholars were accepted with a thankful heart.

"That man is down stairs again," said a younger brother, looking into the room where Mary was sitting one day, about three weeks after this encouraging addition to her number of pupils.

"What man?" The color left the poor girl's face as she asked the question.

"The man that comes about the piano."

Fear mingled with shame in Mary's sensitive heart. She went down, trembling in spite of every effort at self-composure, to meet this rigid exacter of his due. His keen eyes read at the first glance, as she came in, her inability to pay the rent, and at once his looks hardened.

"Have you that little amount ready, Miss Wild?" His voice was cold and firm.

"Indeed, sir—I'm very sorry. But——" she stammered, broke down—then rallied, and said almost pleadingly, "there is no lack of will, or effort, on my part, sir. If I had the money, I would only be too eager to pay it. Scholars were not received in the commencement according to expectation. But things are beginning to look more hopeful. Within the last few weeks I have obtained three new pupils. At the end of their first quarter I will receive twenty-four dollars, and the money shall be kept sacredly for you."

There was a faint, sneering smile on the man's thin lips as he shook his head, and answered,

"I can't wait until the end of the young ladies' quarter. It isn't my way of doing business. When you engaged the instrument, I told you that payment must be made quarterly, in advance. You now owe a quarter's rent. If you cannot pay that, and the advance for next quarter, I shall at once remove the instrument,

and place it with another lady who has the cash in hand."

The white face of Mary did not move him. He was too much interested in the question of dollars to comprehend the meaning of a pale, suffering countenance. To him it was a dumb sign. He buttoned his coat deliberately, and moved toward the narrow hall.

"I will send for the piano in the course of an hour," he said.

In less than an hour one of Mary's pupils would be there to receive a lesson.

"Oh, no! Not to-day! Don't send for it to-day, sir!" She clasped her hands painfully.

"In an hour, I said." He was cold and severe in manner.

"Just give me two days." In her extremity Mary conquered pride, and plead with the un pitying man. "Perhaps I can get an advance from my new scholars."

"Very well. That may be feasible," he answered. "If you can get the advance, and pay me twenty dollars, the piano can remain. Two days, you say?"

"Yes, sir. Give me two days."

"At this hour, day after to-morrow, I will be here. If you have the money, well; if not, I shall wait no longer." And he went away.

"I'm afraid it won't do, Mary," said Mrs. Wild, when her daughter suggested calling on the lady who had sent her three scholars, and stating her case. "She is a stranger, and it may prejudice her mind against you, and cause her to withdraw these pupils at the end of their first term."

"But what am I to do, mother?" asked the disheartened girl. "If I do not pay this man, he will certainly remove the instrument; and I see no other possible way of obtaining the money."

"It is a simple act of borrowing," returned Mrs. Wild. "You would call it an advance; but the lady would consider it a loan. Now let us see if there is not some one else from whom you can borrow the sum needed for a short time. If so, it will be better than to run the risk of losing scholars."

"There is not a living soul to whom I can apply," said Mary, a chill creeping down to her heart, as she imagined herself asking of some old acquaintance or friend the loan of twenty dollars.

"There is Mrs. Lincoln," suggested Mrs. Wild. "I could die more easily than ask such a favor of her," answered Mary.

"Mrs. Parrish," said the mother.

"No—no—no!" The girl shivered.

"Mr. Burdan is a kind-hearted gentleman."

"He doesn't know me."

"He knew your father, and highly esteemed him. I am sure that if he comprehended the case, he would be only too well pleased to render this small service. Take heart, dear, and go to him. I know it will be a hard trial; but we are in great extremity. To lose the piano is to lose the very means of living."

"Is there no one else, mother? I never liked Mr. Burdan. Something about him always repelled me."

"There is Mr. Bostwick."

"Annie's father?"

"Yes."

Mary dropped her eyes, and sat very still for some time. Then sighing heavily, she answered,

"Annie is a sweet girl. We went to school together, and I loved her very much. She was fond of her father, and often spoke of him as a kind and generous man. He was always making her presents. He doesn't know me; but he knew father. I could go to him a great deal more freely than to Mr. Burdan."

"If that is your feeling toward Mr. Bostwick," said Mrs. Wild, "you had better see him. The favor you will ask is so small, that he cannot find it in his heart to refuse."

But when Mary's thought went forward to the proposed interview with Mr. Bostwick, her courage failed, and the day passed in weak dependency. After a miserable night came another troubled morning. No plain way opened before the stumbling feet of Mary Wild. Her mother, who knew how sensitive were her feelings, said nothing more on the subject of trying to get a loan from Mr. Bostwick. She would not move her to that ordeal by the pressure of a single consideration. If Mary went to him, it must be entirely her own act.

Nearly the whole day passed in weak indecision on the part of Mary. A hundred times almost did she endeavor to brace her mind for the painful work that lay before her; and as often, when imagination pictured her in interview with Mr. Bostwick, did her heart sink down in her bosom, weak and shivering.

The day had waned until it was nearly six o'clock, and still Mary shrunk back from the only path that seemed opening for her feet. She was sitting alone in her room, partly dressed to go out, when a man's voice in the passage startled her. Going to the head of the stairs she listened, and soon understood what was going on below. The man had come from the grocer's where they dealt, for a bill of twelve dollars, which her mother was unable to pay.

He had already called several times, and was now threatening and insolent. Mary stood listening while her mother meekly offered excuses, and asked for more time in which to settle the bill. She hesitated no longer after the man retired, but made hasty preparation for going out. Resolution had become fixed. She would see Mr. Bostwick.

Not until she found herself seated in the parlor of Mr. Bostwick, and awaiting an interview with that individual, did Mary's heart again falter. Now, in face of the ordeal she had so dreaded, she trembled and grew faint. There were a few minutes of suspense, and then she was face to face with the man whom her fancy had invested with a sphere of gentlemanly kindness and humanity. His hard, keen eyes looked into hers from beneath knitted brows with suspicious interrogation.

"Miss Wild," she said, timidly.

"What Miss Wild?" All the girl's fond illusion was gone in a moment. Could this, indeed, be the father of Annie Bostwick?

"I am Mr. Howard Wild's daughter." The voice was faint.

"Oh! Ah! Yes. Be seated, Miss." Mary had arisen, and was still standing. She sat down.

"Well, Miss Wild, what have you to say?" Nothing could have been colder or more unsympathetic than the voice of Mr. Bostwick.

Mary's first thought, after this reception, was to retire, without asking for the help she had come to seek. But her extremity was too great. To abandon this opportunity seemed like giving up everything. So, in a kind of desperation, she answered,

"My father, sir, left us very poor when he died. You knew my father?"

"Well—yes—slightly, in a business way." Mr. Bostwick spoke with the most repellant indifference.

"Nearly everything was taken from us, sir, by the creditors—even my piano," continued Mary. "We had nothing to live upon; and I wanted to do something to help. So I rented a piano for ten dollars a quarter, and tried to get music scholars. But I was young, and had never taught music. People didn't like to send their children. At first I had three scholars—then only two. I have not been able to get money to pay the rent of my piano, and the owner threatens to take it away. If that is taken, sir, I am helpless. A few weeks ago, I obtained three new scholars. At the end of their first quarter I shall receive twenty-eight dollars. But unless I have twenty dollars by to-morrow at eleven o'clock, my instrument will

be removed. If you would be so kind as to let me have that sum for a little over two months, you would do me a favor for which I can never cease to be grateful. The money received for these scholars, at the end of their first term, shall be faithfully paid to you."

"It may be all just as you say," replied Mr. Bostwick, icily; "but I have no evidence to the fact beyond your word. Of course, your late father had personal friends, and you should apply to them. To me you are simply a stranger, and, under the circumstances, I cannot meet your request. I am sorry, of course, to disappoint you; but I never act differently in these cases. If things are as you represent them, you can have no difficulty in procuring the sum required."

Mary did not plead her case. On its simple statement her request had been refused, and in such cold, hurting language, that she felt stunned and humiliated. Rising, she murmured a faint apology for having troubled Mr. Bostwick, and withdrew. He made no effort to retain her; though a little surprised that she failed in importunity, and not altogether satisfied with himself for the manner in which he had denied the unhappy girl. He had taken all for granted against her—nothing in her favor.

On the next day, at eleven o'clock, Mary Wilde stood beside a pupil at the piano. Her drooping eyes, her helpless, almost hopeless face, were evidence of what she had suffered.

"Are you sick, Miss Mary?" asked the girl she was teaching, lifting, as she spoke, a pair of soft blue eyes that were full of tenderness and sympathy.

"My head aches." Mary turned her face partly aside, as she answered, or rather evaded, the child's question. There was a pause and an intermission in the lesson. In that pause a heavy vehicle rattled up to the door and stopped. Then the bell was rung violently. Mary started and trembled, and grew so weak that she had to sit down.

"I'm sorry you are sick," said the child, leaving her place at the piano.

The door was opened, and the tread of a man was heard in the passage. Mrs. Wild, hoping to spare her daughter, had come down to meet him. The visitor spoke loudly, asking if his money was ready. At the sound of his voice, Mary became almost white, and shook with a strong nervous chill. Her young scholar looked frightened. Seeing this, Mary rallied herself, and spoke some assuring words. Then she advanced to the parlor door, and, opening it, said

"I haven't the money, sir, and you must take the instrument. I've tried my best, and can do no more."

The man stood scowling at her for a moment or two, and then went out for the carman and his assistant, who removed the piano. After this was done, he said sharply to Mrs. Wild,

"And now, ma'am, when am I to receive the ten dollars due for the rent of this instrument?"

"If you had left it," replied Mary, not waiting for her mother to answer, and speaking from a state of aroused indignation at the man's brutal way of conducting himself, "the means of payment would have been in my hands, and you would have got your due when I received from my scholars their quarterly bills. Now you leave me helpless, and I can promise nothing."

The man was angry, and answered her insolently, at the same time giving utterance to threatening language.

"Shall I come to-morrow?" asked the child, when the man had gone.

"No, dear—not to-morrow." Mary's voice choked her.

"When shall I come, Miss Mary?"

"Not until I send you word."

The child lingered for a little while, and then went away.

Here is the other side of this case; and the reader will agree with us that Mr. Bostwick did not judge it correctly. He had taken the worst, instead of the best, for granted—had supposed evil instead of good. Perhaps you or I, reader, might have done the same. But that is no justification.

When the child retired, Mary turned, silent and tearful, from her mother, and went away where she could be alone. It seemed to her young heart as if all were lost. She sat down as in the darkness of a narrow cell, from which there was no escape. She felt the mantle of despair wrapping itself, fold upon fold, around her, and shuddered chillily. Weak, helpless, hopeless—it was the darkest period that had yet fallen upon her young life. For an hour she had been thus alone, when word came that a lady wished to see her. She tried to rally herself—tried to obliterate the traces of tears from her eyes and cheeks; but she tried in vain. With all the signs of suffering about her, she went down to see the lady who had called, and found the person from whom she had obtained her last three scholars.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" asked this lady, kindly, as she took Mary's hand and felt it tremble.

For sobbing Mary could not reply. This unexpected visit, and the interest expressed, broke down what little self-control remained.

"Think me your friend, dear, and tell me freely of your trouble." She drew Mary to a seat and sat down beside her.

As soon as the surprised girl could recover herself, she frankly told her story, not omitting her visit to Mr. Bostwick.

"I wish you had come to me. It would have saved all this," said the lady. "But cheer up! I will see that you have an instrument; and, what is better, as many scholars as you can teach. I like the way my children and niece are progressing, and will do all in my power to bring you into notice."

Mary could not speak her thanks, for her heart was brimming over; but she raised the lady's hand to her lips and kissed it. There was more than a kiss upon that hand—a tear lay upon it, pure and sparkling as a diamond.

Mr. Bostwick had not heeded the injunction to do good as we have opportunity, but suffered the opportunity that came to him in Providence to pass him unimproved. If he had taken a little pains to inquire into the case—thus possessing himself of the facts as they existed—he would have helped the needy one, and so gained that sweet satisfaction which all experience who act from a spirit of good will and benevolence. But the blessing that might have been his, was given to one more worthy to receive it.

## THESE WAKING DREAMS.

BY EMMA ELLINGWOOD.

THESE waking dreams! these waking dreams!

How beautiful they are!  
They come to me on every breeze—  
They smile in every star.  
Along the silvery noontide brook  
They sparkle as they play,  
And sweep adown the waves of time,  
As glides that stream away.

The beautiful! the beautiful!  
My castles bright in air,  
That fade, yet come so clear again,  
As transient as fair.  
I long to grasp and stay your flight  
Within my Summer'd world,  
And give my heart its dainty gems,  
With love and pride imperialed.

Like music passing through the air  
So pure, so blest and free;  
Sweet angel voices singing soft,  
Some cherished melody.  
Ah! sweeter than murmuring voice  
Of ocean's mermaid song,  
Are streams that make my bosom heave,  
As thrills the pulse along.

Oh, yes! these sweet imaginings,  
That close about me cling;  
And round about my inner life  
Their golden haloes fling;  
Seem like the gentle dew distilled  
Upon the sunkiss'd flower;  
Refreshening the weary heart  
In sorrow's darkest hour.

## THE MIST.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

A SNOW-WHITE mist hangs over the earth,  
And darkens the light of the morning sun;  
And it wraps yon mountain, hoary and grim  
To its feet, like the veil of a vestal nun.  
Like a silent, sad, mysterious spell,  
It covers the landscape far and near;  
And it haunts the valley, the forest and hill,  
Like the ghost of a superstitious fear.  
Spurning the land, it goeth far  
Out o'er the ocean vast and wide,  
Mysteriously and silently,  
As the tireless march of the restless tide;  
And the ships, bewilder'd, wander about,  
Lost in the mist that covers the sea;  
The smothered tone of the warning bell,  
Sounds over the waters drearily.

The ship that is brave, and staunch, and strong,  
With a crash strikes hard on the hidden reef;  
Short space for a thought of the friends at home,  
And the time for prayer to God is brief.  
Down they go in the boiling surf,  
Few their struggles, and faint their cries;  
With life crushed out, they are tossed about  
With pallid faces and sightless eyes.  
No mortal vision hath seen their woes;  
Like a pall the mist lies darkly there,  
Shutting out, as it were, from God and man,  
The terrible sight of their wild despair.  
Then get thee gone, white Spirit of Mist,  
That the sun may shine on the earth once more;  
And guide us aright, lest we search in vain  
For the corpses scattered along the shore.

## EYES VERSUS BUTTONS.

BY D. A. TROT.

THERE was a party at Mrs. Lee's one evening in June, and the lion of the occasion was Lieut. Lacy, a young officer who had just received his commission, and was, perhaps, a trifle vain of the uniform he was now sporting for the first time. It was early in the war, when uniforms possessed the charm of novelty, and the Perryville girls were bewitched with the glitter of his shoulder-straps. Robert Lacy knew that he looked well "in his suit of blue," and that he was a hero in the bright eyes which glanced admiration at him from every side; and I think it is safe to say (without accusing him of more conceit than usually falls to the lot of man,) that he found his position an agreeable one.

Isabel Horton was neither lion nor lioness, but a quiet spectator, as she promenaded the room with her cousin, Charley Adams, at whose home she was to spend the summer. She had but recently arrived in Perryville, and most of the assembled guests were strangers to her. Charley and his sister Annie were loud in their praises of "cousin Isabel;" but the young people of the village stood rather in awe of Miss Horton, the dignity of whose manner contrasted too strongly with the merry, easy ways prevalent among them, to leave them quite unconstrained in her society. They acknowledged that she was beautiful, but whispered to each other that her dark eyes were a thought too piercing, and her red lips a shade too scornful.

"Who is she?" asked Robert Lacy of Lizzie Boyd, with whom he was flirting under the chandelier.

"My Lady Disdain," otherwise known as Miss Horton, of New York," was the laughing response of Miss Lizzie. "But never mind her now," added the pretty coquette. "You promised to give me a keepsake, before going to the war; and I'm afraid you'll never think of it again."

"Oh! I always remember my promises, trust me for that. I wish you would remember yours half as well. I dare say you've forgotten already what you are to give me when I bid you goodbye."

"I haven't promised you anything—and you know I haven't, Mr. Impudence!"

"Calling names, are you?" queried Annie Adams, stopping in front of them with Katy

Lee. "Lieut. Lacy, where's the button you promised me to remember you by?"

"Can't you remember me without any reminder?" asked the lieutenant, impressively.

"No, indeed! I should forget you in a week!"

"So should I!" "And I!" chimed in the other girls.

"Well! It seems there's no help for me!" sighed the young man, with comic resignation.

"I'm at your mercy—help yourselves."

"Give us your penknife, and we will," said Lizzie Boyd, taking him at his word.

With a laugh and a shrug of his broad shoulders, he placed his knife in her hand, and Miss Lizzie proceeded to business.

"Which will you have, Annie?"

"Oh! the one nearest his heart, of course!"

Miss Boyd audaciously seized a button upon the left breast of his coat, skillfully severed it from the broad-cloth, and attacked another.

The nonsense was at its height, when Robert Lacy chanced to look up from the bevy of girls by which he was surrounded, and encountered a flash of unmitigated scorn from the dark eyes of Miss Horton, who stood talking with Judge Lee, at the upper end of the room. Till that moment it had not occurred to him how absurd such trifling must seem to a spectator and a stranger, and his own lip curled involuntarily as he said to himself, "What a fool I am making of myself! I don't wonder she sneers. Suppose she thinks me a confounded puppy!"

The result of this mental soliloquy was an attempt at releasing himself from the fair hands so mercilessly robbing him. This, however, was no easy matter, and it was late in the evening when, after promising Lizzie Boyd to spend the next evening with her, and Annie Adams to "call in the morning and make the acquaintance of cousin Isabel," he found himself alone for a moment in the conservatory. He stood in the shade of a large orange-tree just inside the door, when Miss Horton, again with her cousin Charley, approached it slowly, and he heard Charley say,

"I see Bob Lacy has escaped from the girls for a wonder. I'll hunt him up and introduce him, if you like."

"Don't, please," was the answer. "I'm not prepared to fall down and worship his buttons,



so I should find no favor in his eyes. Oh! that such insufferable conceit should wear the guise of patriotism!" As she spoke, her eyes fell upon the subject of her remark, who, having no desire to hear himself discussed at further length, passed out of the conservatory with a nod to Charley, and a glance at her flushed cheeks.

He had heard each word distinctly, and was inwardly raging while, with courteous smiles, he took leave of his hostess. "If there's an expression I hate to see upon a woman's face," thought he, on his walk homeward, "it's a scornful one. None of your pepper-boxes for me! I wish I hadn't promised Annie Adams to call there to-morrow. I'll go, though, just to show 'my Lady Disdain' how little I care for her contempt."

He did care, however. He had never before been so deeply mortified. He was indignant, too, at having his patriotism called in question, for his love of country was genuine. He was making great sacrifices, in a business point of view, to say nothing of leaving home and friends for the sake of entering the army, and, after all, to get credit for nothing but conceit, was vexatious. Lieut. Lacy went to sleep that night with the conviction that Miss Horton was the most thoroughly disagreeable girl he had ever seen.

The next morning was as lovely as June mornings are apt to be, and Annie Adams and her cousin Isabel enjoyed its beauties out-of-doors. There was to be a Sunday-School picnic the following day, and the girls had promised to make bouquets and wreaths for the tables; they accordingly pressed Charley into the service, and while Mrs. Adams was in the kitchen intent upon the manufacture of good things, the young people were in the garden loading themselves with flowers. When the girls' aprons and Charley's basket were filled to overflowing, they repaired to the "side piazza," and commenced work "in good earnest," as Annie expressed it. Which were flying most rapidly, tongues or fingers, it would be hard to say, when they were startled by a peal of the door-bell, followed by a summons to the parlor to see Lieut. Lacy.

"Oh, yes!" said Annie, with an appealing glance at her cousin. "He promised to come over this morning to be introduced to 'the dearest cousin in the world,' so do be gracious, that's a darling. He's splendid, and I know you would acknowledge it if you'd only give him a chance to show you what he really is."

"He has shown all I care to see," was the emphatic response. "So go and rejoice in the

light of his shoulder-straps, and leave me to finish the bouquets."

"Yes, run along, sis," added Charley, "or he'll think you're stopping to prink; and if there's anything a fellow hates, it's having a girl keep him waiting while she puts on her fascinations."

"Lieut. Lacy would prefer to do the fascinating himself," remarked Isabel; while Annie, loth to leave her cousin behind, and still not much averse to a *tele-a-tele* with the young officer, gave her dress a shake and entered the house.

"I'll tell you what it is, Bel," said Charley, seriously, as they were left alone together, "you ought to have too much sense to judge a man what you see him do when he's pestered by a lot of silly girls, or to allow your prejudices to run away with you. Bob Lacy is anything but the conceited fool you think him. He's as true a patriot as there is in our land. I don't know another fellow with as brilliant prospects as he has sacrificed for the sake of serving his country; and if he is handsome, and the girls will run after him, it's no fault of his. He's a good friend of mine, too, and I want you to like him; so just come into the parlor with me, and be as sweet as you always are when you don't think it necessary to keep any one at a distance."

Isabel had no good answer to make to this appeal; but with the certainty she felt that Lieut. Lacy had heard her severe speech in regard to him the previous evening, she would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth than him. Charley, however, would only laugh at her if she told him so, so she said quietly.

"How can I go and leave all these flowers to wither, as they will if they are not taken care of at once?"

"Oh! if that's all," said Charley, "I'll bring him out here;" and off he went without waiting for a word of remonstrance.

For a moment after he left her Miss Horton was in a quandary. The doors and windows were open throughout the house, so that she could not run around to the front door without being seen from the parlor windows, or enter the house from the piazza without being seen from the parlor door opening into the central hall. In either case, she was sure of being captured by Charley. Some workmen, who had been mending the chimneys, had left their ladder standing against the piazza. As her eye fell upon it, she remembered that the window of her room opened upon its flat roof. Quick as thought (quicker, rather, for if she had stopped

to think she would not have done it,) she mounted the ladder, and had just landed upon the roof, and turned to detach her dress, which had caught in a climbing rose, when she saw Annie, Charley, and Lieut. Lacy, coming along the gravel walk which led around from the front to the side door. They spied her at the same moment, and shouted with laughter; even the lieutenant (comprehending as he did instantly the cause of her escapade,) had much ado to keep his amusement within bounds. Charley threw himself upon the grass and held his sides; while Annie, after the first involuntary burst of merriment, drew down her face, and proceeded gravely to introduce, "My cousin, Miss Horton; my friend, Lieut. Lacy."

If any other gentleman than the one in question had been concerned, Isabel's good sense would have told her that the affair had better be laughed off as a good joke. As it was, however, she was too vexed to be sensible, and returned his low bow with a stately inclination of her head, which, graceful though it might be in itself, was, under the circumstances, supremely ludicrous.

"Come down, oh, maid! from yonder mountain height!  
What pleasure dwells in height?"

quoted Charley, going off into another fit of laughter; while Robert Lacy, too much of a gentleman to wish to revenge himself upon Miss Horton by increasing her evidently painful confusion, turned to Annie with a request to see her pansy bed, which, as he well knew, was at the further end of the garden.

The instant their backs were turned, Isabel bounded through the window into her room, and pulled the blinds together behind her. To think that she, Isabel Horton, who prided herself upon the dignity of her manners, should be caught in such a school-girlish scrape by the very person whom she had regarded with such sovereign disdain! It was too much for her equanimity.

"I know he's delighted at my mortification! I can't endure the sight of the fellow!" she exclaimed, with more vehemence than she usually indulged herself in.

When the dinner-bell rang, she put her hair and dress in order, but did not leave her room until Annie came to assure her that the obnoxious lieutenant had really gone. At the table, Charley and Annie teased her without mercy; and even Mr. Adams bantered her a little upon her "masterly retreat;" but kind-hearted Mrs. Adams, seeing how deeply she was mortified, soon vetoed the subject, and poor Isabel managed to finish her dinner with tolerable composure.

When the hour arrived for starting for the picnic the next day, Miss Horton, knowing that Lieut. Lacy would be likely to be there, longed to decline going; but she was ashamed to show any feeling upon the subject; and accordingly started off in the buggy with Charley in apparently high spirits. The company went in vehicles of all descriptions. Annie took her Sunday-School class in the "Yonker wagon," the carriage not being large enough to contain them all. Upon the road, Isabel and Charley passed another buggy, driven by Lieut. Lacy, with Miss Boyd at his side. Isabel was vexed at herself for blushing as she returned his bow, and vexed at him for the gleam of triumph she detected, or fancied she detected, in his eye. The result was a degree of stateliness in her manner throughout the morning, which rendered her "perfectly unapproachable," as the village beaux declared, after various fruitless attempts at making themselves agreeable to her.

The picnic ground was in a grove, situated at the junction of a pretty brook famous for trout; further up its course, with "the Pond," a beautiful little sheet of water, whose smooth surface glittered like silver in the unclouded sunshine of this summer day. Many of the gentlemen had brought fishing-rods with them, and in the course of the morning it was proposed to make up a party to follow up the brook in search of trout, which (in case they were so fortunate as to catch any,) were to be cooked for dinner. The knot of young people planning the excursion were all talking at once, and making a perfect babel with their voices, when Katy Lee came up and inquired the subject of the debate.

"We're going fishing," was the answer given by half a dozen. "Won't you go with us?"

"I can't, my scholars are all little ones, and I must look after them; but do invite Miss Horton, she is a stranger here, and we ought to do all in our power to make her visit pleasant to her."

"Invite 'my Lady Disdain!'" exclaimed Lieut. Lacy. "Well, if she is to be of the party, I shall send my 'compliments and regrets,' for of all the haughty, self-sufficient women it's been my misfortune to meet in this mundane sphere, she is the most disagreeable."

An awful hush fell upon all around, as he ceased speaking, and Miss Horton, who had been kneeling unpacking a basket, and thus been overlooked, rose, and with a low. "Thank you," glided through the dismayed group, and out of sight among the trees before a word of apology could be offered.

Robert Lacy could have bitten his own tongue

off as he recalled his hasty words. He regretted having allowed himself to speak in such terms of a lady, even more than having been overheard by the lady in question. He saw, too, that he was now down, and Miss Horton up, in the game of "see-saw" they seemed fated to play with each other; and his feelings, as he shouldered his fishing-rod and walked off toward the brook with Lizzie Boyd, were none of the most enviable.

Isabel, on the contrary, was highly elated at being once more in the ascendancy, and resolved by no word or deed to lose the advantage she had gained. She was very fond of children, and soon won the hearts of the little folks by the energy with which she devoted herself to their entertainment. She gathered wild-flowers with them, swung them, and ran races with them; played "Oats, peas, beans," and "Uncle John is very sick," until they were tired, and then gathered them around her, and told them fairy-stories that held them spell-bound.

When the fishers returned, hot, tired, and unsuccessful, they found her sitting under a tree, with sprays of elder-blossoms in her hair, singing, "the Mistletoe Bough" to an eagerly attentive audience, one of whom, a little golden-haired child, was nestling in her arms. As Lieut. Lacy's eye caught the pretty tableau, and the low, sweet tones of the singer fell upon his ear, he started in surprise, scarcely believing that this lovely girl, the very embodiment of pure, true womanliness, could be the Miss Horton whose haughtiness he had so decried. He watched for an opportunity of making the apologies he owed her; but none seemed to present itself.

The tables were already set, and, as there were no fish to cook, dinner was announced as ready, and all who chose to make themselves useful found occupation in supplying the wants of the children. Dinner over, Judge Lee and one or two others made short addresses, (during which Isabel was busy among the matrons, helping to wash and pack up dishes,) and then came a general scattering. Many of the elders, declaring themselves "tired enough," started for home, while the younger ones embarked upon the Pond, or wandered by twos and threes through the grove.

In the breaking up of the crowd, Lieut. Lacy lost sight of Miss Horton, and concluded that she had either joined the water party, or gone home with the Lees, with whom she was a great favorite. Feeling completely out of humor with himself, and tired of talking nonsense with girls whose evident delight in his attentions was

losing its charm, he walked away by himself deep into the grove, and throwing himself upon the ground, with a tuft of moss for his pillow, fell fast asleep. He had enjoyed his nap for some time, when he was awakened by the frightened cry of a child. Surprised to find that any one beside himself should have wandered so far, he sprang to his feet and hastened in the direction of the sound; but had not gone a dozen yards when he came upon Miss Horton, prostrate and insensible, with two children at her side, crying with terror. Alarmed at her pallor, he kneeled and raised her head upon his arm; but her swoon was not a performed one, for she opened her eyes at the motion, and, starting up in amazement at finding him bending over her, answered his inquiries by concisely informing him that while searching for ferns she had sprained her ankle; fearing that the children might get lost, if she should send them for help, she had tried to limp back, when her ankle again gave way, and she fell and fainted with the pain of the second hurt.

"Will you be so kind," she said, in conclusion, "as to send my cousin, Charley Adams, (or, if you cannot find him, Judge Lee,) to my assistance?"

"Judge Lee has gone home, I am sorry to say, and your cousin is out on the Pond. I am stronger than either. Will you allow me to carry you back to the picnic grounds? There is no other way," he added, as he saw her face flush, "the grove is so dense here that it is impossible to bring a carriage for you."

"It is unnecessary," she answered, frigidly. "I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you at all, but if you will be so good as to give me your arm, I think I can walk."

"It is impossible!" he exclaimed. "If you attempt it you will only aggravate a pain that is already serious enough."

"Allow me to be the judge," was all the reply she vouchsafed. He accordingly assisted her to rise and gave her his arm; but at the first step the old faintness came over her, and, in spite of herself, her head went down against the very shoulder-strap which had been the subject of her sarcasms. Lieut. Lacy stopped, and said resolutely,

"Circumstances constitute me your protector. Miss Horton, and I shall not allow you to lame yourself, perhaps for life, on account of any girlish scruples."

So saying, he lifted her in his arms and strode on through the grove, the frightened children following as fast as their little feet would carry them. Miss Horton could not at first find words

to express her indignation; and when she was about to speak, a twinge of her throbbing ankle reminded her that she was, in fact, completely helpless, and her dignity would suffer less from a quiet submission to what was inevitable, than from a controversy which could only end in defeat. She was a pretty heavy load for the young officer, leaving him no strength to spare for conversation, so the journey was a silent one; but every time his glance fell upon the pale face, now rigid with pain, which rested against his shoulder, he felt his judgment of its owner growing more and more lenient.

The time it took to traverse the grove seemed interminable to Isabel, who at last had the grace to say, "I am afraid you must be very tired; had you not better stop to rest?"

"Never mind me," replied Lieut. Lacy. "I will rest by-and-by."

The burden in his arms, however agreeable though it might be, drew more and more heavily upon his strength, and his lips were compressed tightly, and his face was pale as Isabel's when he at length laid her upon the grass at the feet of the terrified Annie, who with Charley and the rest of the rowing party had just landed. Isabel was suffering too much to be able to make any explanations, so he despatched Charley for the horse and buggy, and while he was gone, briefly related what had happened.

That night was a sleepless one to Isabel Horton; and as she tossed uneasily through the slow-dragging hours, she had time to think over her intercourse with Robert Lacy, and grew heartily ashamed of the part she had performed in it. He called daily to inquire after her while she was confined to her room, and she was just settled upon the lounge, the first day she was able to be carried down into the sitting-room, when he was announced.

"I will see him," she said, quietly, much to Annie's amazement—and the next moment he entered the room. Isabel colored a little, but held out her hand, and said bravely,

"Lieut. Lacy, I thank you for your kindness to me, and am ashamed of the manner in which I received it. Will you forgive me?"

"You owe me neither thanks nor apology, Miss Horton," he replied, taking the hand she offered. "Will you forgive me for the way in which I spoke of you on the morning of the picnic. Believe me, I have regretted the words I used ever since uttering them."

"I deserved it," she answered. "The first time I met you I allowed a mere trifle to prejudice me against you, and treated you so ungraciously from that time, that I do not wonder at

your thinking me haughty and disagreeable, and expressing that opinion."

"I thought it when I said it," was the honest reply; "but I believe I misjudged you, and, if you are willing, we will balance accounts and commence a new score. Shall we be friends?" he asked, with a smile, again extending his hand, and Isabel placed hers in it, answering, "Yes," as frankly as a child.

"There, I think we've had enough of 'humble pie!'" exclaimed Charley, (who had been so much edified by the foregoing explanations as to keep quiet for an unprecedented length of time,) and the conversation became general.

Lieut. Lacy's company did not fill up very rapidly, and his duties were not so arduous but that he found time, almost daily, for a call at Mrs. Adams', to inquire after her niece. Pleasant calls they were. He often found Miss Horton's lounge, or easy-chair, wheeled out upon the piazza, or under the great elm that shaded the grass-plot; Annie rocking lazily in the swing that hung from the branches of the tree, her work lying upon her lap, or fallen unheeded to her feet; while Charley, sprawled at full length upon the grass, chatting with the girls, or playing with Rover, who pawed over the books scattered around as evidence that his master was industriously "reading up" for next term. At other times Isabel would be alone, with only a book for company, when he would often take it from her hand, and read till the subject led them off unawares into conversation, and then talk as he had never talked to woman or man before; no gny nonsense, such as he kept for girls in general, but deep, earnest thoughts, too sacred to be brought out for careless listeners, who "hearing would hear, but not understand."

Isabel's ankle was slow in regaining its strength, but when she was at length able to leave her lounge, they had many a pleasant walk and drive together. And so the days passed on, and grew into a month; and Lieut. Lacy's company was filled and ordered to join the regiment for which it was recruited. The last evening of his stay, he walked slowly down the street toward Mrs. Adams' to say good-by, and, reaching it, entered the open door without ceremony, as he had been accustomed to do of late.

He found Mrs. Adams and Annie in tears, and Charley looking as if he would follow suit.

Isabel was gone, they told him. She had started for home an hour before, upon receiving a telegraph informing her of the sickness of her father. She had left a "good-by, with her best wishes," for Lieut. Lacy, and—that was all. He

felt, as he walked home that night, as if the past month had been a dream, and he had just awakened to the realities of life. Stern realities he found them, when he joined his regiment just in time for the battle of Bull Run.

A year of camp life went by—a year of stern duties faithfully fulfilled, and Lieut. Lacy found himself upon his way home to spend a fortnight's furlough. He had discovered, in that long year of absence, that Isabel Horton was the one woman of the world for him, and had made up his mind to tell her so before returning to the army, and ask her to be his wife. He knew little of what had happened to her since they had parted, beyond the fact that her father had purchased, and recently taken possession of, a beautiful place in Perryville. One letter from Charley Adams had casually mentioned her in this way:

"Cousin Isabel has 'Sanitary Commission' on the brain—runs the sewing-machine, making soldiers' shirts all day, and knits socks all night. How these girls do go into a thing! This may not be very interesting to you, but I put it in for lack of more exciting news."

Little did Charley suspect how interesting this item was to his correspondent, and how happy it made Robert Lacy to think that Isabel, in her peaceful home, was working for the cause for which he was fighting. He was, sometimes, tempted to write to her, but did not, knowing that he could not do so without mentioning the subject so near his heart, and not wishing to do that otherwise than face to face with her.

When he stood face to face with her, however, it was not so easy to mention as he had expected. Her reception of him was sufficiently cordial, but there was an indefinable something about her manner, a shade of her old unapproachableness, which said, (or he fancied it,) "Thus far, no further shalt thou go;" and, as his leave drew toward its close, the conviction that she understood his feelings, and wished to prevent his declaring them, forced itself upon his mind.

So time's swift wing brought him to the last evening of his furlough, and again he sought Isabel Horton to bid her good-by. He found

her at home this time, sitting alone in the summer twilight.

She had "thought it too hot for lights," she said, "but would ring for them now, if he liked."

He answered that he, too, "preferred the twilight." Then came a pause.

She was leaning back in a large crimson chair, and he fancied that the cheek resting against its cushions looked white as her dress, but could not be sure that it was not the effect of the uncertain light.

He broke the silence by telling her that this was his farewell call.

"When do you go?" she asked.

"To-morrow."

Then came another pause, so long that in desperation Lieut. Lacy seated himself at the piano and began to play chords. Still Isabel was silent, with her face turned toward the window, and as he watched her, and thoughts swept over him of the possibility that this was their last meeting on earth—of the uncertain future which lay before him, and of the close proximity in which he might even then be standing to eternity's awful portals—the aimless chords took shape and purpose, and, with his whole heart in his deep, rich voice, he poured forth the magnificent "Battle Prayer."

Isabel had never heard it before, and wholly unprepared for its effect, as he commenced singing, changed her seat by the window for one nearer the piano. As he went on, however, her proud head began to droop, and bowed lower and lower until it rested upon the arm of her chair. His back was toward her, but, in the hush which followed the last note, he caught a faint sob, and turned. "Miss Horton!—Isabel!" he said. No answer.

Taken by surprise, the well defended fortress of Isabel's proud self-control had been carried ere she was aware, and her humiliation was complete.

Taking courage, Robert Lacy asked the question which had been so long awaiting an opportunity. How it was answered may be inferred from the fact that, when he returned to the army, after his next furlough, Isabel Lacy was left behind him in the place of Isabel Horton.

## ALL, ALL ALONE.

BY ALICE DEWEES.

I'm alone! I'm alone! and in all these sad hours,  
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flowers—  
The beautiful, beautiful, beautiful flowers;  
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flowers.

My brothers and sisters have gone one by one;  
My father and mother, and I'm all alone:  
All alone, all alone, in the sad Summer hours:  
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flowers.

## COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

### CHAPTER I.

THE loveliest old country-seat imaginable on the banks of Lake George; the most charming hostess that real life, or, better yet, a novel, ever furnished; a gay, well-assorted party, and troops of eligible men constantly riding or driving over from the hotels—could a more agreeable basis for a delightful summer be conceived, even by a pretty girl's fancy?

Yet Alice Peyton, instead of being occupied, as she ought to have been, in arraying herself for the hop, to which the whole party were going that night, sat curled up on a low seat by the window, looking out across the moonlit water with a face so absent and wistful that it really did not seem like Alice's own.

The festive dress spread its diaphanous blue width out on the bed quite disregarded, and the moments were slipping so rapidly away that it needed loveliness as fresh and youthful as hers was, with the bloom of a first season on it, to bear the haste with which she would be obliged to don her clouds of tulle, and all the delightful odds and ends which work so much more bewilderment to masculine fancy than the dress itself.

She had looked forward with such eager anticipation to this visit—it had all been so bright and pleasant up to the last week; and then that little misunderstanding with *him* must needs arise, and in the beginning of it that flashing-eyed widow made her appearance, and now—

Well, words are weakness in such cases! The world was just an arid desert, and Alice as learned in suffering as a week's experience, unlimited doses of Owen Meredith, and a persistent neglect of wholesome food could well make her.

"*Him*," of course, refers to Claude Stanley. Alice had been so glad he owned such a sweet, poetical name, and so am I, too, having of late been so often reproached, by letter and word of mouth, for the common cognomens of my heroes, that it is a great comfort to have stumbled on one with a baptismal appellation so entirely unexceptionable.

Alice was thinking that, perhaps, she had better go home and let it all go—not very definite, perhaps, what the "it" was to be dropped from her hold; but Alice's mind was not in a

state just then for her thoughts to be put in a logical shape.

"It" meant love and dreams, and her summer joy, and, most of all, Claude Stanley; and when she reached that name, Alice dropped her head on the window-seat and gave one great choking sob, forewarner of the tempest of tears that was so near.

"I won't cry!" sobbed Alice, shutting her white teeth so hard together that the sound was like the click of a pistol, and made her start nervously. "I won't go to the ball with red eyes, and nobody shall think there is anything the matter. I won't be pitied!"

Alice sprang up and overturned the stool in her energy; but in spite of all her efforts to be self-contained and dignified, she looked such a picture of distress, so pretty and graceful, and loveable withal, that it was quite evident she was one of those creatures meant to be loved, and caressed, and cherished.

It would be a great pity if her mind must be fully developed through suffering, for with a nature like hers, love and peace would have answered perfectly well, and have left her a blithe little fairy, with a deal of womanly strength at the bottom.

"Alice! Alice!"

The girls were calling her, and knocking on the door—and there she was, not half dressed.

"I'll be down stairs in a moment," she replied, making a movement of very indefinite length, in her own mind, by way of satisfying her conscience.

"Well, open the door and let us in!" called Jenny Snowe—and the others did more execution on the panel.

"No, I shan't," said Alice, "you'll only hinder me;" and goodness knows this time she spoke truthfully.

So they called her all sorts of deliciously dreadful names—for Alice was a great favorite—and waltzed away down the hall.

But though just then she felt herself a hundred years older than her companions, and inclined to wonder at their spirits and frivolity, the interruption had the effect of thoroughly rousing Alice, and causing her to make all speed with the important matter in hand

She was down stairs at last and in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Le Fort and a portion of her guests were gathered.

"Well!" exclaimed Jenny Snowe, the plainest and best natured girl in the world, "if I could look like you by taking time, I'd spend a week over my toilet."

And all the gentlemen admired her, and dear old Mrs. Le Fort kissed her forehead, and Alice might gradually have been induced to take softer views of human life, only just then in sailed the widow, perfectly gorgeous in some wonderful golden-hued dress, with her eyes a great deal brighter than all the diamonds in her black hair.

"Am I late?" she cried.

"Just in time for once," returned Mrs. Le Fort; "the carriages are coming round."

"For once! Oh, you wicked woman!"

And Mrs. Le Fort laughed, and told her she was dreadfully spoiled, for nobody could help yielding to the fascination of the creature's manner, though she was the greatest coquette in Christendom, and as anxious for the admiration of her own sex as that of the other.

Even Alice was softened into a genuine wonder at her beauty; but Mrs. Crosland spoiled all that by saying,

"Where are the others? What has become of Mr. Stanley?"

"You made such a to do because the croquet things had not come," said Mrs. Le Fort, "that he went over early to see if they had not been left at the express-office in the village."

"He is a duck!" cried the widow. "I'll beat him beautifully playing, by way of thanks."

"You promised him all the redows if he would go," said one of the men.

"Did I?" she asked, carelessly. "Well, now I promise as many of them to you as you can quarrel him out of."

"You bad creature!" Mrs. Le Fort exclaimed. But she laughed, and so did the others, though it is quite possible the young ladies did not laugh very willingly.

As for Alice's feelings, she could only have given vent to them by biting the widow till she squeaked. The impulse was not lady-like, but it was in her mind, and not at all unnatural.

"Oh! Miss Peyton! what a charming dress!" exclaimed the widow. "It's a shame for anybody to look so pretty always. But do let me keep near you, because we make such admirable foils for each other."

"I am not so devoted to artistic effect," said Alice, and tried to speak pleasantly.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Fort,

"you don't take that mad creature's speeches in earnest?"

"It depends on what they are," retorted Alice.

"One is that I find you charming!" cried Mrs. Crosland, making one of her impetuous movements, as if she would have embraced Alice then and there.

"Take care!" said Alice, shrinking back, "you'll tumble your frouces—it would be paying dear for your affection."

They all thought it sport, and laughed; but the widow said to herself,

"How that pretty creature does hate me! I wonder what for?"

But there was no time to ponder the question, for the rest of the gentlemen rushed in to announce the carriages.

They were soon settled—not packed, the dear hostess had too much sense for that—in the vehicles, and away they drove.

Charley Lynn was charioteer to the widow—the two having taken possession of a little open trap; and as Mrs. Crosland got the reins in her own hands before the end of the first mile, it was not surprising that they were soon out of sight of the rest of the party—the widow's driving being after the fashion of Jehu.

The ball-room was a pretty and brilliant scene when Mrs. Le Fort's troop entered it; but the first sound Alice heard was a heavenly waltz, beloved by herself and Claude during the past winter; and the first sight which met her eyes was the aforesaid Claude spinning round, like airy nothing, with Mrs. Crosland in his arms, and her yellow draperies looking like an expensive balloon in which they had both just begun to ascend.

Alice had admirers enough about her in all conscience. The evening passed as gayly as possible; and Claude helped her on to the culminating point of her wretchedness by carelessly asking her to go through a quadrille with him.

But she hated quadrilles, she said, and turned to listen to what one of the dandies was saying; and Claude went off to flirt with the widow, and Alice did penance by walking the quadrille with an old Senator, who danced energetically after the fashion of the ancients, cutting capers that must have twisted his venerable limbs exceedingly, and setting his senatorial foot right through one of Alice's frouces.

People were beginning to talk about the flirtation between Claude and the widow; it had reached proportions sufficient to deserve that name suggestive of so many sweet and bitter



things—and to-night Alice heard so much said that she was quite dizzy and disgusted.

"I do believe she likes him," Jenny Snowe said.

"Nonsense!" returned Charley Lynn, "she is born, bred, and educated a coquette—and that's all about it."

"Well, he is bewitched by her," added somebody else.

"I can't tell," replied the sapient Charley; "for some time Claude has been like a fellow who had a—~~a~~—, what-you-call-it, on his mind."

"What do you call it?" asked Jenny.

"A withered incubus!" quoted Charley, triumphantly. "Don't try to make game of me."

"And don't talk slang to me," returned Jenny; "it's so horrid fast."

Then they all screamed at her having been guilty of the very error she had reproved him for.

"One really can't help it," said Jenny, dolefully. "A pretty girl needn't mind; anything sounds well in her mouth—but we plain wretches ought to be careful."

She looked so animated and stylish that Charley Lynn thought, for the hundredth time, she was worth all the pretty women put together whom he knew.

"It's the age of slang," said he, philosophically.

"And we have become aged in its wickedness," said Alice, just because she felt it her duty to say something; but it passed for a pun among the dandies—they not being well able to give the definition of the diabolical word.

"But about Mr. Stanley's 'withered incubus,'" said Jenny.

"I don't remember," returned Charley. "Getting off the quotation made me forget what it was to illustrate. Oh, yes! I meant he seemed pulled down."

"Pulled down?" interrupted Jenny.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon—slang again! Well, out of sorts; and when that dazzling enchantress—what a lovely phrase—appeared, he just tumbled into her net from sheer recklessness."

Alice felt herself tremble—she could not stay there and listen.

"Is that a gallop they are beginning to play?" she asked Harry Ward.

Upon the hint he whirled her away, and she was soon too much out of breath to be actively miserable.

"How she does love to dance," Jenny said, watching her with admiring eyes.

"Let's go walk on the piazza instead," an-

swered Charley, incoherently—and they went; and it's my belief he took that opportunity to do what had been in his heart for months—that is, "to pop;" and if you don't like slang, why imagine that I said, "lay his heart at her feet," and be blessed to you.

Alice and Claude Stanley had met the winter before, in Havana; and almost all the brief romance of their past had been woven there. So it happened that none of their friends were aware of their story, for neither of them belonged to the spontaneous order of humanity, who never can have any sort of secret without rushing off to share it with their nearest friends. Alice had gone out of town soon after her return. During the pleasant month of May Claude had made a week's visit at her guardian's residence; and there it was that their little romance grew more serious, and Claude told her that he loved her.

Nobody knew of it, not even old Mrs. Le Fort; for her solitary life—that is, solitary in the sense of lacking near family ties—had increased Alice's natural reticence; and she had a great horror of exhibiting herself as one of the twin animals in an engagement—a feeling which Claude thoroughly shared as a sensible man would.

Yet, perhaps, out of that very secrecy had grown their trouble. Had their engagement been known to their friends, each would have been cautious to do nothing that could bring wondering or reproving eyes upon them; and that might have prevented their annoying themselves in the thousand ways they had managed to do.

So they met at Mrs. Le Fort's. The old lady was very fond of Claude, and had always made a pet of Alice. One would have thought, in a house where they were made perfectly at home, a pleasant party about them, and as much as they pleased of each other's society, they might have been in a perfect Eden of bliss.

But the trouble is, when, after much searching, we find the entrance into our Eden, we never can rest until we have got up a tempest that leaves it an utter wreck—and Alice and Claude had been no wiser than the rest of us are wont to be, under similar circumstances.

Claude was young yet—only twenty-five—impetuous, capricious, and a good deal spoiled, as was natural enough should happen to a man who was handsome, clever, and rich. Alice—well, Alice was the sweetest girl in the world; and really had brains, too; but she was fanciful and exacting; and each of them did all sorts of things which looked very wrong when practiced

by the other; and so private pouting and fault-finding, and those wreckers of peace and freedom—explanations, began to be more and more frequent.

It never occurred to Alice that it looked like flirting to have Harry Ward bending over her while she sang, and looking down into her face with all the devotion his eyes could express; but she could see clearly that it was not right of Claude to be so attentive to some other girl—and then they both grew angry, and did all sorts of provoking things.

It went on from bad to worse. It is difficult to put in language the minute things—a look, a word—which go to make up a black storm of trouble. If it is true that happiness is composed of trifles, I am sure it is much truer of suffering. One little breeze after another swept on to join in the grand tornado which so often desolates every fresh and youthful thing in our hearts.

Never mind the details. They quarreled at last, horribly—a quarrel such as I do not like to think of between two young, excitable natures; but it came.

Claude was going to rush away from the place at once, trusting to Mrs. Le Fort's good-nature to accept his excuses about unexpected business, and the like; but as fate would have it, he could not start immediately.

Mrs. Le Fort met him in the hall when he was actually rushing in to utter his white lie, with tidings that her brother, his former guardian, was coming out of his way to have a day or two with his ward.

So he staid, and before the old gentleman went away Mrs. Crosland appeared, possessed with numberless bewitching demons, and full of health and gayety.

Claude was the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most eligible man; consequently the widow cast the glamor of all her spells, and the magic of all her devils upon him without delay.

A week had gone, and Claude was there yet. He wanted to punish Alice for all her errors, her irritability, her secretiveness, her whole list of faults; and with that feeling he had plunged recklessly into the dazzling atmosphere of Mrs. Crosland's presence.

But in spite of his loving Alice, in spite of everything, the widow was more than a match for him; yet his Continental life had given him good practice, too; and with the end of the week he was deeper in than he could have believed possible, and plunged along without giving himself time to think.

I really cannot tell you what she meant to

do with him. It is difficult to decide what any woman means, more especially a widow; and Jeannie Crosland was a sphynx, chiefly. I always believed, because she didn't know what she meant herself.

She was the most consummate flirt that ever lived. Indeed, she was not to blame; she could no more help it than she could help breathing. She would have flirted with a shadow if there had been no substance at hand; she wanted admiration, and sympathy, and appreciation, so she flirted as much with women as with men; and I honestly think that if it had not been for that latter habit her sex would have torn her eyes out.

When Alice entered the breakfast-room, the morning after the ball, she found the whole party so engaged in discussing the new subject of interest, that they had forgotten the festivities as completely as though they had not been up till near daylight, dancing numberless miles during the midnight hours.

With her usual thoughtfulness for young people, and her desire to afford her guests every amusement possible, Mrs. Le Fort had caused a Croquet-ground to be laid out according to the most scientific rules. It had been ready for use before the arrival of the present party; but owing to some error, such as will disturb the plans of the wealthiest and the wisest, the necessary implements had been miscarried, and then mislaid in different express-offices, until Mr. Claude Stanley fished them out at the command of Mrs. Crosland.

He had been out before breakfast to see that the hoops were properly set, up, and had been the head and front of the whole affair, partly from his knowledge of the game, and partly because he was one of those men who always are first in whatever may be going on.

He and the widow were holding an animated conversation, and Alice looked at them both with more bitter feelings than ever.

When she was appealed to, she declined showing the slightest interest in the game, and looked so bored and indolent that Claude, although he pretended not to notice, put his chin up higher, and began to talk more diligently to the widow.

But Alice was well occupied; the gentlemen were, several of them, hovering about her, and the party was increased by a knot of officers who had ridden over to breakfast, so that if she was not amused, she pretended to be with all her might—and in this world that usually answers very well.

They were all starting for the Croquet-ground at last; and I suppose no young lady in a be-

witching morning dress ever walked pleasure-ward with a more rebellious, aching heart than little Alice did, hiding it all with the stoicism of a Pawnee chieftainess.

The ground had been laid out on the east side of the immense lawn, with the green-houses and flower-garden beyond it, and the shrubberies at one end, so that it looked as pretty as possible! with its long sweep of smoothly-shaven turf. Whatever Mrs. Le Fort did was well done.

A party was made up at once, and such as could not play looked on, among whom was Alice, who stood watching the widow's admirable performance with a face as smiling as if she really enjoyed her triumph.

Mrs. Crosland and Claude were decidedly the best players, making their strokes with such vigor and grace it was very pleasant to watch them, unless one chanced to have little private reasons for disliking the exhibition, such as beset poor Alice. The widow wore a bewitching croquet dress, too, which was looped up over the skirt; and as Alice stood watching Claude and her, she could not but confess that Mrs. Crosland was both young and pretty. The widow was tired at last, or said she was.

"Not another game this morning," she persisted. "I relinquish my place to anybody who chooses to take it."

Harry Ward insisted on Alice essaying her skill.

"Excuse me," she said, "I don't know anything about the game; I never even saw it played before." Another reason there was—but of this she said nothing—she had no croquet dress.

"But it's so easy."

"That I doubt, too. I am sure I never could make those obstinate balls go through the hoops."

Of course, she was surrounded at once, and the men plead and insisted; while Claude looked on, and bit the ends of his moustache till he threatened entire demolition to that hirsute decoration, whose silky blonde length he generally cherished with such care.

"Oh! you must learn, Miss Peyton!" cried Mrs. Crosland. "It's the best exercise in the world, and a pretty woman looks prettier than at any other time."

Alice gave her one of those looks which say so much more plainly than words can,

"Creature, don't presume!"

The widow pretended not to see it; but she did, and she would have been more than human if it had not caused her blood to go up to boiling heat at once.

"Some people never can learn," Claude put in crossly; "and if one is awkward, it's a dreadful exhibition."

Alice would have tried them, if she had known that she would have fallen dead the instant she took the mallet in her hand.

She gave Harry Ward a smile which made Claude's arm tingle with a desire to hit straight out from the shoulder; and listened to the absurd speeches of those popinjays, the military, (I am quoting Claude again,) with a grace that probably made each one think her ready to drop into his arms for life if he only opened them.

So they arranged sides for a new game, and it came Alice's turn to make her first essay.

Claude and Mrs. Crosland were standing near her, and she had been listening to the gay badinage passing between them, much more than to poor Harry Ward's explanations given *con amour*, for the foolish young moth had singed his wings dreadfully in the light of Alice's eyes.

"But you are a true woman," Claude was saying, in a lower and more earnest tone, "you are not a child, nor a pretty doll——"

"Now, Miss Peyton!"

Alice grasped her mallet and lost the rest of the speech; but she had heard quite enough to make her hands tremble so that the Malacca stick nearly fell from them.

She hit the ball venomously, and with the natural depravity as common among inanimate objects as human. It spun away, not through the first hoop, but away to the edge of the ground. Nor was there even grace in Alice's performance to atone for her ill-luck; she had exerted so much force that she would inevitably have gone down on her pretty face if Harry Ward had not caught her.

Alice had sense enough to be the first to laugh at her own awkwardness. Indeed, she was not petty enough to have minded the merriment at all, if Mrs. Crosland's laugh had not met her ear, and Claude saying philosophically,

"Croquet requires a peculiar temperament, I tell you. No hasty, ill-regulated person——"

Down went Alice's mallet.

"I am satisfied," said she. "Come here, Miss Folsom, and take my place."

Nothing could stop her now, and Harry was forced to endure having Miss Folsom put under his charge, and Alice made her way toward the path.

"You ought to have persevered," said the widow, coming toward her, no longer angry since Alice just atoned for that impertinent look.

"What did you say I ought to have done?" asked Alice, freezingly.

"Persevered; the game is very easy—one learns it without any trouble."

"Unfortunately, I have not Mrs. Crosland's genius," said Alice, sweetly; "her art in any game she undertakes is beyond all praise."

A very open and unwise declaration of war! The widow was too acute not to know there was a strong motive for Alice's dislike—it flashed upon her at once.

"Why what that Miss Folsom said was true," she thought. "She liked Master Claude—and she ventures to be impertinent. Oh! dear me, Miss Alice Peyton!"

She smiled with seraphic sweetness.

"What exquisite trimming that is on your dress," said she. "Oh, Mr. Stanley!"

He was at her side in an instant.

"You know what you promised to tell me? Come and walk—I am tired of this. You shall tell me the whole story—I grant you absolution in advance."

Claude knew no more what she meant than the man in the moon; but he carried his wits in the right place, and made a fitting answer. Alice knew, though—the widow's warning shot had taken effect; she saw it in the girl's face.

Mrs. Crosland moved away, leaning on Claude's arm; and Alice sat down on a bench till she got the better of an odd dizziness which turned the Croquet-ground upside down, and made the players seem flying off at right angles.

Some of the men were talking to her. She was not only conscious of one thing—if she could not get away she should certainly do something utterly absurd.

She despatched them on errands in different directions; the Croquet-players were too busy to notice, and she started for the house.

She sat down in the shrubbery to think.

Was Claude going to tell the history of their engagement? Was he so utterly mean and base? Had he become so fascinated with this new idol that the old dream could be served up to amuse her?

She could have killed him and herself, and trampled the widow's life out! She had been religiously reared, and it never had occurred to her that the wickedness at which she shuddered in books could lie undeveloped in her own heart; and when the storm passed enough for her to be able to reflect, she was absolutely frightened at the mad passion which had so distorted her soul.

She had a little cry all by herself, and felt slightly relieved; looked up and saw Claude and

Mrs. Crosland sauntering through the shrubberies, engaged in a conversation so earnest that they did not perceive her, though coming her way.

She hurried toward the house, and never stopped till she was safe in her own room, with the door locked against the outer world; nor did she make her appearance in the lower regions until late, accounting for her long absence by that most frequent of white lies, a headache.

She flirted desperately all the evening. There was a crowd over from the hotels, and she was so brilliant and gay that she seemed to have taken up Mrs. Crosland's line of business.

Rude to the widow she was twice—an unlady-like ebullition very uncommon with her; and the widow began to wonder if she should be obliged to hate her.

Attached to a bracelet that Alice wore was a bunch of charms Claude had given her, and which she had put on without noticing what it was. Unlike the young women in novels, who, if they had not seen, would have felt the little ornaments burning into their wrists.

She saw it in the evening—Claude was looking at it. If he should think she had put it on to remind him of the past; to hint that she was sorry for her share in their misunderstanding and trouble, and ready to be reconciled!

She had held out her hand to be kissed by one of the officers who was taking a final leave, being ordered away on the morrow.

"Ah," said he, sentimentally, "you might give me a souvenir as a gleam of light in my banishment."

"You had better get him a lucifer-match, Miss Peyton," said the widow, "if he wants something to give a light."

Alice knew the man was a fool, but she did not choose her fools to be laughed at by that odious creature.

"You know better about the connection between the two words than I possibly can," said she. "But what will you have, Capt. Grantley?"

The bracelet shook on her arm, and the little bunch of charms twinkled like fairy music.

"One of these," said he, touching them; "that dragon's head."

Claude made a step forward. She saw him, and she saw in his face, too, a stern resolution, which menaced danger to the gallant captain or himself, if she did carry her insanity to the extreme of bestowing the ornament.

"It is too utterly worthless," said she, carelessly. "I hate the things, and put the bracelet on by accident. Think of something else."

But she managed to get away without bestowing any souvenir at all. She was out on the verandah when somebody came up quickly. It was Claude—they had not spoken for days beyond the ordinary courtesies incumbent on people doomed to meet every half-hour.

"You have insulted and outraged me sufficiently," said he; "may I ask you for those charms?"

"I suppose they have a money value," said

she, unclasping them from the bracelet; "it was thoughtless of me not to remember that."

"You can remember to do everything that is wicked and cruel," he said.

"I don't know you, sir!" she exclaimed. "How dare you insult me because you happen to be in the same house?"

She flung the charms out into a laurel thicket with all her strength, and swept into the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE WANDERER.

BY MARIA L. HOPKINS.

WE two have parted, and the dead to me  
Are not more surely dead, than I to thee;  
And so, despairingly, thy pictured face  
I put far from me, with its pleading grace,  
And on the tiniest of thy souvenirs,  
Have wept most sorrowful and bitter tears;  
And now, with heart numb with the buried pain,  
Turn with veiled brow unto the world again.

WE two are parted, and my broken heart,  
Folded and veiled, must henceforth bear its part,  
A mecker and a masker at the best.  
And when the cold and Wintry earth is blest  
With the sweet breath of violets, and the sky  
Glow with new beauty to thy poet eye,  
My loss will be eternal—for I know  
That o'er the pathless ocean thou dost go.

Go, poet one! where earth is most sublime!  
Where perished glories mark the flight of time;  
Drink in with poet soul the minstrelsy  
And loveliness of blue-skied Italy;  
Linger in Greece—"now living Greece no more;"  
Worship the glories of her classic shore.  
Perhaps those haunted lands will bring to thee  
New hopes, new dreams—forgetfulness of me!

But in the dearest of my happy dreams,  
Near thee, lost one, I'll wander by the streams;  
The mouldering monuments of Palestine;  
O'er the Judean mountains, and the green  
Plains bordering the quiet sea,  
And palm groves of prophetic Galilee;  
And by thy side, in many a dream I'll stand,  
Beneath the blue sky of the Holy Land!

Will you forget me? I will be with thee  
In all those lands beyond the solemn sea—  
The lands of which we've talked, and thou hast made  
Word pictures for me, lit with light and shade,  
Thy poet lips called up from memory,  
And tinted with thy words sweet imagery.  
Yes! lost and wand'ring one! I'll be with thee,  
In all those lands beyond the solemn sea.

Often you will remember, when the glow  
Of sunset tints some Alpine mountain's snow,  
Some little flower, some distant chiming bell;  
The shape, or tint, of some quaint, curious shell,  
Will call to mind my name, and bring to thee  
Some whispered tone of my sad fate and me;  
And then in spirit I will be with thee,  
Oh! wanderer o'er the deep and stormy sea!

## THERE NEVER WAS AN EARTHLY DREAM.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

THERE never was an earthly dream  
Of beauty and delight,  
That mingled not too soon with clouds,  
As sunrises with the night?  
That faded not from that fond heart  
Where once it loved to stay,  
And left that heart more desolate  
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad, bright eye  
But it was dimmed with tears,  
Caused by such griefs as ever dull  
The sunshine of our years;  
We look upon the sweetest flower,  
'Tis withered soon and gone;  
We gaze upon a star to find  
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart—  
A mind of worth and power—  
That had not, in this changing world,  
Pain, misery for its dower.  
The laurel on the brow hath hid  
From many a careless eye,  
The secret of the soul within—  
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be—  
On earth, a precious spring,  
Whose waters to the fevered lip  
Unfailing we may bring.  
All changeth on this troubled shore,  
Or fadeth from the sight;  
Oh! for that world where joy and peace  
Reigns as eternal light!

## MR. STILLINGWOOD'S PROCEEDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

"Be careful and not get into the snow, girls," said Miss H——, as her niece Dora and I started out to go to morning service in town. "Don't let the wind take your veil off your trimmings, Molly; don't get cold."

But we were already wading; for, although the walks had been cleared that morning, it had done little good, since the snow was falling so densely, that we could scarcely see the corner of the square where the City Point car, the car we wanted, was waiting. The chickadees, also, were out in the storm; the sight of their lively enjoyment animated us, and would have done so in far more difficult straits.

The car filled gradually with church-goers like ourselves. Several were obliged to stand in the middle of the car; and among these I at length became conscious of a tall, brown-coated gentleman, standing, not supporting his equipoise by a strap, as the rest did, but with interlocked fingers standing evenly before me. I don't know why I retained my consciousness of his being there as something agreeable to me; or why I looked, by-and-by, up into his face, unless it was seeing with what easy firmness he stood, let whatever bustle, and flutter, and crinoline there would go by him. Having once met his mild eyes fixed unwaveringly, but as if without active consciousness, upon mine, I don't know why I raised mine the second time, (when some silk flounces came in, discommoding everybody but him and me, whom his poised frame protected,) unless his quiet demeanor so attracted me that I could not naturally do otherwise. That time, I remember, he seemed conscious of me, although in the mild way I thought belonged to whatever he felt, or was; and after that I looked at him no more, either by chance or choice, although I confess I would have been glad enough of one more sight of him, when I was coming out by him, thinking that, ah, me! that was the last of him; thinking also, with a shade of pain, that I wished there were more such strong, serene-looking men in the world, so that quivering, sensitive persons, like myself, might see one such wherever they ventured, and thereby have within them everywhere the restful sense of protection I felt that day.

### CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, just after Dora started through the still falling snow for the town, Miss H—— came up stairs, saying, "You must come down, Molly."

My name is Malvina. A romantic young Miss, friend of my mother, who also at my christening was young, gave me the name; for although my mother was not romantic, and would sooner, I presume, of her own accord, have had me named Mehitable, or even Priscilla, she could not refuse the entreaties of her friend, who at that time, as I have heard my mother say, was in a sea of troubles on account of her disastrous love-affairs. This was twenty-eight years ago, and before all the copies of the extant edition of "The Children of the Abbey" were quite worn out with the reading they got; and, of course, my mother's friend had been solacing herself with the kindred trials of Amanda Malvina Fitzalan. We all despised the name. The nearest I ever came to signing it was after I had begun to study Latin, when in all my mischievous moods I wrote it Malum. My friends all called me Vinia, except a few of the most intimate, including my mother and Miss H——, who called me Molly.

"A gentleman down stairs wants to see you," pursued Miss H——. "It's somebody I never saw before—not that I remember; but I've heard about him from friends who have always known him, and I really suppose he is one of the best men we have. His name is James Stillingwood. He's a merchant; an wholesale and retail merchant; does a very large, and, what is more, a very honorable business on Summer street. I've been there a great many times, and must have seen him, I suppose, but I haven't the least recollection of him. He says he has come on a fool's errand, and I should think he had. He's after the lady in the purple bonnet and plush cloak that went from here in to church yesterday. (It seems that he, too, went to hear Mr. Manning, and that he saw an acquaintance of his speak to Dora in coming out. This, it seems, is the way our gentleman found you out.) I bothered him a little. I told him that two went in from here yesterday, my niece and another lady, visiting me, and that

both had on plush cloaks. He said he wanted the one that wore the purple bonnet, and that's you, you know," smiling; "so there is nothing else for you to do but to go down. I don't know what he wants; you must go down and see."

I went down, trembling and loth, knowing perfectly well whom I would see.

"Here is the lady, sir," Miss H—— said, at the open parlor door; and then she passed on toward the dining-room, saying something about "seeing what Ellinor was up to."

He was standing at a table; and when he saw me the color rose even to his abundant gray and dark-brown hair; and yet, as he approached, he bowed with the easy air of a gentleman with an honest purpose at his heart, and smiled slightly.

He must repeat to me, he began, what he had already said to my friend; that he had come on a fool's errand, or, rather, he had come in a fool's manner to do a wise man's errand; that if I thought so, and derided him, he wouldn't complain of me, for it was no more than he was doing by himself; said that he was ashamed to begin, but would I allow him to without farther parley?

I bowed, my eyes fixed on his half downcast, half assured features.

Would I graciously engage not to take him for a blockhead, and run away leaving his story half untold, his motive and feeling in this matter half unexplained, he ingenuously urged? I bowed again.

Would I sit, and allow him to be seated?

We were seated, therefore, he on one end of the long, old-fashioned sofa, I on the other. He seemed to find not a little difficulty at first in beginning, but at length he said, "I might, perhaps, have done this business better than I shall, (or, better, I don't exactly mean, for truth without doubt is best,) if I had gone a round-about way, telling your friend and you that I am after a teacher for some school in which I have an interest, or a president, or visitor, or something else, for some benevolent society in which I have an interest; or I might have found some common friend of mine and Miss H——'s to come out with me on some plausible pretext or other. But that would not have suited me at this time of my life; I would have despised the poor deception, and hated myself for using it—especially toward one with a face like yours. So here I am at your mercy. The lady with you yesterday," he resumed, in graver tones, after a slight pause, "introduced you to my friend as Miss Herner. I know from this that you are unmarried—but this is all I know. All I deserve to know, coming here in such a manner,

on such an errand!" he added, his face kindling. "But please tell me whether you are free? I see; it isn't easy for you to recognize the legitimacy of a proceeding unauthorized by any heard-of precedent, or by one single law of conventionalism. I see the difficulty; I don't know as I shall ever forgive myself for placing you under it; but be generous, I beseech you, and tell me whether there is anybody who has any claims on you as his—as his betrothed?"

I answered No, without looking up from my fingers.

Then there was a pause, broken at length by his resuming in a voice not perfectly steady, I thought, "I am well known to friends of Miss H——. And there is another thing that I must say; I shouldn't have come here on this errand, urgent as I felt other inducements to be, if I hadn't known Miss H——, and what any friend of hers visiting at her house is likely to be. This is in my favor, I think, if anything can be in such a proceeding. I am a merchant. My business is prosperous, and has been for a long course of years. I have a house, with a good many large rooms in it, ready for—for some generous body, on Tremont street. It's a pleasant house; that is, it is large enough, handsome enough, the locality is all right, and I have the idea that it would be a pleasant house if I had the person I want there, to move about in the rooms, to look at me when I come, and show a little gladness at seeing me. My mother is my housekeeper—has been for twenty years. She's an admirable woman, as several of Miss H——'s friends know; but she's getting along in years, as you will easily believe, seeing her son's gray hairs. She needs retirement, and I— I need somebody nearer my own age and feeling—although it was not until yesterday that I have known my need with clearness. I have been knowing it better and better every hour since yesterday. I know it now a great deal better than I did when I came to this house an hour ago—if you will allow me to say it under such circumstances—forced upon you! I don't forget this! I am ashamed to have approached you with such a subject, in such a manner. And yet, in one moment, I am not ashamed. It is, as, under the circumstances, I wanted to do it. I chose this direct path, in part because I am accustomed to straight paths in all my affairs, and think best of them; in part, as I confess, because I was afraid of losing you if I took the time to go round. And now let me ask you if you feel that you can get over my method, and—and respect me and my—the propositions I am desirous of making. You can't tell yet; I



see. But I guess you will get over it," his tones brightening. "You will always think it a queer proceeding—I, myself, always shall. I would give a great deal to believe that, years to come, we—you and I—will laugh over it together. May I ask how long you will remain here?"

"The rest of the week."

"And to-day is Monday. This gives me a chance to—at least to satisfy you that a part of my action is a little less eccentric. That is," his tones again sinking, "if I may have the satisfaction of hearing from you, that I am allowed to send my friend, Mr. Harvey, who is also Miss H——'s friend, out to speak with her. Will you allow me to do so?"

"I—I don't know; I can't tell. I don't know what I ought to do. But I think you had better not send him. I think I can't give my consent to his coming." Raising my eyes to his face, as I spoke, I saw that he looked mortified and pained. Now his face, his entire demeanor, pleased me. I liked the sound of his voice. It would have been a hard thing, I own, for me to see him going, and to know that by my own act I was forever debarred from seeing him, hearing him speak again. I suppose he saw a little of what was passing in my mind; for, rising to stand before me, he renewed his entreaty, urging me to let him (Mr. Harvey, that is,) come, if it were only to convince me that he was not, in all respects, unworthy to entertain the presumption that had brought him out there that morning. However, beyond this, things might terminate between us, would I not have the generosity to allow his friend a chance—to praise him a little?

I would send Miss H—— down, I replied, now blushing a little, a little ashamed now in my turn. I think the man enjoyed seeing my confusion. At any rate, his voice, when he spoke again, had undergone a change; I distinguished gentleness, I might say tenderness, in it. I could not, after my concession, look up; moving toward the door, I said I would ask her to come. I heard him thank me, standing in his place, and then gladly disappeared.

I was in a tumult. The first thing I did after Miss H—— had left the chamber, with her little chin curls quivering beside her composed face, was to begin walking the floor, thinking of my old father and mother in the far-off, lowly home; and then the tears ran. No, I said, my life belonged to them. Whatever plenty, protection, love, were offered to me, I would turn myself away from all, and go home to be with my parents in their declining years. It was what I would choose, before any other lot, I said;

but somehow I wept thinking of it, and thinking of the gentleman below. I could hear his voice—it sounded pleasant to me. I felt that it was a sound I would be glad to hear daily all my life, if it were for me to have that enjoyment. But it was not. I belonged to the two old people, who that hour, quite likely, sat looking out often on the snowy expanse across which our country road lay, to see if I were not, by some especial good luck, coming. As I sat thinking of that, and thinking how dear they and home were to me; how I would never, never for riches, or any object leave them, I found my tears were silently running. But I wiped them; and while I was bathing my eyes, heard the parlor door open into the hall; heard the two voices settling something about "this evening;" and then they were cordially bidding "Good-morning," at the door. The door was shut; steps were crushing the ice on the walk; and then Miss H—— came into the room, and commenced a quiet search of my features. We neither of us spoke for some minutes. She busied herself at her upper drawer, putting away things; I stood beside a window, looking across the mist-covered bay.

### CHAPTER III.

"WELL, what do you think of our gentleman?" asked Miss H——, at length, seating herself, and beckoning me to the cushion at her side.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered I. "I am considerably bewildered."

"You are? I hardly see why you should be. The whole man has such clearness about him, I feel as if you, I, and everybody who has anything to do with him, might easily see what it is best to do. As you left it to me, (I am glad you did so, you aren't in the least-compromised now, you see, by the consent I have given to his sending my friend, Mr. Harvey, out here this evening.) He is to come, but you aren't to see him. That is, our gentleman isn't to expect you to see him. He isn't to expect anything of you. I have told him some few things about your circumstances"—her looks searching mine for my approval. "I made things appear full more discouraging to him than they are. I told him that your parents are infirm and in very moderate circumstances; I spoke quite discouragingly, and meant to. I did it on purpose to try him. I told him I didn't think you'd consent to leave your parents; and it was the truth—I don't. But I think I should feel it something of a temptation if I were you. I told him I doubted if he ever sees you again; but he wouldn't give it up; at least not without sending

Mr. Harvey out. But he has promised me on his honor that he won't consider me as pledged to his cause, on account of my consenting to see Mr. Harvey; and I am quite sure he won't; he is too much a gentleman to do any such thing. He isn't to expect anything at all from you—not one thing; I told him not to."

I thanked her for saying that to him; I rejoiced in it; it seemed to plant me securely on my feet again, and no temptation near.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I DID NOT see Mr. Harvey; but the following is Miss H—'s account of what he said:

"Why, our gentleman is the best prize in Boston!" began she, as soon as she had got her breath after coming up stairs. "He's old Dr. Stillingwood's son, of M—; all the son, all the child he ever had. He, this gentleman of ours, began to prepare for medicine, went through college, and read awhile with his father; but didn't like it, it seems; for we hear of him next as the partner of his mother's brother, Abel Cushman, a man my father knew and valued. He had a fine place out in D—, where he went summers with a sister of his that died, I remember. He used to come often to hear my father preach. My father was well acquainted with him, I remember that; but I somehow don't remember the nephew, though he says he used to be out there occasionally Sundays, and go to our church. Well, when the uncle died, he left his business and all his property to this nephew. (The sister, all the sister he ever had, was dead, as I told you; and he was never married.) He was wealthy—our gentleman's father wasn't, not very; he did too much for the poor, I remember hearing people say. Well, our gentleman has prospered. He's done a great deal for the poor, Mr. Harvey says, but has done a great deal for himself, too, as was right, I suppose. Now, what have you to say, anything?"

I told her I would have been terrified with such an array of perfections, if it had happened that he or they were to be anything to me. But, as it was, I had nothing to say to them.

"No, I see you haven't. I haven't got through yet, however. He charged Mr. Harvey to tell us 'this one true thing,' as he called it; that he is completely beset with faults. He says he is in danger of being done with doing anything for the poor, or with doing good anyway, unless he has somebody (unless he has you, he don't want anybody else, it seems,) to help brighten him up. He says he is often frightened about himself, when he sees what danger there is of his

growing cold, dull, and even morose. Mr. Harvey says that, at any rate, he always has been, and is now, one of the pleasantest fellows in the world; but he says he really hopes he will get him a wife now, for the first time in his life he has started for one. Mr. Harvey says our gentleman thinks a wife like yourself will be a great help to him, not only in happiness, but in goodness; and he trusts he can do his little part (he shall try to, at any rate,) to make you happy. So, you see he hasn't given you up, by any means. Mr. Harvey says he is afraid of seeming to persecute you; still he wants permission to come out here to spend this evening with us. With us, you see—you and me. He wants me to give him the permission, and I believe I shall. I'm inclined to have him come. I'll put on my new gown"—and now her pleasant eyes began to shine, and the thin curls, with here and there a thread of gray in them, to quiver. "I'll look as well as ever I can"—there isn't a dearer face, a face pleasanter to see in the world than hers—"and perhaps he'll conclude to take me if you won't have him. I believe I shall have him come. I am to send word in to Mr. Harvey by my market man at once, if I conclude to have him come; and I believe I shall."

She waited for me to speak if I would. But I could not. I would not say Yes, nor could I bear to say No. Some irresistible thing urged me to give both him and myself this one little solace. For "solace" was my word. I knew within myself that solace was what I would a long time need, in putting the so manfully offered, brimming cup away from my thirsty lips. So I bowed my head in silence on my hand, thinking of him, thinking, also, of my parents; thanking the Father for my parents, and for that blessed provision of His, through which my love for them, and my comfort in them, was growing constantly, as their weakness of age and consequent dependence on me grew. While I sat thus, Miss H— said softly, "I'm going down now; come down yourself pretty soon," and went.

I heard nothing subsequently of any note sent. The subject wasn't again mentioned between us. Meantime the snow, which since noon had been falling, toward night increased, so that we could see neither water, nor cloud, nor even the end of the garden.

We were sitting in that comfortable state of attenuating chit-chat and silence which naturally comes before ten, when we heard Ellinor going though the hall to let somebody in, heard somebody stamping, brushing, to get rid

of the snow in the vestibule. I knew who it was. It seemed to me I would have known if I had had no reason to expect him; the movements seemed to belong there in my life, and were as familiar as my own.

I may as well own it—the room was filled full of comfort as soon as he set his feet inside the door. But I took pains that he should see, in my looks, no signs of any such weakness. I just spoke to him slightly in my place, and then resumed my diligent stitching. But it was not necessary that I should speak; he and Miss H— were so cordial; they had so much talking and laughing to do about the storm, and the wading he had to do to get there from the car. I thought he felt himself greatly at home there “considering;” and felt like taking him down a little, until, glancing into his face as he stood by the open fire warming himself, I saw looks of such pure goodness as to disarm me of my malice, leaving nothing but good-will and contentment in its place. We had tea together; but I could not eat much, I remember; I don't think he could; for I remember how Miss H— kept urging us both.

I hardly know how the evening wore away; hardly know then, in such confused state was I, of joy in life, of pain, of familiar ease with him and shame-facedness. But Miss H— was a veritable angel of help, as she ever is. She and Mr. Stillingwood found that they had many friends in common, both among the living and among the dead. I enjoyed sitting to hear the sound of their voices. He addressed me only a few times, and then in few words; but I remember how I prized the words. They seemed more to me, I remember, than any number of words addressed to me by another.

#### CHAPTER V.

NEXT day a messenger brought us a magnificent bouquet of roses, japonicas, heliotropes, lemon verbenas—especially roses and lemon verbenas. These were disposed of in water, save a white japonica, and some glossy, dark-green leaves, which Miss H— put into my hair, choosing the white japonica because she said it made the best appearance on my dark locks. Miss H— had also a note from him, in which he offered her his fresh morning salutations, his flowers, his renewed acknowledgments of the refreshment the evening at her hospitable fireside had been to one whose life was in so great degree solitary; sent messages to Tib, (Miss H—'s tortoise-shell kitten, who purred contentedly on his knee a whole hour

the evening before;) asked her to tell Tib he was coming out to see her again that evening; said a few pretty things about the charms her home had to him; but not one mention of her visitor—only Miss H— said he meant me in the “etc.” he wrote, after certain specifications of the charms of the place, which specifications included Tib. She called me his etc., the rest of the day; does sometimes even to this day.

Miss H— brought Tib in before he came; and when he entered, she was sitting like a mouse for stillness on the rug, looking with sleepy eyes into the grate.

Having shaken hands with me, rather carelessly, I thought, he went directly to stand over Tib, and began talking with her about her fine, staid appearance. She looked up when he talked to her, and he had not been a minute seated before she came and took her place on his knee, where she sat and purred herself to sleep.

He seemed pleased to hear us say what delight his flowers gave us that wintry weather. Miss H— told him she put the japonica in my hair; but he appeared to be sufficiently satisfied to see it there if I did not myself place it. He shone in intelligence and fine humor; told us incidentally about losses of valuable nick-nacks, etc., stolen, so he supposed, by some of the new servants his mother is often trying. He needed somebody to take care of them, Miss H— told him. “Yes,” he assented.

“May I come out to-morrow evening?” he laughingly asked, as he was drawing on his gloves in the hall to go. He looked from one to the other; after Miss H— had said, “I, for one, shall like to have you come,” looked steadily at me, until, blushing, I began to say, “I, for another, shall like to have you come;” but I amended it, and said, “I, for another, think that Tib will like to have you come.”

How he laughed and half danced. What a good round laugh it was, and what graceful motion. He should come, he said.

“Might he,” again placing himself before us, after he had once nearly reached the door, “might he come out a little earlier with his sleigh, and take us out awhile before tea?”

Miss H— told him he might, if I was willing; and when he looked to me, I said he might, if Miss H— was willing. Again he laughed like a boy, and disappeared thanking us.

#### CHAPTER VI.

HE brought us more flowers the next evening, and a basket of fruit. The evening was mild; the new snow made good sleighing; the moon

shone, casting weird shadows until we were done with the town, and the open country received us, and our hearts ran over with delight. At least mine did; Miss H—— said hers did, and I doubt if either of us enjoyed ourselves any better than he did. We drove to Malden; but the horse went as if he had Mercury's wings on his feet, and we were back at the house just as tea was ready to be brought in. We were hungry; we beamed with animation—at least Miss H—— and he did; I guess I did.

He went away soon after tea; not asking us if he might come next day, but saying that he was coming; saying that he was losing his heart entirely—gravity overspreading his features; then he gave us his hand, and was gone.

“He don't say which of us he is losing his heart to,” said Miss H——, as she was getting her sewing. “I guess it's me. Or, I should think it is me, if I hadn't seen how hard it was for him to give up your hand when he went away just now. He didn't seem to care any great thing about mine, I noticed.”

#### CHAPTER VII.

His face was grave when he came next day. He came in the morning, when Miss H—— was seeing to her pound-cake, and couldn't leave it, “Not if every gentleman in Boston came,” she said, when I went after her; so I was obliged to return to the room without her. She came in pretty soon with cakes and hot coffee, but was obliged to hurry back after settling us at the table. We weren't hungry, we said; but somehow he got my hand and held it, and told me an eloquent story, concluding it with an eloquent petition.

But I was obliged to say No. I told him about my home, my parents, feeble with years, and dependent upon me.

He knew, he said. Miss H—— and Mr. Harvey had both told him these things; and he wanted me all the more. If I had ten fathers and mothers dependent upon me, why, he had half a dozen rooms with nothing in them but white beds that never changed their aspects, but, year after year, met one with their stony smoothness. Did I know what it would be worth to him to see every one of those rooms enlivened by human beings, bound to him by close ties of affection, interest, mutual help? It warmed him as nothing, nothing in his life of thirty years had ever warmed him before, thinking of his house so enlivened.

And he was truly in a glow pleasant enough to see. I could have kissed his hand; I wanted

to, but fearing the demonstration would be taken for something else beside over-brimming gratitude, I bade the emotion be still, sat quiet as a nun, and said, “You are kind as mortal can be. I wish I could let you see how much I value such goodness—but I think it must not be. I have heard it said that it breaks old people down at once removing them far from the old places, the old familiar friends. My parents must stay where they are while they live.”

I said it with sincerity; for I had in my mind more than one old person who never held up his head after such removal, and in a little while went sorrowfully down to the grave.

“I don't know what I can do to remove this objection,” he replied; “but, with your leave, I shall go to see them. And if I am so lucky as to show them that you and I together, and all we can do for them, can avert the results you describe—will you then consent to be mine?”

I said that I thought I would.

“And with your whole heart?” he said, getting more and more of my hand, of both hands, into his. “With your *whole heart*?”

From the eyes, the whole beseeching face, the covetous hands, I knew I would, as we say, “have a time of it,” married to him. I foresaw that I must let him do most of the loving there was to be done toward the old people, in our house—toward bird, kitten, dog, and flower; that I must love him. It did not appal me; but, on the contrary, made him dearer to me; made me know with what composedness I would see him storing his good heart with my entire possessions. I, for my part, would stand with profoundest serenity at his side, or sit at his feet, glad in all the pleasure I gave a man so whole-hearted, so true, and attached to me.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WELL, since he came over to A——, (more than a year ago it is now,) my parents care less, I think, for everything else than for him. He pets them; he loads them down with benefits—the crowning one being the depth of sincere affection with which he regards them. They have, as it were, grown younger. Enriched before (like any mossy, ivy'd tower) by the wisdom their multiplied experiences in life had brought them; elevated now by the refinements, the reverent care with which he surrounds them, they are as king and queen. Mother Stillingwood is queen, too; my husband is king, too—bless him! I don't know what kit and I are.

I see that Mary gives his linens a snowy whiteness—a perfect polish. Nobody's linens are fairer. I say nothing about it—he says nothing about it; but he looks at me gratefully when he sees their perfection. He keeps our parlor register closed, keeps an open fire burning, for the sake of wholesome air and of brightness. I see that this is glowing with light and heat, when the hour for his arrival from business and for dinner approaches. We say nothing of this either; but, standing on the rug, his face beaming, as neither chandelier nor open fire can make the face that hasn't a happy heart beneath it beam, he looks at me, tells me one little thing and another, shows me what book, or *bijou*, or useful, elegant household thing he has brought home; and my heart is filled to overflowing with the comforts of my lot. Then he strokes the kit's head, asks about the old people. Soon the dinner-bell rings, when we all meet to go down together, and he and our father, and our two mothers, talk about the war news.

We go out sometimes to hear a lecture, or some good music, or to some private entertainment given by our friends. We go out every week or two to see our dear friend, Miss H——. We now and then drive, some mild, moonlit night out the Malden road; and I know we both

love the very walls, and trees, and shrubs along the way. We have an interest in every one of those houses along the Malden road; we want everybody who lives in them to prosper. If any one of them doesn't, I think he had better come to my husband; I think such would be received by him almost as a brother.

Every Monday evening he sits, after eight o'clock, and counts his weekly gains, preparatory to his Tuesday's bank deposits; that is the time I take to finish my letters—and my stories. He is all done now for this evening. I hear him move his papers—hear his key turn.

"James!"

"What, Molly?"

"I have been writing here in my story that our father is king; that both our mothers are queens; that you are king, too; but I don't know what kit and I are."

"You're two contented pussess—the very best thing that wife and kitten can be."

He laughed in the good, boyish way; but he came and gave me one of his loyal kisses on my forehead, took me up to his loyal arms, and we had our walk back and forth across the parlor, and our talk. I don't believe anybody else's puss ever had walks and talks quite so pleasant.

## THE SEA OF MEMORY.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

OVER the sea of memory,  
Come sail awhile with me;  
Where each proud billow beareth  
Its freighted argosy.

From the mystic isles of the by-gone,  
They rise a shadowy band;  
Weird forms and voiceless phantoms,  
That people the silent land.

A countless throng of voyagers,  
Push out from the shelly strand;  
I hear the dip of their golden oars  
Glide forth from the silver sands.

There are infant vessels toying  
With the buoyant waves of life;  
And shattered barques which have battled  
Long with its toil and strife.

Oh! the human hopes we cherish,  
And the human loves there be,  
Afloat o'er the trembling billow—  
Borne to Eternity.

Afar in the glimmering distance  
I watch a snowy sail,  
Rocked by the wind and billow  
A vessel slight and frail.

Soft ringlets stray in the sunshine;  
A fair hand plies the oar;  
And far from the white deck floateth,  
The name of my lost "Le'noir."

Seven beautiful Summers I called her  
My heart's cherished idol—my bride;  
As long as the shores of the earth-land,  
Our barges sailed side by side.

But one night the portal of Heaven  
Opened wide her golden bars;  
And she went to her home 'mong the angels,  
In the realm beyond the stars.

Alone on the wide, dark waters,  
The last sail vanished from sight;  
At anchor their life-barques are lying,  
Close by the haven of light.

Over the fathomless rivers  
They wait and beckon to me;  
Beyond the mist of the valley  
A glimpse of the city I see.

A few more suns shall my life-barque  
Stem bravely the wind and tide;  
Then my spirit shall join the loved ones  
Which wait on the other side.

## WHICH IS WHICH?

BY ELLA FODMAN.

A VERY cheerful-looking upper room was pleasantly littered with all manner of pretty things pertaining to a lady's wardrobe; and two young girls, who were engaged in a valuable discussion of the various articles, harmonized very agreeably with the beauty around them. There were "loves of organdies" spread out on the bed, delicate lilac, and rose, and blue; "perfect" silks hanging over chair-backs, and a simple, but exquisitely beautiful bridal dress arranged in state by itself. Then there were mysterious-looking boxes, and parcels, and things for which it would be difficult to find a name, making the room look as though a dry-goods store had been suddenly emptied into it.

"There certainly is something very exhilarating in a quantity of new things all at once!" exclaimed one of the young girls, as she gazed admiringly upon the attractive paraphernalia. "It is almost enough, of itself, to induce one to get married. But, after all, Jessie," looking around critically, "while all that you have is very pretty, and in perfect taste, there is nothing costly or elegant—I do not quite understand it."

The fair bride-elect blushed, as though suspected of a misdemeanor, while she replied quickly, "You know, Emma, that papa is not rich, and Herbert is quite a poor young clergyman."

"Yes, I know all that," said the damsel, decidedly; "but I also know that uncle Bridges, who is rich, gave you a check for a thousand dollars, 'to be spent in bridal foolery,' as he complimentarily termed it. Now, in looking upon your purchases, unexceptionable as they are, I see nothing like value received for the sum in question; and I ask what has become of the thousand dollars—or, at least, of five hundred of it?"

Jessie's pretty face was in such an evident state of confusion, that her cousin suddenly exclaimed, "I see land ahead, I do believe!" Jessie Ingleson, you've given the missing five hundred to that imaginary little church that Herbert is so frantic to have erected in the coal regions! You needn't deny it. I don't consider that the French Empress' appropriation of her diamond necklace for a school, or something, was anything compared to this—for diamond necklaces

were comparatively every-day affairs with her; but five hundred dollars is a sort of meteor that will scarcely cross your path once in a century!"

Jessie murmured softly, "'Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' Please do not say any more about it, Emma; Herbert approves of what I have done, and that is sufficient for me."

"Of course," returned Emma, mischievously, "thine handmaid only desireth to do what seemeth pleasing in the eyes of my lord. But really, Jessie, I think I must reconsider my hasty promise to make you an early visit at the rectory; for I have an unpleasant vision before me of sitting down at the dinner-table, fearfully hungry, in full view of my favorite chicken-pie, all impatience and expectation, when suddenly his reverence, for whom we have waited, makes his appearance from outside, saying, in a matter-of-course tone, as he seizes the chicken-pie, 'My love, there is a poor woman at the door, with a drunken husband and six small children, who says that she has not tasted chicken-pie for a month! I am sure that, after that, you and Emma will cheerfully dine off the cold meat. I will likewise take the sweet potatoes, my love,' (another pet vice of mine,) 'as we shall find bread a very good substitute. When we give, let it be of our best.' Now, I can't help being hungry," continued the lady, piteously, "and when I am hungry, I am cross; so I am afraid I should be very uncomfortable, and make every one else uncomfortable among such good people."

"I declare, Emma, you are really too bad!" said Jessie, laughing in spite of herself at her cousin's comical expression while delivering this tirade; and I have a great mind to punish you by not allowing you to come to the rectory at all. But here," she continued, as a servant entered with a large handbox, "is something to divert your thoughts from your anticipated troubles."

Two exquisite bonnets of white crape, trimmed with lilies of the valley, and made exactly alike, soon sent the mercurial Emma into ecstasies of admiration.

"One for each of us, dear," said Jessie, with an affectionate kiss.

"You should not have done this," was the

reply, "especially after the deficiency in your accounts; there, don't look so reproachfully at me, I promise not to mention the subject of accounts again. But do you know, you little idiot! that bridesmaids don't wear bonnets exactly like the bride? How, in the world, are people to know which is which? You must let me take out these lovely lilies, that look so pure and modest, and put in a staring pink rose, in order to notify a credulous, trusting public that I am not Mrs. Herbert Wylie."

"No, no!" exclaimed Jessie, eagerly, "promise me that you won't, Emma! You don't know," said the poor little bride, trembling all over, "how dreadful that first Sunday in our own parish seems to me. I fancy myself walking up the broad aisle with Herbert, and every one pointing and looking at me, as they whisper, 'There's the bride!' 'That is the rector's wife!' 'What do you think of her?' I know that my face will be the color of a beet, and I shall not know what I am doing. You must promise to be with me on that first Sunday, like a dear, good girl, and wear the bonnet like mine."

The "amethyst eyes," as her lover called them, were looking most beseechingly into Emma's dark orbs, who exclaimed in delight,

"What a head it is for plotting, to be sure! under those innocent-looking waves of auburn hair. Yes, my dear, I will enter, heart and hand, into your diabolical scheme; and I do devoutly hope that, as no one could possibly take us for twin-sisters, there will ensue a most delightful state of confusion."

Jessie looked rather alarmed. "Do you think it would be wrong?" she asked, timidly.

Her cousin immediately assumed a solemn expression of countenance. "I always had a great admiration," said she, "for that woman who, being reduced to selling crumpets for a living, added to herself, after calling out her wares, 'I hope to goodness no one hears me!' Now, if you feel at all uneasy respecting the deception of your admirably-arranged plan, you can pin a slip of paper on your bonnet with the words, 'I am the bride—but please don't see this.'"

Jessie's pretty under lip had something of a pout, as she exclaimed, "I really think, Emma, it is very unkind of you to tease me so; when I am going away, too!"

The wedding was over, and the wedding-trip, which had occupied a blissful month, spent in lounging through quaint, Canadian cities, and dreaming on the beautiful waters of the St. Lawrence; and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wylie, with Mr. Allen Wylie, and Miss Emma Raybold—

the brother of the groom and cousin of the bride—arrived at the rectory on Saturday evening.

Poor little Jessie dreaded the Sunday ordeal so intensely, that her mischievous cousin was quite moved in her behalf; and when service-time arrived, Mrs. Wylie appeared in her gray traveling-dress and straw bonnet, trimmed with blue, and took her brother-in-law's arm, while Miss Raybold looked very lovely and bride-like, in the bonnet with lilies of the valley, and a white barege dress, with a mantle of the same, and coolly took possession of her new cousin.

Now the Rev. Herbert had gone into such lover-like ecstasies over the becomingness of Jessie's traveling costume, that he innocently supposed she wore it this morning to pay him a particular compliment; he was also ignorant that it was not the custom for unmarried girls to attire themselves in bridal white. Thinking, too, that Jessie was particularly kind to Allen as his brother, she became more lovely than ever in his eyes; and the unsuspecting man walked blindly into the snare that these two artful girls had prepared for him.

A bright color glowed in Miss Raybold's cheek, and an enthusiastic young man declared that "she was a vision of beauty," as the party advanced to the rector's pew; but a mischievous light sparkled in the downcast eyes, as she found herself the object of curious, inquiring stares, that speedily assumed an admiring character. She knew that she was pretty, although by no means unpleasantly conscious of it; and this enabled her to bear with equanimity the wrapt gaze of a young man in the adjoining pew. She rather wished that he had not gazed at her quite so frequently, however; for, in the one glance he had directed that way, she saw enough to impel her to look again—but that was impossible when she was certain of meeting his eyes. He was first her *beau-ideal*—outwardly, at least: tall, fair, and aristocratic-looking—and Miss Emma was by no means as attentive to the service as she should have been.

Mr. Wylie was comparatively a stranger in the parish, having been there but six months; and all his doings, therefore, were still a subject of interest. People were unanimous in their praises of the bride; and not a few young gentlemen sighed that so fair a vision should be appropriated. Some admired the sweet face of the quiet-looking little cousin; but it was generally agreed that she was a very pale star beside the moon-like bride.

As they returned to the rectory, Mr. Wylie, who had seemed to be looking for some one, observed: "I am quite disappointed that Frank



Beechcroft did not come up to us after service, as I supposed he would have done. I wished particularly to introduce him to you, Jessie, for he is my pet parishioner, and has been of great assistance to me. He is a very gentlemanly, intelligent fellow, too. What is the matter, Emma?"

The damsel had heaved a deep sigh. "I don't know," she replied, "unless I am in love. "Who is that nice-looking gentleman who sat on my right, and was so very devout and attentive?"

"The very friend of whom I was speaking!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, with his face in a glow of enthusiasm. "I look upon Frank Beechcroft as a model man; he is superintendent of the Sunday-School; is devoted to the poor and sick in an unostentatious way; and yet he is the very incarnation of fun and frolic wherever circumstances warrant an outburst. We must have him at the rectory, Jessie, and let Emma give him some of her delicious music."

Allen Wylie was only a college-boy, rather at a loss what to do with himself, or his brother's fair guest, and far more disposed to devote himself to Jessie than to the bright and formidable Emma. The latter laughingly declared that he was too hopelessly "veal" for her to have any patience with him—and they seemed to enter into a tacit agreement to let each other alone.

The bride was not left long without callers; each one of whom was apparently more astonished than the last to find that the bride was not the bride at all, but only her cousin. This ordeal was bad enough, to be sure; but Jessie felt intensely grateful that she had been spared that first Sunday appearance, for, by next Sunday, all wonder would have died out. The feminine portion of the community were now fully acquainted with the identity of Mrs. Wylie, as were also certain young gentlemen, who could scarcely conceal their joy at the discovery that the fascinating Emma was not forbidden fruit.

But Frank Beechcroft had no sisters to enlighten him, for his home was in a distant city; and on the very day after the arrival of the party at the rectory, he most unaccountably took himself off there on a visit of a week's duration. The young clergyman was considerably puzzled and disappointed; he had quite looked forward to displaying his prize to Frank, and he was the very one of all others who seemed to avoid them.

But the rectory became so transformed by the two bright presences that seemed to fill every nook and corner of it, that the master found himself afloat in such a sea of happiness,

as left him very little opportunity to trouble himself about secondary matters. Even Jessie displayed quite an elfish and mischievous propensity, incited and abetted by Emma; and with Allen's contributions from his college stores, the inmates of the rectory conducted themselves in such a manner as rather to astonish the head of the house, and gave people generally the idea that they were "having a good time."

The rectory was a very pretty, picturesque-looking place, with its vine-shaded verandah, that was very aptly designated "the summer-parlor." A young man passed slowly by, one evening, looking lingeringly through an opening in the vines, where a bewitching vision in a white dress and scarlet shawl, that contrasted brightly with the rich coils of dark hair, presented itself.

"Why, Frank!" called out Mr. Wylie, "is that you? Do come and show yourself!" and he rose to welcome the expected visitor.

But the gentleman, raising his hat respectfully to the ladies, passed quickly on, murmuring something about "business," and "great hurry!" "I am very much afraid," said Mr. Wylie, solemnly, "that Frank is in love."

A sort of hysterical giggle proceeded from Emma's direction; but the next moment she was commenting very calmly on the stars.

The morning after, Mrs. Wylie was considerably surprised by the abrupt entrance of her cousin in a glow of excitement, and looking her very loveliest. The jaunty little hat, with its rose-colored feathers, was a most becoming contrast to the dancing eyes beneath; and the white dress, with rose-colored ribbons, was exactly like Emma, for she understood dressing herself to perfection.

"Such an adventure as I have had!" she exclaimed; "I feel so delightfully wicked!"

Then, throwing her hat on the sofa, she continued, "You must know, Jessie, that I rambled off by myself to explore that delightful piece of woods just opposite the orchard; and I was enjoying the cool, fresh greenness exceedingly, and feeling quite good and sentimental, when I heard an individual, like one of the brothers in 'Comus,' wandering near me, and repeating poetry to himself. 'I could not distinctly hear the words, but they referred to some 'she' of whom the speaker professed to know very little, but who had evidently made sad havoc with him generally. Animated by the spirit of mischief, and just to see what effect it would produce, I repeated the words; 'She only said, my life is dreary.' The effect was not at all what I anticipated, being nothing less

than the sudden apparition of that very good-looking Mr. Beecheroff, who glared at me so wildly that I believed I screamed, or did something foolish. You see I was reposing very comfortably on the grass, in an attitude that rendered a speedy and graceful retreat out of the question; and I was, moreover, engaged in the infantile occupation of twining butter-cups into a wreath. Had I been a queen, he could not have approached me with more deference. 'Lady,' said he, in a most fascinating voice, 'do not be alarmed, I know too well what is due Mrs. Wylie to cause you any uneasiness.' I believe I sighed, (for the life of me I could not help it, Jessie,) and it all sounded so delightfully, like what you hear about French novels, (you know we were not permitted to read them,) where the heroes and heroines are always in love with other people's wives and husbands, that I quite held my breath in wonder as to what would come next. What *did* come next was, that the individual, after a prolonged gaze, (which I saw out of the tail of my eye) suddenly stooped, and kissed my lips in the most melancholy manner imaginable, and saying, as he did so, 'Farewell forever in *this* world!' seemed to vanish into thin air. I cannot imagine, I am sure, how he could suppose that a kiss was due Mrs. Wylie."

"Oh, Emma!" exclaimed her cousin, "this is really dreadful!"

"Isn't it?" continued the heroine, gayly. "Only fancy how Herbert will storm when he hears of this interview between Mrs. Wylie and Mr. Beecheroff!"

"Why did you not tell him at once that you are *not* Mrs. Wylie?" asked Jessie, rather indignantly. "It would save a great deal of trouble, besides putting at ease this man, who has evidently fallen in love with you."

"Because, dear," replied her cousin, demurely, "I do so love to be engaged in a little bit of romance; and I do not think that men who fall in love with people ever should be 'put at their ease'—it just spoils them. The unattainable is always most attractive; and should Mr. Beecheroff discover that there is only a plain, commonplace 'Miss' before my name, I am afraid that his devotion would sink down to zero immediately. Only think of the fascinating enormity of his conduct; to lose his heart to the wife of his rector!"

Jessie laughed a little at Emma's nonsense, but she did not feel quite easy on the subject. Allen came in just then to bid them good-by, as he was going back to college; and all conversation on the matter ceased.

The next day, at dinner, there was a very perceptible cloud on Mr. Wylie's face—he looked sad and troubled.

"Has anything occurred to disturb you, Herbert?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Yes," he replied, as though he scarcely knew how to begin it. "I had a very painful letter from Frank Beecheroff this morning, explaining his strange conduct, and informing me that he intends leaving the place at once. He is an upright, noble fellow, and I cannot blame him; but I would have given much if this had not occurred. He has told me everything."

Very much to his surprise, Jessie, who had turned crimson at the beginning of his speech, burst into tears, and suddenly left the table; while Emma sat there, pale and trembling, under a powerful effort to command herself.

"What does this mean?" asked her cousin, anxiously. "Can it be possible that Jessie—"

A dreadful solution of his wife's distress rose to his mind, and almost maddened him; but, with a forced smile, Emma exclaimed, "Don't be making mountains of mole-hills, cousin Herbert; the whole affair, from beginning to end, is only a piece of girlish nonsense, as I will soon convince you. When I get through, you can give me a good shaking, if it will be any relief to you."

Mr. Wylie did not exactly administer the shaking; but he did administer rather a stern reproof, which Emma professed to laugh at; then, going in quest of Jessie, he found her such a wretched little bundle of tears and trembling, that he was obliged to take her in his arms, and soothe her with caresses and protestations of the most lover-like character.

His next performance was to seize Frank Beecheroff, just as he was packing his trunk with an air of the fiercest melancholy, and drag him, almost by the hair of his head, over to the rectory; where he was presented, in due form, to the wicked Emma, whose face burned painfully at the remembrance of that kiss; and then to the *bona fide* Mrs. Wylie, who looked so pretty in her confusion, that her husband thought it would have been an easy matter for the youth to commit himself as he thought he had done.

It took but a short time, after such a promising beginning, for Miss Raybold and Mr. Beecheroff to feel very well acquainted; and matters progressed so rapidly, that Mrs. Wylie was not at all surprised, when her mischievous cousin informed her, that she had given a promise to a certain individual to wear her bridal bonnet to church on the first Sunday after the ceremony that converted her into Mrs. Beecheroff.

# THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, 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.]

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## CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER awful battle-field, red with slaughter and black with ruin. Men reeling to and fro amid the melee, staggering blindly through flights of murderous arrows, and trampling on broken pikes. Others, beaten to the earth, struggling for a gasp of air, or moaning piteously for water. Volumes of black smoke surging up through forest-trees, that seemed crowded together in affright; battalions charging over the dead, breaking, uniting, and dashing across the field like waves dashed by a tempest; horses sending up groans of horrible suffering; all order lost—panic—defeat—victory. One of those terrible scenes that haunt the imaginations of men through all history, was enacted on that lovely summer's day on the banks of the Severn. Here Margaret of Anjou had struck her last blow, and Edward Plantagenet was again victorious.

As the sun went down, shooting its sultry red through and through the rolling smoke of the dying carnage, this woman, whose valor at least deserved a better fate, sat upon her white war-steed proudly as a monarch fills his throne. The shock of defeat had driven every gleam of color from her face; but the pride in her heart burned hot and fierce as ever. The horse was wounded, a stream of blood ran down the snow of his flank, and red foam curdled around his mouth. Heedless of this, heedless of the very dead who had fallen in her cause, she urged the noble steed on so rashly that he had distanced the followers who had rallied around her, and still sought out the thick of the fight—for there she knew that Edward her son would be.

The horse stumbled on with great leaps and pauses of quivering anguish. Before him was a clump of trees, bending and moaning under a rush of arrows, and turned into black billows by the smoke of culverines planted under its boughs in cruel ambush. Here something like a regular battle-charge was going on, with all the clamor and rush of sustained action. Above all came a terrible sound to that poor mother—the battle-cry of Gloucester.

Margaret carried a javelin in her hand. With

a thrill of such courage as only a daring, desperate woman can know, she poised the weapon, and drawing her bridle tight, cried out,

“One struggle more, White Archie! Bear me to his side, and then let us both die!”

As she spoke, a group of her own followers, wounded and spent, gathered around her, and, feeling other war-steeds near, White Archie put forth his last strength.

“On! on! Death for our queen!”

This was the battle-cry that broke from those desperate men; and John Halstead, side by side with his sovereign, led the last forlorn charge of that terrible day. Into the clump of oaks, into the very jaws of death they charged—men and horses, forgetting wounds and pain, in a wild thirst for death. The smoke from the hidden culverines rolled over them, and the trees shook tumultuously as they charged through them; the tumult deepened, and a hoarse shout came thundering through the smoke. A moment of profound stillness, during which the sun went down amid waves of foaming crimson, like a broken heart bleeding to death, and out from beneath the trees, from whose leaves spent arrows were still slowly dropping, Margaret reappeared, with her son, young Edward, by her side, both alive and prisoners. With a cold smile upon his young lip, and courteously, as if he had been conducting her to some festival, Duke Richard rode by her side, curbing in his black charger, that his pace might keep time with the halting steps of White Archie, and with one hand laid tightly on her bridle-rein, as a lover might guide the steps of a mistress.

Margaret neither resented or shrunk from this mocking courtesy. Indeed, she did not heed it; her whole being was centered on the noble youth who walked close by her side, between two stalwart soldiers, each firmly grasping an arm.

The noble boy strove to smile when the dead whiteness of his mother's face was turned upon him, for he was brave as a lion, and held a single defeat of less moment than a more tried soldier might have done. Margaret saw the smile, and knowing well how terrible was the calamity that had fallen upon them, turned her

great, shiny eyes away with a moan, which only reached the quick ear of Duke Richard. The sound was music to him, for he was thinking of the battle of Wakefield, where the woman on whose anguish he gloated, mocked the sacred remains of his own father with a paper diadem—an act which better men could not have easily forgiven.

"Yonder stands the king, turn this way!" cried the duke, "our pace is too slow."

The men who held young Edward of Lancaster quickened their steps, dragging him irreverently forward.

Richard saw this and checked his horse again. Just then one of the wandering steeds that was careering to and fro on the battle-field, came toward them, the empty stirrups on his saddle clanging, his bridle flying loose, and his long, black main streaming on the wind like a banner.

"Catch yon steed!" said the duke, addressing the nearest soldier. "Mount our prisoner in the empty saddle, and let us on. See you not they are pitching the king's tent across the field yonder?"

A rush was made for the horse, which had paused for an instant in his career, and stood with his burning eyes fixed on the group around Margaret. When he saw two horsemen coming toward him, the animal made a sudden bound, and flung his heels in the air; but a hand had caught the loose bridle, and, after one fierce struggle, he was led willingly enough to the young prince, who turned his fine eyes on Richard, and bent his head low in gentle acknowledgment of what seemed to him an act of kindness.

A strange light came into the eyes which the young duke turned upon his prisoner. The erect form, martial air, and wonderful beauty of the young man, filled his soul with a new and most barbarous thought. "It is well we cut his career short, and kept him from the people," he said, inly. "That is a face and form to win hearts; but we have him safe—we have him safe!"

The hand, which was not needed to quiet his horse, closed with ruthless violence in its mailed gauntlet as these thoughts took possession of the duke, and, during the next ten minutes, he was lost in thought, that sent cold smiles like lightning across his face.

Of the three princely persons who rode at the head of that broken squadron, Edward of Lancaster was, undoubtedly, the least anxious. High-minded and honorable himself, he had no dread of treachery in his captors; and with the elastic hopefulness of youth, felt unlimited faith

in the ultimate success of a cause which he believed to be just.

"They shall not find it an easy matter to cage me up in the Tower of London, or any other fortress," he thought. "God overrules all; and I am no longer a boy to stand aside while others fight for my inheritance. It is dark enough with us now, but life is full of power, and disaster only makes me strong. The people love me; I know the people love me, for they fought like lions. Poor fellows! Poor fellows! See how thickly they lie!"

The young prince drew a sad, deep breath as he saw the white, set faces of his late followers turned upward, almost under the hoofs of his horse; and a look of solemn mournfulness came over his face, which thoughts of his own evil fortune had failed to impress there.

Margaret did not speak. The heart within her bosom was like rock. All the pride of her haughty nature had rolled back upon itself. She had no fear, no hope; but for the gloom in her eyes, that seemed looking thousands of miles away to find only blank darkness, she might have been a statue, sitting pale and cold on that wounded horse.

When they were about half across the battle-field, a man broke loose from the cavalcade, and rode toward a tent pitched on an eminence, which lay in the direction of Tokesbury. A great oak-tree sheltered the tent, which rustled and shook in a purple glow from the sunset, while a soft, violet haze clouded the royal banner, and half blotted out the silver sun which blazed in its folds.

In sight of the battle-field, yet lifted above its horrors, Edward had ordered his tent to be pitched. But the evening was sultry, and he only remained under its shelter long enough to take off the heaviest pieces of his armor, and fling his helmet aside. Then, with the soft night wind lifting the golden masses of hair lightly from his forehead, he threw himself down at the foot of the oak, and called for a flagon of wine.

"It has been a glorious day," he said, drawing a deep breath as the flagon left his lips. "Some of the bravest warriors England ever saw lie stark down yonder; but those who fall for their king die nobly. Has any one heard aught of young Lancaster and his tigress mother? The gloss of our victory will be wiped off if they escape."

"Sire, here comes a horseman up the hill full speed, as if he brought good tidings."

Edward started up from the grass, and took a rapid survey of the battle-field. All was still

there. Some stragglers moved to and fro among the dead, and a few horses were still careering through the gathering mist with ghostly indistinctness.

"Methinks I see Gloucester's banner moving this way," said an officer who stood near the king.

"Ay, by the rood, it is our brother, Dickon! and close by him rides a woman. It is that she wolf of Anjou. But they come slowly—her horse stumbles. Well, what care we how the woman comes, so that we have her safe. Look thou, Hastings, and make sure; it is long since I have looked on her insolent face."

"Sire, here comes the messenger; he will solve the question."

The horseman rode up, making directly for the king.

"Well, sirrah, what is the news?" demanded Edward, stepping forward in his anxiety to hear that Margaret was in his power.

"Sire, the Duke of Gloucester bade me say that he was close at hand, with the woman of Anjou and her son both taken prisoners by his people."

"What, the tigress and her cub! The whole family at one swoop! Here are more golden angels than thou ever sawest before in payment of this good news. Now get thyself out of the way; I would not loose the first sight of that woman for half my kingdom."

The man wheeled his horse and rode down the hill, peeping at the gold clenched in his hand with gloating curiosity, as if he feared that the coin would fly away if he but loosened a finger.

Nearer and nearer came that mournfully assorted cavalcade. The courtiers around Edward watched it with interest; while he stood foremost among them all, with a glow of such triumph in his blue eyes as no one had ever seen there before.

"Poor dame! how her horse stumbles under her! Proud as she is, it will go hard if we do not unseat her thoroughly now. I marvel she was ever taken alive—for she has the courage of twenty warriors. So that is young Lancaster. Nay, by St. George! I did not think him so much grown! Why he is taller than Richard by half a foot, and sits his horse like a Plantagenet. Hastings! Hastings! Look at him as he rides up the brow of the hill! That is a youth to fear, if once known to the people! Mark him well! Mark him well!"

There was no need of this command. The group of victorious officers resting from their toil of blood under the huge oak, were in themselves sufficiently curious regarding the two

illustrious prisoners advancing slowly toward them. Blinded as they were with partisan hate, and embittered by recent strife, there was not a man in the group who did not feel the entire force of Edward's observation. Young Edward of Lancaster was, indeed, a formidable rival to Edward Plantagenet, both in a fine heroic character, and in that beauty of person which, in those times, were even more valuable than courage. Tall and manly beyond his years, he had the regal air, finely cut features, and rich coloring which made his mother one of the handsomest women in Europe. But at this period her features had become sharp and stern with wearing thought and disappointment, while his, animated, bright, and warm with vigorous hope, were toned down and softened by the sweet gentleness which had given the father the character of a saint. When the young man smiled, you saw all that was honest and saintly in Henry's nature beaming through his mother's glorious beauty. When he was sad or thoughtful, the bright, poetic genius of King Rena lighted his features into something bright and grand. He was, in fact, of a right kingly nature, which does not always presuppose the wearing of a crown.

Edward was so struck by the appearance of his rival that he, all at once, bethought himself of the state which became a conqueror. Speaking to his brother Clarence, Hastings, and those nearest his person, he retreated into the tent, and seating himself at the head of a small table, waited gravely for the coming visitors. Several of his favorite nobles stood near the table, and the drapery was drawn back in massive silken folds from the front of the tent, letting in the purple sunset, and revealing a feature within at once sumptuous and imposing.

Those who looked closely at Edward, saw that all the pure florid color left his face the moment he heard the confused tread of hoofs on the turf, and into his blue eyes, usually so radiant with animal life, came the sharp gleam of steel, cold and sinister. When the thoughts were born which gave this expression no one ever knew; but surely an evil impulse was there, clouding his handsome face into something demoniac. Hastings saw this, and wondered. Clarence remarked it also, but was incapable of fathoming any deep feeling, so he only knew that the king was angry, and would receive the prisoners harshly.

There was a stir near the tent, the jingle of spurs, and clash of stirrups, as men dismounted from their saddles. Edward sat still, expectant and stern, but apparently self-possessed. A

dagger lay before him on the table, one that he had drawn from his own belt in disarming after the battle. His hand fell naturally to the weapon, and he began playing with it as it unconsciously. The scabbard was of gold, fretted thickly with uncut jewels, rubies, and emeralds, lighted up with a bright flash of diamonds. Edward had seen the stones a thousand times; but now he examined them with close attention, and drew the keen-pointed blade in and out, leaving it in the end glittering, like the tongue of some huge serpent, on the table, with the sheath lying near. Perhaps he had no motive in this; but with thousands of human beings dead or dying down yonder, where the mists were beginning to creep and curl like a huge winding-sheet, the value of one human life more or less did not seem great to him, as it might at another time. So Edward sat, apparently thoughtful, toying with this instrument of death, when Richard of Gloucester came into the tent, side by side with Margaret of Anjou.

Behind these two persons came Edward, towering above them, and walking firmly, like a man born to dominion, and conscious of his august birth-right.

"Madam," said Edward, forcing something of his usual urbanity into the words, for Margaret's presence awed him somewhat, spite of the bitter hate which he felt for her, "why have you again brought war and bloodshed into our kingdom?"

Margaret turned her dark eyes full upon her enemy, but made him no answer.

"Woman, has the weight of this last treason struck you dumb, that you have no answer?" said Edward, sharply.

"When Edward Plantagenet leaves the throne he has usurped, and at his queen's feet sues for pardon, she will answer him, but not till then," was the proud reply.

"Ha! do you dare to brave us here, and now!" cried Edward, casting a fierce glance at the weapon near his hand. "Would that Henry had ventured so much!"

"Henry being a king, born to the throne, mates himself only with kings," was Margaret's fearless reply.

Edward's face flushed scarlet, and his blue eyes took that steel-like gleam which is far more terrible than the fire of a black orb. His rage was too fierce for speech—so he turned from her in scornful silence.

"Nay," said Duke Richard, in a soft, bland voice, that seemed out of place in the midst of such strife, "the king but asked a reasonable question, lady."

Then young Edward of Lancaster came forward and stood by his august mother.

"It is to me, King Henry's son, and the heir of England, to whom these questions should be propounded," he said, with a low, clear voice, which neither shook with passion or faltered from fear. "The troops, now unhappily defeated, followed the banner which I unfurled."

"Ha!" cried Edward, fiercely drawing in his breath, and almost hissing it forth again. "what brought you to England?"

"I came," replied Edward, in a voice so full and clear that it was heard distinctly outside the tent, "to wrest back my father's crown and mine, our inheritance."

Edward Plantagenet turned white as heated iron, wrath filled his eyes, and flecks of foam flew from his lips. He sprang up with the force of a tiger, and dashed his iron gauntlet against the mouth which had so boldly defied him. That instant a slender, white hand darted across the table and seized upon the poignard; it flashed upward sharp and quick, like a gleam of lightning, and descended into the very heart of young Lancaster.

"Thus perish all who dare our vengeance!" said Richard, casting the blood-stained weapon to the ground, and speaking in a low, almost sweet voice—for with this man rage intensified itself into a stillness that was more horrible than violence.

For one moment a deathly silence filled the tent. Then a cry rang out so sharp with anguish, that soldiers, who had cast themselves down to sleep on the battle-field, started up in wild affright, and listened, wondering what the sound could be; while the royal pavilion seemed crowded with ghosts, for every face there turned whiter than whiteness.

Margaret of Anjou had thrown herself to the earth by her son, and gathering his head up to her lap, was madly striving to check the blood which gushed from his bosom with her hands.

"Help me! Oh! help me!" she pleaded, lifting her ashen face to King Edward, who, shocked and repentant, stooped over his dead rival. "It was I who brought him here! Help! or he will bleed to death!"

"Poor lady! Unhappy mother!" exclaimed Edward, attempting to lift her from the ground. But she resisted him.

"Give me wine! Give me water! See how blue his lips are! Who was it struck him—you, or you?"

The great, black eyes wandered from face to face till they rested on that of Duke Richard. He was pale, like the rest, but a strange smile

quivered across his lips—and this was all the answer he gave to that wretched, wretched mother.

At last, some noble, more merciful than the rest, quietly withdrew the dead prince away from those clinging arms; then a faintness crept over Margaret, and she sunk to the earth death-like as the son she mourned.

Edward looked down upon her, and a shade of sadness came to his face, softening the horror which had made it so pale a moment before. At last he turned to Richard, who had seated himself by the table, and was shading his young face with one hand, white and delicate as a woman's, but with a stain of red upon it. "Richard, was this well done?" he demanded, more sternly than he had ever addressed the youth before.

"We are not alone, sire," was the almost quiet answer. "Our friends will do well to withdraw."

One by one, and in dead silence, the officers and nobles who had filled the tent, went out. Though they had come hot and fierce from the battle-field, this scene struck them all with horror and stillness, like that of the grave; fell upon the royal brothers, both murderers in fact, though one was free from the direct crime.

"Richard," said the king, at last, "we shall have to answer for this night's work to the world."

"Be it so!" was the firm reply. "This night has made Edward Plantagenet king of England, free of all factions, independent as he has never yet been. Feel my pulse, sire, and then say if this hand slew our enemy in blind wrath or from a settled purpose. It neither heats slower or faster. Actions that spring from the brain, leave the circulation to its natural currents. It was not I who killed young Edward, but the woman there, who, in her blind ambition, forced him into this deadly peril."

"True! Oh! my God! it is true!" moaned the wretched mother, bending her great, wild eyes on the dead with such woe in her voice and look, that a pang shot through Richard's heart.

"Let us go forth," said the king, turning his troubled face away from the woman, "I cannot speak here."

Richard arose and went out of the tent, leaving Margaret alone with her dead.

How long the unhappy woman sat with that cold, beautiful head on her lap she never knew: a stony despair had seized upon her; she could not have looked up, or shed a tear, had a battalion of war-horses trampled over her. Some

pitiful soldier had let down the silken curtains of the tent, and thus her awful state was shut in and wretched by a glow of light that streamed through the rich silken folds from the flambeau outside, and bathed her in a flood of rosy fire. But even this was insufficient to arouse her; there she sat prone upon the earth, helpless, white, stupefied. The ermine border of her tunic was stained with red, and soiled with the dust of a lost battle. The pale lips were partly unclosed, but there was no appearance of breath passing through—it seemed to freeze upon them like a white frost. Her hands, which had been clasped in wild anguish, were fallen apart, and lay like fragments of marble among the soiled masses of her robe. Thus the woman sat, hour after hour, all alone, locked up in an awful trance.

After midnight, when everything was still, save the tramp of sentinels, and the distant cries of camp-followers, who prowled among the dead, this dethroned queen heard, distinctly as sensitive people hear whispers, the sweep of a woman's garments along the turf. Then the draperies were uplifted and rustled back again, leaving a third party within the tent. Softly, and with a timid hesitation, the intruder moved toward Margaret and bent over her, thrilled with such tender pity as only a woman can feel for her sister woman.

"Oh! lady, can I help you! Is he quite dead?"

Margaret looked up. The compassion in that sweet voice sent a shiver through her. The pity so eloquent in that lovely face fell upon her like sunshine on ice. Still she could not speak, but her poor, weak hands were slowly lifted, and the fingers worked together with an instinct of returning life.

"Ah, me! Ah, me! He is cold; he does not breathe! How beautiful, and how still! Lady, dear lady, let me help you!"

Gentle tears were in this strange woman's voice; her lovely features quivered with sympathetic grief. She made an effort to lift that lifeless face from under the stony gaze fixed upon it. But Margaret started then, and flung her arms around the dead body of her son, guarding him wildly from the stranger's touch.

"Nay, let me," pleaded the strange woman. "I know—I know why it is that I may not touch him; but there is no one else to give you womanly aid in this terrible place; we two are the only women, except the camp-followers and timbrel-girls, who are fitting, like unclean ghosts, over the battle-field. Let me lift him from your lap."



Margaret still kept her arms around her son, and shook her head in a dreary negative.

Then Jane Shore—for it was that guilty but tender-hearted woman—went to a couch, which had been spread for the king, and smoothed the ermine-lined covering with the gentle touch of a mother arranging her infant's cradle.

"Let us lay him here," said Jane, with gentle tact. "It is not meet that the son of a king should rest upon the earth. Sweet madam, give him up."

Margaret loosened her arms from around the dead, and a long breath came quivering through her lips.

Jane lifted the entrance curtain, and whispered a word to the sentinel who paced before it. The man came in, and with more gentleness than his bluff strength promised, lifted the dead prince from the earth, and laid him on the couch which early in the evening had been prepared for the king. Then Jane Shore motioned the man to withdraw, and covering the body with the rich drapery that fell from the couch, left only the pale young head exposed. The light from a silver lamp, which stood on the table, fell upon the face. The sweet calmness which often follows death had settled upon it, and a heavenly smile lay like moonlight there.

Jane stole softly to the queen, who still sat prone on the earth, with her head bent, and rocking to and fro with a dull, incessant motion.

"Look at him now," she whispered, kneeling down before the mourner. "See how the angels have touched his lips with smiles."

Margaret turned her black eyes toward the couch, and lifted herself from the ground with a dead, stony heaviness, as if a statue had risen from its recumbent position. She saw the gentle whiteness of the face she had loved better than anything on earth, and, moving toward it, fell upon her knees, moaning piteously. Jane Shore bent over her with tears welling to her eyes.

"Oh! if I could but comfort you!" she said, in a broken voice. "But how can I—how can I?"

Margaret all at once aroused herself, and, flinging one arm over the dead, cried out, "He is gone! My God! Oh! my God! Everything has forsaken me!"

"But he is happy. It is better to rest in heaven than struggle on earth," said Jane, out of her kind heart, which could never be entirely hardened.

"But I—I am alone, and, oh! how helpless! His prisoner, and alone!"

These words broke out from that tortured heart with a wail of such bitter grief that Jane began to tremble and weep afresh.

"Alone! Alone! Alone!" wailed the wretched mother. "Oh! if these eyes could but open! If they could but look into mine once more, we would go away together, and be content, without crowns, without sovereignty. Oh! my boy! my poor, murdered boy! why did I bring you hither! It was he, our arch, cunning enemy who struck the blow!"

"Oh, madam! do not say that! Do not think it!" cried Jane, eagerly. "The king grieves over it. He mourns like yourself. It was his brother—his rash, cruel brother!"

"I know—I saw it. Before the very eyes of his mother, they struck him down. My son! My son! Would to God I had died for you!"

These words broke up the stony anguish of that proud heart. All its grief was now pure, womanly. Margaret's head fell forward; tears swelled up from her bosom in a bitter flood. She sobbed till the sentinel outside paused in his walk to listen, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes as he moved on again.

But for these tears Margaret of Anjou would have died that night, when her heart was broken—that proud, strong heart which had battled so fiercely and suffered so much, but wounded so, was condemned to live on.

Then Jane Shore knelt down and laid Margaret's head on her bosom, weeping over her with piteous tenderness; and the suffering queen, not knowing who she was, thanked her meekly for so much womanly kindness.

As these two women, so far apart both by nature and circumstance, knelt there together, a female voice outside pleaded with the sentinel.

"I must see him! He was my betrothed lord!" it pleaded, with plaintive earnestness. "Not even your ruthless king would keep me back!"

Then Margaret burst into a fresh passion of grief, for in that voice she recognized **Anna of Warwick**, the betrothed wife of her son.

"Let her pass, poor lady! Let her pass! God knows we mourn this mishap as much as she can! Let her pass!"

It was Duke Richard's voice, calm and sweet, which sent deadly spears after those that had already torn Margaret's heart.

Then the drapery was lifted, and a fair young girl, white with terror and wild with grief, came into the tent, and fell down at Margaret's feet, with her great, blue eyes, too wild for tears, turned shudderingly on the dead. Margaret withdrew herself from Jane Shore's support, and gathered the young creature to her bosom with a gleam of comfort. She was something to protect—a creature more helpless than herself

to soothe. Her sovereignty was gone, her crown turned to iron—but the woman's heart made her a queen still.

When Anna of Warwick saw that all was over, a faint, sick feeling crept around her heart, and she lay in those supporting arms silent and motionless, while Margaret tenderly caressed her and wept over her, half forgetting her own grief, as such women will, in compassion for the shuddering young creature to whom sorrow was so new.

Then Jane Shore, reminded of her own shame by the pure young creature whom she dare not touch, crept out of the tent, and wandered away alone, feeling painfully that the scene she had left was too sad and holy for her presence. She did not betake herself to the tent which had been pitched for her accommodation back from the battle-field, but wandered down among the dead and wounded, where lanterns flashed out a gloomy light through the mists that settled on the field like a gray shadow. Here she saw robbers of the dead flitting to and fro like spectres, and heard the riotous shouts of timbrelsters reveling over their booty like hyenas wrangling for some unwholesome prey. But Jane was anxious to make atonement for the one great wrong of her life by kind acts, and moved on through the uneven ground, turning aside whenever she heard a groan to assist the sufferer, and braving all the horrors of a spent battle with the heroism of a warrior.

"Give me water! Oh! give me water!"

The cry came from a little hollow, whose margin was fringed by a hedge of hazel bushes on which the night was hanging drearily. Jane went down into the hollow, trembling terribly, for the voice had startled her by its familiar sound.

"Who is it? Who is it speaks?" she said, holding her breath.

The wounded man was silent; the voice of a woman on the battle-field warned him of danger—for of all the fiends that rioted among the dead, they were ever the most ruthless.

"Speak once more," faltered the woman, who hoped to expiate her fault by charity. "Speak, and I will help you, if I can."

Then John Halstead recognized the voice, and cried out, as with a new pain,

"I asked for water," he said, hoarsely; "but not from thee, woman."

Jane did not hear this. Away to the left she saw the glow of a lantern which some one had set down on the earth, and probably could not find again. She hurried to the spot and secured the light. Then a sound of water gurgling

through the long grass reached her ear a little farther off, and she looked around for some hollow fluid in which to convey some of the precious thing to the man who had clamored for it so eagerly. An iron helmet rolled away from the touch of her foot, as she was searching the earth around her. It had been cleft in twain by the terrible blow of a battle-axe, but was sufficient for her purpose. Down to the tiny rivulet she went, and eagerly dipped up some water from among the tangled grass. It was turbid and tinged with red; still she did not see that, but went her way, eager to help the suffering man, whoever he might be.

Jane reached the hazle hollow, and went down its slope, calling aloud as she moved,

"Have patience; I have found some water! A moment more—have patience!"

These kind words were received in dead silence. She stood still and listened. Nothing but the sough of the wind in the hazel bushes answered her. Not a sigh or moan came up from that hollow, which was choked up with shadows and clouded with floating mist. Down into what seemed to her unfathomable darkness she went, holding the lantern before her. It shone up into her face as she went to search the ground, revealing all the horror in her blue eyes, and the sickening anxiety which had seized upon her.

Down in the depths of the hollow the black outline of a man defined itself through the gray darkness—a tall, stalwart man, with his head bare, and his limbs stretched out motionless, as if cut from dusky marble. Jane held down the lantern and forced her shrinking eyes to look on the face. It was turned on one side, and masses of iron-gray hair had been swept over it by the wind. Holding her breath, and shivering from head to foot, the woman swept the hair softly back, and saw the face. It was that of John Halstead—the man who had married her husband's sister. Then a panic seized upon the guilty woman. She forgot the casque full of water, which she had set upon the ground, and dropped the lantern, which shed an awful light over those lifeless features till the sun quenched its radiance, and lifted the shroud of fog from thousands of dead bodies that lay stark and cold on the broad battle-field.

Through this rolling mist, and across that death-strewn field King Edward marched his victorious troops, before the sun was an hour old, on his way to London. Following after his own brilliant escort were three litters, one contained Margaret of Anjou, utterly conquered at last; another concealed sweet Anna of War-

wick, and the third was curtained so closely that no one could catch a glimpse of its inmate. But the nobles smiled on each other meaningly as it came up, and glanced at the king, who, more than once, rode back, and drawing the curtains with his own hand, spoke gentle words to the person within.

Thus Edward's army moved on from the battle-field of Tukesbury. Days went by, during which that victorious army swept its slow progress toward London. At last the king, with an escort more magnificent than had ever followed a monarch before, entered the Tower—that mighty structure which was at once the palace of one monarch and the prison of another. Two of the litters which left the battle-field followed the king within the fortress. The other had quietly dropped out of the procession before it reached the walls, and disappeared.

When they entered the palace garden, the first litter was lowered to the earth, and Anna of Warwick, pale, grief-worn, and weary, was revealed. She cast a look of timid apprehension around, doubtful if she were prisoner or guest; but before she could step to the earth, Duke Richard had flung himself from his saddle and stood beside her.

"The king grants me the great boon of escorting you, his most honored guest, to the presence and protection of her grace, the Duchess of Clarence," he said, with a gentleness that was almost humble.

A glance of mournful reproach filled Anna's eyes as she lifted them to his face; and he saw that a shudder passed through her frame. She settled back in the litter, shrinking from the hand he offered.

"Sweet lady, do not fear me so," he pleaded.

"It was *that* hand," she whispered, hoarsely.

"No! no! On my soul, no! Do not believe the slander. I strove to protect him. It was a rash servant that took the life I would have died to save. Turn those eyes away, they kill me with reproaches."

Anna of Warwick shook her fair head with mournful slowness, and stepped from the litter, sighing heavily.

"Lead me to my sister, since it perforce must be so," she said, gently. "But first let me take leave of this unhappy lady."

"It is against the king's express order, and I dare not disobey him; but, rest content in this, she shall be tenderly cared for."

With this assurance Anna was compelled to be satisfied. With a heavy heart and many a lingering glance at the closed litter that bore her queenly mother-in-law, she was led away

toward the range of apartments occupied by Isabella, Duchess of Clarence.

Meantime Margaret of Anjou was carried into the close court overlooked by her husband's prison windows. Then, with premeditated cruelty, her guards flung back the curtains from her litter, and exposed her lying there, worn-out with fatigue, and haggard with suffering. The face that had once been so beautiful, lay stony and locked beneath the masses of short hair, which had turned white as snow since that awful night which left her childless. It was a miserable, broken-hearted woman that Henry the Sixth looked down upon from the prison window, to which he had been drawn by the tramp of feet in that usually quiet place. At first he did not know her, the hair was so white, and the face so strangely old; but she rose feebly to one elbow, and looked upward with a forlorn hope of seeing him. A cry, so faint that it died in the utterance, broke from the wretched man. His arms were outstretched for a moment, and then he sunk away from behind the rusted bars, and the soldiers carried her out of sight into the solitude of a more remote dungeon. From this dreary place she issued five years after a helpless old woman.

Henry had been ill. Since the interview with his queen confinement had worn upon him terribly, and he was slowly sinking out of life. His keepers saw this, for they loved the de-throned monarch, and pitied him, spite of their iron calling. Since his last capture they had deprived him of an attendant; so, when his feeble hands dropped away from the bars which shut him in from the woman he had loved, he lay upon the floor in a dead swoon for more than an hour, and might have died there alone, and thus saved his enemies from a miserable crime, but for their over haste.

It was nightfall when the royal cavalcade rode into the Tower, and the last red quiver of sunset died out from the window as Henry fell. Slowly the atmosphere around him turned purple, and then deepened into a dull, black gloom, which gathered around him like a pall.

A flambeau in the court sent arrows of real light through the bars for a moment, then the cautious movement on the stairs broke up the profound stillness, and a man came into the chamber with a small iron lamp in his hand. He looked around the room so far as the light penetrated, and went up to the bed, which stood in one corner, searching, like a midnight robber, for its inmate. At last he approached the window, and saw Henry lying near it senseless, and, to all appearance, dead. He touched the

forehead and the thin hands lying on the floor, bruised by the iron bars they had grasped so desperately.

The man who had looked down on those pinched features was pale almost as they had become. Something more than sympathy or fear was stamped on that face. He satisfied himself that the poor monarch was dead, and went his way, moving cautiously, as if the crime he came to perpetrate had been committed.

He was gone, perhaps, fifteen minutes, and when he came back Duke Richard was with him, asking low, eager questions, which ceased the moment they entered the arched door which gave access to the tower. A stranger might have noticed that no sentinel was there, and that the court was in profound darkness. Richard, who was a strict disciplinarian, exhibited no surprise, but moved up the stairs with quick, noiseless step, followed by the man, who had shrouded the lamp he carried, while crossing the court, under his short cloak.

"He is here, your highness, close by the window, stark and dead."

The man gave a start as he spoke, and the lamp shook so violently that it almost went out; for Henry, whom he had left for dead, was sitting half upright on the floor, with his back pressed against the wall, and the long, blue folds of his dress falling around him like the garments of a monk. Richard shrunk from the glance of those pale, sunken eyes, and stood a moment speechless from surprise and bitter disappointment.

"Take thyself away," he said sharply to the man who held the lamp. "Set that thing upon the floor, and wait for me below."

The man obeyed, and Richard drew close to his prisoner, who was watching him eagerly.

"Tell me, was it her—was it my wife?" he inquired, with piteous meekness. "I would like to be sure; sometimes I dream of her, and it seems real as this. Tell me, did I see my wife, Margaret, as I stood by the window?"

Henry spoke faintly, and seemed to draw his breath with pain.

Richard regarded him keenly, and saw how feeble was the life that trembled in his frame; his answer was cruel, deliberate, murderous, for he calculated the effect of his words, and knew them to be deadly as poison, sure as the blow of a dagger.

"Yes, it was your wife. She has forced on a battle at Tukesbury, and lost it."

"My wife! my wife!" wailed that feeble voice; and the thin hands that clasped themselves, shook apart from their weak hold.

"All the traitors who followed her were cut down; some on the very altars of the sanctuary," said Richard, dealing another blow, which made that poor frame shiver.

"But my son—my son!"

Henry's voice rose to a feeble shriek, and his shivering hands clasped themselves convulsively.

"He was killed."

A deathly gray fell upon that meek face; but there was no sound, save a faint rustle of garments, as the dead king settled downward in the shadows, never to rise again.

"Come hither," said Richard, moving to the stairs, and calling out hoarsely. "Lift his body to the couch yonder, and put thy weapon out of sight; words are sometimes sharper than daggers."

"Is he dead?" asked the man.

"Ay; see to the rest."

Then the Duke Richard went softly down stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE BLIND COLOR-BEARER.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Once, as we hailed our volunteers  
Returning from the wars,  
One, blind with honor's noblest badge—  
A scar in front—I saw.  
But while, as they were boys again,  
The gray-beards seemed to cheer,  
He, weeping, bowed his head in grief,  
That never bowed in fear.

Said I, "When Heaven above is blue,  
And earth beneath is green,  
With blossoms like the rosy snow,  
Of gardens hung between,  
'Tis hard you cannot see the flowers  
You smell, and birds you hear."

"But that were not enough," he said,  
"To force a soldier's tear.

"I'd care not for the sunbeam's lance,  
That splinters on the crag;  
Or Spring, with beauty on her wings,  
Could I but see the flag!  
For over many a traitor's corpse  
I've borne it; and they say  
That all its stars are back again,  
And not a stripe away.  
But when I'm mustered out by our  
Great Captain in the sky,  
Perhaps I may look down and see  
That dear old banner fly!"

# ALGERIAN KNITTED OPERA-HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Two ounces of white, and one ounce of colored Shetland wool. Two needles, No. 7. White and maize form a becoming hood for a brunette; white and blue, mauve, pink, or scarlet, will be equally pretty, and are more

suitable to the blonde. This hood is well adapted to the present style of coiffure, as it is so light and soft that it will not injure the most delicate flowers or curls.

The above quantities are intended for a white



hood with a colored border. A colored hood, with a white border, is equally good.

The hood is begun at the back. Cast on one hundred stitches with white wool; knit every row plain; increase one by knitting two stitches in one the last stitch but one of every row, until you have two hundred stitches, then knit thirty rows without increasing.

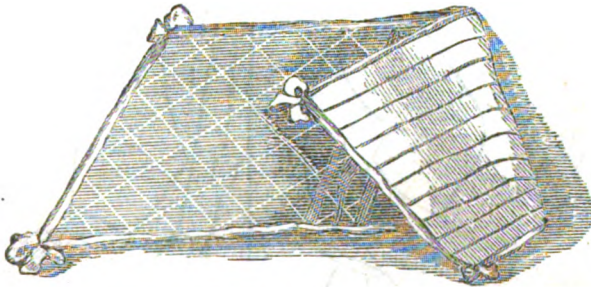
131st row—Join on the colored wool for the border; knit forty plain rows without increasing, and cast off very loosely; turn this border twice over to form a roll, and slip-stitch it along on the wrong side, arranging the roll so as just to fall over the right side of the hood to meet the white wool.

A row of double crochet may be worked along the back edge of the same color as the border.

Finish with three tassels—one in the middle of the back, and one at each corner—mixed tassels of the white and colored wool, laid in lengths of nine inches, tied firmly in the middle. Make a chain of crochet about an inch in length, put the chain through the middle of the tassels where you have tied it, and sew the two ends together underneath, leaving the loop to fasten the tassel to the hood with; then arrange the wool neatly for the hood of the tassel, and tie it round about three-quarters of an inch from the top. Some pleats will be necessary in the middle of the back, under the tassel. They are best arranged on the head of the wearer, and must be then sewn with a piece of wool before putting on the back tassel. Sew on the other two tassels, and the hood is completed.

## SCENTED SACHET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A PIECE of silk or satin twenty-five inches and a half in length, and eight inches and a half in width; another piece for the lining, of the same width, but not quite so long. Tack to the wrong side of the satin a piece of wadding, and quilt the satin in a diamond pattern. Then put in the scent, in a piece of muslin, and

afterward fit all to the lining. Turn over to form pockets, leaving an inch in the center of the back so as to fold over neatly. Put a bow of ribbon at each corner. White satin quilted with violet, green with gold, or blue with white, form very pretty contrasts. The whole makes an exquisite affair. ♦

## CROCHET SCALLOP EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—For children's petticoats, dress trimmings, etc., 1 inch deep, use Boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 16, and Walker's uncotopic needle, No. 3. For  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch deep, crochet cotton, No. 20, and needle No. 4.

1st Scallop—Make 17 chain, turn, miss 9, 3 single on the chain, leaving 5 chain.

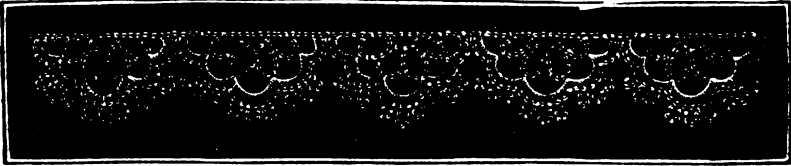
1st row—Turn so as to cross the chain, and

in the 9 chain work 1 treble (2 chain and 2 treble 4 times in the same 9 chain,) turn back.

2nd row—(6 chain, miss 4 and 1 plain in the 3 chain of the last row, 4 times,) 4 chain, turn back.

3rd row—Join to the third stitch of the 5 chain left at the commencement; then work 7 plain in the last 4 chain, \* miss 1, 3 plain in the 6 chain,

(5 chain and 1 plain, 3 times in the same 6 chain,) then 2 plain more in the same 6 chain, 3rd row—Join to the third stitch of the 5 chain, then 3 plain in the 4 chain, join to the



making in all 8 plain. Repeat from \* twice more, then miss 1, 7 plain in the last 6 chain. center stitch of the 7 plain in the first scallop, then 4 plain in the same 4 chain, and repeat from the \* in the first scallop.

2nd Scallop—Work the same as the first to the end of the second row; and for the

## THE EMPRESS JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



PERHAPS the most fashionable affair, which has come out for early fall wear, in Paris, is the Empress Jacket, of which we give an engraving above, and a diagram on the next page. This jacket is made of silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace and beads. It sits very close round the waist, is in the waistcoat style in front, and is fastened by a wide band.

The upper part of the front is very open and rounded at bottom; four ornaments are placed behind to simulate pockets.

On account of the size of this garment, Nos. 1, 3, and 4 have been shortened four inches. Our subscribers will only have (after enlarging the pattern,) to prolong the different lines of those parts to that extent to have them of the proper length.

- No. 1. FRONT.
- No. 2. TOP PART OF FRONT.
- No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.
- No. 4. BACK.
- No. 5. SLEEVE.



"THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES."—The Bridgeton (N. J.) Chronicle says:—"Peterson's Magazine is, without question, the cheapest in the world. It is still being offered at the old price of two dollars per year to single subscribers, and to clubs at the rate of four copies for six dollars, and six copies for nine dollars. Nothing but an immense circulation could justify such low rates in these expensive times. Though low in price, the Magazine keeps up to the old standard of merit; indeed, we think, rather goes beyond it. No lady about to subscribe for a magazine should fail to examine Peterson's, and having examined it, she will conclude it is the best Magazine, for the money, that is published. No magazine of similar merit approaches it in cheapness; hence it is the Magazine for the times. Its illustrations are unrivaled, and it is filled with all matters interesting to ladies."

HOLLY BERRIES.—If you have a spare foot of ground and a spare bunch of holly berries, let us recommend you to sow holly seed in it. We never yet knew the garden—from town window-box upward—that would not be the better for these brightest and cheeriest plants. The berries, however, require long steeping to detach the seeds from the glutinous mass which surround them, as otherwise they may lie long in the ground without germinating. The same thing happens, indeed, with many other seeds, though, perhaps, from different reasons—as when many foreign seeds arrive with their cases well baked, infinitely too hard dried for the tender germ to penetrate. Steeping some hours in water does good to most large, hard seeds.

THE HAIR.—During the cold season the hair is cut too short—the ears are exposed. The cold winds not only produce buzzing and roaring in them, but often injure the hearing. While the weather is cold the ears should be covered; the natural protection, and the best one, is the hair. But the common nakedness of the back of the neck is still more mischievous; leaving that vital part exposed to the extreme changes of our climate produces innumerable weak eyes and irritable throats. Women are most fortunate in the present style. That net which hangs the hair on the back of the neck is not only artistic, but physiological. During cold weather, men should allow the hair to meet the coat-collar.

HOW TO HAVE DOUBLE FLOWERS.—When a plant produces a flower with a single row of petals, it must be inexorably torn up by the roots and trampled in the path. Balsams, pinks, asters, and all that class of plants, are apt to have seeds which will produce plants that will bear single flowers; and if the pollen from these be allowed to fructify the flowers of other plants, the whole bed will be hybridized, and the following year a crop of inferior flowers will be produced. On the other hand, if the plants that bear single flowers are firmly sacrificed, the seed will improve, and frequently very fine and curious flowers will be obtained.

LOOPS OF RIBBON are much used for trimming dresses. For example, upon a white muslin skirt, which will be worn over a colored silk slip, a wide waist-band is fastened at the side, and the two ends or sashes float at the side of the skirt; at the opposite side a ladder of loops formed with the same ribbon descends as far as the knee. It is a very pretty method of looping up one skirt over another, by making it appear as though it were held up with four ladders of loops. Colored sashes, which contrast with the dress, are worn with dresses which it is desirable to loop up, and they thus form a very ornamental trimming.

CHEAPEST IN THE COUNTRY.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Advertiser says, "Peterson's Magazine is the cheapest in the country for ladies."

THOUSAND DOLLAR STORIES.—We intend, next year, to give our subscribers, among other stories, two that will cost us more than a thousand dollars each. "Peterson" pays more for original stories than all the other ladies' magazines put together.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Story of the Great March! Diary of Gen. Sherman's Campaigns through Georgia and the Carolinas.* By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, Aid-de-camp to Gen. Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The march of Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence through South Carolina to Goldsboro' and Raleigh, will be, for centuries to come, a signal event in military history. In boldness of design, in fertility of resources, and in the precision with which it was executed, it stands almost without parallel. Nothing equal to it has been seen since the famous retreat of the ten thousand, which Xenophon has immortalized. We are glad, therefore, to see an authentic narrative of it from the pen of one, who, like Xenophon, participated in what he describes. Major Nichols is a graphic, as well as reliable, writer; he has, too, considerable humor; and his book, therefore, will be popular with the general reader, as well as an authority for future historians. The map and illustrations are excellent. The volume is neatly bound in cloth.

*Denis Donne.* By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by the author of "On Guard," and "Theo Leigh." It is a better novel, however, than either of them; and as they were both excellent, this is saying a good deal. Of course, we do not hold up such characters as Miss Conway, or Mrs. Donne, to imitation; but they are capably drawn, and true to life; and so far a relief from the milk-and-water creations of most female novelists. It is impossible not to trace the influence of Trollope in these works; but, nevertheless, there is much originality in them. We commend "Denis Donne," as one of the best fictions of the season.

*Gomery of Montgomery. A Family History.* By the author of "Philip Thaxter." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carlton.—We think this novel a decided improvement on "Philip Thaxter." As that story had considerable popularity, "Gomery of Montgomery" ought to enjoy even more. Two editions are published, one in a single volume, bound in cloth, and another in two volumes. The last is much the finer edition.

*National Lyrics.* By John G. Whittier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a cheap edition of Whittier's poems on national subjects, and forms part of a series spoken of in a former number. There are numerous illustrations, and all of them are good. Some of the lyrics in this volume are among the most stirring in the language.

*Under Green Leaves.* Edited by R. H. Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Bunce & Huntington.—A volume of rural poems, by English and American authors, collected by R. H. Stoddard. As Mr. Stoddard is himself a poet, and peculiarly competent for this task, the result is a selection of rare merit. Several fine engravings illustrate the volume.

*Letters to Various Persons.* By H. D. Thoreau. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Some very charming letters, to various friends and relatives of Thoreau, and stamped with the peculiar and original impress of his mind. The volume also contains several of Thoreau's poems. The book has been edited by R. W. Emerson.

*Curry's Confession.* By the author of "Mattie." A Story. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Not so good a novel as "Denis Donne," but still a very readable fiction. The book is a cheap edition, double column octavo.

## THE PARLOR, ETC.

**FLOWER FURNISHING.**—One of the first things, in France, that strikes a foreigner, is the use made of flowers in furnishing.

The flowers there belong as much to the rooms, as the chairs and sofas. And another striking thing is, the material used; nothing that is effective is despised for commonness. The common white field daisy, dahlia, sunflowers, golden-rod, and asters, all are perfectly welcome; and, what is more, quite beautiful, and entirely in their place. There you do not see a flower-stand looking disconsolate somewhere; but just in the window-framing, the light as it were, there will be a long flower-box—just an edging of flowers inside. People in a room turn so naturally to a window that there is no describing the bright effect that this flower-box has.

The windows opening down have simply a low box along them, and the plants at the sides, perhaps, are, now and then, rather higher.

White should be sparingly used. Nothing in its proper place gives such effect of color to other flowers, or such lightness; but when too much employed, it invariably produces a blotchy, muddy look. It sounds, perhaps, paradoxical to say that white gives color. But take a pot of pink hyacinths and another of red tulips, and put in between them a plant of the large white primrose, and you can then decide whether color is lost or gained. The time when white weakens color is, when in a vase, or in anything, you have a perpetual breakage, a little dab of one color, and then an atom of white. There can be no real color—nothing but muddiness there.

Abroad, the beautiful light, ferny asparagus-leaves are very much used. Here, perhaps, they would be pronounced vulgar. The long foliage is cut quite low down, tied carefully into a bunch made up with moss, or other stalks, exactly to fit the size, and then, being tightly tied, the bunch is forced firmly into a hyacinth-glass quite full of water.

Any narrow-mouthed jar would answer the purpose just as well. This method applies, moreover, to many things more in glasses. To be beautiful, these tufts of leaves must be light. Ferns and grasses, and branches of the mist-tree are also charming. These long boxes give an indescribable brightness and home-likeness to a house. But, above all things, avoid a crowding. A couple of pots of white primrose, or sweet alysum, a plant or two of crimson, and a pot of violets, with the green, will be sufficient.

Few persons understand the immense effect produced only by a mass of green. A flower-stand filled with green plants, moss, and even but a couple of flowers in bloom, is most attractive. Setting off one gem is far better than collecting a crowd that detract from each others beauty. Each flower is thus allowed to be distinct.

One of the most beautiful decorations we have ever seen for a dinner-table, was one superb cactus flaming above a mass of dark chestnut-leaves. The celery-stand, in which the bouquet stood, was hidden by drooping chestnut-branches. When more than one colored flower is used, let it be detached from all others by a mass of green.

We must mention, too, the trellises that are covered with growing ivy, and that stand all summer time in front of the empty hearth. In winter they are moved merely to the window. These long boxes have a trellis attached at the back ends. A plant or two of ivy is enough to twine over the trellis, and then, through all the season, a succession of flowers is kept up, in a way that is particularly effective.

A range of hyacinth-glasses are in the box. The glasses are, of course, completely concealed by the moss; and in each of these said glasses is a tightly-bound bunch of something—it may be asparagus-leaves, as I have described

just now, or it may be Japan lilies, or, still oftener, gladioli. Either of these flowers is perfect for such uses. The tall, white lily, also, is exquisite in this way.

The boxes should be lined with zinc, if possible, in order to save the carpet when the watering takes place. They should be about eight inches deep, and say ten wide, a slight cane trellis, looking like rods for basket-work, merely stained dark green on the back and ends, coming about as high as an ordinary chimney-piece; ivy trained over the trellis, to cover it a good deal, but by no means thickly, simply to wreath about it, especially at the edges; purple asters, and scarlet gladioli, in hyacinth-glasses, with, between them, some pots of fern or grass, or of asparagus-leaves, is all that is required to make a particularly effective stand.

The ivy itself, in case of emergency, could be cut, and put in glasses, and trained to look all natural. And, after all, it is well to know this for any quickly got-up decoration, or for a screen to shut off some unused door-way, or ugly view. Horse-chestnut, acacia, and catalpa, could all be used in their season, by way of decoration, only by putting the cut end of the branch in a jar with water and charcoal, and then closing the mouth with a lump of the potter's clay. In winter, the glossy holly, with its clusters of red berries, are very available.

Boxes, like those just described, can be filled entirely with the ivy-grown trellis, branches of holly, some tall and tapering, others low and spreading; and with some one white flower—a calyx, a white rose, or the simple large-fringed Chinese primrose. Then pots of one of these white flowers among the holly would look perfect. Much green, with a little color, is a rule that has a wide reign. Let each flower repose quietly on a bed of green—that is, after all the natural view of flowers.

For actual use on dinner-tables, the prettiest fashion is the large open vase supported on gilt branches, always so arranged so as to look wide and low in proportion to its height.

Of course, in the center of the table, there must be something high; but there it seems so much more natural to have lights—a tall branch, for instance, with candles, and only at the feet two or three groups of flowers: three groups of flowers or fruit, forming a natural ornament round the foot of some high center. Much green is again especially desirable in this place, because there is always a certain glare of light and plate, and table-cloth and dress; and a mass of green is, therefore, more than ever welcome to eyes that feel slightly weary. We should suggest, then, having, if for a large or long table, some center-piece of this kind, and placing the vase already described at the top or bottom. But for a small table, especially a round one, the said vase itself is charming, when used for the center ornament.

Any tall, large glass bowl, such as is usually used for fruit, would answer the purpose. Let it be filled with either wood-moss, or some of the easily-grown *lycopodiums*. The moss must be raised in the center, however not heaped up.

But comparatively few flowers are needed, only be careful to arrange the colors properly. Let each flower be simply laid down on the green, fairly round the vase; no attempt made to fill up the center at all. The flowers should just touch, and each have its own green leaves; the stems, of course, must be hidden slightly in the moss. The effect will be bright, fresh, and beautiful. If preferred, the flowers could be scattered over the moss, one, either scarlet or white, crowning it.

The same general rules apply to hand bouquets. A good deal of green, separating the flowers of different colors, should always be employed; and the fewer varieties of color, even then, the more effective the bouquet.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## DESSERTS.

**Orange Souffle.**—Pat half a pound of butter into a stew-pan, and mix in three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, without melting the butter. Have ready a quart of milk, lukewarm, and well mixed with the orange flavoring, or bitter orange-peel; pour it upon the flour; stir it over a sharp fire, and boil it for five minutes. To this add quickly the beaten yolks of ten eggs, with half a pound of sifted sugar, and let it cool. An hour and a quarter before it is to be served, whip up the whites of the eggs until very firm; stir them into the mixture, and pour it into the soufflé pan; this should be made of tin, and a band of buttered paper, four inches broad, should be tied round the top. When the mixture is poured into this case, it must be baked in a moderate oven for nearly an hour. The paper should then be removed, and the soufflé served up immediately.

**Substitute for Pudding.**—Two tablespoonfuls of maizena to a quart of milk, the peel of half a lemon, and a table-spoonful of sugar; mix the maizena with a little of the cold milk; put the sugar, lemon-peel, and milk into a saucepan, and let it stand by the fire to extract the flavor from the lemon-peel. When the milk approaches the boiling point, pour in the maizena, let it boil five minutes; pour into a pie-dish, grate nutmeg over the top, and serve. This is a very favorite nursery dish; it is equally good cold as hot, and much more wholesome to eat with stewed fruit than is pastry for children. With stewed rhubarb or Normandy pippins it is very delicious; if eaten hot, a very little jam is a great improvement.

**Cheese Fndu.**—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one ounce and a half of flour, four eggs, three ounces of cheese, grated, not quite half a pint of milk. Place the butter and the flour in a saucepan on the hot plate, keep stirring and blending them together; next add the grated cheese; stir on for twenty minutes, when remove it, and let it get cold. Beat up the eggs—yolks and whites separately; add the yolks to the mixture cold, but the whites must only be beaten up and added just before baking. It should be baked in a silver fondu dish, but a round cake-tin, concealed with a frilled paper, answers the purpose. It will take about three-quarters of an hour in a rather brisk oven, and must be served forthwith, as it will fall in cooling.

**Artificial Cheese.**—Take a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream, some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, well pounded. Boil these in milk, and add eight eggs, putting in six or eight spoonfuls of wine-vinegar to turn the milk. Boil it until it comes to a tender curd, then tie it up in a cheese-cloth, and let it hang for six or eight hours to drain, after which open it, remove the spice, and sweeten it with sugar and rose-water. Place it in a colander, let it stand an hour or more before turning it out, and serve it with cream round it in the dish.

**Marlborough Pudding.**—Cover a flat dish with a thin puff-paste; then take half an ounce of candied citron, the same quantity of both lemon and orange-peel; cut up these sweetmeats into thin slices and lay them all over the bottom of the dish upon the paste. Dissolve six ounces of butter; add six ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, and the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir them over the fire until the mixture boils; then pour it on to the sweetmeats. Bake this pudding three-quarters of an hour. It is even better when eaten cold than hot.

**Ginger Pudding.**—Six ounces of beef suet chopped very fine, six ounces of moist sugar, six ounces of flour, one large teaspoonful of ginger, and a pinch of salt. The whole to be thoroughly mixed quite dry, pressed very tightly in a basin, and boiled for three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

**Almond Custards.**—Take a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanch and beat them very fine, and then put them into a pint of cream, with two spoonfuls of rose-water; sweeten to your palate. Beat up the yolks of four eggs very fine, and put them in; stir all together one way over the fire till it is thick, and then pour it into cups.

## CAKES.

**Barm-Brack, or, Black Cake.**—Take three quarts of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pint of barm, the yolks and whites of two eggs well beaten, half a nutmeg, half an ounce of caraway seeds, half a pound of butter—half of it melted in about two pints of warm milk, the other half broken into the flour. Mix all well together for a quarter of an hour, and put it before the fire to rise; have ready one pound of currants well picked; cut your dough into slices, and shake the currants with a little flour on every piece, and sprinkle them well with brandy; put the pieces over each other, and mix them lightly together; make this quantity into two cakes, and bake them an hour and a quarter; roll them in a table-cloth till cold.

**Hot Cross Buns.**—Rub quarter of a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and mix these three ingredients well together; after which add a little salt, one pound of well-washed currants, one ounce of candied lemon, the same of citron, both cut into thin slices, the grated peel of a freshly-gathered lemon; mix them thoroughly with the flour and sugar. Warm one pint of new milk, beat up three eggs and one table-spoonful of yeast, and add these to the other ingredients. Make all up into a light paste, and set it before the fire to rise an hour; rub an oven-tin with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven.

**Victoria Sandwiches.**—Four eggs, half a pound of pounded lump-sugar, half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of flour; beat the butter to cream, dust in the flour, and add the eggs well whisked; beat with a fork for a quarter of an hour; butter a tin and pour in half of the mixture; bake from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. Remove from the tin, butter again, and add the other half of the mixture. Bake as before. When cool, spread jam thickly over one portion of the cake, place the other part over it, and cut into whatever shape you please.

**Banbury Buns.**—Prepare some dough with two table-spoonfuls of thick yeast, a gill of warm milk, and one pound of flour. Let it work a little, and then mix with it half a pound of currants, washed and picked, the same weight of candied orange-peel, cut small, a quarter of an ounce of all-spice, and the same of ginger and nutmeg; mix all together with half a pound of honey. Put it into puff-paste cut in an oval form, cover it with the same, and sit sugar over the top. Bake these cakes for a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven.

**Swiss Cake.**—Take butter, flour, and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon-peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rose-water, or orange-flower water, if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour.

**Orange Nuts.**—Take seven ounces of flour, seven of sugar, and three eggs, one ounce and a half of orange-peel, and the same of lemon-peel. Beat the eggs with the sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the flour and peels, beating it till no flour is visible. Form them into little balls, and bake them like the others.

**Gingerbread.**—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, one ounce of candied lemon, quarter of an ounce of ginger, one egg, quarter of a pound of melted butter. Not to be much browned.

**Judge's Biscuit.**—Having broken six eggs into a basin, whisk them well for five minutes; put in half a pound of powdered sugar, and whisk again for ten minutes. Add some caraway seeds (if liked,) and half a pound of dry sifted flour, mixing all thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Drop the mixture on paper, each being the size of about a crown piece, and high in the middle. Sift sugar over them, and bake them—if in a brick oven it will be better. Remove them from the paper while they are hot.

**Sweet Macaroon.**—One pound and a half of crushed sugar, one ditto of grated almonds, the whites of four eggs, and the skin of a lemon. The almonds, sugar, and peel are beaten for some time with the thick froth of the eggs; in the meantime have ready a hot tin plate greased thin with wax, and put on the tin a quantity as large as a walnut. Bake them in a slow oven to a light straw color; they can be baked on water-paper.

**Cheesecake to Keep a Year.**—Take one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs well beaten, the juice of three fine lemons, the grated rind of two, and quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

#### TOFFEE.

Melt about three or four ounces of butter (which should be very fresh.) in a saucepan or preserving-pan, and stir gently into it one pound of moist sugar; continue to stir it over the fire for fifteen or twenty minutes. Try its merits by dropping a little into cold water, when if it can be bitten through without sticking to the teeth, it is ready, and may be immediately poured out upon buttered dishes, from which, when cold, it can be easily removed. Toffee is also good when made with fine molasses, or what is termed "golden syrup," instead of sugar. About three or four drops of vinegar added when the toffee is half done will make it more crisp, and the grated rind of a lemon is also an improvement. The Everton toffee is made with a much greater proportion of butter, and split almonds blanched are also frequently added, in which case the mixture will require boiling about twenty minutes before they are stirred in, and must then be allowed to remain on the fire until it makes a crackling noise if thrown into cold water, which will prove its crispness.

#### PRESERVES.

**Pressed Apples.**—The following is a very simple receipt for pressed apples, care only being required to prevent the fruit bursting. Choose some firm, sound apples, not too ripe, (those called stone pippins are the best.) put them on a baking-tin in a very slack oven, and leave them in all night. In the morning take them out, and pinch them, one at a time, between your finger and thumb, working all round each. Put them into the oven again at night, and pinch them in the morning, and continue doing both until they are soft enough. Place them then between two boards, with a weight upon them, so as to press them flat, but not so heavy as to burst them, and let them dry very slowly.

**To Keep Pears.**—Choose the soundest pears, peel and cut them into quarters, take out the pips, and put the pieces into bottles, which place in the preserving-kettle. If the pears are intended for dessert, one boiling is sufficient; but if for cooking, they must boil five or six times. Should the fruit thus bottled have fallen from the tree, instead of being gathered, they will require a quarter of an hour boiling.

**Apple Preserve.**—Procure fresh-gathered, ripe apples, of a fine sort; peel them, take out the cores, and cut them in quarters; place them in a preserving-pan with a glass of water, a little lemon or orange-peel, and a pound of sugar to a pound and a half of fruit. Let it boil thoroughly, and then put it out into preserve-pots.

**To Preserve Pine-Apples.**—Make a thin syrup, a quart of water to two pounds of sugar. While this is dissolving, prepare the pine-apples, eight medium-sized ones, by removing the skin, and cutting the flesh into slices, about half an inch thick. When the sugar is dissolved, and while the syrup is still hot, throw in the fruit. Give one boil up; let it boil for a quarter of an hour, and put it aside to cool. When cool, boil up again, and repeat this three times. This is some trouble; but the pine-apple will not be enough cooked with less than three-quarters of an hour's boiling, and if boiled for that time without a break, it is apt to get pappy. Lastly, make a thick syrup of four pounds of sugar to a quart of water, and add this to the other while both are hot. Boil up once more for a few minutes, and put away in a well-corked or stoppered bottle with a wide mouth.

**Quinces, Preserved.**—Choose the quinces very ripe, yellow, and quite sound; pare, quarter, and core them; put them into a little water and scald them, as soon as they are soft, throw into cold water, and put them to drain; clarify, and boil an equal weight of sugar, put in the fruit, cover, and leave them to simmer for another quarter of an hour, then take them from the fire, skim, and pour the preserve into a pan. In two days drain off the syrup, boil it slightly, add the fruit, give the whole one boil, covered, let it cool a little, and then simmer for a quarter of an hour, after which, leave it till next day, when proceed as above, but beat the syrup more. As soon as the preserve is cool, put it into pots, adding to each a little quince jelly. A little prepared cochineal added to the above will give the preserve a fine red color, in which case the jelly ought to be red also.

**Quince Marmalade.**—To one gallon of quinces, three pounds of good loaf-sugar. Pare the quinces and cut them in halves, scoop out the cores and the hard strip that unites the core with the string; put the cores and some of the parings in a saucepan with about a quart of water; put the halves of quinces in a steamer that fits the saucepan; boil them until the quinces are softened by the steam; then mash them with a wooden spoon in a dish, and pour the water from the saucepan on them, which is now of a thick, glutinous substance; put them with the sugar in a steamer or enameled saucepan, and let them boil for about half an hour, keeping them well stirred.

#### SUPPER DISHES.

**Lemon Rice.**—Boil until soft a sufficient quantity of rice in milk, with sugar to taste, to fill a pint basin or earthenware jelly-mould, and leave it till cold. Peel a lemon very thickly, cut the peel into shreds, about half or three-quarters of an inch long; boil them up in a little water, then throw away the water lest it should be bitter, and pour about a teacupful of fresh water upon them; squeeze and strain the juice of a lemon, and add it, with loaf-sugar, to the water and shreds; let it stew gently at the fire for about two hours, and when cold, it will be a syrup. After this, turn out the jellied rice into a glass dish, and pour the syrup gradually over it, being careful that the shreds be equally distributed over the whole.

**Baked Pears.**—Take half a dozen fine pears; peel cut them in halves, and take out the cores, put them into a pan with a little red wine and some cloves, half a pound of sugar and some water; set them in a moderate oven till tender, then put them on a slow fire to stew gently; add grated lemon-peel, and more sugar, if necessary; they will be sufficiently red.

**Ginger or Cinnamon Tablet.**—Melt one pound of loaf-sugar or sugar-candy, with a little water, over the fire, and put in one ounce of pounded ginger or cinnamon, and keep stirring it till it begins to rise into a froth; then pour it into a dish which has been first rubbed with a little butter; before it hardens, cut it into the size and shape you approve of for table.

**Florentines.**—These are very delicious, and form a pretty dish for supper. Roll puff-paste to a thickness of the eighth of an inch, and lay it on a thin baking-tin. Spread over it a layer of greenidge, or any other preserve or jam, and bake it in a moderate oven. Take it out, and when partially cool, having whipped some whites of eggs with sugar, put the whip over the preserve, and strew some minced almonds all over the surface, finishing with sifted sugar. Put it once more into the oven until the whip is quite stiff. The florentines should be of a pale color, and a few minutes after the paste is finally removed from the oven it should be cut into diamonds, and when served up, placed on a serviette, or an ornamental paper.

**To Clean Silk.**—One pint and a fifth of gin or whiskey, four ounces of soft-soap, and six ounces of honey; to be well mixed in an open dish. Lay the silk on a clean deal table, and rub it well on both sides with a sponge dipped in the above mixture. Have ready two pails filled with cold, soft water, and rinse the breadths separately, first in one bucket and then in the other, and put them in the open air upon a towel-horse to drain (a shady, cool place is best.) When the silk is nearly dry, iron it on the wrong side. It will be of little use to turn a silk dress without first removing all grease-spots, as any marks very speedily work through.

**To Clean Gloves.**—Spread them out smooth on a clean board; rub the dirtiest places with cream of tartar or with magnesia, and let them remain an hour or more. Mix powdered alum and Fuller's earth, rub the mixture all over the gloves with a little brush (a tooth-brush, or such like,) and again leave them for a time. Brush off the mixture and rub the gloves with flannel dipped in bran and finely powdered whitening. After again letting them lie an hour or two brush off this powder, and the gloves will be clean.

**To Wash New Flannel.**—Cut the soap small, and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear, previously blue the water well to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it then out, and, after drying it, smooth it with a cool iron.

**To Wash Merino Stockings.**—The same method should be pursued as for flannels, and all woolen and cotton goods. Boil the soap to make a lather, wash them in this warm, and rinse in a second lather, (if white, mix a little blue.) Never rinse in plain water, or use cold lather, and never rub the soap upon the merino or flannel; the one shrinks, the other thickens and spoils the wool.

**To Dye Gloves the Color of Limerick Gloves.**—With soft water make a strong or weak (according to taste) infusion of saffron; sew up the opening of the gloves, and brush them over with the dye.

#### THE TOILET.

**Cold Cream.**—Procure perfectly fresh lard, which has never been touched by salt; wash it thoroughly in spring water, freshly drawn, and do this in three different waters; then leave it to soak in fresh water, and in a cool shade for twenty-four hours. Then wash it once more, and beat it until it becomes a cream, in as much rose-water of the stronger sort as it will absorb, during the process of beating. When finished, the rose-water will have penetrated every part, and should also stand in little pools here and there on the soft and porous-like surface.

**Almond Paste.**—Take of blanched almonds four ounces, and the white of one egg; beat the almonds to a smooth paste in a mortar, then add the white of egg, and enough rose-water, mixed with one half its weight of spirits of wine, to give the proper consistence. This paste is used as a cosmetic, to beautify the complexion, and is also a remedy for chapped hands, etc.

**Lip Salve.**—Melt a lump of sugar in one and a half table-spoonfuls of rose-water; mix it with two table-spoonfuls of sweet oil, a piece of spermaceti half as large as an English walnut; simmer the whole, and turn it into boxes.

**To Make the Teeth White.**—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal is an admirable cleanser.

#### MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

**Extract of Meat.**—The process to be pursued in making the extract is exceedingly simple. A piece of beef, let us say, is taken, and having been separated from all bone, fat, and sinew, which may have been connected with it, is chopped up into mince-meat. This is next placed, with its own weight of cold water, in a vessel, which in its turn is placed in a second vessel, also filled with cold water—in fact, the meat is placed in a utensil very much resembling a carpenter's glue-pot. Heat is then applied, so as to bring the liquid containing the meat gradually to the boiling point. During this part of the operation, all the scum which rises to the surface must be carefully removed; and ebullition having been maintained for a minute or two, the liquid is strained off from the solid residue. The former is the extract of meat, the latter the insoluble, in nutritious matter. When this extract is evaporated to the consistency of jelly, it is then fit for potting, and needs no careful exclusion of air. That it contains the whole of the useful portion of meat is evident from the fact, that dogs fed exclusively upon the residue soon die of starvation. It is strange, however, that the valuable matter should constitute so small a proportion of the entire bulk of meat—a single pound of extract requiring thirty-two pounds of meat for its production. Yet in this lies its immense advantage; it is, truly, the very essence of food, for half an ounce is equivalent to a pound of meat.

**Sheep Skins for Mats.**—Steep the skins in water, and wash them well till they are soft and clean; they are then scraped and thinned on the flesh side with the fleshing knife, and laid in fermented bran for a few days, after which they are taken out and washed; a solution of salt and alum is then made, and the flesh side repeatedly and well rubbed with it, until it appears well bleached; after which make a paste to the consistency of honey, of the alum and salt solution, by adding wheaten flour and the yolks of eggs, and spread this paste on the flesh side; after this they are stretched and dried, and when dry, rubbed with pumice-stone.

**To Grow Ivy.**—Ivy should be planted in the November, in good soil, about eighteen inches apart, if the show male is desired speedily, and about February or March, according to the weather; any plants that have died should be replaced by fresh ones. An occasional watering with soap-suds will be much appreciated by these plants.

**Furniture Cream.**—Three ounces of white wax, half an ounce of Castile soap, one gill of turpentine. Shave the wax and soap very fine, and put the wax to the turpentine. Let it stand a day and night; then boil the soap in one gill of water, and add to the wax and turpentine.

**Washing Preparation.**—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two table-spoonfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

**To Make Good Coffee.**—Make a little flannel bag large enough to use all the coffee you wish, and leave room enough for the coffee to swell; put in the coffee, tie with a string, and boil a little longer than in making it the usual way.

**To Clean Wine Decanters.**—Put in a little pearlash or soda, some cinders, and add water. Shake them about well till clean, and then rinse them out thoroughly.

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK.—The upper dress is of white tulle edged with lace, and trimmed with pearl beads. The basque waist is of tulle over silk, and the openings are fastened by pearl beads. The head-dress is of the new "Empire" style.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FOREST GREEN SILK, trimmed with black lace over white silk. White bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbons.

FIG. III.—ALBERT JACKET AND DRESS OF DARK GRAY SILK, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS, PETTICOAT, AND BASQUE OF STONE-COLORED ALPACA, trimmed with narrow black alpaca braid. The straps which loop up the upper skirt descend from the waist.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS AND LOOSE BASQUE OF GRAY FOULARD, trimmed with black velvet. The upper skirt is much shorter than the lower one.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK COAT, trimmed with square jet buttons, and a profusion of guipure.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new in the materials for dress goods and plaids; stripes and small brocaded flowers on heavy silks, are all worn; whilst the plain silk is equally fashionable, and if of good quality, probably the most elegant of any. Shot, or changeable silks, have been popular during the summer, and they are very beautiful. Skirts are still very much gored, and for the house very long. Walking dresses are invariably looped up over pretty petticoats. In Paris, a few of the fashionable women have worn the dress skirts quite plain and short, like those of young girls of fourteen years of age. This is sensible, but not so pretty, we think, as the looped skirts, though much money may be saved in this way, as the ribbon, gimp, etc., used for raising the dress is often a considerable item in the mantua-maker's bill.

FOR EVENING DRESSES, gold cord and gold braid are again in vogue. White silk fringe is also employed on tulle dresses with a most charming effect.

SILK DRESSES are either very much trimmed, or else quite plain. A small quantity of ornament now looks meagre; but a very full skirt, with a long train without any ornament, is quite elegant, especially if finished with a heavy silk cord around the bottom.

BELTS OR WAISTBANDS are not so preposterously wide as formerly, and are consequently much more becoming.

COAT BODIES are still worn, and are of every style, but we suppose will soon give place to the basque waist, so much worn some years ago. In fact, many of the new dresses are already made so, but they are not very general as yet.

SLEEVES are quite close to the arm, and only large enough to admit the hand through at the lower part where the linen cuff shows.

CASAQUES, OR DEEP BASQUES, are the most worn for outdoor wraps. Some are quite tight to the figure, others nearly so. They are trimmed in a great variety of ways. One item is to be particularly observed with regard to *casaques*; they are now invariably worn without any epanlet—the upper part of the sleeve is completely divested of all trimming.

THE EMPIRE BONNET is by no means general as yet, though one or two which we have seen are less ugly, when on the head, than we expected to find them. These, however, were not strictly Empire bonnets, only rather pretty modifications of them.

NECKLETS AND DOG-COLLARS are still very much worn. As we have before said, these are composed of black velvet, either very narrow, or about half an inch in width, tied quite close about the throat, with a double bow, having four loops, and the ends of this bow fall almost as low as the skirt. These long ends appear to be now indispensable

to a fashionable toilet. A locket or gold crosses are worn on this velvet, though sometimes large pearl beads are sewn upon it.

ON SHOES, large steel, pearl, and jet buckles are worn in loops of ribbon.

IN HAIR-DRESSING, particularly, change is undoubtedly a necessary element in feminine arrangements. The style known as *La Chinoise*, and which has been so long abandoned, is just now the rage with the ladies of fashion; and *La Chinoise* is ornamented in two manners—by placing at the top a thick tress, which joins a large cluster of ringlets at the back of the head; or, by arranging a fringe of the very tiniest curls at the edge of *La Chinoise*, consequently around the forehead. A cluster of light ringlets at the back then harmonizes well with the front hair. Occasionally both plait and tiny curls are worn in front, and then the two styles are mixed, which, in our opinion, causes a superfluity of ornament.

Another style of arranging the hair, and a very popular one among youthful married ladies, is with waved bands fastened very close round the head; it is quite Greek in effect, especially as the hair is sometimes carried above the ear. Very pretty head-dresses, called *Rachel* bandelets, are sold for wearing with these bands. The bandelets are made of ribbon-velvet, about a finger's width in breadth, and they (the bandelets) terminate with a bow and long floating ends at the back. They are studded with either silver or very brilliant stars, or else they are embroidered with pearls or straw. With the latter, ears of corn are worked most ingeniously upon light blue velvet, and bees upon grosseille velvet. Small balls of straw are sewn all round the nets which inclose the back hair. Nets are worn with these bandelets; and the round net, which is so useful in the country and at the sea-side, is very far from being cast aside.

THE NETS for evening wear are made either of invisible silk or of hair. Neither of these materials conceals the beauty of the hair; a coronet of velvet, on a twisted roll of fancy straw, is fastened to the net and worn at the top of the forehead. For young girls, these coronets are composed of loops of ribbon—velvet, or silk, according to the taste—as these are more youthful-looking than the heavier coronets. Aureoles of small rosettes made of narrow black ribbon velvet, edged with white, are also much worn with nets made of the same ribbon. Mauve nets are composed likewise in this way, and are very popular.

Another new fashion has been introduced in Paris. It is that of the long tulle veil plainly hemmed at the edge, which begins to take the place of that small mask, which of late years has been spread lightly over the face, and tucked in at the sides of the bonnet.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

FIG. I.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD.—The skirt is ornamented at the back with long sash-like side-pieces, trimmed with black velvet and chenille fringe.

FIG. II.—A VERY SMALL BOY'S DRESS OF CRIMSON CASHMERE, trimmed with black velvet.

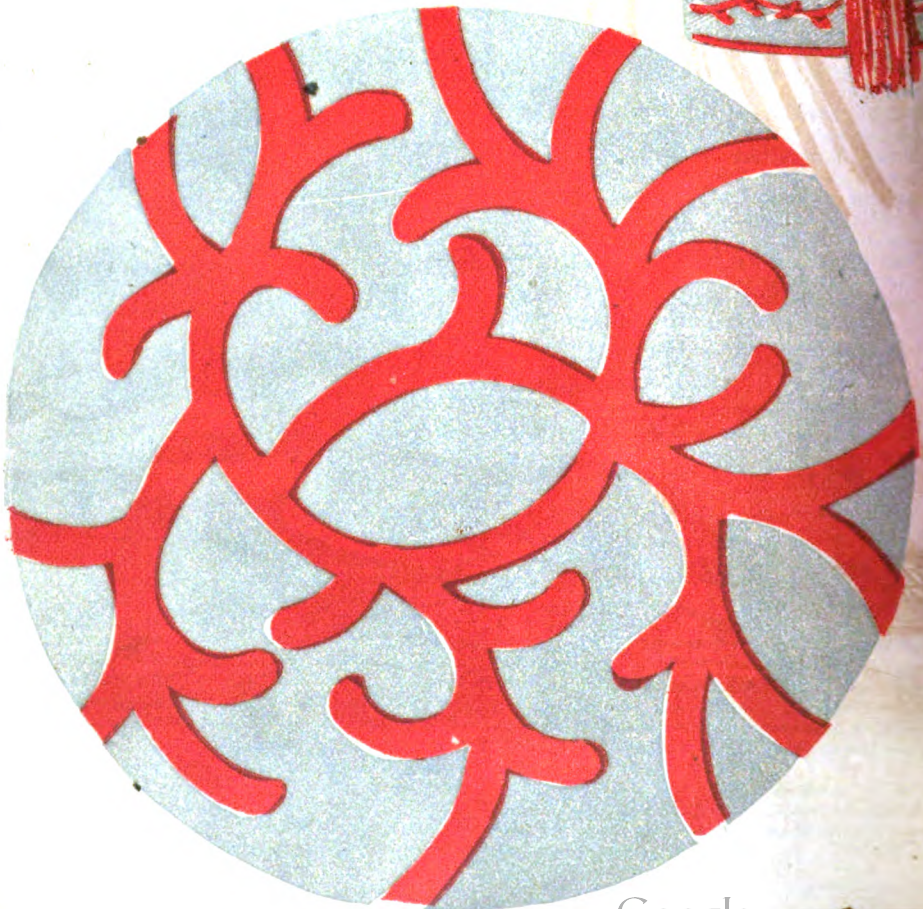
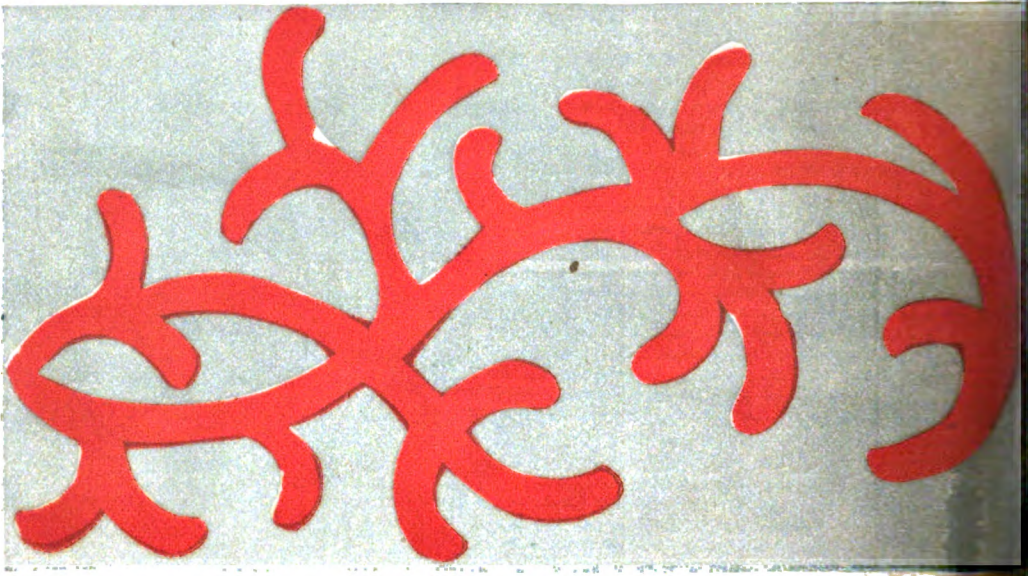
FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF BLACK CASSIMERE, with white cassimere vest.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF STONE-COLORED ALPACA, for a young girl, trimmed with blue and black velvet buttons. The low waist is cut square at the neck and has a deep-pointed belt-waist, with long coat ends made of blue silk, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. V.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED CASHMERE.—It is looped up over a blue cashmere petticoat. The trimming of the dress and petticoat is ornamented with black velvet buttons.







Smoking Cap: Coral Pattern.





Engraved & Printed by H. Max, Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.  
NOVEMBER.  
1865.







THE RIDE IN THE PARK.





**BRACES.**



**YOUNG MISSES' DRESS.**



# Louisa

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

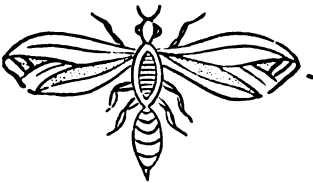
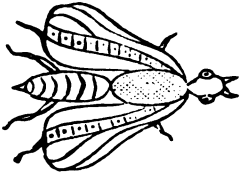
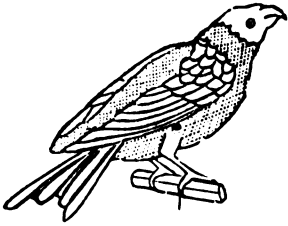


# Lizzie

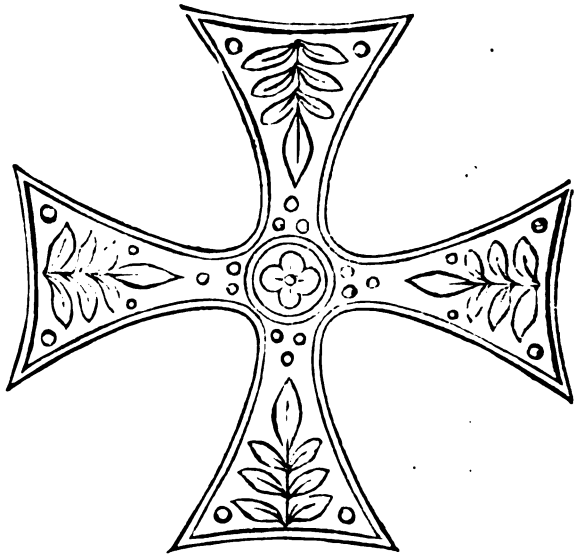
NAME FOR MARKING



WALKING DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.



DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY.



IN EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



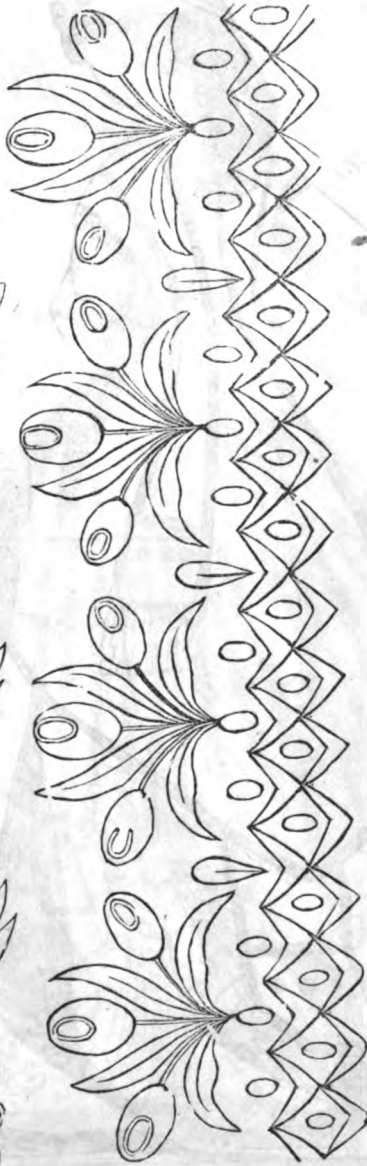
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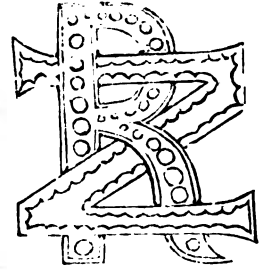
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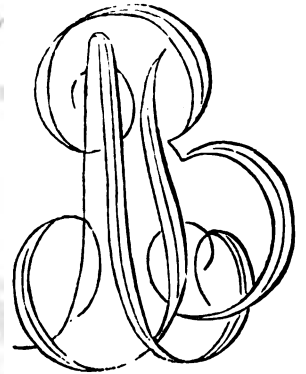
INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.



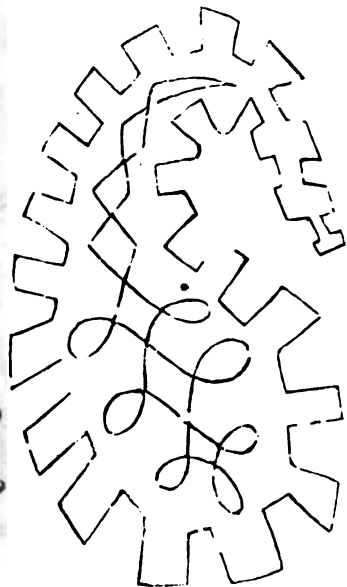
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



MONOGRAM.



MONOGRAM.



PALM-LEAF.

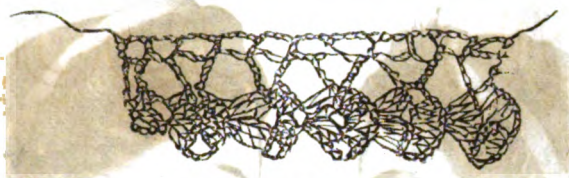




EDGING.



WALKING DRESS.



CROCHET EDGING.

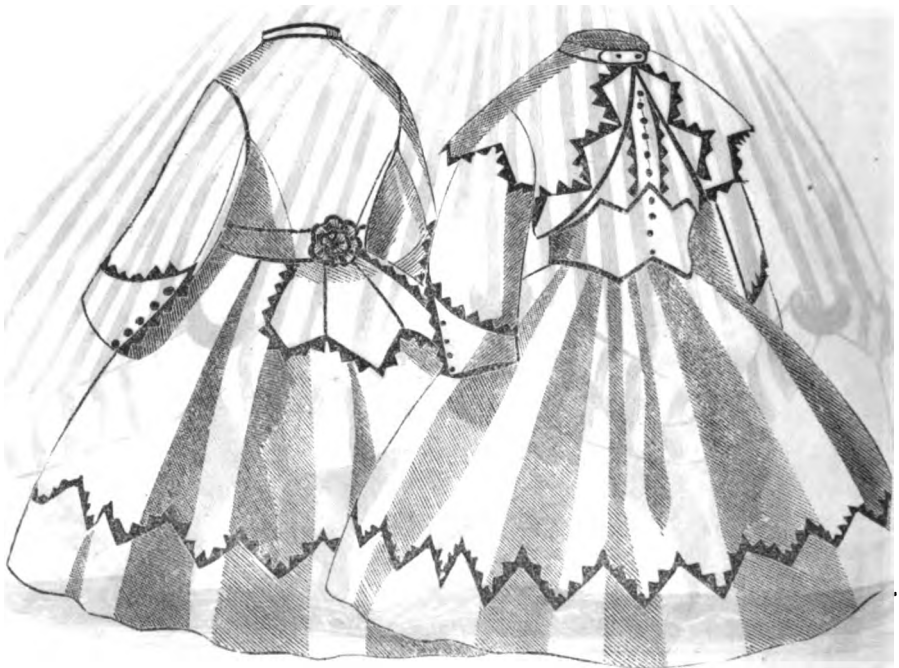


EVENING DRESS.

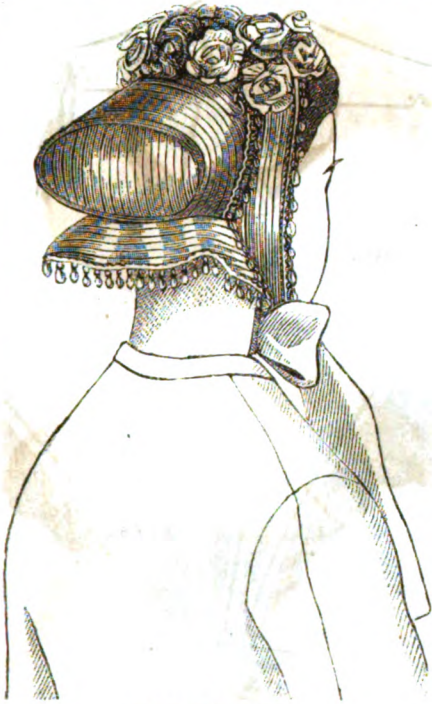




**EMPIRE HEAD-DRESSES.**



**CHILD'S DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.**



EMPIRE BONNET.



EMPIRE BONNET.

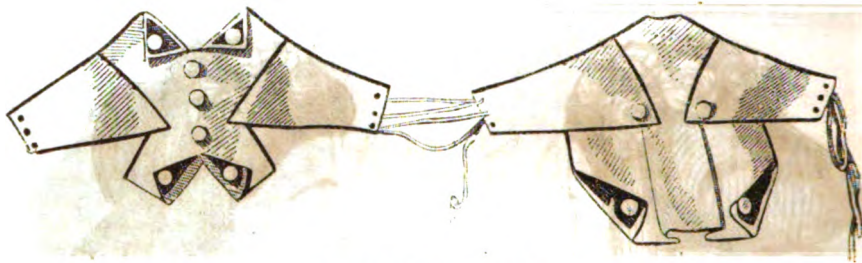


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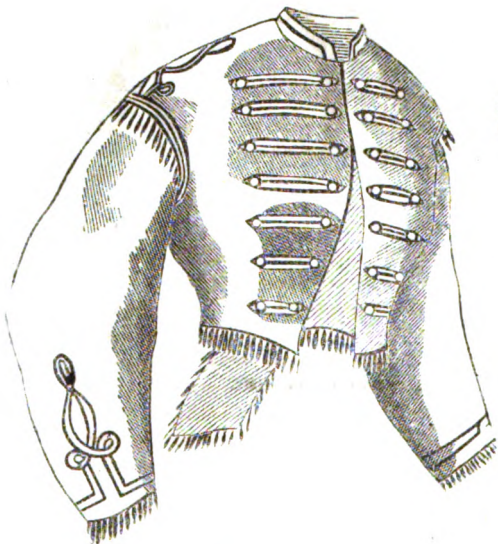


LACE JACKET.

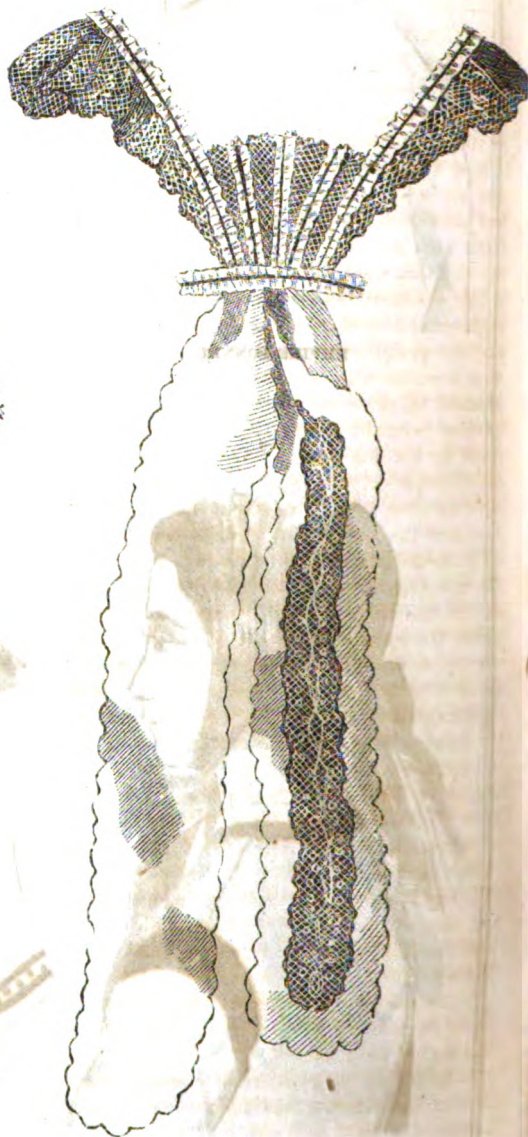




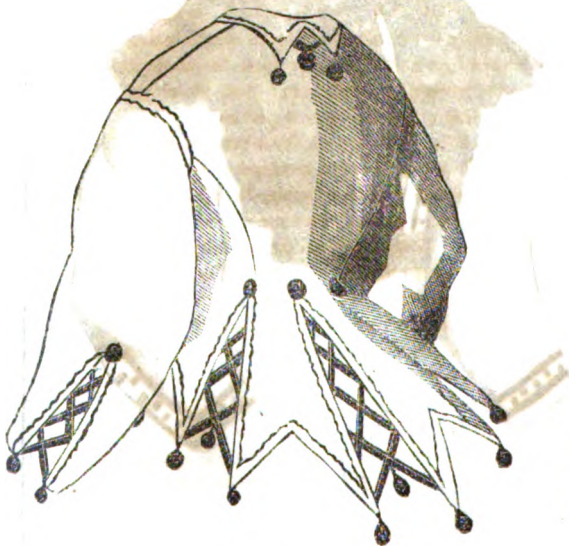
COAT: FRONT AND BACK.



JACKET.



BRACES AND SASH.



JACKET.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1865.

No. 5.

## A TROUBLED HONEY-MOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

GEORGE JAMESON and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall.

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to red-den her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the digni-fied *pater familiar* to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that here was a match made in heaven.

The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty traveling suit of gray alpaca, with azurline blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said; the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made up for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match the dress, with its blue face trimming to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious; and in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, George and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance. George buckled up his traveling-shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run on and see to the trunks! I should die if, when we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner in my traveling-dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice,

"All aboard for Danville! all aboard! Come, hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she was, she said rapidly to herself, and she had better get in

and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband——"

"Oh! yes, yes, all right!" said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding that had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said a ticket-agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the train for Buffalo, you'll likely find her there. Just starting—not a moment to lose!"

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.

"Most likely she got on the wrong train and went by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a way-station fifteen miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally blest the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be—and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, knocking over an old lady with a flower-pot and a bird-cage in her

hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to the Belvidere house—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road; for all vestige of fences and wheel-tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him! People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise in; but probably it realized

that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out,

"Hilloo there! Is it you, or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sake!" cried she. "You're in for it, hain't ye?"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody mustn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed! I'm after my wife!"

"Land sake! Your wife! Well, of all things! I declare, I never!"

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do, that's a dear woman!"

The old lady staided herself by a trace, and, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on——"

"No, you won't, neither! You'll go over to our house and have a cup of coffee, something to eat, and a suit of the old n. clothes to put on while I dry yourn. And send Tom over to Margate with the hoos wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. He was despatched to Margate to hunt up Mr. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue, swallow-tailed coat, homemade, gray pantaloons, cowhide boots, and

white hat with a broad brim, for the Starks were Friends—felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plasters for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander informed him a lady, answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband!

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie! Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train until he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American.

Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was waiting for her husband. Boom 221, right-hand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and, holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last?"

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medici!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chamber-maids, and as many white-aproned waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and broke in the brim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! My wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane, or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh, Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and, recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windham depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations about the road for information of you. Why did you not answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not—"

Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise——"

"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George; and though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katie, rushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world! Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters

were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air. •

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow-tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

## THE QUESTION.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

ART thou my fate? Dark mists rise up before me,  
And hide the prospect of the future land;  
A veil impenetrable hangs ever o'er me;  
The ground is all unsteady where I stand.

Reach here thy hand, and find me 'mid the shadows,  
The sunshine of thy coming I await;  
The hum of labor rings throughout the meadows,  
And drowns the footsteps of advancing fate.

Shall my fond heart, by some rare intuition,  
Know thee, and claim thee for her own at last?  
Nor wake to find that like a lovely vision,  
Into the realms Elysian thou hast passed?

Here, with an earnest will and high endeavor,  
I bear my part amid the daily strife;

God knows a woman's needs, and He will ever  
Lead the vexed soul toward a better life.

Where is my fate his chosen work pursuing?  
In vine-clad country, or by sounding sea;  
Where spicy breezes all the senses wooing,  
Fill the whole air with perfumed melody?

I hear a whisper on the South wind trembling;  
The flutter of a coming step I hear;  
Outside my heart the guards are all assembling,  
To warn the keeper if a foe is near.

Somewhere the Heavens are shining bright above him;  
Somewhere he labors to be good and great;  
And though in secret now I fondly love him,  
Some time, perchance, I'll meet and know my fate:

## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

My love has gone over the mountain;  
With the fever of longing I burn,  
While asking the gods will she ever  
Ye gods, will she ever return?  
Her hair was the hue of the sun's beams,  
When he kisses the Eastern hills;  
And her voice like the notes of song birds,  
Whose music the morning fills;  
Her eye was bright as the evening star;  
Her singing was sweet as a lute;  
And the birds of song, when they heard it,  
For jealousy were mute;  
Her heart was a glowing altar,  
And the sacrifice was love,  
Brought down by the purest angel

That walks the Heavens above.  
Yet she has gone over the mountain,  
Whose ever-appalling height  
Is covered with clouds that are darker  
Than the blackest arch of night;  
And those clouds have hid her forever  
From the reach of my aching sight.  
My sorrowing heart is jealous,  
Of the mountain that lies between  
My soul and the fairest maiden  
That the eyes of man have seen.  
So I pray every night to pass over  
To the mountain's farthest side,  
To live forever and ever,  
In the arms of my beautiful bride!

# COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263.

## CHAPTER II.

THAT unfortunate attempt at Croquet was the first time in Alice's life she had made a sufficient failure in any effort to give people an opportunity to be amused at her expense.

Under ordinary circumstances her mischance and awkwardness would hardly have been worth a thought; but she had been mortified in the presence of the man with whom she was as bitterly angry as we can only be with one very dear, and before the eyes of her rival. Truly it was not in unregenerate human nature to support the humiliation patiently.

During the following days Alice allowed whoever chose to play croquet—she was occupied with other things. A party of friends just arrived at the hotel, and all sorts of trifles, among which she walked, busy heart and soul, to all appearance, and utterly oblivious both of the widow and Claude.

But if there had been any very early risers among the party, a little secret of Alice's might have been discovered.

Mrs. Le Fort's nephew, Tom, had come up to spend his summer holidays—a great, blundering Newfoundland puppy, as good hearted and generous as he could be, and worshiping Alice with all the devotion of a chivalrous nature that has only walked this weary world for fifteen years, and not had time to kick up any dust to dim the freshness of its roses.

He came to Alice the day after her croquet exploit.

"I say, Alice, don't you mind," said he, "and don't you give in! I'll teach you to play croquet."

"I hate croquet!" cried Alice. "Don't mention it!"

"But it's so jolly," urged Tom. "Just let me teach you. We'll get up early every morning, and have a game before anybody's out. You'll learn in no time, and beat that widow like bricks."

"She does everything well, doesn't she, Tom?" said Alice, so calmly that the boy fell into the net.

"Don't she though! I tell you she's a rorer, and no mistake."

Alice turned her back on her single friend.

"I don't like your horrid school-boy slang," said she, cruelly. "I think I'll leave that, and croquet, and all similar accomplishments to your admiration."

Tom was overwhelmed with grief.

"Whose, my admiration?" cried he. "You know I like you best, you're so nice. I don't care about your widow."

"My widow!" repeated Alice, with a deal of scorn.

"Well, anybody's widow—Mr. Stanley's, if you please. I'll hate her if you do—there!"

Alice smiled at his energy.

"You're a good fellow, Tom," said she; "I beg your pardon for speaking so rudely, and I'll be glad to learn croquet, if you will take the trouble to teach me."

"Now, that's jolly," cried Tom, ecstatically. "You're just a trump, Ally. We'll begin tomorrow morning. Don't say a word."

The compact thus made was faithfully kept. The next morning Alice was down before anybody, except the servants and the robins; and by the time she reached the lower hall, down tumbled Tom, fastening his sleeve-buttons as he ran.

"Hurrah, Alice!" said he. "Come on! We'll show 'em a trick worth a dozen of theirs."

So Alice took her lessons regularly; and Tom was delighted with his pupil's aptness, unconsciously ascribing half the credit to himself, as any of us would have done.

And yet, in spite of his devotion to Alice, and his attempt to fight shy of the widow, because he saw Alice disliked her, poor, blundering Tom did what he would not have been guilty of for the world—knew all the light the widow needed in regard to any affair there might have been between Claude and Alice.

She saw that Tom avoided her, and actually tried "to put her down," if any discussion rose between her and Alice; and, boy though he was, Jeannie could not quite consent to have the young girl, who showed her dislike so plainly, elevated on a pedestal above her own in his mind.

She waylaid him one day in the library, and

it did not take her many minutes to bewitch Master Innocence, for the time at least; and he quite forgot his championship of Alice in the splendor of her great eyes.

She talked to him in the prettiest way—he was such a noble fellow; he never would be a worthless, idle fop; if she only had a younger brother like him—all sorts of delightful praise, and at last,

“Won’t you be my brother, Tom? I can talk to you. I wish you would like me.”

“Why I do,” said Tom. “If I was a man I’d die for you!”

“Ah!” said she, slyly, “but you’d live for Miss Peyton.”

Tom’s suddenly awakened conscience sent the crimson to his face.

“But she *is* nice,” he thought. “I don’t believe Alice ought to dislike her.”

“And you are quite right,” pursued the widow. “Alice is the sweetest girl I ever knew.”

“Hollo!” shouted Tom, astonished. “I beg your pardon for making you jump!”

“Oh! I don’t mind jumping,” returned she, sweetly, recovering from the effects of the thunder-clap. “What made you cry out, though?”

“Why, I thought you didn’t like her,” said Tom, with eyes very wide open.

“You mean she don’t like me.”

“Oh! I don’t know that——”

“Don’t tell fibs, Tom!” she interrupted, pointing her finger at him with a laugh that Tom thought music—and he was right. “You can afford to be honest—that’s why I like you.”

“I am honest,” said Tom; “but Alice is too good to hate anybody.”

“You are a chivalrous knight,” said she, “and I admire you for it.”

Tom glowed at the praise, and she just twisted her pretty fingers through his chestnut curls, and it was all over with him; if he had recently committed murder, Tom would have told her all about it, if she had asked.

But she only praised him, and then chanted Alice’s eulogy, and when he was ready to explode, she said artfully,

“But I don’t think she seems quite happy—do you, Tom?”

The tone in which she said it, as if he had been a man of experience equal to Solomon’s, the one person in the world to whom she could speak freely!

“I wonder if she has any trouble? I hope not—don’t you, Tom? You don’t mind my calling you Tom, do you?”

“Why I like it,” he howled; and the widow

pulled his hair a little, and he grew more ecstatic. “I don’t know but you’re right about Alice; I vow she don’t act like she used to. I wonder——”

“Yes,” said the widow, when he hesitated.

“Oh, I don’t know!” said Tom, trying to wake up, lest he should say something he ought not.

“What lovely neck-ties you always wear,” said she; “I am so glad you don’t think it’s nice to be careless. But about Alice. I wish we knew what troubled her. We might do something, you and I together, you know.”

Lord bless me! Socrates himself couldn’t have withstood those eyes—and Tom wasn’t Socrates.

“I do know one thing,” said he; “but even aunt don’t——”

“And it don’t count telling me,” purred the widow. “You can tell your sister everything. I am your sister—mayn’t I be?”

“And a duck of one, too!” cried Tom.

“Oh, you naughty, flattering brother! And so Alice told you——”

“Lord bless you, no! She wouldn’t say a word; but I can put two and two together.”

“I should think I knew that! I’ll always tell you things, Tom, just to keep you from finding them out! Of course, Alice wouldn’t tell; but you guessed——”

“Why, I knew she and Claude Stanley were at Havana together last winter.”

The widow sat perfectly still. Claude had never told her. How deep a game had he played? But she was getting near daylight.

“And isn’t it queer they never talk about it?” said she, frankly.

“Oh, you know it! Did he tell you?”

“Mayn’t I find out things, too, you bad Tom! So you think she liked him, and they quarreled——”

“Why you know all about it,” cried he. “Did Claude tell you?”

“Nobody told me; but you see we can talk honestly. How pleasant it is.”

“I know he had a little seal of hers this spring,” said Tom, “for I saw it in his room in New York, and an envelope with her writing on it.”

There, it was all out; the widow put “two and two together,” and the matter was clear as noonday.

“Dear me, how late it is,” cried she; “I must go and dress. I declare, none of these other men could make me forget the time so.”

These other men. Tom felt six feet high!

“Not even Claude?” asked he, eagerly.



"Claude, indeed! Why, don't you know I'm a flame for those moths to singe their wings at? You're the only honest one—I do like you, Tom! Good-by; mind and bring me a bouquet at dinner, won't you?"

Off she glided, swift and graceful as a canoe down the stream; and, going along the halls to her chamber, Mrs. Crosland meditated, and continued her meditation as she stood before her mirror.

"Has that man been playing with me? Has he wanted to annoy and punish that girl? The impudence of him! Goodness knows I only wanted to amuse myself; but if he has dared to make me useful!"

She was downright furious. She never had met her match, certainly she would not in Master Claude.

"I can fascinate him anyway," cried she. "I don't care who he loves, he forgets everything when he is with me, he is in earnest then. I've three minds to make him propose, and then tell that saucy girl of it."

Now the widow was not downright wicked. She would not have had a broken heart at her door for the world; but she dearly loved power, and in her reckless thoughtlessness might have been guilty of a great wrong.

The more she reflected the more angry she grew; a little unsafe for any person who had crossed her to put his or her happiness within the widow's reach just at that moment, when there was that dangerous flash in her eyes.

Before she went down stairs, she opened a fanciful box on her dressing-table filled with notes and miniatures—trophies won in the guerrilla warfare of her life. She selected a picture and put it in her pocket, and turned again to take a last look in the glass.

"Being jealous might do it. He is just the impetuous creature to make a fool of himself!"

The widow smiled at her own image, half wickedly, half with a droll feeling of amusement, and then with a little scorn.

"I declare, I believe I was meant for something better," sighed she. "What a poor, empty affair my life is! I wonder if it would have been different if I had married Robert Sherman? But they wouldn't let me. It's all over ages ago. Poor Robie, he's sound asleep under the China seas—and I? Well, I'm dashing Mrs. Crosland, with everything good and honest worn out of me. Oh, dear! *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!* I wish I were a Catholic, I'd go into a convent, it couldn't be any more tiresome than this existence."

She stood there and thought of the old buried

life away back in the past; the girlish life that had looked so bright and had promised so much, all perished ages ago—she walked among the ashes of that brighter time.

"What a goose I am!" cried she. "Actually making my eyes red! What's the use of being a humbug to myself! If I'd married Rob we should have quarreled, and the romance would have worn out as fast as other people's does! It's all over—let it go! The world calls my life a success—maybe all successes are just as hollow! Dear me, there must be daylight somewhere, if we only could reach it! Poor Robby! what eyes he had; I declare, to this day his voice sometimes comes over me so distinctly. Oh, poor Rob! oh, my poor, wasted youth!"

She fairly hid her face in her hands; the next instant she swept it all away. Very seldom that she was weak enough to allow that past to intrude into the idle festivities she made of her life.

"There, Mrs. Crosland, you have been sentimental long enough—*revenus a nos moutons*—but such very stale mutton—oh, dear!"

Then she laughed, and then she felt harder and more wicked from the reaction of her thoughts.

"So much the worse for anybody that comes in my way," thought she. "If they suffer, they must take the consequences."

In the meantime, a portion of the party had made their appearance down stairs, after the period of noonday privacy, which all wise people seek during the two or three hours of a summer day, when even a seraph couldn't stay presentable.

Somebody was playing broken fragments of operas; somebody singing; a few pretending to read, and the rest talking in an idle, lazy way upon all sorts of subjects, and among these was Claude Stanley.

A novel that had been the rage a few seasons before came up; the plot involved disagreements and separation between the hero and heroine, and Claude was firm in the belief that it was the woman's fault.

While they were talking, Alice and Harry Ward strolled along the verandah toward the library.

"That really begins to look serious," said faded Miss Folsom to Claude. "I do believe she'll marry him; you know before she went to Havana people said they were engaged."

A pleasant speech for an angry lover to hear on a warm day! Claude mentally called Miss Folsom opprobrious epithets, gave one furious glance at the pair, and launched forth into fresh

denunciations of the woman—in the novel—growing bitter and impetuous.

"What do you think of it, Miss Peyton?" some one asked, as she stood in the window. "We are talking about that book of Miss Yonge's—do you blame the young lady, or her lover?"

Alice had heard Claude's speech. She arrayed herself on the other side; the argument became general, but Alice and Claude managed to say any quantity of things that were Sanscrit to the rest, but fearfully distinct and galling to each other.

In the midst of it, Mrs. Le Fort put her head in at one of the glass doors which opened on the side verandah, where she had been looking at her roses, and talking to her birds like a darling as she was, who had carried more freshness of enjoyment into her age than the youth of the present day ever knew.

"There's a shower coming up," said she; "stop arguing, good people, and come and look at this mass of wonderful clouds."

Everybody rose whether they cared for wonderful clouds or not; but when the others passed out on to the verandah, Alice walked on into the next room, and Claude followed.

"You need not have taken so public an opportunity to display your hatred!" he exclaimed.

"I was talking of the book," said she. "I suppose I have the same right as you to my opinion."

"No wonder you like the character," cried he; "she was fickle, secretive, cruel——"

"And he made her so," interrupted she.

"It was in her nature, I tell you."

"And you may tell me it is in mine, but I am not obliged to accept your verdict."

"It is; you cannot deny it."

"I do utterly—utterly!"

"You have wounded and outraged me in every way possible; you flirted in the most cold-blooded manner; you received a letter from that infernal Spanish scamp at Havana——"

"And you told me we were henceforth strangers," interrupted Alice. "By what right do you address me in this way?"

"You broke off our engagement—it was your own work!"

"I deny it; you know it is not true!"

Then up came that stinging thought, if he should think she relented, she would die sooner than give him that triumph.

"If I did!" she exclaimed, "it was your fault! You wanted me to be a slave, while you were free to act as you pleased! Don't reproach

me—I will not bear it! I know you thoroughly, you are incapable of any real feeling; you are so selfish and heartless, you would see the whole world in ruins at your feet to gratify any passing caprice."

"And you—what are you? Good heavens, don't talk about heartlessness! You, with my kisses yet fresh on your lips, engaged to another man——"

"Who said so?" she cried.

"You can't deny it!"

She would not. How dared he think so vilely of her! How dared he reproach her, if it were true, after his own conduct; after—but he was speaking again.

"I should serve him right if I cut his throat before your eyes; but you wouldn't care! You would go straight to a ball from the man that loved you best."

"No man deserves any more consideration or love," said Alice; "the woman would be an idiot who gave it! I have learned my lesson."

"And I mine!"

"From an apt teacher," Alice was on the point of retorting, but she controlled herself. She would not make the least allusion to Mrs. Crosland, lest he should gain a perception of her jealousy and exult in it.

If she only had spoken it might have been better; but they rushed into fresh recriminations, whose bitterness certainly ill agreed with their professed indifference.

"A man with the least honor or dignity would have gone away," cried Alice; "but you staid to insult me!"

If he had only told her that he had staid because he could not go, that his heart had hoped for a reconciliation, even when his thoughts denied the fact most; that this very flirtation only arose from recklessness and pain—but he would not.

He was mad and wrong, as you or I would have been, and as insanely determined as she to tear away the last possibility of peace or hope.

"Do what you like—marry whom you like," cried he; "it is nothing to me. I sweep you utterly out of my thoughts; you have no place in my heart."

"It would be a degradation to have," retorted Alice. "I scorn and despise you; I hate myself for having cared for you; I must have been mad indeed; I thank you for curing me of my insanity."

She swept out of the room, and left him pale with passion and grief, while the gay laughter of his friends rang up from the lawn without.

And as she rushed away Tom saw her, caught the last words of their conversation in spite of himself, and he followed Alice.

When he reached the door of her chamber it was locked.

"Alice! Alice!" he called.

No answer. He was frightened, and fresh from the perusal of one of Miss Braddon's romances, imagined she had burst a blood-vessel, or fallen dead on the floor, or escaped life in some other improbable and sensational way.

He stooped and looked through the keyhole, fully expecting to see a pale corpse on the carpet, his foot raised ready to dash in the panel at the sight; but after that momentary glance he came to his senses and crept away, his quick sense of honor, when he saw her alive, rousing him to the fact that he was playing the spy on her secret trouble.

He had seen Alice on her knees sobbing convulsively, and moaning out of the crushed pride of her breaking heart.

But if there were no other proof, we might become convinced that life was not intended to be wasted in moaning, from the fact, that we never get comfortably at it without being interrupted, and rudely called back from the luxury of our agony to the petty details of every-day existence.

You never shut your door in your life to be alone with a misery you were fully decided should be eternal, without some abominable wretch taking it into his head to choose that very moment to come and smoke a segar in your chambers.

"You needn't pretend you're out, you know," says he, "because I can see you through the keyhole! If you're gay, we'll be merry; if you are in trouble, I'll console you."

And of all things to be dreaded, the sympathy of your friends is the most horrible. People will go about doing good till everybody hates them.

Sophia never strayed up stairs for a private dampening, during her quarrel with young Hicks, that aunt Jane didn't follow her; and just when she was as wretched as a young woman at the end of the second volume of a novel, call out,

"Come and see this lovely ribbon—such a bargain! Sophia, I say, open the door this minute! Such ribbon!"

Ribbon, indeed! As if she could tie up a wounded heart with it. And people are always offering you ribbon when you want lint and linaments.

So, of course, in the beginning of Alice's

tempest, the girls were inspired by the devil to go and call her. Something was going on, and it just occurred to them that they could not live another moment unless she shared their amusement.

"Come, Alice, quick! Mrs. Le Fort says, come right down. It's no time to be shut up—it looks so odd!"

That roused her. Heavens! those words would make a woman control herself in the agonies of death. As a general thing, men don't care; their vanity is so much larger than their pride, that they like to write their woes on their foreheads, and go about moody and sullen, ironical and Byronical, just to be pitied, and asked what ails them, and be supposed to have a mystery, and asked what it is.

But tell a woman "it looks odd;" and if she had six poisoned arrows sticking their barbed points in her heart, she would smooth her lace bertha carefully over them, and appear before the world as smiling as if the roses in the hair she was tearing so wildly a few moments before were only a poor type of the brightness and sweetness of her life.

So Alice gave one last sob, shook her plumage straight in an instant, like a pigeon, and followed them down stairs, laughing and talking much more than was natural, and yet conscious all the while that her trouble awaited her on the threshold of her chamber, and would seize her in a more relentless grip when she returned, for this brief escape from its solitary sway.

"We are going down to play Croquet," said Harry Ward, taking possession of her as soon as she appeared, after a fashion he had lately assumed. "Now this time you have got to play. We won't let you off—you must learn."

The widow was there, not having been able to find Claude, and do her best, in her wicked mood, to get her velvet paws on his heart, so as to unsheath their claws, and rend it.

"Have you courage to make another attempt?" she asked Alice, with a mocking smile.

Assured in her knowledge, thanks to Tom's careful instructions, and her own diligent practice, Alice could afford to smile in turn.

"How good of you to remind me of my awkward failure," said she, in a childish way, "and to be anxious I should not expose myself again."

"Oh, no, dear child!" retorted the widow; "it was a mere selfish desire not to have a pretty picture spoiled—you pout so dreadfully when anything goes wrong."

"Never mind," said Alice, sweetly. "I am only eighteen; ten or twelve years' practice may teach me how to be displeased gracefully."

Pretty good fencing, the widow was forced to acknowledge, even in her anger, and while seeing two or three of the men look at her, as if hunting for crows' feet about the corners of her eyes.

"Now for Croquet," said she, "since Miss Peyton gives her approval. I am sorry now I banished Mr. Stanley; I always want him when I play."

"Why, what have you done with him?" asked honest Harry.

"Never mind; he'll come back quite safe. After all, Miss Alice, these tiresome men always do, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

But Alice had turned away—that was the sharpest arrow in the widow's quiver, and she was not in the humor to resist letting it fly.

Mrs. Crosland would not play Croquet—she was tired—it was hot. Please, if they would let her sit still. She would first watch Miss Alice take her lesson."

"I'll give you one, too," she thought.

But Alice smiled placidly, and made ready for the game with the most perfect assurance.

Nobody knew that she had touched a mallet since that first day; and the general surprise was soon merged in admiration at her grace and skill. Sitting there, Mrs. Crosland saw that she would be forced to look to her laurels.

Alice did wonderful credit to Tom's instruction. She never once got a ball "uried," which even fine players will occasionally do. She "croqueted" Charley Lynn's ball twice, and "dismissed" Miss Folsom's in the most ignominious manner, greatly to that antique damsel's disgust, making points in the most scientific manner, and scoring up like lightning.

Just at the close of the game Claude Stanley strolled down to the ground. When Alice left him he had rushed out of the house to escape all companionship, and give free vent to the burst of wounded pride and feeling which had burst all barriers at last.

He had been so genuinely miserable he had not supposed anybody was playing, or he would have avoided the place. It was too late to retreat, and he came on looking black and dismal enough.

Lo and behold, what should he see but Alice perfectly radiant, to all appearance, receiving the applause of her companions, and looking as though no trouble had ever blown its evil wind within a world's journey of her horizon.

This was the creature for whom he had been grieving—this heartless, frivolous creature! Standing there triumphant, smiling up in Harry Ward's face, and as utterly regardless of his

own presence, as if he had been the mallet just flung from her hand.

He wondered what restrained him from rushing up, dashing poor Harry to the ground, and trampling his life out before her very eyes; or, better yet, hitting out at him in a scientific way, until he made his pretty, booby face a mass of bruises, and there wasn't a feature left.

If he could do something perfectly desperate to wring her heart, if she had any; at least to prove that he had never cared for her; that he had only amused himself at her expense; something that would gall her vanity beyond all possibility of healing, he could be satisfied.

No matter what the consequences were to himself; no matter if the rest of his life were spent in atoning for that one mad act, only show the way, and he would do it—do it, and never flinch, if he trod straight over his own heart to purchase the bitter delight of making her feel.

It was neither noble nor manly—I know that as well as you do; but it was dolefully, humiliatingly natural; and not one of us can look back on the youth we are leaving without acknowledging it.

You didn't rush off for a commission, and expose yourself to bullets, and worse still, hard tack, and the disgusts of camp life, the day after Mary James jilted you—and it was pure patriotism made you. You didn't say to yourself, "If ball can kill, I'll make her repent!" Oh, no! of course not! And you didn't marry your dumpy wife by accident—that is, propose to her after that quarrel with cousin Fanny!

Come, don't let us humbug ourselves. You know just as well as I do, that half the unhappiness of your lives, the desolation and weariness over which you moan, have been the result of your own obstinacy and recklessness, ay, and meanness, too—for no man ever indulged a revengeful feeling without debasing his own nature.

So don't pout your moustaches at Claude. I won't have it! He was young and passionate, and miserable and mad, to suffer deeper pangs. Oh! wretched words that have a significance so terrible! God may forgive us, but you and I, my friend, must live far into eternity before we can forgive ourselves for the wreck we made of our youth; for the poor, miserable, dwarfed thing our lives has become, beyond all possibility of atonement in this world, so far as getting back the hopes and dreams that we threw away, the golden opportunities that we crushed under our feet, all to gratify, in one way or another, our pride, or our obstinacy, or these devils, tempers which we persist in calling firm-

ness and decision to the last, and gnash our teeth over the paltry lie while doing it.

Up Claude came, and Mrs. Crosland waved her fan at him. He gave one more black glance at Alice, and threw himself on the grass at the widow's feet.

They were talking the most utter nonsense, it is true, but Claude looked up in her face as if his soul sat in his eyes, and whispered absurd nothings in the most compromising way to both.

Still Alice smiled, and talked, and drove Harry Ward quite desperate; but she never missed a look that passed between the pair.

"Will you play now, Mrs. Crosland?" they asked.

"I really cannot! Mr. Stanley insists on my listening to him."

"Of course, I do," said Claude, and gave her his arm.

They were passing Alice, and he added,

"You know it is all I care for in this world."

"Parole?" said the widow, wickedly.

"I swear it," said he; "I'll say it before all these fools, if you like."

"Oh! that would spoil the charm. But where are you taking me to?"

"Anywhere to escape. I want to talk to you."

Alice heard—every syllable spoken for her ear reached it; but the lace that covered her poisoned arrows never quivered over their sting.

"Come, then," said the widow; "I'm tired, too."

A malicious demon shot into her eyes; her sharp gaze penetrated the gauze, and saw the barbed points in Alice's heart. She was not a bad woman, only reckless, as we all are in our way; but she saw more, she saw that Tom's romance had a companion.

If Alice had loved Claude, he had returned that affection—her suspicion had been correct. She had been used as a means to gratify his anger.

Heavens! how her taper fingers tingled to meet about his neck; how devoutly she wished the tiger in every one of us need not be subdued and kept chained!

She would have her revenge, that baby-faced girl should pay for her impertinence, and this man by her side. Well, suffering had not made Jeannie Crosland patient, and in her vapid life she had found so many men mean, and base, and pitiful, that she had no faith in any.

If she could have known the truth, she was the woman to have set both these creatures straight, and been glad to have done so much good—but she did not. She only thought the girl a butterfly who could not feel acutely, and the man shallow-hearted and vain. With both in the dust at her feet, she could be contented and make friends again. She did not want any extraordinary revenge, only a humiliating lesson to the girl, a brief, bitter mortification to the man for having dared to enter the list of her adorers, even for the space of a summer holiday, without first blotting out of his heart any previous image engraven there.

She felt partially matched, and the feeling fretted her proud heart, accustomed to utter and entire devotion, as much as sackcloth would have chafed the graceful form accustomed to purple and fine linen.

"Come," said the widow; "I'm tired, too! I know a leafy grot where I am queen!"

"Behold the humblest of your worshipers," Claude quoted in turn.

Then Alice's eyes met those of Jeannie in a mutual flash, like the gleam of two spears. Jeannie passed down the sycamore walk toward the wood, leaning on Claude's arm; and Alice turned back to her task of living in the present like an actor in a play, who has for an instant forgotten the stilted jests of his part in the remembrance of the hard, cruel life that awaited him outside the gilded scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOSE EARLY YEARS.

BY M. L. MATHESON.

Those early years! those early years!  
Of childish hopes and childish tears;  
How sweet their cherished mem'ry seems  
Of guileless hours and fairy dreams,  
When erst a child, in careless glee,  
I sported round my mother's knee.

Those olden lays! those olden lays!  
The joyous tones of other days;  
How oft their mem'ry o'er me steals,

And youthful dreams of life reveals,  
When o'er my eye of earnest blue  
No cank'ring care its shadow threw.

Those buried loves! those buried loves!  
Time's fading treasure aptly proves;  
Whate'er may change, as life decays,  
The thoughts of those once happier days,  
Shall closer cling, through grief and gloom,  
Till I shall rest within the tomb!

## COLONEL HUDSON'S COACHMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD," ETC., ETC.

HUGH HUDSON was fortunately alone when he broke the seal of the following letter:

"DEAR SIR—At the request of our client, your great uncle, Col. Hugh Hudson, of Hudson Hills, it becomes our unpleasant duty to inform you of his desire that all communication between yourself and his family should cease from this date; and that you will consider yourself as having, by your conduct abroad, forfeited all claims of interest or affection upon him. Your own property, amounting to some fifteen thousand dollars, which he placed in our hands for your use, some time since, we have appropriated, as you requested, to the payment of your expenses during your foreign tour; and it has exactly sufficed for that purpose, as the inclosed statement will show. You are, therefore, left clear of debt, but otherwise unprovided for. Our client forwarded, with his communication, the accompanying check for five hundred dollars, which he trusts will relieve you from any temporary inconvenience in this sudden change of affairs. Trusting that you will not hold us, individually, responsible for our client's opinions, (in which we yet hope an alteration may be effected,) and that you will still continue to honor us with your regard and confidence, and command us whenever we can be of any service in your future career, we remain, etc.,

Your obedient servants,

LETTON & LETTON."

"A pleasant greeting home," said Hugh Hudson, tossing the letter aside, "after ten years of absence! I could scarcely have had a colder reception from those Newfoundland icebergs, had we sunk among them that foggy night, when we never hoped to see our own dear land again. Step-mother Fortune, it was hardly kind to let me live!"

Half sad, half smiling—for his cheerful custom was to laugh at fate, and gather courage where others found abundant cause for despair—the young man drew his writing-desk across the table, and set himself seriously to the composition of his reply—for this ungracious epistle had been waiting for him a week, and could not be answered too soon. The task was quickly done; a brief but kind note despatched to the old lawyers, in which he "acknowledged the

receipt of their favor," and thanked them for their interest, without giving any intimation of his future plans or prospects, with an inclosure for his uncle, in writing which, some drops of moisture visited his eyelashes—some pangs of bitter and not undeserved regret assailed his heart. Within the second of these letters he placed the five hundred dollar check; and having carefully sealed them, "for the last time," as he inwardly decided, with a handsome seal-ring, his uncle's present, he promptly rose, pushed his chair away, and walked over to the fireplace to get a full-length view of his position.

Leaning against the mantle, in his favorite attitude, his hands carelessly twisted in his curling, chestnut hair; his eyes cast down in thoughtful retrospection; he compelled himself to thoroughly review his past career, and accept the future, its disastrous consequence, in a spirit of penitence and penance, that very few people, ruined by their own fault, because weak or wicked, have strength enough to bear, or sensibility to feel. This stern process of arraignment over, the sentence passed, the judgment received, he broke from the musing mood again, and strode across the room to his old position, with a face full of cheerful sunshine.

"After all, there is no great harm done," he cried. "I have ruined myself, with nobody else to blame for it—that's all. Many a man has done the same before me; I must only go to work, and make myself over again. Thank heaven! I am able to do it! I am young, strong, and active. I should have been ashamed to depend on my uncle in any case—the dear old boy may keep his money; I wanted only his good opinion—and that I will have yet, if it is to be earned!"

A beautiful English pointer, aroused by the unwonted commotion, thrust her slender head into her master's hand, and gazed up into his face with a look almost of human affection and comprehension. Both pair of eyes were handsome; I hardly know which most so, dog's or man's; both were brown, clear, gentle, velvety soft, and tender, yet capable of lighting up with courage and keen intelligence. They evidently understood each other; and Hugh was comforted by his friend's silent sympathy, for his spirits rose rapidly as he played with her silken ears.

"We must take account of stock, Susette," he continued, "and see how near the prodigal is to his husks." Digging in his pockets with deep solemnity, he brought forth their contents, one by one, and laid them on the table before the dog, who examined all with a ludicrous imitation of his earnestness, successively rejecting them as inedible and uninviting. The pile of property was not very imposing, even after being recruited from his traveling-bag. Handkerchiefs, gloves, shirts, socks, and slippers, properly belonging in the half-filled trunks that stood near, but crammed with characteristic carelessness in this smaller receptacle, were pushed aside to make room for an odd jumble of treasures, collected during his years of foreign travel. Quartz from Derbyshire, lava from Vesuvius, specimens of ore from Russia, Scotch pebbles, Egyptian antiques, Turkish armlets, and Hindoo chains and baubles. A handful of silver and copper coin of various denominations and countries, a box of percussion caps, and a bag of shot; a seal, an uncut emerald, a nautilus shell, a betting-book, a pencil, and a purse. Add to these a Persian hookah, with its cumbersome appendages, intended for his uncle, a set of silver and coral jewelry for his petted cousin, a German gun, a Swiss watch, a dozen dictionaries of different languages, a good wardrobe, a handsome dressing-case, a large bundle of cheroots, and a collection of the current money of the realm—at that time possessing a substantial weight, and sound metallic ring, much missed in it since—not exceeding fifty dollars in value. Upon these assembled effects, Hugh continued to gaze with philosophical cheerfulness, but with some wonder.

"Ten years," he mused, "and twenty thousand dollars; and this is all the result! Susette, my girl, you see before you the reapings of my wild oats. They have been long in sowing, longer in growing, and proved a costly crop. Thank heaven, there is no more money to spend—the planter is a bankrupt, let us administer his estate. The presents we'll keep till those we love are not ashamed to receive them from us; the clothes we'll wear; the curiosities we'll give to some greater fool than ourselves, if such there be; the dressing-case is the appanage of a gentleman who shall take it from me. For the rest, the gun must go into safe keeping, and the cheroots be suppressed till we have an income; but you and I will never part while there is starvation fare for either."

Whistling melodiously, for one of his misfortunes was an exquisite ear for music, he tumbled the miscellaneous pile of property into his

trunks, taking the unusual precaution of locking them; then quitting his elegant apartments with a smile, he strode down the interminable stairs of the hotel, and sought the clerk's office to pay his bill and give up occupation at once. Many people turned to look after the handsome dog and man, as they passed down the street a little later, followed by a patient drayman with the baggage, and seeking carefully among the poorest neighborhood for lodgings, small and uncomfortable enough to meet Hugh's newly-acquired ideas of economy. From these, when at last obtained, he daily went forth on the weary search after employment, of which so many have had bitter experience before him, and which he was both by nature and habit peculiarly unfitted to commence.

Bearded and brown, a model of superb strength and vigor, he walked in upon the pale city men like a handsome Arab as he was, startling them from their stools by demanding a situation. What could they give him to do? A dead shot, a fearless rider, a capital billiard-player, an excellent judge of horses, music, and wine, with a very good knowledge of drawing, dancing, swimming, rowing, and boxing; for the first time he found these athletic and artistic accomplishments despised and held of no avail; they even created a prejudice against him in the minds of many of the strictly business-like persons to whom he applied. His education had not fitted him for their purposes—a careless, happy, desultory life could not so suddenly be turned into a new channel. A thousand times a day he had occasion to wish that since so hard a service in the battle of life had been reserved for him, he might have begun the necessary training earlier, and entered the ranks a younger soldier.

Country born and bred, he had been brought up from his orphan infancy on his uncle's magnificent estate of Hudson Hills, as the heir and successor. At a suitable age he was sent to the military academy, where he excelled in all physical exercises, and with much reluctance took what part was needful in more intellectual studies. Arriving with difficulty at the end of his probation, through numerous pranks and scrapes, it was gently hinted to him that he could never pass the examination, and he promptly resigned; a favorite even with the stern mentors who thus advised, not willing to see him disgraced. Without returning home, he besought his uncle to allow him to finish his neglected education elsewhere, and was immediately entered at an English university. Here his sporting tastes led him into the company of



"fast" men, among whom he was speedily elected the "prince of good fellows," at the expense of his own private fortune and his uncle's magnificent allowance, which came more rarely and reluctantly as the elder discovered how it was expended. His college course over, Hugh found himself not greatly the wiser, but much the poorer; and receiving no invitation to return to Hudson Hills, in which he now considered he had forfeited all right, wrote a brief and kindly letter of farewell, in answer to his uncle's last severe epistle; and finding the remnant of his fortune placed at his own disposal, set off upon a series of travels that continued till it was exhausted. One dark November day, he drew the last draft at his London banker's and took ship for America, not with any intention of claiming aid or support from his uncle, but with a wild longing to behold again the dear western hemisphere; and so full of the prodigal's yearning for home, he yet found himself forbidden to cross its threshold.

I am not about to depict a scene of genteel starvation, with interludes of pawnbroker's shops and penny-rolls—for I do not believe these episodes need occur where people are really willing to work. If there is employment enough for every green Irishman who steps upon our shores, why need a gentleman want who can bring to the task a better head than Paddy's, and hands not less strong? It was on these latter members that my hero finally placed his dependence; for though he was a good accountant, and wrote a handsome hand, had plenty of general information, and a practical acquaintance with three or four modern languages; was eminently intelligent, and quick at learning everything but his detested classics, and the musty lore of the schools. He found his abilities still unappreciated, and himself still unemployed, till he dressed in flannel and velveteen, and became a porter, thereby earning a sufficient sum to keep Susetta in her accustomed luxuries, and himself in tolerable comfort. His ideas of economy were still rather vague. He would unthinkingly buy the morning paper, and find himself obliged to go without a breakfast in consequence; or give up a supper for a segar. Sweet-tempered, cheerful, and energetic, he never failed or faltered; and, owning the justice of his fate, spent no time in idle complainings, but in the silent evenings, and during his hours of leisure, his loneliness and isolation tried him sorely. Not a soul in that great city knew of, or cared for him. Should he die there—which many as strong and young as he had done—he would be hur-

ried into a pauper's grave, unknown and unmissed. Perhaps at home they had forgotten him; even his little cousin, who was his playmate, and was to have been his wife when she grew up, as everybody agreed, and as he had unhesitatingly promised when he left her at twelve years old, frantic because she was not a boy and could not go to school with him. She was sole heiress now and mistress at dear old Hudson Hills; her girlish letters, which had continued to follow him in his wanderings long after their uncle's ceased, he had carefully preserved, and now pored over for hours, trying to picture in his mind the new beauties of the place which she described, and recalling the old; thinking of the fair little writer herself, the sweet, generous, unspoiled nature, sometimes haughty to others, always gentle to him; the innocent, dark eyes, so clear and fearless; the graceful, imperious gestures; the witching, winning ways, the quick, musical tones; the dark curls that danced in the wind, and the light, childish figure that flew so gayly down the lawn to meet him when he had been away on short absences, and was welcome home. These reminiscences could bring only remorse, regret, and enervating sorrow, till, vowing against cowardice and useless retrospection, he locked the letters securely away, and compelled his mind to live on sterner stuff than day-dreams, save when in slumber it escaped his power and reveled in wild visions, in which he revisited that Eden-like home, as Eve in her sleep might have returned to Paradise.

His novel ideas of economy, however, happened to do him good service at last. Seated one evening over his dearly-bought newspaper, for which he had sacrificed half a dinner, his eyes fell on the following advertisement:

*Wanted a Coachman and Groom.*—A faithful, intelligent man, who thoroughly understands his business, and is accustomed to the care of horses, will find a good situation and a liberal salary on the estate of Hudson Hills, Hudson county, N. Y. Apply to Netton & Netton, 3 Travis' Block, New York, or on the place."

A long reverie followed Hugh's reading of this notice, during which he frequently raised his eyes to the scrap of looking-glass with which his landlady had ornamented his apartment, with an eager scrutiny and interest that contained no vanity. "It's all I'm fit for," he softly argued with himself, "and they would never know me. Eight years have made great changes, and I should like to see little Fontibell." He sprang up whistling gayly; the dog barked joyfully about the room—youth is elastic

and improvident. He went off at once to throw up the situation at a hardwareman's that was his daily bread; and the next afternoon the pair were walking along the high road that skirted the estate of Hudson Hills.

His heart beat thickly as he hurried on, and almost stopped his breath while one familiar object after another came in view, and lastly, the tall chimneys of the house itself. The broad, winding track he was pursuing seemed to lead to these too slowly; he sprang over the fences, and cleared the hedges at a single leap, in his feverish excitement to take a shorter cut, passing through bloomy fields and waving woods, whose every feature was as well known to him as his own face in the glass, and never resting till he had gained the grounds, and stood in front of the fine old mansion, the gray-stone walls of which had not grown a shade darker in all these years of wind and weather; while its later architectural ornaments of porches, roofs, and bay-windows had been visibly renewed without altering their character.

The returning prodigal looked long and lovingly at his home. His heart was full in that moment, and he could have thrown himself upon the velvet turf and cried like a school-boy, but that the long, French windows in the front were open, and through one of them he saw two ladies seated at their work within, who would be sure to discover him shortly. There remained, therefore, only to walk up to the entrance door and ask to see Col. Hudson by the name of Harris.

The servant, who answered his knock, ushered him into the south parlor, where the master of the house was sitting with the ladies Hugh had seen from the lawn. Both of these looked up at his entrance, and the colonel arose with stately dignity to receive his guest. Time had slightly sharpened the lineaments of his fine face, and turned his gray hair snowy white; but Hugh was glad to see that sorrow and anxiety for his prodigal nephew had ploughed no fresh traces in his broad forehead, nor bowed his grand old head. Except for these trifling indications of age, the colonel looked as upright, stern, and strong as on the day they had parted.

The two ladies were less easily identified, though Hugh soon recognized one as his distant cousin, Annie Orr, some two years since made Annie Asten by his old friend and school-mate, Fred. Slender and childish-looking, with her light hair and delicate, dimpled face, she sat in a French *neglige*, all ruffles and tassels, though it was afternoon, rocking herself lan-

guidly in an easy-chair, and playing with a waxen baby, as he last remembered her playing with a waxen doll.

But the other—could it be little Fontibell? He recalled her image as she used to come running across the lawn to meet him with her light feet and her flying, flossy curls; but this young lady, slight and girlish as she looked, was much too dainty and dignified a personage to have had such antecedents. She wore a dress of bright brown silk, and what ladies call an "Empress collar" of costly old lace, which almost touched her pretty, sloping shoulders, and was fastened about the white throat by a diamond pin like a single spark of light. Her graceful head rose above it with a little fastidious, haughty poise, that spoke the beauty and heiress, and reminded Hugh of her charming wayward ways, and air of unconscious pride and distinction in childhood. Otherwise she looked gentle and good, as if her impetuous, ardent temper, and warm, affectionate disposition had been only educated, not wholly refined away with the growth of her lovely person. Her clear, dark eyes had the same innocent and fearless expression; they were softly shaded by lashes of unusual length and glossy thickness; her silken hair was rolled back in shining waves from the smooth, white forehead; her brows were defined by delicate arches; her cheeks were oval, ivory pure, lightly tinted with the roseleaf color of her exquisite lips. She looked fair, and sweet, and imperial, conscious of her station, and fitted for it; and the generous prodigal admired her deeply, and did not grudge her one token of their uncle's favor, from the hot-house flower his own hand had placed in her dark hair, to the jewels that gleamed on her pretty hands, half hidden in their lace drapery as she plied her embroidery.

But in this long gaze, and the reflections that crowded swiftly upon his mind among so many familiar and beloved objects, Hugh was forgetting his business there, and the colonel had bent upon him a look of courteous inquiry that plainly asked it. Brought suddenly down from the clouds by encountering his keen eyes, the visitor collected his thoughts and proceeded to make his application. "I came," he said, "in answer to an advertisement."

The colonel looked in evident surprise. The young man before him was plainly dressed, but with an air of quiet elegance, and had the manners and address of a gentleman, an educated and refined one. His accent was pure; his hands were white and smooth; his personal beauty was even less remarkable than his per-

fect grace and ease. Like all amateur stock fanciers, the colonel was an enthusiastic believer in blood and pedigree, as well in the human species as in their quadruped dependents. His horses were celebrated for their beauty and high-breeding; his cattle were all that cattle should be; his own race had never known "a black sheep" till that unfortunate Hugh. He had always been considered an infallible judge of good and bad points in man or beast; but here was a superb creature that puzzled him by rating itself lower than his judgment would have placed it. No wonder he sat amazed, eyeing the applicant with keen regards, and hesitating for an answer.

"I beg your pardon," he observed at last. "I think there is some mistake. My advertisement—hem—was for a coachman."

"And I came to apply for that situation, sir," returned Hugh, with a smile. "I believe I could answer your requirements. I can be steady, faithful, and industrious; and I am accustomed to the care of horses."

"But you are not—you have not——"

"I am not a professional coachman or groom, you would say; but I am a capital driver, and can soon become one—it's all I'm fit for. I don't pretend to have been born to the position, but I will do my best to fill it. The wages are my object, of course; but I shall try to earn them honestly. I suppose a gentleman—so called—is as eligible for the occupation as any other. It is the only accomplishment that I can depend upon in this necessity of supporting myself, and having squandered my fortune in folly, I should not be particular as to the means of retrieving it."

Both young ladies looked up quickly as the candidate thus frankly defined his position—Annie's blue eyes wide with wonder, her cousin's with an expression, not so easy to read, in their dark depths. The colonel sighed; another young prodigal, whose pride had refused his parting alms, was knocking about the world somewhere, penniless and starving, perhaps, or begging for such husks as these.

"I consent, sir," he said, after long consideration, influenced, perhaps, by the reflections thus suggested, "to place you in a situation which you certainly do not seem intended to fill. It is chiefly, however, the constraint and servitude of the position—which I cannot alter—that I regret for you. My horses, sir," said the courtly old gentleman, with a courtly old bow, "are gentlemen, too; I think you will find them so. I have not myself considered it

degrading to be much among them, and spend much time and care on them, nor has my—my family. I am sure they will not be the worse for having a gentleman to wait on them instead of a mere mercenary clown; and though it certainly seems an anomaly, I trust that the same reason will influence our mutual relations."

The anomaly, who had listened respectfully to this discourse, hat in hand, now took his departure, and had the honor of being escorted by the colonel himself to the scene of his future labors.

The stables, which he well remembered, were handsome and roomy, and filled with fine horses; for Col. Hudson's stock were celebrated, and he had in his younger days been fond of racing, and of betting on races—foibles which he quite forgot when banishing his nephew for similar crimes. An old Arabian, rather small in size, but of beautiful shape, and spirit unbroken by increasing years, had the best and warmest stall assigned him, and was fed and tended with peculiar care. He had been imported expressly for Hugh in the days when his uncle was proud of him and his horsemanship; but the heiress owned him now, and, as the stableman said, visited him every day, and fed and caressed him with her own white hands. A chamber immediately above, lately vacated by some departed William or Ben, was the coachman's heritage—and thither Hugh transported his trunk; and after administering upon the effects of his predecessor, by throwing an old hat and a flashy cravat out of the window, sat down with Susette pressing close to his side—uneasy in her new quarters—to breathe his native air, and look about him, wondering at the strangeness of the events which brought him there. It was a clean, comfortable place, neat, sunny, and airy—a Paradise by contrast with his squalid city room; but had it been a mere hole or den, it would have been Paradise still to the wanderer, in being home.

His new duties were not heavy or difficult to learn. The ladies usually took an airing every day "for the baby's sake;" but often in a little pony carriage, driven by themselves, or with Col. Hudson and his favorite horses, whose reins he had never yet relinquished to any one else. When for some change, real or fancied, in the sweet spring weather Annie preferred to shelter her idolized infant in the close coach, the young driver respectfully handed them out or in, and mounted his box with professional indifference. Both agreed that he did not attempt to assert his superiority to his present position, thereby in their minds establishing it the more; and the wayward heiress chose to use her gentlest words

and smiles when she addressed him, as if with womanly kindness intending to soften his servitude, but only succeeding in increasing its bitterness instead, by awakening a sentiment strong enough to have swayed a mind far more firm and well-governed than that of her gentleman groom.

In his restless, roving, robust life, Hugh had hitherto fallen but little under parlor and boudoir influence, and never felt the power of feminine fascinations. He was to learn it now. Thrown daily into the society of a beautiful woman, really his relative and social equal, and whose willful whim it was to treat him as such, and by the graceful sweetness, the high-bred simplicity of her manner, dissolve the distance he maintained between them; he could only yield, and love, and suffer, by honor kept silent and made strong. In the promises exchanged by their dead parents, which pledged them to each other in their infancy by a bond hitherto held sacred in their family, he had a real and tangible claim to seek to renew her romantic, childish attachment to himself, and win her from their uncle's inimical protection to his own, to plunge her into poverty and ruin, and compel her to bear the penalty of the faults and follies of his youth. But of such a course the generous scapegrace never even dreamed. What he had alone invoked must be borne alone; and he did not relax in his resolution, even when he had grown to fancy that something more than sympathy or pity looked at him out of Fontibell's tender, dark eyes.

He learned now to measure time by the hours in which he saw her, the days in which he saw her not; to watch her coming and going, and exercise a secret surveillance over her actions and pursuits. He knew when she would come into the balcony to tend her flowers, or into the parlor to feed her birds; what time she would spend in the garden, and what at her music, and from what hidden ambush this could best be heard; how she sat sometimes in the twilight at the window, her pure, fair profile clear against the soft spring sky, her chin supported by her slender hand, dreaming or thinking, till some officious servant brought in a brilliant lamp and dissolved the dear picture, showing only her shadow on the lighted wall. He knew, too, the first accents of the cooing, murmuring voice, that thrilled him every morning in the stall below, where she came to pet her pony; but he always lingered, listening in his loft, and never dared enter the stables while she stayed. Not so Susette, who received the heiress' admiring overtures with lady-like condescension, and

usually trotted down to receive her tribute of attention, suffering her silken ears to be threaded through those fairy hands, her gentle head to be pressed against that pink velvet cheek; not unfrequently deserting her master to accompany the fair owner back to the house for a romp with the baby, and wondering at his obtuseness in neglecting this chance of enjoying superior society. But Hugh had learned to tremble at the touch of those soft hands; to avoid the innocent, questioning look of those beautiful dark eyes; to be thrown into a fever by the flutter of her light dress, or the sound of her sweet voice approaching; to pass his days in dreams, his nights in restless wakefulness, and know no peace out of her presence or within it.

The country roads were settling after the spring rains, and growing harder, the twilights growing longer, and the young lady of the house resumed her usual summer evening rides, with the new attendant as groom. Perilous rides they were, when she came down fair and elegant in her becoming hat and habit, rested her light hand on his shoulder, left her small foot in his hand in mounting, gave him her pony's bridle or her whip to hold, while she arranged her dress and fastened up her falling silken hair, received the services he rendered with as graceful gratitude as if he had been, not her paid servant, but her chosen cavalier. She treated him as brother, friend, and equal; she made of him the intelligent, pleasant companion he was capable of becoming; she drew him on with a witchery he could not resist to talk about himself—a subject usually delightful to his egotistical sex, but hitherto carefully avoided by one unselfish specimen—his travels, his history, his faults, his failings, his past life and future prospects, were all unfolded before her soft gaze; she was his confidante before he knew it, as she had been in childhood, reserving only the secret of his identity and his love. In vain he strove against this gentle influence, and tried to maintain the distance, mental and physical, which custom demanded should be preserved between them; in vain he resolutely averted his eyes and closed his lips in determined silence, and persistently reined in his chafing horse to the proper and prescribed distance behind her own, as stolid and automaton-like a squire as the sturdy Bill, her last attendant, "who knew his place," and kept it. But she always fell back to her escort's side on one pretext or another, requiring his help to adjust her bridle-rein, to lead her pony over broken ground, to push aside the boughs that threatened to sweep

across the path, to pick a wild flower she particularly wanted to wear. If he still remained sternly proof against these innocent advances, she would lift to his face such a bewildering look, half pained, half pleading, as he remembered in her childish eyes, when he first came to Hudson Hills as a boy, and laughed at her odd, old-fashioned name, or failed to give her her own sweet will and way. And then her haughty little head would droop in soft submission to his mood; her lovely, long eyelashes would fall slowly in sad and thoughtful meditation; her coaxing, caressing tones would be suddenly silenced; her liquid laugh would be heard no more till he chose to speak. Proud and pretty as she was, Fontibell was but a spoiled child at heart, and reasoned after the manner of one.

And he? He should not have understood her—but he did. He should not have remembered that he was cousin and lover—but he remembered nothing else; he should probably, in strict honor, have rushed to Col. Hudson's presence, betrayed her secret and his own, renounced his employment forever, or never mounted a horse in her service again. But he was young and impassioned, and did not immediately take this wise course, for, fancying he kept the letter of his vow in governing his words and actions, he rode at her rein and looked in her face; he let his eyes linger and his lips smile; he suffered the natural language of his heart to be spoken through his countenance, and there was a conscious thrill in each clear voice, a happy flush on each young cheek, as they rode home slowly through the summer silence.

The morning after the third of these delightful excursions, the colonel summoned Mr. Harris to the library.

"There is something I wish to see you particularly about," he said. "Your quarterly account and Hedges', my steward or overseer, don't agree. Don't misunderstand me, the deficiency is not on *your* side, I am satisfied. He manages everything, farms my land, sells the proceeds, brings me the returns. I have always trusted to his honesty; half my income passes through his hands; but I begin now to doubt him. He has credited the stables, as usual, with enough provender for a cavalry regiment; but I don't see any signs of such a surplus in your receipts. If you can give me an hour, we'll look them over together."

At the expiration of the hour, the colonel rang the bell and sent for Mr. Hedges. "He is gone down to the city, sir," was the report; "and won't be back for a week."

"He will never be back," said the old man,

quietly; "he has fled with the spoils of a dozen years. For half the sum he has robbed me of I disinherited my poor boy. I took this man into my confidence, I fed him at my table, I lodged him in my house, from which I turned away my nephew. What is his crime to mine? The scoundrel! let him go! My brother's grandson is a homeless wanderer—starved or murdered, perhaps, through my hasty anger; I have none left for my unfaithful servant; I think only of myself, and forget the lesser sin in the greater. I was false to *my* trust—what am I that I should be harsh with others?"

He looked up at a picture which hung above the mantle, with tears in his gray eyes, as they met the earnest and affectionate expression of the vivid brown ones in the portrait. "Poor Hugh!" he said; "poor little Fontibell! she shall not plead in vain." Turning from these, he encountered the soft gaze of a pair—how like!—beneath them. The colonel started, and after a moment said,

"You remind me of my nephew, and, I dare say, are in much the same position with your relatives. Perhaps I can help you. I should like to try. Tell me all about it."

A month before, Hugh would have fallen on his uncle's neck and sobbed out his simple confession; but the love of Fontibell lay heavy on his soul, and his sense of honor would not allow him to take advantage of this ignorant generosity. In great agitation he blundered out his story, of which his kinsman was the only person on earth who would not have recognized the hero. The colonel heard him through with deep sympathy, and wiped his eyes at the conclusion.

"Cheer up, my dear fellow!" said he. "It will all come right—it must—it shall. Your relative has been too severe on your youthful follies. I know what they are, I was young myself. He has treated you badly, though you won't say so. I honor your reserve, sir! I will do my best for you; my nephew, Fred Asten, who will be here to-night, will do his best; he is a lawyer, and may suggest something. In the meantime you will be my manager in Hedges' place, and we will drive over the farm to-morrow. You will live at the house, of course, and take your proper position with my nieces as a gentleman and my friend."

Mr. Asten duly arrived from a four months' business trip, and was eagerly welcomed by his "gentle Annie."

"Your coachman smokes good segars," was his remark, as he returned from a visit to the stables next morning. "He is a very handsome fellow, and looks quite a gentleman. I saw him

last night, sitting at his window in the moonlight, puffing away with rather a lackadaisical expression on his classical features. You have not been playing 'Aurora Floyd,' I suppose, Miss Fontibell?"

"He looks like Hugh," said the unconscious colonel, heaving a sigh.

"He writes suspiciously like him, I should say, if this is his hand," returned the young lawyer, taking up a document from the table. "These are Hugh's very characters. Why, uncle——"

He was cut short by the door opening, and the new steward entering to announce the colonel's carriage. The heiress looked up with a rose flush on her delicate face, and Fred Asten started forward with outstretched hands; but stopped half way in bewildered surprise. There was a moment's agitation and embarrassment, which Annie skillfully covered by proposing to go with her uncle; and shortly after the whole party were seated in the barouche, with the colonel himself as driver.

I don't know whether the ex-coachman—occupied with other matters—had neglected his duty toward the bay-horses, and over-fed, or under-exercised them; or if Col. Hudson's sad abstraction weakened his usual powerful grasp on the reins; certain it is, that his favorites reared, and kicked, and plunged diabolically at every rod, and finally took the bits between their teeth and ran away with him. An instant of terrible suspense followed, during which Annie cried, her husband swore dreadfully, and Fontibell called on the name of her cousin Hugh; then a strong arm seized the reins from

the bewildered colonel—there was a struggle—a stop; an agile figure sprang to the horses' heads and held them till they became quiet, often beaten down and dragged along by their convulsive resistance; but never relaxing his hold till the colonel came to his side, to whom he relinquished the reins and sank down, bruised and bleeding. Mr. Asten lifted out his trembling wife and her baby, and turned to help his cousin; but Fontibell had sprang from the carriage unassisted, and made her way to the body of the fainting steward, over whom she bent like an angel of love and pity.

"Dear uncle!" she cried, "he has saved all our lives and killed himself, I am afraid; can't you forgive him now? Oh! don't you see it's Hugh?"

The prodigal was taken home and laid on the best bed, and would have had the fatted calf killed for his eating, no doubt, had such a diet been good for his broken arm. Who so happy as he, recovering in the bosom of his family, unmindful of the loss of his manly strength, of which he had been so proud; the pain of his broken limb, the bruises and cuts which disfigured his handsome face? The colonel hovered with delight about his recovered heir; the Astens rejoiced over him as over a long lost brother; but it remained for Fontibell to administer the most effectual consolation, which acted upon him like a powerful tonic, when he recovered consciousness on the evening of his accident.

"Dear Hugh!" she said, putting both her pretty hands in his uninjured one, and bending her beautiful face above his own, "I always loved you, and I knew you from the first!"

## MARY OF GLEN GARRY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Along thy lonely banks, Glen Garry,  
She wanders light as elf or fairy;  
With locks that mock the gold of morn,  
And cheeks of evening's crimson born.  
Oh! Nature of no charm was chary,  
To form my own, my perfect Mary.

She trails no robes of palace splendor,  
But royal graces ay attend her;  
No costliest diamonds flash and gleam  
So fair, as her blue eyes can seem;  
They thrill the heart of the unwary  
With blissful death—my winsome Mary.

Yon city dame, so wan and pale,  
Who'd fade before a Highland gale;  
Whose silken feet would shuddering press  
Those haunts of savage loveliness;  
No dangers for my peace you carry—  
It owns the spell of bonny Mary,

I've loved her, ay, this many a year;  
And, oh! how bright the days appear,  
When I can wander with my dearie,  
And give the hours to love and Mary.

By lonely lake and vale of green,  
Where Nature's mild relenting's seen,  
I tend my flocks—a shepherd gay,  
And blithe as bird at dawn of day;  
Yet oft forget my flocks to tarry  
With my one pet—my bonny Mary.

Oh! Mary, lass! of all there be,  
When will you shine alone for me?  
In our own ham and ingle-side,  
My dearest dear, my ain true bride.  
If fortune frowns, then naught will cure me;  
For love is strength—my bonny Mary.

## “UNTO THIS LAST.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE SECOND LIFE,” ETC., ETC.

“HEREDITARY,” mumbled old Dr. Phelps, as a consumptive patient went out of my consulting-room this afternoon. “Knew his grandfather. You may delay the end a year or two, but there’s no fighting against blood,” giving his palsied old head a horribly cool nod, as Atropos might do when she snaps the fatal thread.

After he had gone, and I was left to the quiet of my dusky office and its clear fire, with the rain beating against the closed shutters without, his words haunted me somehow. I’m an old man, and an old physician, and case-hardened tolerably thoroughly; but that is one idea that always jars me terribly, common as it is. “It’s in the blood.” To think that the Nemesis of a man’s sin, or weakness, perhaps, not only dogs his own life, but creeps through the secret channels of his blood into the veins of his nearest and dearest coming after him, corroding and making vile. A hell we have wrought for is nothing to this. And yet is it not the old, old truism which so many forget, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generations?

Physicians, perhaps, have this fact of the influence of blood on the mind and souls of men, more thrust upon their observation than any other class. It makes them, if they are not of the very broadest minds, doubters of some of the orthodox dogmas laid down by theologians, but it gives them, in my opinion, a wider and more Christ-like charity. For example, I, or any other medical man who reasons from facts, and not theory, know that drunkenness is, in eight cases out of ten, the result of a disease, which is often transmitted as regularly as scrofula, from father and son; that treated as such, and combatted scientifically, instead of by a blind fanaticism, it can be conquered. The same truth is evident in greater or less degree of other vices, a tendency toward gambling, theft, etc., etc. To define the point where physical ability and moral responsibility begin is a science, which if those who profess to teach Christ’s gospel would study in the children of those who fill our asylums and penitentiaries, it might make them judge more like Him who knows not only the heart, but also the person, creeping into it from matter which the heart

has absolutely no power to accept or reject. Thank God that He sees not as men see. But I had no intention of writing a sermon.

The old doctor’s chance remark started me on a hobby, I am afraid. But I know no more curious study than the observation of the ruling vice or virtue in a race, cropping out in the temperament of one generation after another, precisely as a positively physical idiosyncrasy would do; modified by collision with opposing tendencies in the blood, produced by marriage with a differing race; or, sometimes lying in abeyance for half a century, to appear again in conjunction with some old forgotten family feature—a droop of the eyelid, a sinister under-jaw, or what not.

I remember the J—— family, one of the oldest in lower New Jersey. My grandmother used to tell of one Barbara J——, who lived in colonial times, one of those rare, transcendent beauties, whose loveliness becomes the property of the day in which it existed, as men share in the glory of a great picture, or poem, produced in their own age; but in this woman lawless crime rivaled her beauty, breaking out against all restraints of education, or position, with the mad fury of insanity. That was three generations back; the family is one of strict Puritan descent, narrow-minded, honest, bigoted men and women, clinging to their creed with a tenacity that would brave martyrdom. In each generation there have been one, sometimes two, guilty members, from whom the others shrank in horror; mere exponents, according to my notion, of the peculiar taint of blood common to all; not to be judged at the last day of account by the laws laid down for your organization or mine. The instance in the present J—— family is curious; a boy of twenty, a mild, girlish, blue-eyed “mother-boy,” the idol of younger brothers and sisters, all of them rougher, more worldly than “Jimmy;” loving books and children; the earnest, sincere member of a church. Well, this boy in the last year has drunk like a sot; not tempted by any genial love of society, or excitement, but locking himself up alone in his own room for days, and abandoning himself to mere animal gratification.

Another case. In my early days one of my living heroes was a member of one of the oldest



stocks in Kentucky; an old man, a gentle, true-hearted, iron-nerved chevalier, with a tender love for all weak and helpless things, and a hot, hasty hand in defending them. Generous, too, even lavish, with absolutely no perception of the weight or place of money; his dollars were ready for your use, and he would accept yours with no thought of obligation on either side; his debtors and creditors increased day by day; he concerning himself about neither. The old man is living yet; he married a woman of stern integrity, but avaricious; their son is a thief! In both cases, the little world in which the boys moved was amazed, looked on them as specially tempted by the devil. If they had been my sons, I would have subjected them to an instant and entire change of physical and mental regimen and habit, and then have cheerfully trusted to God to help my efforts.

Another instance, though not parallel with these; it will require a little more time in relating, also, if I am not tedious to you already.

About fifteen years ago, I was coming from Liverpool to New York. I had been in London to witness an operation of unusual interest to all surgeons, but that honor has nothing to do with this story. I noticed among the passengers, on our return, a lady who had charge of a boy about ten years of age. Something about the woman attracted my regard beyond her mere *personalle*; although that, in itself, challenged observation, partly from its extreme quiet. She was unmarried, about thirty-five, dressed habitually in dark, unobtrusive colors; with a face and figure drawn in strong, clear, thoughtful lines; a woman who held her own life, and trial, and suffering as her own, and not to be obtruded on others; a woman who waited for your thought, never gave her own, unless asked for, and yet you gained unconsciously the idea that, had her life held a warmer sunshine, both her beauty and wit would have shone with no common splendor. A mutual acquaintance on board. Dr. Parrish, of New Orleans, presented me to her. She was a Miss Parker, traveling under his protection; the boy was the orphan child of her brother. Her home was in Delaware.

After one or two brief conversations upon indifferent subjects, our acquaintance fell into a mere exchange of bows; but the lady and her charge were not less the object of a growing interest to me. I thought once or twice she observed my scrutiny of the boy, and, seeming annoyed at it, withdrew with him quietly to the cabin. One day I had been talking to the child, watching his face curiously the while; when he

was gone, I was surprised to see the lady come up gently to me. Her voice trembled, and her eyes filled as she said with much agitation of manner,

"If there is any peculiarity about my little nephew, which you as a medical man have discovered, would it not be wisest and kindest to conceal it from him?"

"From me, madam, he shall never know it. I have been struck with the unusual judgment and skill you are showing in your treatment of him."

She colored painfully, struggling between the strong wish to consult me and her habitual reserve.

"I know," she said, at last, "that you, doctor, have made the malady to which my nephew is heir a matter of study, and I know your skill in curing it. I have wished to ask your aid since I first came on board with you. Dr. Parrish will tell you our history, I cannot." There was a stately courtesy in her manner belonging to a school of the past generation, but especially graceful and winning in a young woman.

Parrish took me aside, in the course of the day, and told me the facts of the case necessary to me as a scientific man to know; but only those. I saw that out of regard to Miss Parker he kept back many incidents which would have given to the tale a more human interest. "It's a sad story—a sad story!" he would say, abruptly, rubbing his hands slowly together and looking gravely down.

It was, even as he told it, sad enough. The Parkers were a leading family in Delaware, both from wealth and intellect; had been so for many generations, men and women alike, strong-willed, honorable, loving authority, and wielding it with justice and mildness when obtained; a race, in short, to obtain an ascendancy, and hold it, over their fellows. A family, also, of cheerful, sanguine temperament, good livers, with strong domestic affections, charitable, hot-tempered, given to a constant and lavish hospitality. Parrish had known them—that is, several branches of the family, among others Judge Parker, this young lady's father. "The judge," he said, "had amassed a large fortune, lived in a style of solid comfort and elegance. I mean good furniture, blooded horses, first-class wines—you understand? Not libraries, or pictures—his tastes were not what you call aesthetic; liked to see his tenantry comfortable, and his table filled with guests. Nothing morbid or bilious about the man. He had three children; Jack, who was in the army; Cadwalader, a merchant in New York, and the father

of this boy; and this girl. The sons were reasonably intelligent men, but in no ways remarkable in any way. Jack committed suicide, some ten years ago, when in St. Augustine, Florida, and though no cause could ever be discovered for the deed, (the distance was so great, and so many years of his life unknown to his family,) yet they supposed some circumstance of which they were ignorant, a loss at cards, probably, had led to it.

"About five years ago, however," continued Parrish, "the judge's mind seemed to be affected with an uncaused and unaccountable depression, so utterly at variance with his usual character, that it seriously alarmed his family. They hesitated about taking any measures for its relief, lest by alarming him they would increase it, until he attempted to destroy himself in the fall of 185—, by leaping overboard while crossing the Delaware in a ferry-boat. After that the strictest watch was kept over him, but he contrived to evade them. One morning he was found dead—a bottle of prussic acid beside him. Cadwallader, the second son, three months after his father's death, blew his brains out in his office in New York. I was in the North at the time; and having been an old friend of the Parkers, I began a search, aided by their physicians, into whatever records the family had kept, to ascertain if any cause could be found for these mysterious occurrences. We found, during the last hundred years, no less than five suicides in the family, all preceded by a short space of melancholy madness, for which no cause could be assigned other than a taint of insanity, which climate or some local cause has developed in this generation to this horrible degree."

"And this boy?"

"Is the last of his race, excepting his aunt," answered Parrish. "When the truth was told her, she devoted herself utterly to him; and has done so ever since. She has traveled with him constantly, and tried in every way to give his mind and body entirely new air and surroundings; and so far has succeeded in concealing the facts of his history from him, and making him a cheerful, healthy child. But she doubts herself; that is the reason she wishes to consult you—about him."

"She has no fears for herself?" looking keenly at him.

He grew reserved in a moment. "If she has, she does not disclose them. Mary Parker has but little thought or hope in this world outside of that boy, I fancy. She was betrothed when her father died—was to have been married in a few months. But she broke it off; nothing

would prevail on her to marry. 'Enough ill had been done,' she said; 'the curse must remain with themselves, she never would entail it on others.'"

Parrish was a dry, unfeeling old fellow, I always had thought; went into a sick chamber to deal with pain and sorrow as coolly as other men add and subtract dollars and cents. He told this girl's story as if it had been one of a fall in stocks; his cold, gray eye watching the progress of a fly up the window-pane. He did not seem to see how the woman's life, with all its glorious and tender possibilities, had been given up for a stern, hard duty. It was the deed of the old martyrs, without the excitement or glory of the sacrifice.

I watched closely after that; by slow degrees came to know her well, as I was brought into more intimate contact with the boy. She was not strong-willed, nor strong-minded, even—a very woman, who had refused to marry the man she loved because she loved him. Even I could see that she loved him more deeply now than before, whoever he might be (for that I never knew.) There was a certain dress for which she had an odd affection—a shabby old black silk—wearing it always on holidays. It contrasted strongly with her usually rich, quiet attire.

"It's the gown she wore the day I told her what we had discovered," said old Parrish, fixing his gray eye in his usual rigid fashion. "She saw her lover last in it. I think she keeps it as a mourning-dress, eh?" I made no answer. The first thought being dumb wonder at Parrish, who, if he had an eye for a trifle like this, might have some human heart after all, under the network of cold veins. Afterward I realized how much real affection for the poor girl this silly fancy of hers gave me.

To shorten my story, however.

I ought to state, probably, that I had made diseases of the brain an object of special study, and that this was the primary cause of Miss Parker's application to me. Voyages wore slow in those days; before ours was over, our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship. As the girl was alone in the world, and mistress of means enough to make her movements perfectly free, I advised her to make Philadelphia her home, so as entirely to separate Shafton (the boy) from all old associations, and to remove the probability of his hearing the details of the family tragedy. I also thought by this means to bring the girl under my wife's influence: for, though Lotty is gray-haired now, and a grandmother, nobody could be in her presence an

hour and not fancy the day was sunshiny and summery—and sunshine and summer were sorely needed by this lonely woman.

When we arrived in New York, therefore, she came on directly to Philadelphia, hired a pleasant house near Germantown, and employed tutors and masters for Shafton. She was but a young head of a family—Mary Parker. I used to think it pitiful to see her affecting age, putting aside every least girlish fancy in her dress or manner; but now and then, in a weak, forlorn loneliness, I suppose, putting on the old black dress.

As years went on, white hairs came slowly among the curly, black locks, crow's-feet at the side of the eyes, the lips grew shriveled and pale. Shafton, even, in a rough, boyish way, joked her about its growing too late for marriage—and that was all. Her life went down into a gray apathetic evening, with other unloved men and women, the saddest and quietest of all human histories. But somewhere God keeps the hour of high-noon for them, waiting which here they never knew.

But it was of Shafton Parker I began to tell you, not his aunt.

I saw a great deal of him as he grew up to manhood. My son, Joe, was about his age, and they were classmates and chums at school and college. Shafton was free of the house—went in and out, as Joe did, at all times and hours. It seemed natural, therefore, that he should begin, with Joe, the study of medicine in my office, when they quitted college. "Not that I've much genius for it, doctor," he said, frankly, running his hand through his hair, "or for anything else, unless it is for painting. But aunt Mary is anxious for it, and I'll not disappoint her. Better give art the go-by, than hurt her, sir." He laughed, but the boy's eyes showed what it cost him "to give art the go-by," as he called it. I am no judge of painting, so I cannot say whether there were any merit in the sketches he was continually making; but I did know the boy's whole soul was in that work, and that he took up the study of medicine in an inert, careless indifference, which forboded poor success. When he came into the office, however, he brought his portfolio with him, the first day, and gave it to my daughter, Charlotte. "I wish you'd put it out of sight, Lotty," he said, "it has all I ever have done in it; and I have said good-by to them forever," and began rattling the bones of a skeleton in the inner case.

Miss Parker came to me anxiously. "I know it was a sacrifice for the boy," she said, "but I thought it best. I try to keep his imagination

in check—you know why, doctor; and the art, and the fitful life of an artist, would only foster it morbidly. As for medicine, it matters little whether he succeeds or not, if it only gives him employment. His income will place him far above all need of exertion."

I thought her right. Shafton Parker showed uneasy and dangerous symptoms to a practiced eye. His very laugh was nervous, his awkward, illy-jointed body moved spasmodically as he walked; his hands were incessantly in motion, tossing back his hair, buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat, chafing his whiskers. In this restless habit would occur intervals of absolute quiet, an entire apathy of body, when he would sit looking in the fire, or at a rustling tree, as motionless as if carved out of lumpish clay. What his mind was doing at these times I never dared to discover. He talked fast, nervously, and with a good deal of effect and power for a boy of that age; his ideas crude, of course; his attachments and dislikes strong and lasting. Even in the boy's personal appearance the contrasts were good, his body being loosely and roughly hung together, as I said, making him a "gangling," to use an expressive Western word, and his face one of the most purely cut and picturesque I ever saw.

I don't think "little Parker," as they called him, was a favorite with the young people. "Shafton was like a porcupine at a party," my son said, one day, "running his quills perpetually into somebody, with the best intentions in the world." When he was about twenty, I noticed a difference in the chat of the young men with him in the office—for I listened to their foolish talk, for reasons, whenever this boy was concerned, irksome as it might be. The usual joking and chafing about the different young girls ceased, and instead came quiet and serious allusions to a certain young Quakeress on Arch street. "Shaft is in for it with the Beatmans," Joe said to me one day. "I never saw a fellow so deadly in love. He is so quiet about it, that's the worst sign. It's been going on for two years. Mere little whey-faced thing, too—bah!" I knew Joe's last flame to be a pretty brunette, twice his age, and understood the last remark, therefore. "Do you mean that Parker is going to marry the girl soon, Joseph?" "Yes, sir, I do. Shafton has an income now, before he comes of age, enough to enable him to do as he pleases; and, as I said, he's in for it with the Beatmans. They know to a dollar what he's worth, and are not likely to let him go."

I knew the family—an old and leading one

among the Friends, but not rich. Joe went out, and I sat a long time thinking, then ordered my horse, to go to Miss Parker. Something must be done at once to stop this. Seen in the light of this new fact, one withholding the boy's condition from him seemed culpable in the last degree. To allow him to bring on this young girl an almost certain misery, with all its consequences, would be worse than murder. Yet what to do? I was slowly drawing on my overcoat, and looking out of the dingy office-window at the driving snow, when the house-door opened, and my wife came in, Shafton close behind her—for the old lady and the boy were fast friends. "Must you go out before the storm ceases, George?" she said. "Who is ill? Is it a matter of life and death?" "It seems to me almost that, Lotty," I said. "She was sorry," she said; hinted something about my rheumatism, and began warming my furloughs, and then tied my scarf closer with her white, wrinkled hands. Little Parker stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, watching us. He laughed, presently, as if his voice was full of tears. "That's the best of all," he said, "to grow old and be true lovers still. I wonder, when I am sixty, if anybody will fidget about me with as tender hands as yours, aunt Lotty?" The boy's eyes were away off, dreamy and happy. He had a man's hope before him—the hope common to every man, from which he only was debarred. God help me! and I was going to shut him out from it! I looked at him, then at my wife; I thought how this hope of his was, after all, the life of man's life; the thing that made him a place among men; that went down into the fibres of his soul, rooted nearest to the spot where he held his consciousness of self, and how God dwelt with him. I knew what I would have been without my wife and children—a weak, purposess, dissipated man. Shafton Parker was weaker of will than I. Where would he drift, if I removed this anchor by which he had moored himself? What if I told him, standing there, a great quiet love shining out of his dark eyes, a fatal infirmity of purpose shown in the small cleft chin, of the insanity that lurked in his blood, and at the same moment robbed him of all hope, of love, and comfort in this idol he had made. What would the end be? My wife followed me to the door, with a warning whisper, "Is aught amiss with Shafton? Do not look at him so fixedly, you may arouse suspicion. And the poor fellow is so happy now—he has told me all about it," her dear old face flushing with a womanly blush and smile. I kissed her, and as I drove off, saw through the

window the boy draw my office-chair near the fire, and seat himself on a low box at her feet. I knew how they would talk the matter over; how she would turn it in a thousand bright, happy lights, while he sat silent, his poor boy's heart throbbing and thrilling. I knew Lotty's way, and how, out of her own love and happy life, she brought joyous prophecies for others.

It snowed heavily as I reached Miss Parker's gate, and went up the walk leading through shivering pine-trees to the house, a guilty weight on my heart, as if I were bringing her back the old pain of her own life multiplied. After we were seated in the cheerful library, she at her knitting at one side of the fire, and I at the other, the room ruddy and warm, a glimpse of the gray sky and falling snow through the bay-window, I still faltered, afraid to venture on my errand. It was a pleasant, bright home Mary Parker had made for her boy. I leaned back in his soft, easy-chair, thinking how like a prince he sat there, lord of nothing so much as of the patient, loving heart waiting for him. She was a thin, stooped, middle-aged woman now, with no beauty left but the great tenderness and repose in look and manner. All the affection, denied its natural outlets, had been poured out upon Shafton. She never tired of him for a subject; her eye kindled and laughed when telling the boy's jokes, or showing, in the cases of books that lined the room, which were his favorites. "He reads to me every evening for an hour before he goes to town, it keeps me from being lonely all day, looking forward to it. The dog you are looking at? Yes, it is Shafton's pet. Beppo and I listen for his step at the gate every night; but my ears are quickest, Beppo's growing old." "And you, Mary?" "I am going to stay young always for my boy," a happy color in her face. "I am all he has. You don't know Shafton, Dr. P——," eagerly, "seeing him only with young men. He is as gentle as a woman, here at home, full of fun and mischief. The old servants have made him an idol." "Yes, I know," I said, desperately. "Why could he not be contented with such a home?" She did not seem to understand my words at first; then looked up, her work falling on her knee, her face growing slowly colorless. "What do you mean? Is he going to leave his home?" "No, Mary. Only to bring some one else to watch for him beside you and Beppo." She covered her eyes with her hand. "I understand—I understand," after a long pause. "I thought of that before." But she had not thought of it as I had.

"Mary," I said, "that must never be."

"Why?" looking up quickly, the hot blood rushing to her face. "Do you think any one could rob me of my place in Shafton's heart? Do you think I would be meanly selfish enough to keep him to myself. My boy would not love me less because he loved his wife more." Yet her voice nearly broke down in a sob at this. She coughed and sat more upright, looking me straight in the eyes to bear back bitter tears I knew.

"I did not think of that," I said. "Have you forgotten, Mary? Could you, could I allow Shafton to drag an innocent young girl into an almost certain depth of wretchedness, without warning him of it? Would that be just, or honest?"

"You mean," her gentle tones becoming almost vehement, "that my boy can never marry? That he must carry a doom unlike all other men? You do not know what you say, doctor. It is easy for you, in your happy old age, with wife and children about you, to coolly sentence the boy to such a fate. Easy! easy! Better for him to go out into the wilderness like the leper of old, forever crying unclean, unclean, than to bar him out from all love—all—"

She rose unsteadily, leaning her forehead against the mantle-shelf, her hand pulling at the collar of her dress.

I could not speak for a moment; at last I said, "God knows, Mary Parker, it is no easy thing for me to do. My own heart ached before yours did. But right is right."

"You misjudge the necessity. Shafton has lost, by his different training, all trace of the family taint. There is no symptom in him—"

She paused abruptly, reading my face keenly. I could not say to her that the evidence in his case was stronger than it had been in any of the family; but I was silent. She stood motionless a moment, then buried her face in her hands.

"You did not always," I said, speaking with difficulty, for I was tearing open an old wound, "look at this matter as you do now. You thought it criminal once to entail such horrible misery on others. If we suffer Shafton to do it, the crime is ours, not his."

She did not raise her head. I walked to and fro, went to the window, looking out. When my back was turned, she said in a voice hardly above her breath, "It was easier to give it up for myself than for my boy. And then I did not know—"

She lifted her two hands slowly as she spoke, and held them outstretched before her, like one who was blind. In all my life I never saw a

gesture, or figure, so significant of utter loneliness, of the vacant loss of a long life.

Her sense seemed to come sharply back to her. "I tell you," she said, "there are some duties for which the reward never comes. They are hard and bitter to the last—to the last," beating her poor, withered breast with her hand, and crying aloud with a low, sobbing moan. Somehow the thought came to me that it was so; she cried to herself at night in all these years when the trial outwardly had been dumbly, bravely borne.

I left Mary Parker that day; but I went to her again. My hands at least should be clean. One argument she used was unanswerable, that to tell Shafton Parker of the inherited disease would surely hasten its approach. "Tell him that such a malady exists, but not its nature, if it must be done," she said, "then let him choose his own part to act." I consented to this, and rode out the next Sunday afternoon, when I knew Shafton would be at home, glad that the responsibility would no longer rest with me. But his insight was keen, his aunt's pale face and swoolen eyes had troubled him too much to pass unexplained, and when I came the most had been told. When I entered the library, Shafton looked up from where he sat, putting his hand mechanically over the dog's head. His eyes were black and dilated, and his weak mouth and chin trembled like a woman's. Miss Parker's face was turned from me.

"This is a strange tale I hear, and late in the day," he began, fiercely. "If there be any such mysterious malady in my blood, it would have been wise to warn me in time, to suffer me to fence it off. At least," his voice growing shrill, "not to wait until I had gained something worth life, to come and stab me to the quick."

I would not check the boy's outcry. "You have told him the nature of the obstacle?" I said to Miss Parker. She shook her head.

"No," pushing his hands from him, "let me have as little of this to bear as possible. I cannot live and suffer pain. If I am to die, let it be like Beppo here, not knowing the reason why. But as for the little girl I love, it makes no difference there. Why, you don't know Hetty!" his face suddenly glowing. "I'll do all that is honorable. You shall go to her mother, if you will, doctor, tell her all; keep nothing back. But it will matter nothing to Hester. If I were tainted with the leprosy, she would be glad to die with me."

"If she loves you, she will not suffer it to part you," said Miss Parker, with a bitter look

in her face. I saw that she remembered how her own decision had been accepted by her lover. I did not hint that it was hardly courageous to throw the onus of blame on the young girl. Shafton was not a man of moral courage, let him act according to his own nature.

"Doctor," said Mary, rising, "will you end this as soon as possible? Will you go to Mrs. Beatman now?"

The boy took me by both hands, tears in his eyes. "You have been a true friend. God forgive me for what I said just now. Help me through with this, doctor. I'm not strong, like Joe, to bear thumps. I could not tell Hetty this?"

"I will go now," I said. I had the pity for him I should have had for a woman.

"To-morrow morning I will see Hetty," he said. "You will know my girl, then, when you see how brave she is," proudly.

Miss Parker looked at him, put her hand on his sleeve. "Shafton, you will have me still, come what will. You don't forget that? I loved you before you knew her," stopping breathless.

"Of course, certainly. See Hetty herself, doctor, and tell her. You will know then what a true woman is," letting the hand that touched his drop indifferently. It was, natural, after all; yet I could not look in Miss Parker's face after that."

An hour after, I sat in a well-upholstered parlor in Arch street, Mrs. Beatman, a small, meek, pale-eyed, low-voiced Quakeress before me; her daughter, a younger model of herself, in a recess by the window, crying in a subdued fashion to herself, good, honest tears, I doubt not, the first, probably, she ever had shed. The elder lady's cheek was slightly flushed, the conversation had been exciting. "Thee may depend on my word, Dr. P——," in a voice which reminded one of mildly acid wine. "I have promised that the cause for breaking off the marriage shall never be divulged by me. I always keep a promise." I did not doubt her, but added, "It is of the utmost importance that Mr. Parker should not be aware of the nature of the malady." "I comprehend. And it is right, assuredly." "You consider the engagement as broken positively then, madam? You would not risk your daughter's happiness——" "I wouldn't be very much afraid," sobbed the young lady. "Shafton never appeared in the least deranged to me, except a little eccentricity about his dress." "Would thee risk thy own daughter in such a case?" said the lady, with a smile of calm superiority. "The match hitherto appeared to me eminently proper and

suitable. We could find no fault with the young man personally, and his prospects were flattering. But an obstacle like this——" "But if the cause is not to be stated," said Hester. "what am I to say to people? My attendants are all engaged, and the wedding-dress is made." her pink, pretty face growing white and twitching hysterically.

I left the Beatmans, not feeling that any consolation in my grasp would be of use in such a case, and wondering, as I went down the steps, whether Shafton Parker would not have suffered more, learning to know his wife through the slow, baring years of married life, than now, by this sudden wrench which left him her image undefaced.

I was not sorry that an important case in New Jersey called me from the city that night. I knew that Shafton Parker would know his fate the next morning, and the sight of me would, probably, only irritate the disappointment.

When I returned, three days afterward, my son was passing the depot as I left the cars, and came up to me. "Parker's gone, father," he said, with a grave look. "Got an appointment as midshipman from Col. J——, and left this morning. Some break with the Beatmans, I believe. He said, 'Tell your father I'll do the best I can with what is left of my life. He knows how much it is worth.'"

I sent Lotty out to Mary Parker, trusting to her finer woman's touch for the fresh hurt; afterward I reasoned with her coolly about her boy; he had chosen a man's career, and would pursue it manfully. Nature had led him instinctively to that course which, from its change and excitement, would soonest heal this hurt: then of the Beatmans—what I had found them in reality to be. I was secretly amused to find how susceptible she was to this consolatory view of the case. She "thanked God her boy's life had not been squandered on this girl. She had seen men of large, generous natures stung to death, day by day, as by a thousand petty insects, in a home such as Shafton's would have been," etc., etc. Thereafter, she and my wife watched the Beatmans' onward course with the interest which woman call charitable and forgiving; "wishing no evil to the poor creatures, but very sure that such and such mishaps were but the righteous judgments of heaven."

Shafton had ability; partially for that reason, and partly through powerful influence, he rose steadily in the service. When he returned, three years afterward, he was a manlier man than ever I had hoped to see him, with a steadier

and thought. The sea, with its eternal ebb and flow of meaning, travel, the forced association with a variety of character, had opened new channels of thought and feeling, and liberalized his mind. What he had done, he had the power of putting before you a few vivid sentences, to which some light touch of a word would give a curious resonance. "Shafton has absorbed more of the world, through his eyes and ears, than any man I ever met," Joe said to me. "There's something pathetic about it to me—a sort of hunger of mind that devours everything within grasp, as if he would fill up some aching void." Joe watched me shrewdly. I said nothing. I knew he always suspected me of wanting a share in Shafton's abrupt departure. Whatever hunger of soul or mind the poor fellow knew, he had learned to hide it under a reticence of speech where himself was concerned. I was present when my daughter, Mary, told him of Miss Beatman's marriage. "You knew her, Shafton? Why, I remember you said—but that was nonsense, of course. Well, she's married to one of the firm of Percey Brothers. Hetty had an eye for money ever since we were at school together." Parker said even this without flinching, but I saw by a gleam of his eye that the woman he had married stood intact and pure in his heart as at first.

Mary Parker was a proud, tremulously happy woman while that visit lasted; Shafton was strangely tender and watchful of her. I thought I understood now something of what her lonely life had been, and how he had filled it. He was content unless she went with him every evening wherever he might be; for the young people made much of him, handed him about from one to the other as long as he stayed. When he was going, he bade me good-by. "Only for a little while," he said, "his aunt is not strong. While they lived he would do with her as much as he could. The Parkers were not long lived, he had heard; though for a while he was a hale, sound man, despite my fatal reprochings."

And so he went his way again. Previous to the beginning of the war his life had been idle enough; but the opening of the war gave him work to do. The day of the battle on which he was first lieutenant was recalled from the coast of China and stationed before Charleston. His letters were brief, but that, written in few pregnant words. The soul of the man was alive for the first time; once for the cause for which he fought—electric with vigor, hope, faith. He fought like a tiger,

one of his brother officers wrote afterward. His men nick-named him, laughed at him to each other, but obeyed him like dogs. Wherever his nervous little body was seen in the fight, there they followed to the death.

His ship was before Roanoke Island, Sabine Pass, New Orleans; lastly, in the blockading squadron outside of Mobile, when Farragut attacked Forts Powell, Morgan, and Gaines. The long routine of carnage had palled upon the public ear, yet a magnetic shock thrilled the people's heart at the story of that strife of heroes—the day when Craven fell.

It was a cool, bright morning when the news came to us. My wife and I had gone out a few days before to Miss Parker's, and were with her still. I wished to keep from her all news of this battle until the truth could be known. When we entered her room that morning, we found her sitting by the open window, her face deadly pale, but a strange, quiet smile on her lips. The air lifted her hair gently. "I think my boy is dead," she said, looking at us as if she did not see us. "I do not think this wind touches his face—it never will touch it again." My wife took her hand, anxiously. "Have you heard anything, Mary?" "Nothing. But I know that God has saved him from the fate of his race." Her face glowed as she said it.

Soon after, the morning papers and letters were brought in—one was in Shafton's writing. I would have read it to her, but she put me aside. "It is to say good-by," she said, calmly. "Let me read my boy's own words."

The letter was dated off Mobile, the day before the battle began. He was going in to volunteer under Farragut, he said. He would be accepted, he had reason to understand. This was to say good-by, for he would never return. She did not know how he had loved her; some day she would know. There was one other, when he was dead, to tell her he blessed God for having known and cherished in his soul so true a woman. Even her husband could not refuse to let him say that, when he was dead. For the rest, it was worth while to have suffered his life to die this death that lay before him. Might God be with us all. Farewell.

Among the names of those who fell were seven officers, volunteers from the blockading squadron, who went down in the *Tequasch*, inclosed in a solid iron prison, with no moment of time to ask God to have mercy on their souls. I read it, and was silent. "He did not need to ask it," she said, with energy. "God! I thank Thee for the glory of my boy's death!" and bowed her head forward. When we took her



up, she was unconscious; but while she lives, his life away, too, when he need not have been in the engagement at all? It is provoking as well as horrible"—and so passed on.

We met Hetty Beatman on the street, Lotty, "You need not deliver Shafton's message," and I, that day. Mrs. Perrine, as she is now, my wife said, quietly. "That is not the woman "And poor Parker is dead?" she said. "Threw he loved. She died with him."

## THE SAINTED PICTURE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

My life is like the midnight skies,  
Lit by the radiance of thine eyes;  
They haunt my troubled memories  
Like thoughts that purify and bless,  
And bring us peace and happiness;  
Like prayers which make us strong and brave,  
That sanctify, and soothe, and save.  
A wealth of deathless love there lies  
Beneath thine eyes—thy wondrous eyes!

And thou wert mine, thou poet-bird!  
Those tender lips, though never stirred  
By one sweet uttered human word  
That I may hear on earth again,  
For thou hast passed life's broken pain,  
In trembling music yet I hear—  
Those tender lips—those lips so dear!

I know the harvest-moon makes light,  
The letters of thy name to-night,  
Upon the tablet gleaming white;  
That tablet standing cold and stark,  
That seems to me so false and dark;  
For in this silent face I see  
The fond eyes smile again on me,  
As if in living constancy,  
To guard and bless me till I die.

Oh! when I saw thee dead, no tear  
Dropped on the white flowers of thy bier,  
More fraught with anguish than mine own;  
My selfish heart stood all alone—  
Thou in Heaven's morn, I in earth's night,  
Love drifting with thee out of sight.

But looking now beyond the veil,  
And hope has hushed the heart's low wail,  
That came and went like prayers unsaid,  
When life seems crushed and words are dead,  
I look upon thy sweet, sweet face,  
That wears its old-time love and grace,  
And feel thou art forever mine,  
By all on earth, by all divine;  
For thou hast loved me once, and Heaven  
Will never take the gift thus given!

This picture, which I press to-day  
Close to my lips, close to my heart,  
Heeds not the tender words I say,  
Ner yet the tears which sometimes start;  
And yet immortal beauty lies  
On lips, and brow, and tender eyes.  
And as a meek nun kneels at eve  
Before the Virgin, at her shrine,  
My soul love's grandest offering leaves  
Before this sainted face of thine.

## ONE LINK GONE.

BY D. W. TELLER.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle,  
Where the little sufferer lay;  
Draw the curtain, close the shutter—  
Shut out every beam of day.  
Spread the pall upon the table;  
Place the lifeless body there;  
Back from off the marble features,  
Lay the auburn curls with care.  
With its little blue-veined fingers  
Crossed upon its sinless breast;  
Free from care, and pain, and anguish—  
Let the infant cherub rest.  
Smooth its little shroud about it;  
Pick its toys from off the floor;  
They, with all their sparkling beauty,  
Ne'er can charm their owner more.  
Take the little shoe and stocking  
From the dotting mother's sight;

Pattering feet no more will need them,  
Walking in the fields of light.  
Parents, faint and worn with watching  
Through the long dark night of grief;  
Dry your tears, and soothe your sighings,  
Gain a respite of relief.  
Mother, care no more is needed,  
To allay the rising moan;  
And though you now may leave it,  
It can never be alone.  
Angels bright will watch beside it,  
In its quiet, holy slumber  
Till the morning, then awake it,  
To a place among their number.  
Thus a golden link is broken  
In the chain of earthly bliss;  
Thus the distance shorter making,  
Twixt the brighter world and this.

# THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283.

## CHAPTER XIII.

YEAR went by, in which Edward seated himself more firmly on the throne of England ever. The tree of Lancaster was utterly rooted and overthrown. Young Edward and his faintly father slept in almost unhonored beds; Margaret was a prisoner, bowed and broken-hearted. Love and ambition had both ruthlessly slain and swept out of her life the proud woman, who had made all England tremble with a shock of arms, scarcely gave the naughty Edward a passing care. She had been too low for his remembrance. Thus, for the first time, England had rest, and her king threw himself into the pleasures of a highly sensual life with keen relish, after the outburst of war which he had made him thoroughly a monarch.

At this time Maud Chichester—for we have given her name to give her—stayed contentedly in her solitary home upon the edge of the forest. She was innocent of all wrong, responsible to no one but the singular man to whom she was devoted, and so isolated from social life that the details of historical events of the day reached her only by hearsay, and sometimes not at all.

Some of the persons who composed her household were, with one exception, residents of the forest, rude, rudely bred people, capable of performing the light household duties which fell to her lot, but knowing and caring little beyond her own household.

Still they were all devoted and loving attendants, and Maud felt little need of other companionship, for one sweet hope made the forest seem a heaven to her, and her intellect found its food in the books which formed an unusual part of the adornments recently added to her lodge. During this whole year Maud had no cause for unhappiness. That which now made up her whole existence, she received nothing but tenderness in return for its self-abnegation. The young man who possessed himself of her being neither grew more devoted nor negligent. So far from that, his devotion to her seemed to have rounded itself into a loving completeness as time wore on; as a selfish child hoards its peaches with dainty guarding, cautious that nothing shall brush off

their first bloom, this young man kept his wife happy by every gentle means, because all the bloom and brightness of her content was given back to him. As the sun draws heavenward at morning, dews shed upon the earth at eventide, giving and drinking in sweetness, he received back all the grace and love his kindness bestowed on her. Thus in his very kindness he was selfish. In surrounding Maud with objects of beauty, he only rendered her more exquisitely agreeable to his own fastidious taste, and made her home a little Paradise, to which he could retire from the whole world, and receive the worship of one true heart in delightful completeness.

One servant, I have said, was in Maud's household now, raised far above the others by greater culture, and a knowledge of the world more extensive than the young recluse had ever known. He was a stout, middle-aged man, who had evidently seen some service in the field, for he had been wounded, and walked lame from the effects of an arrow which had pierced one leg to the bone, and left a perpetual inflammation there.

This man acted as steward to Maud's little household, master of the stables, which contained one or two strong roadsters, a fiery war-steed, and a pretty milk-white palfrey, which Maud loved almost as if it had been human. Other servants had, from time to time, been added to the household, and the whole establishment had assumed more completely the aspect of a gentleman's residence in all its appointments. Still no guest ever entered those walls. Once or twice the sound of bugles, coming up from the forest, had drawn Maud to her balcony; and once she saw a score of hounds tearing through the trees in hot, brutal eagerness after a deer, whose mad leaps brought the heart into her mouth. Directly this was followed by a train of horsemen, who dashed along the same glades, shedding glow and warmth through the greenness with their gorgeous hunting-dresses. It was a magnificent pageant that came and went in a minute, almost taking Maud's breath away; for in one of the fore-

most horsemen she had seen her husband. He flashed through the trees like lightning, giving the leaves a red glow as he went. Then all was still again, save the sounds of a hunter's horn deep in the forest—so deep that it sounded like a far-off echo, which told her that the whole thing was real.

"What is it, Grantley?—what is it?" she cried, leaning over the balcony and addressing the steward, who had paused to watch the hunt sweep by. "Surely I saw my lord, and another, whose face reminds me of one awful night in my life."

The steward dropped the hand which had been shading his eyes.

"Ay, madam. It was the master sure enough. The king is out hunting with his nobles and their hounds."

"And my husband with him? Oh, Grantley! he must be in high favor to ride so near the king."

"He is in high favor," answered the man, tersely.

"But he will surely come hither; not the king himself could keep him away from home when within sight of its walls."

"The saints forbid!" muttered Grantley. "If Edward discovers this forest nest——" but he broke off suddenly, for up the river-path a horseman dashed with headlong speed, waving one hand in signal that the steward should come over.

Grantley hurried down to the boat and pushed it across the river. His master rode close to the bank and spoke with him as he sat.

"Grantley, see that your mistress keeps out of sight. The king hunts close by, and he may insist on coming to the lodge. Tell her to keep within her bower-chamber, with the boy and everything of womankind about the house. If she consents to bolt herself in, so much the better. At any rate, see that everything is removed that may denote her presence."

As he spoke, the young husband saw Maud coming around an angle of the building, gathering her wimple over her head in breathless haste; but, fearing delay, he waved her an adieu, and, putting spurs to his hunter, dashed into the forest.

"Has he gone? Oh, Grantley! has he gone without one word?" cried Maud, as the steward shot his boat across the stream.

Maud's eyes were full of tears; her lips quivered with keen disappointment.

"Not one word—and it is three weeks since I have seen him."

"He is in attendance on the king and had no

time," answered Grantley; "but go in—go in. The whole hunt may come this way any minute, and you must not be seen."

"Did my husband say that?" asked Maud, wiping away her tears.

"Yes."

"And what more?"

"It was all he did say."

"What, no word?—no regret?"

"My master was in haste. Saw you not how swiftly he rode away?"

"Oh, yes! I saw—without a word for me."

"He had no time—could you not see that?"

"Not a word for me—not one for our child!"

"Lady, the master has greater work on hand. There, listen how angrily the king winds his bugle."

Maud smiled through the fresh tears that were filling her eyes.

"No wonder the king cannot do without him," she said, proudly. "Say, Grantley, you have been at court and should know. Of all Edward's followers, is there one to compare with him?"

"Not one. I can answer for that," was the ardent response. "In this kingdom he has no mate."

"I was sure of it—quite sure; and he will come back soon. It is now ten days since he was here—a long time. Why, our son has learned to notice things since then; that will please him. Oh! I hope he will come alone."

"The saints grant that he may," was the steward's muttered reply; "for if Edward comes with him, there will be a carouse that will shake the old rafters like a storm; and my lord's secret will be at the mercy of every gallant about the court, unless she creeps into a corner and hides herself."

While these half expressed words were on his lips, a wild commotion arose in the forest close by. The undergrowth bent and rustled as if a tornado were rushing through it; and out from the mangled foliage came a stag, with antlers of a dozen years growth, bounding forward in great, staggering leaps toward the river. His efforts were frightful to look upon; ridges of foam swayed around his open mouth, from which the panting tongue quivered hot and red, scattering great drops of blood like a crimson rain behind him. His great eyes, magnificent in their wildness, were strained wide open with terror, for he had distanced the hounds only for a moment. The last reeling leap that sent him on to the banks of the stream, brought a dozen packs of dogs out from the forest like a whirlwind, yelping in one grand chorus, bounding

like coupled demons, deadly and fierce they rushed upon him. Down the banks he plunged with a mighty effort of desperation. His antlers and hot and red mouth rose above the waves; his stately limbs spurned them back with desperate strokes that shot him half across the stream. Now the waters were alive with the pursuit. A crowd of blood-thirsty hounds dashed down the banks, and into the stream with one simultaneous yelp that curdled the very air, and held the stag, for one instant, paralyzed in the water. Before he could move again they were upon him. Two enormous stag-hounds seized him by the head and dragged it under water, others leaped over him and fought frantically for a grip at his hide, or a snarling at his tortured throat. The waters, a moment before limpid as crystal, grew muddy and crimson under the awful tumult. The poor stag floated now, and was only held back from the current by the dogs that rested over his death-throats. In the midst of this thrilling scene, while the poor stag had fought his head loose, and fixed his great eyes with a hopeless glance on the opposite bank, that train of hunters once more broke through the forest, and gathered upon the bank in one grand, gorgeous group; foresters and keepers swarmed up, all eager and mad for that poor animal's destruction. One last cry, almost human in its anguish, two great drops, more piteous than blood, breaking through the film in those eyes, and the noble creature struggled no more.

"Call back the dogs. Swim in and save the buck, or he will be lost," shouted King Edward, with fierce joyousness, riding up and down the banks of that pretty stream, which was all alive with the hunt.

Half a dozen wood-rangers plunged into the water, and the buck was brought to land still alive, but exhausted beyond a struggle for his last breath. The hunters dismounted. The eager dogs were driven back. A crowd of human beings swarmed up to end the hunt. Foremost of all strode the lofty Edward, radiant, fierce, taking natural precedence.

"Where is my knife? This is a stag worth hunting down. Stand back—stand back, men! My own hand shall despatch him!"

Some one put a knife in his hand. Two rangers knelt down and turned the stag on his back. With a light hand Edward drew his knife across the animal's throat, while a score of courtiers looked on admiringly.

"Now give the dogs a full share, noble hunters, they have done well; and send the buck up yonder, for we will sup to-night in your

lodge. What say you brother and gentlemen?"

He looked around for Duke Richard, but that courteous personage had left the hunt when the excitement was at its highest, and, fording the river lower down, was that moment in front of the lodge.

Maud met him at the door. He dismounted, kissed her upon the forehead, and led her into the house. There was no haste or undue excitement in this.

"Go in, Maud," he said, "I am in attendance on the king, who will be here anon. Hold yourself close in your chamber while he remains at the lodge; and be sure to keep the child quiet. Nay, love, we have no time for aught but brief words. Go in, bolt the door, and do not look forth from loophole or window."

Maud's sweet, eager face had been full of pleasant expectation when he rode up. But it expressed sad disappointment now.

"Will you not come in one moment and look on the boy?" she said, clinging to his arm; "his little hand took a skein of silk from mine but yesterday."

"Not now—not at all, perhaps; only obey me. The hunt swept this way before I was aware. Is everything ready? Grantley had but little time to remove all female litter from the rooms; but I hope it is done."

He spoke with decision, and put her gently away with his hand. Poor Maud scarcely knew him, his commands were given with such cool composure, while she was quivering from head to foot.

"Go, Maud, go and tell Grantley that the king will be here in half an hour, and must be feasted. No more words, sweet one; but obey me."

It was a needless command, that fair young mother could not choose but obey him. She gave his orders to the steward, then, retreating into her bower-chamber, shut herself in. In a corner of the sumptuous room stood a child's cradle, curtained with rose-colored silk, with an under cloud of cardinal point, such as nuns have spent a lifetime in giving to posterity. Maud sunk to her knees by the cradle, and awoke the child from its sweet slumbers with her sobs—the first her young husband had ever drawn from that bosom.

That moment the young man urged his horse into the stream, and, swimming him over, joined the hunters. Edward had performed his kingly part in slaughtering the deer, and was ready to mount, for a keen appetite followed quickly on the day's sport.

"Here comes our host with tidings of good cheer, doubt it not," he cried, watching the young horseman with anxiety, for the stream was deep there, and its passage dangerous to a horse less perfectly trained than the one which breasted his way through the current. "What tidings, *mon chere*?"

"There will be no lack of food or wine, sire: at least such as a sharp appetite will excuse. But the river is deep here, a few rods farther down the rocky bottom will give safe foothold for our horses."

"Lead the way—lead the way! Mount, gentlemen, and let us forward! It would be better if we had some fair dame to do the honors yonder; but lacking that, which most of us covet before meat or drink, it shall go hard if we do not make the old walls ring again."

With this right jovial speech, Edward leaped upon his horse, and directly, with the attending lords, was riding along the river, which they forded half a mile down stream, where the water was shallow enough to be readily forded.

With all the clang and cheerful tumult which attends a pleasure party, Edward and his nobles entered the lodge, and directly that tranquil dwelling was a scene of such riotous mirth as we of modern days can have no idea of. Wine and wassal raged high that night; song and story rang out from loophole and window, through which the hot radiance of torch and flambeau fell upon the river, turning its waters into great breadths of gold and ridges of molten rubies. Never was there a more gracious boon companion than Edward Plantagenet; his loud, but melodious voice rose above the others with overflowing volume, and his laugh rang out with the silvery clearness of a war-trumpet. Every excuse that gallantry could give to excess was made. Fair beauties of the court, even the queen herself were pledged in overflowing goblets. The very hounds that had run down their prey so nobly, were honored by king and subject, till red wine stained festal board and floor in its rich overflow from hands itself had rendered unsteady. All night long till the cool, sweet breath of morning came sighing up from the forest this wassal kept on. There was no going to rest that night. Those who fell into slumber dropped heavily from their seats, and slept off the riot on the rushes strewn over the floor. Edward threw himself on a couch which sweet Maud Chichester had occupied many a time, where, with hot cheeks and smiling lips, he dreamed over the pleasures that had cast him down to a level with his lowest follower.

But this monarch, who never yielded his mag-

nificent strength to excess of pleasure, or the fatigue of war for any continuance of time, awoke from his sleep with a rebound, and met the bright morning in all the joyousness of supreme health.

"Up, merry hunters, up! We should have been in the saddle hours ago," he cried. "Some one bring me an ewer and plenty of fresh water. Faugh! how the room smells of spilt wine. What ho! let the foresters and keepers know that we start in half an hour! Hark! how the dogs bay with impatience! Now, gentlemen, to the saddle. Our host has his foot in the stirrup already, and, by the rood, does not seem over well pleased."

Thus Edward gave out comment and command, as he laved his face in the silver basin held by a servitor on the knee, and prompt obedience followed each word.

True enough, the master of the lodge had one foot in the stirrup ready to mount, for he was eager to lead that riotous mob of noblemen from his quiet habitation; but he withdrew his foot again, leaving his horse to an attendant, and entering the lodge, disappeared through a side door which led from the entrance hall into Maud's bower-chamber. The young mother was there, still dressed, and lying on a couch she had occupied all night; for, with a scene so riotous and strange passing under the same roof with herself and child, she could not sleep, and had spent the slow hours trembling with dread. She sprang to her feet as his knock reached her ear, and ran to meet him with a sense of infinite relief.

"My poor girl, my own sweet wife, they have frightened all the bloom from this face; but rest content, the king is even now ready to mount. In a few minutes he and his followers will leave my birdie and her nestling in peace."

Maud clung to him nervously. Not that she feared any evil when he was by, but his haste and riding-dress warned her that he must go with the king, and leave her alone with new thoughts and vague fears in her mind.

"Nay, bonnibel, this is childish!" he expostulated, as she flung her arms about his neck.

"But you are going—you are going!"

"It cannot be helped. Remember I am not a monarch to will my own movements, only the follower of one. Now be brave and kiss me, for I must be gone."

She clung to him closer and tried to smile, but tears would come again.

A knock on the door, struck by the handle of a riding-whip, startled them both. The young husband seized Maud by both arms and strove

force them from his neck; but that instant door was flung open, and Edward stood on the threshold. Maud, whose face had in half loosened, fell upon her husband's arm, and her face was concealed. The young husband turned upon the king, and the stern attraction of his features might have startled less brave man. But it only brought a cloud crimson to Edward's face.

"*Mon Dieu!* I have opened the wrong door, I broken up a pretty scene in this rude haste be gone."

What more he might have said died on his lips, for the young man's face became so coldly white that it checked the words in their midst. After a moment's hesitation, Edward closed the door, and went away laughing rather uneasily as he passed through the entrance hall.

Maud lifted her face as the door closed. It was pale with affright.

"Be quiet and fear nothing," said her husband, in a low voice, which trembled in spite of his stern will. This need not disturb you. Now farewell for a little time—farewell!"

He put her gently from him, strode toward the cradle, and casting a look at the little sleeper resting there, went out of the room, leading so heavily that she could hear his heavy ring against the granite floor above the general din.

Before she left the spot where that last farewell was taken, the royal party was sweeping through the forest on its route to London. Edward rode a little in advance of his courtiers; but his late host kept close to his bridle-rein—that stern, cold face held even Edward's brave nature in something like awe. For awhile they rode on in dead silence; then an uneasy laugh broke from the monarch, and he turned frankly to his companion.

"Nay, by my soul! this is a merry joke, Dickon! What if my Lady Anna hears of it?"

The young man did not answer, but his very lips turned white with suppressed rage.

"Nay, nay; dread saint, I do but jest. Still I can but remember that this lodge was to have been redeemed from its evil name, and become the seat of hard study and innocent book lore. Oh, Dickon! Dickon! this is a rare discovery. Who would have suspected thee of a light-of-love?"

"Sire, spare me these comments, and do not again apply that epithet to the woman you have seen resting on this bosom. There is not on earth a creature more blameless, or incapable of evil."

Edward turned upon his saddle with sudden

vehemence; a look of stern surprise swept the laughter from his face, and sent the glitter of steel into his eyes.

"Ha! boy, has this folly struck so deep? What do these words hint at? Nothing, I trow, that your king will find it impossible to forgive."

"Sire!" was the cold answer, "where Richard loves, his passion must be pure as its object, else he tastes it not. Men may sin against their own consciences from ambition, because it is the grandest want of a lofty mind. But the heart which sins against itself is base indeed; the lip that meets that of Richard must have felt no meaner touch, nor meet his with a sense of crime. The lady you speak of is——"

"Silence, sirrah, if you would not dare me to smite the words from those lips. If what you hint at exists, smother the secret. Is it not enough that one Plantagenet has played the madman, and flung half his strength away in blind love of a penniless and powerless subject? Or has that astute mind failed to read a lesson from the folly which has filled this kingdom for years with wild commotion? I say, boy, failing the life of our son and heir, the inheritance which carries the crown of England with it must rest with thee."

"With me, sire? There is Clarence!"

"Clarence! Hark ye, boy; that weak hand shall never wield the sceptre thy strong arm has helped me win. The haughty traitress, his wife, shall yet disgorge Earl Warwick's wealth, which has been wrested from the gentle Lady Anna. That power centred in thy hands, Richard, must win the discontented barons back to their fealty. Husband of Warwick's fairest daughter, and master of his vast estates, thy power in this, our kingdom, will be scarcely second to that of the king. Do not mar this glorious fortune, boy, with a folly that even Clarence would blush at."

Richard did not answer. Every word of this speech had aroused the ambitious fiend in his bosom into keen action. Had these thoughts found place in his mind before? Did he know the power his gentle words, and the poetry which breathed in them, had won over Prince Edward's maiden widow? She was beautiful—this Anna of Warwick—and heiress to greater wealth than Edward himself could claim from inheritance. Those who loved her father, and remembered him as greatest among the persistent barons, who made and unmade kings, gave her homage and allegiance such as had never been rendered to the queen.

These thoughts flashed like lightning through

the brain that had given higher range to its ambition than Edward dreamed of. Richard did not speak, but, wheeling his horse suddenly, dashed down a forest-path and lost himself in the woods. When he came forth again Maud Chichester's fate was sealed. Richard had told the truth. He was far too refined in that intense selfishness which takes the utmost enjoyment out of everything that comes in its way, for the coarser pleasures which disgraced Edward's reign. The woman he loved must be innocent, pure, and devoted, because these qualities alone appealed to his fastidious taste. He did not shrink from sin in his own person; but to mate with anything unholy in a woman set his whole nature in revolt. But that love which springs so much from the intellect, is at all times subservient to the master passion which has power to control that intellect. There is no doubt that Richard loved the young creature whom he had married privately, it is true, but in good faith as regarded the future. He was very young then, and love controlled all other feelings with him. Time had not changed him, and could not change him in that. But the growth of a mighty ambition overshadowed the love it could not uproot. With the dim vision of a crown before him, the young man was ready to crucify his own soul, and the heart which had loved him best, knowing well that this great love would be an eternal bar between him and the greatness he dimly groped after.

All day long this young man rode in the forest up and down, never resting for a moment.

He felt no fatigue, and was neither hungry nor athirst. All these feelings were consumed by the burning thoughts which had taken fire from Edward's suggestion—thoughts that had smouldered in his bosom without hope till then; for, while Clarence lived, he was far removed from the throne, even though the infant heir should be taken from his path, as his sickly state seemed to promise.

That day Richard Plantagenet gave himself up to the ambition which was ready to sweep down human rights, and trample out the human life which lay in his path to the throne. "Let me go and look upon the walls that shelter her," he said, communing with the demon that possessed him; "this yearning pain is a sign of weakness, and must be vanquished. He who grapples with destiny must learn first to conquer himself. Happiness or power—both are impossible. This day my choice must be taken. Maud, my poor Maud! how she will suffer—how she loves me! But to one who aspires happi-

ness is nothing. If power is only to be won by suffering, then it is kindest to be cruel!"

With these keen, selfish thoughts in his mind, Gloucester rode close up to the brink of the stream and looked toward his wife's chamber. She was seated near the window, not looking out, for the night had lowered down stormily over the forest; but he could distinguish the lovely outlines of her face defined against the rosy cloud of curtains that swept over her infant's cradle. Clearly cut and pure as a cameo, that sweet side face appeared against the warm background. It was the head of a Madonna, pensive and sad, but imbued with the very spirit of innocent affection.

A groan broke from this hard man. With all his philosophy, the young heart in his bosom ached with intolerable pain, for he loved that beautiful creature above all women in the world—above everything but the crown which his soul grasped at. It was agony to give her up—such agony as only a strong man can feel and conquer.

Slowly that strange being turned his horse and rode away. To the last his head was turned, and his eyes dwelt on the fading outlines of that face. When it died away, the cloud of drapery grew crimson in his mind; and where those beloved features had been, a massy crown broke upon his imagination, burning itself against a sea of blood.

"Be it so," he muttered. "Are crowns ever won without slaughter and bloodshed? What matters it to me if human life goes out on the battle-field, or between four walls? But love her? Love—St. Paul! it is hard!"

Through the black forest he rode, filled with blacker thoughts, and moaning sad echoes to the wind, which soughed gloomily among the branches like grieved spirits praying him to pause before he gave up that which is most precious in human life—human love. But heaven itself had no power to win that hard, brilliant man back to the life he had abandoned.

When Richard entered the Tower, weary and unattended, he passed the king upon the ramparts, and paused to address him.

"Sire!" he said, in the low, calm voice which won so sweetly on the ear, "have I your gracious permission to urge my suit with the Lady Anna? She is fair, and under the promise of your highness will be richly endowed."

Edward looked at his brother searchingly.

"Tell me in all frankness, Richard, are you free to wed this lady, and thus wrest her inheritance from grasping Clarence and his wife, who apes the royalty which she usurps?"



"Sire!" answered Richard, gravely, "no hands hold Richard Plantagenet which he will not find the power to break when the occasion requires it."

"And the fair lady of the lodge? Ah, Richard! Richard!"

"Do not speak of her—not jestingly, at least. No woman worthy of that light scoff has ever gazed Richard one moment on his path."

"Is it so serious, then? Well, well, boy! love lightly or in earnest, as seems you best; so long no grand passion, such as nearly lost your throne, usurps policy and schemes of more consolidated power from our house, I care not. But Edward is not yet strong enough to cast his enemies without the firm support of his kinsmen. The great wealth of Earl Warwick was a mighty prop to his influence; that wealth must not be divided, or pass away from our house. It must be wielded, too, with a stronger hand than weak Clarence ever possessed."

"But he will not give up a fair half of these goods without a struggle," answered Richard. "Before proceeding in this matter I would have full assurance of royal protection in my suit for generous division."

"Division! Ay, by my crown, I will pledge that you can ask when the fair Anna is once your bride. But as for division, look you, Richard, if Clarence swerves again, but by a hair's breadth, from his allegiance, there will be little need of halving Warwick's riches."

A keen, quick glance was exchanged between the brothers. That look of cold ferocity which sometimes hardened Edward's features into iron, thrilled its way to the eager heart of Richard. From that moment the fate of Clarence was understood between the brothers.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MAUD CHICHESTER was alone with her child. He had been greatly disappointed in not seeing her husband again after the royal carouse, and watched his coming with more than usual impatience; Duke Richard was never wantonly cruel. He could be hard as steel under an ambitious purpose, but he took no pleasure in suffering for its own sake. He loved the fair, young woman who had cast her life with such unquestioning trustfulness into his keeping; and would have endured pain a thousand times over rather than give it to her. But he lived even then up to the maxim which genius has given to his lips.

"What's bought by blood must be by blood maintained;" and when the price which he

must pay for exaltation was a broken heart for that gentle wife, he did not shrink back weakly, or in half measures wring her soul with uncertainties. Still he could not wholly give her up, or crush her to the earth with a single blow. It was not fear which held him back, for, in good or evil, boy or man, the prince was bold as the greatest general that ever lived; but he loved the woman dearly, and shrunk from sweeping the glory from her life at one fell swoop. With these feelings wounding his heart, without in the least changing his purpose, Richard sent a message to Maud. With all his courage and iron resolution, he could not slay that gentle heart with his own hand. But Catesby, his master of the horse, was sent on the savage errand. This man was Richard's instrument, not his confidant—for, young as he was, the prince told his secrets to no man living. He commanded, but seldom explained.

When Maud heard the tramp of a horse on the forest-path, she started up from her child's cradle like a bird fluttering out from its nest as the father bird approaches, snatched the babe from under its rosy cloud of silk, and kissed it with passionate joy.

"He is coming! Oh, my boy! my sweet, sweet boy! father is here! Kiss me, darling! kiss me back! and he shall take it warm from my lips."

The boy, just aroused from his slumber, opened his great eyes wide, stretched out his white feet and chubby little hands, like a prize-fighter trying his limbs, and broke into a lusty cry that brought the hot blood into Maud's face.

"What, crying, and your father here? You naughty, naughty child! You shall not kiss me with that mouth. There, go back to bed, sleepy thing!"

She lifted the curtains, huddled the child back into his cradle, gave him a little pat of the hand, half tender, half impatient, and ran out to meet Catesby, who that moment entered the great hall.

Maud fell back on seeing the man, so keenly disappointed that she could not speak. All the graceful dignity of her character was lost in this painful surprise.

"Lady," said Catesby, advancing toward her, "forgive this rude entrance. I was only waiting to inquire the way to your presence."

"Come you from my lord?" questioned Maud, forgetful of the secret she had been cautioned to guard. "Have you seen him?"

Catesby took a letter from his bosom and gave it to her.

She looked at the writing. "To the Lady at Hunsdon Lodge," she read. There was no more; but she knew the handwriting, and pressed her lips upon it, blushing crimson the next moment when she saw Catesby's eyes upon her.

"Go in yonder, fair sir; my people will attend to your comfort while I read this missive," she said, with gentle courtesy. "In a brief time I will see you again."

With a bend of the head, she withdrew into the chamber where her child had dropped to sleep again, and lay among the rosy draperies and snow-white pillows like a cherub couched among summer clouds. With fingers quivering with impatience, she attempted to unknot the band of floss silk with which the letter was tied, but only tangled it into a crimson impossibility. Then she tore at it with her white teeth, and flung the fragments away, unfolding the parchment with such eager haste that the writing floated vaguely before her eyes.

Maud read the letter at last over and over again, for it was brief and clear, cutting to her heart like steel.

"Going abroad—the king will have it so. On business of state. Stay for years—for years! Oh, my God! it says for years! My husband! Oh, mercy, my husband! Gone already! Gone without a word of farewell! If I love him I will stay here with the child; the people will remain with me. The man who brings this will see to our wants, and visit us often. He has left Duke Richard's service. Gone—gone!"

The poor, young creature fell upon her knees and clung to the edge of the cradle, which shook beneath her trembling hands like a cloud drifted by stormy winds. She did not weep, and scarcely gave forth a sound; but her lips were white as snow, and her eyes opened wide with a sort of terror, as they looked over the child far away into vacancy.

Catesby had been feasted on cold pastry and wine in another room, and was just draining the last red wave from its silver flagon, when Maud entered the chamber, white, cold, and shivering with nervous chills.

"Tell me," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, "is he gone? You know who I mean. Has there been no merciful storm on the coast to drive him back?"

"Lady," said Catesby, "I know less than the letter tells you. It was given me with orders to place it in your hands. That I have done."

"Then you know nothing?—not even where he is gone?"

"Lady, I know nothing, save that it is my duty to obey your behests in all things, and see

that none of the comforts to which you have been used are wanting."

"Comforts! comforts! and without him! Still I should be thankful for so much care. So I am. But hear you not a wail? I must go and still it. That is the way orphans cry out when God smites them with loneliness."

Maud went into her child's room again, pale as death, and crying unconsciously. She did not return for a full hour. At last Catesby sent to inform her that he wished to take leave; and then she came forth looking like a poor little dove creeping out from the drench of a rain-storm. Catesby looked at her almost in pity.

"Grantley will remain here," he said. "His orders are positive, whatever you desire he is charged to obtain."

"As you will," answered Maud, drearily. "I have but few wants; but let him stay if it is thought best. But tell me, in mercy tell me, where has he gone? When shall I see him again? Do not say that he told you not. Surely, surely you must know why it is that I am made so wretched."

"Lady, I repeat, no information was given me. I was told to bring that letter, and have obeyed the command."

"And is he gone?"

"Surely has he!"

In her eagerness, Maud had laid her hand on Catesby's arm, but it fell off like a flower suddenly broken from the stalk; and she sat down, dumb with the anguish of complete despair.

Then Catesby took his leave, and she heard the retreating tramp of his horse with a shudder. It seemed as if they were beating her heart into the earth beneath these iron hoofs.

Maud did not sleep that night, nor the next, nor the next. There was fever in her heart and on her brain—fever that heated the pure blood in her baby's veins, and made him share her anguish. On the second night, while Maud was delirious, the head servant mounted a horse and rode all night, making his way toward London. When he came back, a leach rode by his side, and for many a day rested in the lodge, tending the mother and the child with unusual assiduity.

At last Maud recovered. No, not that; but a lovely shadow haunted the old lodge, that might now and then remind you of the cheerful, rosy young creature, whose very existence had made the old place bright as a summer bower. But the child grew thrifty, and sometimes made that sad mother start and catch her breath, the glee of his holy laughter sounded so like a

lockery in that lonesome place. Maud took no heed of anything that went on around her; but she was ever gentle and kind to Albert, the idiot boy, who haunted her footsteps with the fidelity of a hound; as for Wasp, his sympathies were almost human. He mounted guard over the cradle, and watched the expression of that sad, motherly face with eyes that seemed to read every pain that flitted across it, and mourn because he possessed no remedy. For hours he would lie and watch his mistress as she sat mournfully gazing out upon the forest. But if the child, by some gay shout or daring crow, won a smile from her, Wasp would go off careering about the room in a wild caper of delight, and make the house ring again with his riotous barking.

This could not last. Human souls are too restless in joy or sorrow for perfect stillness to be anything but irksome. That answers to content alone. In all her brooding, many a strange thought had haunted the young wife. Her mind toiled over its sorrows. Doubt kept her restless, and the natural energy of a character, at once beautiful and strong, awoke in her bosom. One thing she could do. Her husband had belonged to King Edward's court; nearer still, was a follower of the young Duke of Gloucester. That much he had told her himself. Why not go up to London, search out the duke, and demand of him the destination of her husband, and the cause of his absence? True, she was forbidden to speak of him, or to claim him in any way before the world; but her heart was breaking; she must hear news of him or die. She would keep his secret, even though it covered her with shame. In no one thing would she disobey him; but how could she rest there, hungering for tidings with that terrible ache gnawing forever at her heart, and make no effort to appease it?

Sorrow had rendered Maud suspicious. She was afraid to trust any of his servants with a resolve that had been forming in her mind for weeks. Yet how could Albert help her, poor witting? He was faithful as the sun, and had more than a moderate share of that strange cunning, which sometimes seems almost like wisdom in the weak-minded; but the service she desired was far beyond his range of intellect. Some knowledge of the country was important, and familiarity with the great world of London, of which she was profoundly ignorant.

One day Maud ventured to sound Grantley, but he received her hint with grim disapproval; and for days after watched her with unusual vigilance, which only served to stimulate her

fears and confirm her purpose. Maud saw that there was no hope in the servants, and began to suspect that they were, in fact, her jailors. But who placed them there? Not her husband, she never could think that. No, his enemies—for he had confessed to many—had prevailed against him, doubtless, and found a new way of torture through his wife and child.

One day Albert had been sitting at her feet, reading all the eloquent changes of her face, as love will teach the most simple heart to read. His own face was more than usually intelligent. A strange light kindled his pale, blue eyes, and he looked sharp and keen almost as Wasp himself. At last he pulled at her dress.

"I—I can find the way," he said; "Wasp and I. Besides, the black horse knows. Isn't he on it every week? Wasp and I can do it. She, too."

Maud was startled. The idiot had read her thoughts; had decided, also, on the only person of her household who might be trusted to aid in the project that was haunting her mind.

A woman from the forest was that moment holding Maud's child up to the window, where he was making dashes at a great blue fly which was beating its lovely wings against the glass. The idiot's finger was pointed to this poor widow, who had lost both husband and child scarcely a year before.

"Yes," said Maud, unconsciously speaking aloud, "she, too, would be faithful."

The woman turned from the window and brought her blooming charge up to his mother.

"Try me, mistress; only try me," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"I will," cried Maud. "My boy would not love you so if you were not honest. Come with me. Albert, follow us."

"And Wasp?" said the idiot, beckoning to the dog, who stood with ears erect listening.

These four strangely-assorted people went into an inner chamber, and there held council together. Hilda, the forest woman, was sharp of wit, and instantly comprehended the situation.

"I know the forest paths well," she said, "and can guide you so far on the way; beyond that I have a brother, who has followed the royal hunt many a time to the gates of London. He will show us the way."

Albert listened greedily; his feeble mouth worked, his hands were in constant motion. He almost danced with eagerness, while Wasp tore at the rushes with his feet, and gave out a short, fiery bark, more eloquent of impatience than a human voice might have been.

"Be quiet, and wait till night!" said Maud, giving the faithful boy her hand to kiss. "Just before the moon rises we will start. Have three horses ready, Albert—my white palfrey, the black hunter, and any other that you can find. The rest I leave with you, Hilda."

"It lacks but three hours of the time," answered the woman, placing little Richard in his mother's arms. We must have food for ourselves, and milk for the baby. Besides, gold will be wanted."

"There is a purse of broad pieces in the cabinet of my bower-chamber, and jewels of price, if they be needed," said Maud, eagerly. "Prepare the rest, Hilda, and I will bring the gold."

That night, when the sun went down, and an hour of darkness lay between its setting and the light of a cloudless moon, Maud stole forth from her dwelling, carrying the boy in her arms, and equipped for a journey. Hilda would have relieved her from the sweet burden, but the young mother would not hear of it—that little form kept her heart strong.

Down by the ford they found Albert, with four horses equipped for traveling. Wasp stood by, guarding two of the animals as his own especial charge. Maud mounted her own palfrey, who knelt like a camel to receive her, and rose again with a toss of his milk-white mane, and the lightness of a dancing-girl, arching his neck proudly under the burden of his mistress and her child.

Hilda mounted the black charger, and Albert took his triumphant seat on a stout roadster, leading a sumpter-horse by the bridle. In the leathern bag which cumbered this horse Hilda had packed the choicest robes of her mistress' wardrobe, and added to these a small pannier filled with provisions. Thus, with great caution, the little cavalcade crossed the ford, and entered the forest, guided by Wasp, who ran on before, softly as a cat, scarcely brushing the grass in his progress, but trotting onward gravely, as if impressed with the importance of his charge.

It matters not how long this helpless party remained on the road. One bright morning they entered London, fresh from a little hostelry, where they had spent the night. They found the city in a tumult of excitement; crowds of people in holiday-dress were passing up and down the street, all the balconies were hung with tapestry and crimson cloth. Banners floated from the house-tops; and wherever she turned her eyes, Maud saw a cognizance which made her heart leap. The Boar's-Head crested balcony and banner that day wherever armoreal

bearings could be placed—and that was the grim cognizance of Duke Richard of Gloucester—the generous patron and master of her husband. As Maud and her strange companions penetrated into the heart of London, the crowd deepened and became more eager. At last it blocked her onward passage, and she was crowded against the walls of a stately house, close beneath a balcony draped with scarlet cloth, and fluttering with fringes of gold. The horses which Maud and her servant rode had been backed close to the wall, where they were becoming dangerously restive. Little Richard struggled in his mother's lap, and began to cry out. The crowd became so tumultuous that it frightened him.

Albert, who had been separated from the others, heard this cry, and pushed his horse toward the balcony, regardless of the people in his way.

In his bewilderment he looked upward, and saw a lovely face looking out from the gorgeous richness of the balcony. Pearls shone in the bright tresses that shaded this face, and a neck fair as the leaves of a blush-rose, gleamed upon him through a flame of jewels.

With a wild ringing shout, that made the crowd pause and look upward, Albert sprang upright on his saddle; with a single leap he threw himself into the balcony, and flung his arms around the beautiful woman who sat there like some tropical bird in its nest.

"Jenny! sister Jenny! it's me—it's me!"

The woman arose, smitten with joyous terror, and, clinging to the idiot-boy, withdrew from the balcony, almost carrying him with her.

"No, no! bring them up, too—my lady and Wasp, and the little fellow! Didn't you hear him cry?"

"My brother! my poor darling—how came you here? Who sent you? Oh! Albert! Albert! you are not afraid to kiss me—afraid nor ashamed?"

Jane Shore put back the golden locks from that innocent face with both her quivering hands; she rained kisses and quick woman tears on the idiot's forehead, his neck, and even his garments. She strained him to her bosom. She held him at arms-length, laughing and crying like a very child.

"But my lady! But Wasp!" he cried, struggling from her arms. "They have crowded her against the wall; bring her in, or I'll never kiss you again."

"My lady! Is she in truth here? Oh! Albert! I dare not speak to her!"

"But you shall!"

The boy spoke with emphasis, looked around him, and seeing a stair-case through an open door, rushed down it, and out into the street. "Come in! Come in!" he said. "It is a grand, grand place, and Jenny is here! Sister Mary wants you, and baby, and Wasp, and Mr. Brown! Come along! See, I have tied the horses to this iron ring!"

While Maud hesitated in bewilderment, the boy, who had grown strong in his excitement, dismounted her from the saddle, and hurried her forward through the passage, up stairs, and into the sumptuous chamber where Jane Shore stood, pale as death, and trembling like a criminal, as she was.

When Maud saw her foster-sister, a flush of joy overspread her face, and she felt the ineffable relief of a wanderer who sees a beloved face in the midst of strangers.

"Oh! Jane, Jane! is it you? Heaven has sent

us here! My heart was so heavy a moment since! But you do not seem glad—you look so strange. Is it that I and my child are unwelcome?"

Jane had, indeed, been startled, even terrified, but she opened her arms before half these words were uttered, and clasped her lady and foster-sister to her bosom with a close embrace.

"Oh! my lady! my dear, dear lady! not welcome! You not welcome! God help me! it was anything but that. This child, too! Welcome! The angels of heaven are not more welcome! But all this is so sudden. Nay, do not look at me so!"

The woman blushed crimson under Maud's wondering gaze; and going into another room, she tore the jewels from her bosom, and the pearls from her hair, ashamed to meet those innocent eyes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"LIVING OR DEAD?"

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"Living or dead?" there was not a line  
To tell us to which our thoughts might turn.  
"Wounded and missing," the record said—  
And that was all we could ever learn.

Perhaps, while he lay on the battle-field,  
'Mid the shriek of shell and the cannon's roar,  
The Angel of Death with his summons came—  
And the dim eyes shut to unclose no more.

"Wounded and missing!" with comrades dear,  
Perhaps he was thrust in some dungeon low,  
In pain, and sorrow, and want to die—  
And we of his fate shall never know.

Perhaps, where the trees, with broad, green leaves,  
Made solemn arches 'twixt earth and sky,  
A mossy couch for the weary frame—  
No loving one but the Saviour nigh;

While the zephyrs sighed a requiem sad,  
And the lonely spot in shadow lay;  
His mother's name on his dying lips—  
Perhaps it was thus he passed away.

He felt that our cause was right and just:  
He stood with the foremost, firm and true;  
He carried his country's flag that day—  
Perhaps he died 'neath its starry blue.

Living or dead? 'tis a sweet, sweet thought,  
That he stood where the best and bravest stand;  
Living or dying, he loved the right,  
And, next to his God, his native land.

Living! ah, yes; for he could not die;  
His heart was so full of a Saviour's love.  
If he lives not here in this world below,  
We know he is "living" in worlds above

WOMAN'S EARLY LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I MET her first in childhood's years,  
When all of life was young;  
Ere care had dimmed her eye with tears,  
Or grief her heart had wrung.  
Life was to her a pleasant dream,  
Unmingled with alloy;  
And each fair, sweet, and blissful scene  
Was fraught with hope and joy.

I saw her on her bridal morn,  
With spirits light as air;  
Her cheeks were like the blush of dawn,  
And roses decked her hair;

And her pure woman's holy love  
Was gushing from her heart,  
As she pronounced the solemn words  
That caused her tears to start.

Again we met in after years;  
But, oh! how greatly changed!  
The love that once was fondly hers,  
Had grown cold and estranged.  
Yet still, with woman's trustfulness,  
She clung to him in tears;  
For time, nor cold neglect could change,  
The love of earlier years.

## MISS WOGGLES' WARDROBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SMITH'S PARTY," ETC., ETC.

WHEN Miss Woggles went to Newport, with her wardrobe of a dozen trunks, she took the Ocean House by storm. Frank Gordon, who saw her baggage delivered, came into the parlor, where his mother and sister were sitting.

"You should have seen the display," he said. "Some of the trunks are as high as my head. Out West, where benighted people like ourselves live, they would be thought nearly big enough for a log-cabin. I understand she has taken an extra room to put them in."

"I have always heard," his sister answered, in the same gay vein, "that the Ocean House was a place where a few women of the first fashion came annually to walk up and down the hall of evenings, and that all the female milliners of the nation came and sat on the chairs at the sides to steal the patterns; and though we have been here only a day, I begin to think it is true."

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "I don't believe a word of your story, or of Frank's. For all you know, Miss Woggles may be a very excellent young woman."

"Not with a dozen trunks, mother, dear; not with that purse-proud face of hers," said Frank. "Most of the girls, who come to Newport, have hard, worldly faces; think what faces we saw on the Avenue yesterday: but Miss Woggles' face is the worst of the lot."

Miss Woggles came down to breakfast, at a late hour next morning, in a dress so aggravatingly beautiful, that all the other ladies were in despair. At dinner she appeared in another superb costume; wore still another for the drive on the Avenue; and in the evening was seen floating through the hall amid clouds of diaphanous drapery.

"Four dresses in one day!" said Frank Gordon. "I don't think her dozen trunks will hold out. But look how her hair is dressed?"

"That's the Empire style," answered his sister. "You men never know anything. And she looks very well in it. But who is that distinguished-looking man being introduced to her?"

"That is Gen. De Courcy. Everybody is talking of him who is not talking of Miss Woggles—and most people are talking of both. He belongs to one of the first families of the Middle

States; the head of the house abroad is Baron Kinsale, of a peerage seven hundred years old. He, that is, the general, was educated at Harvard, and having just graduated when the war broke out, volunteered. He rose rapidly. At Bull Run he was a lieutenant, at Williamsburg a captain, at Antietam a colonel. At Fredericksburg he was wounded and left for dead, but managed to crawl back to camp, and recovered. He is now a major-general by brevet. Added to all this, he is enormously rich, and has one of the finest estates in Pennsylvania. He is said, too, to be as accomplished as he is brave. Of course, all the celebrities gravitate together—the hero of a dozen battles, and the heroine of a dozen trunks. A poor country girl, Kate, has no chance."

At this moment Gen. De Courcy came that way, Miss Woggles leaning on his arm. Apparently he had asked who Kate was, for his companion answered, with a toss of her head, loud enough to be overheard. "I don't know—Shoddy, I suppose."

Poor Kate blushed scarlet, especially as several strangers, hearing the reply, looked rudely at her. Frank waited till Miss Woggles was out of ear-shot, and then whispered to Kate,

"Well, that's cool! You Shoddy! when your ancestors fought at Flodden, to say nothing of Bunker Hill and Yorktown! I'm afraid it's Miss Woggles' antecedents that won't bear inquiring into."

Later in the evening, as Kate sat alone in the hall, her mother having retired with a headache, Frank made his appearance with Gen. De Courcy.

"Kate," he said, "you have often heard our father speak of Col. De Courcy, who was in his brigade in the war of 1812. It turns out that the general here is his son; and he asks the honor of an introduction."

Kate's heart was in a flutter at the unmistakable look of admiration with which her new acquaintance regarded her; and, in truth, Kate looked bewitchingly lovely. Her slender, graceful figure, dressed in simple white, attracted attention, by the absence of the meretricious ornaments so conspicuous all around. There was that something in the carriage of her head, in her every movement, which people call high-

ed. Her face was fresh and animated, with eyes of rare beauty, and a mouth of the most captivating sweetness. Gen. De Courcy mentally contrasted her with the commonplace-looking heiress he had just left, and wondered if his charming prairie-flower excelled as much in mind as she did in person.

"I suspected who you were," he said, "as soon as I heard your name. We have, you must know, a portrait of your father; and I recognized the likeness between it and your mother. But I thought your family lived in New England."

"We did," answered the brother, "at one time. But, to be frank, we had to go out West in hope to better our condition. I am but a poor country lawyer; and I suppose," he added, laughingly, "we have no business here; but we are traveling to old Massachusetts, to visit the place where our family lived for two hundred years; and I thought I would take Newport in my way, in order that Kate, who has never seen anything of the kind, might have a glimpse of this modern Vanity Fair."

After that the conversation became general, when De Courcy found that Kate was as witty as she was beautiful.

As Miss Woggles went by, leaning on the arm of a millionaire, she gave a stare of surprise at seeing who De Courcy was talking with.

The next day Miss Woggles outdid herself. All the ladies declared her breakfast-dress more ravishing even than the one she had worn the day before, and as for her dinner-costume, "nobody out of Paris," as Mrs. Les Modes said, "could invent such a love of a thing." De Courcy had been assigned a seat at Miss Woggles' table, and she exerted all her charms to fascinate him. Kate, who supposed he was sitting there from choice, was the least bit jealous; for no woman can easily forgive a sneer in another, much less likes to see that other preferred to herself. However, she reflected she was only a country girl, "And I am glad Frank told him how poor we are," she added. You see she was proud, this otherwise perfect Kate.

Perhaps this gave something of coldness to her manner when De Courcy joined her in the evening. But it was impossible long to resist his frank cordiality. He wondered what he had done to offend Kate; but this only made him more determined to please. He was now introduced to Mrs. Gordon, and Kate was quite subdued when she saw the deference he paid to this dear parent.

"Did you drive this afternoon?" he said. "I

looked in vain for you on the Avenue; it would have been a relief to have seen you. Such a set of stupid faces! Everybody seemed bored, and as if they would have yawned at you, if they had dared. But, perhaps, you drove to Bateman's or the Fort?"

"No, we sat on the porch, looking at the show," said Kate. "I confess, I thought as you did about the faces. But the equipages were surely splendid. I have heard of four-in-hands, but I never saw one before. It seemed an endless procession of barouches, pony-phletons, tandems, donkey-carts, equestrians—everything that was extravagant or odd. But," she added, "I couldn't help asking myself, if, with so much misery in the world, it was right to waste money on mere show. I suppose it's very old-fashioned to say this."

"I honor you for it," answered De Courcy. "Half the people here," and he dropped his voice, "seem to me to care only for display. They must be dreadful shams, if we could only find them out."

But the next day, when Kate saw De Courcy dining again with Miss Woggles, who was, as Frank said, in her eleventh new dress, if not in the eleventh heaven, she began to think that he was as great a sham as any one; for he seemed to be quite absorbed with the heiress; and when, after dinner, he handed Miss Woggles into a superb drag, with four horses, and two grooms in showy liveries, (top-boots and cockades in their hats included,) she was quite convinced of it.

"I wonder your new friend don't drive his own horses," she said to Frank, as the magnificent equipage dashed off, the chains jingling, and the horses plunging, while the grooms clambered up behind.

"You dear little innocent," answered Frank, "don't you know that this is the great Woggles turn-out, and that the driver is the brother of the heiress. You see he has another groom, out of livery, at his side, to help him through the tight places. They say the horses are teased with wire-whips, before leaving the stable, to make them go off in this fashion, and that, in a few minutes, the leaders will be hanging back as if about to sit down on the wheelers. Great are the Woggleses at Newport! As for De Courcy, depend on it, he'd no idea he was going to be made an exhibition of, in such a style, till it was too late to decline. He's too thorough-bred to like display."

The next morning, De Courcy, after breakfast, came up to Kate.

"Your brother tells me," he said, "that you



ride on horseback. May I hope you will ride with me this afternoon? I have been all over Newport, this morning, to see if I could get a suitable horse for you, and have, with great difficulty, succeeded; so do not, I beg, decline. Mrs. Gordon, will you intercede for me?"

The Avenue, that afternoon, was unusually thronged. Kate rode her beautiful, high-spirited mare to perfection. Everybody turned to look after her and De Courcy, for so handsome a couple had not been seen before that season. The gentlemen especially raved about her. "She beats even Rotten Row," said a young English lord, "'pon honor, she does." Miss Woggles, jingling by in cumbrous state, turned green with jealousy.

That evening there was a hop. Miss Woggles came down to it with diamonds that were worth a fortune. Mrs. Les Modes declared that the two point-lace flounces on her dress "must have cost a thousand dollars each." All the young men crowded around her. There were dandies with English whiskers; dandies with waxed mustaches; dandies with hair parted in the middle; foreign attaches, English titular lords, cadets in uniform, and drawing young donkies. But he, whom of all others she most wished for, did not press forward with the rest. With jealous rage she beheld him approach Kate, appearing to ignore altogether her own charms. Her anger was heightened when she saw that De Courcy was the hero of the evening, and that Kate shared in the homage which was paid to him. Hitherto, the quiet, retiring manners of Kate had kept her in the background; but now, as she floated around in the waltz, her grace, her beauty, and her stylish air fixed general attention. Her dress was perfection; simple, yet exquisite. All the women wondered how so much effect could be produced at so little expense. De Courcy had hardly led her to a seat, before she was besieged with solicitations to dance. She had been now recognized as the fair horsewoman of the afternoon; and this increased her popularity. At the end of the evening there was only one opinion, which was that she had been the belle of the ball.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, the Gordons found De Courcy waiting for them at the door. He gave his arm to Mrs. Gordon, and led her to her seat as if she had been a queen.

"I telegraphed for my horses the other day," he said, "and they came on last night. I have been lying in ambush for you, this hour, in hopes to secure you, my dear madam, for my first drive."

That afternoon, a plain, but elegant carriage drove up, with seats for four. The groom got down, and De Courcy, after handing in his friends, took the reins himself. Two such blooded chestnuts had not been seen on the Avenue that season. They started off, tossing their heads, biting and snapping at each other, so that, to a stranger, they might have seemed about to run away; but in reality it was only playfulness; and if it had been more, their owner, a skillful whip, could have controlled them. De Courcy drove around by Bateman's. There had been a gale in the night, and the surf was breaking, wild and high, over the reefs outside and all along that rocky coast. The horses were pulled up, and long after all the other carriages had driven home, our party stood looking at the sea and sunset. When the last bars of gold and crimson had died out from the western sky, and the shores of Narragansett grew ghostly in the shadows, Kate, who had really forgot everything but the scene, began to sing, in a low voice, as if to herself, King-ley's "Three Fishermen."

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best;  
And the children stood watching them out of the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, but many to keep,  
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning."

Before she had finished the first verse, she became conscious of what she was doing, and would have stopped; but her mother insisted she must go on; so she sang the ballad through, her voice rising, strong and clear, with emotion.

"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And watched the sky as the sun went down,  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning."

"Three corpses lay out on the shining strand,  
In the morning sun, when the tide went down;  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who shall never come back to the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

She sang this last verse with inexpressible pathos, her voice full of tears. No one spoke when she finished; but after awhile, De Courcy drove slowly home.

"I did not know you sang," he said, finally, when they had left the sea out of sight; "nor did I ever hear that song set to the air you sang it to. Whose music is it?"

"I don't think it has ever been published," began Kate, evasively.

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, my child," interrupted her mother. "The music is Kate's own, general. She said she never could find

that seemed to her to express the full pathos of the words—and so she tried for herself.”

“Nor did I,” was all De Courcy said; and he fled dreamily into the far distance.

From that evening, Miss Woggles felt she was playing a losing game. Not only had De Courcy deserted her, but others, awakened to her rare loveliness, left the heiress for the more brilliant luminary. In vain she wore her most exquisite Parisian dresses, dresses that the great world had made. In vain she exercised her shallow arts of coquetry to draw De Courcy to her side. Her star was waning. People no longer talked of her and her wardrobe, but of the grace and modesty of this beautiful Miss Gordon. At every picnic and reception, Kate was now the favorite belle.

“What a wicked wretch our friend, De Courcy, is,” said Frank, roguishly, one day, when alone with his sister. “I heard Miss Woggles, just now, ask him if she didn’t speak French with a French accent; and he had the audacity to tell her no. I never informed you, I, what these Woggles were? I told you I didn’t believe their antecedents would bear inquiring into. The father made a great fortune on the shoe-peg line, it seems; you must have seen the advertisement of ‘Woggles’ Warranted Six-Ends.’ Ten years ago he went abroad, and died there, leaving these two children, each worth a million. And that’s the ‘true and complete history,’ as the old broad-sheets used to say, of the Woggles family.”

The visit of the Gordons was drawing to an end. The season, indeed, was still at its height; but Frank wished to go to Massachusetts, and business compelled him to be home by the first of September; so arrangements were made for his departure.

The last evening of their stay, De Courcy drove out with Kate. The tide was low, at the end of the Avenue, so he crossed the beach, and leaving the groom in charge of the horses, assisted Kate up the rocks to look at the Spouting Horn. How long they stood there, neither ever knew. Gradually they became silent. The opal of the sea, and the rose hue of the sky had faded, and an ashen gray began to creep over all. Far in the south-west, the lights of Point Judith twinkled and disappeared, and twinkled again. At last De Courcy spoke.

“And so you must go to-morrow?” he said. “I have been very happy.”

“We must go to-morrow,” answered Kate, in a low voice. She hardly knew what she said. Any words were less embarrassing than silence.

“But why alone?” And he turned full and looked at her. His voice sank almost to a whisper. “Let me go with you—for life—forever!”

Kate’s eyes fell. He took her hand, and the hand trembled. But she did not withdraw it.

And the night grew deeper. And the groom began to think that his master and the young lady were lost or drowned, it was so long before they remembered him or the horses, and came back.

The next day De Courcy left, and in the same train with the Gordons. It was with the free sanction of both Mrs. Gordon and Frank that he accompanied Kate. So it may be considered certain that Kate will be a bride before New-Year’s.

Miss Woggles, when she was told of De Courcy’s departure, called for her French maid, and ordered her trunks packed. The same evening she left Newport, as she said, forever. And that was the last we heard of Miss WOGGLES AND HER WARDROBE.

## IS SHE DEAD?

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Is she dead? Long weeks she languished,  
Wasted by disease and pain;  
Vain the prayers of hearts that loved her—  
Human art and skill were vain.

Is she dead? The church bells tolling,  
Called unto the house of prayer,  
Friends to look their last upon her,  
Lying cold and pulseless there.

And the man of God said sadly,  
“Earth to earth and dust to dust;”  
But with brighter aspect pointed,  
To the rising of the just.

Is she dead? They’ve borne her marble,  
Cold and senseless to the tomb;

Laid it down beneath the lilies,  
There to rest in silent gloom.

Is she dead? Ah, no! nor sleeping  
In that green and narrow bed,  
Where they’ve laid the worn-out casket,  
With Spring flowers above its head.

But she heard her Master calling,  
“Well done good and faithful one;”  
“Come up higher,” where is waiting,  
What your faith and love have won.

And the raptured spirit gladly  
Left its spirit-house of clay;  
And on wings of faith uprising,  
Sought the realms of endless day.

## A PROVIDENCE IN ALL THINGS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was Saturday morning, and Debbie Hunter worked briskly to get her domestic matters arranged in time; for she sacredly observed that beautiful New England custom of having everything in order by sunset, and spending Saturday night in peaceful preparation for the Sabbath. The morning hours soon slipped by; the sunshine reached and passed the noon-mark on the kitchen-floor; and having done until there was nothing more to do, she put on a clean frock, braided up her dark hair, and with her great basket of freshly-ironed clothes beside her, sat down to do her weekly mending.

The afternoon was a glorious one. The air was thick with a glimmering, golden radiance, and the sky hung overhead blue as a summer sea, dotted here and there with little patches of fleecy white, through which the sun, crowned with his brightest aureole of golden beams, was slowly descending westward to a gorgeous pavilion of tinted mist and billowy clouds. Beneath, the earth lay bathed in brightness; every hill crested with green; every valley starred with blossoms; every tree and shrub bursting into tender shoots; and warbling birds, and humming bees, and tinkling bells, and bleating flocks, filled the air with a mellow chorus of sylvan melody.

On the green grass, before the kitchen door, sat Debbie's three children, Mark and Ruthie building mimic houses for the entertainment of their baby brother; and ever and anon, while she worked, sewing on buttons and darning rents in tiny pinafores and chubby stockings, the happy mother glanced toward them with tender, glistening eyes, singing to herself in a subdued voice:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want—  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, and leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

After awhile the children wearied of their house-building, and had a race with pussy up and down the garden-walk; and then Mark ran in exclaiming,

"Oh, mother! mother! do let us go down to the wood-lot and get some flowers to dress the house for Sunday. Won't you, please, mother?"

"The sun's almost too warm, isn't it, dear?"

"No, indeed, mother; little clouds keep running over it; it ain't warm a bit—let us go.

You know papa liked the last flowers we got so much."

"Well, bring baby in, and get Ruthie's shoes."

The boy obeyed with alacrity; and lifting Ruthie on her lap, tied the little, warm shoes on her fat feet, and put on her flapping sun-bonnet.

"Don't go far, Mark; and take good care of Ruthie."

"Yes, mother; I always do take care of her—don't I, Ruthie?"

Ruthie assented by a nod of her flapping sun-bonnet; and, taking up their flower-basket, the children started off, hand-in-hand, Debbie bearing their prattling voices and merry laughter long after they had passed from her sight. She resumed her song and her sewing, pausing now and then to administer an admonition to baby, who was exploring the depths of the clothes-basket, and making ineffectual efforts to bite off every button that came in his way. By the time the sun had reached the outer edge of the door-sill, she had overlooked the last garment, and rose up to put her basket away.

Then, with baby toddling after her, she went into her chamber, and opening a large chest, odorous with rose-leaves and lavender, proceeded to lay out the Sabbath apparel, and to put fresh sheets on the two beds, her own and the low trundle, where Mark and Ruthie slept. Nothing now remained to be done but to boil the tea-kettle, and spread the supper-table beneath the grape-arbor; and she returned to the kitchen and glanced at the retreating sunlight with a sign of satisfaction. It had left the door-sill, and was slowly creeping over the green sod without. The sight of it brought a warm light to her eyes, for it was a precious dial, and now marked the hour which had for years brought her husband home from his little school-house. Smiling to herself, she lingered a moment to watch it, thinking how slowly it seemed to move in the early days of her marriagehood; and how swiftly it glided, now that her hands were full of cares.

While Debbie stood thus, smiling and watching the sunlight, a muttering roll of distant thunder fell on her ear; and hastening out to see from whence it came, she beheld, extending

along the western verge of the horizon, a long edge of clouds, which looked black and portentous beneath the glittering light of the descending sun.

"Surely the children will hurry home," she murmured, glancing anxiously toward the wood-lot, "we shall have a storm before night."

Then she ran about, getting chickens into their houses, and putting wood under shelter, and doing sundry other things, such as a coming storm always renders necessary; wondering all the while if Nathan would get home in time, and expecting every moment to hear the voices of the children. But they did not come; and by the time she had finished, the clouds had so extended as to obscure the light of the sun, and zigzag lines of lightning played, at intervals, round their edges; and the warning voice of the thunder grew louder and more frequent.

Catching up her babe, and closing her door, she ran across to her nearest neighbor, requesting her to take care of him until she returned. Then she hastened away in the direction of the wood-lot.

The wind rose in a sudden gust; the leaves on the trees shivered and trembled; and the cloud came on with fearful rapidity. Shaft after shaft of blinding flame shot from its angry breast; the thunder became one loud, continuous roar, and the darkness grew almost as deep as that of night. Calling frantically on the names of her children, the terrified mother ran on until she was lost to sight in the gloomy depths of the wood-lot.

When Nathan Hunter came in sight of his cottage, the first big drops of the storm had begun to fall; and he was hastening on to escape it, when the voice of the neighbor, who had charge of the babe, arrested him, and from her he learned that his children were in the wood-lot, and his wife gone in search of them. Hurrying after them, he soon traced Debbie by her frantic cries, and succeeded in overtaking her just as the full fury of the storm burst forth. But where were their children?

The clouds rolled up in serried lines, discharging peal after peal of deafening thunder, sheet after sheet of blinding flame; and then, as if all heaven had gathered together its artillery, down poured volley after volley of rattling hail. Nathan forcibly drew his wife under a covert of brushwood, and there they waited until the warring elements drew off their forces, and night let fall her starless curtain to cover their retreat.

"We must go for men and torches now,"

Nathan said, as they crept out over heaps of fallen branches, and they started on, fear and love winging their feet.

The news once out, flew with telegraphic speed, and in an incredibly short time men and lanterns were at his command. The wood-lot was nothing more than a bit of thickly timbered land, some two miles square, the favorite resort and play-place of the village children, and every man in the little company knew each nook and cranny it contained. Separating at the edge of the wood, and designating the great chestnut-oak in the center of the lot, as their place of meeting, they started onward with the joyful assurance that the lost ones would soon be found; and in a few moments the whole wood seemed bursting into a grand and instantaneous conflagration, the blazing torches casting a lurid glare for miles around them, making the dripping branches glitter with dazzling brightness.

But the anxiously-listened for signal-shout was not heard; and after an hour of fruitless search, the little band met, with anxious faces, beneath the chestnut-oak. The father and mother turned from one to another in dumb despair.

"We've searched well; but we'll try it again," was the simultaneous acclaim; and again they started out, and in another hour reassembled beneath the chestnut-oak, but without the children.

"There's no hope for this place now—where next?"

Debbie started forward with a sharp cry,

"The pond! the pond! We have forgotten the pond!"

Her words thrilled every heart with a feeling of terrible foreboding; and slowly and solemnly, like a funeral procession, they wound their way to the meadow, in which the little pond lay. Nathan and Debbie were in advance of the others; and as he flung his crackling torch from side to side, the mother's agonizing cry froze every heart with terror, and, following the direction of her pointing finger, they saw, upon the edge of the pond, a small basket, filled with flowers and pine-cones; and as the men came up and flashed their torches over the yellow water, far out in the center, whirling and drifting in the eddies, a little cap, which the poor mother instantly recognized as belonging to her first-born boy. With a piercing cry, and yearning, out-stretched arms, she plunged forward; but strong arms held her back, and unable to resist, dumb-stricken, half-conscious, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and

watched them while they dragged the pond, murmuring to herself the while, "I did not deserve this! God has dealt cruelly and unmercifully toward me!"

But, with all their efforts, the children could not be found. The men looked in each other's faces in puzzled despair. Was the pond so deep that they could not reach them? What did it mean? They must go to the village for stronger ropes, and more effective means. Meanwhile, the poor mother and father sat, side by side, in silence, gazing with hopeless eyes upon the yellow waters.

Over the black and desolate night the Sabbath morning dawned fair and cloudless, with delicate rose-tints in the east, and purple, curling mist above the valleys. The birds awoke, and poured forth a jubilant outburst of song; the air was clear and balmy; and every blossom and blade of grass hung with lucid drops, gleaming and flashing like diamonds in the rays of the rising sun. God's sun—God's Sabbath morning! Fair and glorious, though born of a fearful night; eloquent in the revelation of the divine truth, that light is brought forth by darkness, and that light is the offspring of death.

But to the poor mother's heart this truth was by no means clearly revealed. God had dealt unkindly with her—that was one thought. Then her half-bewildered mind went back to the preceding evening, and she remembered the merry prattle of her little ones.

"Mother, I shall wear my new suit, with the bright buttons, to-morrow—shan't I?"

And—

"Mother, you'll curl my hair all over my head, and put on my pink sash when I go to Sunday-school—won't you?"

But they would never laugh and prattle, never tease and trouble her again. Why had they been taken from her? Did she deserve such a sharp and sudden trial? She had tried to serve God from her youth up, and love her neighbor as herself. She was endeavoring to bring up her children in the way they should go—why, then, had she been dealt with so harshly? Was there any God at all—any Providence—any guiding Hand of Love? Or was the universe ruled by a blind, fortuitous chance?

Meanwhile, the Sabbath light deepened and broadened; and the sweet sound of tolling bells came floating from the village. The dragging of the pond went on, but the children could not be found.

"I can't understand it," said the oldest man

of the party. "They can't be in there; if they were, we should fish 'em up, certain."

A swift tumultuous hope shot through Debbie's heart. After all, it might not be so. Obeying a resistless but seemingly foolish impulse, she rose to her feet and called, first on one name, and then on the other. Clear and sweet, through the thin, morning air, her voice arose, penetrating the remotest corner of the wood-lot; and, after a moment's silence, a faint, childish shout came quivering back in answer. The father sprang to his feet with a cry of joy, and the men rushed to and fro in happy confusion. But Debbie kept on calling, and following the little voice that replied with flying feet. Over fallen trees, and through tangled copses; through reeking pools, cutting her feet and tearing her clothing, until she came at last to a huge tree, whose trunk was hollow; and there, shaking himself like a young water-dog, and not more than half aroused, stood Mark, just emerged from the capacious cavern, while, on the wet leaves within, Ruthie still lay, her golden curls hanging in disorder over her rosy cheeks, and her dimpled hands clasping her pinafore, which was crammed with the flowers and bits of moss she had gathered the preceding evening.

"Oh! Mark, Mark!" sobbed the poor mother, catching him to her bosom, "I thought you were drowned. Oh! thank God! I have found you once more!"

Mark looked up at his father, and then at the soaring sun, and began to comprehend the scene around him.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "we've staid all night! I meant to come home, father; but while we was at the pond, and I was making a boat for Ruthie out o' my cap, the storm came on, and we run, and run, and left the basket, and my cap, too. But we couldn't find the way home; and Ruthie cried so, I put her in there. But, my buttons! didn't it hail, father? Ruthie was scared—but I wasn't."

Nathan took the little fellow by the hand in silence, while one of the men lifted Ruthie, still sleeping, from her leafy bed; and with glad hearts they turned their faces homeward. Debbie followed after, with a sharp regret at her heart for having doubted God's mercy, looking up at her living children, and at the smiling, Sabbath sky with grateful, streaming eyes.

At home she began to bustle about, making things comfortable, while Nathan received and gratified the curiosity of the rejoicing neighbors who crowded in. Going into her bed-

chamber to get some dry apparel for the children, her glance fell upon the little trundle-bed, that she had spread with fresh linen the evening before; and, lo! it was a charred and blackened mass—struck by the red bolt of the lightning! There had been death and swift destruction there; and life and safety in the stormy forest.

## THE RAIN.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

"Mid the radiant Summer's  
Dull and languid hours,  
When the air grows heavy  
With the breath of flowers  
Drooping low and dying,  
In the shady bowers;  
Like a boon or blessing  
To the parched earth,  
Bud and leaf caressing  
Into greener birth;  
Every bright drop echoing  
To a glad refrain,  
Comes the gentle patter  
Of the welcome rain.

Rain! rain! merry rain!  
Singing now a joyful strain;  
Falling from the mossy eaves,  
Dancing on the plain;  
Sparkling on the harvest sheaves  
Of the golden grain.  
In the dry and dusty street,  
Gathering in a pool,  
Bathing little children's feet,  
On the way from school;  
Breathing tiny ripples  
In the pebbly brook,  
Where blue violets cluster  
In some hidden nook.  
Rain! rain! blessed rain!

Picturing lost joys again;  
Falling like the music chime  
Of silver bells;  
Bringing back the olden time  
On which memory dwells;  
When a child I slumbered  
'Neath the old home roof;  
And a mother's blessing  
Kept all care aloof;  
Visions bright and sunny  
Filled my childish brain,  
Listening to the music—  
Patter of the rain.

Rain! rain! mournful rain!  
Tapping 'gainst my window-pane;  
Sobbing to the wind's low moan,  
Bathing with fresh tears  
Cold gray-stone, buried 'neath  
Loves of other years;  
Folding close with winding-sheet,  
Marble brow and silent feet;  
Feet that walked with us the earth  
One short year ago;  
Now beneath the valley's sod,  
Lying still and low.  
Ah! I know not whether,  
Most with joy or pain,  
Thrilled thou my heart-strings,  
Sobbing Autumn rain.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

He gathered a spray of the sweet wild-rose,  
And wove him a wreath of the blossoms red;  
He said, "when the wine of the sunset glows,  
I shall crown with this rose-wreath some beautiful head.

"And she shall walk with me, my beautiful queen,  
Forever and ever in marvelous state,  
The happiest incident that ever was seen—  
Where waits she now for her sure-coming fate?"

I gave him no answer, but looking afar,  
I saw a white sail drifting in from the sea;  
"Let us haste, quickly haste, to the silver-shelled bar,  
There's somebody beckoning landward to me.

"Some one whose smile I would rather were mine  
Than half the bright smiles in the glad world beside;  
But, look! there's a flash of the sunset's red wine—  
'Tis time that you crowned her your beautiful bride.

"Which one of the crew is the happy one, pray?  
Maud, Lou, or Jose, our fair pouting Gabrielle?

Were I but a fairy, I'd touch them, and say  
Which one will give way to the magical spell."

"Were you a fairy? Well, I am. See here!"  
And sunny-haired Maud lightly tripped o'er the sand,  
And, breaking a wand from a golden rod near,  
She raised it aloft in her beautiful hand.

"Kneel quickly, fair Elsie, just here by the sea;  
The waves are all crimson, like wine in the sun;  
And anything, everything, kneeling to me,  
I will grant you whatever you ask, little one."

I knelt down before her, I cannot tell why;  
Was it the golden bloom laid on my hair?  
Or was it the strong will, the proud, flashing eye,  
Smiling so king-like, and watching us there?

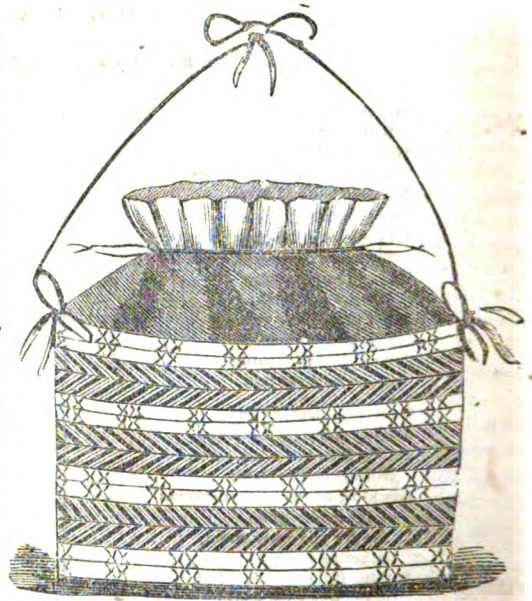
Next thought was the rose-wreath laid light on my brow;  
And then the warm kisses rained down on my face;  
While Maud, laughing, said, "I had better leave now;  
I have granted your wish with such wonderful grace."

## WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**— $\frac{1}{4}$  of a yard of canvas, fine;  $\frac{1}{2}$  an oz. of emerald green single zephyr; 6 yards of fine straw braid, or cord; some scarlet floss silk;  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a yard of green silk; 1 yard of thick silk cord, green and straw-color; 1 yard of narrow Mantua ribbon.

This pretty Work-Bag for the parlor is made on canvas. Cut the piece of canvas long enough to reach round a circular bottom six inches in diameter, and a little over an eighth of a yard in depth. Begin at the top, and place two (or four rows of the straw braid, if narrow,) evenly around the whole length of the piece of canvas, fastening it down by working a block of four or eight cross stitches with the floss silk. Then take the zephyr, and work in a long diagonal stitch, as seen in the design, covering six threads of canvas each way, meeting in the center, as can be seen. Continue with the straw cord, etc., until you have the piece of work complete; line this with pasteboard same as the bottom, handle, the thick cord; the bows are made of covering the inside with silk. For the top of some finer cord, with straw or silk acorns at the bag, use the piece of green silk. For the



tached.

## DESIGN IN BRAID AND APPLIQUE, FOR CHILD'S DRESS.





383  
 AUTUMN PATRONS  
**HANGING BASKET.**

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIAL REQUIRED.**— $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches of crimson velvet;  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a yard of green velvet;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of ribbon velvet, half inch wide, of the same shade; 8 ounces of crystal beads; a skein of gold-colored floselle; a skein of green crochet silk;  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard of crimson sarsenet to match the velvet; 2

yards of crimson chenille; 1 yard of cord to match; and a pair of small tassels; sufficient cardboard to mount the basket.

Length of cardboard for back of basket, twelve inches—the same depth and shape as front of basket; full width of card for the bottom,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches, in middle; length twelve inches, straight at the back, and rounded off toward the ends in front.

Cut the crimson velvet for the ground-work to the full size pattern, which will be found on the supplement. Place tissue paper over the pattern; trace the leaves on it, and cut them out, first in paper, then in the green velvet; applique them on to the velvet, and work around them in chain-stitch with the green silk; the stalks and veins of the leaves are to be worked with beads, the balls with gold filoselle. The green ribbon

needs only to be backed on, as the beads, when sewn at each edge of it; fasten it sufficiently, and the gold dots can be worked through. Mount the front of the basket on a pliable cardboard, so that it will bend round the corners; line it with the sarsenet; cover both sides of the back (which should be of firmer cord,) with the sarsenet, also the bottom. Make up the basket, and edge it with the chenille, round which beads are to be twisted at intervals. The engraving on the next page, shows how the basket should appear when finished. It is a useful and pretty ornament for the boudoir, or dressing-room, and is intended as a receptacle for any little articles that would destroy the neatness of a room if suffered to lie about. A cashmere ground-work might be substituted for the velvet, if approved.

## AUTUMN PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This very stylish Paletot is made in four pieces. On the next page we give a diagram, by which it may be cut out. The style of trimming is seen in the above engraving.

No. 1. FRONT.  
No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.  
No. 4. SIDE-PIECE.

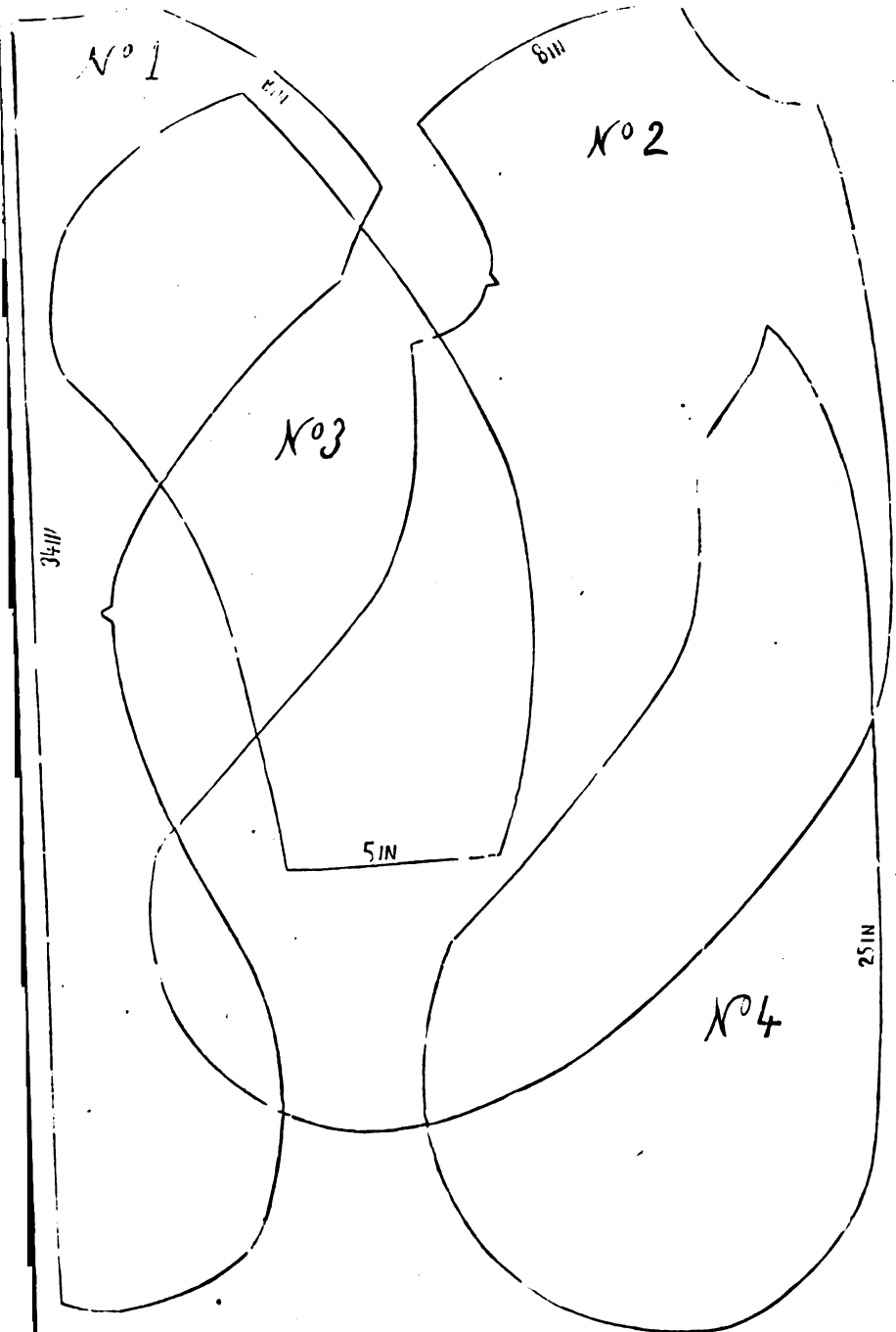
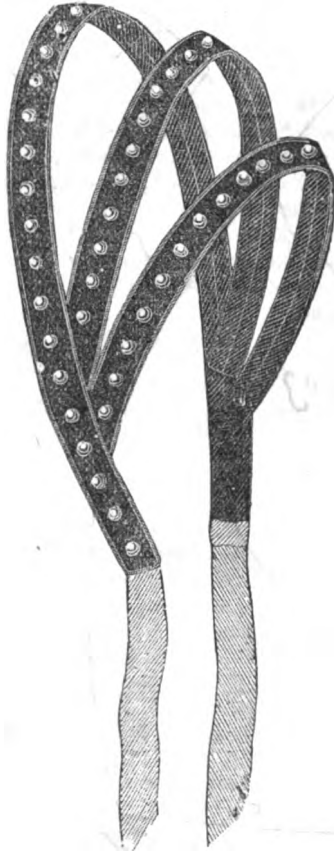


DIAGRAM FOR AUTUMN PALETOT.

## BANDELETS FOR THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE Greek Head-Dresses, or "Bandelets," as they are called in these modern times, are made in every variety of material. Those for very full dress are made of solid bands of treble gilt, either burnished or frosted; sometimes the front band is ornamented with little gilt sequines to match, bands of cut steel are, also, very brilliant; they usually have hair-pins to correspond, which seem to be used to fasten the "Bandelets" with. In our engraving we give the "Bandelet" made of velvet, ornamented with beads. To make one, eighth of a yard of velvet, cut bias, is required; divide this into three equal parts, cutting the velvet on the bias, of course. Sew the edges of the velvet together with a slip-stitch, so that the stitches may not show upon the right side; make the three bands, graduating them to fit the head. Ornament with wax beads in imitation of pearls; or with gilt or steel beads. A narrow taffetas ribbon, sewed at each end of the "Bandelet," is the most convenient way of fastening the head-dress, as it then can be more easily adjusted in its proper place. Of course, it is understood that the hair is to be entirely denuded of the puffs and frizettes so long worn, and is to be dressed quite close to the head.

### SMOKING-CAP: CORAL PATTERN.

In the front of the number we give a design, printed in colors, for a Smoking-Cap of a coral pattern. The crown, and a piece of the side are represented, as also, on a smaller scale, the cap, when finished. This cap is done in applique with red velvet cashmere on gray, and is finished with a tassel. Dark blue or black may be used instead of gray, if preferred.



## CANDLESTICK ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



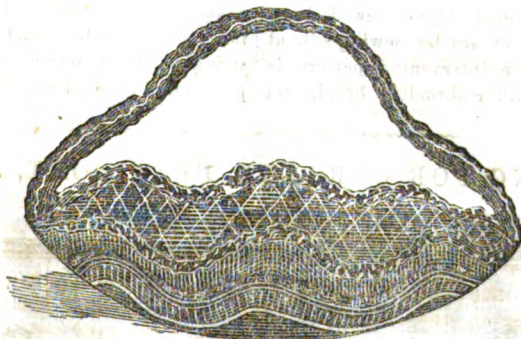
Two large rings are required for the center, twelve smaller ones for the middle of the stars, and eighty-four very small ones for the edges. Six stars are necessary for each ornament. Work over the rings with scarlet silk in double

crochet. The rest of the ornaments are very short, white bugles and crystal beads, which may be threaded on the scarlet silk for the tassels, etc. The illustration shows the arrangement of the rings and tassels.

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## WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut a round or oval of penelope canvas the size you wish to make your basket. Work any simple pattern in Berlin wool or bead-work to cover it. Quilt a piece of silk or satin the exact size of your work. Tack the two together, and sew as firm a wire as you can bend with your fingers round the extreme edge, bending it into

the waved form of the model; then cover the edge with a ruche of quilled ribbon. Get a piece of plait or chip, and sew a firm wire on to it to form the handle. Cover it with the same material as that with which you have lined the basket, and put a ruche on the upper side.

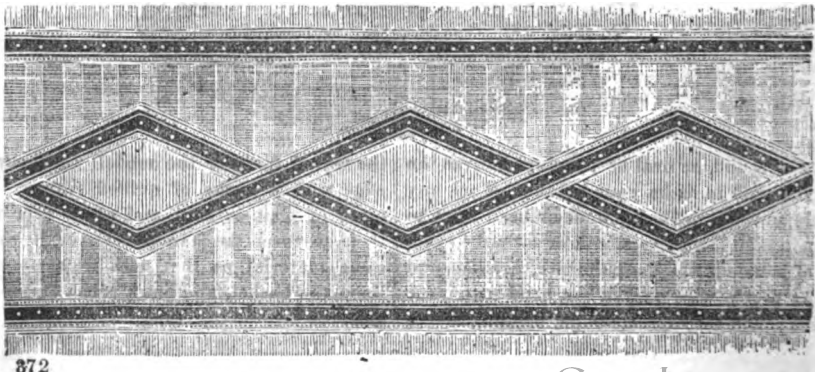
# TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

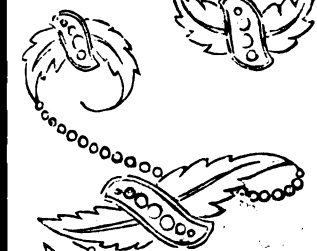
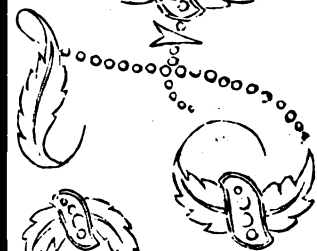


This is made of black velvet applique upon drab cloth. All the little patterns upon the velvet are done in gold thread, sewed down with an over-stitch of scarlet sewing-silk at equal distances. The intervening pattern is done with scarlet silk embroidery braid, and one jet bead in the center of each oval made by braiding pattern. Line the bag with soft chamois leather, or oil silk. Scarlet silk for the top of the bag, and scarlet cord for the strings. The bottom of the bag should be of a pasteboard covered with the leather.

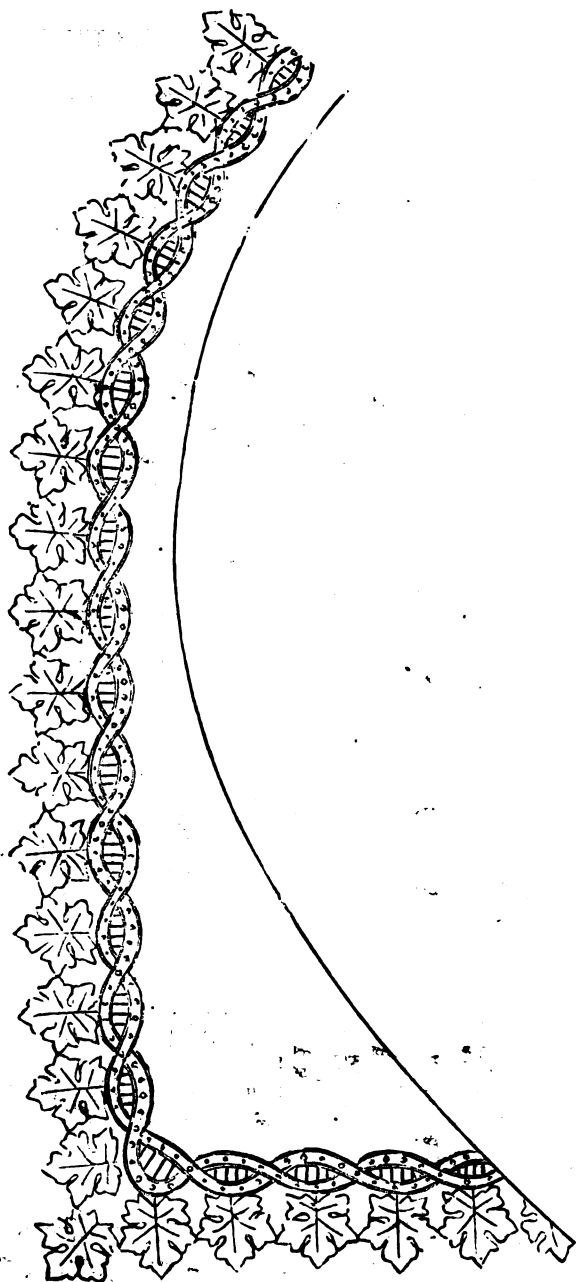
## TRIMMING FOR CORSAGE, PETTICOAT, ETC., ETC.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS, ETC.



COLLAR.

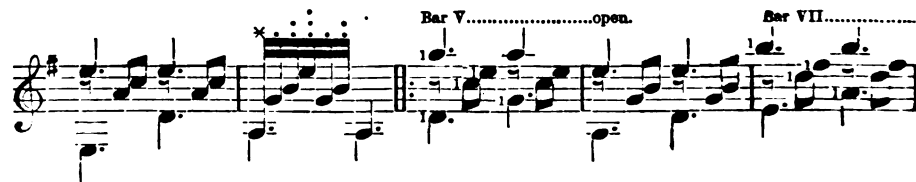


# Spanish Fandango.

FOR THE GUITAR.

AS PUBLISHED BY SEP. WINNER.

*Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if  
tuned in the regular manner.*



SPANISH FANDANGO.

Variation X

The first system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

The second system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

The third system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

The fourth system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

Bar V.....open.

The fifth system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

VII.....open.

The sixth system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

IV.....V

The seventh system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes.

.....open.

The eighth system of music for Variation X, consisting of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, each with a thick black bar above it. The notes are eighth notes, and the bass line consists of quarter notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

D.C.  
Al Fine.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1866. DOUBLE SIZE COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—We call attention to the Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be seen that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost us nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled: and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

*Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine, for it will be, in 1866, the cheapest Magazine in the world. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

GOLD AND STEEL are again profusely used in all articles of dress. The newest poplins have steel woven in them in the shape of diamonds, lozenges, and circles of the size of a quarter of a dollar. Gold is also used in this way on black. It is profusely sprinkled over all flowers, and is used for bandolets. Gold and steel beads will be sewed on narrow braid, and employed for trimming dresses, jackets, etc. Plaids are also fashionable, among the prettiest of which is the apple-green crossed with black.

MAKING ALL DRESS-MAKERS.—The Penfield (N. Y.) Extra says of this Magazine:—"We have a large club in this town, and should judge that it will be doubled by another year, from what we hear said about it; it is making all the ladies dress-makers." This was written, too, before the ladies knew of the double-size fashion-plates, which we shall publish, every month, during 1866.

A NOVELTY IN JEWELRY is a pair of humming-birds' heads set as ear-rings, the feathers changing color and glittering more beautifully than any gem. A brooch to accompany these may be made round, a bird's head occupying the center, and surrounded by a number of humming-birds' breasts to complete a larger circle.

RAG-KNITTING.—One of the best methods of using up old scraps, or rags, is to knit them into a many-stripped rug or carpet. By this process you get, almost for nothing, what is always brilliant in color, as well as heavy and thick. Every conceivable thing that can be torn into shreds can be used; stuff, cotton, cloth, list, faded ribbons, velvet, old stockings, and even discarded tulle caps. Disused dress linings and abandoned crinoline covers are treasures to the rag-knitter; so are red worsted bindings and braids from old skirts. Nor is rag-knitting difficult, for the stitch is that of plain knitting, and the needles should be of wood, measuring one inch in circumference. The first stitch is not to be knitted—in fact, the work is to be commenced and proceeded with as for garter-knitting.

Supposing an old alpaca or mohair skirt is to be the first thing to hand, it should be torn into strips as long as possible, of an inch and a half in width. These strips are to be joined together slightly by needle and thread, till a good length is obtained; said length to be folded down the center to the width of three-quarters of an inch, and the knitting commenced, the doubled strip of alpaca being used on the needles, precisely as a ply of wool or cotton would be. As after a time the work may become inconveniently heavy to hold in the hand, it is best to knit it in strips of the required length for carpet or cover, of about twenty loops wide, and join them together afterward. A five-yard length of material will make two rows of twenty loops wide.

Old stockings, cut into strips of three-quarters of an inch wide, will be equivalent in substance to the doubled strip of alpaca. Tartan, barege, or tulle, should be slightly tacked along and knitted in with worn calico, or print, or any fabric that may require thickening, in order to correspond with some others. Worsted bindings and braids may be used as they are, unless they are very narrow, or have been much impoverished; in either of which cases they may be knitted in with strips of faded ribbon, or anything else, according to the discretion of the knitter.

As a mat for a smoke-room, or a summer-house, or even for the bedside rug of a bachelor, we can imagine an appropriation of rag-knitting to be the very thing. So, ladies, tear up your old scraps, and employ your leisure time in making a rug, or carpet, for your brother, father, lover, or other male friend. Remember, Christmas is coming!

OUR COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—Our double-size fashion-plates for next year (or mammoth steel fashion-plates, as some call them,) will be engraved, printed, and colored in the same superior style in which our present plates are executed. Many of our cotemporaries have their fashion-plates lithographed. We have ours engraved on steel, and printed from the steel plate. It is only necessary to compare the two to see how inferior the lithographs are. To print from the steel plate is vastly more costly than to lithograph; but where greater elegance is to be secured we do not stop at expense. Our fashion-plates have long been considered more beautiful than those of any other magazine; and this superiority we shall maintain, while giving them of double the size, next year.

FASHIONS CENTURIES OLD.—Lately, at Pompeii, some new excavations were made, and, among other things found, was a female head in white marble, in which the hair was worn in a net just as it is in the present day. There was a braided twist of hair round the front, and the back hair was suffered to fall into a net. Thus, fashions, after centuries, return again.

**WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF "PETERSON."**—The superiority, which we claim for this Magazine in our Prospectus, might seem extravagant to those who cannot compare "Peterson" with other magazines. But we only repeat what the newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, print on the subject. Says the West Meriden (Conn.) Recorder:—"In its literary contents 'Peterson' decidedly takes the lead among the Philadelphia monthlies." Says the Peterboro' (N. H.) Transcript:—"The ladies know the worth of this magazine, and will have it. It contains everything that they can wish for." Says the Delaware (Ohio) News:—"Always ahead of its competitors." Says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Family Friend:—"Distinguished for the excellence of its stories." Says the Fall River (Mass.) Free Press:—"The talent employed on its pages is of the first class." Says the Princess Anne (Md.) Phoenix:—"The literary matter is by one of the best novelists in the country." Says the Lawrenceville (Ill.) Globe:—"It is the only Magazine whose fashion-plates can be relied on." Says the Waverly (Iowa) Phoenix:—"We wonder how the publisher can furnish so fine a book for so little money." And the Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser says:—"We do not see how the ladies can keep house without Peterson's Magazine."

**"THE RIDE IN THE PARK."**—A public Park, we are glad to see, is being thought necessary for all our great cities. That of New York needs only trees to make it perfect. Philadelphia has a Park, with the Schuylkill river running through it, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful in the world. The Park at Baltimore, with its lake of sixty acres, is fast approaching completion. Among the many benefits which these Parks confer on the public, not the least is a growing taste for horsemanship. A Roman, especially, never looks better than when in the saddle. Nor is there any exercise more healthful. As yet the New York Park is the only one sufficiently advanced toward completion, to attract any very large numbers of equestrians. But, on a fine day, hundreds of ladies and their cavaliers may be seen, in the various rides, and generally mounted on handsome horses. We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of the animated scene, such as visitors to New York may witness at any time except in the heat of summer. But our artist, as artists often do, however, has put the lady on the wrong side of her horse.

**COLORS STARCH** is the latest and greatest novelty of the season in London. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright, but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-macassars, or lace curtains, may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded. The inventor has a patent for it.

**"PROTECTION."**—This charming picture is by a very celebrated French artist. And the French painters now excel all others in the wonderful combination of spirit and action with fidelity in detail. How natural the whole is!

**BEST AND CHEAPEST.**—Says the Nyack (N. Y.) City and County:—"Peterson's is decidedly the best and cheapest ladies' Magazine published." And so say the newspapers universally.

**WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR CHEAP READING.**—We have never before told the following fact: and we mention it now only because others have mentioned it first. "Very few readers of other Philadelphia magazines," says the Newville (Pa.) Star of the Valley, "know that they are indebted to 'Peterson' for getting them as low as they do, but such really is the case. When they raised their prices, nearly a year ago, a Philadelphia publisher told us that had 'Peterson' been willing to raise his terms, they would have put theirs still higher." This is all true. And "Peterson" is the only Magazine that never raised its price at all. We stuck to TWO DOLLARS, and stick to it yet! Rely on it, "Peterson" will always give you more for your money than you can get anywhere else.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Can You Forgive Her?** By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have so frequently spoken of the general merits of Anthony Trollope's novels, so often praised them for their thoroughly realistic character, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. Long before any of our American publishers had reprinted them, we expressed our wonder, in these pages, at the neglect. "Can You Forgive Her?" is not, perhaps, in the best vein of its author; but it is better than "Miss Mackenzie;" and better than most of what other novelists write, now that Thackeray is dead. The character of the heroine is drawn with great subtlety, but it is not a pleasant one; and we, at least, cannot, or will not, forgive her for her conduct. She ought to have married John Grey at first. But then, if she had married John Grey, we should have had no novel, no Lady Glencora, no Bury Fitzgerald, no Mrs. Greenow, none of the other capitally drawn characters of the book. Numerous indifferent engravings illustrate the text. The volume is printed in double column, and bound in cloth.

**Thoughts on The Future Civil Policy of America.** By John Williams Draper, M. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Draper is already known by two works of first-class merit: his "Treatise on Human Physiology," and his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." The book before us is not inferior in merit to either of its predecessors. It is no hasty compilation, the result of immature thought, but a well-considered treatise, which, in many respects, is also nearly exhaustive. It is a book, too, which not only teaches new ideas, but also stimulates thought. Other treatises, by other writers, will grow out of this. We commend it heartily to every one interested in the future of this country. The volume is very elegantly printed.

**History of the United States Cavalry.** By A. G. Brackett, Major First United States Cavalry. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent history of the United States cavalry, from the formation of the Federal Government to June 1st, 1863. A list of all the cavalry regiments, with the names of their commanders, which have served the government since the breaking out of the rebellion, is also added.

**Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery-As-It-Should-Be.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In our younger days Mrs. Goodfellow was the most celebrated cake-baker in the city of Philadelphia. In this volume, she tells the public what cookery ought to be, and prints her famous, but formerly secret, receipts. We suppose the book is really, on the whole, the best cook-book extant; and we advise all housekeepers to order a copy.

**Standish. A Tale of Our Day.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is one of that popular series, "Loring's Railway Library." It is a well-told story of the late war.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.**—No firm, in the United States, has so extensive a catalogue of cheap, yet good, reading, as that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street. The catalogue of these publishers will be sent, gratis, on being written for, post-paid. The novels of Dickens, D'Israeli, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Wood, Gustave Aimard, and most of the popular writers, are on the list of this firm; besides some three or four hundred other works, humorous, descriptive, etc., etc. The Cook-Books owned by T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the best in America. To prevent confusion, we will add that the publisher of this Magazine has no interest in the firm, and that, therefore, orders for the catalogue, or books of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, must be addressed to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and not to Charles J. Peterson.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of leading men, living and dead. Also, ETHNOLOGY, or the Races, PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life. PHRENOLOGY, with choice of pursuits. PHYSIOGNOMY, or "Signs of Character." PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul, and much other matter, to be found in no other publication. It is a handsomely illustrated monthly, with ninety-six columns of rich reading matter. Newsmen have it. Sold at 20 cents, or \$2 a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 359 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN THE EAST, by William Penbrooke Fetridge, has reached its fourth year, and is complete up to the first of July, 1865, which is later than any of the European hand-books. We commend it to all persons about to visit Europe, or the East, as really one of the best hand-books extant. It is accompanied by a very excellent map, giving the railroad routes, etc., etc. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE BUNYAN MEZZOTINTS.—These two elegant mezzotints, one representing "Bunyan in Jail with his Blind Child," and the other, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison," may be had by remitting \$3.00. Or either may be had for \$2.00. Address Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

## LADIES' CORNER.

THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.—A late English Journal has a very appreciative article on the women of this country, a part of which we copy here.

"Few women," it says, "are more charming in all the relations of life than those who are denizens of Yankee-land. As wives they are affectionate and considerate. If, remembering that they are the children of a land of liberty and equality, they object to promise *obedience* at the altar, they are not the less ready to fulfill their understood obligations. No mothers can be more tender and watchful of the welfare of their children; no sisters can be more loving and disinterested; and if, as daughters, they decline to accept of advice or guidance in their little matrimonial arrangements—'guessing' that they know best who will make them a good husband—they are not less anxious than Mrs. Caudle to have 'dear mother' come and live with them. It is rare that widowed mothers, or even the old couple, are not to be found domesticated with the married offspring. Then, as companions, they are intelligent, frank, and courteous. Their hospitalities are gracefully rendered; and if a demand is made upon their friendship, few can be more generous and confiding.

"It is unnecessary to say that, in the United States, everybody is educated. The public schools are open gratuitously to all classes of citizens, and it would be considered a sin and a disgrace if a parent did not compel his children to

attend the courses of instruction. But, indeed, no compulsion is necessary. At a very early age children discover that school is a pastime; then it grows into a matter of emulation; and as years advance, the value of knowledge becomes as apparent as its possession is felt to be agreeable. That the citizens of both sexes may have a fair start in life, no distinction whatever is made in the kind of education given at the national establishments. The daughter of a wealthy merchant, or lawyer in large practice, occupies no higher position than the poor ragged child of the Irish emigrant. Personal cleanliness is a *sine qua non* of the daily admittance of each pupil, but the quality of the garment is no bar to the occupation of a front place in the school, provided that the little candidate for scholastic honors has aptitude and application. Pride of birth thus receives an early rebuke, proper sympathy is evoked, and a fraternization established, which has a potent influence in enlarging the charities of life at a later period. The 'school-mate' is rarely forgotten. Indeed, the 'school-mate' of the richest lady in the land will often work out a position for herself, to which the possession of wealth alone offers no parallel in a country where intellect is honored. To become a school-teacher is an object of serious ambition with vast numbers of girls, and as there is no royal road to the distinction, close application to the prescribed studies is indispensable, and, of course, the student in time is fitted to occupy the highest place in society. Many of the first men in the land seek their life-companions among the educators. The singular perversity which, in aristocratic England, leads men to think it disgraceful to marry a governess, and which condemns the lady intrusted with the cultivation of the minds and manners of children to a position scarcely removed above that of the menial, and often paid at a lower rate than a *femme de chambre*, is totally unknown in America. People are measured there by an intellectual and moral standard, and happiness is more frequently found to spring from the union of persons of congenial tastes and pursuits, than from the vulgar, but too common, combination of wealth and insipidity.

"The education of the American lady, combined with her peculiarly nervous organization, renders her highly poetical in conception and execution. Her fancy, her constant communings with her own heart, her love of nature in its grandeur and its simplicity, her attachment to domestic life, her piety, her sympathy with her kin, and her earnest patriotism, supply her with a fund of poetical ideas, while her facility of composition, her familiarity with the greatest poets of England and America, and her aspirations after literary distinction, impart the capacity to express her sentiments in appropriate verse. Even her prose compositions are poetical; hence her hearty appreciation of the works of the gifted writers of all nations. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Jean Ingelow, are household deities in the homes of the States. Hence, for every poetess adorning English literature, there are ten in America.

"With all her predilections, however, for the æsthetics of life, the American woman is eminently practical. In the Southern States the ladies took a considerable share in the government of the plantations, and looked with affectionate solicitude after the material welfare of the slaves. In the North the lady is the prudent and active *menagère*. Indeed, she had need to be so, for the domestic servants, which are, for the most part, Irish importations from the old country, are more of a trouble and a plague than a 'help.' Ignorant and exacting, they require a large amount of patient training, and a skillful combination of indulgence with discipline, before they can be rendered useful and reliable. Cookery, to this hour, in the smaller towns of the States is in its infancy. Baking, boiling, and broiling, are the sole agents for the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables into human edibles. The delicate operations of roasting and

wing, exalted by a Francatelli, an Ude, and a Soyer into dime arts, are scarcely understood in Yankee-land. In the manufacture of 'breads' the American lady is without a rival. The wheaten flour of the country is peculiarly fine and abundant; and Indian corn supplies an addition to the inaccustomed delicacies of the table almost unknown in our mesteasis. Their tea and supper-tables are incomparable.

The profusion of appetizing viands with which they are favored, and which are pressed upon the visitor with unexpected hospitality.

"While the beauty of an American woman lasts, it is exquisitely delicate and attractive. The proudest salons in Europe cannot surpass Yankee ball-rooms in their assemblages of youthful loveliness. The motions of well-bred American girls are instinct with grace, and their natural simplicity is under the control of a winning modesty. If they dress with somewhat less taste than the Parisians, it is because they follow too literally the pictorial illustrations of *Ballet*, and are under no conventional restraints. The prince of Wales and his *suite* are said to have been greatly pleased with the *coups d'oeil* presented at the grand fetes given in honor of his royal highness at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. An excess of *parure* was not out of place, and the joyfulness of the occasion imparted a charming extension to every countenance.

"In a word, the American lady is an honor to the sex; and we would desire no worse punishment for those who allow their prejudices to warp their judgment, than a six months' residence among the good families of Massachusetts and Philadelphia, and a fair share of the hospitalities the ladies well know how to dispense."

#### HORTICULTURAL.

**OUR NATIVE CLIMBERS.**—There are indigenous to our woods and fields many very beautiful climbers or twining plants, which, in common with most native plants, have been overlooked in the passion for new exotics, and meet with unmerited neglect.

These plants impart the greatest charms to our woodland scenery, twining up the tall trees and robing them in green; converting dead boughs into a drapery of delicate foliage; hiding gnarled roots and fallen trunks, and by fantastic twining from bush to bush, contributing to the endless varieties of light and shade which make one of the chief beauties of our forest scenery. How bare our stone walls and rough fences would look deprived of the drapery of woodbine and blackberry; and what sweet odors would be lost to the air did not the wild grape fling its broad foliage alike over the barren rocks and the tallest trees.

There is nothing which so adds to the appearance of a country house as a judicious planting of climbing plants. Any one can tell to mind the bare, desolate aspect of a cottage with no trees, shrubs, or vines around it, and the improvement made when walls and piazzas are draped with graceful foliage, and a few fine trees and shrubs judiciously planted.

The many objections urged against climbers have rather an apparent than real foundation. Unless allowed to grow too luxuriantly, they neither injure the buildings or make them damp; and the little dirt from dropping leaves and flowers is more than compensated for in grateful shade and beauty of bloom.

Suppose the wild-brier, which decks all the hedges in June; the clematis, conspicuous for fragrant white flowers and waxy seeds; the staff-tree, or wax-work, so ornamental with fragrant blossoms in June and scarlet fruit in autumn; the grape, with fragrant flowers, ample foliage, and purple fruit; the Virginia creeper flaming with the touch of autumnal frost, were transplanted to the farmer's house, allowed to clamber at will over doots and windows, or even

to surmount the eaves, would they not give a charm to the house; remove the barren look; relieve the glaring paint or weather-stained boards by a border of nature's own painting, and be a grateful shelter from the rays of the summer sun?

And to accomplish this much-to-be-desired end, it is not necessary for our farmers to spend their hard-earned gains. The fine exotic climbers which are imported at great expense, though beautiful and desirable, are in many cases far inferior to these inhabiting our highways and hedges, and have the disadvantage of being often too tender to endure the severity of our winters. The expense of climbers need only be the time necessary to transplant them, and prepare a place for their reception.

The drills need not be of wire, nor does it require a carpenter's bill for the completion. A cedar-tree, with the branches cut off about a foot from the trunk, and tall enough to allow it to stand a foot above the door after setting it two feet in the ground, is needed—and the woods will supply it. Place one of these on each side of the door, setting them three to four feet out; arch a cross-piece from top to top; slope others from this to the house, and fill in the sides between the house and the posts with pieces of the boughs, disposed in squares, diamonds, or triangles, according to fancy, and you have a very pretty rustic trellis. Leave the bark on it; it adds to the effect. If in a few years it peels off and becomes rugged, you will then have the trellis covered with vines.

If, however, a smooth trellis is preferred, remove the bark, trim off the knots, and give a coating of red ochre or asphaltum varnish, which will preserve the wood and prevent the lodgment of insects. The portion of the post beneath the ground should be charred, to prevent decay. For a window, a smaller trellis on the same plan may be made; and for grass plats or the garden, the posts alone may be used—and they are very ornamental covered with vines. If an arched trellis is built over the gate, and vines twined along the fence, they add greatly to the attraction of the place.

The soil required for most climbers is a common loam, enriched with well-rotted manure.

The species of climbers obtainable, vary in different localities; but there are very few spots where some may not be procured with but little trouble. Let each choose those which are most obtainable.

As a general rule, transplant in the spring; the only argument in favor of fall planting is, that at the latter season there is less pressing work.—*Horticulturalist*.

#### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**THE MOLE.**—This simple game consists merely in saying to one of the players:—

"Have you seen my mole?"

The latter answers, "Yes, I have seen your mole."

"Do you know what my mole is doing?"

"Yes, I do know what your mole is doing."

"Can you do as it does?"

The person who replies must shut his eyes at each answer; if he fails to do so he pays a forfeit.

**I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.**—The company form a circle, and one of the party who compose it, says to her right-hand neighbor, "I have just come from shopping."

"What have you bought?" rejoins the latter. "A robe, a vest, stockings, flowers;" in fine, anything that comes into the purchaser's head, provided that, in uttering the words, she can touch an object similar to the one she names. Those who neglect to do this must pay a forfeit. A forfeit can be required also from any one who names an object which has been named by any player previously.

**THE COOK WHO LIKES NO PEAS.**—The leader of the game must put the following question to his right-hand neighbor, and also to all the players in succession.

"My cook likes no pous, what shall I give her to eat?"

If any player replies, "Potatoes, parsnips," the other answers, "She does not like them; pay a forfeit."

But if another says, "Onions, carrots, veal, chickens." "She likes them, and, consequently, no forfeit is required of the player."

The trick of this game is evident. It is the letter P that must be avoided. Thus, to escape the penalty of a forfeit, it is necessary that the players should propose some kind of vegetable or food in which the letter P does not occur, such as beans, radishes, venison, etc.

**THE DIVINER.**—The point of this game consists in divining a word which is named, together with several others. Two of the players commonly agree between themselves to place it after an object that has four legs; for instance, a quadruped, a table, etc.

**EXAMPLE.**—If Emily wishes to have Henry guess the word which Susan has secretly told her, she says to him, "Susan has been shopping; she has bought a rose, a dress, some jewelry, a table, a bonnet, a shawl."

Henry, of course, will easily guess that the object in question is a *bonnet*, for the word "*table*," which precedes it, has four legs.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

### SOUPS.

**Soupe Sante.**—Put in a stewpan some slices of beef, an old fowl, and when to be had, a partridge; let it warm on a slow fire till brown, moisten it with some stock, and let it stew two hours. At the same time stew some carrots, turnips, onions, celery, cabbage lettuce, and any other vegetable you like. Fill the soup pot with stock, and when the meat is done well, moisten some crumbs of bread with a little of the soup, and then fry them on a slow fire. Strain the soup, and serve with the vegetables and fried bread; skim the soup well whilst stewing. The vegetables should be cut either in thin strips or dice. 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 answers to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter well in a bag 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. Another thing, remember that ketchup should never be added to brown soups, it is a mark of bad cookery to use it; in sauces the flavor is improved by ketchup, Harvey, or Reading sauce, and for those who like dishes highly seasoned, add the King of Oude sauce. However, an artiste should prepare the sauces from fresh vegetables, set without the aid of either.

**Mock Turtle Soup.**—Stew a knuckle of veal and two calf's-feet for four hours (very gently) in four quarts of water, to which has been added two onions, twelve cloves, twelve peppercorns, a little salt, some thyme, marjoram, and parsley. The meat should be put on in cold water, and should not be uncovered while stewing, as the goodness of the soup, by being uncovered, easily evaporates. When stewed sufficiently, strain the soup, and cut the best part of the meat into nice square-shaped pieces, and put it again to the soup. Set it by to cool. When cold, take off the fat. Make about two dozen forcemeat balls to put into the soup when you heat it before serving, and add a quarter of a pint of sherry and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, a

little ketchup or sauce; some very small button mushrooms have been highly approved of as an addition. This soup is usually considered suitable for winter use, but as the ingredients from which it is made are all in season in the summer, there is no reason why those who like it should not have it on their table during the warm weather.

### MEATS.

**Veal a la Creme.**—Choose the best end of a loin of veal, weighing about eight pounds, having on it a fair proportion of the skirt; trim it square, and place some veal stuffing in an incision made in the flap or skirt; wrap it round the kidney fat, securing it tightly with skewers and string; envelope the loin in well-greased sheets of clean paper, and roast it before a moderate fire for about two hours and ten minutes; but about twenty minutes before you wish to serve, take away the dripping-pan and put a clean dish under, and baste unremittingly with a pint of cream. This will form on it a bright light-brownish, or amber crust, very delicate and delicious. In dishing up, take care not to detach this crust; remove from the dish the gravy deposit which has fallen during the cream-basting with a little boiling water, add to this some white sauce or simple melted butter, and pour it round the veal. This is esteemed a remarkably dainty dish; but we cannot recommend it as economical, or as particularly suitable to the family table where there are children, or persons of delicate habit. It is, however, very well once in awhile.

**Veal Stuffing.**—To half a pound of bread-crumbs add three ounces of suet finely chopped. Season with chopped parsley, thyme, marjoram, and shalot, first washed and picked; the last then in very small proportions, some persons preferring to omit the marjoram and shalot entirely; add a very little pepper, salt, and nutmeg; mix well together with two whole eggs, and use as directed. If to this you add two ounces of finely-sliced ham, or sausage-meat, you have an excellent stuffing for roast turkey, or fowl. More or less suet can be used at discretion, according to the degree of richness required; but it is scarcely necessary to remind my few friends that less suet is required where the meat is fat in itself, and more when it is lean, as poultry generally.

**On Boiling Meats.**—All kinds of fresh meats, intended for the table, should be put into boiling water, thereby retaining the juices. If you wish to give a salt flavor to them, boil a piece of salt pork in the water before putting the meat in. A nice piece of boiled salt pork is a great addition to all kinds of boiled meats. Salt or smoked meats should be put into cold water to cook. Great care should be taken to skim the scum off well just before the water boils; for if the thick scum boils into the water, it is impossible to take it all off, and it will adhere to the meats.

**Cold Leg of Mutton Minced with Oysters.**—Remove the meat from the bones, cut off the fat, stew the bones with any sinewy pieces which may be left, the beards of the oysters, a small onion, some salt and pepper, and enough cold water to cover the bones, and a blade of mace. Let them simmer from an hour to an hour and a half; strain away the gravy, and put it into a saucepan. To one pound of chopped meat put a dozen oysters, a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of cream; let them just boil up. Serve with sippets placed round the edge of the dish.

### SICK-ROOM, ETC.

**To Alluviate Rheumatism.**—The following receipt, which should be made up with great caution, is highly recommended in cases of rheumatism:—(One raw egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and quarter of an ounce of camphor. Those ingredients are to be stirred up well together, then put in a bottle, and well shaken for ten minutes, after which to be corked down tightly to exclude the air. In half an hour it is fit for use. It should be rub-



bed in several times in the day. Supposing the head the part affected, rub the liniment behind the ears and at the back of the neck. But rheumatism requires great care of the general health, as well as applications to the part affected. Keep your feet dry by wearing water-proof shoes, and particularly avoid checked perspiration.

**Remedy for Diphtheria.**—The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half-hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

**To Medicine-Takers.**—If those obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it was so much sugar.

**Infusion of Hops.**—Hops, six ounces, boiling water, one pint; soak for four hours. Dose, half a wineglassful. This is a good tonic.

## TOILET.

**The Nails.**—Great attention should be paid to keeping the nails in good order. They should be brushed at least twice a day, and the skin round the lower part should be kept down by rubbing with a soft towel. The sides of the nails need clipping about once in the week. If they become stained wash them well with soap, and after rinsing off the soap well, brush them with lemon-juice.

**For Strengthening and Promoting the Growth of the Hair.**—Half an ounce of spirit of ammonia, one ounce of olive oil, one drachm of eau de cologne, one drachm of tincture of Spanish flies, mixed together, and rubbed on the head once a day.

**Tooth-Wash.**—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

**The Care of Pianos.**—So many erroneous opinions prevail in regard to the care of pianos, that a correction of them would be a public benefit. Both extreme cold and artificial heat are injurious to them—the first rusting the strings and iron work, and injuring the varnish; the last shrinking and warping the wood-work comprising the larger part of the instrument. Rapidly heating a cold room severely tries a piano in various ways. Dampness from steam, or air charged with natural moisture is to be especially avoided. The problem so puzzling to many, whether the piano should be shut or open, is easily solved thus:—It matters little which method is observed, provided the other conditions are right. While the instrument is in use, it is well to close it on ceasing to play, and at night. If in disuse, it is better open; as less moisture would thus be retained. Great care should be taken to keep out pins, needles, tacks, and all hard substances, as they hurt the tone, and sometimes clog the action. Moving the piano does not untune it. The general belief that it does, has a natural foundation in the prevalent ignorance of the strength of the instrument. The absurd notion prevails, that the playing of children harms the piano. On the contrary, the more experienced and brilliant the player, the greater the detriment to both action and tune. To deteriorate is, from the first, the law of the piano. It seldom improves, except sometimes a little in action.

**Plain Omelet.**—The yolks of six and the whites of three eggs are the average quantity used for either plain or sweet omelets. A little salt and some pepper, one ounce of butter broken up, is to be beaten in with the eggs, which should be thoroughly well whisked. Put two ounces of butter into the omelet-pan; let it almost boil. The fire should be brisk, and the omelet must be stirred whilst in the pan until it begins to set; it should not be turned, as that destroys the lightness. The pan in which omelets are fried should be quite small. When the mixture is set, the edges must be raised from the pan with a knife and folded over. If the omelet is served in perfection, it must be salamandered, or else held in the pan before a very fierce fire for a minute or two before serving, to brown the top. Gravy is sometimes eaten with it, but should be served in a tureen, and never poured over it. The above mixture is the foundation of all omelets. Chopped onion and sage, chopped parsley, the tender tops of asparagus, finely-minced ham or shrimps, are among the number of things with which savory omelets are flavored.

**Salad Dressing.**—Boil four eggs for half an hour; then put them in cold water and shell them, and afterward pound the yolks in a mortar, or beat them in a bowl to a smooth paste; then, very gradually, work in a teaspoonful of well-mixed mustard, a very little white pepper, and the slightest *soupcou* of Cayenne; also salt at discretion, and four tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all these ingredients slowly and thoroughly till they are perfectly incorporated, and then blend with them four tablespoonfuls of salad-oil. Now pour in, drop by drop, sufficient vinegar to make the preparation of the consistency of cream; if it be not very gradually added the whole mixture will curdle. The salad should not be added to the sauce till just as it is brought to table. You may prepare enough for several days at once, as, when bottled and kept in a cool place, it will be good for nearly a week. The whites of the egg, cut into rings, make a nice garnish for the salad. Two good-sized very mealy potatoes, beaten up, form an excellent substitute for the yolks, when eggs are not easily procurable. You cannot stir the dressing too much.

**French Mode of Dressing a Cabbage.**—Procure a large cabbage with a white heart, wash it thoroughly in salt and water; cut it into pieces, and boil it for half an hour; drain the water from it, but do not squeeze it. Brown one quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, add a teacupful of cream, and let it simmer together for another half-hour, and serve.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF CRIMSON POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with quillings of black velvet. Broad, black velvet waistband, with four long ends at the back. The waistband and trimmings on the sleeves are studded with steel. Hair dressed in the Empire style, with small curls and bandelets.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, ornamented with Persian trimming. The body is made with a deep basque. Sleeves nearly tight.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED SILK, trimmed with a darker shade of lavender velvet ribbon studded with pearl buttons. Deep coat basque.

FIG. IV.—BALL DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE, looped up over blue silk with gilt crescents.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF RUSSET POPLIN, ornamented with Persian trimming. Very deep coat basque.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK BASQUE, laced with black velvet.

FIG. VII.—BLACK VELVET JACKET, to wear over a white body.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK LACE JACKET AND WAISTBAND, for wearing over a white body.

FIG. IX.—BRACES AND SASH OF BLUE SILK AND BLACK LACE.

FIG. X.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT WAISTBAND OF PINK SILK, turned up and trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. XI.—WAISTBAND AND BRACES OF CRIMSON SILK AND BLACK LACE.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—A revolution seems impending in the make of dresses. In our own rooms the long, sweeping trains still hold their elegant sway; but in Paris, the predilections of the Empress, or the great desire for novelty, are suddenly shortening and narrowing our skirts. The fashion is by no means a general one; but as a few of the leaders of the gay world have ordered short, narrow dresses for Baden, and other renowned watering-places, we may be sure that the change will come. In fact, it cannot be avoided. We have the Empire head-dress, the Empire bonnet, the Empire sleeve, the short Empire waist, the round-toed shoes—and how can we do without the skirt? We shall be sorry to miss the long, trailing skirt from our drawing-rooms, but will most gladly hail them for our streets. The jaunty, looped-up dresses over expensive petticoats were coquettish, and when the hoop was small, were becoming; but the gimps, and ribbons, and velvets, used for these costumes, added fearfully to the dress-maker's bill. These new skirts are only four, or four and a half yards wide, and the hoops worn under them are not abandoned, only made much shorter and narrower than those so long worn. The dress only descends a little lower than the ankle. A correspondent says:—"At a dinner given at Baden, last week, a lady appeared in an Empire dress—a veritable Empire, because in those days short dresses only were worn. It consisted of a white muslin skirt dotted over with small daisies, produced in lace in the material, and a rose-colored silk slip underneath it. The short muslin skirt was trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes insertion above the hem, and three rows down each side of the front breadth *en tablier*. Valenciennes medallions were placed at the points in front, where the lines of lace crossed each other. The bodice was entirely formed with Valenciennes insertion and lace medallions; the very short sleeves were full, like small balloons, and were confined round the bottom with pink satin ribbon covered with Valenciennes insertion. Two lace medallions were placed at the shoulders, and fell on to the short sleeves. The head-dress consisted simply of a natural rose, surrounded with large rock-crystal drops."

BODICES are made quite plain, with a wide (not immoderately wide) belt or waistband, thus shortening the waist, or they fit closely with a very long basque.

SLEEVES are almost tight to the arm, and for dress occasions are finished with a frill of lace falling over the hand.

BUTTONS on dresses are quite large, and are made of jet, mother-of-pearl, coral, ebony, or gimp.

GAUZE BODIES are still worn, particularly by young ladies. White silk braid with jet beads, gray braid with steel beads, scarlet braid, and fancy stitches done in purple silk, are all favorite modes of ornamentation for these bodies.

BLACK AND WHITE are still favorite combinations for dresses. But if the dress is black, white should be sparingly used, as otherwise the effect will be muddy; but if the dress is white, more black can be employed, as a warm color always looks better on a cold color than a cold color does upon a warm one.

FOR YOUNG LADIES' party-dresses, braces, berthes, and epaulets are composed entirely of flowers to correspond with those which ornament the skirt and decorate the hair. Light and delicate flowers should be used, such as daisies, morning-glories, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, clematis, fern-leaves, and grasses.

PETTICOATS are still an item of consideration in this country, as short dresses are not yet adopted here. White petticoats, worked in black or scarlet worsted braid, are popular. Some persons run several rows of wide, black

braid on a white petticoat, and dot this braid with coarse working cotton, which has the effect of white beads. Others work detached sprays of flowers, wheat-ears, palms, etc.; and others again ornament the skirts with two or three bands of blue, pink, green, black, or straw-colored cambric, or plain gingham. Of course, a material should be selected for this purpose the colors of which will not fade. These bands of colored cambric are also used for trimming, dressing jackets, children's dresses, etc., and can be highly ornamented by forming trellis-work, diamonds, etc., with the sewing-machine.

PALETOTS are worn shorter than heretofore, and usually droop into the figure without fitting it tightly.

BONNETS are assuming the "so-called" Empire style, but with many modifications. We give, this month, several varieties of this bonnet, and we have seen several more. Some of the prettiest have only a small, elegant bird perched on the side with long, wide strings. The swallow is a favorite ornament. Others have a wreath around the crown of graceful flowers, ivy, variegated leaves, etc.

VEILS are almost universally worn with these Empire bonnets. If tulle, gauze, or white grenadine is employed, a yard is sufficient with a wide hem. The veil should reach to below the waist. It is a delicate ornament to wear gracefully.

HEAD-DRESSES have also changed completely since last spring. The huge waterfall, which used to hang down the back, soiling the dresses, and making short-necked people look as if the head was set directly on the shoulders, has been discarded, and is now made smaller in a rounder form, and is placed quite high at the back of the head. In some cases it is worn much higher than represented in our engravings, though they show the usual style. This "*chignon*," as it is termed, is no longer combed smoothly, as it used to be, over frizzettes, but is crimped, or composed of plaits, or short ringlets. The front hair is sometimes arranged with small tufts of curls on the top of the forehead, and sometimes with a row of tiny curls all around the face, which may, or may not pass around the back of the head under the *chignon*. Sometimes the hair is combed entirely back, and only ornamented with a braid *à la*, like a coronet, around the front. But for evening dress the curls are more popular.

BANDELETS, OR FILLETS, as they are sometimes called, are made of ribbon, or velvet, studded with gold, jet, or pearl beads, according to the dress with which they are worn. Some of the more expensive ones are made of gilt, silver, or steel bands. For a party-dress, one flower is placed at the side of the head.

HOODS are made quite soft, and cut with large capes. Both hood and cape are pointed in the center, and are trimmed with velvet ribbon, or full tufted ruches.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, trimmed around the bottom and down the seams with heavy black cord. White under-body; black velvet jacket and waistband.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CASHMERE, trimmed around the bottom with blue cord. Blue pointed basque, also trimmed with cord.

FIG. III.—DRESS AND DEEP BASQUE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is made of crimson merino, ornamented with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is of dark blue mering, trimmed with black velvet.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Dresses for little girls are certainly worn shorter than formerly, but in trimming they closely resemble those of adults. The boot reaching far up the leg is almost universal.

FOR BOYS, Knickerbockers are almost entirely worn.





Watch Pocket, in Velvet and Beads.





LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

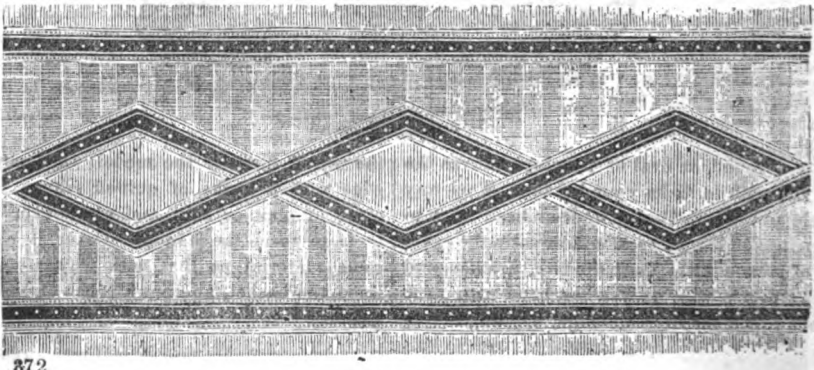
## TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

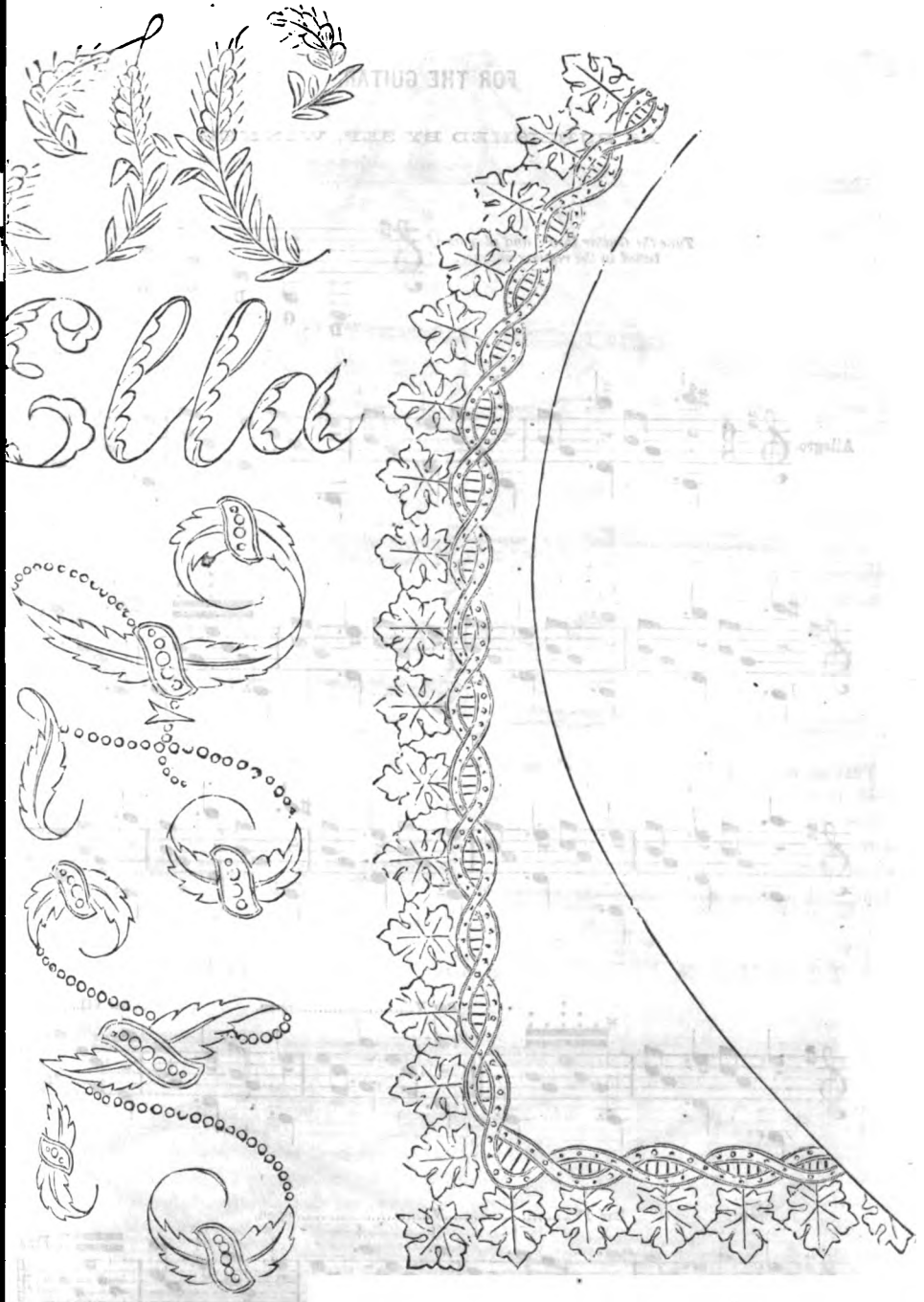


THIS is made of black velvet applique upon drab cloth. All the little patterns upon the velvet are done in gold thread, sewed down with an over-stitch of scarlet sewing-silk at equal distances. The intervening pattern is done with scarlet silk embroidery braid, and one jet bead in the center of each oval made by braiding pattern. Line the bag with soft chamois leather, or oil silk. Scarlet silk for the top of the bag, and scarlet cord for the strings. The bottom of the bag should be of a pasteboard covered with the leather.

### TRIMMING FOR CORSAGE, PETTICOAT, ETC., ETC.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS, ETC.

COLLAR.



# Spanish Fandango.

FOR THE GUITAR.

AS PUBLISHED BY SEP. WINNER.

*Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if  
tuned in the regular manner.*



SPANISH FANDANGO.

Variations.  
X

Bar V.....open.

VII.....open.

IV.....V

.....open.

D.C.  
Al Fine.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1866. DOUBLE SIZE COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—We call attention to the Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be seen that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost us nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled: and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

*Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine, for it will be, in 1866, the cheapest Magazine in the world. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

GOLD AND STEEL are again profusely used in all articles of dress. The newest poplins have steel woven in them in the shape of diamonds, lozenges, and circles of the size of a quarter of a dollar. Gold is also used in this way on black. It is profusely sprinkled over all flowers, and is used for handkerchiefs. Gold and steel beads will be sewed on narrow braid, and employed for trimming dresses, jackets, etc. Plaids are also fashionable, among the prettiest of which is the apple-green crossed with black.

MAKING ALL DRESS-MAKERS.—The Penfield (N. Y.) Extra says of this Magazine:—"We have a large club in this town, and should judge that it will be doubled by another year, from what we hear said about it; it is making all the ladies dress-makers." This was written, too, before the ladies knew of the double-size fashion-plates, which we shall publish, every month, during 1866.

A NOVELTY IN JEWELRY is a pair of humming-birds' heads set as ear-rings, the feathers changing color and glittering more beautifully than any gem. A brooch to accompany these may be made round, a bird's head occupying the center, and surrounded by a number of humming-birds' breasts to complete a larger circle.

RAG-KNITTING.—One of the best methods of using up old scraps, or rags, is to knit them into a many-striped rug or carpet. By this process you get, almost for nothing, what is always brilliant in color, as well as heavy and thick. Every conceivable thing that can be torn into shreds can be used; stuff, cotton, cloth, list, faded ribbons, velvet, old stockings, and even discarded tulle caps. Discarded dress linings and abandoned crinoline covers are treasures to the rag-knitter; so are red worsted bindings and braids from old skirts. Nor is rag-knitting difficult, for the stitch is that of plain knitting, and the needles should be of wood, measuring one inch in circumference. The first stitch is not to be knitted—in fact, the work is to be commenced and proceeded with as for garter-knitting.

Supposing an old alpaca or mohair skirt is to be the first thing to hand, it should be torn into strips as long as possible, of an inch and a half in width. These strips are to be joined together slightly by needle and thread, till a good length is obtained; said length to be folded down the center to the width of three-quarters of an inch, and the knitting commenced, the doubled strip of alpaca being used on the needles, precisely as a ply of wool or cotton would be. As after a time the work may become inconveniently heavy to hold in the hand, it is best to knit it in strips of the required length for carpet or cover, of about twenty loops wide, and join them together afterward. A five-yard length of material will make two rows of twenty loops wide.

Old stockings, cut into strips of three-quarters of an inch wide, will be equivalent in substance to the doubled strip of alpaca. Tartan, barege, or tulle, should be slightly tacked along and knitted in with worn calico, or print, or any fabric that may require thickening, in order to correspond with some others. Worsted bindings and braids may be used as they are, unless they are very narrow, or have been much impoverished; in either of which cases they may be knitted in with strips of faded ribbon, or anything else, according to the discretion of the knitter.

As a mat for a smoke-room, or a summer-house, or even for the bedside rug of a bachelor, we can imagine an appropriation of rag-knitting to be the very thing. So, ladies, tear up your old scraps, and employ your leisure time in making a rug, or carpet, for your brother, father, lover, or other male friend. Remember, Christmas is coming!

OUR COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—Our double-size fashion-plates for next year (or mammoth steel fashion-plates, as some call them,) will be engraved, printed, and colored in the same superior style in which our present plates are executed. Many of our cotemporaries have their fashion-plates lithographed. We have ours engraved on steel, and printed from the steel plate. It is only necessary to compare the two to see how inferior the lithographs are. To print from the steel plate is vastly more costly than to lithograph; but where greater elegance is to be secured we do not stop at expense. Our fashion-plates have long been considered more beautiful than those of any other magazine; and this superiority we shall maintain, while giving them of double the size, next year.

FASHIONS CENTURIES OLD.—Lately, at Pompeii, some new excavations were made, and, among other things found, was a female head in white marble, in which the hair was worn in a net just as it is in the present day. There was a braided twist of hair round the front, and the back hair was suffered to fall into a net. Thus, fashions, after centuries, return again.

**WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF "PETERSON."**—The superiority, which we claim for this Magazine in our Prospectus, might seem extravagant to those who cannot compare "Peterson" with other magazines. But we only repeat what the newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, print on the subject. Says the West Meriden (Conn.) Recorder:—"In literary contents 'Peterson' decidedly takes the lead among the Philadelphia monthlies." Says the Peterboro' (N. H.) Transcript:—"The ladies know the worth of this magazine, and will have it. It contains everything that they can wish for." Says the Delaware (Ohio) News:—"Always ahead of its competitors." Says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Family Friend:—"Distinguished for the excellence of its stories." Says the Fall River (Mass.) Free Press:—"The talent employed on its pages is of the first class." Says the Princess Anne (Md.) Phoenix:—"The literary matter is by some of the best novelists in the country." Says the Lawrenceville (Ill.) Globe:—"It is the only Magazine whose fashion-plates can be relied on." Says the Waverly (Iowa) Phoenix:—"We wonder how the publisher can furnish so fine a book for so little money." And the Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser says:—"We do not see how the ladies can keep house without Peterson's Magazine."

**"THE RIDE IN THE PARK."**—A public Park, we are glad to see, is being thought necessary for all our great cities. That of New York needs only trees to make it perfect. Philadelphia has a Park, with the Schuylkill river running through it, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful in the world. The Park at Baltimore, with its lake of sixty acres, is fast approaching completion. Among the many benefits which these Parks confer on the public, not the least is a growing taste for horsemanship. A woman, especially, never looks better than when in the saddle. Nor is there any exercise more healthful. As yet the New York Park is the only one sufficiently advanced toward completion, to attract any very large numbers of equestrians. But, on a fine day, hundreds of ladies and their cavaliers may be seen, in the various rides, and generally mounted on handsome horses. We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of the animated scene, such as visitors to New York may witness at any time except in the heat of summer. But our artist, as artists often do, however, has put the lady on the wrong side of her horse.

**COLORS STARCH** is the latest and greatest novelty of the season in London. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright, but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-macassars, or lace curtains, may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded. The inventor has a patent for it.

**"PROTECTION."**—This charming picture is by a very celebrated French artist. And the French painters now excel all others in the wonderful combination of spirit and action with fidelity in detail. How natural the whole is!

**BEST AND CHEAPEST.**—Says the Nyack (N. Y.) City and County:—"Peterson's is decidedly the best and cheapest ladies' Magazine published." And so say the newspapers universally.

**WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR CHEAP READING.**—We have never before told the following fact: and we mention it now only because others have mentioned it first. "Very few readers of other Philadelphia magazines," says the Newville (Pa.) Star of the Valley, "know that they are indebted to 'Peterson' for getting them as low as they do, but such really is the case. When they raised their prices, nearly a year ago, a Philadelphia publisher told us that had 'Peterson' been willing to raise his terms, they would have put theirs still higher." This is all true. And "Peterson" is the only Magazine that never raised its price at all. We stuck to TWO DOLLARS, and stick to it yet! Rely on it, "Peterson" will always give you more for your money than you can get anywhere else.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Can You Forgive Her?** By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have so frequently spoken of the general merits of Anthony Trollope's novels, so often praised them for their thoroughly realistic character, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. Long before any of our American publishers had reprinted them, we expressed our wonder, in these pages, at the neglect. "Can You Forgive Her?" is not, perhaps, in the best vein of its author; but it is better than "Miss Mackenzie;" and better than most of what other novelists write, now that Thackeray is dead. The character of the heroine is drawn with great subtlety, but it is not a pleasant one; and we, at least, cannot, or will not, forgive her for her conduct. She ought to have married John Grey at first. But then, if she had married John Grey, we should have had no novel, no Lady Glencora, no Burgo Fitzgerald, no Mrs. Greenow, none of the other capitally drawn characters of the book. Numerous indifferent engravings illustrate the text. The volume is printed in double column, and bound in cloth.

**Thoughts on The Future Civil Policy of America.** By John Williams Draper, M. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Draper is already known by two works of first-class merit: his "Treatise on Human Physiology," and his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." The book before us is not inferior in merit to either of its predecessors. It is no hasty compilation, the result of immature thought, but a well-considered treatise, which, in many respects, is also nearly exhaustive. It is a book, too, which not only teaches new ideas, but also stimulates thought. Other treatises, by other writers, will grow out of this. We commend it heartily to every one interested in the future of this country. The volume is very elegantly printed.

**History of the United States Cavalry.** By A. G. Brackett, Major First United States Cavalry. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent history of the United States cavalry, from the formation of the Federal Government to June 1st, 1863. A list of all the cavalry regiments, with the names of their commanders, which have served the government since the breaking out of the rebellion, is also added.

**Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery-As-It-Should-Be.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In our younger days Mrs. Goodfellow was the most celebrated cake-baker in the city of Philadelphia. In this volume, she tells the public what cookery ought to be, and prints her famous, but formerly secret, receipts. We suppose the book is really, on the whole, the best cook-book extant; and we advise all housekeepers to order a copy.

**Standish. A Tale of Our Day.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is one of that popular series, "Loring's Half-way Library." It is a well-told story of the late war.





THE RIDE IN THE PARK.







BRACES.



YOUNG MISSES' DRESS.

# Louisa

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

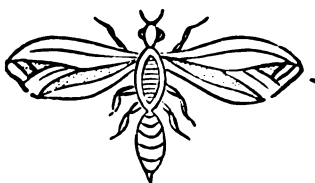
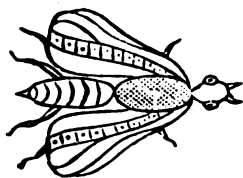
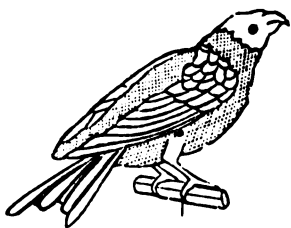
# Lizzie

NAME FOR MARKING

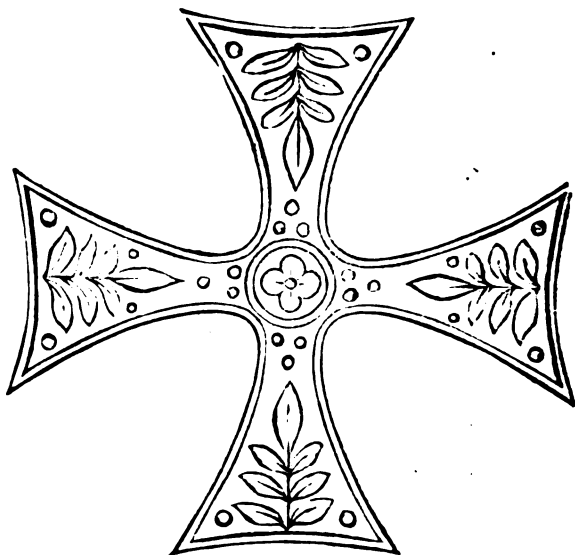


WALKING DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.





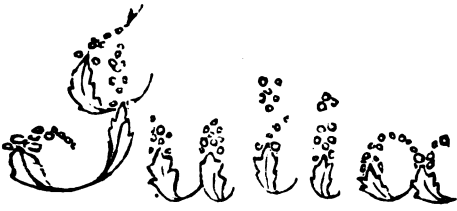
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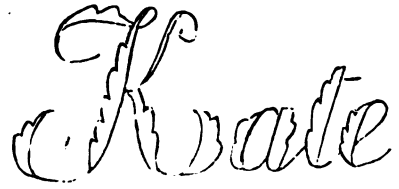
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HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



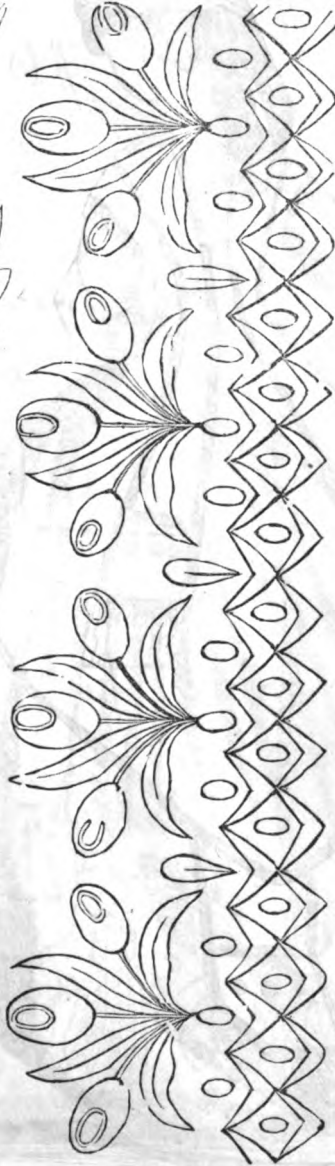
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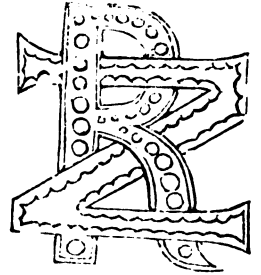
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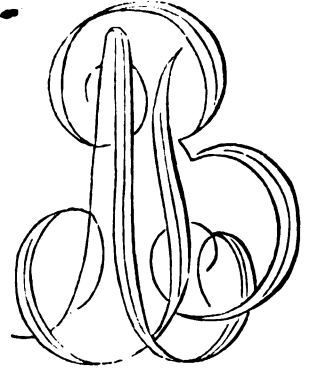
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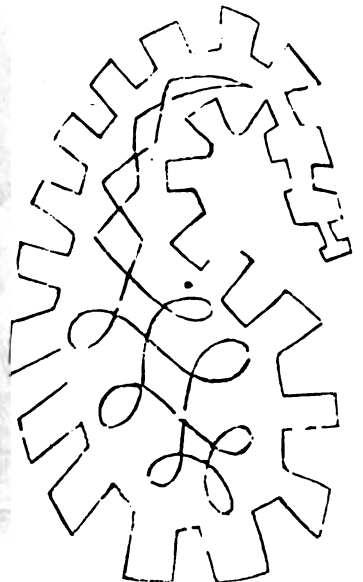
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL



MONOGRAM.



MONOGRAM.



PALM-LEAF.

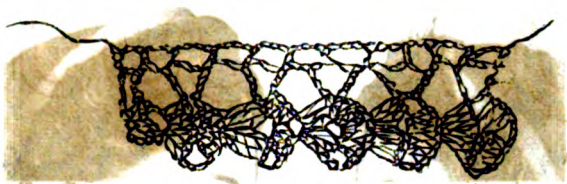


EDGING.



WALKING DRESS.





CROCHET EDGING.

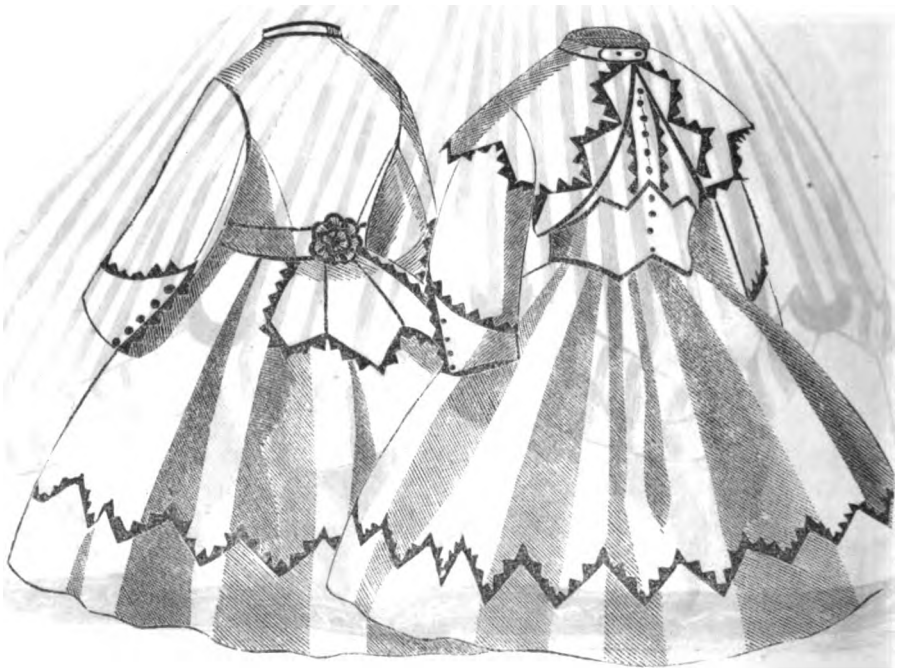


EVENING DRESS.

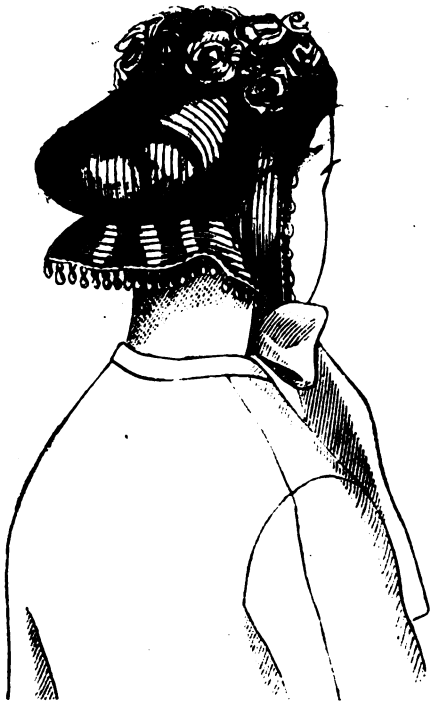




EMPIRE HEAD-DRESSES.



CHILD'S DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.



EMPIRE BONNET.



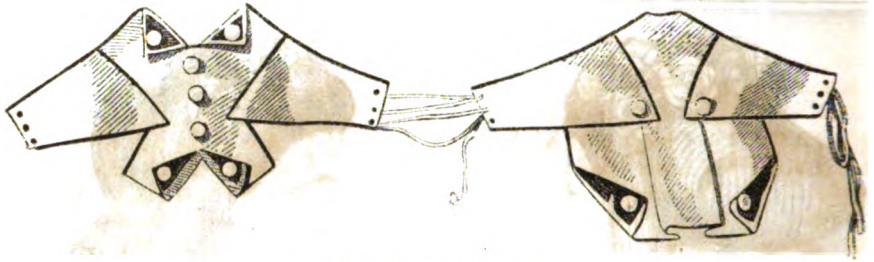
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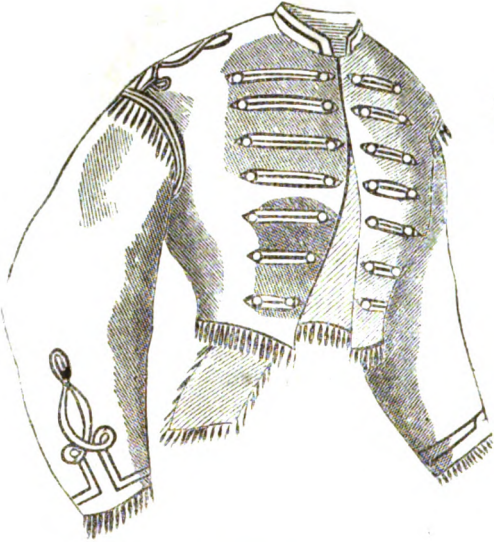
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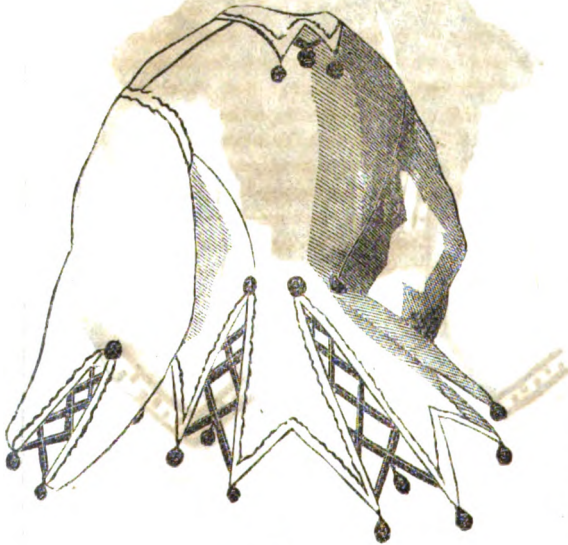
LACE JACKET.



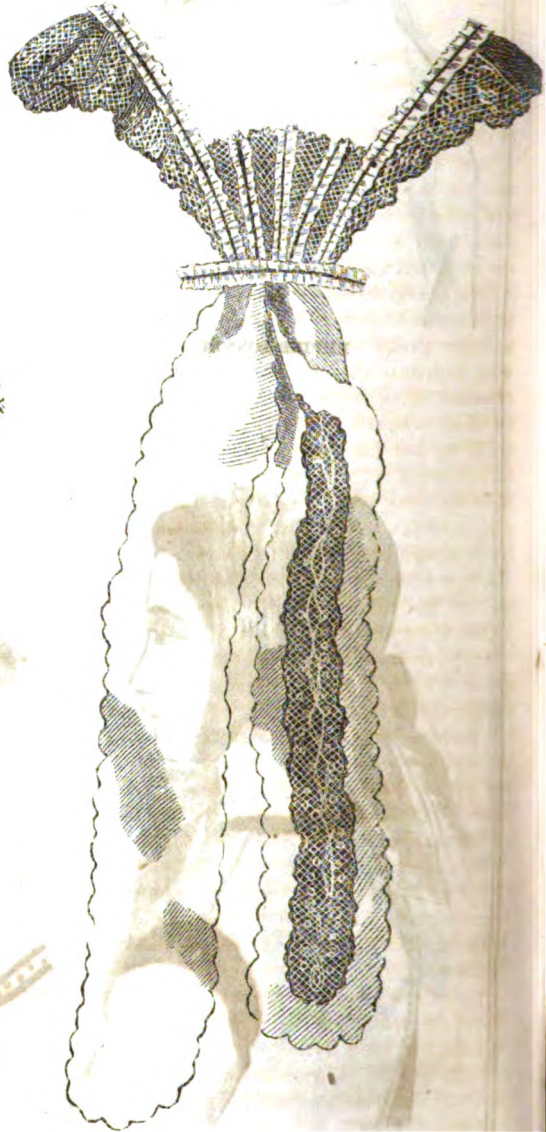
COAT: FRONT AND BACK.



JACKET.



JACKET.



BRACES AND SASH.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1865.

No. 5.

## A TROUBLED HONEY-MOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

GEORGE JAMESON and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall.

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to red-den her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the dignified *pater familiar* to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that here was a match made in heaven.

The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty traveling suit of gray alpaca, with azurine blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said; the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made up for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match the dress, with its blue face trimming to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious; and in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, George and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance. George buckled up his traveling-shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out and see to the trunks! I should die if, when we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go for dinner in my traveling-dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice,

"All aboard for Danville! all aboard! Come, hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she was, she said rapidly to herself, and she had better get in

and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband——"

"Oh! yes, yes, all right!" said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding that had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said a ticket-agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the train for Buffalo, you'll likely find her there. Just starting—not a moment to lose!"

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.

"Most likely she got on the wrong train and went by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a way-station fifteen miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally blest the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be—and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, knocking over an old lady with a flower-pot and a bird-cage in her

hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to the Belvidere house—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road; for all vestige of fences and wheel-tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him! People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise in; but probably it realized

that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out,

"Hilloo there! Is it you, or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sake!" cried she. "You're in for it, hain't ye?"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody mustn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed! I'm after my wife."

"Land sake! Your wife! Well, of all things! I declare, I never!"

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do, that's a dear man!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew out—mud from head to foot. He shook his

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll right on—"

"No, you won't, neither! You'll go over to our house and have a cup of coffee, something to eat, and a suit of the old rags to put on while I dry yourn. And send Tom over to Margate with the hoos wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was despatched to Margate to hunt up Mr. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue, swallow-tailed coat, homemade, gray pantaloons, cowhide boots, and

white hat with a broad brim, for the Starks were Friends—felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plasters for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander informed him a lady, answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband!

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie! Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train until he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American.

Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was waiting for her husband. Boom 221, right-hand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and, holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last?"

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medici!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chamber-maids, and as many white-aproned waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and broke in the brim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! My wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane, or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh, Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and, recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle.

"I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windham depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while telegraphed to the principal stations about the road for information of you. Why did you give no answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not . . ."

Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise——"

"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George; and though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katie, pushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world! Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters

were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air.

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow-tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

## THE QUESTION.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

ART thou my fate? Dark mists rise up before me,  
And hide the prospect of the future land;  
A veil impenetrable hangs ever o'er me;  
The ground is all unsteady where I stand.

Reach here thy hand, and find me 'mid the shadows,  
The sunshine of thy coming I await;  
The hum of labor rings throughout the meadows,  
And drowns the footsteps of advancing fate.

Shall my fond heart, by some rare intuition,  
Know thee, and claim thee for her own at last?  
Nor wake to find that like a lovely vision,  
Into the realms Elysian thou hast passed?

Here, with an earnest will and high endeavor,  
I bear my part amid the daily strife;

God knows a woman's needs, and He will ever  
Lead the vexed soul toward a better life.

Where is my fate his chosen work pursuing?  
In vine-clad country, or by sounding sea;  
Where ephy breezes all the senses wooing,  
Fill the whole air with perfumed melody?

I hear a whisper on the South wind trembling;  
The flutter of a coming step I hear;  
Outside my heart the guards are all assembling,  
To warn the keeper if a foe is near.

Somewhere the Heavens are shining bright above him;  
Somewhere he labors to be good and great;  
And though in secret now I fondly love him,  
Some time, perchance, I'll meet and know my fate!

## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

My love has gone over the mountain;  
With the fever of longing I burn,  
While asking the gods will she ever  
Ye gods, will she ever return?  
Her hair was the hue of the sun's beams,  
When he kisses the Eastern hills;  
And her voice like the notes of song birds,  
Whose music the morning fills;  
Her eye was bright as the evening star;  
Her singing was sweet as a lute;  
And the birds of song, when they heard it,  
For jealousy were mute;  
Her heart was a glowing altar,  
And the sacrifice was love,  
Brought down by the purest angel

That walks the Heavens above.  
Yet she has gone over the mountain,  
Whose ever-appalling height  
Is covered with clouds that are darker  
Than the blackest arch of night;  
And those clouds have hid her forever  
From the reach of my aching sight.  
My sorrowing heart is jealous,  
Of the mountain that lies between  
My soul and the fairest maiden  
That the eyes of man have seen.  
So I pray every night to pass over  
To the mountain's farthest side,  
To live forever and ever,  
In the arms of my beautiful bride!



# COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263.

## CHAPTER II.

THAT unfortunate attempt at Croquet was the first time in Alice's life she had made a sufficient failure in any effort to give people an opportunity to be amused at her expense.

Under ordinary circumstances her mischance and awkwardness would hardly have been worth a thought; but she had been mortified in the presence of the man with whom she was as bitterly angry as we can only be with one very dear, and before the eyes of her rival. Truly it was not in unregenerate human nature to support the humiliation patiently.

During the following days Alice allowed whoever chose to play croquet—she was occupied with other things. A party of friends just arrived at the hotel, and all sorts of trifles, among which she walked, busy heart and soul, to all appearance, and utterly oblivious both of the widow and Claude.

But if there had been any very early risers among the party, a little secret of Alice's might have been discovered.

Mrs. Le Fort's nephew, Tom, had come up to spend his summer holidays—a great, blundering Newfoundland puppy, as good hearted and generous as he could be, and worshiping Alice with all the devotion of a chivalrous nature that has only walked this weary world for fifteen years, and not had time to kick up any dust to dim the freshness of its roses.

He came to Alice the day after her croquet exploit.

"I say, Alice, don't you mind," said he, "and don't you give in! I'll teach you to play croquet."

"I hate croquet!" cried Alice. "Don't mention it!"

"But it's so jolly," urged Tom. "Just let me teach you. We'll get up early every morning, and have a game before anybody's out. You'll learn in no time, and beat that widow like bricks."

"She does everything well, doesn't she, Tom?" said Alice, so calmly that the boy fell into the net.

"Don't she though! I tell you she's a rorer, and no mistake."

Alice turned her back on her single friend.

"I don't like your horrid school-boy slang," said she, cruelly. "I think I'll leave that, and croquet, and all similar accomplishments to your admiration."

Tom was overwhelmed with grief.

"Whose, my admiration?" cried he. "You know I like you best, you're so nice. I don't care about your widow."

"My widow!" repeated Alice, with a deal of scorn.

"Well, anybody's widow—Mr. Stanley's, if you please. I'll hate her if you do—there!"

Alice smiled at his energy.

"You're a good fellow, Tom," said she; "I beg your pardon for speaking so rudely, and I'll be glad to learn croquet, if you will take the trouble to teach me."

"Now, that's jolly," cried Tom, ecstatically. "You're just a trump, Ally. We'll begin tomorrow morning. Don't say a word."

The compact thus made was faithfully kept. The next morning Alice was down before anybody, except the servants and the robins; and by the time she reached the lower hall, down tumbled Tom, fastening his sleeve-buttons as he ran.

"Hurrah, Alice!" said he. "Come on! We'll show 'em a trick worth a dozen of theirs."

So Alice took her lessons regularly; and Tom was delighted with his pupil's aptness, unconsciously ascribing half the credit to himself, as any of us would have done.

And yet, in spite of his devotion to Alice, and his attempt to fight shy of the widow, because he saw Alice disliked her, poor, blundering Tom did what he would not have been guilty of for the world—knew all the light the widow needed in regard to any affair there might have been between Claude and Alice.

She saw that Tom avoided her, and actually tried "to put her down," if any discussion rose between her and Alice; and, boy though he was, Jeannie could not quite consent to have the young girl, who showed her dislike so plainly, elevated on a pedestal above her own in his mind.

She waylaid him one day in the library, and

it did not take her many minutes to bewitch Master Innocence, for the time at least; and he quite forgot his championship of Alice in the splendor of her great eyes.

She talked to him in the prettiest way—he was such a noble fellow; he never would be a worthless, idle fop; if she only had a younger brother like him—all sorts of delightful praise, and at last,

“Won’t you be my brother, Tom? I can talk to you. I wish you would like me.”

“Why I do,” said Tom. “If I was a man I’d die for you!”

“Ah!” said she, slyly, “but you’d live for Miss Peyton.”

Tom’s suddenly awakened conscience sent the crimson to his face.

“But she *is* nice,” he thought. “I don’t believe Alice ought to dislike her.”

“And you are quite right,” pursued the widow. “Alice is the sweetest girl I ever knew.”

“Hollo!” shouted Tom, astonished. “I beg your pardon for making you jump!”

“Oh! I don’t mind jumping,” returned she, sweetly, recovering from the effects of the thunder-clap. “What made you cry out, though?”

“Why, I thought you didn’t like her,” said Tom, with eyes very wide open.

“You mean she don’t like me.”

“Oh! I don’t know that——”

“Don’t tell fibs, Tom!” she interrupted, pointing her finger at him with a laugh that Tom thought music—and he was right. “You can afford to be honest—that’s why I like you.”

“I am honest,” said Tom; “but Alice is too good to hate anybody.”

“You are a chivalrous knight,” said she, “and I admire you for it.”

Tom glowed at the praise, and she just twisted her pretty fingers through his chestnut curls, and it was all over with him; if he had recently committed murder, Tom would have told her all about it, if she had asked.

But she only praised him, and then chanted Alice’s eulogy, and when he was ready to explode, she said artfully,

“But I don’t think she seems quite happy—do you, Tom?”

The tone in which she said it, as if he had been a man of experience equal to Solomon’s, the one person in the world to whom she could speak freely!

“I wonder if she has any trouble? I hope not—don’t you, Tom? You don’t mind my calling you Tom, do you?”

“Why I like it,” he howled; and the widow

pulled his hair a little, and he grew more ecstatic. “I don’t know but you’re right about Alice; I vow she don’t act like she used to. I wonder——”

“Yes,” said the widow, when he hesitated.

“Oh, I don’t know!” said Tom, trying to wake up, lest he should say something he ought not.

“What lovely neck-ties you always wear,” said she; “I am so glad you don’t think it’s nice to be careless. But about Alice. I wish we knew what troubled her. We might do something, you and I together, you know.”

Lord bless me! Socrates himself couldn’t have withstood those eyes—and Tom wasn’t Socrates.

“I do know one thing,” said he; “but even aunt don’t——”

“And it don’t count telling me,” purred the widow. “You can tell your sister everything. I am your sister—mayn’t I be?”

“And a duck of one, too!” cried Tom.

“Oh, you naughty, flattering brother! And so Alice told you——”

“Lord bless you, no! She wouldn’t say a word; but I can put two and two together.”

“I should think I knew that! I’ll always tell you things, Tom, just to keep you from finding them out! Of course, Alice wouldn’t tell; but you guessed——”

“Why, I knew she and Claude Stanley were at Havana together last winter.”

The widow sat perfectly still. Claude had never told her. How deep a game had he played? But she was getting near daylight.

“And isn’t it queer they never talk about it?” said she, frankly.

“Oh, you know it! Did he tell you?”

“Mayn’t I find out things, too, you bad Tom! So you think she liked him, and they quarreled——”

“Why you know all about it,” cried he. “Did Claude tell you?”

“Nobody told me; but you see we can talk honestly. How pleasant it is.”

“I know he had a little seal of hers this spring,” said Tom, “for I saw it in his rooms in New York, and an envelope with her writing on it.”

There, it was all out; the widow put “two and two together,” and the matter was clear as noonday.

“Dear me, how late it is,” cried she; “I must go and dress. I declare, none of these other men could make me forget the time so.”

These other men. Tom felt six feet high!

“Not even Claude?” asked he, eagerly.

"Claude, indeed! Why, don't you know I'm a flame for those moths to singe their wings at? You're the only honest one—I do like you, Tom! Good-by; mind and bring me a bouquet at dinner, won't you?"

Off she glided, swift and graceful as a canoe down the stream; and, going along the halls to her chamber, Mrs. Crosland meditated, and continued her meditation as she stood before her mirror.

"Has that man been playing with me? Has he wanted to annoy and punish that girl? The impudence of him! Goodness knows I only wanted to amuse myself; but if he has dared to make me useful!"

She was downright furious. She never had met her match, certainly she would not in Master Claude.

"I can fascinate him anyway," cried she. "I don't care who he loves, he forgets everything when he is with me, he is in earnest then. I've three minds to make him propose, and then tell that saucy girl of it."

Now the widow was not downright wicked. She would not have had a broken heart at her door for the world; but she dearly loved power, and in her reckless thoughtlessness might have been guilty of a great wrong.

The more she reflected the more angry she grew; a little unsafe for any person who had crossed her to put his or her happiness within the widow's reach just at that moment, when there was that dangerous flash in her eyes.

Before she went down stairs, she opened a fanciful box on her dressing-table filled with notes and miniatures—trophies won in the guerrilla warfare of her life. She selected a picture and put it in her pocket, and turned again to take a last look in the glass.

"Being jealous might do it. He is just the impetuous creature to make a fool of himself!"

The widow smiled at her own image, half wickedly, half with a droll feeling of amusement, and then with a little scorn.

"I declare, I believe I was meant for something better," sighed she. "What a poor, empty affair my life is! I wonder if it would have been different if I had married Robert Sherman? But they wouldn't let me. It's all over ages ago. Poor Robie, he's sound asleep under the China seas—and I? Well, I'm dashing Mrs. Crosland, with everything good and honest worn out of me. Oh, dear! *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!* I wish I were a Catholic, I'd go into a convent, it couldn't be any more tiresome than this existence."

She stood there and thought of the old buried

life away back in the past; the girlish life that had looked so bright and had promised so much, all perished ages ago—she walked among the ashes of that brighter time.

"What a goose I am!" cried she. "Actually making my eyes red! What's the use of being a humbug to myself! If I'd married Rob we should have quarreled, and the romance would have worn out as fast as other people's does! It's all over—let it go! The world calls my life a success—maybe all successes are just as hollow! Dear me, there must be daylight somewhere, if we only could reach it! Poor Robby! what eyes he had; I declare, to this day his voice sometimes comes over me so distinctly. Oh, poor Rob! oh, my poor, wasted youth!"

She fairly hid her face in her hands; the next instant she swept it all away. Very seldom that she was weak enough to allow that past to intrude into the idle festivities she made of her life.

"There, Mrs. Crosland, you have been sentimental long enough—*revenue a nos moutons*—but such very stale mutton—oh, dear!"

Then she laughed, and then she felt harder and more wicked from the reaction of her thoughts.

"So much the worse for anybody that comes in my way," thought she. "If they suffer, they must take the consequences."

In the meantime, a portion of the party had made their appearance down stairs, after the period of noonday privacy, which all wise people seek during the two or three hours of a summer day, when even a seraph couldn't stay presentable.

Somebody was playing broken fragments of operas; somebody singing; a few pretending to read, and the rest talking in an idle, lazy way upon all sorts of subjects, and among these was Claude Stanley.

A novel that had been the rage a few seasons before came up; the plot involved disagreements and separation between the hero and heroine, and Claude was firm in the belief that it was the woman's fault.

While they were talking, Alice and Harry Ward strolled along the verandah toward the library.

"That really begins to look serious," said faded Miss Folsom to Claude. "I do believe she'll marry him; you know before she went to Havana people said they were engaged."

A pleasant speech for an angry lover to hear on a warm day! Claude mentally called Miss Folsom opprobrious epithets, gave one furious glance at the pair, and launched forth into fresh

denunciations of the woman—in the novel—growing bitter and impetuous.

"What do you think of it, Miss Peyton?" some one asked, as she stood in the window. "We are talking about that book of Miss Yonge's—do you blame the young lady, or her lover?"

Alice had heard Claude's speech. She arrayed herself on the other side; the argument became general, but Alice and Claude managed to say any quantity of things that were Sanscrit to the rest, but fearfully distinct and galling to each other.

In the midst of it, Mrs. Le Fort put her head in at one of the glass doors which opened on the side verandah, where she had been looking at her roses, and talking to her birds like a darling as she was, who had carried more freshness of enjoyment into her age than the youth of the present day ever knew.

"There's a shower coming up," said she; "stop arguing, good people, and come and look at this mass of wonderful clouds."

Everybody rose whether they cared for wonderful clouds or not; but when the others passed out on to the verandah, Alice walked on into the next room, and Claude followed.

"You need not have taken so public an opportunity to display your hatred!" he exclaimed.

"I was talking of the book," said she. "I suppose I have the same right as you to my opinion."

"No wonder you like the character," cried he; "she was fickle, secretive, cruel——"

"And he made her so," interrupted she.

"It was in her nature, I tell you."

"And you may tell me it is in mine, but I am not obliged to accept your verdict."

"It is; you cannot deny it."

"I do utterly—utterly!"

"You have wounded and outraged me in every way possible; you flirted in the most cold-blooded manner; you received a letter from that infernal Spanish scamp at Havana——"

"And you told me we were henceforth strangers," interrupted Alice. "By what right do you address me in this way?"

"You broke off our engagement—it was your own work!"

"I deny it; you know it is not true!"

Then up came that stinging thought, if he should think she relented, she would die sooner than give him that triumph.

"If I did!" she exclaimed, "it was your fault! You wanted me to be a slave, while you were free to act as you pleased! Don't reproach

me—I will not bear it! I know you thoroughly, you are incapable of any real feeling; you are so selfish and heartless, you would see the whole world in ruins at your feet to gratify any passing caprice."

"And you—what are you? Good heavens, don't talk about heartlessness! You, with my kisses yet fresh on your lips, engaged to another man——"

"Who said so?" she cried.

"You can't deny it!"

She would not. How dared he think so vilely of her! How dared he reproach her, if it were true, after his own conduct; after—but he was speaking again.

"I should serve him right if I cut his throat before your eyes; but you wouldn't care! You would go straight to a ball from the man that loved you best."

"No man deserves any more consideration or love," said Alice; "the woman would be an idiot who gave it! I have learned my lesson."

"And I mine!"

"From an apt teacher," Alice was on the point of retorting, but she controlled herself. She would not make the least allusion to Mrs. Crosland, lest he should gain a perception of her jealousy and exult in it.

If she only had spoken it might have been better; but they rushed into fresh recriminations, whose bitterness certainly ill agreed with their professed indifference.

"A man with the least honor or dignity would have gone away," cried Alice; "but you staid to insult me!"

If he had only told her that he had staid because he could not go, that his heart had hoped for a reconciliation, even when his thoughts denied the fact most; that this very flirtation only arose from recklessness and pain—but he would not.

He was mad and wrong, as you or I would have been, and as insanely determined as she to tear away the last possibility of peace or hope.

"Do what you like—marry whom you like," cried he; "it is nothing to me. I sweep you utterly out of my thoughts; you have no place in my heart."

"It would be a degradation to have," retorted Alice. "I scorn and despise you; I hate myself for having cared for you; I must have been mad indeed; I thank you for curing me of my insanity."

She swept out of the room, and left him pale with passion and grief, while the gay laughter of his friends rang up from the lawn without.

And as she rushed away Tom saw her, caught the last words of their conversation in spite of himself, and he followed Alice.

When he reached the door of her chamber it was locked.

"Alice! Alice!" he called.

No answer. He was frightened, and fresh from the perusal of one of Miss Braddon's romances, imagined she had burst a blood-vessel, or fallen dead on the floor, or escaped life in some other improbable and sensational way.

He stooped and looked through the keyhole, fully expecting to see a pale corpse on the carpet, his foot raised ready to dash in the panel at the sight; but after that momentary glance he came to his senses and crept away, his quick sense of honor, when he saw her alive, rousing him to the fact that he was playing the spy on her secret trouble.

He had seen Alice on her knees sobbing convulsively, and moaning out of the crushed pride of her breaking heart.

But if there were no other proof, we might become convinced that life was not intended to be wasted in moaning, from the fact, that we never get comfortably at it without being interrupted, and rudely called back from the luxury of our agony to the petty details of every-day existence.

You never shut your door in your life to be alone with a misery you were fully decided should be eternal, without some abominable wretch taking it into his head to choose that very moment to come and smoke a segar in your chambers.

"You needn't pretend you're out, you know," says he, "because I can see you through the keyhole! If you're gay, we'll be merry; if you are in trouble, I'll console you."

And of all things to be dreaded, the sympathy of your friends is the most horrible. People will go about doing good till everybody hates them.

Sophia never strayed up stairs for a private dampening, during her quarrel with young Hicks, that aunt Jane didn't follow her; and just when she was as wretched as a young woman at the end of the second volume of a novel, call out,

"Come and see this lovely ribbon—such a bargain! Sophia, I say, open the door this minute! Such ribbon!"

Ribbon, indeed! As if she could tie up a wounded heart with it. And people are always offering you ribbon when you want lint and linaments.

So, of course, in the beginning of Alice's

tempest, the girls were inspired by the devil to go and call her. Something was going on, and it just occurred to them that they could not live another moment unless she shared their amusement.

"Come, Alice, quick! Mrs. Le Fort says, come right down. It's no time to be shut up—it looks so odd!"

That roused her. Heavens! those words would make a woman control herself in the agonies of death. As a general thing, men don't care; their vanity is so much larger than their pride, that they like to write their woes on their foreheads, and go about moody and sullen, ironical and Byronical, just to be pitied, and asked what ails them, and be supposed to have a mystery, and asked what it is.

But tell a woman "it looks odd;" and if she had six poisoned arrows sticking their barbed points in her heart, she would smooth her lace bertha carefully over them, and appear before the world as smiling as if the roses in the hair she was tearing so wildly a few moments before were only a poor type of the brightness and sweetness of her life.

So Alice gave one last sob, shook her plumage straight in an instant, like a pigeon, and followed them down stairs, laughing and talking much more than was natural, and yet conscious all the while that her trouble awaited her on the threshold of her chamber, and would seize her in a more relentless grip when she returned, for this brief escape from its solitary sway.

"We are going down to play Croquet," said Harry Ward, taking possession of her as soon as she appeared, after a fashion he had lately assumed. "Now this time you have got to play. We won't let you off—you must learn."

The widow was there, not having been able to find Claude, and do her best, in her wicked mood, to get her velvet paws on his heart, so as to unsheathe their claws, and rend it.

"Have you courage to make another attempt?" she asked Alice, with a mocking snile.

Assured in her knowledge, thanks to Tom's careful instructions, and her own diligent practice, Alice could afford to smile in turn.

"How good of you to remind me of my awkward failure," said she, in a childish way, "and to be anxious I should not expose myself again."

"Oh, no, dear child!" retorted the widow; "it was a mere selfish desire not to have a pretty picture spoiled—you pout so dreadfully when anything goes wrong."

"Never mind," said Alice, sweetly. "I am only eighteen; ten or twelve years' practice may teach me how to be displeased gracefully."

Pretty good fencing, the widow was forced to acknowledge, even in her anger, and while seeing two or three of the men look at her, as if hunting for crows' feet about the corners of her eyes.

"Now for Croquet," said she, "since Miss Peyton gives her approval. I am sorry now I banished Mr. Stanley; I always want him when I play."

"Why, what have you done with him?" asked honest Harry.

"Never mind; he'll come back quite safe. After all, Miss Alice, these tiresome men always do, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

But Alice had turned away—that was the sharpest arrow in the widow's quiver, and she was not in the humor to resist letting it fly.

Mrs. Crosland would not play Croquet—she was tired—it was hot. Please, if they would let her sit still. She would first watch Miss Alice take her lesson."

"I'll give you one, too," she thought.

But Alice smiled placidly, and made ready for the game with the most perfect assurance.

Nobody knew that she had touched a mallet since that first day; and the general surprise was soon merged in admiration at her grace and skill. Sitting there, Mrs. Crosland saw that she would be forced to look to her laurels.

Alice did wonderful credit to Tom's instruction. She never once got a ball "uried," which even fine players will occasionally do. She "croqueted" Charley Lynn's ball twice, and "dismissed" Miss Folsom's in the most ignominious manner, greatly to that antique damsel's disgust, making points in the most scientific manner, and scoring up like lightning.

Just at the close of the game Claude Stanley strolled down to the ground. When Alice left him he had rushed out of the house to escape all companionship, and give free vent to the burst of wounded pride and feeling which had burst all barriers at last.

He had been so genuinely miserable he had not supposed anybody was playing, or he would have avoided the place. It was too late to retreat, and he came on looking black and dismal enough.

Lo and behold, what should he see but Alice perfectly radiant, to all appearance, receiving the applause of her companions, and looking as though no trouble had ever blown its evil wind within a world's journey of her horizon.

This was the creature for whom he had been grieving—this heartless, frivolous creature! Standing there triumphant, smiling up in Harry Ward's face, and as utterly regardless of his

own presence, as if he had been the mallet just flung from her hand.

He wondered what restrained him from rushing up, dashing poor Harry to the ground, and trampling his life out before her very eyes; or, better yet, hitting out at him in a scientific way, until he made his pretty, booby face a mass of bruises, and there wasn't a feature left.

If he could do something perfectly desperate to wring her heart, if she had any; at least to prove that he had never cared for her; that he had only amused himself at her expense; something that would gall her vanity beyond all possibility of healing, he could be satisfied.

No matter what the consequences were to himself; no matter if the rest of his life were spent in atoning for that one mad act, only show the way, and he would do it—do it, and never flinch, if he trod straight over his own heart to purchase the bitter delight of making her feel.

It was neither noble nor manly—I know that as well as you do; but it was dolefully, humiliatingly natural; and not one of us can look back on the youth we are leaving without acknowledging it.

You didn't rush off for a commission, and expose yourself to bullets, and worse still, hard tack, and the disgusts of camp life, the day after Mary James jilted you—and it was pure patriotism made you. You didn't say to yourself, "If ball can kill, I'll make her repent." Oh, no! of course not! And you didn't marry your dumpy wife by accident—that is, propose to her after that quarrel with cousin Fanny!

Come, don't let us humbug ourselves. You know just as well as I do, that half the unhappiness of your lives, the desolation and weariness over which you moan, have been the result of your own obstinacy and recklessness, and meanness, too—for no man ever indulged a revengeful feeling without debasing his own nature.

So don't pout your moustaches at Claude. I won't have it! He was young and passionate, and miserable and mad, to suffer deeper pangs. Oh! wretched words that have a significance so terrible! God may forgive us, but you and I, my friend, must live far into eternity before we can forgive ourselves for the wreck we made of our youth; for the poor, miserable, dwarfed thing our lives has become, beyond all possibility of atonement in this world, so far as getting back the hopes and dreams that we threw away, the golden opportunities that we crushed under our feet, all to gratify, in one way or another, our pride, or our obstinacy, or these devils, tempers which we persist in calling firm-

ness and decision to the last, and gnash our teeth over the paltry lie while doing it.

Up Claude came, and Mrs. Crosland waved her fan at him. He gave one more black glance at Alice, and threw himself on the grass at the widow's feet.

They were talking the most utter nonsense, it is true, but Claude looked up in her face as if his soul sat in his eyes, and whispered absurd nothings in the most compromising way to both.

Still Alice smiled, and talked, and drove Harry Ward quite desperate; but she never missed a look that passed between the pair.

"Will you play now, Mrs. Crosland?" they asked.

"I really cannot! Mr. Stanley insists on my listening to him."

"Of course, I do," said Claude, and gave her his arm.

They were passing Alice, and he added,

"You know it is all I care for in this world."

"*Parole?*" said the widow, wickedly.

"I swear it," said he; "I'll say it before all these fools, if you like."

"Oh! that would spoil the charm. But where are you taking me to?"

"Anywhere to escape. I want to talk to you."

Alice heard—every syllable spoken for her ear reached it; but the lace that covered her poisoned arrows never quivered over their sting.

"Come, then," said the widow; "I'm tired, too."

A malicious demon shot into her eyes; her sharp gaze penetrated the gauze, and saw the barbed points in Alice's heart. She was not a bad woman, only reckless, as we all are in our way; but she saw more, she saw that Tom's romance had a companion.

If Alice had loved Claude, he had returned that affection—her suspicion had been correct. She had been used as a means to gratify his anger.

Heavens! how her taper fingers tingled to meet about his neck; how devoutly she wished the tiger in every one of us need not be subdued and kept chained!

She would have her revenge, that baby-faced girl should pay for her impertinence, and this man by her side. Well, suffering had not made Jeannie Crosland patient, and in her rapid life she had found so many men mean, and base, and pitiful, that she had no faith in any.

If she could have known the truth, she was the woman to have set both these creatures straight, and been glad to have done so much good—but she did not. She only thought the girl a butterfly who could not feel acutely, and the man shallow-hearted and vain. With both in the dust at her feet, she could be contented and make friends again. She did not want any extraordinary revenge, only a humiliating lesson to the girl, a brief, bitter mortification to the man for having dared to enter the list of her adorers, even for the space of a summer holiday, without first blotting out of his heart any previous image engraven there.

She felt partially matched, and the feeling fretted her proud heart, accustomed to utter and entire devotion, as much as sackcloth would have chafed the graceful form accustomed to purple and fine linen.

"Come," said the widow; "I'm tired, too! I know a leafy grove where I am queen!"

"Behold the humblest of your worshippers," Claude quoted in turn.

Then Alice's eyes met those of Jeannie in a mutual flash, like the gleam of two spears. Jeannie passed down the sycamore walk toward the wood, leaning on Claude's arm; and Alice turned back to her task of living in the present like an actor in a play, who has for an instant forgotten the stilted jests of his part in the remembrance of the hard, cruel life that awaited him outside the gilded scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THOSE EARLY YEARS.

BY M. L. MATHESON.

Those early years! those early years!  
Of childish hopes and childish tears;  
How sweet their cherished mem'ry seems  
Of guileless hours and fairy dreams,  
When erst a child, in careless glee,  
I sported round my mother's knee.

Those olden lays! those olden lays!  
The joyous tones of other days;  
How oft their mem'ry o'er me steals,

And youthful dreams of life reveals,  
When o'er my eye of earnest blue  
No cank'ring care its shadow threw.

Those buried loves! those buried loves!  
Time's fading treasure aptly proves;  
What'e'er may change, as life decays,  
The thoughts of those once happier days,  
Shall closer cling, through grief and gloom,  
Till I shall rest within the tomb!



## COLONEL HUDSON'S COACHMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD," ETC., ETC.

HUGH HUDSON was fortunately alone when he broke the seal of the following letter:

"DEAR SIR—At the request of our client, your great uncle, Col. Hugh Hudson, of Hudson Hills, it becomes our unpleasant duty to inform you of his desire that all communication between yourself and his family should cease from this date; and that you will consider yourself as having, by your conduct abroad, forfeited all claims of interest or affection upon him. Your own property, amounting to some fifteen thousand dollars, which he placed in our hands for your use, some time since, we have appropriated, as you requested, to the payment of your expenses during your foreign tour; and it has exactly sufficed for that purpose, as the inclosed statement will show. You are, therefore, left clear of debt, but otherwise unprovided for. Our client forwarded, with his communication, the accompanying check for five hundred dollars, which he trusts will relieve you from any temporary inconvenience in this sudden change of affairs. Trusting that you will not hold us, individually, responsible for our client's opinions, (in which we yet hope an alteration may be effected,) and that you will still continue to honor us with your regard and confidence, and command us whenever we can be of any service in your future career, we remain, etc.,

Your obedient servants,

LETTON & LETTON."

"A pleasant greeting home," said Hugh Hudson, tossing the letter aside, "after ten years of absence! I could scarcely have had a colder reception from those Newfoundland icebergs, had we sunk among them that foggy night, when we never hoped to see our own dear land again. Step-mother Fortune, it was hardly kind to let me live!"

Half sad, half smiling—for his cheerful custom was to laugh at fate, and gather courage where others found abundant cause for despair—the young man drew his writing-desk across the table, and set himself seriously to the composition of his reply—for this ungracious epistle had been waiting for him a week, and could not be answered too soon. The task was quickly done; a brief but kind note despatched to the old lawyers, in which he "acknowledged the

receipt of their favor," and thanked them for their interest, without giving any intimation of his future plans or prospects, with an inclosure for his uncle, in writing which, some drops of moisture visited his eyelashes—some pangs of bitter and not undeserved regret assailed his heart. Within the second of these letters he placed the five hundred dollar check; and having carefully sealed them, "for the last time," as he inwardly decided, with a handsome seal-ring, his uncle's present, he promptly rose, pushed his chair away, and walked over to the fireplace to get a full-length view of his position.

Leaning against the mantle, in his favorite attitude, his hands carelessly twisted in his curling, chestnut hair; his eyes cast down in thoughtful retrospection; he compelled himself to thoroughly review his past career, and accept the future, its disastrous consequence, in a spirit of penitence and penance, that very few people, ruined by their own fault, because weak or wicked, have strength enough to bear, or sensibility to feel. This stern process of arraignment over, the sentence passed, the judgment received, he broke from the musing mood again, and strode across the room to his old position, with a face full of cheerful sunshine.

"After all, there is no great harm done," he cried. "I have ruined myself, with nobody else to blame for it—that's all. Many a man has done the same before me; I must only go to work, and make myself over again. Thank heaven! I am able to do it! I am young, strong, and active. I should have been ashamed to depend on my uncle in any case—the dear old boy may keep his money; I wanted only his good opinion—and that I will have yet, if it is to be earned!"

A beautiful English pointer, aroused by the unwonted commotion, thrust her slender head into her master's hand, and gazed up into his face with a look almost of human affection and comprehension. Both pair of eyes were handsome; I hardly know which most so, dog's or man's; both were brown, clear, gentle, velvety soft, and tender, yet capable of lighting up with courage and keen intelligence. They evidently understood each other; and Hugh was comforted by his friend's silent sympathy, for his spirits rose rapidly as he played with her silken ears.

"We must take account of stock, Susette," he continued, "and see how near the prodigal is to his husks." Digging in his pockets with deep solemnity, he brought forth their contents, one by one, and laid them on the table before the dog, who examined all with a ludicrous imitation of his earnestness, successively rejecting them as inedible and uninviting. The pile of property was not very imposing, even after being recruited from his traveling-bag. Handkerchiefs, gloves, shirts, socks, and slippers, properly belonging in the half-filled trunks that stood near, but crammed with characteristic carelessness in this smaller receptacle, were pushed aside to make room for an odd jumble of treasures, collected during his years of foreign travel. Quartz from Derbyshire, lava from Vesuvius, specimens of ore from Russia, Scotch pebbles, Egyptian antiques, Turkish armlets, and Hindoo chains and baubles. A handful of silver and copper coin of various denominations and countries, a box of percussion caps, and a bag of shot; a seal, an emerald, a nautilus shell, a betting-book, a pencil, and a purse. Add to these a Persian hookah, with its cumbersome appendages, intended for his uncle, a set of silver and coral jewelry for his petted cousin, a German gun, a Swiss watch, a dozen dictionaries of different languages, a good wardrobe, a handsome dressing-case, a large bundle of cheroots, and a collection of the current money of the realm—at that time possessing a substantial weight, and sound metallic ring, much missed in it since—not exceeding fifty dollars in value. Upon these assembled effects, Hugh continued to gaze with philosophical cheerfulness. but with some wonder.

"Ten years," he mused, "and twenty thousand dollars; and this is all the result! Susette, my girl, you see before you the reapings of my wild oats. They have been long in sowing, longer in growing, and proved a costly crop. Thank heaven, there is no more money to spend—the planter is a bankrupt, let us administer his estate. The presents we'll keep till those we love are not ashamed to receive them from us; the clothes we'll wear; the curiosities we'll give to some greater fool than ourselves, if such there be; the dressing-case is the appanage of a gentleman who shall take it from me. For the rest, the gun must go into safe keeping, and the cheroots be suppressed till we have an income; but you and I will never part while there is starvation fare for either."

Whistling melodiously, for one of his misfortunes was an exquisite ear for music, he tumbled the miscellaneous pile of property into his

trunks, taking the unusual precaution of locking them; then quitting his elegant apartments with a smile, he strode down the interminable stairs of the hotel, and sought the clerk's office to pay his bill and give up occupation at once. Many people turned to look after the handsome dog and man, as they passed down the street a little later, followed by a patient drayman with the baggage, and seeking carefully among the poorest neighborhood for lodgings, small and uncomfortable enough to meet Hugh's newly-acquired ideas of economy. From these, when at last obtained, he daily went forth on the weary search after employment, of which so many have had bitter experience before him, and which he was both by nature and habit peculiarly unfitted to commence.

Bearded and brown, a model of superb strength and vigor, he walked in upon the pale city men like a handsome Arab as he was, startling them from their stools by demanding a situation. What could they give him to do? A dead shot, a fearless rider, a capital billiard-player, an excellent judge of horses, music, and wine, with a very good knowledge of drawing, dancing, swimming, rowing, and boxing; for the first time he found these athletic and artistic accomplishments despised and held of no avail; they even created a prejudice against him in the minds of many of the strictly business-like persons to whom he applied. His education had not fitted him for their purposes—a careless, happy, desultory life could not so suddenly be turned into a new channel. A thousand times a day he had occasion to wish that since so hard a service in the battle of life had been reserved for him, he might have begun the necessary training earlier, and entered the ranks a younger soldier.

Country born and bred, he had been brought up from his orphan infancy on his uncle's magnificent estate of Hudson Hills, as the heir and successor. At a suitable age he was sent to the military academy, where he excelled in all physical exercises, and with much reluctance took what part was needful in more intellectual studies. Arriving with difficulty at the end of his probation, through numerous pranks and scrapes, it was gently hinted to him that he could never pass the examination, and he promptly resigned; a favorite even with the stern mentors who thus advised, not willing to see him disgraced. Without returning home, he besought his uncle to allow him to finish his neglected education elsewhere, and was immediately entered at an English university. Here his sporting tastes led him into the company of

"fast" men, among whom he was speedily elected the "prince of good fellows," at the expense of his own private fortune and his uncle's magnificent allowance, which came more rarely and reluctantly as the elder discovered how it was expended. His college course over, Hugh found himself not greatly the wiser, but much the poorer; and receiving no invitation to return to Hudson Hills, in which he now considered he had forfeited all right, wrote a brief and kindly letter of farewell, in answer to his uncle's last severe epistle; and finding the remnant of his fortune placed at his own disposal, set off upon a series of travels that continued till it was exhausted. One dark November day, he drew the last draft at his London banker's and took ship for America, not with any intention of claiming aid or support from his uncle, but with a wild longing to behold again the dear western hemisphere; and so full of the prodigal's yearning for home, he yet found himself forbidden to cross its threshold.

I am not about to depict a scene of genteel starvation, with interludes of pawnbroker's shops and penny-rolls—for I do not believe these episodes need occur where people are really willing to work. If there is employment enough for every green Irishman who steps upon our shores, why need a gentleman want who can bring to the task a better head than Paddy's, and hands not less strong? It was on these latter members that my hero finally placed his dependence; for though he was a good accountant, and wrote a handsome hand, had plenty of general information, and a practical acquaintance with three or four modern languages; was eminently intelligent, and quick at learning everything but his detested classics, and the musty lore of the schools. He found his abilities still unappreciated, and himself still unemployed, till he dressed in flannel and velveteen, and became a porter, thereby earning a sufficient sum to keep Susette in her accustomed luxuries, and himself in tolerable comfort. His ideas of economy were still rather vague. He would unthinkingly buy the morning paper, and find himself obliged to go without a breakfast in consequence; or give up a supper for a segar. Sweet-tempered, cheerful, and energetic, he never failed or faltered; and, owning the justice of his fate, spent no time in idle complainings, but in the silent evenings, and during his hours of leisure, his loneliness and isolation tried him sorely. Not a soul in that great city knew of, or cared for him. Should he die there—which many as strong and young as he had done—he would be hur-

ried into a pauper's grave, unknown and unmissed. Perhaps at home they had forgotten him; even his little cousin, who was his playmate, and was to have been his wife when she grew up, as everybody agreed, and as he had unhesitatingly promised when he left her at twelve years old, frantic because she was not a boy and could not go to school with him. She was sole heiress now and mistress at dear old Hudson Hills; her girlish letters, which had continued to follow him in his wanderings long after their uncle's ceased, he had carefully preserved, and now pored over for hours, trying to picture in his mind the new beauties of the place which she described, and recalling the old; thinking of the fair little writer herself, the sweet, generous, unspoiled nature, sometimes haughty to others, always gentle to him; the innocent, dark eyes, so clear and fearless; the graceful, imperious gestures; the witching, winning ways, the quick, musical tones; the dark curls that danced in the wind, and the light, childish figure that flew so gayly down the lawn to meet him when he had been away on short absences, and was welcome home. These reminiscences could bring only remorse, regret, and enervating sorrow, till, vowing against cowardice and useless retrospection, he looked the letters securely away, and compelled his mind to live on sterner stuff than day-dreams, save when in slumber it escaped his power and reveled in wild visions, in which he revisited that Eden-like home, as Eve in her sleep might have returned to Paradise.

His novel ideas of economy, however, happened to do him good service at last. Seated one evening over his dearly-bought newspaper, for which he had sacrificed half a dinner, his eyes fell on the following advertisement:

*Wanted a Coachman and Groom.*—A faithful, intelligent man, who thoroughly understands his business, and is accustomed to the care of horses, will find a good situation and a liberal salary on the estate of Hudson Hills, Hudson county, N. Y. Apply to Netton & Netton, 3 Travis' Block, New York, or on the place."

A long reverie followed Hugh's reading of this notice, during which he frequently raised his eyes to the scrap of looking-glass with which his landlady had ornamented his apartment, with an eager scrutiny and interest that contained no vanity. "It's all I'm fit for," he softly argued with himself, "and they would never know me. Eight years have made great changes, and I should like to see little Fontibell." He sprang up whistling gayly; the dog barked joyfully about the room—youth is elastic

and improvident. He went off at once to throw up the situation at a hardwareman's that was his daily bread; and the next afternoon the pair were walking along the high road that skirted the estate of Hudson Hills.

His heart beat thickly as he hurried on, and almost stopped his breath while one familiar object after another came in view, and lastly, the tall chimneys of the house itself. The broad, winding track he was pursuing seemed to lead to these too slowly; he sprang over the fences, and cleared the hedges at a single leap, in his feverish excitement to take a shorter cut, passing through bloomy fields and waving woods, whose every feature was as well known to him as his own face in the glass, and never resting till he had gained the grounds, and stood in front of the fine old mansion, the gray-stone walls of which had not grown a shade darker in all these years of wind and weather; while its later architectural ornaments of porches, roofs, and bay-windows had been visibly renewed without altering their character.

The returning prodigal looked long and lovingly at his home. His heart was full in that moment, and he could have thrown himself upon the velvet turf and cried like a school-boy, but that the long, French windows in the front were open, and through one of them he saw two ladies seated at their work within, who would be sure to discover him shortly. There remained, therefore, only to walk up to the entrance door and ask to see Col. Hudson by the name of Harris.

The servant, who answered his knock, ushered him into the south parlor, where the master of the house was sitting with the ladies Hugh had seen from the lawn. Both of these looked up at his entrance, and the colonel arose with stately dignity to receive his guest. Time had slightly sharpened the lineaments of his fine face, and turned his gray hair snowy white; but Hugh was glad to see that sorrow and anxiety for his prodigal nephew had ploughed no fresh traces in his broad forehead, nor bowed his grand old head. Except for these trifling indications of age, the colonel looked as upright, stern, and strong as on the day they had parted.

The two ladies were less easily identified, though Hugh soon recognized one as his distant cousin, Annie Orr, some two years since made Annie Asten by his old friend and school-mate, Fred. Slender and childish-looking, with her light hair and delicate, dimpled face, she sat in a French *neglige*, all ruffles and tassels, though it was afternoon, rocking herself lan-

guidly in an easy-chair, and playing with a waxen baby, as he last remembered her playing with a waxen doll.

But the other—could it be little Fontibell? He recalled her image as she used to come running across the lawn to meet him with her light feet and her flying, flossy curls; but this young lady, slight and girlish as she looked, was much too dainty and dignified a personage to have had such antecedents. She wore a dress of bright brown silk, and what ladies call an "Empress collar" of costly old lace, which almost touched her pretty, sloping shoulders, and was fastened about the white throat by a diamond pin like a single spark of light. Her graceful head rose above it with a little fastidious, haughty poise, that spoke the beauty and heiress, and reminded Hugh of her charming wayward ways, and air of unconscious pride and distinction in childhood. Otherwise she looked gentle and good, as if her impetuous, ardent temper, and warm, affectionate disposition had been only educated, not wholly refined away with the growth of her lovely person. Her clear, dark eyes had the same innocent and fearless expression; they were softly shaded by lashes of unusual length and glossy thickness; her silken hair was rolled back in shining waves from the smooth, white forehead; her brows were defined by delicate arches; her cheeks were oval, ivory pure, lightly tinted with the roseleaf color of her exquisite lips. She looked fair, and sweet, and imperial, conscious of her station, and fitted for it; and the generous prodigal admired her deeply, and did not grudge her one token of their uncle's favor, from the hot-house flower his own hand had placed in her dark hair, to the jewels that gleamed on her pretty hands, half hidden in their lace drapery as she plied her embroidery.

But in this long gaze, and the reflections that crowded swiftly upon his mind among so many familiar and beloved objects, Hugh was forgetting his business there, and the colonel had bent upon him a look of courteous inquiry that plainly asked it. Brought suddenly down from the clouds by encountering his keen eyes, the visitor collected his thoughts and proceeded to make his application. "I came," he said, "in answer to an advertisement."

The colonel looked in evident surprise. The young man before him was plainly dressed, but with an air of quiet elegance, and had the manners and address of a gentleman, an educated and refined one. His accent was pure; his hands were white and smooth; his personal beauty was even less remarkable than his per-

fect grace and ease. Like all amateur stock fanciers, the colonel was an enthusiastic believer in blood and pedigree, as well in the human species as in their quadruped dependents. His horses were celebrated for their beauty and high-breeding; his cattle were all that cattle should be; his own race had never known "a black sheep" till that unfortunate Hugh. He had always been considered an infallible judge of good and bad points in man or beast; but here was a superb creature that puzzled him by rating itself lower than his judgment would have placed it. No wonder he sat amazed, eyeing the applicant with keen regards, and hesitating for an answer.

"I beg your pardon," he observed at last. "I think there is some mistake. My advertisement—hem—was for a coachman."

"And I came to apply for that situation, sir," returned Hugh, with a smile. "I believe I could answer your requirements. I can be steady, faithful, and industrious; and I am accustomed to the care of horses."

"But you are not—you have not——"

"I am not a professional coachman or groom, you would say; but I am a capital driver, and can soon become one—it's all I'm fit for. I don't pretend to have been born to the position, but I will do my best to fill it. The wages are my object, of course; but I shall try to earn them honestly. I suppose a gentleman—so called—is as eligible for the occupation as any other. It is the only accomplishment that I can depend upon in this necessity of supporting myself, and having squandered my fortune in folly, I should not be particular as to the means of retrieving it."

Both young ladies looked up quickly as the candidate thus frankly defined his position—Annie's blue eyes wide with wonder, her cousin's with an expression, not so easy to read, in their dark depths. The colonel sighed; another young prodigal, whose pride had refused his parting alms, was knocking about the world somewhere, penniless and starving, perhaps, or begging for such husks as these.

"I consent, sir," he said, after long consideration, influenced, perhaps, by the reflections thus suggested, "to place you in a situation which you certainly do not seem intended to fill. It is chiefly, however, the constraint and servitude of the position—which I cannot alter—that I regret for you. My horses, sir," said the courtly old gentleman, with a courtly old bow, "are gentlemen, too; I think you will find them so. I have not myself considered it degrading to be much among them, and spend

much time and care on them, nor has my—my family. I am sure they will not be the worse for having a gentleman to wait on them instead of a mere mercenary clown; and though it certainly seems an anomaly, I trust that the same reason will influence our mutual relations."

The anomaly, who had listened respectfully to this discourse, hat in hand, now took his departure, and had the honor of being escorted by the colonel himself to the scene of his future labors.

The stables, which he well remembered, were handsome and roomy, and filled with fine horses; for Col. Hudson's stock were celebrated, and he had in his younger days been fond of racing, and of betting on races—foibles which he quite forgot when banishing his nephew for similar crimes. An old Arabian, rather small in size, but of beautiful shape, and spirit unbroken by increasing years, had the best and warmest stall assigned him, and was fed and tended with peculiar care. He had been imported expressly for Hugh in the days when his uncle was proud of him and his horsemanship; but the heiress owned him now, and, as the stableman said, visited him every day, and fed and caressed him with her own white hands. A chamber immediately above, lately vacated by some departed William or Ben, was the coachman's heritage—and thither Hugh transported his trunk; and after administering upon the effects of his predecessor, by throwing an old hat and a flashy cravat out of the window, sat down with Susette pressing close to his side—uneasy in her new quarters—to breathe his native air, and look about him, wondering at the strangeness of the events which brought him there. It was a clean, comfortable place, neat, sunny, and airy—a Paradise by contrast with his squalid city room; but had it been a mere hole or den, it would have been Paradise still to the wanderer, in being home.

His new duties were not heavy or difficult to learn. The ladies usually took an airing every day "for the baby's sake;" but often in a little pony carriage, driven by themselves, or with Col. Hudson and his favorite horses, whose reins he had never yet relinquished to any one else. When for some change, real or fancied, in the sweet spring weather Annie preferred to shelter her idolized infant in the close coach, the young driver respectfully handed them out or in, and mounted his box with professional indifference. Both agreed that he did not attempt to assert his superiority to his present position, thereby in their minds establishing it the more; and the wayward heiress chose to use her gentlest words

and smiles when she addressed him, as if with womanly kindness intending to soften his servitude, but only succeeding in increasing its bitterness instead, by awakening a sentiment strong enough to have swayed a mind far more firm and well-governed than that of her gentleman groom.

In his restless, roving, robust life, Hugh had hitherto fallen but little under parlor and boudoir influence, and never felt the power of feminine fascinations. He was to learn it now. Thrown daily into the society of a beautiful woman, really his relative and social equal, and whose willful whim it was to treat him as such, and by the graceful sweetness, the high-bred simplicity of her manner, dissolve the distance he maintained between them; he could only yield, and love, and suffer, by honor kept silent and made strong. In the promises exchanged by their dead parents, which pledged them to each other in their infancy by a bond hitherto held sacred in their family, he had a real and tangible claim to seek to renew her romantic, childish attachment to himself, and win her from their uncle's inimical protection to his own, to plunge her into poverty and ruin, and compel her to bear the penalty of the faults and follies of his youth. But of such a course the generous scapegrace never even dreamed. What he had alone invoked must be borne alone; and he did not relax in his resolution, even when he had grown to fancy that something more than sympathy or pity looked at him out of Fontibell's tender, dark eyes.

He learned now to measure time by the hours in which he saw her, the days in which he saw her not; to watch her coming and going, and exercise a secret surveillance over her actions and pursuits. He knew when she would come into the balcony to tend her flowers, or into the parlor to feed her birds; what time she would spend in the garden, and what at her music, and from what hidden ambush this could best be heard; how she sat sometimes in the twilight at the window, her pure, fair profile clear against the soft spring sky, her chin supported by her slender hand, dreaming or thinking, till some officious servant brought in a brilliant lamp and dissolved the dear picture, showing only her shadow on the lighted wall. He knew, too, the first accents of the cooing, murmuring voice, that thrilled him every morning in the stall below, where she came to pet her pony; but he always lingered, listening in his loft, and never dared enter the stables while she stayed. Not so Susette, who received the heiress' admiring overtures with lady-like condescension, and

usually trotted down to receive her tribute of attention, suffering her silken ears to be threaded through those fairy hands, her gentle head to be pressed against that pink velvet cheek; not unfrequently deserting her master to accompany the fair owner back to the house for a romp with the baby, and wondering at his obtuseness in neglecting this chance of enjoying superior society. But Hugh had learned to tremble at the touch of those soft hands; to avoid the innocent, questioning look of those beautiful dark eyes; to be thrown into a fever by the flutter of her light dress, or the sound of her sweet voice approaching; to pass his days in dreams, his nights in restless wakefulness, and know no peace out of her presence or within it.

The country roads were settling after the spring rains, and growing harder, the twilights growing longer, and the young lady of the house resumed her usual summer evening rides, with the new attendant as groom. Perilous rides they were, when she came down fair and elegant in her becoming hat and habit, rested her light hand on his shoulder, left her small foot in his hand in mounting, gave him her pony's bridle or her whip to hold, while she arranged her dress and fastened up her falling silken hair, received the services he rendered with as graceful gratitude as if he had been, not her paid servant, but her chosen cavalier. She treated him as brother, friend, and equal; she made of him the intelligent, pleasant companion he was capable of becoming; she drew him on with a witchery he could not resist to talk about himself—a subject usually delightful to his egotistical sex, but hitherto carefully avoided by one unselfish specimen—his travels, his history, his faults, his failings, his past life and future prospects, were all unfolded before her soft gaze; she was his confidante before he knew it, as she had been in childhood, reserving only the secret of his identity and his love. In vain he strove against this gentle influence, and tried to maintain the distance, mental and physical, which custom demanded should be preserved between them; in vain he resolutely averted his eyes and closed his lips in determined silence, and persistently reined in his chafing horse to the proper and prescribed distance behind her own, as stolid and automaton-like a squire as the sturdy Bill, her last attendant, "who knew his place," and kept it. But she always fell back to her escort's side on one pretext or another, requiring his help to adjust her bridle-rein, to lead her pony over broken ground, to push aside the boughs that threatened to sweep

across the path, to pick a wild flower she particularly wanted to wear. If he still remained sternly proof against these innocent advances, she would lift to his face such a bewildering look, half pained, half pleading, as he remembered in her childish eyes, when he first came to Hudson Hills as a boy, and laughed at her odd, old-fashioned name, or failed to give her her own sweet will and way. And then her haughty little head would droop in soft submission to his mood; her lovely, long eyelashes would fall slowly in sad and thoughtful meditation; her coaxing, caressing tones would be suddenly silenced; her liquid laugh would be heard no more till he chose to speak. Proud and pretty as she was, Fontibell was but a spoiled child at heart, and reasoned after the manner of one.

And he? He should not have understood her—but he did. He should not have remembered that he was cousin and lover—but he remembered nothing else; he should probably, in strict honor, have rushed to Col. Hudson's presence, betrayed her secret and his own, renounced his employment forever, or never mounted a horse in her service again. But he was young and impassioned, and did not immediately take this wise course, for, fancying he kept the letter of his vow in governing his words and actions, he rode at her rein and looked in her face; he let his eyes linger and his lips smile; he suffered the natural language of his heart to be spoken through his countenance, and there was a conscious thrill in each clear voice, a happy flush on each young cheek, as they rode home slowly through the summer silence.

The morning after the third of these delightful excursions, the colonel summoned Mr. Harris to the library.

"There is something I wish to see you particularly about," he said. "Your quarterly account and Hedges', my steward or overseer, don't agree. Don't misunderstand me, the deficiency is not on *your* side, I am satisfied. He manages everything, farms my land, sells the proceeds, brings me the returns. I have always trusted to his honesty; half my income passes through his hands; but I begin now to doubt him. He has credited the stables, as usual, with enough provender for a cavalry regiment; but I don't see any signs of such a surplus in your receipts. If you can give me an hour, we'll look them over together."

At the expiration of the hour, the colonel rang the bell and sent for Mr. Hedges. "He is gone down to the city, sir," was the report; "and won't be back for a week."

"He will never be back," said the old man,

quietly; "he has fled with the spoils of a dozen years. For half the sum he has robbed me of I disinherited my poor boy. I took this man into my confidence, I fed him at my table, I lodged him in my house, from which I turned away my nephew. What is his crime to mine? The scoundrel! let him go! My brother's grandson is a homeless wanderer—starved or murdered, perhaps, through my hasty anger; I have none left for my unfaithful servant; I think only of myself, and forget the lesser sin in the greater. I was false to *my* trust—what am I that I should be harsh with others?"

He looked up at a picture which hung above the mantle, with tears in his gray eyes, as they met the earnest and affectionate expression of the vivid brown ones in the portrait. "Poor Hugh!" he said; "poor little Fontibell! she shall not plead in vain." Turning from these, he encountered the soft gaze of a pair—how like!—beneath them. The colonel started, and after a moment said,

"You remind me of my nephew, and, I dare say, are in much the same position with your relatives. Perhaps I can help you. I should like to try. Tell me all about it."

A month before, Hugh would have fallen on his uncle's neck and sobbed out his simple confession; but the love of Fontibell lay heavy on his soul, and his sense of honor would not allow him to take advantage of this ignorant generosity. In great agitation he blundered out his story, of which his kinsman was the only person on earth who would not have recognized the hero. The colonel heard him through with deep sympathy, and wiped his eyes at the conclusion.

"Cheer up, my dear fellow!" said he. "It will all come right—it must—it shall. Your relative has been too severe on your youthful follies. I know what they are, I was young myself. He has treated you badly, though you won't say so. I honor your reserve, sir! I will do my best for you; my nephew, Fred Asten, who will be here to-night, will do his best; he is a lawyer, and may suggest something. In the meantime you will be my manager in Hedges' place, and we will drive over the farm to-morrow. You will live at the house, of course, and take your proper position with my nieces as a gentleman and my friend."

Mr. Asten duly arrived from a four months' business trip, and was eagerly welcomed by his "gentle Annie."

"Your coachman smokes good segars," was his remark, as he returned from a visit to the stables next morning. "He is a very handsome fellow, and looks quite a gentleman. I saw him



last night, sitting at his window in the moonlight, puffing away with rather a lackadaisical expression on his classical features. You have not been playing 'Aurora Floyd,' I suppose, Miss Fontibell?"

"He looks like Hugh," said the unconscious colonel, heaving a sigh.

"He writes suspiciously like him, I should say, if this is his hand," returned the young lawyer, taking up a document from the table. "These are Hugh's very characters. Why, uncle——"

He was cut short by the door opening, and the new steward entering to announce the colonel's carriage. The heiress looked up with a rose flush on her delicate face, and Fred Asten started forward with outstretched hands; but stopped half way in bewildered surprise. There was a moment's agitation and embarrassment, which Annie skillfully covered by proposing to go with her uncle; and shortly after the whole party were seated in the barouche, with the colonel himself as driver.

I don't know whether the ex-coachman—occupied with other matters—had neglected his duty toward the bay-horses, and over-fed, or under-exercised them; or if Col. Hudson's sad abstraction weakened his usual powerful grasp on the reins; certain it is, that his favorites reared, and kicked, and plunged diabolically at every rod, and finally took the bits between their teeth and ran away with him. An instant of terrible suspense followed, during which Annie cried, her husband swore dreadfully, and Fontibell called on the name of her cousin Hugh; then a strong arm seized the reins from

the bewildered colonel—there was a struggle—a stop; an agile figure sprang to the horses' heads and held them till they became quiet, often beaten down and dragged along by their convulsive resistance; but never relaxing his hold till the colonel came to his side, to whom he relinquished the reins and sank down, bruised and bleeding. Mr. Asten lifted out his trembling wife and her baby, and turned to help his cousin; but Fontibell had sprang from the carriage unassisted, and made her way to the body of the fainting steward, over whom she bent like an angel of love and pity.

"Dear uncle!" she cried, "he has saved all our lives and killed himself, I am afraid; can't you forgive him now? Oh! don't you see it's Hugh?"

The prodigal was taken home and laid on the best bed, and would have had the fatted calf killed for his eating, no doubt, had such a diet been good for his broken arm. Who so happy as he, recovering in the bosom of his family, unmindful of the loss of his manly strength, of which he had been so proud; the pain of his broken limb, the bruises and cuts which disfigured his handsome face? The colonel hovered with delight about his recovered heir; the Astens rejoiced over him as over a long lost brother; but it remained for Fontibell to administer the most effectual consolation, which acted upon him like a powerful tonic, when he recovered consciousness on the evening of his accident.

"Dear Hugh!" she said, putting both her pretty hands in his uninjured one, and bending her beautiful face above his own. "I always loved you, and I knew you from the first!"

## MARY OF GLEN GARRY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

ALONG thy lonely banks, Glen Garry,  
She wanders light as elf or fairy;  
With locks that mock the gold of morn,  
And cheeks of evening's crimson born.  
Oh! Nature of no charm was chary,  
To form my own, my perfect Mary.

She trails no robes of palace splendor,  
But royal graces ay attend her;  
No costliest diamonds flash and gleam  
So fair, as her blue eyes can seem;  
They thrill the heart of the unwary  
With blissful death—my winsome Mary.

Yon city dame, so wan and pale,  
Who'd fade before a Highland gale;  
Whose silken feet would shuddering press  
Those haunts of savage loveliness;  
No dangers for my peace you carry—  
It owns the spell of bonny Mary,

I've loved her, ay, this many a year;  
And, oh! how bright the days appear,  
When I can wander with my dearie,  
And give the hours to love and Mary.

By lonely lake and vale of green,  
Where Nature's mild relenting's seen,  
I tend my flocks—a shepherd gay,  
And blithe as bird at dawn of day;  
Yet oft forget my flocks to tarry  
With my one pet—my bonny Mary.

Oh! Mary, lass! of all there be,  
When will you shine alone for me?  
In our own bams and ingle-side,  
My dearest dear, my ain true bride.  
If fortune frowns, then naught will cure me;  
For love is strength—my bonny Mary.

## "UNTO THIS LAST."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"HEREDITARY," mumbled old Dr. Phelps, as a consumptive patient went out of my consulting-room this afternoon. "Knew his grandfather. You may delay the end a year or two, but there's no fighting against blood," giving his palsied old head a horribly cool nod, as Atropos might do when she snaps the fatal thread.

After he had gone, and I was left to the quiet of my dusky office and its clear fire, with the rain beating against the closed shutters without, his words haunted me somehow. I'm an old man, and an old physician, and case-hardened tolerably thoroughly; but that is one idea that always jars me terribly, common as it is. "It's in the blood." To think that the Nemesis of a man's sin, or weakness, perhaps, not only dogs his own life, but creeps through the secret channels of his blood into the veins of his nearest and dearest coming after him, corroding and making vile. A hell we have wrought for is nothing to this. And yet is it not the old, old truism which so many forget, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generations?

Physicians, perhaps, have this fact of the influence of blood on the mind and souls of men, more thrust upon their observation than any other class. It makes them, if they are not of the very broadest minds, doubters of some of the orthodox dogmas laid down by theologians, but it gives them, in my opinion, a wider and more Christ-like charity. For example, I, or any other medical man who reasons from facts, and not theory, know that drunkenness is, in eight cases out of ten, the result of a disease, which is often transmitted as regularly as scrofula, from father and son; that treated as such, and combatted scientifically, instead of by a blind fanaticism, it can be conquered. The same truth is evident in greater or less degree of other vices, a tendency toward gambling, theft, etc., etc. To define the point where physical ability and moral responsibility begin is a science, which if those who profess to teach Christ's gospel would study in the children of those who fill our asylums and penitentiaries, it might make them judge more like Him who knows not only the heart, but also the person, creeping into it from matter which the heart

has absolutely no power to accept or reject. Thank God that He sees not as men see. But I had no intention of writing a sermon.

The old doctor's chance remark started me on a hobby, I am afraid. But I know no more curious study than the observation of the ruling vice or virtue in a race, cropping out in the temperament of one generation after another, precisely as a positively physical idiosyncrasy would do; modified by collision with opposing tendencies in the blood, produced by marriage with a differing race; or, sometimes lying in abeyance for half a century, to appear again in conjunction with some old forgotten family feature—a droop of the eyelid, a sinister under-jaw, or what not.

I remember the J—— family, one of the oldest in lower New Jersey. My grandmother used to tell of one Barbara J——, who lived in colonial times, one of those rare, transcendent beauties, whose loveliness becomes the property of the day in which it existed, as men share in the glory of a great picture, or poem, produced in their own age; but in this woman lawless crime rivaled her beauty, breaking out against all restraints of education, or position, with the mad fury of insanity. That was three generations back; the family is one of strict Puritan descent, narrow-minded, honest, bigoted men and women, clinging to their creed with a tenacity that would brave martyrdom. In each generation there have been one, sometimes two, guilty members, from whom the others shrank in horror; mere exponents, according to my notion, of the peculiar taint of blood common to all; not to be judged at the last day of account by the laws laid down for your organization or mine. The instance in the present J—— family is curious; a boy of twenty, a mild, girlish, blue-eyed "mother-boy," the idol of younger brothers and sisters, all of them rougher, more worldly than "Jimmy;" loving books and children; the earnest, sincere member of a church. Well, this boy in the last year has drunk like a sot; not tempted by any genial love of society, or excitement, but locking himself up alone in his own room for days, and abandoning himself to mere animal gratification.

Another case. In my early days one of my living heroes was a member of one of the oldest

stocks in Kentucky; an old man, a gentle, true-hearted, iron-nerved chevalier, with a tender love for all weak and helpless things, and a hot, hasty hand in defending them. Generous, too, even lavish, with absolutely no perception of the weight or place of money; his dollars were ready for your use, and he would accept yours with no thought of obligation on either side; his debtors and creditors increased day by day; he concerning himself about neither. The old man is living yet; he married a woman of stern integrity, but avaricious; their son is a thief! In both cases, the little world in which the boys moved was amazed, looked on them as specially tempted by the devil. If they had been my sons, I would have subjected them to an instant and entire change of physical and mental regimen and habit, and then have cheerfully trusted to God to help my efforts.

Another instance, though not parallel with these; it will require a little more time in relating, also, if I am not tedious to you already.

About fifteen years ago, I was coming from Liverpool to New York. I had been in London to witness an operation of unusual interest to all surgeons, but that honor has nothing to do with this story. I noticed among the passengers, on our return, a lady who had charge of a boy about ten years of age. Something about the woman attracted my regard beyond her mere *personalle*; although that, in itself, challenged observation, partly from its extreme quiet. She was unmarried, about thirty-five, dressed habitually in dark, unobtrusive colors; with a face and figure drawn in strong, clear, thoughtful lines; a woman who held her own life, and trial, and suffering as her own, and not to be obtruded on others; a woman who waited for your thought, never gave her own, unless asked for, and yet you gained unconsciously the idea that, had her life held a warmer sunshine, both her beauty and wit would have shone with no common splendor. A mutual acquaintance on board. Dr. Parrish, of New Orleans, presented me to her. She was a Miss Parker, traveling under his protection; the boy was the orphan child of her brother. Her home was in Delaware.

After one or two brief conversations upon indifferent subjects, our acquaintance fell into a mere exchange of bows; but the lady and her charge were not less the object of a growing interest to me. I thought once or twice she observed my scrutiny of the boy, and, seeming annoyed at it, withdrew with him quietly to the cabin. One day I had been talking to the child, watching his face curiously the while; when he

was gone, I was surprised to see the lady come up gently to me. Her voice trembled, and her eyes filled as she said with much agitation of manner,

"If there is any peculiarity about my little nephew, which you as a medical man have discovered, would it not be wisest and kindest to conceal it from him?"

"From me, madam, he shall never know it. I have been struck with the unusual judgment and skill you are showing in your treatment of him."

She colored painfully, struggling between the strong wish to consult me and her habitual reserve.

"I know," she said, at last, "that you, doctor, have made the malady to which my nephew is heir a matter of study, and I know your skill in curing it. I have wished to ask your aid since I first came on board with you. Dr. Parrish will tell you our history, I cannot." There was a stately courtesy in her manner belonging to a school of the past generation, but especially graceful and winning in a young woman.

Parrish took me aside, in the course of the day, and told me the facts of the case necessary to me as a scientific man to know; but only those. I saw that out of regard to Miss Parker he kept back many incidents which would have given to the tale a more human interest. "It's a sad story—a sad story!" he would say, abruptly, rubbing his hands slowly together and looking gravely down.

It was, even as he told it, sad enough. The Parkers were a leading family in Delaware, both from wealth and intellect; had been so for many generations, men and women alike, strong-willed, honorable, loving authority, and wielding it with justice and mildness when obtained; a race, in short, to obtain an ascendancy, and hold it, over their fellows. A family, also, of cheerful, sanguine temperament, good livers, with strong domestic affections, charitable, hot-tempered, given to a constant and lavish hospitality. Parrish had known them—that is, several branches of the family, among others Judge Parker, this young lady's father. "The judge," he said, "had amassed a large fortune, lived in a style of solid comfort and elegance. I mean good furniture, blooded horses, first-class wines—you understand? Not libraries, or pictures—his tastes were not what you call æsthetic; liked to see his tenantry comfortable, and his table filled with guests. Nothing morbid or bilious about the man. He had three children; Jack, who was in the army; Cadwalader, a merchant in New York, and the father

of this boy; and this girl. The sons were remarkably intelligent men, but in no ways remarkable in any way. Jack committed suicide, some ten years ago, when in St. Augustine, Florida, and though no cause could ever be discovered for the deed, (the distance was so great, and so many years of his life unknown to his family,) yet they supposed some circumstance of which they were ignorant, a loss at cards, probably, had led to it.

"About five years ago, however," continued Parrish, "the judge's mind seemed to be affected with an uncaused and unaccountable depression, so utterly at variance with his usual character, that it seriously alarmed his family. They hesitated about taking any measures for its relief, lest by alarming him they would increase it, until he attempted to destroy himself in the fall of 185—, by leaping overboard while crossing the Delaware in a ferry-boat. After that the strictest watch was kept over him, but he contrived to evade them. One morning he was found dead—a bottle of prussic acid beside him. Cadwallader, the second son, three months after his father's death, blew his brains out in his office in New York. I was in the North at the time; and having been an old friend of the Parkers, I began a search, aided by their physician, into whatever records the family had kept, to ascertain if any cause could be found for these mysterious occurrences. We found, during the last hundred years, no less than five suicides in the family, all preceded by a short space of melancholy madness, for which no cause could be assigned other than a taint of insanity, which climate or some local cause has developed in this generation to this horrible degree."

"And this boy?"

"Is the last of his race, excepting his aunt," answered Parrish. "When the truth was told her, she devoted herself utterly to him; and has done so ever since. She has traveled with him constantly, and tried in every way to give his mind and body entirely new air and surroundings; and so far has succeeded in concealing the facts of his history from him, and making him a cheerful, healthy child. But she doubts herself; that is the reason she wishes to consult you—about him."

"She has no fears for herself?" looking keenly at him.

He grew reserved in a moment. "If she has, she does not disclose them. Mary Parker has but little thought or hope in this world outside of that boy, I fancy. She was betrothed when her father died—was to have been married in a few months. But she broke it off; nothing

would prevail on her to marry. 'Enough ill had been done,' she said; 'the curse must remain with themselves, she never would entail it on others.'"

Parrish was a dry, unfeeling old fellow, I always had thought; went into a sick chamber to deal with pain and sorrow as coolly as other men add and subtract dollars and cents. He told this girl's story as if it had been one of a fall in stocks; his cold, gray eye watching the progress of a fly up the window-pane. He did not seem to see how the woman's life, with all its glorious and tender possibilities, had been given up for a stern, hard duty. It was the deed of the old martyrs, without the excitement or glory of the sacrifice.

I watched closely after that; by slow degrees came to know her well, as I was brought into more intimate contact with the boy. She was not strong-willed, nor strong-minded, even—a very woman, who had refused to marry the man she loved because she loved him. Even I could see that she loved him more deeply now than before, whoever he might be (for that I never knew.) There was a certain dress for which she had an odd affection—a shabby old black silk—wearing it always on holidays. It contrasted strongly with her usually rich, quiet attire.

"It's the gown she wore the day I told her what we had discovered," said old Parrish, fixing his gray eye in his usual rigid fashion. "She saw her lover last in it. I think she keeps it as a mourning-dress, eh?" I made no answer. The first thought being dumb wonder at Parrish, who, if he had an eye for a trifle like this, might have some human heart after all, under the network of cold veins. Afterward I realized how much real affection for the poor girl this silly fancy of hers gave me.

To shorten my story, however.

I ought to state, probably, that I had made diseases of the brain an object of special study, and that this was the primary cause of Miss Parker's application to me. Voyages wore slow in those days; before ours was over, our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship. As the girl was alone in the world, and mistress of means enough to make her movements perfectly free, I advised her to make Philadelphia her home, so as entirely to separate Shafton (the boy) from all old associations, and to remove the probability of his hearing the details of the family tragedy. I also thought by this means to bring the girl under my wife's influence; for, though Lotty is gray-haired now, and a grandmother, nobody could be in her presence an

hour and not fancy the day was sunshiny and summery—and sunshine and summer were sorely needed by this lonely woman.

When we arrived in New York, therefore, she came on directly to Philadelphia, hired a pleasant house near Germantown, and employed tutors and masters for Shafton. She was but a young head of a family—Mary Parker. I used to think it pitiful to see her affecting age, putting aside every least girlish fancy in her dress or manner; but now and then, in a weak, forlorn loneliness, I suppose, putting on the old black dress.

As years went on, white hairs came slowly among the curly, black locks, crow's-feet at the side of the eyes, the lips grew shriveled and pale. Shafton, even, in a rough, boyish way, joked her about its growing too late for marriage—and that was all. Her life went down into a gray apathetic evening, with other unloved men and women, the saddest and quietest of all human histories. But somewhere God keeps the hour of high-noon for them, waiting which here they never knew.

But it was of Shafton Parker I began to tell you, not his aunt.

I saw a great deal of him as he grew up to manhood. My son, Joe, was about his age, and they were classmates and chums at school and college. Shafton was free of the house—went in and out, as Joe did, at all times and hours. It seemed natural, therefore, that he should begin, with Joe, the study of medicine in my office, when they quitted college. "Not that I've much genius for it, doctor," he said, frankly, running his hand through his hair, "or for anything else, unless it is for painting. But aunt Mary is anxious for it, and I'll not disappoint her. Better give art the go-by, than hurt her, sir." He laughed, but the boy's eyes showed what it cost him "to give art the go-by," as he called it. I am no judge of painting, so I cannot say whether there were any merit in the sketches he was continually making; but I did know the boy's whole soul was in that work, and that he took up the study of medicine in an inert, careless indifference, which forboded poor success. When he came into the office, however, he brought his portfolio with him, the first day, and gave it to my daughter, Charlotte. "I wish you'd put it out of sight, Lotty," he said, "it has all I ever have done in it; and I have said good-by to them forever," and began rattling the bones of a skeleton in the inner case.

Miss Parker came to me anxiously. "I know it was a sacrifice for the boy," she said, "but I thought it best. I try to keep his imagination

in check—you know why, doctor; and the art, and the fitful life of an artist, would only foster it morbidly. As for medicine, it matters little whether he succeeds or not, if it only gives him employment. His income will place him far above all need of exertion."

I thought her right. Shafton Parker showed uneasy and dangerous symptoms to a practiced eye. His very laugh was nervous, his awkward, illy-jointed body moved spasmodically as he walked; his hands were incessantly in motion, tossing back his hair, buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat, chafing his whiskers. In this restless habit would occur intervals of absolute quiet, an entire apathy of body, when he would sit looking in the fire, or at a rustling tree, as motionless as if carved out of lumpish clay. What his mind was doing at these times I never dared to discover. He talked fast, nervously, and with a good deal of effect and power for a boy of that age; his ideas crude, of course; his attachments and dislikes strong and lasting. Even in the boy's personal appearance the contrasts were good, his body being loosely and roughly hung together, as I said, making him a "gangling," to use an expressive Western word, and his face one of the most purely cut and picturesque I ever saw.

I don't think "little Parker," as they called him, was a favorite with the young people. "Shafton was like a porcupine at a party," my son said, one day, "running his quills perpetually into somebody, with the best intentions in the world." When he was about twenty, I noticed a difference in the chat of the young men with him in the office—for I listened to their foolish talk, for reasons, whenever this boy was concerned, irksome as it might be. The usual joking and chafing about the different young girls ceased, and instead came quiet and serious allusions to a certain young Quakeress on Arch street. "Shaft is in for it with the Beatmans," Joe said to me one day. "I never saw a fellow so dead in love. He is so quiet about it, that's the worst sign. It's been going on for two years. Mere little whey-faced thing, too—bah!" I knew Joe's last flame to be a pretty brunette, twice his age, and understood the last remark, therefore. "Do you mean that Parker is going to marry the girl soon, Joseph?" "Yes, sir, I do. Shafton has an income now, before he comes of age, enough to enable him to do as he pleases; and, as I said, he's in for it with the Beatmans. They know to a dollar what he's worth, and are not likely to let him go."

I knew the family—an old and leading one

among the Friends, but not rich. Joe went out, and I sat a long time thinking, then ordered my horse, to go to Miss Parker. Something must be done at once to stop this. Seen in the light of this new fact, one withholding the boy's condition from him seemed culpable in the last degree. To allow him to bring on this young girl an almost certain misery, with all its consequences, would be worse than murder. Yet what to do? I was slowly drawing on my overcoat, and looking out of the dingy office-window at the driving snow, when the house-door opened, and my wife came in, Shafton close behind her—for the old lady and the boy were fast friends. "Must you go out before the storm ceases, George?" she said. "Who is ill? Is it a matter of life and death?" "It seems to me almost that, Lotty," I said. "She was sorry," she said; hinted something about my rheumatism, and began warming my furl-gloves, and then tied my scarf closer with her white, wrinkled hands. Little Parker stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, watching us. He laughed, presently, as if his voice was full of tears. "That's the best of all," he said, "to grow old and be true lovers still. I wonder, when I am sixty, if anybody will fidget about me with as tender hands as yours, aunt Lotty?" The boy's eyes were away off, dreamy and happy. He had a man's hope before him—the hope common to every man, from which he only was debarred. God help me! and I was going to shut him out from it! I looked at him, then at my wife; I thought how this hope of his was, after all, the life of man's life; the thing that made him a place among men; that went down into the fibres of his soul, rooted nearest to the spot where he held his consciousness of self, and how God dwelt with him. I knew what I would have been without my wife and children—a weak, purposeless, dissipated man. Shafton Parker was weaker of will than I. Where would he drift, if I removed this anchor by which he had moored himself? What if I told him, standing there, a great quiet love shining out of his dark eyes, a fatal infirmity of purpose shown in the small cleft chin, of the insanity that lurked in his blood, and at the same moment robbed him of all hope, of love, and comfort in this idol he had made. What would the end be? My wife followed me to the door, with a warning whisper, "Is nught amiss with Shafton? Do not look at him so fixedly, you may arouse suspicion. And the poor fellow is so happy now—he has told me all about it," her dear old face flushing with a womanly blush and smile. I kissed her, and as I drove off, saw through the

window the boy draw my office-chair near the fire, and seat himself on a low box at her feet. I knew how they would talk the matter over; how she would turn it in a thousand bright, happy lights, while he sat silent, his poor boy's heart throbbing and thrilling. I knew Lotty's way, and how, out of her own love and happy life, she brought joyous prophecies for others.

It snowed heavily as I reached Miss Parker's gate, and went up the walk leading through shivering pine-trees to the house, a guilty weight on my heart, as if I were bringing her back the old pain of her own life multiplied. After we were seated in the cheerful library, she at her knitting at one side of the fire, and I at the other, the room ruddy and warm, a glimpse of the gray sky and falling snow through the bay-window, I still faltered, afraid to venture on my errand. It was a pleasant, bright home Mary Parker had made for her boy. I leaned back in his soft, easy-chair, thinking how like a prince he sat there, lord of nothing so much as of the patient, loving heart waiting for him. She was a thin, stooped, middle-aged woman now, with no beauty left but the great tenderness and repose in look and manner. All the affection, denied its natural outlets, had been poured out upon Shafton. She never tired of him for a subject; her eye kindled and laughed when telling the boy's jokes, or showing, in the cases of books that lined the room, which were his favorites. "He reads to me every evening for an hour before he goes to town, it keeps me from being lonely all day, looking forward to it. The dog you are looking at? Yes, it is Shafton's pet. Beppo and I listen for his step at the gate every night; but my ears are quickest, Beppo's growing old." "And you, Mary?" "I am going to stay young always for my boy," a happy color in her face. "I am all he has. You don't know Shafton, Dr. P——," eagerly, "seeing him only with young men. He is as gentle as a woman, here at home, full of fun and mischief. The old servants have made him an idol." "Yes, I know," I said, desperately. "Why could he not be contented with such a home?" She did not seem to understand my words at first; then looked up, her work falling on her knee, her face growing slowly colorless. "What do you mean? Is ~~he~~ going to leave his home?" "No, Mary. Only to bring some one else to watch for him beside you and Beppo." She covered her eyes with her hand. "I understand—I understand," after a long pause. "I thought of that before." But she had not thought of it as I had.

"Mary," I said, "that must never be."

"Why?" looking up quickly, the hot blood rushing to her face. "Do you think any one could rob me of my place in Shafton's heart? Do you think I would be meanly selfish enough to keep him to myself. My boy would not love me less because he loved his wife more." Yet her voice nearly broke down in a sob at this. She coughed and sat more upright, looking me straight in the eyes to bear back bitter tears I knew.

"I did not think of that," I said. "Have you forgotten, Mary? Could you, could I allow Shafton to drag an innocent young girl into an almost certain depth of wretchedness, without warning him of it? Would that be just, or honest?"

"You mean," her gentle tones becoming almost vehement, "that my boy can never marry? That he must carry a doom unlike all other men? You do not know what you say, doctor. It is easy for you, in your happy old age, with wife and children about you, to coolly sentence the boy to such a fate. Easy! easy! Better for him to go out into the wilderness like the leper of old, forever crying unclean, unclean, than to bar him out from all love—all—"

She rose unsteadily, leaning her forehead against the mantle-shelf, her hand pulling at the collar of her dress.

I could not speak for a moment; at last I said, "God knows, Mary Parker, it is no easy thing for me to do. My own heart ached before yours did. But right is right."

"You misjudge the necessity. Shafton has lost, by his different training, all trace of the family taint. There is no symptom in him——"

She paused abruptly, reading my face keenly. I could not say to her that the evidence in his case was stronger than it had been in any of the family; but I was silent. She stood motionless a moment, then buried her face in her hands.

"You did not always," I said, speaking with difficulty, for I was tearing open an old wound, "look at this matter as you do now. You thought it criminal once to entail such horrible misery on others. If we suffer Shafton to do it, the crime is ours, not his."

She did not raise her head. I walked to and fro, went to the window, looking out. When my back was turned, she said in a voice hardly above her breath, "It was easier to give it up for myself than for my boy. And then I did not know——"

She lifted her two hands slowly as she spoke, and held them outstretched before her, like one who was blind. In all my life I never saw a

gesture, or figure, so significant of utter loneliness, of the vacant loss of a long life.

Her sense seemed to come sharply back to her. "I tell you," she said, "there are some duties for which the reward never comes. They are hard and bitter to the last—to the last," beating her poor, withered breast with her hand, and crying aloud with a low, sobbing moan. Somehow the thought came to me that it was so; she cried to herself at night in all these years when the trial outwardly had been dumbly, bravely borne.

I left Mary Parker that day; but I went to her again. My hands at least should be clean. One argument she used was unanswerable, that to tell Shafton Parker of the inherited disease would surely hasten its approach. "Tell him that such a malady exists, but not its nature, if it must be done," she said, "then let him choose his own part to act." I consented to this, and rode out the next Sunday afternoon, when I knew Shafton would be at home, glad that the responsibility would no longer rest with me. But his insight was keen, his aunt's pale face and swoolen eyes had troubled him too much to pass unexplained, and when I came the most had been told. When I entered the library, Shafton looked up from where he sat, putting his hand mechanically over the dog's head. His eyes were black and dilated, and his weak mouth and chin trembled like a woman's. Miss Parker's face was turned from me.

"This is a strange tale I hear, and late in the day," he began, fiercely. "If there be any such mysterious malady in my blood, it would have been wise to warn me in time, to suffer me to fence it off. At least," his voice growing shrill, "not to wait until I had gained something worth life, to come and stab me to the quick."

I would not check the boy's outcry. "You have told him the nature of the obstacle?" I said to Miss Parker. She shook her head.

"No," pushing his hands from him, "let me have as little of this to bear as possible. I cannot live and suffer pain. If I am to die, let it be like Beppo here, not knowing the reason why. But as for the little girl I love, it makes no difference there. Why, you don't know Hetty!" his face suddenly glowing. "I'll do all that is honorable. You shall go to her mother, if you will, doctor, tell her all; keed nothing back. But it will matter nothing to Hester. If I were tainted with the leprosy, she would be glad to die with me."

"If she loves you, she will not suffer it to part you," said Miss Parker, with a bitter look



in her face. I saw that she remembered how her own decision had been accepted by her lover. I did not hint that it was hardly courageous to throw the onus of blame on the young girl. Shafton was not a man of moral courage, let him act according to his own nature.

"Doctor," said Mary, rising, "will you end this as soon as possible? Will you go to Mrs. Beatman now?"

The boy took me by both hands, tears in his eyes. "You have been a true friend. God forgive me for what I said just now. Help me through with this, doctor. I'm not strong, like Joe, to bear thumps. I could not tell Hetty this?"

"I will go now," I said. I had the pity for him I should have had for a woman.

"To-morrow morning I will see Hetty," he said. "You will know my girl, then, when you see how brave she is," proudly.

Miss Parker looked at him, put her hand on his sleeve. "Shafton, you will have me still, come what will. You don't forget that? I loved you before you knew her," stopping breathless.

"Of course, certainly. See Hetty herself, doctor, and tell her. You will know then what a true woman is," letting the hand that touched his drop indifferently. It was natural, after all; yet I could not look in Miss Parker's face after that."

An hour after, I sat in a well-upholstered parlor in Arch street, Mrs. Beatman, a small, meek, pale-eyed, low-voiced Quakeress before me; her daughter, a younger model of herself, in a recess by the window, crying in a subdued fashion to herself, good, honest tears, I doubt not, the first, probably, she ever had shed. The elder lady's cheek was slightly flushed, the conversation had been exciting. "There may depend on my word, Dr. P——," in a voice which reminded me of mildly acid wine. "I have promised that the cause for breaking off the marriage shall never be divulged by me. I always keep a promise." I did not doubt her, but added, "It is of the utmost importance that Mr. Parker should not be aware of the nature of the malady." "I comprehend. And it is right, assuredly." "You consider the engagement as broken positively then, madam? You would not risk your daughter's happiness——" "I wouldn't be very much afraid," sobbed the young lady. "Shafton never appeared in the least deranged to me, except a little eccentricity about his dress." "Would thee risk thy own daughter in such a case?" said the lady, with a smile of calm superiority. "The match hitherto appeared to me eminently proper and

suitable. We could find no fault with the young man personally, and his prospects were flattering. But an obstacle like this——" "But if the cause is not to be stated," said Hester, "what am I to say to people? My attendants are all engaged, and the wedding-dress is made," her pink, pretty face growing white and twitching hysterically.

I left the Beatmans, not feeling that any consolation in my grasp would be of use in such a case, and wondering, as I went down the steps, whether Shafton Parker would not have suffered more, learning to know his wife through the slow, baring years of married life, than now, by this sudden wrench which left him her image undefaced.

I was not sorry that an important case in New Jersey called me from the city that night. I knew that Shafton Parker would know his fate the next morning, and the sight of me would, probably, only irritate the disappointment.

When I returned, three days afterward, my son was passing the depot as I left the cars, and came up to me. "Parker's gone, father," he said, with a grave look. "Got an appointment as midshipman from Col. J——, and left this morning. Some break with the Beatmans, I believe. He said, 'Tell your father I'll do the best I can with what is left of my life. He knows how much it is worth.'"

I sent Lotty out to Mary Parker, trusting to her finer woman's touch for the fresh hurt; afterward I reasoned with her coolly about her boy; he had chosen a man's career, and would pursue it manfully. Nature had led him instinctively to that course which, from its change and excitement, would soonest heal this hurt: then of the Beatmans—what I had found them in reality to be. I was secretly amused to find how susceptible she was to this consolatory view of the case. She "thanked God her boy's life had not been squandered on this girl. She had seen men of large, generous natures stung to death, day by day, as by a thousand petty insects, in a home such as Shafton's would have been," etc., etc. Thereafter, she and my wife watched the Beatmans' onward course with the interest which woman call charitable and forgiving; "wishing no evil to the poor creatures, but very sure that such and such mishaps were but the righteous judgments of heaven."

Shafton had ability; partially for that reason, and partly through powerful influence, he rose steadily in the service. When he returned, three years afterward, he was a manlier man than ever I had hoped to see him, with a steadier

eye and thought. The sea, with its eternal change of meaning, travel, the forced association with a variety of character, had opened unknown channels of thought and feeling, widened, liberalized his mind. What he had seen, he had the power of putting before you in a few vivid sentences, to which some light touch of a word would give a curious resemblance. "Shafton has absorbed more of the world, through his eyes and ears, than any traveler I ever met," Joe said to me. "There's something pathetic about it to me—a sort of hunger of mind that devours everything within its grasp, as if he would fill up some aching void." Joe watched me shrewdly. I said nothing. I know he always suspected me of having a share in Shafton's abrupt departure. Whatever hunger of soul or mind the poor fellow knew, he had learned to hide it under a close reticence of speech where himself was concerned. I was present when my daughter, Lotty, told him of Miss Beatman's marriage. "You knew her, Shafton? Why, I remember they said—but that was nonsense, of course. Well, she's married to one of the firm of Perrine Brothers. Hetty had an eye for money ever since we were at school together." Parker bore even this without flinching, but I saw by the gleam of his eye that the woman he had loved stood intact and pure in his heart as at first.

Mary Parker was a proud, tremulously happy woman while that visit lasted; Shafton was strangely tender and watchful of her. I thought he understood now something of what her lonely life had been, and how he had filled it. He was not content unless she went with him every evening wherever he might be; for the young people made much of him, handed him about from one to the other as long as he stayed. When he was going, he bade me good-by. "Only for a little while," he said, "his aunt was not strong. While they lived he would be with her as much as he could. The Parkers were not long lived, he had heard; though for him he was a hale, sound man, despite my fatal forebodings."

And so he went his way again. Previous to that, his life had been idle enough; but the opening of the war gave him work to do. The man-of-war on which he was first lieutenant was recalled from the coast of China and stationed before Charleston. His letters were brief after that, written in few pregnant words. The soul of the man was alive for the first time; on fire for the cause for which he fought—electric with vigor, hope, faith. He fought like a tiger,

one of his brother officers wrote afterward. His men nick-named him, laughed at him to each other, but obeyed him like dogs. Wherever his nervous little body was seen in the fight, there they followed to the death.

His ship was before Roanoke Island, Sabine Pass, New Orleans; lastly, in the blockading squadron outside of Mobile, when Farragut attacked Forts Powell, Morgan, and Gaines. The long routine of carnage had palled upon the public ear, yet a magnetic shock thrilled the people's heart at the story of that strife of heroes—the day when Craven fell.

It was a cool, bright morning when the news came to us. My wife and I had gone out a few days before to Miss Parker's, and were with her still. I wished to keep from her all news of this battle until the truth could be known. When we entered her room that morning, we found her sitting by the open window, her face deadly pale, but a strange, quiet smile on her lips. The air lifted her hair gently. "I think my boy is dead," she said, looking at us as if she did not see us. "I do not think this wind touches his face—it never will touch it again." My wife took her hand, anxiously. "Have you heard anything, Mary?" "Nothing. But I know that God has saved him from the fate of his race." Her face glowed as she said it.

Soon after, the morning papers and letters were brought in—one was in Shafton's writing. I would have read it to her, but she put me aside. "It is to say good-by," she said, calmly. "Let me read my boy's own words."

The letter was dated off Mobile, the day before the battle began. He was going in to volunteer under Farragut, he said. He would be accepted, he had reason to understand. This was to say good-by, for he would never return. She did not know how he had loved her; some day she would know. There was one other, when he was dead, to tell her he blessed God for having known and cherished in his soul so true a woman. Even her husband could not refuse to let him say that, when he was dead. For the rest, it was worth while to have suffered his life to die this death that lay before him. Might God be with us all. Farewell.

Among the names of those who fell were seven officers, volunteers from the blockading squadron, who went down in the *Tequiseh*, inclosed in a solid iron prison, with no moment of time to ask God to have mercy on their souls. I read it, and was silent. "He did not need to ask it," she said, with energy. "God! I thank Thee for the glory of my boy's death!" and bowed her head forward. When we took her

up, she was unconscious; but while she lives, the spirit of that thanksgiving will be the life of Mary Parker's soul.

We met Hetty Beatman on the street, Lotty, and I, that day. Mrs. Perrine, as she is now. "And poor Parker is dead?" she said. "Threw

his life away, too, when he need not have been in the engagement at all? It is provoking as well as horrible"—and so passed on.

"You need not deliver Shafton's message," my wife said, quietly. "That is not the woman he loved. She died with him."

## THE SAINTED PICTURE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

My life is like the midnight skies,  
Lit by the radiance of thine eyes;  
They haunt my troubled memories  
Like thoughts that purify and bless,  
And bring us peace and happiness;  
Like prayers which make us strong and brave,  
That sanctify, and soothe, and save.  
A wealth of deathless love there lies  
Beneath thine eyes—thy wondrous eyes!

And thou wert mine, thou poet-bird!  
Those tender lips, though never stirred  
By one sweet uttered human word  
That I may hear on earth again,  
For thou hast passed life's broken pain,  
In trembling music yet I hear—  
Those tender lips—those lips so dear!

I know the harvest-moon makes light,  
The letters of thy name to-night,  
Upon the tablet gleaming white;  
That tablet standing cold and stark,  
That seems to me so false and dark;  
For in this silent face I see  
The fond eyes smile again on me,  
As if in living constancy,  
To guard and bless me till I die.

Oh! when I saw thee dead, no tear  
Dropped on the white flowers of thy bier,  
More fraught with anguish than mine own;  
My selfish heart stood all alone—  
Thou in Heaven's morn, I in earth's night,  
Love drifting with thee out of sight.

But looking now beyond the veil,  
And hope has hushed the heart's low wail,  
That came and went like prayers unsaid,  
When life seems crushed and words are dead,  
I look upon thy sweet, sweet face,  
That wears its old-time love and grace,  
And feel thou art forever mine,  
By all on earth, by all divine;  
For thou hast loved me once, and Heaven  
Will never take the gift thus given!

This picture, which I press to-day  
Close to my lips, close to my heart,  
Needs not the tender words I say,  
Nor yet the tears which sometimes start;  
And yet immortal beauty lies  
On lips, and brow, and tender eyes.  
And as a meek nun kneels at eve  
Before the Virgin, at her shrine,  
My soul love's graudest offering leaves  
Before this sainted face of thine.

## ONE LINK GONE.

BY D. W. TELLER.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle,  
Where the little sufferer lay;  
Draw the curtain, close the shutter—  
Shut out every beam of day.  
Spread the pall upon the table;  
Place the lifeless body there;  
Back from off the marble features,  
Lay the auburn curls with care.  
With its little blue-veined fingers  
Crossed upon its sinless breast;  
Free from care, and pain, and anguish—  
Let the infant cherub rest.  
Smooth its little shroud about it;  
Pick its toys from off the floor;  
They, with all their sparkling beauty,  
Ne'er can charm their owner more.  
Take the little shoe and stocking  
From the dotting mother's sight;

Pattering feet no more will need them,  
Walking in the fields of light.  
Parents, faint and worn with watching  
Through the long dark night of grief;  
Dry your tears, and soothe your sighings,  
Gain a respite of relief.  
Mother, care no more is needed,  
To allay the rising moan;  
And though you now may leave it,  
It can never be alone.  
Angels bright will watch beside it,  
In its quiet, holy slumber  
Till the morning, then awake it,  
To a place among their number.  
Thus a golden link is broken  
In the chain of earthly bliss;  
Thus the distance shorter making,  
'Twixt the brighter world and this.

# THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR went by, in which Edward seated himself more firmly on the throne of England than ever. The tree of Lancaster was utterly uprooted and overthrown. Young Edward and his saintly father slept in almost unhonored graves; Margaret was a prisoner, bowed and broken-hearted. Love and ambition had both been ruthlessly slain and swept out of her life. This proud woman, who had made all England tremble with a shock of arms, scarcely gave the haughty Edward a passing care. She had fallen too low for his remembrance. Thus, for a time, England had rest, and her king threw himself into the pleasures of a highly sensual life, with keen relish, after the outburst of war which had made him thoroughly a monarch.

All this time Maud Chichester—for we have no other name to give her—stayed contentedly in her solitary home upon the edge of the forest. She was innocent of all wrong, responsible to no one but the singular man to whom she was wedded, and so isolated from social life that the great historical events of the day reached her tardily, and sometimes not at all.

The persons who composed her household were, with one exception, residents of the forest, rudely bred people, capable of performing the light household duties which fell to their lot, but knowing and caring little beyond that. Still they were all devoted and loving servitors, and Maud felt little need of other companionship, for one sweet hope made the present a heaven to her, and her intellect found ample food in the books which formed an unusual part of the adornments recently added to the lodge. During this whole year Maud had, in truth, little cause for unhappiness. That love, which now made up her whole existence, had received nothing but tenderness in return for its self-abnegation. The young man who had possessed himself of her being neither grew cold or negligent. So far from that, his devotion to her seemed to have rounded itself into more loving completeness as time wore on; as a selfish child hoards its peaches with dainty handling, cautious that nothing shall brush off

their first bloom, this young man kept his wife happy by every gentle means, because all the bloom and brightness of her content was given back to him. As the sun draws heavenward at morning, dews shed upon the earth at eventide, giving and drinking in sweetness, he received back all the grace and love his kindness bestowed on her. Thus in his very kindness he was selfish. In surrounding Maud with objects of beauty, he only rendered her more exquisitely agreeable to his own fastidious taste, and made her home a little Paradise, to which he could retire from the whole world, and receive the worship of one true heart in delightful completeness.

One servant, I have said, was in Maud's household now, raised far above the others by greater culture, and a knowledge of the world more extensive than the young recluse had ever known. He was a stout, middle-aged man, who had evidently seen some service in the field, for he had been wounded, and walked lame from the effects of an arrow which had pierced one leg to the bone, and left a perpetual inflammation there.

This man acted as steward to Maud's little household, master of the stables, which contained one or two strong roadsters, a fiery war-steed, and a pretty milk-white palfrey, which Maud loved almost as if it had been human. Other servants had, from time to time, been added to the household, and the whole establishment had assumed more completely the aspect of a gentleman's residence in all its appointments. Still no guest ever entered those walls. Once or twice the sound of bugles, coming up from the forest, had drawn Maud to her balcony; and once she saw a score of hounds tearing through the trees in hot, brutal eagerness after a deer, whose mad leaps brought the heart into her mouth. Directly this was followed by a train of horsemen, who dashed along the same glades, shedding glow and warmth through the greenness with their gorgeous hunting-dresses. It was a magnificent pageant that came and went in a minute, almost taking Maud's breath away; for in one of the fore-

most horsemen she had seen her husband. He flashed through the trees like lightning, giving the leaves a red glow as he went. Then all was still again, save the sounds of a hunter's horn deep in the forest—so deep that it sounded like a far-off echo, which told her that the whole thing was real.

"What is it, Grantley?—what is it?" she cried, leaning over the balcony and addressing the steward, who had paused to watch the hunt sweep by. "Surely I saw my lord, and another, whose face reminds me of one awful night in my life."

The steward dropped the hand which had been shading his eyes.

"Ay, madam. It was the master sure enough. The king is out hunting with his nobles and their hounds."

"And my husband with him? Oh, Grantley! he must be in high favor to ride so near the king."

"He is in high favor," answered the man, tersely.

"But he will surely come hither; not the king himself could keep him away from home when within sight of its walls."

"The saints forbid!" muttered Grantley. "If Edward discovers this forest nest——" but he broke off suddenly, for up the river-path a horseman dashed with headlong speed, waving one hand in signal that the steward should come over.

Grantley hurried down to the boat and pushed it across the river. His master rode close to the bank and spoke with him as he sat.

"Grantley, see that your mistress keeps out of sight. The king hunts close by, and he may insist on coming to the lodge. Tell her to keep within her bower-chamber, with the boy and everything of womankind about the house. If she consents to bolt herself in, so much the better. At any rate, see that everything is removed that may denote her presence."

As he spoke, the young husband saw Maud coming around an angle of the building, gathering her wimple over her head in breathless haste; but, fearing delay, he waved her an adieu, and, putting spurs to his hunter, dashed into the forest.

"Has he gone? Oh, Grantley! has he gone without one word?" cried Maud, as the steward shot his boat across the stream.

Maud's eyes were full of tears; her lips quivered with keen disappointment.

"Not one word—and it is three weeks since I have seen him."

"He is in attendance on the king and had no

time," answered Grantley; "but go in—go in. The whole hunt may come this way any minute, and you must not be seen."

"Did my husband say that?" asked Maud, wiping away her tears.

"Yes."

"And what more?"

"It was all he did say."

"What, no word?—no regret?"

"My master was in haste. Saw you not how swiftly he rode away?"

"Oh, yes! I saw—without a word for me."

"He had no time—could you not see that?"

"Not a word for me—not one for our child!"

"Lady, the master has greater work on hand. There, listen how angrily the king winds his bugle."

Maud smiled through the fresh tears that were filling her eyes.

"No wonder the king cannot do without him," she said, proudly. "Say, Grantley, you have been at court and should know. Of all Edward's followers, is there one to compare with him?"

"Not one. I can answer for that," was the ardent response. "In this kingdom he has no mate."

"I was sure of it—quite sure; and he will come back soon. It is now ten days since he was here—a long time. Why, our son has learned to notice things since then; that will please him. Oh! I hope he will come alone."

"The saints grant that he may," was the steward's muttered reply; "for if Edward comes with him, there will be a carouse that will shake the old rafters like a storm; and my lord's secret will be at the mercy of every gallant about the court, unless she creeps into a corner and hides herself."

While these half expressed words were on his lips, a wild commotion arose in the forest close by. The undergrowth bent and rustled as if a tornado were rushing through it; and out from the mangled foliage came a stag, with antlers of a dozen years growth, bounding forward in great, staggering leaps toward the river. His efforts were frightful to look upon; ridges of foam swayed around his open mouth, from which the panting tongue quivered hot and red, scattering great drops of blood like a crimson rain behind him. His great eyes, magnificent in their wildness, were strained wide open with terror, for he had distanced the hounds only for a moment. The last reeling leap that sent him on to the banks of the stream, brought a dozen packs of dogs out from the forest like a whirlwind, yelping in one grand chorus, bounding

on like coupled demons, deadly and fierce they rushed upon him. Down the banks he plunged with a mighty effort of desperation. His antlers and hot and red mouth rose above the waves; his stately limbs spurned them back with desperate strokes that shot him half across the stream. Now the waters were alive with the pursuit. A crowd of blood-thirsty hounds dashed down the banks, and into the stream with one simultaneous yelp that curdled the very air, and held the stag, for one instant, paralyzed in the water. Before he could move again they were upon him. Two enormous stag-hounds seized him by the head and dragged it under water, others leaped over him and fought brutally for a grip at his hide, or a snarling tug at his tortured throat. The waters, a moment before limpid as crystal, grew muddy and crimson under the awful tumult. The poor stag floated now, and was only held back from the current by the dogs that rested over his death-throes. In the midst of this thrilling scene, while the poor stag had fought his head loose, and fixed his great eyes with a hopeless glance on the opposite bank, that train of huntsmen once more broke through the forest, and gathered upon the bank in one grand, gorgeous group; foresters and keepers swarmed up, all eager and mad for that poor animal's destruction. One last cry, almost human in its anguish, two great drops, more piteous than blood, breaking through the film in those eyes, and the noble creature struggled no more.

"Call back the dogs. Swim in and save the buck, or he will be lost," shouted King Edward, with fierce joyousness, riding up and down the banks of that pretty stream, which was all alive with the hunt.

Half a dozen wood-rangers plunged into the water, and the buck was brought to land still alive, but exhausted beyond a struggle for his last breath. The hunters dismounted. The eager dogs were driven back. A crowd of human beings swarmed up to end the hunt. Foremost of all strode the lofty Edward, radiant, fierce, taking natural precedence.

"Where is my knife? This is a stag worth hunting down. Stand back—stand back, men! my own hand shall despatch him!"

Some one put a knife in his hand. Two rangers knelt down and turned the stag on his back. With a light hand Edward drew his knife across the animal's throat, while a score of courtiers looked on admiringly.

"Now give the dogs a full share, noble hunters, they have done well; and send the buck up yonder, for we will sup to-night in your

lodge. What say you brother and gentlemen?"

He looked around for Duke Richard, but that courteous personage had left the hunt when the excitement was at its highest, and, fording the river lower down, was that moment in front of the lodge.

Maud met him at the door. He dismounted, kissed her upon the forehead, and led her into the house. There was no haste or undue excitement in this.

"Go in, Maud," he said, "I am in attendance on the king, who will be here anon. Hold yourself close in your chamber while he remains at the lodge; and be sure to keep the child quiet. Nay, love, we have no time for aught but brief words. Go in, bolt the door, and do not look forth from loophole or window."

Maud's sweet, eager face had been full of pleasant expectation when he rode up. But it expressed sad disappointment now.

"Will you not come in one moment and look on the boy?" she said, clinging to his arm; "his little hand took a skein of silk from mine but yesterday."

"Not now—not at all, perhaps; only obey me. The hunt swept this way before I was aware. Is everything ready? Grantley had but little time to remove all female litter from the rooms; but I hope it is done."

He spoke with decision, and put her gently away with his hand. Poor Maud scarcely knew him, his commands were given with such cool composure, while she was quivering from head to foot.

"Go, Maud, go and tell Grantley that the king will be here in half an hour, and must be feasted. No more words, sweet one; but obey me."

It was a needless command, that fair young mother could not choose but obey him. She gave his orders to the steward, then, retreating into her bower-chamber, shut herself in. In a corner of the sumptuous room stood a child's cradle, curtained with rose-colored silk, with an under cloud of cardinal point, such as nuns have spent a lifetime in giving to posterity. Maud sunk to her knees by the cradle, and awoke the child from its sweet slumbers with her sobs—the first her young husband had ever drawn from that bosom.

That moment the young man urged his horse into the stream, and, swimming him over, joined the hunters. Edward had performed his kingly part in slaughtering the deer, and was ready to mount, for a keen appetite followed quickly on the day's sport.

"Here comes our host with tidings of good cheer, doubt it not," he cried, watching the young horseman with anxiety, for the stream was deep there, and its passage dangerous to a horse less perfectly trained than the one which breasted his way through the current. "What tidings, *mon chere*?"

"There will be no lack of food or wine, sire; at least such as a sharp appetite will excuse. But the river is deep here, a few rods farther down the rocky bottom will give safe foothold for our horses."

"Lead the way—lead the way! Mount, gentlemen, and let us forward! It would be better if we had some fair dame to do the honors yonder; but lacking that, which most of us covet before meat or drink, it shall go hard if we do not make the old walls ring again."

With this right jovial speech, Edward leaped upon his horse, and directly, with the attending lords, was riding along the river, which they forded half a mile down stream, where the water was shallow enough to be readily forded.

With all the clang and cheerful tumult which attends a pleasure party, Edward and his nobles entered the lodge, and directly that tranquil dwelling was a scene of such riotous mirth as we of modern days can have no idea of. Wine and wassal raged high that night; song and story rang out from loophole and window, through which the hot radiance of torch and flambeau fell upon the river, turning its waters into great breadths of gold and ridges of molten rubies. Never was there a more gracious boon companion than Edward Plantagenet; his loud, but melodious voice rose above the others with overflowing volume, and his laugh rang out with the silvery clearness of a war-trumpet. Every excuse that gallantry could give to excess was made. Fair beauties of the court, even the queen herself were pledged in overflowing goblets. The very hounds that had run down their prey so nobly, were honored by king and subject, till red wine stained festal board and floor in its rich overflow from hands itself had rendered unsteady. All night long till the cool, sweet breath of morning came sighing up from the forest this wassal kept on. There was no going to rest that night. Those who fell into slumber dropped heavily from their seats, and slept off the riot on the rushes strewn over the floor. Edward threw himself on a couch which sweet Maud Chichester had occupied many a time, where, with hot cheeks and smiling lips, he dreamed over the pleasures that had cast him down to a level with his lowest follower.

But this monarch, who never yielded his mag-

nificent strength to excess of pleasure, or the fatigue of war for any continuance of time, awoke from his sleep with a rebound, and met the bright morning in all the joyousness of supreme health.

"Up, merry hunters, up! We should have been in the saddle hours ago," he cried. "Some one bring me an ewer and plenty of fresh water. Faugh! how the room smells of spilt wine. What ho! let the foresters and keepers know that we start in half an hour! Hark! how the dogs bay with impatience! Now, gentlemen, to the saddle. Our host has his foot in the stirrup already, and, by the rood, goes not seem over well pleased."

Thus Edward gave out comment and command, as he laved his face in the silver basin held by a servitor on the knee, and prompt obedience followed each word.

True enough, the master of the lodge had one foot in the stirrup ready to mount, for he was eager to lead that riotous mob of noblemen from his quiet habitation; but he withdrew his foot again, leaving his horse to an attendant, and entering the lodge, disappeared through a side door which led from the entrance hall into Maud's bower-chamber. The young mother was there, still dresged, and lying on a couch she had occupied all night; for, with a scene so riotous and strange passing under the same roof with herself and child, she could not sleep, and had spent the slow hours trembling with dread. She sprang to her feet as his knock reached her ear, and ran to meet him with a sense of infinite relief.

"My poor girl, my own sweet wife, they have frightened all the bloom from this face; but rest content, the king is even now ready to mount. In a few minutes he and his followers will leave my birdie and her nestling in peace."

Maud clung to him nervously. Not that she feared any evil when he was by, but his haste and riding-dress warned her that he must go with the king, and leave her alone with new thoughts and vague fears in her mind.

"Nay, bonnibel, this is childish!" he expostulated, as she flung her arms about his neck.

"But you are going—you are going!"

"It cannot be helped. Remember I am not a monarch to will my own movements, only the follower of one. Now be brave and kiss me, for I must be gone."

She clung to him closer and tried to smile, but tears would come again.

A knock on the door, struck by the handle of a riding-whip, startled them both. The young husband seized Maud by both arms and strove



to force them from his neck; but that instant the door was flung open, and Edward stood upon the threshold. Maud, whose face had been half loosened, fell upon her husband's bosom, and her face was concealed. The young husband turned upon the king, and the stern contraction of his features might have startled a less brave man. But it only brought a cloud of crimson to Edward's face.

"*Mon Dieu!* I have opened the wrong door, and broken up a pretty scene in this rude haste to be gone."

What more he might have said died on his lips, for the young man's face became so coldly white that it checked the words in their midst. After a moment's hesitation, Edward closed the door, and went away laughing rather uneasily as he passed through the entrance hall.

Maud lifted her face as the door closed. It was pale with affright.

"Be quiet and fear nothing," said her husband, in a low voice, which trembled in spite of his stern will. This need not disturb you. Now farewell for a little time—farewell!"

He put her gently from him, strode toward the cradle, and casting a look at the little sleeper resting there, went out of the room, treading so heavily that she could hear his spurs ring against the granite floor above the general din.

Before she left the spot where that last farewell was taken, the royal party was sweeping through the forest on its route to London. Edward rode a little in advance of his courtiers; but his late host kept close to his bridle-rein—that stern, cold face held even Edward's brave nature in something like awe. For awhile they rode on in dead silence; then an uneasy laugh broke from the monarch, and he turned frankly to his companion.

"Nay, by my soul! this is a merry joke, Dickon! What if my Lady Anna hears of it?"

The young man did not answer, but his very lips turned white with suppressed rage.

"Nay, nay; dread saint, I do but jest. Still I can but remember that this lodge was to have been redeemed from its evil name, and become the seat of hard study and innocent book lore. Oh, Dickon! Dickon! this is a rare discovery. Who would have suspected thee of a light-o'-love?"

"Sire, spare me these comments, and do not again apply that epithet to the woman you have seen resting on this bosom. There is not on earth a creature more blameless, or incapable of evil."

Edward turned upon his saddle with sudden

vehemence; a look of stern surprise swept the laughter from his face, and sent the glitter of steel into his eyes.

"Ha! boy, has this folly struck so deep? What do these words hint at? Nothing, I trow, that your king will find it impossible to forgive."

"Sire!" was the cold answer, "where Richard loves, his passion must be pure as its object, else he tastes it not. Men may sin against their own consciences from ambition, because it is the grandest want of a lofty mind. But the heart which sins against itself is base indeed; the lip that meets that of Richard must have felt no meaner touch, nor meet his with a sense of crime. The lady you speak of is——"

"Silence, sirrah, if you would not dare me to smite the words from those lips. If what you hint at exists, smother the secret. Is it not enough that one Plantagenet has played the madman, and flung half his strength away in blind love of a penniless and powerless subject? Or has that astute mind failed to read a lesson from the folly which has filled this kingdom for years with wild commotion? I say, boy, failing the life of our son and heir, the inheritance which carries the crown of England with it must rest with thee."

"With me, sire? There is Clarence!"

"Clarence! Hark ye, boy; that weak hand shall never wield the sceptre thy strong arm has helped me win. The haughty traitress, his wife, shall yet disgorge Earl Warwick's wealth, which has been wrested from the gentle Lady Anna. That power centred in thy hands, Richard, must win the discontented barons back to their fealty. Husband of Warwick's fairest daughter, and master of his vast estates, thy power in this, our kingdom, will be scarcely second to that of the king. Do not mar this glorious fortune, boy, with a folly that even Clarence would blush at."

Richard did not answer. Every word of this speech had aroused the ambitious fiend in his bosom into keen action. Had these thoughts found place in his mind before? Did he know the power his gentle words, and the poetry which breathed in them, had won over Prince Edward's maiden widow? She was beautiful—this Anna of Warwick—and heiress to greater wealth than Edward himself could claim from inheritance. Those who loved her father, and remembered him as greatest among the persistent barons, who made and unmade kings, gave her homage and allegiance such as had never been rendered to the queen.

These thoughts flashed like lightning through

the brain that had given higher range to its ambition than Edward dreamed of. Richard did not speak, but, wheeling his horse suddenly, dashed down a forest-path and lost himself in the woods. When he came forth again Maud Chichester's fate was sealed. Richard had told the truth. He was far too refined in that intense selfishness which takes the utmost enjoyment out of everything that comes in its way, for the coarser pleasures which disgraced Edward's reign. The woman he loved must be innocent, pure, and devoted, because these qualities alone appealed to his fastidious taste. He did not shrink from sin in his own person; but to mate with anything unholy in a woman set his whole nature in revolt. But that love which springs so much from the intellect, is at all times subservient to the master passion which has power to control that intellect. There is no doubt that Richard loved the young creature whom he had married privately, it is true, but in good faith as regarded the future. He was very young then, and love controlled all other feelings with him. Time had not changed him, and could not change him in that. But the growth of a mighty ambition overshadowed the love it could not uproot. With the dim vision of a crown before him, the young man was ready to crucify his own soul, and the heart which had loved him best, knowing well that this great love would be an eternal bar between him and the greatness he dimly groped after.

All day long this young man rode in the forest up and down, never resting for a moment.

He felt no fatigue, and was neither hungry nor athirst. All these feelings were consumed by the burning thoughts which had taken fire from Edward's suggestion—thoughts that had smouldered in his bosom without hope till then; for, while Clarence lived, he was far removed from the throne, even though the infant heir should be taken from his path, as his sickly state seemed to promise.

That day Richard Plantagenet gave himself up to the ambition which was ready to sweep down human rights, and trample out the human life which lay in his path to the throne. "Let me go and look upon the walls that shelter her," he said, communing with the demon that possessed him; "this yearning pain is a sign of weakness, and must be vanquished. He who grapples with destiny must learn first to conquer himself. Happiness or power—both are impossible. This day my choice must be taken. Maud, my poor Maud! how she will suffer—how she loves me! But to one who aspires happi-

ness is nothing. If power is only to be won by suffering, then it is kindest to be cruel!"

With these keen, selfish thoughts in his mind, Gloucester rode close up to the brink of the stream and looked toward his wife's chamber. She was seated near the window, not looking out, for the night had lowered down stormily over the forest; but he could distinguish the lovely outlines of her face defined against the rosy cloud of curtains that swept over her infant's cradle. Clearly cut and pure as a cameo, that sweet side face appeared against the warm background. It was the head of a Madonna, pensive and sad, but imbued with the very spirit of innocent affection.

A groan broke from this hard man. With all his philosophy, the young heart in his bosom ached with intolerable pain, for he loved that beautiful creature above all women in the world—above everything but the crown which his soul grasped at. It was agony to give her up—such agony as only a strong man can feel and conquer.

Slowly that strange being turned his horse and rode away. To the last his head was turned, and his eyes dwelt on the fading outlines of that face. When it died away, the cloud of drapery grew crimson in his mind; and where those beloved features had been, a massy crown broke upon his imagination, burning itself against a sea of blood.

"Be it so," he muttered. "Are crowns ever won without slaughter and bloodshed? What matters it to me if human life goes out on the battle-field, or between four walls? But love her? Love—St. Paul! it is hard!"

Through the black forest he rode, filled with blacker thoughts, and moaning sad echoes to the wind, which soughed gloomily among the branches like grieved spirits praying him to pause before he gave up that which is most precious in human life—human love. But heaven itself had no power to win that hard, brilliant man back to the life he had abandoned.

When Richard entered the Tower, weary and unattended, he passed the king upon the ramparts, and paused to address him.

"Sire!" he said, in the low, calm voice which won so sweetly on the ear, "have I your gracious permission to urge my suit with the Lady Anna? She is fair, and under the promise of your highness will be richly endowed."

Edward looked at his brother searchingly.

"Tell me in all frankness, Richard, are you free to wed this lady, and thus wrest her inheritance from grasping Clarence and his wife, who apes the royalty which she usurps?"

"Sire!" answered Richard, gravely, "no bands hold Richard Plantagenet which he will not find the power to break when the occasion requires it."

"And the fair lady of the lodge? Ah, Richard! Richard!"

"Do not speak of her—not jestingly, at least. No woman worthy of that light scoff has ever stayed Richard one moment on his path."

"Is it so serious, then? Well, well, boy! love lightly or in earnest, as seems you best; so long as no gaud passion, such as nearly lost your king a throne, usurps policy and schemes of more consolidated power from our house, I care not. But Edward is not yet strong enough to breast his enemies without the firm support of his kinsmen. The great wealth of Earl Warwick was a mighty prop to his influence; that wealth must not be divided, or pass away from our house. It must be wielded, too, with a firmer hand than weak Clarence ever possessed."

"But he will not give up a fair half of these goods without a struggle," answered Richard. "Before proceeding in this matter I would have full assurance of royal protection in my suit for a generous division."

"Division! Ay, by my crown, I will pledge all that you can ask when the fair Anna is once your bride. But as for division, look you, Richard, if Clarence swerves again, but by a hair's-breadth, from his allegiance, there will be little need of halving Warwick's riches."

A keen, quick glance was exchanged between the brothers. That look of cold ferocity which sometimes hardened Edward's features into iron, thrilled its way to the eager heart of Richard. From that moment the fate of Clarence was understood between the brothers.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MAUD CHICHESTER was alone with her child. She had been greatly disappointed in not seeing her husband again after the royal carouse, and watched his coming with more than usual impatience; Duke Richard was never wantonly cruel. He could be hard as steel under an ambitious purpose, but he took no pleasure in suffering for its own sake. He loved the fair, young woman who had cast her life with such unquestioning trustfulness into his keeping, and would have endured pain a thousand times over rather than give it to her. But he lived even then up to the maxim which genius has given to his lips.

"What's bought by blood must be by blood maintained;" and when the price which he

must pay for exaltation was a broken heart for that gentle wife, he did not shrink back weakly, or in half measures wring her soul with uncertainties. Still he could not wholly give her up, or crush her to the earth with a single blow. It was not fear which held him back, for, in good or evil, boy or man, the prince was bold as the greatest general that ever lived; but he loved the woman dearly, and shrunk from sweeping the glory from her life at one fell swoop. With these feelings wounding his heart, without in the least changing his purpose, Richard sent a message to Maud. With all his courage and iron resolution, he could not slay that gentle heart with his own hand. But Catesby, his master of the horse, was sent on the savage errand. This man was Richard's instrument, not his confidant—for, young as he was, the prince told his secrets to no man living. He commanded, but seldom explained.

When Maud heard the tramp of a horse on the forest-path, she started up from her child's cradle like a bird fluttering out from its nest as the father bird approaches, snatched the babe from under its rosy cloud of silk, and kissed it with passionate joy.

"He is coming! Oh, my boy! my sweet, sweet boy! father is here! Kiss me, darling! kiss me back! and he shall take it warm from my lips."

The boy, just aroused from his slumber, opened his great eyes wide, stretched out his white feet and chubby little hands, like a prize-fighter trying his limbs, and broke into a lusty cry that brought the hot blood into Maud's face.

"What, crying, and your father here? You naughty, naughty child! You shall not kiss me with that mouth. There, go back to bed, sleepy thing!"

She lifted the curtains, huddled the child back into his cradle, gave him a little pat of the hand, half tender, half impatient, and ran out to meet Catesby, who that moment entered the great hall.

Maud fell back on seeing the man, so keenly disappointed that she could not speak. All the graceful dignity of her character was lost in this painful surprise.

"Lady," said Catesby, advancing toward her, "forgive this rude entrance. I was only waiting to inquire the way to your presence."

"Come you from my lord?" questioned Maud, forgetful of the secret she had been cautioned to guard. "Have you seen him?"

Catesby took a letter from his bosom and gave it to her.

She looked at the writing. "To the Lady at Hunsdon Lodge," she read. There was no more; but she knew the handwriting, and pressed her lips upon it, blushing crimson the next moment when she saw Catesby's eyes upon her.

"Go in yonder, fair sir; my people will attend to your comfort while I read this missive," she said, with gentle courtesy. "In a brief time I will see you again."

With a bend of the head, she withdrew into the chamber where her child had dropped to sleep again, and lay among the rosy draperies and snow-white pillows like a cherub couched among summer clouds. With fingers quivering with impatience, she attempted to unknit the band of floss silk with which the letter was tied, but only tangled it into a crimson impossibility. Then she tore at it with her white teeth, and flung the fragments away, unfolding the parchment with such eager haste that the writing floated vaguely before her eyes.

Maud read the letter at last over and over again, for it was brief and clear, cutting to her heart like steel.

"Going abroad—the king will have it so. On business of state. Stay for years—for years! Oh, my God! it says for years! My husband! Oh, mercy, my husband! Gone already! Gone without a word of farewell! If I love him I will stay here with the child; the people will remain with me. The man who brings this will see to our wants, and visit us often. He has left Duke Richard's service. Gone—gone!"

The poor, young creature fell upon her knees and clung to the edge of the cradle, which shook beneath her trembling hands like a cloud drifted by stormy winds. She did not weep, and scarcely gave forth a sound; but her lips were white as snow, and her eyes opened wide with a sort of terror, as they looked over the child far away into vacancy.

Catesby had been feasted on cold pastry and wine in another room, and was just draining the last red wave from its silver flagon, when Maud entered the chamber, white, cold, and shivering with nervous chills.

"Tell me," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, "is he gone? You know who I mean. Has there been no merciful storm on the coast to drive him back?"

"Lady," said Catesby, "I know less than the letter tells you. It was given me with orders to place it in your hands. That I have done."

"Then you know nothing?—not even where he is gone?"

"Lady, I know nothing, save that it is my duty to obey your behests in all things, and see

that none of the comforts to which you have been used are wanting."

"Comforts! comforts! and without him! Still I should be thankful for so much care. So I am. But hear you not a wail? I must go and still it. That is the way orphans cry out when God smites them with loneliness."

Maud went into her child's room again, pale as death, and crying unconsciously. She did not return for a full hour. At last Catesby sent to inform her that he wished to take leave; and then she came forth looking like a poor little dove creeping out from the drench of a rain-storm. Catesby looked at her almost in pity.

"Grantley will remain here," he said. "His orders are positive, whatever you desire he is charged to obtain."

"As you will," answered Maud, drearily. "I have but few wants; but let him stay if it is thought best. But tell me, in mercy tell me, where has he gone? When shall I see him again? Do not say that he told you not. Surely, surely you must know why it is that I am made so wretched."

"Lady, I repeat, no information was given me. I was told to bring that letter, and have obeyed the command."

"And is he gone?"

"Surely has he!"

In her eagerness, Maud had laid her hand on Catesby's arm, but it fell off like a flower suddenly broken from the stalk; and she sat down, dumb with the anguish of complete despair.

Then Catesby took his leave, and she heard the retreating tramp of his horse with a shudder. It seemed as if they were beating her heart into the earth beneath these iron hoofs.

Maud did not sleep that night, nor the next, nor the next. There was fever in her heart and on her brain—fever that heated the pure blood in her baby's veins, and made him share her anguish. On the second night, while Maud was delirious, the head servant mounted a horse and rode all night, making his way toward London. When he came back, a leach rode by his side, and for many a day rested in the lodge, tending the mother and the child with unusual assiduity.

At last Maud recovered. No, not that; but a lovely shadow haunted the old lodge, that might now and then remind you of the cheerful, rosy young creature, whose very existence had made the old place bright as a summer bower. But the child grew thrifty, and sometimes made that sad mother start and catch her breath, the glee of his holy laughter sounded so like a

mockery in that lonesome place. Maud took little heed of anything that went on around her; but she was ever gentle and kind to Albert, the idiot boy, who haunted her footsteps with the fidelity of a hound; as for Wasp, his sympathies were almost human. He mounted guard over the cradle, and watched the expression of that sad, motherly face with eyes that seemed to read every pain that fitted across it, and mourn because he possessed no remedy. For hours he would die and watch his mistress as she sat mournfully gazing out upon the forest. But if the child, by some gay shout or daring crow, won a smile from her, Wasp would go off careering about the room in a wild caper of delight, and make the house ring again with his riotous barking.

This could not last. Human souls are too restless in joy or sorrow for perfect stillness to be anything but irksome. That answers to content alone. In all her brooding, many a strange thought had haunted the young wife. Her mind toiled over its sorrows. Doubt kept her restless, and the natural energy of a character, at once beautiful and strong, awoke in her bosom. One thing she could do. Her husband had belonged to King Edward's court; nearer still, was a follower of the young Duke of Gloucester. That much he had told her himself. Why not go up to London, search out the duke, and demand of him the destination of her husband, and the cause of his absence? True, she was forbidden to speak of him, or to claim him in any way before the world; but her heart was breaking; she must hear news of him or die. She would keep his secret, even though it covered her with shame. In no one thing would she disobey him; but how could she rest there, hungering for tidings with that terrible ache gnawing forever at her heart, and make no effort to appease it?

Sorrow had rendered Maud suspicious. She was afraid to trust any of his servants with a resolve that had been forming in her mind for weeks. Yet how could Albert help her, poor witting? He was faithful as the sun, and had more than a moderate share of that strange cunning, which sometimes seems almost like wisdom in the weak-minded; but the service she desired was far beyond his range of intellect. Some knowledge of the country was important, and familiarity with the great world of London, of which she was profoundly ignorant.

One day Maud ventured to sound Grantley, but he received her hint with grim disapproval; and for days after watched her with unusual vigilance, which only served to stimulate her

fears and confirm her purpose. Maud saw that there was no hope in the servants, and began to suspect that they were, in fact, her jailors. But who placed them there? Not her husband, she never could think that. No, his enemies—for he had confessed to many—had prevailed against him, doubtless, and found a new way of torture through his wife and child.

One day Albert had been sitting at her feet, reading all the eloquent changes of her face, as love will teach the most simple heart to read. His own face was more than usually intelligent. A strange light kindled his pale, blue eyes, and he looked sharp and keen almost as Wasp himself. At last he pulled at her dress.

"I—I can find the way," he said; "Wasp and I. Besides, the black horse knows. Isn't he on it every week? Wasp and I can do it. She, too."

Maud was startled. The idiot had read her thoughts; had decided, also, on the only person of her household who might be trusted to aid in the project that was haunting her mind.

A woman from the forest was that moment holding Maud's child up to the window, where he was making dashes at a great blue fly which was beating its lovely wings against the glass. The idiot's finger was pointed to this poor widow, who had lost both husband and child scarcely a year before.

"Yes," said Maud, unconsciously speaking aloud, "she, too, would be faithful."

The woman turned from the window and brought her blooming charge up to his mother.

"Try me, mistress; only try me," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"I will," cried Maud. "My boy would not love you so if you were not honest. Come with me. Albert, follow us."

"And Wasp?" said the idiot, beckoning to the dog, who stood with ears erect listening.

These four strangely-assorted people went into an inner chamber, and there held council together. Hilda, the forest woman, was sharp of wit, and instantly comprehended the situation.

"I know the forest paths well," she said, "and can guide you so far on the way; beyond that I have a brother, who has followed the royal hunt many a time to the gates of London. He will show us the way."

Albert listened greedily; his feeble mouth worked, his hands were in constant motion. He almost danced with eagerness, while Wasp tore at the rushes with his feet, and gave out a short, fiery bark, more eloquent of impatience than a human voice might have been.

"Be quiet, and wait till night!" said Maud, giving the faithful boy her hand to kiss. "Just before the moon rises we will start. Have three horses ready, Albert—my white palfrey, the black hunter, and any other that you can find. The rest I leave with you, Hilda."

"It lacks but three hours of the time," answered the woman, placing little Richard in his mother's arms. We must have food for ourselves, and milk for the baby. Besides, gold will be wanted."

"There is a purse of broad pieces in the cabinet of my bower-chamber, and jewels of price, if they be needed," said Maud, eagerly. "Prepare the rest, Hilda, and I will bring the gold."

That night, when the sun went down, and an hour of darkness lay between its setting and the light of a cloudless moon, Maud stole forth from her dwelling, carrying the boy in her arms, and equipped for a journey. Hilda would have relieved her from the sweet burden, but the young mother would not hear of it—that little form kept her heart strong.

Down by the ford they found Albert, with four horses equipped for traveling. Wasp stood by, guarding two of the animals as his own especial charge. Maud mounted her own palfrey, who knelt like a camel to receive her, and rose again with a toss of his milk-white mane, and the lightness of a dancing-girl, arching his neck proudly under the burden of his mistress and her child.

Hilda mounted the black charger, and Albert took his triumphant seat on a stout roadster, leading a sumpter-horse by the bridle. In the leathern bag which cumbered this horse Hilda had packed the choicest robes of her mistress' wardrobe, and added to these a small pannier filled with provisions. Thus, with great caution, the little cavalcade crossed the ford, and entered the forest, guided by Wasp, who ran on before, softly as a cat, scarcely brushing the grass in his progress, but trotting onward gravely, as if impressed with the importance of his charge.

It matters not how long this helpless party remained on the road. One bright morning they entered London, fresh from a little hostelry, where they had spent the night. They found the city in a tumult of excitement; crowds of people in holiday-dress were passing up and down the street, all the balconies were hung with tapestry and crimson cloth. Banners floated from the house-tops; and wherever she turned her eyes, Maud saw a cognizance which made her heart leap. The Boar's-Head crested balcony and banner that day wherever armorial

bearings could be placed—and that was the grim cognizance of Duke Richard of Gloucester—the generous patron and master of her husband. As Maud and her strange companions penetrated into the heart of London, the crowd deepened and became more eager. At last it blocked her onward passage, and she was crowded against the walls of a stately house, close beneath a balcony draped with scarlet cloth, and fluttering with fringes of gold. The horses which Maud and her servant rode had been backed close to the wall, where they were becoming dangerously restive. Little Richard struggled in his mother's lap, and began to cry out. The crowd became so tumultuous that it frightened him.

Albert, who had been separated from the others, heard this cry, and pushed his horse toward the balcony, regardless of the people in his way.

In his bewilderment he looked upward, and saw a lovely face looking out from the gorgeous richness of the balcony. Pearls shone in the bright tresses that shaded this face, and a neck fair as the leaves of a blush-rose, gleamed upon him through a flame of jewels.

With a wild ringing shout, that made the crowd pause and look upward, Albert sprang upright on his saddle; with a single leap he threw himself into the balcony, and flung his arms around the beautiful woman who sat there like some tropical bird in its nest.

"Jenny! sister Jenny! it's me—it's me!"

The woman arose, smitten with joyous terror, and, clinging to the idiot-boy, withdrew from the balcony, almost carrying him with her.

"No, no! bring them up, too—my lady and Wasp, and the little fellow! Didn't you hear him cry?"

"My brother! my poor darling—how came you here? Who sent you? Oh! Albert! Albert! you are not afraid to kiss me—afraid nor ashamed?"

Jane Shōre put back the golden locks from that innocent face with both her quivering hands; she rained kisses and quick woman tears on the idiot's forehead, his neck, and even his garments. She strained him to her bosom. She held him at arms-length, laughing and crying like a very child.

"But my lady! But Wasp!" he cried, struggling from her arms. "They have crowded her against the wall; bring her in, or I'll never kiss you again."

"My lady! Is she in truth here? Oh! Albert! I dare not speak to her!"

"But you shall!"

The boy spoke with emphasis, looked around him, and seeing a stair-case through an open door, rushed down it, and out into the street.

"Come in! Come in!" he said. "It is a grand, grand place, and Jenny is here! Sister Jenny wants you, and baby, and Wasp, and her! Come along! See, I have tied the horses to this iron ring!"

While Maud hesitated in bewilderment, the idiot, who had grown strong in his excitement, lifted her from the saddle, and hurried her forward through the passage, up stairs, and into the sumptuous chamber where Jane Shore stood, pale as death, and trembling like a criminal, as she was.

When Maud saw her foster-sister, a flush of joy overspread her face, and she felt the ineffable relief of a wanderer who sees a beloved face in the midst of strangers.

"Oh! Jane, Jane! is it you? Heaven has sent

us here! My heart was so heavy a moment since! But you do not seem glad—you look so strange. Is it that I and my child are unwelcome?"

Jane had, indeed, been startled, even terrified, but she opened her arms before half these words were uttered, and clasped her lady and foster-sister to her bosom with a close embrace.

"Oh! my lady! my dear, dear lady! not welcome! You not welcome! God help me! it was anything but that. This child, too! Welcome! The angels of heaven are not more welcome! But all this is so sudden. Nay, do not look at me so!"

The woman blushed crimson under Maud's wondering gaze; and going into another room, tore the jewels from her bosom, and the pearls from her hair, ashamed to meet those innocent eyes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"LIVING OR DEAD?"

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"Living or dead?" there was not a line  
To tell us to which our thoughts might turn.  
"Wounded and missing," the record said—  
And that was all we could ever learn.

Perhaps, while he lay on the battle-field,  
'Mid the shriek of shell and the cannon's roar,  
The Angel of Death with his summons came—  
And the dim eyes shut to uncloze no more.

"Wounded and missing!" with comrades dear,  
Perhaps he was thrust in some dungeon low,  
In pain, and sorrow, and want to die—  
And we of his fate shall never know.

Perhaps, where the trees, with broad, green leaves,  
Made solemn arches 'twixt earth and sky,  
A mossy couch for the weary frame—  
No loving one but the Saviour nigh;

While the zephyrs sighed a requiem sad,  
And the lonely spot in shadow lay;  
His mother's name on his dying lips—  
Perhaps it was thus he passed away.

He felt that our cause was right and just:  
He stood with the foremost, firm and true;  
He carried his country's flag that day—  
Perhaps he died 'neath its starry blue.

Living or dead? 'tis a sweet, sweet thought,  
That he stood where the best and bravest stand;  
Living or dying, he loved the right,  
And, next to his God, his native land.

Living! ah, yes; for he could not die;  
His heart was so full of a Saviour's love.  
If he lives not here in this world below,  
We know he is "living" in worlds above

WOMAN'S EARLY LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I MET her first in childhood's years,  
When all of life was young;  
Ere care had dimmed her eye with tears,  
Or grief her heart had wrung.  
Life was to her a pleasant dream,  
Unmingled with alloy;  
And each fair, sweet, and blissful scene  
Was fraught with hope and joy.

I saw her on her bridal morn,  
With spirits light as air;  
Her cheeks were like the blush of dawn,  
And roses decked her hair;

And her pure woman's holy love  
Was gushing from her heart,  
As she pronounced the solemn words  
That caused her tears to start.

Again we met in after years;  
But, oh! how greatly changed!  
The love that once was fondly hers,  
Had grown cold and estranged.  
Yet still, with woman's trustfulness,  
She clung to him in tears;  
For time, nor cold neglect could change,  
The love of earlier years.



## MISS WOGGLES' WARDROBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SMITH'S PARTY," ETC., ETC.

WHEN Miss Woggles went to Newport, with her wardrobe of a dozen trunks, she took the Ocean House by storm. Frank Gordon, who saw her baggage delivered, came into the parlor, where his mother and sister were sitting.

"You should have seen the display," he said. "Some of the trunks are as high as my head. Out West, where benighted people like ourselves live, they would be thought nearly big enough for a log-cabin. I understand she has taken an extra room to put them in."

"I have always heard," his sister answered, in the same gay vein, "that the Ocean House was a place where a few women of the first fashion came annually to walk up and down the hall of evenings, and that all the female milliners of the nation came and sat on the chairs at the sides to steal the patterns; and though we have been here only a day, I begin to think it is true."

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "I don't believe a word of your story, or of Frank's. For all you know, Miss Woggles may be a very excellent young woman."

"Not with a dozen trunks, mother, dear; not with that purse-proud face of hers," said Frank. "Most of the girls, who come to Newport, have hard, worldly faces; think what faces we saw on the Avenue yesterday; but Miss Woggles' face is the worst of the lot."

Miss Woggles came down to breakfast, at a late hour next morning, in a dress so aggravatingly beautiful, that all the other ladies were in despair. At dinner she appeared in another superb costume; wore still another for the drive on the Avenue; and in the evening was seen floating through the hall amid clouds of diaphonous drapery.

"Four dresses in one day!" said Frank Gordon. "I don't think her dozen trunks will hold out. But look how her hair is dressed?"

"That's the Empire style," answered his sister. "You men never know anything. And she looks very well in it. But who is that distinguished-looking man being introduced to her?"

"That is Gen. De Courcy. Everybody is talking of him who is not talking of Miss Woggles—and most people are talking of both. He belongs to one of the first families of the Middle

States; the head of the house abroad is Baron Kinsale, of a peerage seven hundred years old. He, that is, the general, was educated at Harvard, and having just graduated when the war broke out, volunteered. He rose rapidly. At Bull Run he was a lieutenant, at Williamsburg a captain, at Antietam a colonel. At Fredericksburg he was wounded and left for dead, but managed to crawl back to camp, and recovered. He is now a major-general by brevet. Added to all this, he is enormously rich, and has one of the finest estates in Pennsylvania. He is said, too, to be as accomplished as he is brave. Of course, all the celebrities gravitate together—the hero of a dozen battles, and the heroine of a dozen trunks. A poor country girl, Kate, has no chance."

At this moment Gen. De Courcy came that way, Miss Woggles leaning on his arm. Apparently he had asked who Kate was, for his companion answered, with a toss of her head, loud enough to be overheard. "I don't know—Shoddy, I suppose."

Poor Kate blushed scarlet, especially as several strangers, hearing the reply, looked rudely at her. Frank waited till Miss Woggles was out of ear-shot, and then whispered to Kate,

"Well, that's cool! You Shoddy! when your ancestors fought at Flodden, to say nothing of Bunker Hill and Yorktown! I'm afraid it's Miss Woggles' antecedents that won't bear inquiring into."

Later in the evening, as Kate sat alone in the hall, her mother having retired with a headache, Frank made his appearance with Gen. De Courcy.

"Kate," he said, "you have often heard our father speak of Col. De Courcy, who was in his brigade in the war of 1812. It turns out that the general here is his son; and he asks the honor of an introduction."

Kate's heart was in a flutter at the unmistakable look of admiration with which her new acquaintance regarded her; and, in truth, Kate looked bewitchingly lovely. Her slender, graceful figure, dressed in simple white, attracted attention, by the absence of the meretricious ornaments so conspicuous all around. There was that something in the carriage of her head, in her every movement, which people call high-

bred. Her face was fresh and animated, with eyes of rare beauty, and a mouth of the most captivating sweetness. Gen. De Courcy mentally contrasted her with the commonplace-looking heiress he had just left, and wondered if this charming prairie-flower excelled as much in mind as she did in person.

"I suspected who you were," he said, "as soon as I heard your name. We have, you must know, a portrait of your father; and I recognized the likeness between it and your brother. But I thought your family lived in New England."

"We did," answered the brother, "at one time. But, to be frank, we had to go out West, in hope to better our condition. I am but a poor country lawyer; and I suppose," he added, laughingly, "we have no business here; but we are traveling to old Massachusetts, to visit the place where our family lived for two hundred years; and I thought I would take Newport in my way, in order that Kate, who has never seen anything of the kind, might have a glimpse of this modern Vanity Fair."

After that the conversation became general, when De Courcy found that Kate was as witty as she was beautiful.

As Miss Woggles went by, leaning on the arm of a millionaire, she gave a stare of surprise at seeing who De Courcy was talking with.

The next day Miss Woggles outdid herself. All the ladies declared her breakfast-dress more ravishing even than the one she had worn the day before, and as for her dinner-costume, "nobody out of Paris," as Mrs. Les Modes said, "could invent such a love of a thing." De Courcy had been assigned a seat at Miss Woggles' table, and she exerted all her charms to fascinate him. Kate, who supposed he was sitting there from choice, was the least bit jealous; for no woman can easily forgive a sneer in another, much less likes to see that other preferred to herself. However, she reflected she was only a country girl, "And I am glad Frank told him how poor we are," she added. You see she was proud, this otherwise perfect Kate.

Perhaps this gave something of coldness to her manner when De Courcy joined her in the evening. But it was impossible long to resist his frank cordiality. He wondered what he had done to offend Kate; but this only made him more determined to please. He was now introduced to Mrs. Gordon, and Kate was quite subdued when she saw the deference he paid to this dear parent.

"Did you drive this afternoon?" he said. "I

looked in vain for you on the Avenue; it would have been a relief to have seen you. Such a set of stupid faces! Everybody seemed bored, and as if they would have yawned at you, if they had dared. But, perhaps, you drove to Bateman's or the Fort?"

"No, we sat on the porch, looking at the show," said Kate. "I confess, I thought as you did about the faces. But the equipages were surely splendid. I have heard of four-in-hands, but I never saw one before. It seemed an endless procession of barouches, pony-phætons, tandems, donkey-carts, equestrians—everything that was extravagant or odd. But," she added, "I couldn't help asking myself, if, with so much misery in the world, it was right to waste money on mere show. I suppose it's very old-fashioned to say this."

"I honor you for it," answered De Courcy. "Half the people here," and he dropped his voice, "seem to me to care only for display. They must be dreadful shams, if we could only find them out."

But the next day, when Kate saw De Courcy dining again with Miss Woggles, who was, as Frank said, in her eleventh new dress, if not in the eleventh heaven, she began to think that he was as great a sham as any one; for he seemed to be quite absorbed with the heiress; and when, after dinner, he handed Miss Woggles into a superb drag, with four horses, and two grooms in showy liveries, (top-boots and cockades in their hats included,) she was quite convinced of it.

"I wonder your new friend don't drive his own horses," she said to Frank, as the magnificent equipage dashed off, the chains jingling, and the horses plunging, while the grooms clambered up behind.

"You dear little innocent," answered Frank, "don't you know that this is the great Woggles turn-out, and that the driver is the brother of the heiress. You see he has another groom, out of livery, at his side, to help him through the tight places. They say the horses are teased with wire-whips, before leaving the stable, to make them go off in this fashion, and that, in a few minutes, the leaders will be hanging back as if about to sit down on the wheelers. Great are the Woggleses at Newport! As for De Courcy, depend on it, he'd no idea he was going to be made an exhibition of, in such a style, till it was too late to decline. He's too thorough-bred to like display."

The next morning, De Courcy, after breakfast, came up to Kate.

"Your brother tells me," he said, "that you

ride on horseback. May I hope you will ride with me this afternoon? I have been all over Newport, this morning, to see if I could get a suitable horse for you, and have, with great difficulty, succeeded; so do not, I beg, decline. Mrs. Gordon, will you intercede for me?"

The Avenue, that afternoon, was unusually thronged. Kate rode her beautiful, high-spirited mare to perfection. Everybody turned to look after her and De Courcy, for so handsome a couple had not been seen before that season. The gentlemen especially raved about her. "She beats even Rotten Row," said a young English lord, "'pon honor, she does." Miss Woggles, jingling by in cumbrous state, turned green with jealousy.

That evening there was a hop. Miss Woggles came down to it with diamonds that were worth a fortune. Mrs. Les Modes declared that the two point-lace flounces on her dress "must have cost a thousand dollars each." All the young men crowded around her. There were dandies with English whiskers; dandies with waxed mustaches; dandies with hair parted in the middle; foreign attaches, English titular lords, cadets in uniform, and drawing young donkies. But he, whom of all others she most wished for, did not press forward with the rest. With jealous rage she beheld him approach Kate, appearing to ignore altogether her own charms. Her anger was heightened when she saw that De Courcy was the hero of the evening, and that Kate shared in the homage which was paid to him. Hitherto, the quiet, retiring manners of Kate had kept her in the background; but now, as she floated around in the waltz, her grace, her beauty, and her stylish air fixed general attention. Her dress was perfection; simple, yet exquisite. All the women wondered how so much effect could be produced at so little expense. De Courcy had hardly led her to a seat, before she was besieged with solicitations to dance. She had been now recognized as the fair horsewoman of the afternoon; and this increased her popularity. At the end of the evening there was only one opinion, which was that she had been the belle of the ball.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, the Gordons found De Courcy waiting for them at the door. He gave his arm to Mrs. Gordon, and led her to her seat as if she had been a queen.

"I telegraphed for my horses the other day," he said, "and they came on last night. I have been lying in ambush for you, this hour, in hopes to secure you, my dear madam, for my first drive."

That afternoon, a plain, but elegant carriage drove up, with seats for four. The groom got down, and De Courcy, after handing in his friends, took the reins himself. Two such blooded chestnuts had not been seen on the Avenue that season. They started off, tossing their heads, biting and snapping at each other, so that, to a stranger, they might have seemed about to run away; but in reality it was only playfulness; and if it had been more, their owner, a skillful whip, could have controlled them. De Courcy drove around by Bateman's. There had been a gale in the night, and the surf was breaking, wild and high, over the reefs outside and all along that rocky coast. The horses were pulled up, and long after all the other carriages had driven home, our party stood looking at the sea and sunset. When the last bars of gold and crimson had died out from the western sky, and the shores of Narragansett grew ghostly in the shadows, Kate, who had really forgot everything but the scene, began to sing, in a low voice, as if to herself, King-ley's "Three Fishermen."

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best;  
And the children stood watching them out of the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, but many to keep,  
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning."

Before she had finished the first verse, she became conscious of what she was doing, and would have stopped; but her mother insisted she must go on; so she sang the ballad through, her voice rising, strong and clear, with emotion.

"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And watched the sky as the sun went down.  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning."

"Three corpses lay out on the shining strand,  
In the morning sun, when the tide went down;  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who shall never come back to the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

She sang this last verse with inexpressible pathos, her voice full of tears. No one spoke when she finished; but after awhile, De Courcy drove slowly home.

"I did not know you sang," he said, finally, when they had left the sea out of sight; "nor did I ever hear that song set to the air you sang it to. Whose music is it?"

"I don't think it has ever been published," began Kate, evasively.

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, my child," interrupted her mother. "The music is Kate's own, general. She said she never could find

any that seemed to her to express the full pathos of the words—and so she tried for herself.”

“Nor did I,” was all De Courcy said; and he looked dreamily into the far distance.

From that evening, Miss Woggles felt she was playing a losing game. Not only had De Courcy deserted her, but others, awakened to Kate's rare loveliness, left the heiress for the rising luminary. In vain she wore her most exquisite Parisian dresses, dresses that the great Worth himself had made. In vain she exercised all her shallow arts of coquetry to draw De Courcy to her side. Her star was waning. People no longer talked of her and her wardrobe, but of the grace and modesty of this beautiful Miss Gordon. At every picnic and reception Kate was now the favorite belle.

“What a wicked wretch our friend, De Courcy, is,” said Frank, roguishly, one day, when alone with his sister. “I heard Miss Woggles, just now, ask him if she didn't speak English with a French accent; and he had the cruelty to tell her no. I never informed you, did I, what these Woggles were? I told you I didn't believe their antecedents would bear inquiring into. The father made a great fortune in the shoe-peg line, it seems; you must have read the advertisement of ‘Woggles' Warranted Wax-Ends.’ Ten years ago he went abroad, and died there, leaving these two children, each worth a million. And that's the ‘true and complete history,’ as the old broad-sheets used to say, of the Woggles family.”

The visit of the Gordons was drawing to an end. The season, indeed, was still at its height; but Frank wished to go to Massachusetts, and business compelled him to be home by the first of September; so arrangements were made for their departure.

The last evening of their stay, De Courcy drove out with Kate. The tide was low, at the end of the Avenue, so he crossed the beach, and leaving the groom in charge of the horses, assisted Kate up the rocks to look at the Spouting Horn. How long they stood there, neither ever knew. Gradually they became silent. The opal of the sea, and the rose hue of the sky had faded, and an ashen gray began to creep over all. Far in the south-west, the lights of Point Judith twinkled and disappeared, and twinkled again. At last De Courcy spoke.

“And so you must go to-morrow?” he said. “I have been very happy.”

“We must go to-morrow,” answered Kate, in a low voice. She hardly knew what she said. Any words were less embarrassing than silence.

“But why alone?” And he turned full and looked at her. His voice sank almost to a whisper. “Let me go with you—for life—forever!”

Kate's eyes fell. He took her hand, and the hand trembled. But she did not withdraw it.

And the night grew deeper. And the groom began to think that his master and the young lady were lost or drowned, it was so long before they remembered him or the horses, and came back.

The next day De Courcy left, and in the same train with the Gordons. It was with the free sanction of both Mrs. Gordon and Frank that he accompanied Kate. So it may be considered certain that Kate will be a bride before New-Year's.

Miss Woggles, when she was told of De Courcy's departure, called for her French maid, and ordered her trunks packed. The same evening she left Newport, as she said, forever. And that was the last we heard of Miss WOGGLES AND HER WARDROBE.

## IS SHE DEAD?

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Is she dead? Long weeks she languished,  
Wasted by disease and pain;  
Vain the prayers of hearts that loved her—  
Human art and skill were vain.

Is she dead? The church bells tolling,  
Called unto the house of prayer,  
Friends to look their last upon her,  
Lying cold and pulseless there.

And the man of God said sadly,  
“Earth to earth and dust to dust;”  
But with brighter aspect pointed,  
To the rising of the just.

Is she dead? They've borne her marble,  
Cold and senseless to the tomb;

Laid it down beneath the lilies,  
There to rest in silent gloom.

Is she dead? Ah, no! nor sleeping  
In that green and narrow bed,  
Where they've laid the worn-out casket,  
With Spring flowers above its head.

But she heard her Master calling,  
“Well done good and faithful one!”  
“Come up higher,” where is waiting,  
What your faith and love have won.

And the raptured spirit gladly  
Left its spirit-house of clay;  
And on wings of faith uprising,  
Sought the realms of endless day.

## A PROVIDENCE IN ALL THINGS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was Saturday morning, and Debbie Hunter worked briskly to get her domestic matters arranged in time: for she sacredly observed that beautiful New England custom of having everything in order by sunset, and spending Saturday night in peaceful preparation for the Sabbath. The morning hours soon slipped by; the sunshine reached and passed the noon-mark on the kitchen-floor; and having done until there was nothing more to do, she put on a clean frock, braided up her dark hair, and with her great basket of freshly-ironed clothes beside her, sat down to do her weekly mending.

The afternoon was a glorious one. The air was thick with a glimmering, golden radiance; and the sky hung overhead blue as a summer sea, dotted here and there with little patches of fleecy white, through which the sun, crowned with his brightest aureole of golden beams, was slowly descending westward to a gorgeous pavilion of tinted mist and billowy clouds. Beneath, the earth lay bathed in brightness; every hill crested with green; every valley starred with blossoms; every tree and shrub bursting into tender shoots; and warbling birds, and humming bees, and tinkling bells, and bleating flocks, filled the air with a mellow chorus of sylvan melody.

On the green grass, before the kitchen door, sat Debbie's three children, Mark and Ruthie building mimic houses for the entertainment of their baby brother; and ever and anon, while she worked, sewing on buttons and darning rents in tiny pinafores and chabby stockings, the happy mother glanced toward them with tender, glistening eyes, singing to herself in a subdued voice:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, and leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

After awhile the children wearied of their house-building, and had a race with pussy up and down the garden-walk; and then Mark ran in exclaiming,

"Oh, mother! mother! do let us go down to the wood-lot and get some flowers to dress the house for Sunday. Won't you, please, mother?"

"The sun's almost too warm, isn't it, dear?"

"No, indeed, mother; little clouds keep runnin' over it; it ain't warm a bit—let us go.

You know papa liked the last flowers we got so much."

"Well, bring baby in, and get Ruthie's shoes."

The boy obeyed with alacrity; and lifting Ruthie on her lap, tied the little, warm shoes on her fat feet, and put on her flapping sun-bonnet.

"Don't go far, Mark; and take good care of Ruthie."

"Yes, mother; I always do take care of her—don't I, Ruthie?"

Ruthie assented by a nod of her flapping sun-bonnet; and, taking up their flower-basket, the children started off, hand-in-hand, Debbie hearing their prattling voices and merry laughter long after they had passed from her sight. She resumed her song and her sewing, pausing now and then to administer an admonition to baby, who was exploring the depths of the clothes-basket, and making ineffectual efforts to like off every button that came in his way. By the time the sun had reached the outer edge of the door-sill, she had overlooked the last garment, and rose up to put her basket away.

Then, with baby toddling after her, she went into her chamber, and opening a large chest, odorous with rose-leaves and lavender, proceeded to lay out the Sabbath apparel, and to put fresh sheets on the two beds, her own and the low trundle, where Mark and Ruthie slept. Nothing now remained to be done but to boil the tea-kettle, and spread the supper-table beneath the grape-arbor; and she returned to the kitchen and glanced at the retreating sunlight with a sign of satisfaction. It had left the door-sill, and was slowly creeping over the green sod without. The sight of it brought a warm light to her eyes, for it was a precious dial, and now marked the hour which had for years brought her husband home from his little school-house. Smiling to herself, she lingered a moment to watch it, thinking how slowly it seemed to move in the early days of her marriagehood; and how swiftly it glided, now that her hands were full of cares.

While Debbie stood thus, smiling and watching the sunlight, a muttering roll of distant thunder fell on her ear; and hastening out to see from whence it came, she beheld, extending

along the western verge of the horizon, a long ledge of clouds, which looked black and portentous beneath the glittering light of the descending sun.

"Surely the children will hurry home," she murmured, glancing anxiously toward the wood-lot, "we shall have a storm before night."

Then she ran about, getting chickens into their houses, and putting wood under shelter, and doing sundry other things, such as a coming storm always renders necessary; wondering all the while if Nathan would get home in time, and expecting every moment to hear the voices of the children. But they did not come; and by the time she had finished, the clouds had so extended as to obscure the light of the sun, and zigzag lines of lightning played, at intervals, round their edges; and the warning voice of the thunder grew louder and more frequent.

Catching up her babe, and closing her door, she ran across to her nearest neighbor, requesting her to take care of him until she returned. Then she hastened away in the direction of the wood-lot.

The wind rose in a sudden gust; the leaves on the trees shivered and trembled; and the cloud came on with fearful rapidity. Shaft after shaft of blinding flame shot from its angry breast; the thunder became one loud, continuous roar, and the darkness grew almost as deep as that of night. Calling frantically on the names of her children, the terrified mother ran on until she was lost to sight in the gloomy depths of the wood-lot.

When Nathan Hunter came in sight of his cottage, the first big drops of the storm had begun to fall; and he was hastening on to escape it, when the voice of the neighbor, who had charge of the babe, arrested him, and from her he learned that his children were in the wood-lot, and his wife gone in search of them. Hurrying after them, he soon traced Debbie by her frantic cries, and succeeded in overtaking her just as the full fury of the storm burst forth. But where were their children?

The clouds rolled up in serried lines, discharging peal after peal of deafening thunder, sheet after sheet of blinding flame; and then, as if all heaven had gathered together its artillery, down poured volley after volley of rattling hail. Nathan forcibly drew his wife under a covert of brushwood, and there they waited until the warring elements drew off their forces, and night let fall her starless curtain to cover their retreat.

"We must go for men and torches now,"

Nathan said, as they crept out over heaps of fallen branches, and they started on, fear and love winging their feet.

The news once out, flew with telegraphic speed, and in an incredibly short time men and lanterns were at his command. The wood-lot was nothing more than a bit of thickly timbered land, some two miles square, the favorite resort and play-place of the village children, and every man in the little company knew each nook and cranny it contained. Separating at the edge of the wood, and designating the great chestnut-oak in the center of the lot, as their place of meeting, they started onward with the joyful assurance that the lost ones would soon be found; and in a few moments the whole wood seemed bursting into a grand and instantaneous conflagration, the blazing torches casting a lurid glare for miles around them, making the dripping branches glitter with dazzling brightness.

But the anxiously-listened for signal-shout was not heard; and after an hour of fruitless search, the little band met, with anxious faces, beneath the chestnut-oak. The father and mother turned from one to another in dumb despair.

"We've searched well; but we'll try it again," was the simultaneous acclaim; and again they started out, and in another hour reassembled beneath the chestnut-oak, but without the children.

"There's no hope for this place now—where next?"

Debbie started forward with a sharp cry, "The pond! the pond! We have forgotten the pond!"

Her words thrilled every heart with a feeling of terrible foreboding; and slowly and solemnly, like a funeral procession, they wound their way to the meadow, in which the little pond lay. Nathan and Debbie were in advance of the others; and as he flung his crackling torch from side to side, the mother's agonizing cry froze every heart with terror, and, following the direction of her pointing finger, they saw, upon the edge of the pond, a small basket, filled with flowers and pine-cones; and as the men came up and flashed their torches over the yellow water, far out in the center, whirling and drifting in the eddies, a little cap, which the poor mother instantly recognized as belonging to her first-born boy. With a piercing cry, and yearning, out-stretched arms, she plunged forward; but strong arms held her back, and unable to resist, dumb-stricken, half conscious, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and

watched them while they dragged the pond, murmuring to herself the while, "I did not deserve this! God has dealt cruelly and unmercifully toward me!"

But, with all their efforts, the children could not be found. The men looked in each other's faces in puzzled despair. Was the pond so deep that they could not reach them? What did it mean? They must go to the village for stronger ropes, and more effectiv  means. Meanwhile, the poor mother and father sat, side by side, in silence, gazing with hopeless eyes upon the yellow waters.

Over the black and desolate night the Sabbath morning dawned fair and cloudless, with delicate rose-tints in the east, and purple, curling mist above the valleys. The birds awoke, and poured forth a jubilant outburst of song; the air was clear and balmy; and every blossom and blade of grass hung with lucid drops, gleaming and flashing like diamonds in the rays of the rising sun. God's sun—God's Sabbath morning! Fair and glorious, though born of a fearful night; eloquent in the revelation of the divine truth, that light is brought forth by darkness, and that light is the off-spring of death.

But to the poor mother's heart this truth was by no means clearly revealed. God had dealt unkindly with her—that was one thought. Then her half-bewildered mind went back to the preceding evening, and she remembered the merry prattle of her little ones.

"Mother, I shall wear my new suit, with the bright buttons, to-morrow—shan't I?"

And—

"Mother, you'll curl my hair all over my head, and put on my pink sash when I go to Sunday-school—won't you?"

But they would never laugh and prattle, never tease and trouble her again. Why had they been taken from her? Did she deserve such a sharp and sudden trial? She had tried to serve God from her youth up, and love her neighbor as herself. She was endeavoring to bring up her children in the way they should go—why, then, had she been dealt with so harshly? Was there any God at all—any Providence—any guiding Hand of Love? Or was the universe ruled by a blind, fortuitous chance?

Meanwhile, the Sabbath light deepened and broadened; and the sweet sound of tolling bells came floating from the village. The dragging of the pond went on, but the children could not be found.

"I can't understand it," said the oldest man

of the party. "They can't be in there; if they were, we should fish 'em up, certain."

A swift tumultuous hope shot through Debbie's heart. After all, it might not be so. Obeying a resistless but seemingly foolish impulse, she rose to her feet and called, first on one name, and then on the other. Clear and sweet, through the thin, morning air, her voice arose, penetrating the remotest corner of the wood-lot; and, after a moment's silence, a faint, childish shout came quivering back in answer. The father sprang to his feet with a cry of joy, and the men rushed to and fro in happy confusion. But Debbie kept on calling, and following the little voice that replied with flying feet. Over fallen trees, and through tangled copses; through reeking pools, cutting her feet and tearing her clothing, until she came at last to a huge tree, whose trunk was hollow; and there, shaking himself like a young water-dog, and not more than half aroused, stood Mark, just emerged from the capacious cavern, while, on the wet leaves within, Ruthie still lay, her golden curls hanging in disorder over her rosy cheeks, and her dimpled hands clasping her pinafore, which was crammed with the flowers and bits of moss she had gathered the preceding evening.

"Oh! Mark, Mark!" sobbed the poor mother, catching him to her bosom, "I thought you were drowned. Oh! thank God! I have found you once more!"

Mark looked up at his father, and then at the soaring sun, and began to comprehend the scene around him.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "we've staid all night! I meant to come home, father; but while we was at the pond, and I was making a boat for Ruthie out o' my cap, the storm came on, and we run, and run, and left the basket, and my cap, too. But we couldn't find the way home; and Ruthie cried so, I put her in there. But, my buttons! didn't it hail, father? Ruthie was scared—but I wasn't."

Nathan took the little fellow by the hand in silence, while one of the men lifted Ruthie, still sleeping, from her leafy bed; and with glad hearts they turned their faces homeward. Debbie followed after, with a sharp regret at her heart for having doubted God's mercy, looking up at her living children, and at the smiling, Sabbath sky with grateful, streaming eyes.

At home she began to bustle about, making things comfortable, while Nathan received and gratified the curiosity of the rejoicing neighbors who crowded in. Going into her bed-



chamber to get some dry apparel for the children, her glance fell upon the little trundle-bed, that she had spread with fresh linen the evening before; and, lo! it was a charred and blackened mass—struck by the red bolt of the lightning! There had been death and swift destruction there; and life and safety in the stormy forest.

## THE RAIN.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

"Mid the radiant Summer's  
Dull and languid hours,  
When the air grows heavy  
With the breath of flowers  
Drooping low and dying,  
In the shady bowers;  
Like a boon or blessing  
To the parched earth,  
Bud and leaf caressing  
Into greener birth;  
Every bright drop echoing  
To a glad refrain,  
Comes the gentle patter  
Of the welcome rain.

Rain! rain! merry rain!  
Singing now a joyful strain;  
Falling from the mossy eaves,  
Dancing on the plain;  
Sparkling on the harvest sheaves  
Of the golden grain.  
In the dry and dusty street,  
Gathering in a pool,  
Bathing little children's feet,  
On the way from school;  
Breathing tiny ripples  
In the pebbly brook,  
Where blue violets cluster  
In some hidden nook.  
Rain! rain! blessed rain!

Picturing lost joys again;  
Falling like the music chime  
Of silver bells;  
Bringing back the olden time  
On which memory dwells;  
When a child I stumbered  
'Neath the old home roof;  
And a mother's blessing  
Kept all care aloof;  
Visions bright and sunny  
Filled my childish brain,  
Listening to the music—  
Patter of the rain.

Rain! rain! mournful rain!  
Tapping 'gainst my window-pane;  
Sobbing to the wind's low moan,  
Bathing with fresh tears  
Cold gray-stone, buried 'neath  
Loves of other years;  
Folding close with winding-sheet,  
Marble brow and silent feet;  
Feet that walked with us the earth  
One short year ago;  
Now beneath the valley's sod,  
Lying still and low.  
Ah! I know not whether,  
Most with joy or pain,  
Thrilled thou my heart-strings,  
Sobbing Autumn rain.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

He gathered a spray of the sweet wild-rose,  
And wove him a wreath of the blossoms red;  
He said, "when the wine of the sunset glows,  
I shall crown with this rose-wreath some beautiful head.

"And she shall walk with me, my beautiful queen,  
Forever and ever in marvelous state,  
The happiest maiden that ever was seen—  
Where waits she now for her sure-coming fate?"

I gave him no answer, but looking afar,  
I saw a white sail drifting in from the sea;  
"Let us haste, quickly haste, to the silver-shelled bar,  
There's somebody beckoning landward to me.

"Some one whose smile I would rather were mine  
Than half the bright smiles in the glad world beside;  
But, look! there's a flash of the sunset's red wine—  
'Tis time that you crowned her your beautiful bride.

"Which one of the crew is the happy one, pray?  
Maud, Lou, or Jose, our fair pouting Gabrielle?

Were I but a fairy, I'd touch them, and say  
Which one will give way to the magical spell."

"Were you a fairy? Well, I am. See here!"  
And sunny-haired Maud lightly tripped o'er the sand,  
And, breaking a wand from a golden rod near,  
She raised it aloft in her beautiful hand.

"Kneel quickly, fair Elsie, just here by the sea;  
The waves are all crimson, like wine in the sun;  
And anything, everything, kneeling to me,  
I will grant you whatever you ask, little one."

I knelt down before her, I cannot tell why;  
Was it the golden bloom laid on my hair?  
Or was it the strong will, the proud, flashing eye,  
Smiling so king-like, and watching us there?

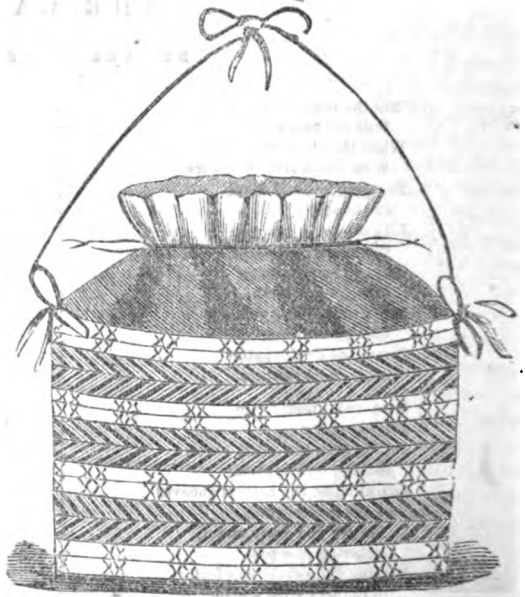
Next thought was the rose-wreath laid light on my brow;  
And then the warm kisses rained down on my face;  
While Maud, laughing, said, "I had better leave now;  
I have granted your wish with such wonderful grace."

## WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

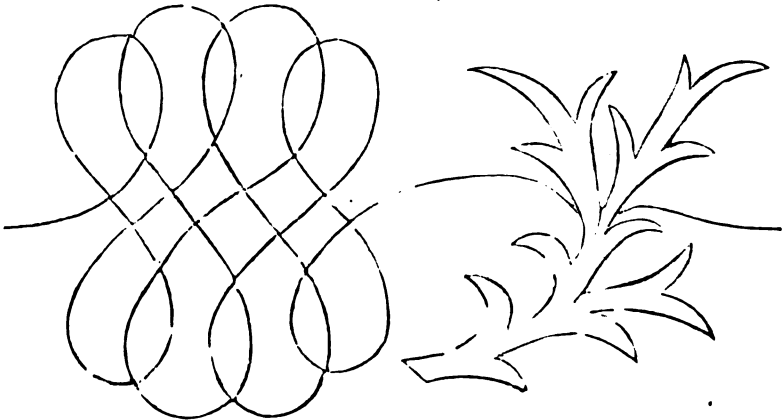
**MATERIALS.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  of a yard of canvas, fine;  $\frac{1}{2}$  an oz. of emerald green single zephyr; 6 yards of fine straw braid, or cord; some scarlet floss silk;  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a yard of green silk; 1 yard of thick silk cord, green and straw-color; 1 yard of narrow Mantua ribbon.

This pretty Work-Bag for the parlor is made on canvas. Cut the piece of canvas long enough to reach round a circular bottom six inches in diameter, and a little over an eighth of a yard in depth. Begin at the top, and place two (or four rows of the straw braid, if narrow,) evenly around the whole length of the piece of canvas, fastening it down by working a block of four or eight cross stitches with the floss silk. Then take the zephyr, and work in a long diagonal stitch, as seen in the design, covering six threads of canvas each way, meeting in the center, as can be seen. Continue with the straw cord, etc., until you have the piece of work complete; line this with pasteboard same as the bottom, } handle, the thick cord; the bows are made of covering the inside with silk. For the top of } some finer cord, with straw or silk acorns at- the bag, use the piece of green silk. For the } tached.



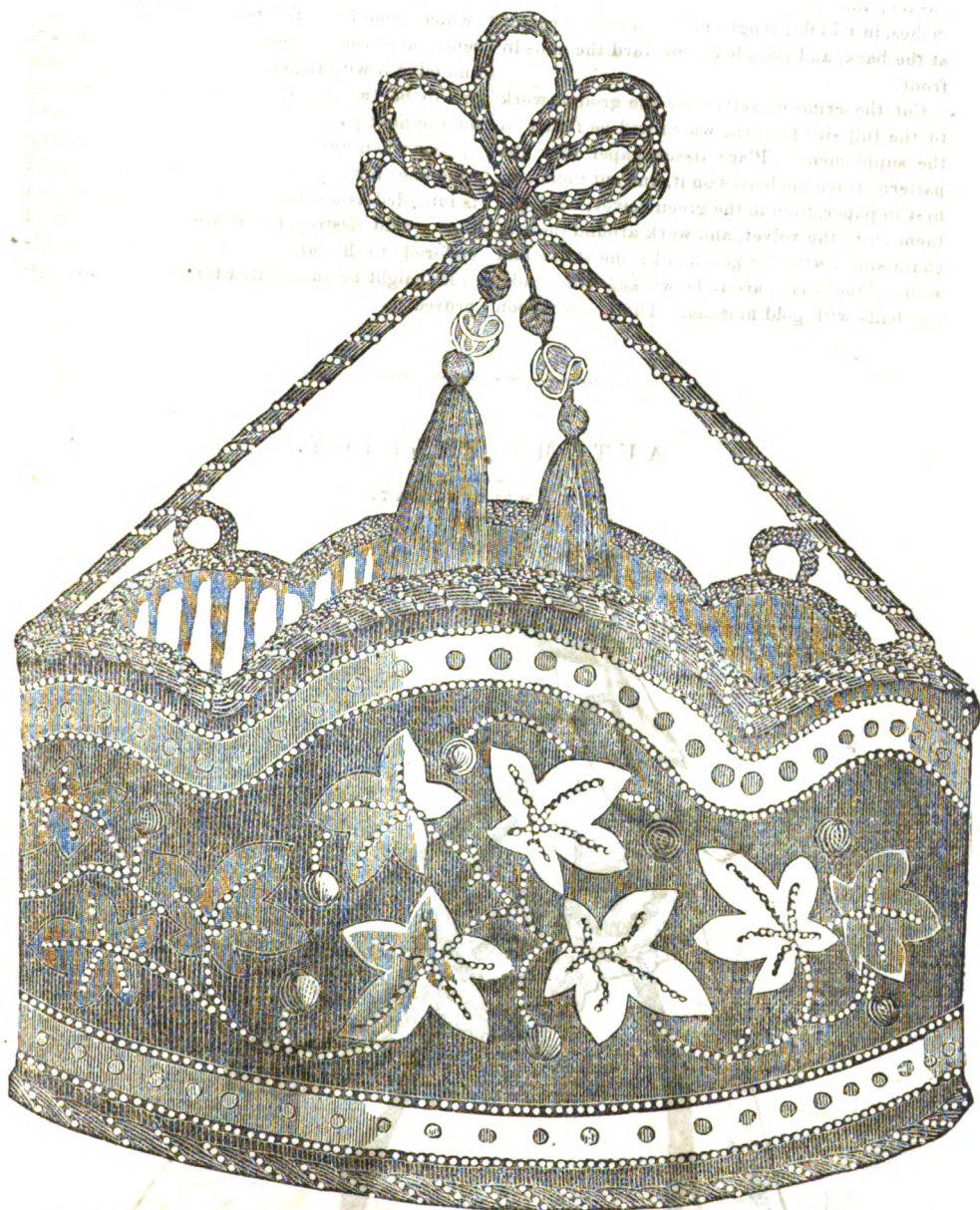
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### DESIGN IN BRAID AND APPLIQUE, FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



## HANGING BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIAL REQUIRED.— $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches of crimson velvet;  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard of green velvet;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of ribbon velvet, half inch wide, of the same shade; 8 ounces of crystal beads; a skein of gold-colored filoselle; a skein of green crochet silk;  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard of crimson sarsenet to match the velvet; 2

yards of crimson chenille; 1 yard of cord to match; and a pair of small tassels; sufficient cardboard to mount the basket.

Length of cardboard for back of basket, twelve inches—the same depth and shape as front of basket; full width of card for the bottom, 3½ inches, in middle; length twelve inches, straight at the back, and rounded off toward the ends in front.

Cut the crimson velvet for the ground-work to the full size pattern, which will be found on the supplement. Place tissue paper over the pattern; trace the leaves on it, and cut them out, first in paper, then in the green velvet; applique them on to the velvet, and work around them in chain-stitch with the green silk; the stalks and veins of the leaves are to be worked with beads, the balls with gold floselle. The green ribbon

needs only to be backed on, as the beads, when sewn at each edge of it; fasten it sufficiently, and the gold dots can be worked through. Mount the front of the basket on a pliable cardboard, so that it will bend round the corners; line it with the sarsenet; cover both sides of the back (which should be of firmer cord,) with the sarsenet, also the bottom. Make up the basket, and edge it with the chenille, round which beads are to be twisted at intervals. The engraving on the next page, shows how the basket should appear when finished. It is a useful and pretty ornament for the boudoir, or dressing-room, and is intended as a receptacle for any little articles that would destroy the neatness of a room if suffered to lie about. A cashmere ground-work might be substituted for the velvet, if approved.

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## AUTUMN PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS very stylish Paletot is made in four pieces. On the next page we give a diagram, by which it may be cut out. The style of trimming is seen in the above engraving.

No. 1. FRONT.  
No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.  
No. 4. SIDE-PIECE.

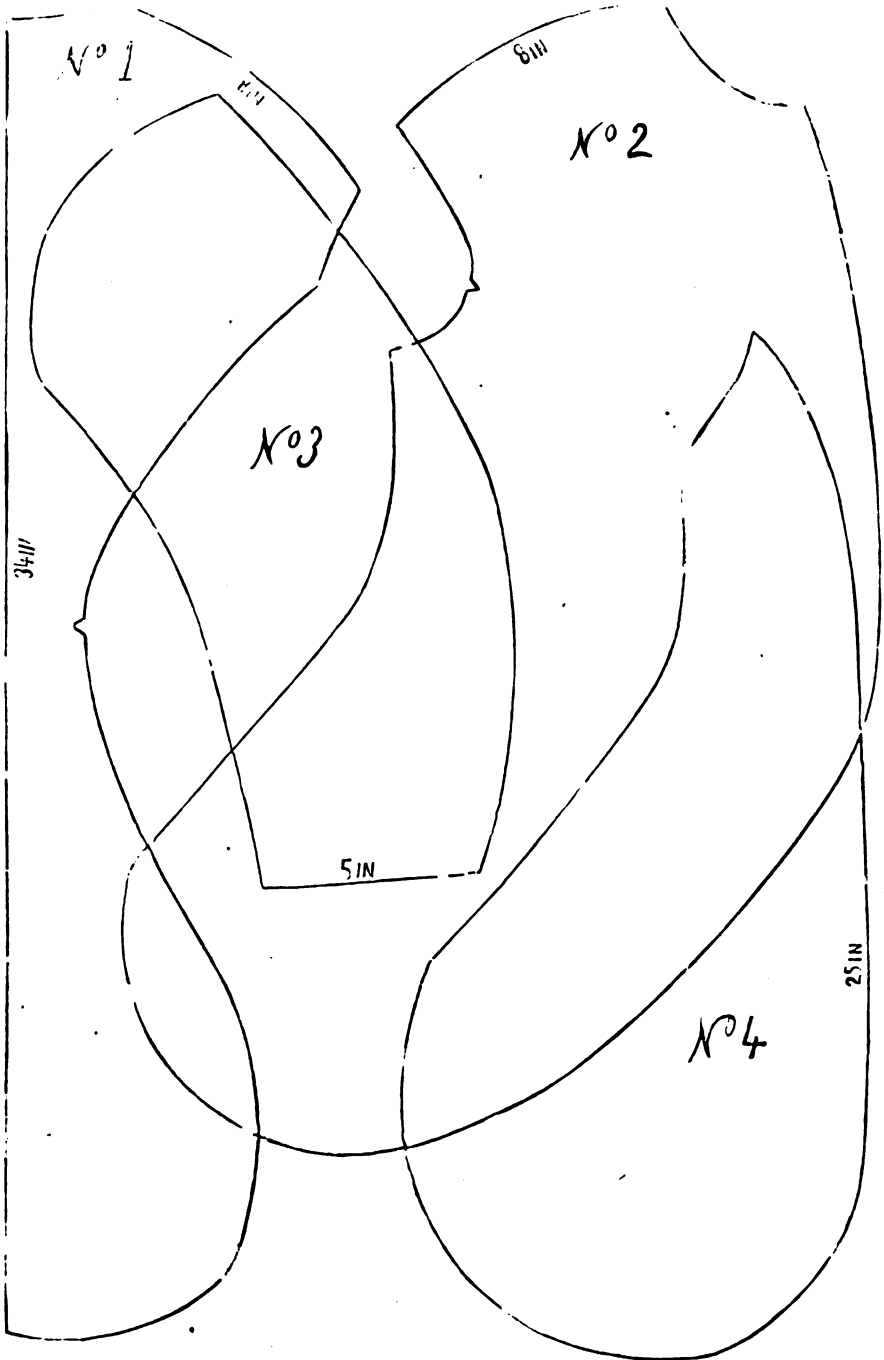
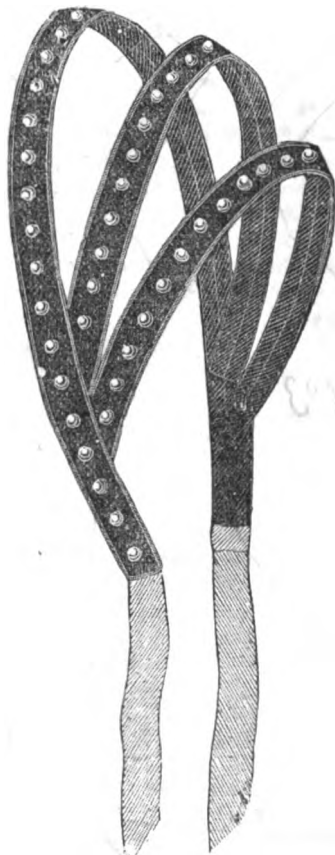


DIAGRAM FOR AUTUMN PALETOT.

## BANDELETS FOR THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE Greek Head-Dresses, or "Bandelets," as they are called in these modern times, are made in every variety of material. Those for very full dress are made of solid bands of treble gilt, either burnished or frosted; sometimes the front band is ornamented with little gilt sequines to match, bands of cut steel are, also, very brilliant; they usually have hair-pins to correspond, which seem to be used to fasten the "Bandelets" with. In our engraving we give the "Bandelet" made of velvet, ornamented with beads. To make one, eighth of a yard of velvet, cut bias, is required; divide this into three equal parts, cutting the velvet on the bias, of course. Sew the edges of the velvet together with a slip-stitch, so that the stitches may not show upon the right side; make the three bands, graduating them to fit the head. Ornament with wax beads in imitation of pearls; or with gilt or steel beads. A narrow taffetas ribbon, sewed at each end of the "Bandelet," is the most convenient way of fastening the head-dress, as it then can be more easily adjusted in its proper place. Of course, it is understood that the hair is to be entirely denuded of the puffs and frizettes so long worn, and is to be dressed quite close to the head.

### SMOKING-CAP: CORAL PATTERN.

In the front of the number we give a design, printed in colors, for a Smoking-Cap of a coral pattern. The crown, and a piece of the side are represented, as also, on a smaller scale, the cap, when finished. This cap is done in applique with red velvet cashmere on gray, and is finished with a tassel. Dark blue or black may be used instead of gray, if preferred.



## CANDLESTICK ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

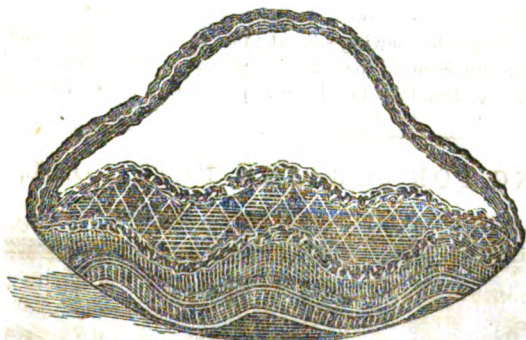


Two large rings are required for the center, twelve smaller ones for the middle of the stars, and eighty-four very small ones for the edges. Six stars are necessary for each ornament. Work over the rings with scarlet silk in double crochet. The rest of the ornaments are very short, white bugles and crystal beads, which may be threaded on the scarlet silk for the tassels, etc. The illustration shows the arrangement of the rings and tassels.

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## WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut a round or oval of penelope canvas the size you wish to make your basket. Work any simple pattern in Berlin wool or bead-work to cover it. Quilt a piece of silk or satin the exact size of your work. Tack the two together, and sew as firm a wire as you can bend with your fingers round the extreme edge, bending it into the waved form of the model; then cover the edge with a ruche of quilled ribbon. Get a piece of plait or chip, and sew a firm wire on to it to form the handle. Cover it with the same material as that with which you have lined the basket, and put a ruche on the upper side.



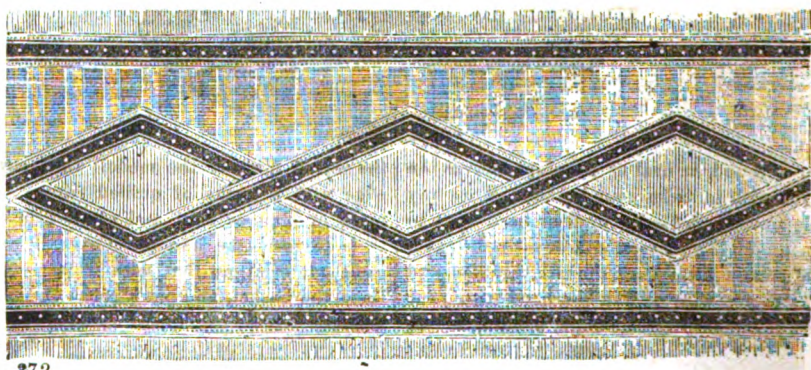
## TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is made of black velvet applique upon drab cloth. All the little patterns upon the velvet are done in gold thread, sewed down with an over-stitch of scarlet sewing-silk at equal distances. The intervening pattern is done with scarlet silk embroidery braid, and one jet bead in the center of each oval made by braiding pattern. Line the bag with soft chamois leather, or oil silk. Scarlet silk for the top of the bag, and scarlet cord for the strings. The bottom of the bag should be of a pasteboard covered with the leather.

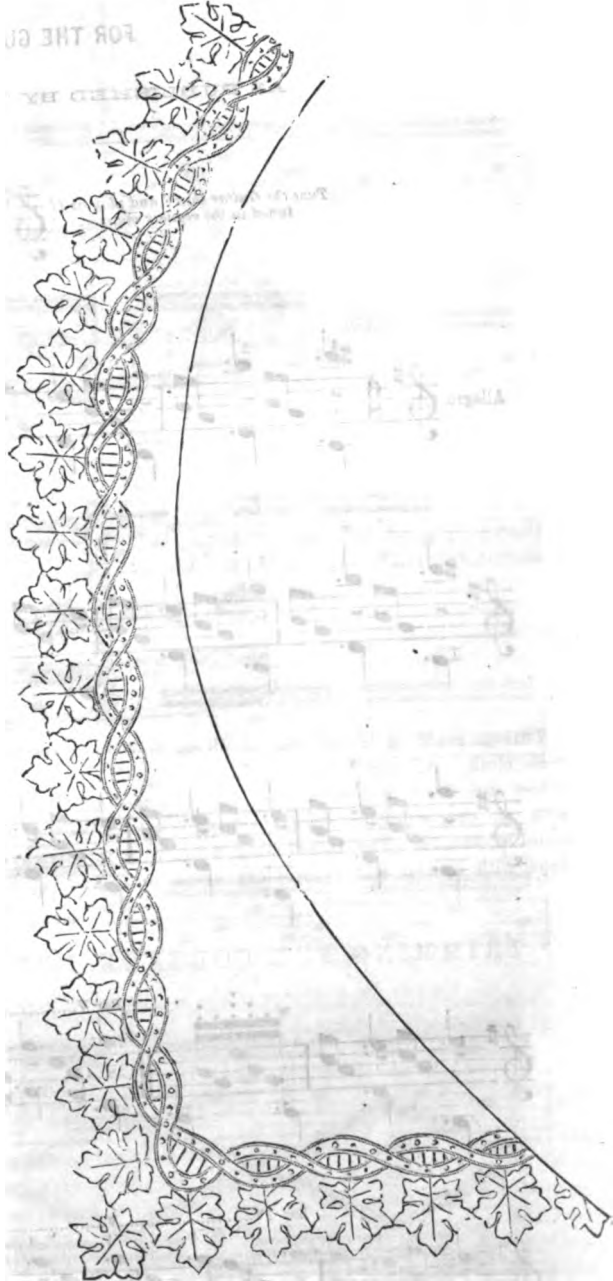
## TRIMMING FOR CORSAGE, PETTICOAT, ETC., ETC.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS, ETC.



COLLAR.

# Spanish Wandango.

FOR THE GUITAR.

AS PUBLISHED BY SEP. WINNER.

Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if  
tuned in the regular manner.



SPANISH FANDANGO.

Variations.

Bar V .....open.

VII .....open.

IV ..... V

.....open.

D.C.  
Al Fine.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**"PETERSON" FOR 1866. DOUBLE SIZE COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.**—We call attention to the Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be seen that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost us nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled; and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

*Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine, for it will be, in 1866, the cheapest Magazine in the world. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

**GOLD AND STEEL** are again profusely used in all articles of dress. The newest poplins have steel woven in them in the shape of diamonds, lozenges, and circles of the size of a quarter of a dollar. Gold is also used in this way on black. It is profusely sprinkled over all flowers, and is used for bandelets. Gold and steel beads will be sewed on narrow braid, and employed for trimming dresses, jackets, etc. Plaids are also fashionable, among the prettiest of which is the apple-green crossed with black.

**MAKING ALL DRESS-MAKERS.**—The Penfield (N. Y.) Extra says of this Magazine:—"We have a large club in this town, and should judge that it will be doubled by another year, from what we hear said about it; it is making all the ladies dress-makers." This was written, too, before the ladies knew of the double-size fashion-plates, which we shall publish, every month, during 1866.

**A NOVELTY IN JEWELRY** is a pair of humming-birds' heads set as ear-rings, the feathers changing color and glittering more beautifully than any gem. A brooch to accompany these may be made round, a bird's head occupying the center, and surrounded by a number of humming-birds' breasts to complete a larger circle.

**RAG-KNITTING.**—One of the best methods of using up old scraps, or rags, is to knit them into a many-stripped rug or carpet. By this process you get, almost for nothing, what is always brilliant in color, as well as heavy and thick. Every conceivable thing that can be torn into shreds can be used; stuff, cotton, cloth, list, faded ribbons, velvet, old stockings, and even discarded tulle caps. Disused dress linings and abandoned crinoline covers are treasures to the rag-knitter; so are red worsted bindings and braids from old skirts. Nor is rag-knitting difficult, for the stitch is that of plain knitting, and the needles should be of wood, measuring one inch in circumference. The first stitch is not to be knitted—in fact, the work is to be commenced and proceeded with as for garter-knitting.

Supposing an old alpaca or mohair skirt is to be the first thing to hand, it should be torn into strips as long as possible, of an inch and a half in width. These strips are to be joined together slightly by needle and thread, till a good length is obtained; said length to be folded down the center to the width of three-quarters of an inch, and the knitting commenced, the doubled strip of alpaca being used on the needles, precisely as a ply of wool or cotton would be. As after a time the work may become inconveniently heavy to hold in the hand, it is best to knit it in strips of the required length for carpet or cover, of about twenty loops wide, and join them together afterward. A five-yard length of material will make two rows of twenty loops wide.

Old stockings, cut into strips of three-quarters of an inch wide, will be equivalent in substance to the doubled strip of alpaca. Tartan, barege, or tulle, should be slightly tacked along and knitted in with worn calico, or print, or any fabric that may require thickening, in order to correspond with some others. Worsteds bindings and braids may be used as they are, unless they are very narrow, or have been much impoverished; in either of which cases they may be knitted in with strips of faded ribbon, or anything else, according to the discretion of the knitter.

As a mat for a smoke-room, or a summer-house, or even for the bedside rug of a bachelor, we can imagine an appropriation of rag-knitting to be the very thing. So, ladies, tear up your old scraps, and employ your leisure time in making a rug, or carpet, for your brother, father, lover, or other male friend. Remember, Christmas is coming!

**OUR COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.**—Our double-size fashion-plates for next year (or mammoth steel fashion-plates, as some call them,) will be engraved, printed, and colored in the same superior style in which our present plates are executed. Many of our contemporaries have their fashion-plates lithographed. We have ours engraved on steel, and printed from the steel plate. It is only necessary to compare the two to see how inferior the lithographs are. To print from the steel plate is vastly more costly than to lithograph; but where greater elegance is to be secured we do not stop at expense. Our fashion-plates have long been considered more beautiful than those of any other magazine; and this superiority we shall maintain, while giving them of double the size, next year.

**FASHIONS CENTURIES OLD.**—Late, at Pompell, some new excavations were made, and, among other things found, was a female head in white marble, in which the hair was worn in a net just as it is in the present day. There was a braided twist of hair round the front, and the back hair was suffered to fall into a net. Thus, fashions, after centuries, return again.

**WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF "PETERSON."**—The superiority, which we claim for this Magazine in our Prospectus, might seem extravagant to those who cannot compare "Peterson" with other magazines. But we only repeat what the newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, print on the subject. Says the West Meriden (Conn.) Recorder:—"In its literary contents 'Peterson' decidedly takes the lead among the Philadelphia monthlies." Says the Peterboro' (N. H.) Transcript:—"The ladies know the worth of this Magazine, and will have it. It contains everything that they can wish for." Says the Delaware (Ohio) News:—"Always ahead of its competitors." Says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Family Friend:—"Distinguished for the excellence of its stories." Says the Fall River (Mass.) Free Press:—"The talent employed on its pages is of the first class." Says the Princess Anne (Md.) Phoenix:—"The literary matter is by some of the best novelists in the country." Says the Lawrenceville (Ill.) Globe:—"It is the only Magazine whose fashion-plates can be relied on." Says the Waverly (Iowa) Phoenix:—"We wonder how the publisher can furnish so fine a book for so little money." And the Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser says:—"We do not see how the ladies can keep house without Peterson's Magazine."

**"THE RIDE IN THE PARK."**—A public Park, we are glad to see, is being thought necessary for all our great cities. That of New York needs only trees to make it perfect. Philadelphia has a Park, with the Schuylkill river running through it, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful in the world. The Park at Baltimore, with its lake of sixty acres, is fast approaching completion. Among the many benefits which these Parks confer on the public, not the least is a growing taste for horsemanship. A woman, especially, never looks better than when in the saddle. Nor is there any exercise more healthful. As yet the New York Park is the only one sufficiently advanced toward completion, to attract any very large numbers of equestrians. But, on a fine day, hundreds of ladies and their cavaliers may be seen, in the various rides, and generally mounted on handsome horses. We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of the animated scene, such as visitors to New York may witness at any time except in the heat of summer. But our artist, as artists often do, however, has put the lady on the wrong side of her horse.

**COLORÉD STARCH** is the latest and greatest novelty of the season in London. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright, but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-macassars, or lace curtains, may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded. The inventor has a patent for it.

**"PROTECTION."**—This charming picture is by a very celebrated French artist. And the French painters now excel all others in the wonderful combination of spirit and action with fidelity in detail. How natural the whole is!

**BEST AND CHEAPEST.**—Says the Nyack (N. Y.) City and County:—"Peterson's is decidedly the best and cheapest ladies' Magazine published." And so say the newspapers universally.

**WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR CHEAP READING.**—We have never before told the following fact: and we mention it now only because others have mentioned it first. "Very few readers of other Philadelphia magazines," says the Newville (Pa.) Star of the Valley, "know that they are indebted to 'Peterson' for getting them as low as they do, but such really is the case. When they raised their prices, nearly a year ago, a Philadelphia publisher told us that had 'Peterson' been willing to raise his terms, they would have put theirs still higher." This is all true. And "Peterson" is the only Magazine that never raised its price at all. We stuck to TWO DOLLARS, and stick to it yet! Rely on it, "Peterson" will always give you more for your money than you can get anywhere else.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Can You Forgive Her?** By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have so frequently spoken of the general merits of Anthony Trollope's novels, so often praised them for their thoroughly realistic character, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. Long before any of our American publishers had reprinted them, we expressed our wonder, in these pages, at the neglect. "Can You Forgive Her?" is not, perhaps, in the best vein of its author; but it is better than "Miss Mackenzie;" and better than most of what other novelists write, now that Thackeray is dead. The character of the heroine is drawn with great subtlety, but it is not a pleasant one; and we, at least, cannot, or will not, forgive her for her conduct. She ought to have married John Grey at first. But then, if she had married John Grey, we should have had no novel, no Lady Glencora, no Burgo Fitzgerald, no Mrs. Greenow, none of the other capitably drawn characters of the book. Numerous indifferent engravings illustrate the text. The volume is printed in double column, and bound in cloth.

**Thoughts on The Future Civil Policy of America.** By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Draper is already known by two works of first-class merit: his "Treatise on Human Physiology," and his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." The book before us is not inferior in merit to either of its predecessors. It is no hasty compilation, the result of immature thought, but a well-considered treatise, which, in many respects, is also nearly exhaustive. It is a book, too, which not only teaches new ideas, but also stimulates thought. Other treatises, by other writers, will grow out of this. We commend it heartily to every one interested in the future of this country. The volume is very elegantly printed.

**History of the United States Cavalry.** By A. G. Brackett, Major First United States Cavalry. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent history of the United States cavalry, from the formation of the Federal Government to June 1st, 1863. A list of all the cavalry regiments, with the names of their commanders, which have served the government since the breaking out of the rebellion, is also added.

**Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery-As-It-Should-Be.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In our younger days Mrs. Goodfellow was the most celebrated cake-baker in the city of Philadelphia. In this volume, she tells the public what cookery ought to be, and prints her famous, but formerly secret, receipts. We suppose the book is really, on the whole, the best cook-book extant; and we advise all housekeepers to order a copy.

**Sandwich. A Tale of Our Day.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is one of that popular series, "Loring's Library." It is a well-told story of the late w-

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.**—No firm, in the United States, has so extensive a catalogue of cheap, yet good, reading, as that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chesnut street. The catalogue of these publishers will be sent, gratis, on being written for, post-paid. The novels of Dickens, D'Israeli, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Wood, Gustave Alward, and most of the popular writers, are on the list of this firm; besides some three or four hundred other works, humorous, descriptive, etc., etc. The Cook-Books owned by T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the best in America. To prevent confusion, we will add that the publisher of this Magazine has no interest in the firm, and that, therefore, orders for the catalogue, or books of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, must be addressed to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and not to Charles J. Peterson.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of leading men, living and dead. Also, ETHNOLOGY, or the Races, PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life. PHRENOLOGY, with choice of pursuits. PHYSIOGNOMY, or "Signs of Character." PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul, and much other matter, to be found in no other publication. It is a handsomely illustrated monthly, with ninety-six columns of rich reading matter. Newsmen have it. Sold at 20 cents, or \$2 a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN THE EAST, by William Pembroke Fetridge, has reached its fourth year, and is complete up to the first of July, 1865, which is later than any of the European hand-books. We commend it to all persons about to visit Europe, or the East, as really one of the best hand-books extant. It is accompanied by a very excellent map, giving the railroad routes, etc., etc. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE BUNYAN MEZZOTINTS.—These two elegant mezzotints, one representing "Bunyan in Jail with his Blind Child," and the other, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison," may be had by remitting \$3.00. Or either may be had for \$2.00. Address Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

## LADIES' CORNER.

THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.—A late English journal has a very appreciative article on the women of this country, a part of which we copy here.

"Few women," it says, "are more charming in all the relations of life than those who are denizens of Yankee-land. As wives they are affectionate and considerate. If, remembering that they are the children of a land of liberty and equality, they object to promise *obedience* at the altar, they are not the less ready to fulfill their understood obligations. No mothers can be more tender and watchful of the welfare of their children; no sisters can be more loving and disinterested; and if, as daughters, they decline to accept of advice or guidance in their little matrimonial arrangements—'guessing' that they know best who will make them a good husband—they are not less anxious than Mrs. Caudle to have 'dear mother' come and live with them. It is rare that widowed mothers, or even the old couple, are not to be found domesticated with the married offspring. Then, as companions, they are intelligent, frank, and courteous. Their hospitalities are gracefully rendered; and if a demand is made upon their friendship, few can be more generous and confiding.

"It is unnecessary to say that, in the United States, everybody is educated. The public schools are open gratuitously to all classes of citizens, and it would be considered a sin and a disgrace if a parent did not compel his children to

attend the courses of instruction. But, indeed, no compulsion is necessary. At a very early age children discover that school is a pastime; then it grows into a matter of emulation; and as years advance, the value of knowledge becomes as apparent as its possession is felt to be agreeable. That the citizens of both sexes may have a fair start in life, no distinction whatever is made in the kind of education given at the national establishments. The daughter of a wealthy merchant, or lawyer in large practice, occupies no higher position than the poor ragged child of the Irish emigrant. Personal cleanliness is a *sine qua non* of the daily admittance of each pupil, but the quality of the garment is no bar to the occupation of a front place in the school, provided that the little candidate for scholastic honors has aptitude and application. Pride of birth thus receives an early rebuke, proper sympathy is evoked, and a fraternization established, which has a potent influence in enlarging the charities of life at a later period. The 'school-mate' is rarely forgotten. Indeed, the 'school-mate' of the richest lady in the land will often work out a position for herself, to which the possession of wealth alone offers no parallel in a country where intellect is honored. To become a school-teacher is an object of serious ambition with vast numbers of girls, and as there is no royal road to the distinction, close application to the prescribed studies is indispensable, and, of course, the student in time is fitted to occupy the highest place in society. Many of the first men in the land seek their life-companions among the educators. The singular perversity which, in aristocratic England, leads men to think it disgraceful to marry a governess, and which condemns the lady intrusted with the cultivation of the minds and manners of children to a position scarcely removed above that of the menial, and often paid at a lower rate than a *femme de chambre*, is totally unknown in America. People are measured there by an intellectual and moral standard, and happiness is more frequently found to spring from the union of persons of congenial tastes and pursuits, than from the vulgar, but too common, combination of wealth and insipidity.

"The education of the American lady, combined with her peculiarly nervous organization, renders her highly poetical in conception and execution. Her fancy, her constant communings with her own heart, her love of nature in its grandeur and its simplicity, her attachment to domestic life, her piety, her sympathy with her kin, and her earnest patriotism, supply her with a fund of poetical ideas, while her facility of composition, her familiarity with the greatest poets of England and America, and her aspirations after literary distinction, impart the capacity to express her sentiments in appropriate verse. Even her prose compositions are poetical; hence her hearty appreciation of the works of the gifted writers of all nations. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Jean Ingelow, are household deities in the homes of the States. Hence, for every poetess adorning English literature, there are ten in America.

"With all her predilections, however, for the esthetics of life, the American woman is eminently practical. In the Southern States the ladies took a considerable share in the government of the plantations, and looked with affectionate solicitude after the material welfare of the slaves. In the North the lady is the prudent and active *menagere*. Indeed, she had need to be so, for the domestic servants, which are, for the most part, Irish importations from the old country, are more of a trouble and a plague than a 'help.' Ignorant and exacting, they require a large amount of patient training, and a skillful combination of indulgence with discipline, before they can be rendered useful and reliable. Cookery, to this hour, in the smaller towns of the States is in its infancy. Baking, boiling, and broiling, are the sole agents for the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables into human edibles. The delicate operations of roasting and



atewing, exalted by a Francatelli, an Ude, and a Soyer into sublime arts, are scarcely understood in Yankee-land. In the manufacture of 'breads' the American lady is without a rival. The wheaten flour of the country is peculiarly fine and abundant; and Indian corn supplies an addition to the farinaceous delicacies of the table almost unknown in our homesteads. Their tea and supper-tables are incomparable for the profusion of appetising dainties with which they are covered, and which are pressed upon the visitor with unaffected hospitality.

"While the beauty of an American woman lasts, it is exquisitely delicate and attractive. The proudest *salons* in Europe cannot surpass Yankee ball-rooms in their assemblages of youthful loveliness. The motions of well-bred American girls are instinct with grace, and their natural hilarity is under the control of a winning modesty. If they dress with somewhat less taste than the Parisians, it is because they follow too literally the pictorial illustrations of *Le Ballet*, and are under no conventional restraints. The Prince of Wales and his *suite* are said to have been greatly pleased with the *coups d'oeil* presented at the grand *fetes* given in honor of his royal highness at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. An excess of *parure* was not out of place, and the joyfulness of the occasion imparted a charming expression to every countenance.

"In a word, the American lady is an honor to the sex; and we would desire no worse punishment for those who allow their prejudices to warp their judgment, than a six months' residence among the good families of Massachusetts and Philadelphia, and a fair share of the hospitalities the ladies so well know how to dispense."

#### HORTICULTURAL.

**OUR NATIVE CLIMBERS.**—There are indigenous to our woods and fields many very beautiful climbers or twining plants, which, in common with most native plants, have been overlooked in the passion for new exotics, and meet with unmerited neglect.

These plants impart the greatest charm to our woodland scenery, twining up the tall trees and robing them in green; converting dead boughs into a drapery of delicate foliage; hiding gnarled roots and fallen trunks, and by fantastic twining from bush to bush, contributing to the endless varieties of light and shade which make one of the chief beauties of our forest scenery. How bare our stone walls and rough fences would look deprived of the drapery of woodbine and blackberry; and what sweet odors would be lost to the air did not the wild grape fling its broad foliage alike over the barren rocks and the tallest trees.

There is nothing which so adds to the appearance of a country house as a judicious planting of climbing plants. Any one can call to mind the bare, desolate aspect of a cottage with no trees, shrubs, or vines around it, and the improvement made when walls and piazzas are draped with graceful foliage, and a few fine trees and shrubs judiciously planted.

The many objections urged against climbers have rather an apparent than real foundation. Unless allowed to grow too luxuriantly, they neither injure the buildings or make them damp; and the little dirt from dropping leaves and flowers is more than compensated for in grateful shade and beauty of bloom.

Suppose the wild-brier, which decks all the hedges in June; the clematis, conspicuous for fragrant white flowers and wavy seeds; the staff-tree, or wax-work, so ornamental with fragrant blossoms in June and scarlet fruit in autumn; the grape, with fragrant flowers, ample foliage, and purple fruit; the Virginia creeper flaming with the touch of autumnal frost, were transplanted to the farmer's house, allowed to clamber at will over doors and windows, or even

to surmount the eaves, would they not give a charm to the house; remove the barren look; relieve the glaring paint or weather-stained boards by a border of nature's own painting, and be a grateful shelter from the rays of the summer sun?

And to accomplish this much-to-be-desired end, it is not necessary for our farmers to spend their hard-earned gains. The fine exotic climbers which are imported at great expense, though beautiful and desirable, are in many cases far inferior to those inhabiting our highways and hedges, and have the disadvantage of being often too tender to endure the severity of our winters. The expense of climbers need only be the time necessary to transplant them, and prepare a place for their reception.

The drills need not be of wire, nor does it require a carpenter's bill for the completion. A cedar-tree, with the branches cut off about a foot from the trunk, and tall enough to allow it to stand a foot above the door after setting it two feet in the ground, is needed—and the woods will supply it. Place one of these on each side of the door, setting them three to four feet out; arch a cross-piece from top to top; slope others from this to the house, and fill in the sides between the house and the posts with pieces of the boughs, disposed in squares, diamonds, or triangles, according to fancy, and you have a very pretty rustic trellis. Leave the bark on it; it adds to the effect. If in a few years it peels off and becomes ragged, you will then have the trellis covered with vines.

If, however, a smooth trellis is preferred, remove the bark, trim off the knots, and give a coating of red ochre or asphaltum varnish, which will preserve the wood and prevent the lodgment of insects. The portion of the post beneath the ground should be charred, to prevent decay. For a window, a smaller trellis on the same plan may be made; and for grass plats or the garden, the posts alone may be used—and they are very ornamental covered with vines. If an arched trellis is built over the gate, and vines twined along the fence, they add greatly to the attraction of the place.

The soil required for most climbers is a common loam, enriched with well-rotted manure.

The species of climbers obtainable, vary in different localities; but there are very few spots where some may not be procured with but little trouble. Let each choose those which are most obtainable.

As a general rule, transplant in the spring; the only argument in favor of fall planting is, that at the latter season there is less pressing work.—*Horticulturalist*.

#### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**THE MOLE.**—This simple game consists merely in saying to one of the players:—

"Have you seen my mole?"

The latter answers, "Yes, I have seen your mole."

"Do you know what my mole is doing?"

"Yes, I do know what your mole is doing."

"Can you do as it does?"

The person who replies must shut his eyes at each answer; if he fails to do so he pays a forfeit.

**I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.**—The company form a circle, and one of the party who compose it, says to her right-hand neighbor, "I have just come from shopping."

"What have you bought?" rejoins the latter. "A robe, a vest, stockings, flowers;" in fine, anything that comes into the purchaser's head, provided that, in uttering the words, she can touch an object similar to the one she names. Those who neglect to do this must pay a forfeit. A forfeit can be required also from any one who names an object which has been named by any player previously.

**THE COOK WHO LIKES NO PEAS.**—The leader of the game must put the following question to his right-hand neighbor, and also to all the players in succession.

"My cook likes no pens, what shall I give her to eat?"

If any player replies, "Potatoes, parsnips," the other answers, "She does not like them; pay a forfeit."

But if another says, "Onions, carrots, veal, chickens." "She likes them, and, consequently, no forfeit is required of the player."

The trick of this game is evident. It is the letter P that must be avoided. Thus, to escape the penalty of a forfeit, it is necessary that the players should propose some kind of vegetable or food in which the letter P does not occur, such as beans, radishes, venison, etc.

**THE DIVINER.**—The point of this game consists in divining a word which is named, together with several others. Two of the players commonly agree between themselves to place it after an object that has four legs; for instance, a quadruped, a table, etc.

**EXAMPLE.**—If Emily wishes to have Henry guess the word which Susan has secretly told her, she says to him, "Susan has been shopping; she has bought a rose, a dress, some jewelry, a table, a bonnet, a shawl."

Henry, of course, will easily guess that the object in question is a *bonnet*, for the word "*table*," which precedes it, has four legs.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

### SOUPS.

**Soupe Sante.**—Put in a stewpan some slices of beef, an old fowl, and when to be had, a partridge; let it warm on a slow fire till brown, moisten it with some stock, and let it stew two hours. At the same time stew some carrots, turnips, onions, celery, cabbage lettuce, and any other vegetable you like. Fill the soup pot with stock, and when the meat is done well, moisten some crumbs of bread with a little of the soup, and then fry them on a slow fire. Strain the soup, and serve with the vegetables and fried bread; skim the soup well whilst stewing. The vegetables should be cut either in thin strips or dice. 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 answers to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter well in a bag 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. Another thing, remember that ketchup should never be added to brown soups, it is a mark of bad cookery to use it; in sauces the flavor is improved by ketchup, Harvey, or Reading sauce, and for those who like dishes highly seasoned, add the King of Oude sauce. However, an artist should prepare the sauces from fresh vegetables, set without the aid of either.

**Mock Turtle Soup.**—Stew a knuckle of veal and two calf's-feet for four hours (very gently) in four quarts of water, to which has been added two onions, twelve cloves, twelve peppercorns, a little salt, some thyme, marjoram, and parsley. The meat should be put on in cold water, and should not be uncovered while stewing, as the goodness of the soup, by being uncovered, easily evaporates. When stewed sufficiently, strain the soup, and cut the best part of the meat into nice square-shaped pieces, and put it again to the soup. Set it by to cool. When cold, take off the fat. Make about two dozen forcemeat balls to put into the soup when you heat it before serving, and add a quarter of a pint of sherry and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, a

little ketchup or sauce; some very small button mushrooms have been highly approved of as an addition. This soup is usually considered suitable for winter use, but as the ingredients from which it is made are all in season in the summer, there is no reason why those who like it should not have it on their table during the warm weather.

### MEATS.

**Veal a la Creme.**—Choose the best end of a loin of veal, weighing about eight pounds, having on it a fair proportion of the skirt; trim it square, and place some veal stuffing in an incision made in the flap or skirt; wrap it round the kidney fat, securing it tightly with skewers and string; envelope the loin in well-greased sheets of clean paper, and roast it before a moderate fire for about two hours and ten minutes; but about twenty minutes before you wish to serve, take away the dripping-pan and put a clean dish under, and baste unremittingly with a pint of cream. This will form on it a bright light-brownish, or amber crust, very delicate and delicious. In dishing up, take care not to detach this crust; remove from the dish the gravy deposit which has fallen during the cream-basting with a little boiling water, add to this some white sauce or simple melted butter, and pour it round the veal. This is esteemed a remarkably dainty dish; but we cannot recommend it as economical, or as particularly suitable to the family table where there are children, or persons of delicate habit. It is, however, very well once in awhile.

**Veal Stuffing.**—To half a pound of bread-crumbs add three ounces of suet finely chopped. Season with chopped parsley, thyme, marjoram, and shallot, first washed and pickled; the last then in very small proportions, some persons preferring to omit the marjoram and shallot entirely; add a very little pepper, salt, and nutmeg; mix well together with two whole eggs, and use as directed. If to this you add two ounces of finely-sliced ham, or sausage-meat, you have an excellent stuffing for roast turkey, or fowl. More or less suet can be used at discretion, according to the degree of richness required; but it is scarcely necessary to remind my few friends that less suet is required where the meat is fat in itself, and more when it is lean, as poultry generally.

**On Boiling Meats.**—All kinds of fresh meats, intended for the table, should be put into boiling water, thereby retaining the juices. If you wish to give a salt flavor to them, boil a piece of salt pork in the water before putting the meat in. A nice piece of boiled salt pork is a great addition to all kinds of boiled meats. Salt or smoked meats should be put into cold water to cook. Great care should be taken to skim the scum off well just before the water boils; for if the thick scum boils into the water, it is impossible to take it all off, and it will adhere to the meats.

**Cold Leg of Mutton Minced with Oysters.**—Remove the meat from the bones, cut off the fat, stew the bones with any sinewy pieces which may be left, the beads of the oysters, a small onion, some salt and pepper, and enough cold water to cover the bones, and a blade of mace. Let them simmer from an hour to an hour and a half; strain away the gravy, and put it into a saucepan. To one pound of chopped meat put a dozen oysters, a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of cream; let them just boil up. Serve with sippets placed round the edge of the dish.

### DICK-ROOM, ETC.

**To Allerviate Rheumatism.**—The following receipt, which should be made up with great caution, is highly recommended in cases of rheumatism:—One raw egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and quarter of an ounce of camphor. These ingredients are to be stirred up well together, then put in a bottle, and well shaken for ten minutes, after which to be corked down tightly to exclude the air. In half an hour it is fit for use. It should be rub-

bed in several times in the day. Supposing the head the part affected, rub the liniment behind the ears and at the back of the neck. But rheumatism requires great care of the general health, as well as applications to the part affected. Keep your feet dry by wearing water-proof shoes, and particularly avoid checked perspiration.

*Remedy for Diphtheria.*—The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half-hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone every four hours, keeping funnel to the part.

*To Medicine-Takers.*—If those obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it was so much sugar.

*Infusion of Hops.*—Hops, six ounces, boiling water, one pint; soak for four hours. Dose, half a wineglassful. This is a good tonic.

## TOILET.

*The Nails.*—Great attention should be paid to keeping the nails in good order. They should be brushed at least twice a day, and the skin round the lower part should be kept down by rubbing with a soft towel. The sides of the nails need clipping about once in the week. If they become stained, wash them well with soap, and after rinsing off the soap well, brush them with lemon-juice.

*For Strengthening and Promoting the Growth of the Hair.*—Half an ounce of spirit of ammonia, one ounce of olive oil, one drachm of eau de cologne, one drachm of tincture of Spanish flies, mixed together, and rubbed on the head once a day.

*Tooth-Wash.*—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

*The Care of Pianos.*—So many erroneous opinions prevail in regard to the care of pianos, that a correction of them would be a public benefit. Both extreme cold and artificial heat are injurious to them—the first rusting the strings and iron work, and injuring the varnish; the last shrinking and warping the wood-work comprising the larger part of the instrument. Rapidly heating a cold room severely tries a piano in various ways. Dampness from steam, or air charged with natural moisture is to be especially avoided. The problem so puzzling to many, whether the piano should be shut or open, is easily solved thus:—It matters little which method is observed, provided the other conditions are right. While the instrument is in use, it is well to close it on ceasing to play, and at night. If in disuse, it is better open; as less moisture would thus be retained. Great care should be taken to keep out pins, needles, tacks, and all hard substances, as they hurt the tone, and sometimes clog the action. Moving the piano does not untune it. The general belief that it does, has a natural foundation in the prevalent ignorance of the strength of the instrument. The absurd notion prevails, that the playing of children harms the piano. On the contrary, the more experienced and brilliant the player, the greater the detriment to both action and tune. To deteriorate is, from the first, the law of the piano. It seldom improves, except sometimes a little in action.

*Plain Omelet.*—The yolks of six and the whites of three eggs are the average quantity used for either plain or sweet omelets. A little salt and some pepper, one ounce of butter broken up, is to be beaten in with the eggs, which should be thoroughly well whisked. Put two ounces of butter into the omelet-pan; let it almost boil. The fire should be brisk, and the omelet must be stirred whilst in the pan until it begins to set; it should not be turned, as that destroys the lightness. The pan in which omelets are fried should be quite small. When the mixture is set, the edges must be raised from the pan with a knife and folded over. If the omelet is served in perfection, it must be salamandered, or else held in the pan before a very fierce fire for a minute or two before serving, to brown the top. Gravy is sometimes eaten with it, but should be served in a tureen, and never poured over it. The above mixture is the foundation of all omelets. Chopped onion and sage, chopped parsley, the tender tops of asparagus, finely-minced ham or shrimps, are among the number of things with which savory omelets are flavored.

*Salad Dressing.*—Boil four eggs for half an hour; then put them in cold water and shell them, and afterward pound the yolks in a mortar, or beat them in a bowl to a smooth paste; then, very gradually, work in a teaspoonful of well-mixed mustard, a very little white pepper, and the slightest *soupcou* of Cayenne; also salt at discretion, and four table-spoonfuls of cream. Stir all these ingredients slowly and thoroughly till they are perfectly incorporated, and then blend with them four table-spoonfuls of salad-oil. Now pour in, drop by drop, sufficient vinegar to make the preparation of the consistency of cream; if it be not very gradually added the whole mixture will curdle. The salad should not be added to the sauce till just as it is brought to table. You may prepare enough for several days at once, as, when bottled and kept in a cool place, it will be good for nearly a week. The whites of the egg, cut into rings, make a nice garnish for the salad. Two good-sized very mealy potatoes, beaten up, form an excellent substitute for the yolks, when eggs are not easily procurable. You cannot stir the dressing too much.

*French Mode of Dressing a Cabbage.*—Procure a large cabbage with a white heart, wash it thoroughly in salt and water; cut it into pieces, and boil it for half an hour; drain the water from it, but do not squeeze it. Brown one quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, add a teacupful of cream, and let it simmer together for another half-hour, and serve.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF CRIMSON POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with quillings of black velvet. Broad, black velvet waistband, with four long ends at the back. The waistband and trimmings on the sleeves are studded with steel. Hair dressed in the Empire style, with small curls and bandelets.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, ornamented with Persian trimming. The body is made with a deep basque. Sleeves nearly tight.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED SILK, trimmed with a darker shade of lavender velvet ribbon studded with pearl buttons. Deep coat basque.

FIG. IV.—BALL DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE, looped up over blue silk with gilt crescents.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF RUSSET POPLIN, ornamented with Persian trimming. Very deep coat basque.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK BASQUE, laced with black velvet.

FIG. VII.—BLACK VELVET JACKET, to wear over a white body.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK LACE JACKET AND WAISTBAND, for wearing over a white body.

FIG. IX.—BRACES AND BASH OF BLUE SILK AND BLACK LACE.

FIG. 1.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT WAISTBAND OF PINK SILK, turned up and trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. XI.—WAISTBAND AND BRACES OF CRIMSON SILK AND BLACK LACE.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A revolution seems impending in the make of dresses. In our own rooms the long, sweeping trains still hold their elegant sway; but in Paris, the predilections of the Empress, or the great desire for novelty, are suddenly shortening and narrowing our skirts. The fashion is by no means a general one; but as a few of the leaders of the gay world have ordered short, narrow dresses for Baden, and other renowned watering-places, we may be sure that the change will come. In fact, it cannot be avoided. We have the Empire head-dress, the Empire bonnet, the Empire sleeve, the short Empire waist, the round-toed shoes—and how can we do without the skirt? We shall be sorry to miss the long, trailing skirt from our drawing-rooms, but will most gladly hail them for our streets. The jaunty, looped-up dresses over expensive petticoats were coquetish, and when the loop was small, were becoming; but the gimps, and ribbons, and velvets, used for these costumes, added fearfully to the dress-maker's bill. These new skirts are only four, or four and a half yards wide, and the hoops worn under them are not abandoned, only made much shorter and narrower than those so long worn. The dress only descends a little lower than the ankle. A correspondent says:—"At a dinner given at Baden, last week, a lady appeared in an Empire dress—a veritable Empire, because in those days short dresses only were worn. It consisted of a white muslin skirt dotted over with small daisies, produced in lace in the material, and a rose-colored silk slip underneath it. The short muslin skirt was trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes insertion above the hem, and three rows down each side of the front breadth *en tablier*. Valenciennes medallions were placed at the points in front, where the lines of lace crossed each other. The bodice was entirely formed with Valenciennes insertion and lace medallions; the very short sleeves were full, like small balloons, and were confined round the bottom with pink satin ribbon covered with Valenciennes insertion. Two lace medallions were placed at the shoulders, and fell on to the short sleeves. The head-dress consisted simply of a natural rose, surrounded with large rock-crystal drops."

BODICES are made quite plain, with a wide (not immoderately wide) belt or waistband, thus shortening the waist, or they fit closely with a very long basque.

SLEEVES are almost tight to the arm, and for dress occasions are finished with a frill of lace falling over the hand.

BUTTONS on dresses are quite large, and are made of jet, mother-of-pearl, coral, ebony, or gimp.

GARIBOLDI BODIES are still worn, particularly by young ladies. White silk braid with jet beads, gray braid with steel beads, scarlet braid, and fancy stitches done in purple silk, are all favorite modes of ornamentation for these bodies.

BLACK AND WHITE are still favorite combinations for dresses. But if the dress is black, white should be sparingly used, as otherwise the effect will be muddy; but if the dress is white, more black can be employed, as a warm color always looks better on a cold color than a cold color does upon a warm one.

FOR YOUNG LADIES' party-dresses, braces, berthes, and epaulets are composed entirely of flowers to correspond with those which ornament the skirt and decorate the hair. Light and delicate flowers should be used, such as daisies, morning-glories, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, clematis, fern-leaves, and grasses.

PETTICOATS are still an item of consideration in this country, as short dresses are not yet adopted here. White petticoats, worked in black or scarlet worsted braid, are popular. Some persons run several rows of wide, black

braid on a white petticoat, and dot this braid with coarse working cotton, which has the effect of white beads. Others work detached sprays of flowers, wheat-ears, palms, etc.; and others again ornament the skirts with two or three bands of blue, pink, green, black, or straw-colored cambric, or plain gingham. Of course, a material should be selected for this purpose the colors of which will not fade. These bands of colored cambric are also used for trimming, dressing jackets, children's dresses, etc., and can be highly ornamented by forming trellis-work, diamonds, etc., with the sewing-machine.

PALETTOS are worn shorter than heretofore, and usually droop into the figure without fitting it tightly.

BONNETS are assuming the "so-called" Empire style, but with many modifications. We give, this month, several varieties of this bonnet, and we have seen several more. Some of the prettiest have only a small, elegant bird perched on the side with long, wide strings. The swallow is a favorite ornament. Others have a wreath around the crown of graceful flowers, ivy, variegated leaves, etc.

VEILS are almost universally worn with these Empire bonnets. If tulle, gauze, or white grenadine is employed, a yard is sufficient with a wide hem. The veil should reach to below the waist. It is a difficult ornament to wear gracefully.

HEAD-DRESSES have also changed completely since last spring. The huge waterfall, which used to hang down the back, soiling the dresses, and making short-necked people look as if the head was set directly on the shoulders, has been discarded, and is now made smaller in a rounder form, and is placed quite high at the back of the head. In some cases it is worn much higher than represented in our engravings, though they show the usual style. This "*chignon*," as it is termed, is no longer combed smoothly, as it used to be, over frizzettes, but is crimped, or composed of plaits, or short ringlets. The front hair is sometimes arranged with small tufts of curls on the top of the forehead, and sometimes with a row of tiny curls all around the face, which may, or may not pass around the back of the head under the *chignon*. Sometimes the hair is combed entirely back, and only ornamented with a braid passed, like a coronet, around the front. But for evening dress the curls are more popular.

BANDELETS, OR FILLETS, as they are sometimes called, are made of ribbon, or velvet, studded with gold, jet, or pearl beads, according to the dress with which they are worn. Some of the more expensive ones are made of gilt, silver, or steel bands. For a party-dress, one flower is placed at the side of the head.

HOODS are made quite soft, and cut with large capes. Both hood and cape are pointed in the center, and are trimmed with velvet ribbon, or full tufted ruches.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, trimmed around the bottom and down the seams with heavy black cord. White under-body; black velvet jacket and waistband.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CASHMERE, trimmed around the bottom with blue cord. Blue pointed basque, also trimmed with cord.

FIG. III.—DRESS AND DEEP BASQUE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is made of crimson merino, ornamented with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is of dark blue merino, trimmed with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses for little girls are certainly worn shorter than formerly, but in trimming they closely resemble those of adults. The boot reaching far up the leg is almost universal.

FOR BOYS, Knickerbockers are almost entirely worn.





**Watch Pocket, in Velvet and Beads.**



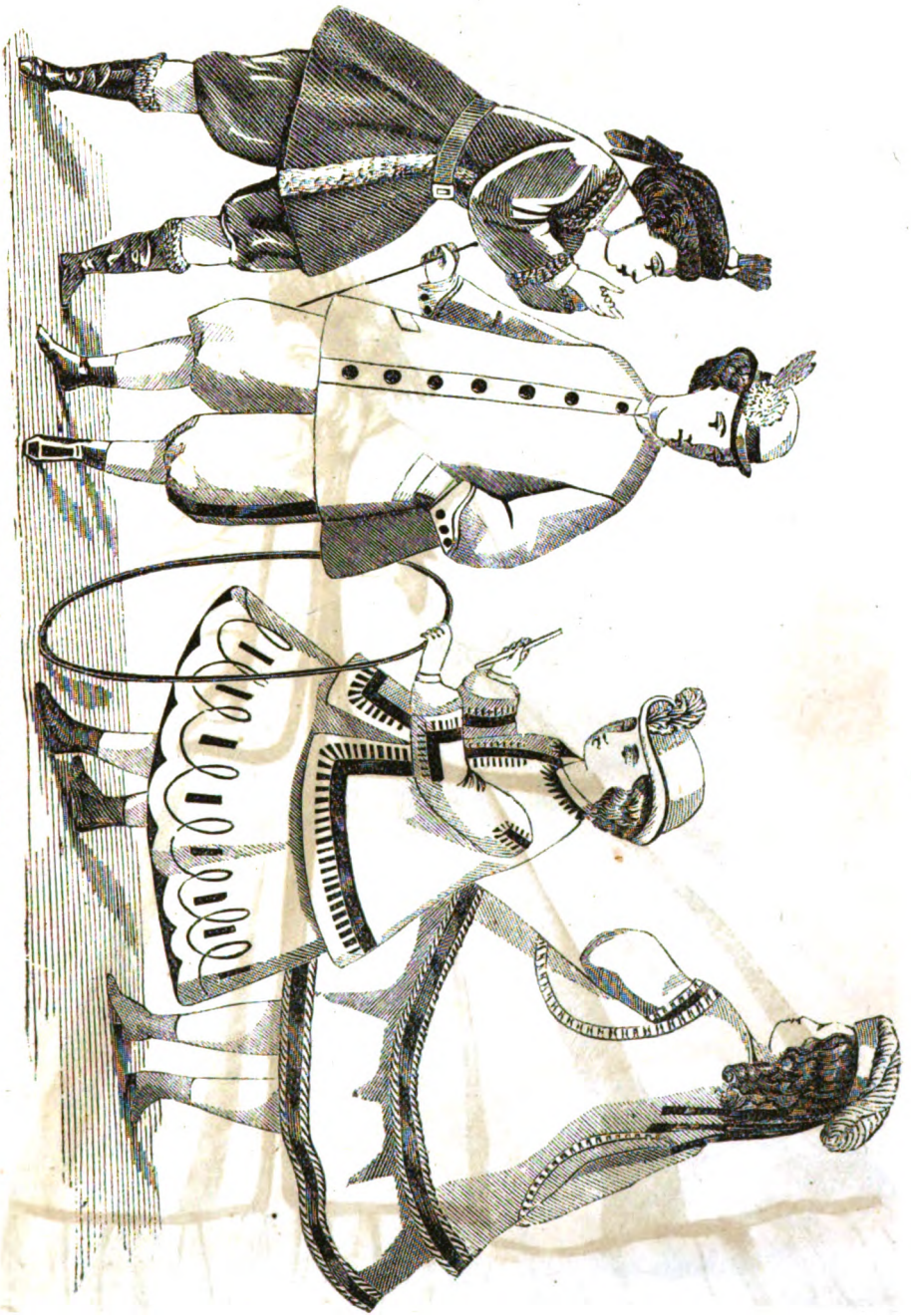


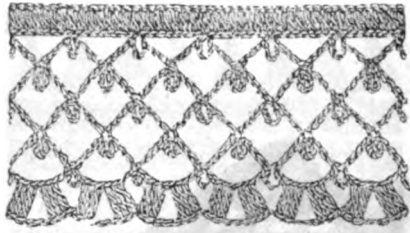
LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

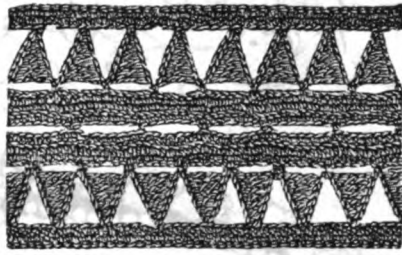




PATTERN IN CROCHET.



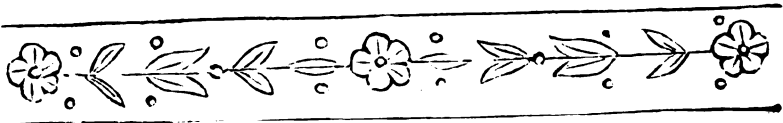
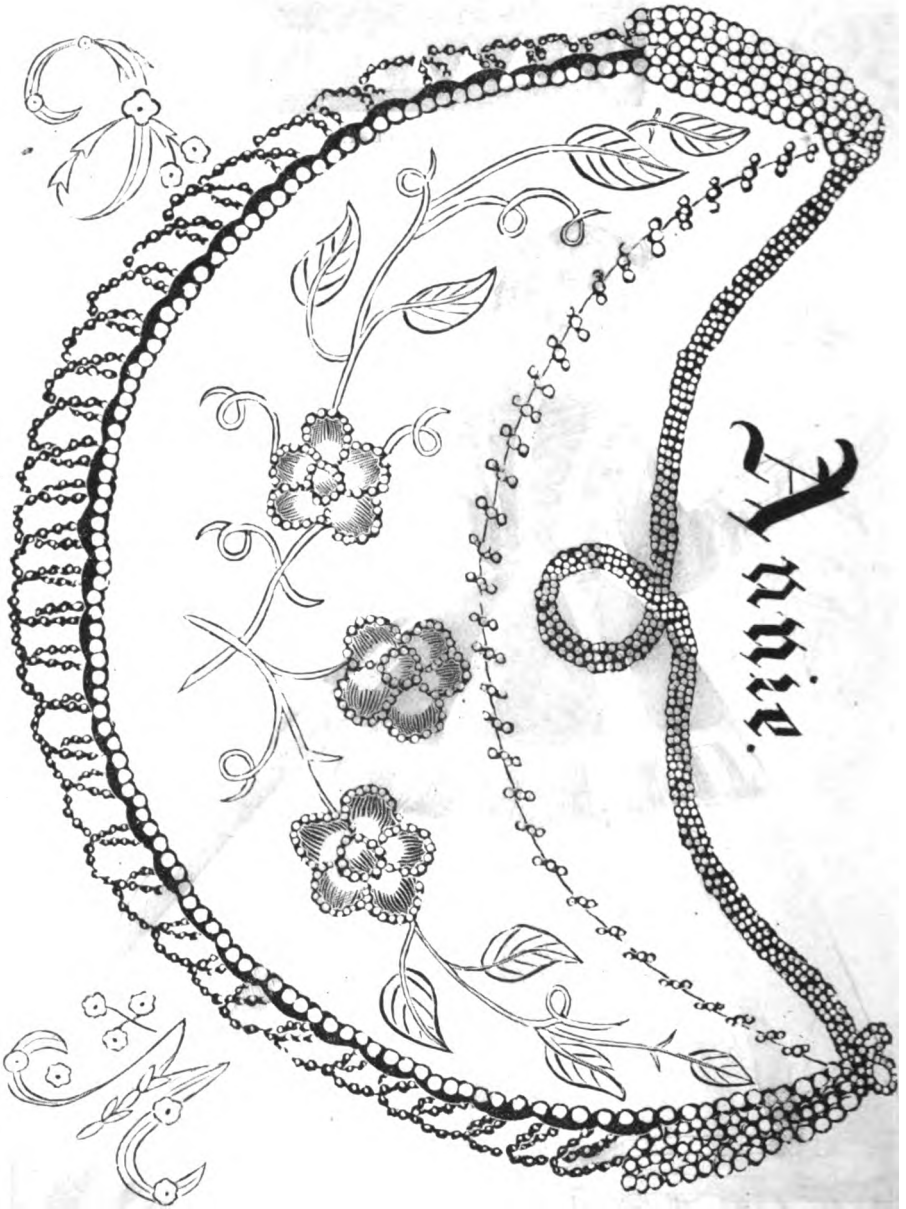
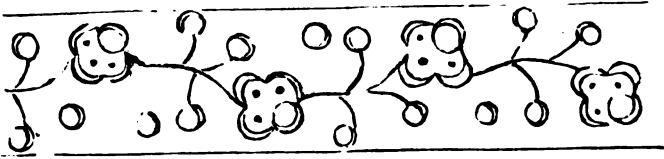
WALKING DRESS.



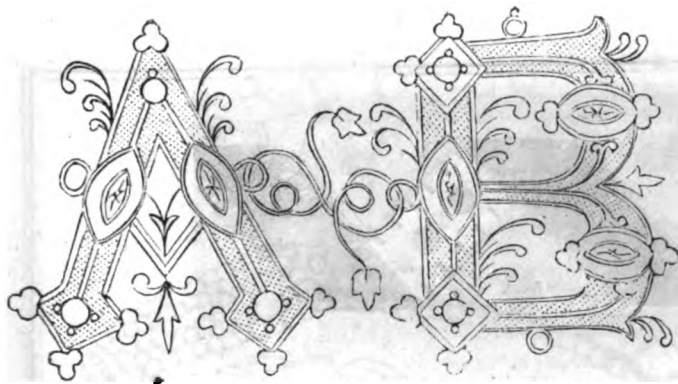
PATTERN IN CROCHET.



HOUSE DRESS.



PENDANT PIN-CUSHION, INSERTIONS, ETC., ETC.



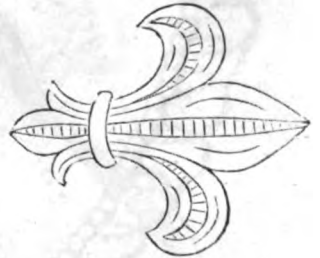
INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



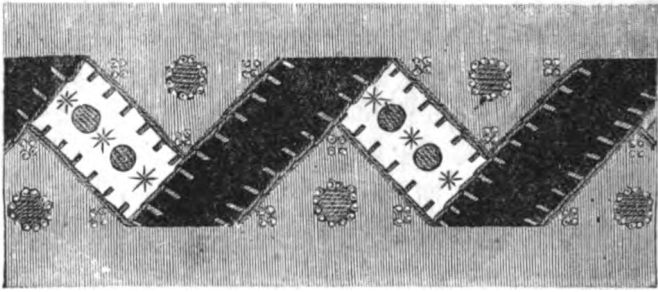
INITIAL.



DESIGN FOR PILLOW-CASE.





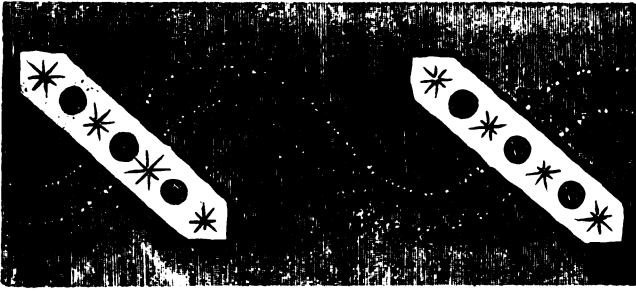


**ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY. NO. I.**



**CARRIAGE DRESS.**

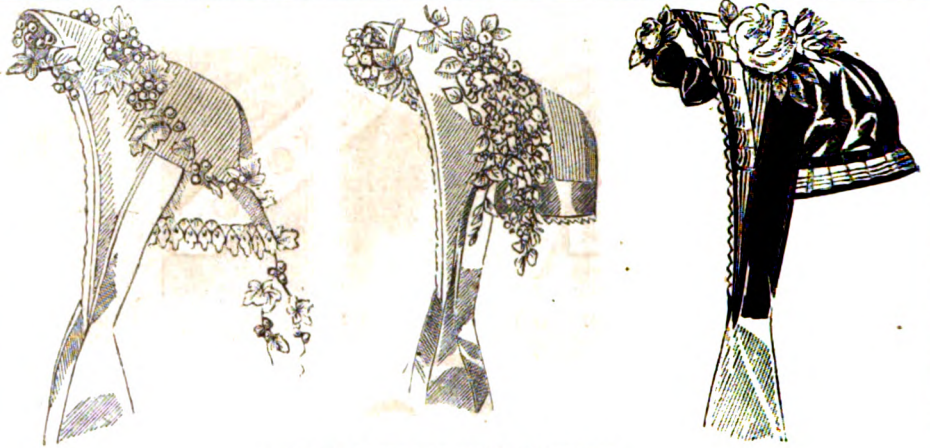




ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY. NO. II.



WALKING DRESS.



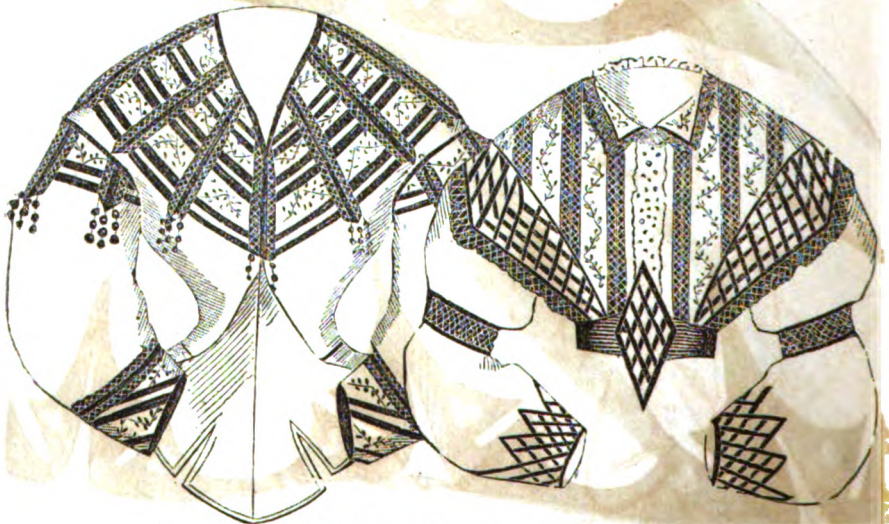
VARIOUS STYLES OF EMPIRE BONNETS.



JACKET.

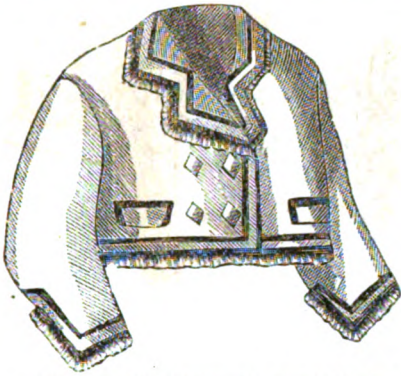


EMPIRE BONNET.

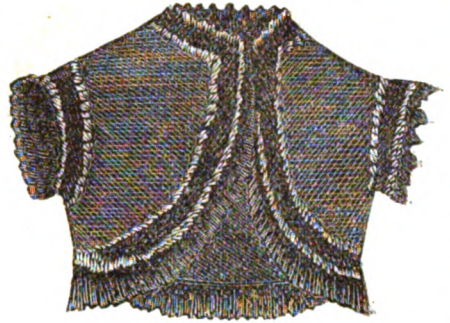


NEW STYLES OF JACKETS, ETC.

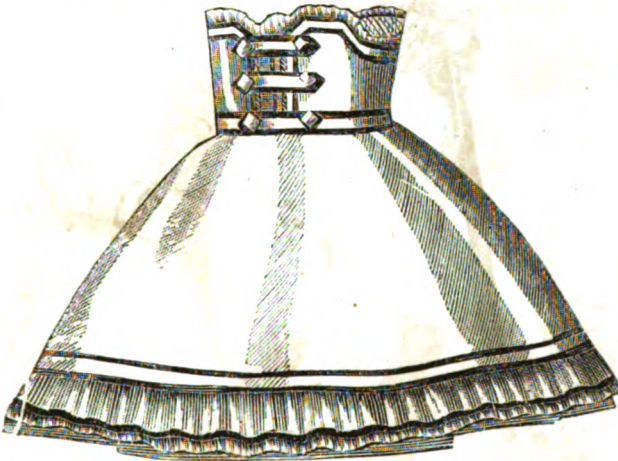




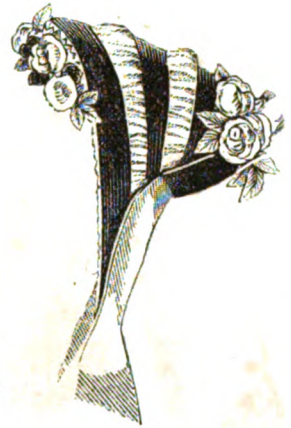
OUT-OF-DOOR JACKET, TO BE WORN OVER SWISS DRESS.



INVALID'S JACKET.



SWISS DRESS FOR CHILD, (JACKET ABOVE.)



EMPIRE BONNET.

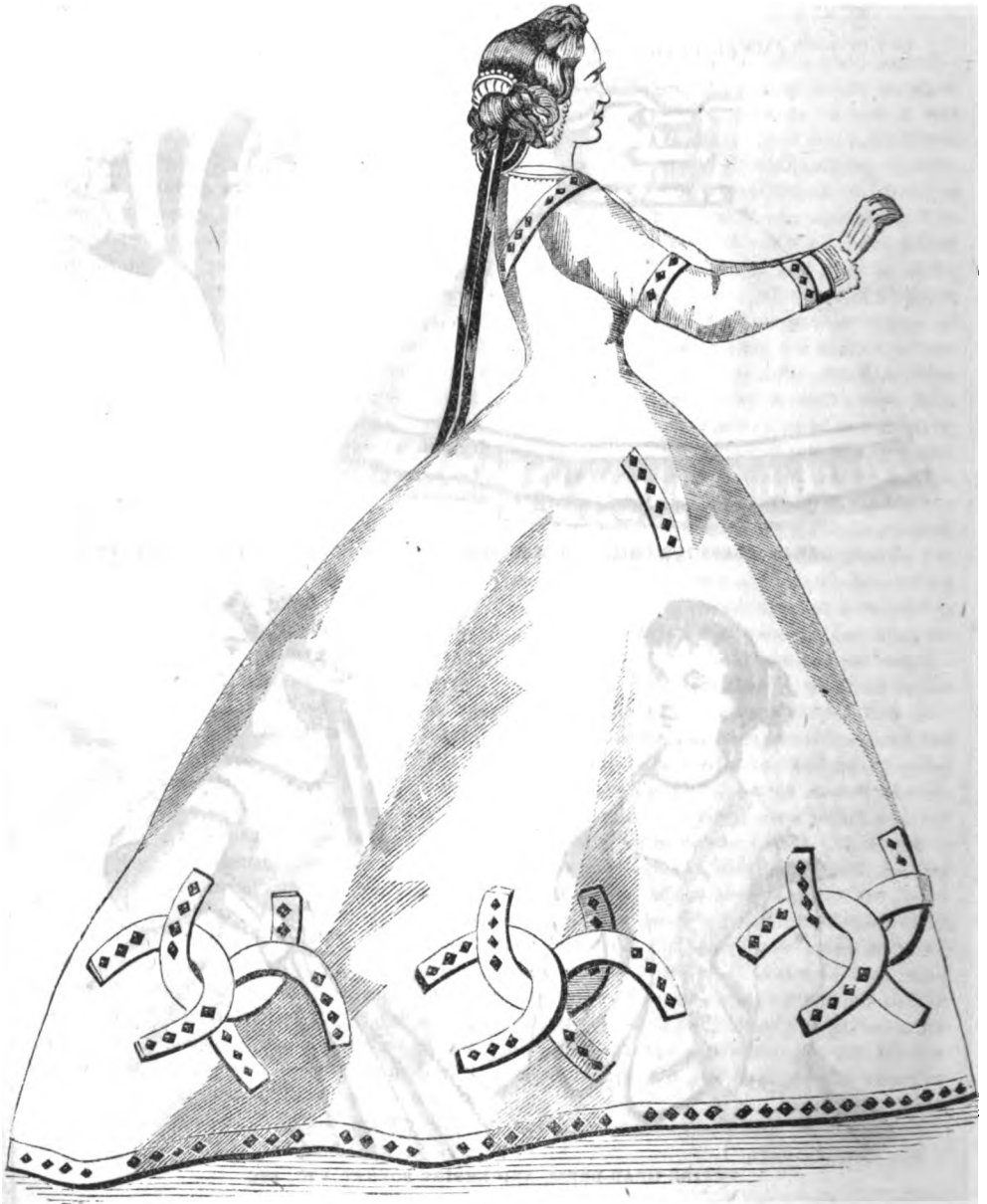


EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS, AND EMPIRE BONNET, ETC., ETC.



# Argline.

NAME FOR MARKING.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1865.

No. 6.

## LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC.

It had been a delicious summer, one of the brightest pages in the romance of youth, and now it was at an end. From Blithewood to New York, from New York to West Point, afterward to the Catskills, thence to Saratoga, subsequently to Lake George, and so on, by way of Ticonderoga and Champlain, to Montreal, Quebec, and the White Mountains! The party, which, at first, had consisted of Loui and her widowed father only, had gradually increased, by acquaintances made on the way, and intending to take the same route, till it numbered nearly a dozen. But, as in all companies of the kind, two or three were the leading spirits. One of these was Loui, now a traveler for the first time, and who was in raptures at everything she saw, as bright, animated seventeen always is, and always should be. The two others were Mr. Beverly, a rising young lawyer of New York, and already talked of as a candidate for Congress; and Miss Julia Conway, a fashionable heiress, with the ripe charms of twenty-one, and the taste and manners of a Parisian belle.

It was the last night, for to-morrow the party was to break up! The Glen, Conway, and Crawfords had been visited, the Profile and Flume had been exhausted, and now one traveler was going to Burlington, Miss Conway was going home to Boston, by way of Plymouth, and Loui and her father were going to Littleton, and so to New York. It had been, somehow, taken for granted that Mr. Beverly would accompany the latter, not so much because he had ever positively committed himself to it, as because it was his most direct way home; but Loui had just heard that he was to escort Miss Conway; and now, as she watched him and the heiress slowly promenading in the shadows of the piazza, she realized, for the first time, why she had been so happy this summer, and why she felt so unhappy now.

Be just to her. Loui was no mere sentimental

school-girl, to fall in love with the first man who talked to her. But Mr. Beverly was really a dangerous companion, and just the sort of person to fascinate Loui. He had been all over Europe, up the Nile, through Palestine, and even to Damascus; the pictures, statues, cathedrals, castles, temples, pyramids, everything, in short, that Loui had longed to see, he had seen, and could describe, with the eloquence of her favorite Lamartine, and the raeliness of "Eothen." To hear him talk of the desert and the Orient, was like looking at a picture by Gerome. Nor was this his only charm. Already he had won a name. Men said that wherever there was a wrong to be redressed, wherever a noble deed was to be done, Mr. Beverly's time, and purse, and eloquence were never wanting. Nor did Loui doubt it; for often his whole countenance would kindle, and words would fall from him that made her almost worship him.

Loui was not solitary in her admiration. For she had, heretofore unknown to herself, a rival in Miss Conway, who had lived abroad for years, and who had seen the most exclusive as well as the most gifted society. Older than Loui, she knew herself better, and found out, very early in their acquaintance, that no man had ever been so dear to her as Mr. Beverly. From that time she spared no effort to attract him; and this her knowledge of the world enabled her to do without betraying herself. By a thousand little arts she drew Mr. Beverly to her side, and kept him there. Loui, sometimes, for a moment or two, felt unhappy; but she did not know at what; and her blithe, sunny disposition soon restored her to cheerfulness. Not till on this last night had the truth dawned upon her; not till she heard Mr. Beverly was going to Boston with Miss Conway; not till she saw the two walking and whispering in the shadows of the piazza, did she realize what had made

her so happy for the last five weeks, or why she felt so utterly, so hopelessly miserable now.

And, as if to try her to the utmost, Mr. Norton, another of their party, now joined her. Mr. Norton was a man of forty, who had acquired a fortune by successful speculations, and who had now begun to set up for what he called "a gentleman," meaning by that term, one who did nothing for a livelihood, belonged to the best clubs, and looked down on honest labor. Among other ambitions, Mr. Norton was ambitious of a young and pretty wife; and it was plain that he looked favorably on Loui. But as he was uncultivated, and even comparatively illiterate, Loui avoided him as far as was consistent with good-breeding.

"It looks like a match," he said, taking an empty chair by Loui, and nodding in the direction of Mr. Beverly and the heiress. "And a very good thing for him! There's no end to the pile Miss Conway has, and she belongs to one of the first families our way; the Conways have lived in Beacon street ever since I can remember, and have visited all our big bugs. Them lawyers are always on the look out for rich wives."

Loui was too indignant, at first, for speech. It was more than she could bear, this having her hero called mercenary. Miserable as she felt, she would not be unjust to him. It was the superior beauty and accomplishments of Miss Conway, not her fortune, she said to herself, which had won Mr. Beverly.

"I shouldn't call Mr. Beverly mercenary," she said, coldly, at last. "Besides, he is rich himself, isn't he?"

"Oh! that don't make a bit of difference with some men. The more they have, the greedier they are. Now I'm not one of that kind, Miss Loui!" And he hitched his chair nearer to her.

Loui could bear no more. "The insufferable vulgarity of the man," she said to herself, that night, when thinking over it. "Who gave him the right to call me Loui?" She rose hastily.

"Excuse me, sir," she said. "I see my father looking for me. He probably wishes me to pack his trunk. We go to-morrow, and I shall not see you again." And she bowed haughtily.

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Mr. Norton, clearing his throat, as if he wished to say something particular, but hesitated. "Well, good-by; I did hope to have gone with you as far as New York, but that telegraph I told you of this morning calls me to Boston; you shall hear from me, however, as soon as I get home."

The last words were spoken as Loui moved away, ignoring the hand which he held out. For

a moment Mr. Norton was crest-fallen; but he had always been a sanguine man; and as her graceful figure floated along the piazza, he thought, "What a girl to do the honors of my new house! She's poor and will come round, of course. I wonder what makes her so snappish, to-night, though?"

Loui had enough to do, for the next two hours, to occupy all her thoughts. When her father's trunk had been packed, as well as her own, it was too late to go down stairs again; besides, she did not feel equal to it; so she went to bed and tried to sleep. But, for a long while, this was impossible. When she reflected how her love had been given away, unasked, her face burned with shame, and she hid it in the pillow. "What a little fool I am," she said. "To think that a simple country girl, who knows nothing, and who has seen nothing, could be remembered by one like Mr. Beverly! And especially when he could compare me, day by day, with Miss Conway. I hate her, I know; but she is witty, and well-bred, and everything a man such as he must admire. Oh! I wish I was like her. Because he was civil to me, and walked and talked with me, I mistook his kindness to a poor, ignorant girl for something more. I despise myself." With thoughts like these, humiliated and miserable, she tossed about till nearly daylight, and then sank into a heavy, feverish sleep.

When she woke it was quite late. She sprang up, in some alarm, dressed hastily, and hurried down stairs. Her father was waiting for her, watch in hand.

"I was just about to have you called," he said. "I fear you are getting lazy, my child. Our friends went off to Plymouth an hour ago, and the Littleton stage will be here before long. You'll hardly have time to breakfast."

"Gone, and perhaps forever!" that was what was wringing in her ears. She had overslept herself, and he had left without a word. She was in a daze, as she went into the breakfast-room, and was only aroused by hearing her father say, "Miss Conway left her love, and Mr. Beverly his best compliments."

"His best compliments!" And that was all. Well, her little romance was over; everybody had one, she had read, and for everybody it had the same ending: and this was life! She began to understand now why such men as Mr. Norton so often won such young and lovely wives. Not that she would ever be Mrs. Norton. "The vulgar man! And he talked of writing me a letter—didn't he say something about a letter, as I was leaving him, last night?"

What a difference between him and Mr. Beverly! And yet the latter had gone without even a word of regret, with only "his best compliments." She was sick of the world already.

In this confused state of mind she ate her breakfast, and traveled all that day. In vain she strove to interest herself in the journey; her thoughts went back continually to Mr. Beverly and the hours they had passed together. Yonder, on their right, was Mount Lafayette. Should she ever forget the day when she rode up it, Mr. Beverly walking at her bridle-rein and talking of the Alps? But she must not think of Mr. Beverly, and so she resolutely looked away from Mount Lafayette, and began to converse with her father. But she soon broke miserably down. A manly face was always rising before her, a rich, manly voice sounding in her ears. "What is the matter, Loui? Thinking of Mr. Norton, eh!" her father said, at last, half jestingly. He was not a man of quick perceptions, but he had noticed the millionaire's attentions. "By-the-by, somebody was very particular in asking our address."

"I detest Mr. Norton," broke from Loui. But immediately she was angry at herself for this outbreak. "My head aches," and she looked out of the coach, so that her father might not see her face. "I am not fit to talk, and am cross," she said, after awhile, turning, with a sad smile, to her father. Mr. Thorndyke wondered if his Loui was going to be sick; he had never seen her so irritable before.

They traveled all that day and night, and, the next morning, reached New York by the Norwich boat. Nothing could exceed the care which Mr. Thorndyke took of his daughter. "Let us stay here a day or two, my darling, so that you can rest," he said. "You look as if you were really ill, and not fit to go on to Blithewood." And her answer had been, "No, papa, let us go home." For home now seemed to the poor child a sort of refuge. When there, she thought, she would be able to forget. Her old pursuits would come back to her, and she would learn, at least in time, to forgive herself for her folly.

But she was not able to forget. Her old pursuits no longer interested her. She had been at home for a week, and she grew paler and sadder-looking each day. Her father wondered, in vain, what was the matter, never suspecting the truth; but asking her a hundred questions in reference to her symptoms, all wide of the mark.

At last there came a day, after a sleepless night, when she felt as if she must give up altogether. If she only had a mother, she thought,

in whom she could confide. "But no! not even to a mother," she cried, "could I tell my folly." She was in her chamber, where she had retired, after a walk, on a plea of headache. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"A letter, Miss Loui," said the servant girl. "And pray, Miss, shan't I make you some tea? Maybe you would feel better."

As she languidly took the letter, declining the tea, she recognized a man's handwriting on the envelope, and remembering what Mr. Norton had said, and that he had inquired her address of her father, she grew pale with anger. Then, as she turned the letter over and over, as people will sometimes do when they dread the contents, she began to tremble, and had to sit down.

"What a coward I am," she cried, breaking the seal. "It must be done, some time; and the sooner the better."

But what magical change is this! The listlessness, the look of humiliation, the pale, sad face are gone. The crimson blushes have mounted even to the forehead; but they are no longer the blushes of maidenly shame; joy and happiness sparkle in her eyes and irradiate her whole countenance. Eagerly she bends forward, devouring the letter, for she has turned to the signature, and read there "Horace Beverly," and not the hated name she dreaded. What is it that the letter says? We will not violate confidence by transcribing it literally; but may be forgiven, perhaps, if we repeat its substance.

Loui's first love-letter began by saying, that, in writing, without first having solicited permission, Mr. Beverly threw himself on Loui's generosity. He had wished to ask for leave on that last day at the Profile House, he said; and he would have done it before, but his trip had been so happy that he feared to shorten that happiness by risking the depriving himself of her society. On that last evening, he had resolved to speak, but she had disappeared earlier than usual, and, the next morning, he had to leave before she came down. From this avoidance of him, he feared, he said, that she noticed his presumption, and had wished, in the kindness of her heart, to spare him pain. But the wound was too deep. He loved with so entire a love, he felt that so much of his happiness depended on her, that he forgot pride, and wrote, even without permission, and in the face of her coldness. Had he not promised to meet some dear friends in Boston, who had been about to sail for Europe, he would have turned back, even after he had left the Profile House. But he had already delayed going till the very last day,



and had been asked by Miss Conway to escort her home. He could bear suspense no longer. Sometimes, when he thought of the gracious way in which Loui had often listened to him, he took hope; but at other times he realized how presumptuous he was. Much more there was in the same strain. It was a manly, yet eloquent letter. "God bless you," he concluded, "whatever your decision. I shall never love you less, however adverse that decision may be."

For nearly an hour Loui sat there in bewildering, happy thought. Every little while she would read over the letter, and then, with her hands in her lap, gaze dreamily out of the window. It was not till the evening drew on, and the room darkened, that she rose and went down stairs.

"You must have plenty of correspondents,

Loui," said her father, "for Mary tells me that a letter was brought here, this afternoon, by the postman; and I have just got one for you by the evening mail. But, bless me! how well you look."

The second letter proved to be from Mr. Norton, in which he tendered Loui his hand and fortune. It was answered, at her request, by Mr. Thorndyke, and answered in the negative. To the other she replied herself. What that reply was, we may guess from the fact that the missive had scarcely time to reach its destination before it brought an answer in the person of Horace Beverly.

Loui is to be married at eighteen. When not together, the lovers correspond. But she has never received, and probably never will receive, any epistle that will be as dear to her as that **FIRST LOVE-LETTER.**

## TEN YEARS IN HEAVEN

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

### TEN years in Heaven!

Oh! blessed sister of the spotless heart!  
And can we two have been so long apart?  
For me earth's paths, to thee the higher part  
Our God hath given.

### So long apart!

Oh, no! E'en boundless space cannot divide  
The tendrils of a love so fully tried;  
Sometimes the presence of the sanctified  
Fills all my heart.

### When gentle Spring's

Fair forehead, in the tender Southern sky,  
Is outlined 'mid her own bright heraldry,  
And all things thrill to her sweet minstrelsy,  
I hear thy wings.

### In Summer hours

A step goes with me that I know is thine;  
And unseen spirits all akin to mine,  
Entrance my ear with messages divine  
Amid her flowers.

### And in the throng,

Where reigns the fever of excitement wild,  
They sit apart with me, serene and mild,  
As sits a mother by her cradled child,  
With gentle song.

### Ten years in Heaven!

And yet by these sweet tokens do I know,  
The beautiful fervor and the fadeless glow  
Of youth eternal sits upon thy brow,  
As stars at even.

### Ten years on earth!

The lengthening shadows deepen as they go,  
Casting dark clouds above the streamlet's flow;  
They take the lustre from the morning's glow,  
The zest from mirth.

### I do not mourn

With the wild clamor of a vain regret;  
Sweet peace dries up the tears mine eyelids wet;  
I shall be satisfied when we have met  
In that bright bourn.

## ROSES AND BUDS.

BY ETTIE BROWN.

Roses and buds! in the long ago  
I culled them wild where brook-willows grow;  
And they faded, though I loved them so—  
Roses and buds!

Roses and buds! how my lorn heart heaves  
At sight of their flushed and waxen leaves;  
The sigh of mem'ry that round them breathes—  
Roses and buds!

How they gleam like stars, these pale, pink flowers,  
In the holy hush of midnight hours,

Their faint, sweet breath in the shady bowers—  
Roses and buds!

Roses and buds! in the shining day,  
Till their fragile life is bloomed away,  
And faded and pale their wan leaves lay—  
Roses and buds!

And their perfumed, silent life is o'er;  
Like holy, beautiful hopes of yore,  
We watch their glory no more, no more—  
Roses and buds!

# BACHELOR ROGERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY GABRIELLE LEE

PERHAPS you can tell as well as I why Bachelor Rogers sighed, as he pushed away his half-emptied glass of best Madeira, and, his solitary dinner done, took his station beside the fire.

Bachelor Rogers, as he did so, cast a glance outside, where the snow was slipping whitely a-down the December twilight, tapping with a crisp, clear tinkle against the window-pane—propheetic of sleigh-rides beyond a doubt.

A poorer man might have shrunk from the outlook, but the man of whom I write had no need. The fire underneath the sculptured lilies of the marble mantle showed the clear red of the costliest anthracite, and silken curtains interposed a purple shimmer between the firelight and the falling snow.

Yet Bachelor Rogers, thus looking without, sighed again; not a casual, passing sigh that comes and goes unheeded, but one showing a secret pain and uneasiness that, perhaps, would never have confessed itself in words.

For this Bachelor Rogers of ours was a manly fellow; had wrestled with hard fortunes in his day; had conquered against heavy odds; and now, youth past, had a right to sit down and take "mine ease in mine inn."

I call him Bachelor Rogers because that was the name he was apt to go by, especially in the neighborhood. I do not know why he should thus have been distinguished above the rest of his paternity, ticketed and labeled, as it were, with his misfortune, unless, indeed, that, being such a manly fellow, people had come to the conclusion bachelorhood was his misfortune, rather than his fault, and gave him the title to show that in his case they pitied and forgave.

"To-night is Christmas Eve," soliloquized our friend, looking hard at the fire. "Well, well, the years come and go, and somehow every year gets duller. The gold rubbed off of life a long time ago, the silver is going fast, and now, I suppose, I must soon look for the iron age!"

The prospect seemed doleful enough certainly, and to cheer himself our friend looked into the fire, gazed at it véry hard, indeed, as if those cheerful, leaping, crackling flames were guilty in the matter, and could help if they only would.

You all know of the magical influence attri-

buted by the modern mind to brilliant substances gazed at steadfastly? Some who wish to be learned call the magnetic power "odyle," and insist that that costly crystal, the diamond, is its favorite abode. But I affirm—and call the genius of the hearthstone to ratify the declaration—that there is no such odyde in nature as that which rays out from the clear sparkle of a glowing fire, just as the twilight closes in with its drapery of mystical gray, bedded all over with the white-fall of snowflakes.

You may call that other genius, Shakspeare, to your aid against me, quote,

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive,  
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire," etc.,

and declare that in them resides the true odylic force.

But I am not crushed yet, for the light that streams from them is dearest and best when it blends with the sweet firelight of home, to which it is ever and always akin.

Bachelor Rogers, however, having no woman's eyes beside him, was fain to look hard into the fire—very hard, indeed.

The pastime proved a dangerous one. This was a Christmas-Eve fire, mind you! Shifting pictures began to come and go. Like these: First, a little child in bare feet and a night-dress, reached out a dimpled hand to hang up a dangling stocking—borrowed from mamma for the occasion—in an old-fashioned chimney-corner.

Then the little child, grown older, danced around tall Christmas-trees, resplendent from top to bottom with glancing lights, and the sparkle of *bombons*, and the glitter of trinkets and toys—danced around the festive Christmas-trees that bear such charmed fruitage from the fairy-land of Santa Claus—with other children as joyous as himself. And the boy-child made love to the girl-children. Oh! such beautiful girl-children! with floating curls, and dancing eyes, and rose-bud mouths. And the boy-child played "pillows-and-keys" with the girl-children. But there was one he kissed slyly in the corners, when no one was looking, and she was the blýthest of all. Her curls were longer and more shining; her eyes clearer; and her rose-bud mouth had a tempting little pout born with it, that said, "Kiss me! kiss me evermore!"

And the boy-child was fain to comply with the request—only, as I have said, he did it shyly in corners; and if detected in the act, blushed exceedingly, much more so than the girl, indeed; but then she was used to be kissed, you see, on account of that tempting little pout that had such a knack of asking the question without saying a word!

Was it Bachelor Rogers sitting now beside the fire, bronzed with the weather—he had been a sailor before now—worn by hard fights with hard fortunes? Could it be Bachelor Rogers that had blushed so once?

More pictures! The boy-child, grown older now, dragging the girl-child—a demure, little maiden now, but the same mouth still—over the crisp snow in a famous crimson sled barred with gilt, and on it written for a name—Alice. That was the name of the demure little maid, you see, who sat upon it. And the boy was very tender of the girl, and wrapped her closely in her cloak and furs, when he started for a run, for above the stars shone clear with the cold, and the winter winds blew keenly.

Then came a sad picture with tears in it. The boy and the girl, both very young, were parting. He was going to sea—coming back rich, you know. “Will you marry me then, Alice, dear?” Oh! no one else—none but him! How fast the tears flowed. She, too, was going away for the first time from home—to school.

“I will learn to sing and play so sweetly, just for you,” promised Alice.

“Will you, dear—just for me? Remember!”

Then Alice gave the boy one of her longest curls, and he hid it in his breast, and went away. And the girl cried sorely at parting; but the boy was too manly; only, when out of sight, he covered the curl with tears and kisses, then laid it away in his breast.

Afterward there was a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. But the boy floated ashore with the curl clenched fast in his hand. A foreign shore it was; strange sights and sounds, but he would stay there, and come home rich to Alice.

Then there was a wedding. Alice was the bride, fairer and sweeter than ever. But the boy she had parted from did not stand beside her. He was lying fathoms deep, she thought. And her lips trembled when she spoke the solemn words. He was lying fathoms deep—“all on board perished.” She did not know with her curl on his heart, he worked and waited in a foreign land, guarded by pure thoughts of love and her.

Two great, round tears fell down the bronzed

cheeks upon the bronzed hands that had handled ropes in their day, and showed for it yet.

Bachelor Rogers started to his feet, muttered with one bronzed hand plunged in his bosom, “It’s there yet,” and began to walk up and down.

“How thick the snow falls. And to-night is Christmas Eve. To think that I used to be a little fellow, and hang up stockings in a chimney-corner. And, oh! sweet face that shone out upon me from the fire to-night, where are you now? Alice! Alice! Alice!”

Bachelor Rogers sat down and buried his bronzed face in his bronzed hands for a moment; then raising his head, shook it like a man who refuses to be submerged by recollections of the past.

“Every Christmas I get the dolefuls!” exclaimed he. “But it won’t do. I’ll write to my friends up the street, and to-morrow we’ll have a regular old bachelor’s Christmas party. Yes, yes, a jolly—old-bachelor’s—old-fashioned Christmas-party.”

Our friend dwelt on these words, protracting each one as if trying to believe the prospect a delightful one. Then sat down and scribbled off this invitation:

“MY FRIENDS—I shall, of course, expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o’clock, sharp. ROGERS.”

Our friend’s heart not being in the invitation, he made it as succinct as possible; then touched the bell.

“Ring, sir?” said a stalwart servant man, opening the door, and letting a stream of yellow light into the red radiance of the room, chasing the shadows into the corners. Blessed genii of the firelight! ye are dearer than ever on Christmas Eve!

“John, take this note and leave it —, block above, third house from the corner. Shut the door.”

John only lifted an eyebrow at the quick, yet broken tone, quite unlike the mellow cadence in which his master gave orders; for all the rubs and hard thumps Bachelor Rogers had got in his contest with life couldn’t knock the sweetness out of his temper, nor the mellow ring out of his voice. John was new to his place; had never, in fact, “taken orders;” been his “own boss,” as he phrased it, till now; but said below stairs that a man might be Bachelor Rogers’ servant “all the days of his life and never feel it.”

John took the note and went, closing the door behind him; and the Christmas-Eve shadows all came back again, glided to and fro; old memo-

ries came with them; a soft touch fell on Bachelor Rogers' hair; a tender, clinging palm slipped in and out of his, and again the cry of "Alice!" startled the silence.

John set his teeth when he got outside, and walked briskly, for it was nipping cold.

"Block above, third house from the corner. 'Tain't quite close enough directions for a fellow."

And John, drawing the note from his pocket, stopped under the corner lamp-post to read the address; blank whiteness, nothing more.

"Whew!" said John, "'spose he forgot the direction. Well, I'll trust to my wits; won't go back and bother him, for I see he's got a mood. And when a man like him gets a mood on to him, better leave him alone."

"Third house from the corner." John took a view, then marched up the stoop of a little brown cottage house nestled in between two aspiring mansions of brick.

The door opening, showed as trim a vision of a servant-maid as one might expect to find anywhere—demure-eyed, smooth-haired, a touch of coquetry breaking forth in a wicked little apron braided at the corners.

I am shocked to state, that John, in view of this vision, nodding his head approvingly, remarked,

"For your folks, my dear."

"Oh!" ignoring the dear. "Will you walk in and wait for an answer?"

"With pleasure," quoth John.

He had not expected to wait for an answer; neither had he expected such a vision of a servant-maid to come to the door. But then nobody is surprised at surprises on Christmas-Eve!

John walked into the hall, and servant-maid into the parlor. A small room, very plain, but altogether homelike; here, also, a fire burned brightly; but it was under a wooden mantle, not one of marble carved with lilies.

A lady sat there netting a pair of scarlet snow-shoes, just small enough and dainty enough for a child, with a flower-soft face, that lay fast asleep on the rug beside her, her head resting on a great Angola cat purring away with all its might.

"Well, Jenny?" questioned the lady.

"A note, ma'am, for 'our folks,' the young man what brought it said it was. And he's waiting an answer, ma'am."

"Take him down in the kitchen, Jenny, and let him get warm."

Jenny vanished.

"My missus says you're to come down in the kitchen and get warm, sir."

A very saucy "sir" that last word was, for the coquetry that lurked in Jenny's wicked little apron, with its braided corners, had dictated it.

"So your name's Jenny, is it?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed it," solemnly, (mem. he heard it through the door left on a crack.)

"How?"

"Oh! Jennies always wears aprons like yours, and has smooth hair, and nice eyes, like yours."

"Do they?" asked the damsel, demurely, as if the fact were a new and astonishing development in the matter of names, then added, "Since you know my name—what's yours?"

"Plain John, at your service. You see both of our names commences with a J, and has n's in 'em."

In consequence of this coincidence John shook hands with Jenny, then followed her lead kitchenward.

In the meantime Mrs. Lee, glancing at the note, had found the envelope blank, and surmising patent-needles, or a petition for charity, drew out the folded sheet within, and read:

"MY FRIENDS—I shall, of course, expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o'clock, sharp. ROGERS."

These were the words that met the eye of the reader.

"Alice, Alice! come here and tell me what this means," said Mrs. Lee, in flurried accents.

The window-curtains parted, and from behind them came out something between a young lady and a very sweet princess—out of some sweet fairy-tale that ripples like music through our remembrance of childhood.

"Did you want me, dear? I was only looking to see how fast the snow fell."

This seeing "how fast the snow fell" must certainly have been a very doleful process. For the young lady princess made this statement in a voice that quivered oddly, and the long-lashed eyelids were wet—not with casual tears. The princess made a brave stand, however, and, rubbing her hands hard, gave a wee little laugh; then dropping on one knee before the fire, held out pink palms toward the blaze, murmuring,

"It was very cold work seeing the snow fall."

Yet, for all this pretence, a very sorrowful little princess looked Alice kneeling there—the tender mouth in a quiver of mute distress.

Mrs. Lee forgot the note with its curious invitation, and, leaning forward, took Alice's hand saying,

"Oh, my child! You have been worrying about Cuthbert. What shall I do with you?"

It was a mother's voice that spoke, yearning, loving, longing to shield her darling from the rough winds of the world's highway. Until then you had fancied them sisters.

The mouth gave way then—the eyes rained tears.

"Oh! I had fancied that Cuthbert would have done with this miserable business of traveling for other people by this Christmas-Eve! He said last year it would be so; and we were not to part ever any more; and you and May were to live with us, and we were to be as happy as the day is long. But now I could cry my eyes out, for Christmas will be here to-morrow—and, oh! not Cuthbert!"

Mrs. Lee drew Alice into her arms, and, nestled there, she sobbed out her grief. Happy, happy eyes, however, ye weep that have a mother's heart to weep on!

Not for long did Alice yield to this distress. Lifting her head, she smiled and chid herself, saying, "Selfish girl. I know that Cuthbert loves me wherever he is. And I have you, my best, sweet darling, and little May."

Then the princess, very much cheered up, fell to kissing the sleeper on the rug beside her, and she woke up with scarlet cheeks laughing, prepared for a game of romp with "sister Alice."

"But you wanted to show me something, dear," said the latter.

"Oh, my! we're all dreaming here! And the young man waiting for an answer, too!"

And Mrs. Lee handed the note to her daughter.

"How queer! And who is Rogers, pray?" asks Alice, all the woman alive in her face now. "Let's ring the bell for Jenny. Who brought this, Jenny? And who is Rogers? Is it meant for us, I wonder?"

Jenny thus questioned, acquits herself with credit.

"Bachelor Rogers' man brought it, Miss. Bachelor Rogers is a gentleman what lives on the block below, Miss, in a be-au-tiful house, and his man says there never was such a master. He said the note was for 'our folks,' Miss, when I let him in. Shall I bring him up, Miss?"

"Decidedly."

John being brought up and questioned, declared in the most decisive manner that there was no possibility of "mistake." But that "master had an odd way of doing things sometimes," and that "somehow or another people always did get confused-like and do out-o'-the-way things at Christmas." And John finished up his statement by glancing at Jenny, who stood attentively examining the braided corner of her apron,

"Alice," said Mrs. Lee, thoughtfully, "I think we had better accept the invitation. Suppose you write a few words, and say we should be happy to come. Perhaps Mr. Rogers is going to have a Christmas-tree, and wants May to come. You know we are strangers here, and maybe it's the custom to invite one's neighbors."

Alice, nothing loath, did as she was told. And little May catching the magic words, "Christmas-tree," danced about meanwhile in a childish effervescence of delight.

Now John—arch-traitor that he was—whatever doubts he had had on the subject kept them to himself. If this were the wrong house, he had no objection to calling back and rectifying the mistake. Indeed, John, remembering who would be likely to open the door, contemplated the same as a very desirable contingency.

John, with solemn demeanor, took the delicate missive Alice tendered him, put it with devout care in his breast-pocket, having carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief first, then started homeward.

John found his master still plunged in reverie before the fire, whose attendant genii—the shadows of home flitting to and fro around him in a mystical dance, seemed to promise—for even shadows grow prophetic on Christmas-Eve—something strange and sweet for Bachelor Rogers' Christmas-gift. Poor, lonely Bachelor Rogers! to whom no one brought gifts on Christmas-Eve! So the friendly-hearted phantoms took compassion on his evil state, and danced in prophetic glee for the "good time coming."

"I think," said the master, "you've been gone a long time—haven't you, John?"

"Waited for an answer, sir," handing the note.

A little waft of perfume, stealing out from the same, took our friend by surprise. A strange, pleasant sensation—was it odyle?—seemed to fly out from the missive, as he touched it, and tingle along his nerves.

"Light the gas, John"—the tone brisk and alert.

John complying—lingered.

A rose-colored seal, a spice of perfume, a fairy sheet of satin paper delicately characterized. "Ha! ha! ha! Why, John, upon my word, it's a woman's note!"

Oh! the mellow ring of Bachelor Rogers' laugh! the concentrated emphasis upon the words, a woman's note—they spoke a volume of yearning, of chivalrous, deep-hearted deference, that only a man, "tender and true," could have kept pure and unsullied through all these years of hand-to-hand encounter with life and destiny.

The words that our friend found inscribed on the satin paper, with its scent of spice, were briefly these:

"Mrs. Lee accepts, with pleasure, Mr. Rogers' invitation for herself and daughters."

"Why, John, bless your heart!" cries his master, "you went to the wrong house. It was gentlemen I expected—not ladies!"

The tone of deference again.

"Well, sir," says John, with solemn demeanor, "I can call back, sir, and say it's all a mistake."

"Call back again and say it's a mistake! Are you wide-awake, John? Take back an invitation to ladies! Not if I know myself. No, John, they're coming—actually coming to brighten up these stiff rooms with their presence. Coming in the place of dull jokes, and stupid wind-draughts, and empty hilarity, that leaves the heart and soul empty. God bless them for being willing to come! and bless you, John, for being the means of bringing them! It's the luckiest mistake you ever made, John."

Bachelor Rogers threw back his head and walked up and down, alert, vigorous, rubbing his bronzed hands in an effervescence of good-humor and delight.

"Yes, yes, John, we'll get ready for them. Oh! I'll have a Christmas dinner, I'll promise you! How many are there of them, John?"

"Well, there's a lady, you can't call her old, but she's older than the other one, which is her daughter; and there's a little one likewise, the daughter of the older lady, and her name is May."

"A little child coming, too?" says our friend, with reverence in his voice.

"Yes, sir; and her mother mentioned that maybe you was going to have a Christmas-tree."

"Well, so I am, John, of course. And if you think of anything else, just let me know."

"I will, sir. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, John—good-night. I think—at least something seems to tell me that it's going to be a lucky Christmas for you, John."

And the master contemplates his man with such an expression of complete benevolence, that John retreats in a frame of mind sufficiently bewildered for Christmas-Eve; his last words being, as he takes a thorough warming before the kitchen fire,

"She certainly is the triggest specimen I've seen this one while."

"Who's that?" inquires cook, briskly waking out of a doze, and rubbing her eyes.

"Not you, cook—not you," says John, stalking off to bed.

This assertion is not difficult of belief, as cook

weighs somewhere near two hundred pounds; and, in the way of figure, gives the general impression of a stout feather pillow slightly compressed in the middle.

Cook, not at all nonplused at the retort, chuckles, rubs her nose, says, "Not me! Oh, no, of course!—though I did have a figger once upon a time," and relapses again into slumber.

The house falls asleep. The fires burn deep into the night, and their tall, genii shadows come and go, weave mystic dances, while to and fro through the brain of one sleeper wander thoughts of long-ago, joining hands with something strange and sweet that was to be, yet never was—that yet shall be, the shadows promise in their mystic dance.

Once or twice, Bachelor Rogers wakes and ejaculates aloud in accents of remorse, "If my invitation had only been less brusque. They'll think I'm a snappish, snarling old curmudgeon. And if I had only left out 'six o'clock, sharp,' and signed myself, 'yours faithfully,' or 'yours until death,' or something of that sort, you know."

And then our friend falls asleep and dreams like a child of Christmas-trees, and holly berries, and mistletoe, and something strange and sweet yet to be.

The little brown house on the block above, where the mantles are wooden, and not marble, falls asleep also. And the princess that was sorrowful when awake, is very happy in her dreams. Oh! lovely dreams she has, wherein Cuthbert, her lover, comes home, and holding her fast in his arms, says he will go away no more!

The mother dreams also—far back into the years of childhood. A slender stripling, who wears a girl's blushes on his cheek, ever rose-red when in her company, draws her, a demure little maiden, on a vermilion sled, barred with gilt, over a crisp expanse of snow-golden lights in the horizon.

Waking, Mrs. Lee hears the tinkle of snow-crystals against the window-pane, and whispers to her heart,

"Yes, he never came back. How could he when all on board perished?"

As for child May, it would be useless to undertake her dreamings. The story of Aladdin were tame beside a child's dreams on Christmas-Eve. Dear old Santa Claus himself is the only one fit to rehearse them!

"We have heaps of work to do this morning, John," remarked our friend, the next day; "and you know the stores close early."

But a well-filled purse, especially if it be on

the Fortunatus order, can accomplish wonders; and at ten minutes before six our friend, entering his drawing-rooms, was almost satisfied with the result. Not quite, you know, for as Bachelor Rogers had remarked a number of times to John, as they prosecuted their labors, "I am expecting ladies! you know, John."

"At six o'clock, sharp"—with what utter contempt did our friend now repudiate that odious phrase, as he called it, to himself—the ladies came.

Jenny, demure-eyed, smooth-haired Jenny, was with them. John led the way up stairs, and watched her, as she, intent on business, deftly removed wrapping, set away over-shoes, etc.

When her task was accomplished the result was radiant. Mother, Princess Alice, and child May, seemed the lovely and loving spirits of Christmas-time, bringing hope and gladness wherever they might come.

When John, throwing open the door, announced to his master the arrival of his guests, Bachelor Rogers came forward to receive them with the air of a knight Paladin. Sir Grandison himself never made a bow half so profound, or so devoutly deferential.

When he lifted his eyes, and the winsome vision of the three stood completely disclosed, our friend became the victim of a bewilderment, so profound and complete, as to be beyond words to tell. He seemed like a man walking in a labyrinth, perplexed, however, not by fear, but by some strange, delicious happiness.

"Your invitation was a surprise to us," murmurs Mrs. Lee.

"Oh! I've been acquainted with you all this long time," declares our friend; and his laugh rang out joyous and mellow as the chime of Christmas bells.

Though no one disputed this extraordinary statement of Bachelor Rogers, yet it was noticeable that after that he seemed incapable of uttering one coherent sentence until— His guests, discreetly unconscious of our friend's unnatural wrastlings with his mother-tongue, from which he always retired worsted, having said the very thing he didn't mean, proceeded to admire everything with the most naïve and bewitching enthusiasm.

And truly master and servant had acquitted themselves with credit. Festive garlands of Christmas greenery swung everywhere, the scarlet shine of holly-berries lighted them all with its brightness; but no one guessed, not even child May, of the stately Christmas-tree that stood enshrined behind the purple shimmer of the silken curtains.

It were idle to tell of that day's dinner, or of all the singular feats perpetrated by our friend during its numerous courses. How he called familiar dishes by the most perplexing epithets; how he began a story in the middle, and forgot the ending; and how he persisted, at times, in behaving as if he had been acquainted with his three guests all his lifetime, instead of seeing them for the first time to-day.

When they came back to the drawing-room, there was a brilliant surprise for little May.

There stood a famous Christmas-tree, resplendent with lights, and bearing abundantly the fairy fruitage of the season.

"That is for you, *mignon*," says our friend.

"For me!"

May stood transfixed, hands folded on her breast, large eyes coruscant, lips apart. Glancing from the tree to our friend, she made a little run into his arms, gave him a squeeze of untold delight, then pounced upon her treasures.

Princess Alice came to the rescue, and turning herself into another child with laughing and amazement, plundered the willing tree.

The elder couple stood apart. Then Bachelor Rogers, putting forth his hand, led Mrs. Lee to a seat, and took his place beside her.

"I have a Christmas story to tell you. Will you listen?"

Bachelor Rogers' manner was quite coherent now; but his eyes were wet, and his voice trembled strangely.

"I will listen willingly," murmur Mrs. Lee. What strange vibration was it that quivered along every nerve?

"I remember a lovely little child, then, much like your May here—eyes the same, curls the same, rose-bud mouth just the same. She used to let me kiss her then—an innocent little child, you know! She grew older, Mrs. Lee. Your Alice looks like her, only not quite so beautiful—at least I think not. I used to draw her then—we grew up together, you see—on my boy's sled across the snow; the sled was a red one, barred with gilt, and called the—Alice. Is that your name, dear lady?"

Mrs. Lee was trembling now. A strong arm closed around her—a voice that held the music of youth said, "Do not tremble, the end is coming."

"The boy almost a man, the girl very near a woman—but she was always that with her gentle, loving ways—parted. He went to sea. The curl she gave him at parting he keeps it still."

"They said all on board perished," sobbed Mrs. Lee; "but I never forget him—never, never!"



"Do you love him still? Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Princess Alice and little May turn to look at the outcry. What strange spectacle is this? Their mother sobbing on Bachelor Rogers' breast.

At that moment there is a tap on the door. That excellent fellow John, fearing Jenny was "lonesome," had felt it his duty to take a run up to the little brown house and escort her to his master's house. To his amaze he found her setting forth with a young man so handsome, so self-possessed, so altogether at home with her, that John was posed.

"Oh, Jenny!" whispered poor John, "you never told me you was keeping company."

"No more I am," retorted that damsel, saucily. "He's Miss Alice's husband that is to be. Do you think I'd lift my eyes to the like of him?"

"Oh!" says John, a load taken off his heart.

So Jenny and her escorts arrive; and she taps on the door, then vanishes with one of them to the realm beneath.

Princess Alice somewhat decorously shocked at the mysterious conduct of her mamma, opens the door, cries, "Cuthbert," and follows her mother's example. Poor little May, sorely puzzled, looks from one couple to the other; then discerning in the last arrival a person upon whom she has a decided claim, precipitates herself upon him, and insists upon sharing in his embrace.

Then they all come back to the room. Bachelor Rogers tells his story, winding it up with,

"And you never knew me, Alice? I knew you at once—little May is your childhood, Alice here your girlhood; and the woman beside me, your own dear self, my wife that is to be."

Mrs. Lee denies not. Princess Alice, her tender mouth in a quiver, cries,

"Are you going to leave me, Cuthbert, when they are so happy?"

And Bachelor Rogers answers for him a resonant, decided "No," that settles the question, and makes the lovers happy.

Look forward a little. Bachelor Rogers loses his title, and wins the hope of his youth. Cuth-

bert and Princess Alice find that a wedding is just as joyful on New-Year's Eve as it would have been on Christmas-Eve. In fact, the best beginning in the world for the New-Year, especially when Cuthbert is partner in the famous shipping-house of Rogers & Co. As for John and Jenny—John's master was as good as his word, made it a "lucky Christmas" for him—for the twain found themselves "set up" in housekeeping, and John once more his own boss, as in times past, before a run of misfortune had befallen him, and driven him defeated, but not conquered, into service.

Having thus looked forward, come back again and be content to linger a moment in the happy room where the lovers sit. Firelight was pleasantest, they all said. So they sit in the sweet light of home and talk of the beautiful future.

May, the discreetest of children, has wisely gone to sleep, her hands full of treasures, her head in her sister's lap. Our friend and the elder Alice sit hand-in-hand, and again he says, "You never knew me, Alice."

"Ah! how I find in the bronzed, broad-chested man the boy who blushed so! But I shall learn to find him now, and love them both in one."

Here the shadows that have been dancing fealty, mutely suggesting, "Are we not fine shadows that keep our promise truly?" Here these fireside geniù show two shadows bending toward one another, kissing one another, as those who have remembered through years and trials have the best right to do. Happy, holy, blessed Christmas-time, when even the very shadows love one another, and prophecy only of hope and joy!

I have written you a Christmas story. There are tears in it, but it ends happily, as such stories should. Yet I forget not how lonely many a hearth will be this year at Christmas-time; I forget not how sad the memories we must entwine with our garlands and berries of the holly.

But, oh! hearts that suffer, ye must not be too sad at this holy season. Look up where the Star of the East is shining. Its luster is falling even upon the graves of our beloved, and we dare not sorrow as those without hope!

LOVE'S WITCHERIES.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Oh! fleeting dream! Oh! music strain  
So sad, and yet so sweet!  
Oh! charm that cannot bind again!  
Oh! beam so fair and fleet!

I bid you hence with every art,  
Be every tendril riven;  
Oh! let me fix my wand'ring heart  
On surer stays in Heaven!

## THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 357.

### CHAPTER XV.

JANE SHORE came into the room again pale with agitation. Maud could not understand that frightened look.

"But your husband, I do not see him," she said.

A flame of vivid crimson swept Jane's face. She struggled for breath a moment, then faltered out,

"Oh! gone to the country, or, perhaps, to France."

"His trade must be a thriving one to surround you with these things. Well, I am glad of it. No kind-hearted woman ever deserved them better. But you do not look at my child; poor fellow, the tears stand in his eyes yet. You shall kiss them away, Jane; but no other lips should. Why, how strange you look!"

"I—I did not know that you were married, lady."

"No; it was a secret, and is yet. But I will tell you this much, my husband is one of the bravest and best men in the world. I was so happy even in profound solitude—I was very, very happy. But it is all over now. They have taken him away—ordered him abroad—to be gone years—years, as if months would not be enough to kill me. But I will appeal to Duke Richard, and, failing there, to the king himself. We shall follow him to France, Germany, Spain, anywhere, that is what brings me up to London. I want permission to follow my husband; I want to know where the king has sent him. You know all about this great place, and must help me, Jane."

"Oh, do not ask me!" cried Jane, shrinking back. "I am the last person in the world."

"What, you, my own foster-sister? Nay, this is over modest; but where is John Halstead, he will not refuse."

"John Halstead is dead, my lady."

"Dead!"

"He fell at the battle of Tewksbury."

"And has there been a battle fought at Tewksbury?"

"Alas! yes. There Prince Edward was killed, and Queen Margaret was taken prisoner."

"Oh, me! and I never heard it; but it was kind. Why, Jane, my husband would not let a breath of strife reach me; would not mention war in my presence, so well he loved me."

"But his name?"

"That I will not tell, because he forbade me; but some day you shall see him, Jane. I have told him of you often."

"And he a follower of Duke Richard!" exclaimed Jane, with a painful flush.

A servant in rich livery came into the room at this moment, and addressed Jane.

"Madam, the procession is in sight, and with Duke Richard and his bride comes the king with a train of lords. Will it please you to step forth to the balcony?"

"Duke Richard! Said he that Gloucester passes this way?" cried Maud. "Oh! if I could but speak with him."

"Nay, lady, he is but newly wedded to the Lady Anna, of Warwick, and this day shows her to the people of London, so that no one could gain audience of him. But if you would see the duke and Lady Anna, who is wondrously fair, step into the balcony, he is sure to come this way if—if——"

She was about to add, "If Edward is with him;" but a pang of shame seized her, and she ended with a painful blush.

"Come you with me, then," said Maud, "I would fain see the man who can give me back my husband."

But Jane held herself aloof. She would not for the world have stood on that balcony by the pure young matron, who was as yet unconscious of her guilt, and receive Edward's careless homage. The very thought made her tremble.

"Nay, I have seen the court, in all its gayety, pass so often, and the hot sun makes my head ache. Let us drop the curtains thus, and look through the folds; for, dear lady, I would not have the court gallants look too broadly on your face."

Jane swept down a torrent of crimson drapery as she spoke, and gently parting the folds with her hand, invited Maud to look forth; for she shrunk from exposing that innocent woman

in the balcony, where Edward's courtiers had learned to pay homage to her shame.

"They are coming," she said. "Hear you not the tramp of hoofs, mellowed by the flowers they are raining in Anna of Warwick's path? Ah! it has been a brave wedding."

Maud looked forth. She was glad to witness the procession without being herself exposed to the crowd which was gathering densely along the street; but while Jane was talking, Albert had softly lifted a corner of the curtain and crept out into the balcony, which gave him a splendid view of the bridal cavalcade. Ladies on horseback, with their attendant cavaliers, all in full dress, and resplendent with jewels, swept down toward that dwelling like a torrent of flowers. In front of all, and moving slowly—for the throng made caution necessary—came an open litter, canopied with cloth of gold and cushioned with azure velvet. In the midst of these cushions sat the bride, Anna of Warwick, with a look of gentle resignation on her sweet face, which filled the soul with pitying interest, despite her lofty fortunes. Anna had rejected the almost barbaric splendor of the time, and replaced it with that exquisite harmony of form and color which avoided all vivid contrasts. The white velvet robe, so far as it was visible, shimmered with an embroidery of seed pearls. From a cluster of noble sapphires that burned their blue fires on her bosom, great pear-shaped pearls fell like centered moonlight, and rattled against each other as she moved. A circlet of diamonds, pure as limpid water, lighted up the masses of sunny hair that fell below her waist, rippling gold in the sunshine, and deepening to brown in the shade. No wonder the populace, who had so adored her father, grew wild with enthusiasm as this fair creature met its gaze; young, beautiful, and, above all, bearing upon her pure brow a promise of union and peace. The great house of Warwick was now absorbed in that of the victorious Plantagenets, and all England rejoiced.

The idiot boy had been completely occupied by the crowd, which heaved and jostled beneath him, when the guard rode by. Then he saw the lady sitting, as it were, in a blue and golden cloud dazzling to the eye. The concourse of gorgeously dressed persons that followed her set him wild for a time; and it was not till the litter drew up a short distance from the balcony, that he saw anything but the rush and glitter of moving horses, smiling women, and gorgeous colors, floating in masses wherever his eyes turned. But this brilliant confusion cleared away all at once, and he saw riding,

close by the litter, a young man with a collar of jewels blazing around his neck, and a long, white plume floating from his velvet cap. With the cry of a wild animal surprised in its lair, the willing gave a leap and flung himself into the midst of the crowd, through which he struggled, like a desperate swimmer, up to the young horseman, who was that moment bending down to speak with his bride. With a face all glowing, and hands that shook with eagerness, the lad seized upon the short cloak which fell within his reach and gave it a vigorous jerk.

"She is here—she is up there, the baby, too, and Wasp. Come—come!"

Duke Richard turned quickly and saw the boy. One flash of the eye, a gleam of color on the lip, then quick composure. "Step back, my lad, or the horse will trample on you," he said, gently.

The cavalcade that moment came to a halt. Something obstructed the way in front, and both bride and bridegroom were held immovable just below the balcony. All at once the window drapery was flung back and a face looked out—an eager, wild face, suddenly inspired with wonderful joy.

There was a struggle within the chamber, words of eager expostulation; then Maud Chichester darted down the stairs and forced a passage through the crowd close up to the duke's horse. "My husband, let me speak with my husband," she cried out.

Richard heard the voice, and saw that face flushed with a heaven of sudden joy; the voice thrilled him through and through; the face haunted him many a night in his after life; but he neither changed countenance, nor shrunk from the meeting. A look of natural surprise, a half pitying smile he bent upon her; and that was all. Maud had extended both hands in her sudden delight, but as she met this look they fell heavily down; her parted lips grew white, and a look of dismay fell upon her.

"Richard! Richard! It is I."

"Poor creature! will some one see that she comes to no harm?" said the duke, in his sweet, calm way; and bending toward Anna of Warwick, he added with infinite tenderness, "Do not be startled, love, it is only some poor, crazy thing! My people shall make sure that she is tenderly cared for."

While he was speaking, two of the guard seized Maud by the arms and drew her back into the crowd.

"Nay," said Richard, wheeling his horse toward them, "handle her not so roughly, she seems gentle and harmless. I am sure she

is harmless, and will be obedient. What, she struggles yet? Stand back a little, this strange fancy may give me some power over her."

The guards drew Maud toward Richard and released her, while the crowd huddled back, making a good deal of confusion. Richard took advantage of this, and bending from his saddle fixed his eyes, with all their wonderful power of magnetism, on that stricken face.

"Listen, Maud, and obey me. I am the Duke of Gloucester, and was married three days ago, before all England, to the daughter of Lord Warwick. Go back to your home. In due time, when these accursed festivities are over, I will come to you."

The procession was moving again. Richard wheeled his horse back to its place by the litter, and left that wretched woman standing there, cold, white, and motionless as stone. The crowd rushed forward and would have trampled her down, but Albert threw his arm around her, and with one hand fought a passage back to the house, where Jane Shore stood wringing her hands and shaking with terror.

"Oh, my lady! how could you? This was no time to approach the duke. I wonder the guard did not trample you down."

Maud attempted no answer. In fact, did not hear her; but looked around the room as a hunted animal surveying its covert, and sat down in dumb stillness, gazing on the child, which the nurse placed on her lap, vaguely, as if it belonged to some other person. Jane knelt before her, frightened, she scarcely knew why.

"Do not let this one rebuff discourage you," she said. "The duke is kind, and at another time will do what you ask. But now, with all the city looking on, and his young wife close by, it was not to be expected."

A weak woman would have spoken then, for, from her childhood up, a sisterly feeling had existed between Maud and her comforter; but the sorrows in that young heart were too deep and terrible for common sympathy. What could that do for her? She only shook her head, and tried to smile as Jane kissed her hands, smoothed her hair, and strove with all her womanly power to give comfort. In the midst of these efforts, Maud's arms dropped away from their clasp on her child, her eyes closed, and she fell like a broken statue prone upon the floor.

During three long weeks that poor woman lay helpless, while the struggle between her sorrow and the strong life within her went on. Jane Shore was discreet, and no human being sus-

pected that she had suffering guests under her roof. Nor did Maud know that the roof which sheltered her covered, alas! the degradation of her hostess. She was far too innocent for suspicion, and so went away grateful.

Yes, Maud went away at last, but not to the forest lodge; never again to the roof that claimed him as his master. Down in the heart of England she had inherited an estate too small for riches, but sufficient for her moderate wants. To this place she went, taking with her Albert and the nurse. Neither honor nor disgrace could follow her into that deep solitude.

## CHAPTER XVI.

TEN years came and went—ten long, solitary years to the woman who bore her wrongs in secret, but full of intrigue and action to the man who had sacrificed her to his greed for power.

Edward the Fourth was dead. Two children, the late monarch's orphan sons, stood between Richard and the mighty hope to which he had sacrificed so much. With a firm hand, counting the cost as he went, this ruthless man usurped their inheritance, and then they too disappeared, following King Henry, Edward of Lancaster, and Clarence. Now the crown was his. He felt the massy weight outgall his forehead. "Anna of Warwick sat by his side a crowned queen; their son was declared Prince of Wales. This was power. For this he had given up conscience, love, everything that ennobles manhood, or makes sovereignty august. Was this all? Power without love. Ah! now it was that Richard's haughty soul avenged itself. That which makes the glory of a great king, his people's love, was lacking, and in this knowledge lay the bitterness of death to him. He had hungered for supreme authority; and now he thirsted for love, not only that personal affection which can alone satisfy a human heart, but the confidence of a great people. Without that he felt that the crown upon his head was an empty circlet, and his sceptre a mockery.

How should he win this confidence—by an austere life and strict religious observances; by making his court a living rebuke to that of the brother whose place he filled? This was the answer given by his sharp intellect. At once he acted upon it.

One night, only a few weeks after his coronation, when the rain was falling heavily, and cold sleet cut through it with steel-like sharpness, a woman came forth from the portals of a church, where she had just endured all the

bitter humiliations which an outraged clergy could heap upon acknowledged sin. For hours and hours she had been prostrated before the altar, suffering with hunger, chilled to the vitals by the cold stone, shivering under the awful denunciations of a band of priests, utterly broken-hearted and lost.

Now the portals opened wide, a taper was placed in her shivering hand, a draught of icy water was held to her white lips. With her bare feet upon the stones, and a single robe of white linen falling like sheeted snow around her, she was driven forth to perish in the streets. Cold and wet as it was, a great concourse of people had gathered around the church, some in bitter hostility, others simply curious, and more from that most intolerant of all prejudices, religious superstition. For three hours they had stood patiently in the cold rain waiting for her to come forth. This woman had done them no harm; to some she had been a benefactress, for, in her imperfect way, Jane Shore had tried to atone for one great sin by many acts of kindness. But all these things were forgotten now. The ban of society was upon her. That alone had, perhaps, been more merciful; but to this was added the awful power of the church, urged on by kingly authority itself. This wretched woman must be driven out before the people, as a type of the reign which had just passed away, and a pledge for the purity of that which had just commenced.

It was a pitiful sight when that woman—for even then she was very lovely—came down the aisle of the church. Behind her she left an altar blazing with tapers, and bright with cloth of gold, which gave a glowing contrast and luminous background to the dread coldness to which she went. Before her was the stormy night—a crowd of wild, hungry faces looming through it all, mocking and jibing at her, and beyond that starvation—death. The church had driven her forth in sublime rage; and the king had forbidden any one who might have taken pity on her misery to give her food or drink.

She came forth slowly from the church, looking white and ghostly under the rays of a wax-taper, which flickered over her face and fell dimly adown the folds of her white garment, which fluttered in the wind. A howl of rage mingled with now and then a soft cry of pity from young lips, greeted her as she stood, for one moment, hesitating on the threshold. Then the bell began to toll, as if a dead person were passing away, and gave an awful solemnity to the moment. As she went down into the dark street, a gust of wind quenched the taper, and

for one moment she was lost. The crowd saw the shimmer of her white drapery for a moment, and then broke into hoarse shouts of disappointment. But officers stood ready and lighted the taper again, and the poor creature drifted away into the storm, meekly asking God to be merciful and let her die.

On and on—from street to alley, from alley to lane—that wretched woman wandered, followed by a guard as hounds track a wounded deer. If her taper went out they rekindled it from their lanterns, and drove her forward with ferocious persistence. Daylight came making her humiliation horrible with its hard glare. Then succeeded another night with merciful darkness, and found her drooping with unutterable weariness. She could hardly walk. The taper had burned out, leaving only a fragment of wax in her hand. This she looked at eagerly from time to time, praying for darkness that with this poor morsel she might assuage the pangs of hunger that began to prey upon her like vipers. Another day and night wore her down utterly. She moved with pain, and in such weariness that even hate gave out and left her to perish alone. The idle boys, who had followed on her track so persistently, dropped away, one by one, and left her with a single guard. Three relays of guards had given up and gone home to rest. At each relief one dropped off, for, as life and strength ebbed from that poor soul, the need of a powerful force became less. Curiosity had long since appeased itself, and save that one man who moved after her like a shadow, she was in solitude. She was in the city limits now, and a yearning wish seized upon her to go into the old haunts where her innocent life had found its first blessings.

The guard was a new man, with warm, human feelings, and let her go wherever her faltering limbs could carry her. The streets were dark; the sky heavy as lead. Most of the dwellings were closed, and the whole city was one dreary solitude. Jane Shore gained a sort of desperate strength among those dark-browed houses, where she had once been so happy. She struggled on with fierce resolution to reach one spot. She would perish there. They should see how awfully her sin had been atoned for. Would they know her, so thin and white, with the blue of starvation on her lips?

The house was lighted, and music rang cheerily through the windows. Was it hailing her on, or mocking her desolation? She made a desperate effort, staggered forward, reeled up to the door-stone, and fell upon it like a

heap of snow, which nothing could strengthen into a human form again. There she lay moaning feebly and striving to weep, but nature was exhausted, and had not even tears to give her.

It was the duty of that solitary guard to keep his victim moving; but, having a wife at home, he could not even attempt this last cruelty, but stood over her crying like a child.

"Let her die here," he said. "Poor soul! poor soul! I will not torture her."

There certainly was some revel going on within that house, for its floors shook with the tread of dancing feet, and merry laughter rang out with the music. Then came a rush down the stairs to a lower room opening on the porch where that wretched woman lay moaning out her life. Then a dash of goblets, and the carving of rich pastry was distinctly heard amid a hum of happy voices and little outbreaks of laughter. That woman was perishing of hunger close by so much plenty. The smell of the viands came keenly upon her waning senses. She could hear the soft gurgle of wine, and the very sound gave her strength. She gathered up her limbs and crept to the window. With her poor, thin hands she seized upon the stone sill, and lifted her ghastly face to a level with the sash.

It was a christening party. Philip Gage, who had succeeded to his master's business, and shared the same home since his marriage with Constance Halstead, was celebrating the baptism of his second child. This was the scene that miserable woman looked upon while clinging with a death-grip to the stone-work of the window.

They had heard nothing of her trial, nor the barbarous sentence. That festive scene would never have brightened the old house had this knowledge reached them. But London was large even in those days, and all means of communication imperfect; thus the woman who had once made that home so bright, lay dying in their midst before they dreamed of her downfall.

"William!"

The cry was faint, but so sharp with anguish that it cut like an arrow through all those cheerful noises, and was followed by an instantaneous hush. Shore stood near the window, looking gravely on a scene he evidently only endured with that gentle sadness which had become habitual to him. He started, turned, and saw that white face, those large eyes, bright with the agonies of famine, looking upon him. He knew her, wild, haggard, deathly as she looked, the husband knew her, and went swiftly through

the door, waving those who crowded near him back with an imperative gesture.

She let go of the window, fell back to the porch, and crept toward him, moaning piteously. She wound her arms around his knees, and threw back her white face so pinched with exhaustion that no other man could have recognized it.

"Jane! Jane! Oh, God! have mercy! It is—it is my wife!"

A low, hysterical laugh died in her throat. She crept upward toward his bosom, murmuring feebly,

"He calls me Jane; he said wife! Oh, William! give me food! food! I am starved to death! For the love of God, something to eat!"

It was a cry of mortal agony terrible to hear. Philip Gage and his wife ran out thrilled and terrified. They both knew the voice, changed as it was, and would have carried the wretched woman in-doors. But Shore gathered her in his arms, laid her white face on his bosom, and pressed his own against it with piteous tenderness.

The guard made a feeble attempt to stop him as he bore her into the entrance; but Shore put him aside, and carried his wife up stairs into the chamber which had once been her own. A moment after he came to the door and cried out almost with a shriek, "Bring wine—bring food." Before any one could obey him he had rushed down stairs, seized a flask and some bread from the table, and darted back again.

Jane was lying upon her own bed, looking vaguely about the room as if trying to remember it again. Shore had flung a sheet over her wretchedness, and placed a pillow beneath those sunken temples. He tore the seal from the wine-flask and held it with both quivering hands to her lips. She swallowed a mouthful of the wine with a struggle, and, seizing upon the bread with her weak hands, tore it feebly apart, and dropped the fragment she had secured half way to her mouth.

Shore gathered up the pieces, drenched them red with wine, and forced them one by one between her lips. She swallowed them with pain, and the effort she made to smile was heart-rending. The wronged husband strove to answer that smile through all his heart-ache, and smoothed her drenched hair with one hand, while he fed her with the other.

"Poor child! poor, lost lamb!" he said. "Look up, Jane, and let me feel that the wine is doing you good."

She turned her eyes full upon him, and, to his dying day, William Shore never forgot the yearning anguish of the look. He fell upon his

knees beside her, and bent his head close to the white lips that were moving with a struggle of whispers.

"Forgive you," he cried, laying his face close to hers, and wetting it with tears that were almost holy. "Oh, Jane! if I had the power to carry you in these arms up to the throne of God, there to plead for His forgiveness, we would go together, and I should think it happiness."

Her eyes closed wearily as a child falls to sleep. There was a faint shiver of the linen that covered her, and that burdened soul went out alone to meet its God. Even his love could yield no help beyond that supreme moment.

Then a whisper ran through the house that she, who had once been its mistress, was dead; and that William Shore had locked himself into the chamber where she lay, and was moaning over her, refusing all consolation. The guard, forced to this harsh duty, went softly up to the chamber and pressed the door open. Shore was on his knees by the bed, his face was pressed close to that white cheek which was growing cold to its touch, and he was crying like a child. He lifted up his head and saw the guard.

"She is dead! she is dead! All that is left of her is holy! Go away—go away. She is mine, mine—all mine now."

The guard closed the door reverently, and went away.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Two years went by. Anna of Warwick had followed her only son to the grave; and Richard stood almost alone arrayed against a rebellion that had been for months undermining the whole fabric of his power. The Duke of Richmond, a man whose illegitimate claims would hardly have been recognized in ordinary times, was now absolutely invited to seize the crown of England. He had answered this call in person, hurrying a few foreign troops across the seas, and gathering by thousands as he advanced into the country.

Richard was bold and brave as any monarch that ever lived. The crown which he had won with so much blood was dear to him as his own soul. With the first breath of rebellion, he mustered the royal forces and started forth to meet the invader. By quick marches he came upon Richmond within a few miles of Leicester, and encamped his own forces on Bosworth field, choosing the ground. All night long the armies lay close together, waiting for the hour of strife which was to decide the fate of England.

Near the battle-field stood a low, stone house,  
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that had at some early time been connected with battlemented towers, and other objects of defence, but now it was given up entirely to peaceful pursuits. That portion which had been a fortress had fallen into ruin, and the building, as it stood, was scarcely more than a farmhouse. In a room of this dwelling, which was simple in its adornments, but marked with such evidences of refinement as always bespeak the presence of a highly bred lady, a woman walked to and fro in a state of wild unrest. She had heard the music, seen the royal banners, and watched the troops file by, hour after hour, with a tumult of feeling which no mere mustering of armies could have aroused in that usually calm bosom. As she stood within the embrasure of a window, watching the rear-guard defile toward the battle-field, a glow of the setting sun fell upon her dark garments, and touched the heavy tresses gathered back of her head like a helmet. Those who had known Maud Chichester in her youth would have recognized her again in that position. Truly she was changed; her air was proud and womanly; her face beautiful as ever, but an expression of thoughtful self-reliance sat upon it with a grace that was queenly.

As she stood watching the soldiers, a young lad came dashing into the room wild with excitement. His dark eyes fairly blazed with delight, his cheeks were hot and red.

"Oh, mother! I have seen the king!"

Maud turned quickly, and, walking toward him, laid one hand on his head.

"Do not be angry—do not look so strange, mother. I was in no danger, but only stood looking on when he called to me."

"What, King Richard? Did he speak to thee, my son?"

"Ay, that did he, sweet mother, and asked if I would not like to be a soldier and fight for my king."

"And what did'st thou answer, boy?"

"I said, marry would I, if I had a war-horse to ride, and he would give me a company to lead."

"Well—well!"

"Do not be angry, mother; but he bade me seek him on the battle-field, after the tents were pitched, and he promised to give me both the war-horse and a company."

Maud turned her eyes from that ardent young face and moved toward the window, again troubled and thoughtful. The boy followed her.

"Mother, was my father a warrior? Was he brave?"

"As brave a man as ever lived, my boy."



"And where did he die? On what battle-field did he fall?"

The mother turned white, and then her face flushed scarlet.

"Boy, come thither, close to my lap, and I will tell thee."

Maud sat down in her high-backed chair, and motioned the lad to place himself on a hassock at her feet; but he simply pressed it with his knees, and folding his arms upon her lap, prepared himself to listen.

She told him all briefly, but with a face of truth that ran through his young heart like holy fire. He started up at last, flung his arms around her neck, and kissed her with passionate fondness.

"Mother, shall I go down yonder and run him through the heart, or fight for him till he proclaims thee his queen and wife before the whole world? Do not look on me with that half smile, as if I were too young for this. The son who fights for his mother's honor needs not years to make him strong."

"My brave boy—my noble child!"

"Thy son could not choose but be noble; his son must be brave. Shall I go now, mother?"

Maud arose.

"Not for me shalt thou fight; but for him, thy father, and thine own royal inheritance. He is in trouble, forsaken by his friends, beset with deadly enemies. The lady he wronged in marrying is dead; the son he loved sleeps with her in the same grave. This is the time to prove that thou art the true heir of England. Make ready, Richard. With my own hand will I lead thee to his side."

"But he wronged thee, mother."

"My son, where he safe upon his throne, in full plenitude of power, we might think of that. But now, when the dominion for which he forsook us is threatened, I can only remember that he was my husband and thy father."

"But the world does not know this. It thinks you the widow of a knight who fell in the wars—nothing more."

"But God knows it."

"And I am his son, a Plantagenet! He has wronged us, mother. But he is a brave general, and will fight like a tiger in to-morrow's battle," cried the lad, exultingly. "Oh! if I could but wield the sword of a man!"

Maud smiled.

"But thou hast a strong arm; and the old man who taught my father his first use of weapons has spared no exercise that could give it pith and skill. To-morrow it shall wield the sword in earnest."

"I will not shame my birth, mother," cried the lad, with kindling enthusiasm; "and when thou art Queen of England——"

"Nay, Richard, that time will never, never come. We must not seek our own advancement by his degradation, or wrong the fair fame of Warwick's innocent daughter. When thy father proclaims thee as heir to his greatness, thy mother will be dead to the world. No one shall ever know that she drew one breath after her lord made another woman his queen."

"Mother!"

"Nay, boy, it must be so. Down in the convent yonder I will pray for him and thee. Long ago thy mother died to the world. When those gates close upon her, she will live for heaven alone."

"Oh, mother! this language breaks my heart."

"Nay, thou wilt know of me, and love me still."

"Forever and ever!" cried the boy, with passionate tenderness.

Maud kissed him on the forehead and went into her chamber. When she came forth again, clad in a long, black robe, rich in material, but monastic in form, the boy, who was fitting on a breast-plate, looked at her attentively till his eyes were flooded with tears.

"Come," she said, smiling upon him, "put on thy helmet, and let old Stacey follow us with the sword and battle-axe; by that hushed sound the army should be encamped. That looks brave. Come on, now, my twelve-year-old warrior. To-night our destinies will be complete."

They went out, lady and son, from that peaceful dwelling, and drifted away through the last crimson of the twilight toward the battle-field, never to return again.

"Ho, there! What evil thing is that? Has Edward sent his son to haunt me? These hands never touched the boy!"

"Richard!"

"That voice—that— Has she come, too?"

Richard started from the couch on which he had thrown himself and sat up, looking around the tent in stern defiance. Even the spirit of evil could not daunt that haughty soul. He stooped down and began to drag forth fragments of his armor, which lay in a heap on the ground, ready to do battle even with the foul fiend himself, so long as it could be done by force of arms.

"Richard!"

He rose up suddenly and dropped the breast-plate from his hand. Well he knew that there was no need of defence against that voice. Its earthly tones thrilled him to the heart.

"Maud—Maud Chichester!"

She came forward, leading her son by the hand. The drapery closed in behind her, shutting out a blaze of torch-light with its rustling folds; a silver lamp swung from the center of the tent, lighting it dimly. But Richard knew the woman he had loved, and stood up to receive her. Of all the people he had wronged, she alone had power to make his heart thrill and his knees tremble.

"Ah, Maud, have you come with the rest? You who never yet reproached me—you whom I loved so?"

"Richard, did I not love you? Can you doubt me?"

He turned one glance on her, fell back, and, covering his face with both hands, shook till the couch trembled under him.

"You did—you did," he cried; "and this was the only love that ever blessed my life. Oh! Maud, Maud! if I had but been content, this day I might have defied these rebellious lords to touch my happiness, or wound my honor. I gave up wife and child to plunge my soul in torture, and all to rule over this turbulent and ungrateful people. Here, like a hunted stag, I sit, while these ingrates hardly do me honor as a king, and go over to the enemy before my very face. I thought that you had come to wound me with the rest."

"I come, Richard, to give up our son, that he may lift a virgin sword in his father's cause."

"Thy son, Maud—our son; for if he lives, I swear by this good sword to proclaim him Prince of Wales, and heir of England, on this victorious battle-field to-morrow. Where is the boy?"

Young Richard stepped forth from the shadows where he had lingered, and knelt before his father.

"Why, this is the lad I met upon the way," cried Richard, putting the hair back from that young forehead, while a luminous smile glanced over his own face. "As a stranger my heart leaped forth to meet him. So you have donned armor, and know the use of the sword, I will be sworn. St. Paul! but he shall ride by my bridle in the fight, and thank his own young valor for it when I make his mother Queen of England."

Maud bent her head, a struggle arose in that noble heart, which soon, however, calmed itself.

"This can never be. To-night, my husband, we meet for the last time on earth. Here I resign the rights both of mother and wife. When the strife commences to-morrow, I shall be in yon convent, there to pray for thee and him while this heart beats."

Richard started up. The iron will which had so long defied, or cajoled public opinion, was in full force now.

"I comprehend thee, Maud. Again thou wouldst sacrifice thyself rather than touch thy husband in his honor. But I tell thee, sweet saint, when victory perches on our banner with to-morrow's dawn, I can and will defy these rebel lords, and proclaim thee Richard's first love, his true wife, and their most honored queen. As for our son here, he shall knock the spurs from Richmond's heel, and turn that scum of Lancaster over to meaner hands for punishment. Come, sirrah, let us see if you can lift Richard's mace. At thy age he could swing that of the great Warwick around his head."

The lad blushed modestly, but took the great knotted mace from his father's grasp and swung it with vigor around his own young head.

"Bravely done," cried Richard. "How strong his presence has made me. An hour ago this tent seemed full of demons threatening me with defeat. But now I feel the strength of fifty men in this arm, the courage of whole armies in my heart."

Maud smiled. Some of the old admiring fire came back to her eyes; Richard saw the look and answered it in words.

"Speak not of convents, Maud, we are young yet. The first bloom is scarcely off thy cheek."

Maud shook her head; but the boy flung his arms around her.

"Farewell, sweet mother! but only for a little time. Let them prepare to sing a *Te Deum* over our victory to-morrow."

Maud kissed him with passionate tenderness; then turned and reached forth her hand to the king, who clasped her with sudden force to his bosom.

"Pray for us; wait for us. Forgive me, and oh! Maud, my wife, love me; for since we parted I have not known the sweets of affection for one moment."

Maud lay in his arms a moment irresolute, wavering, the woman's pride struggled fiercely against the wife's love. For one instant she received his embraces; then she arose from his bosom and prepared to go.

Richard, hard as he seemed, was a proud man. In that moment of almost supernatural excitement he yearned for one loving word, one fond clasp of the arms which had been so frankly given him in former years. In his soul he was praying her to forgive him; but the seeming coldness with which she freed herself from his arms chilled him through and through. Even in his distress, with misfortunes lowering all

around him, he could not seek to enforce the love which might have perished under the cruelty of his own acts. But as she drew apart from him, anguish that would have been tears in a weaker man filled his eyes, and he cried,

"Oh, Maud! all the world forsakes me. Will you go also? This may be the last time we shall ever meet!"

Then the great love which had swamped that woman's whole existence in the man's ambition swept over her in a full burst of tenderness. Her eyes were flooded, her bosom heaved with it. She flung aside the past—desertion, wrong, everything was forgotten. She threw herself into his arms. She met his kisses of despairing love with broken sobs and soft murmurs of the undying affection which had made him at one time almost a good man.

"My husband, my lord, my king! though all the world forsake thee, yet will not I!"

He held her close; the kisses which he gave her were slow and mournful, for he knew in his soul that they were the last.

"Oh! if I could but live after to-morrow," he said, holding her head between his hands, and looking into her face till such tears as she had never felt before swelled into his eyes.

"And so you will," she answered, desperately. "To-night I will take shelter in the convent at Leicester. To-morrow——"

Richard shuddered at the word to-morrow fell from her lips, but he spoke out firmly,

"To-morrow, if Richard Plantagenet is alive, thou shalt be proclaimed Queen of England."

Maud gave no answer, for underneath all this new flood of tenderness was the one resolve never to accept the rights in her own person which must proclaim her husband's crime. Her resolution was firm to enter the convent at Leicester as an inmate that very night. It was a grand sacrifice, such as some women can make even when love burns brightest in the bosom. When she reached out her arms again, a cry of anguish rose to her lips, but the brave woman forced it back, and smiling, oh! how sadly, in his face, took her last farewell.

"What ho, Catesby! Bring hither a horse for this lady, and convey her safe to the convent at Leicester; charge the abbess to treat her with all honor, for she is Queen of England."

Catesby was not a man to evince surprise. He turned, bowed his knee to the lady, and, without a word, went in search of the horses. During the few minutes that intervened the husband and wife stood together in silence, locked in a presentiment of evil which neither of them could shake off. Then a horse was led

round in front of the royal tent, and Richard placed Maud upon it with his own hands, while young Richard, full of life and hope, held the bridle.

"Farewell!" she said, stooping down till their cold lips met. "Farewell!"

A groan broke from the lips that touched hers, and the king remained immovable till the darkness swallowed her up. Then he took young Richard by the hand with touching gentleness and drew him into the tent. What passed within those crimson walls between the father and son that night no human being ever knew; but throughout the fierce battle of Bosworth field, which opened with the morning, a boy in armor fought side by side with the king like a creature inspired; and when at last Richard sought out his individual foe in the thickest of the battle, the white charger of the boy kept side to side with the royal war-steed, till both kingly forms were swept from the saddle wounded unto death. The onset had been so sudden that no one among the enemy recognized the king in the leader of that desperate charge; so the fight raged on, leaving the father and son alone with a red cloud falling over them from the sunset. The boy lay white and cold, bleeding to death, close by the fallen monarch, who, unconscious of his presence, strove in a fierce struggle for breath to unclasp his helmet. But his hands wandered from their work and fell helplessly away, while a terrible groan broke through those iron bars.

"Air! water! water!"

The lad heard this smothered cry, pressed one hand to his bleeding side, and dragged himself close to the king. With wonderful strength he unclasped the helmet, and, pressing his last breath upon the pale lips which gasped eagerly for the air, fell across his father's bosom dead.

That night the body of Richard the Third was borne into Leicester, with that of a fair, young boy, who was found lying across his bosom, and clasped in his stiffened arms. The nuns of the convent came forth to meet the dead. Among them, walking by the abbess, was a lady in dark garments, which were not altogether of the order. She held a crucifix in her hand, moving along with the rest in solemn mournfulness. When these good women withdrew from the convent chapel, leaving the royal remains outstretched before the lighted altar, the tapers shone down on the prostrate form of Maud Chichester, and on the beautiful white face of her son, who, at her request, had been laid side by side with his father, of all his proud race THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

## HOW I BECAME MR. ASHBURTON'S FOURTH WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. BROWN.

"I'll never marry a widower;" "nor a man without money;" "nor a poor country minister, on a small salary;" "nor a homely man;" "nor a real old batchelor, if he is as rich as Cresus;" "nor a tailor, nor a man with red hair." Such were the confused ejaculations of a merry band of school-girls, whom their teacher was vainly endeavoring to summon to their studies. At length her bell was heard amid the din of voices, all talking at once, and she laughingly exclaimed: "Young ladies, matrimony need not engross your thoughts for some time to come. You will please come and attend to your recitations in astronomy. Doubtless, when the time comes, you will, like many others, act entirely contrary to your present feelings." "As she has done, I remain single," I whispered to my companion; "but I am sure," I emphatically repeated, "that I'll never—no, never, as long as I live, marry a widower!"

At the time I made this remark, I was a laughing girl of sixteen, with jet black hair and eyes, and said to be full of life and animation.

Soon after, I left school, obtaining a diploma, signed by grave and dignified men, asserting to the world that I was now fully qualified to fill any sphere of usefulness to which I might be destined. Mother had this duly framed and gilded, and I never doubted its truth. Neither did father's friend, old Mr. Ashburton. He had accumulated a large fortune in the East Indies, and returned to his native land to enjoy it. From my earliest recollection he had been our neighbor and visitor, generally accompanied by a Mrs. Ashburton. He lived in almost princely style. The village bells had tolled some two months since for his third wife, and Madam Rumor asserted that he was already looking for some one to supply her place. All the widows of marriageable age, and all the spinsters of every age, were on the alert; and surely the little Ashburtons were never as much caressed as when they were motherless.

No one could assert that Mr. Ashburton was the picture of grief, as he wended his way up our avenue every week. His visits were universally conceded to father; and no one was more delighted when they were over than

myself. Although I inherited too much of my father's courtesy to treat any one rudely, a sight of his portly figure and sandy wig entering our dressing-room inspired me with a desire to leave it. Not even his lavish praises of my diploma, which he read through his spectacles, with a complimentary glance at myself, inspired me with the least feeling of friendship. What was my amazement, then, at being summoned into my father's library, one day, and having the following note placed in my hand:

*"Ashburton Villa, Tuesday, A. M.*

"DEAR MISS EMMA:

"When Adam was made happy for life,  
He was the husband of just one wife;  
But my bliss has been of higher degree,  
As I have already been blessed with three.  
What could mortal man ask more  
Than to have you for number four?  
We cannot tell how the die will be cast,  
Perhaps, dear Emma, you will be the last.

"Respectfully yours,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I burst into an irrepressible laugh, such as school-girls only indulge in, thinking the scroll nothing but a hoax, and was much surprised, on glancing at my father, to see him looking as grave as a judge. He placed a note in my hand, in which the billet deux to myself had been inclosed, saying that Mr. Ashburton was a man of good sense, and, like an honorable gentleman, had first requested his permission to address me. The note was as follows:

"SIR—If agreeable to Miss Emma and yourself, I should like, as soon as your daughter can make it convenient, to enter once more into the matrimonial state. You know my ample means, and, if Miss Emma consents, I will, on our marriage day, endow her with one hundred thousand dollars. Hoping, when next I address you, to be able to sign myself your affectionate son-in-law, I am now,

"Yours respectfully,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I could endure the scene no longer, and, eluding my father's grasp, and donning my bloomer hat, ran to tell my bosom friend, Lucy, of the bliss in store for me. We were quite merry over the poetical proposal, Lucy exclaiming: "Who knows, Emma, if you don't survive, but I myself will be number five. Tell him he had better join the Mormons!"

That night, mother, after tea, came into the council, and, dazzled by the bait held out, gave her influence in favor of Mr. Ashburton; and I, a thoughtless child, yielded to the entreaties of my parents. I was chiefly influenced by the argument, that it would be such an advantage to other members of the family.

It was not my father's method to neglect business, so I was despatched to my room to write my reply. I sat down to my little writing-desk, chose my best paper and pen, when the idea of being anybody's fourth wife, and I only seventeen, struck me as being very absurd. I imagined how Mr. Ashburton must look divested of his wig and false teeth; then pictured myself walking down the aisle of the village church, at the head of the six Ashburtons, three of them being older than myself. "Not for two hundred millions!" I cried, "will I sign away my happiness." And as I thought of Gerard, with his stalwart young frame, his raven locks, and fine teeth, his kind heart, and fortune yet to make, I thought I would tell him of my dilemma.

I had just commenced, "My dear Gerard—Something so strange and ludicrous has happened. Come up to-morrow evening, and I will tell you all," when father tapped at the door, saying, pleasantly, "Well, Emma, my reply has been sent, and ere this Mr. Ashburton is a happy man."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh! father, what have you done?"

"Don't be excited, child," he answered; "here is the copy of my reply."

"DEAR SIR—Yours of the 8th instant, is just received. I feel highly honored by your proposal, and my daughter will write her acceptance at once.

"Yours, respectfully,

"EDWARD STAUNTON."

"You see, Emma, I have left all sentiment to you"

"Oh, father!" I repeated, "what have you done?"

But tears and entreaties were of no avail. Father's dignity could not be compromised, and I was obliged to write an acceptance, which I did in the following brief lines:

"MR. ASHBURTON—In obedience to my father's demands, I accede to your proposal.

"Respectfully, EMMA S."

Now I doubt whether any youthful admirer would have been pleased with such a formal acceptance; but Mr. Ashburton told father "that it showed so much docility of disposition

that he was quite delighted with it, especially as it was a virtue with which he had vainly endeavored to inspire my predecessors."

Affairs were rapidly despatched. I passed over the ceremony, which I demanded should be perfectly private. Not even the laughing Lucy, whom I had always intended to have for my bridesmaid, was present. None but my own family, and the six Ashburtons, who looked to me like the ghosts of their departed parents, witnessed the service. This private wedding of mine, at the outset, made enemies for me, as my husband's mothers-in-law all took umbrage at being omitted. If we had undertaken to invite all the relatives, near and collateral, of the deceased Mrs. Ashburtons, our house would have had to have been greatly enlarged.

Imagine me now presiding over Mr. Ashburton's establishment. A few short days since a thoughtless school-girl, now addressed as mother by six children! I felt like putting on cap and spectacles, to let people know that I was one of the senior partners of the concern. One day the new gardener said to me, as I was helping myself to hot-house flowers, "Miss, your pa said I must not let you children pluck those flowers."

Lucy did not desert me in my new home. She, like myself, was extravagantly fond of music, and on awaiting my debut in the parlor, one day, sat down to the piano for her own entertainment; not knowing my husband had given orders to have the instrument closed whenever he was at home. Just after I entered, my liege lord made his appearance, supposing that I was the performer. He interrupted the May waltz, and I must say presented rather a ludicrous appearance in flowing wrapper and slippers, with pen behind his ear, and the indignant exclamation on his lips, "What nonsense, Emma, for you to be so undignified. My former wives!" he paused rather suddenly when he found whom he was addressing, and disappeared from the room; and what opinions the former Mrs. Ashburtons held in regard to music must ever remain a profound mystery.

My greatest perplexity was with my mothers-in-law. They felt a natural anxiety to know something of the character of the new mother of their children, and made various efforts to judge personally. Shortly after my settlement in my new home, I had been indulging in a forlorn feeling of homesickness; as in arranging my husband's wardrobe, I had unexpectedly found, among his treasures, three locks of hair carefully preserved. One labeled my sainted

Ellen; No. 2, my sainted Maria; and the third, my departed Susan. "How came I," I cried, "ever to marry such a Bluebeard?" Here Biddy appeared to summon me down to see my husband's mother-in-law. An image of my own dear mother arose in my mind, and I bounded down in haste to throw myself into her arms. What was my disappointment to see a total stranger surveying me through her spectacles with a penetrating gaze?

"Well!" she exclaimed, "has Aaron really made such a fool of himself as to bring a child to preside over his house? Why, he had children enough already for one roof." To which I mentally responded, "Too many by half." She went on: "Really, it's enough to make my daughter Ellen wish herself back in this world of trouble——"

Seeing me in tears, she checked herself, and said, "Well, dear! What's done cannot be undone, and we must make the best of it; but I have come on purpose to advise you. I have raised ten children, all except nine, who are dead; and you cannot begin training them too young. Have my boxes and trunks taken up to Ellen's room—she will be glad to see her grandmamma. This box, marked 'glass,' I'll take myself. It contains my best cap, and I marked it 'glass, this side up with care,' so that those careless hack-drivers would not crush the box."

Human nature could endure no more, and I was about retreating from the room, on the plea of obeying her orders, when I ran into the extended arms of another mother-in-law, who had just arrived.

This one was a complacent-looking old lady, fat, and good-natured, and informed me at once that "she was the mother of the sainted Maria, and had come purposely to see how she liked me for a grandmother to her little pet."

I introduced the old ladies, and left them to have their rooms prepared, and their grandchildren put in presentable order. On my return, I found them in about as amiable a position as a cat and dog would have been, if shut up in the same room. Each one was asserting that all the good looks and intelligence belonged to her side of the house. The question had not the slightest interest for me, and all participation in the argument was prevented by the entrance of my husband, with an open letter in his hand. After greeting our guests, he informed me that he had just received a letter from his mother, saying that she would arrive in the evening train, as she deemed it her duty to give his young wife the benefit of her experience in bringing up children.

I quietly disappeared to my own room, and replied to my own dear mother's announcement of her arrival, with a request that she would postpone her visit until the other old ladies had taken their departure.

No pen can describe the confused state of our mansion during the invasion of these mothers-in-law. They only agreed on one subject, and, unfortunately, that was myself. They thought I was too young; that I did not preside with dignity; that I was not fond of children, and quite too fond of dress, etc., etc. Advice was showered upon me from morning until night. At the table, the six children, three grandmothers, and my husband, engaged in reminiscences of my predecessors. Each mother insisted that her daughter's portrait should remain in the room she had formerly occupied—I, when seated alone in it, felt as if it was haunted. I steadily refused all entreaties from my husband that my portrait should be added to the number.

I thought that my patience would be entirely exhausted before the old ladies took their departure. The likes and dislikes of their daughters had been rehearsed and rerehearsed to me, their wishes in regard to their children frequently repeated; until one day I retired to my own room, intending to lock the door for a season of brief quiet. But the mothers-in-law were not so easily evaded. One was at my side with her knitting-work and snuff-box, prepared for a social chat. She said it was natural that I should like to hear my husband's former history, and commenced recounting the three weddings, the three death-bed scenes, and the funerals; ending with an intimation that my husband had had the three deceased ladies buried together in a semicircle, leaving places for two graves more. "So, dear," she affectionately remarked, "you may console yourself by thinking that you are the last wife he expects to have. The tablet will be placed in the center, when he dies, with this appropriate inscription: 'Our husband.'"

The climax had now been reached. I had endured the trial of being the fourth wife and the fourth mother to the children, and almost lost my identity—but this partnership in death I could not tolerate. When the old lady, glancing at my wedding ring, pronounced it to be the very one worn by her daughter, I angrily drew it from my finger and threw it from me, giving way to such an indignant outbreak that the old lady jerked her cap on one side, dropped a stitch in her stocking, let her snuff-box roll on the floor, and by her screams brought all

the grandmothers into my sanctum sanctorum. Such a hubbub! Each one was trying to praise her own descendants to the detriment of the rest. I endeavored to rise and assert my own right to my own room, and the effort effectually aroused me. When I opened my eyes, a laughing eye was glancing into my face, and a loving arm thrown around me, and I was greeted with the exclamation, "Why, Emma, darling, what have you been dreaming about this bright sunny day? Why are you so much excited?"

Quite bewildered, I exclaimed,

"Why, Gerard, where are all the old ladies? And the portraits? And the children?"

"What old ladies, and what portraits, and children?" he responded. "I found you in dream-land, in your favorite arbor, where your mother bade me seek you."

When I had laughingly rehearsed my dream, Gerard joined in my merriment, and said, "If I meet the happy Mr. Ashburton, I shall certainly challenge him." But immediately his voice assumed a softer tone, and his eye a more gentle expression. What he said was intended solely for my ear, however. But he could not have taken a more favorable opportunity to urge his suit; and so I became Gerard's first wife instead of Mr. Ashburton's fourth.

## WATCHERS.

BY MISS EMELINE CLARK.

Now the lights begin to flicker  
Up and down the crowded streets;  
And I hear upon the pavement  
Fall the homeward, hurrying feet.

Hurrying steps, that tell the story  
Of the little faces bright,  
Peering from the door and window,  
Waiting father home to-night.

Now and then the mother joins them,  
As if loving eyes may greet,  
Notwithstanding all the darkness,  
One dear object up the street.

But I hear some footsteps falling  
On the pavement dull and slow,  
Like the weary, muffled boating  
Of a heart whose hope is low.

And, I think, perchance the beings  
Who should meet him at the door,  
In another home are watching,  
Till his day of life is o'er.

So, when night begins to gather,  
Up and down, and over all,  
Memory's voice is sadly timing,  
Pulses throb and footsteps fall,

In the blue above us bending  
Heavenly watchers, clothed in white;  
One by one their lamps have lighted—  
Who will hasten home to-night?

Some who hear life's chill and darkness  
Look with longing eyes afar,  
Where the love of the departed  
Burneth in some shining star.

Some o'er whom the earthly watchers  
Tender, tearful vigils keep;  
Joy to know each painful breathing,  
Tears them where they never weep.

Ah! before the morning dawneth,  
Conquerors over time and space,  
Many with the watching angels  
Will assume their name and place.

## THE WIND.

BY D. A. CLARK.

Why dost thou moan, oh! wind of the West,  
Like the saddened plants of the soul's sunset,  
O'er moorland and hill, like a solemn dirge,  
And down on the shore, where the blue waves surge.

Low sweep thy wings over meadow and plain,  
While the long grass sighs and murmurs in pain;  
And fair flowers shrink from thy chilling breath,  
Like life and love from the cold hand of Death.

Then far o'er the sea, where the white ships sail,  
Thou treadest the waves like a spectre pale;  
And thy feet proudly press the vessel's deck,  
Till away it floats a dismantled wreck.

Dost thou ever think, 'mid the ocean's roar,  
Of wrecks thou hast strown on the shell-paved shore?

Of the hearts erst warm, now silent and cold,  
Lying closely wrapped in the sea-weed's fold!

Dost thou pity the ones that watch and weep  
On the rocky shore of the restless deep,  
While they grieve in passionate, hopeless pain  
For the tones they will never hear again?

I list to thy voice till dark shadows creep  
Around me, like visions of troubled sleep,  
And my heart grows sad as thy wild refrain  
Comes up, like the moan of the surging main.

Oh! sing to me, wind, in another tone,  
Of the loved and lost, from the cold world flown;  
Let thy gentle murmurs float soft and low,  
Like the morning bells of the "long ago."



## COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 329.

### CHAPTER III.

MRS. CROSLAND and Claude walked slowly down the sycamore alley into the grove beyond, a bit of actual primeval forest, where the trees whispered solemnly the secrets of ages, and the moss spread an emerald carpet under their branches.

They had been talking all the way. Claude was too much excited not to be brilliant, too reckless to care what he said, and he indulged in all sorts of wild theories and speculations, such as pleased the widow, though they were too morbid and unhealthy to be fit food for anybody's mind.

"So I think no one is happy," said Jeannie, at last. "How do you account for that?"

"I don't know; I think people must have been intended to find happiness somehow. The truth is, the world is full of niches, each intended for some particular person; the trouble is, we each get into a niche meant for some one else."

"Then," said she, "the only thing to do is to pad the niche and make it comfortable, and keep still instead of hurting one's elbows by twisting about and scraping against the sides."

She sat down on a great moss-grown log, and began picking the tiny red and yellow lichens scattered over it like fairy cups, that some elfin hand had thrown down in haste after their midnight revels.

Claude stood beside her looking moodily on the ground. She stole a glance at him under her lashes, after a bewitching, sly way she had, and said,

"What are you thinking about, Don Rueful? Come back from the clouds, if you please."

"As if one wasn't always raised to them with you."

"Oh! that's very pretty, but a doubtful compliment just now; for, judging from your face, they must be very black clouds."

"May I sit down?"

She swept the voluminous folds of her dress aside to make room for him.

"You have grown very meek all at once; you don't usually wait to ask permission when you wish to do anything."

"That's when I am not sure of getting your

leave. One can be supposed then to have sinned accidentally."

"Oh! that's one of your rules, is it?"

"I never have any—heaven forbid! I hate rules."

"Aren't you in the humor to-day to hate everything?"

"Everything precise, and proper, and formal."

"Am I included in the list of detestables?"

"What a school-girl question, when you know that I——"

"Take care; you'll say something uncomplimentary!"

"Certainly, you are the reverse of precise and formal, and——"

"Do you mean to say I'm not proper?" she interrupted him, with a pretty, menacing gesture. "You most impertinent of men!"

She flashed a glance at him so full of bewildering coquetry that it was enough to make one dizzy.

"I know you are the most charming, inexplicable, impossible creatures that ever played the deuce with a man's wits," cried he.

The widow's laugh sounded like a tiny peal of bells.

"Pray go on," said she; "relieve your feelings. Call me a sphynx, or an Egyptian mummy at once."

"Sphynx, certainly——"

"To a woman who prides herself on her frankness!"

"Is any woman capable of it?"

"Nonsense; those misanthropic speeches are so old; I dare say the patriarchs made them to the belles of their day! Do be original, even in your abuse."

"Were you ever serious in your life?"

"Perhaps not; so much the better for me!"

Her face changed, a sadness that was inexpressibly fascinating crept over it; her voice grew low and tremulous. She struck that sweetest of tones when she seemed trying to subdue its quaver and not to succeed.

"So much the better! Is it worth any woman's while to be serious? We have enough to bear—life is hard enough; let us be no more in earnest than we can help."

She was acting, to be sure, but it was acting that had soul in it. That was her chief charm. She was always so carried away by the impulse of the moment that she was in earnest; only, like a skillful actress, while she poured all her genius into her performance, she never forgot any of the necessary business of the piece.

No man could have helped a thrill of tender sympathy, looking and listening to her as she appeared then.

"Are you not happy?" Claude asked.

"Do I look like a happy woman?" she cried. "I know how the world judges—they see me gay and are satisfied; but I thought—I thought—"

"Ah! say it; don't stop!"

"I thought you knew me better."

Oh! the bewildering hesitation of those little words, the glance of reproach that shot them home!

"You have admiration, worship——"

"From a set of men whom I regard no more than puppets! Don't outrage me; don't make me hate myself for having betrayed the least gleam of my real self! I am not a child, a pretty faced doll of a girl, whose soul is buried in coquetry and new dresses! I am a woman; I have lived and suffered. There, there, what nonsense we are talking!"

"Oh! don't laugh—don't mock yourself and me! You know I understand."

"I believe you do," she said, with a quick, earnest look. "It is so pleasant to be——"

She broke off again and turned her face away.

"What were you going to add? Please tell me."

"Understood, was what I meant! There, you see my natural frankness will have its way, even at the risk of exciting your ridicule. I shall never learn to be wise."

Claude forgot, for the moment, what he had so often said to himself, that she was an actress. His recklessness hurried him along—his man's vanity helped to blind him.

"You do feel that I understand you?" he exclaimed. "You know I am different from the men about you; that I comprehend your yearnings and aspirations; that I share your contempt for the petty life we are forced to lead."

"Would I be sitting here and talking as I am if I did not believe it?"

So hesitatingly said, as if the confession were wrung from her unwillingly, without her fully realizing all that it might be supposed to mean.

"You may believe more—more——"

She shook her head.

"Don't talk persiflage now—don't pay empty compliments."

"You know no man could pay you an empty one, his heart would go with it in spite of himself."

"How still it is," she said. "If one could forget the world and sit here quiet forever. Oh! my friend, it's a poor life—a poor life, Claude. Ah! that's not proper; I hear Mrs. Le Fort call you so till I forget."

"Do say it—don't be formal and cold."

"Claude!"

The very name was a poem as she pronounced it; Circe herself never bewildered a victim with a gaze more entrancing and beautiful.

He seized her hands, and cried out,

"Do you want me to lay my whole heart at your feet? Do you want to drive me quite out of my senses?"

She drew her hands slowly away, and said in an altered voice,

"Take care what you do, Claude Stanley! I am not an absurd girl to be played with at any man's pleasure!"

"Do you think me a fool, a cheat? What have I done that you should speak in this way?"

"Why did you quarrel with Alice Peyton?"

A cloud rushed across Claude's face—a sense of what he was doing swept over him.

The widow had made a mistake—one she would have laughed at in another woman; but the words had come out unconsciously. She saw their effect and her error; but it was too late.

"Are we to make confession of our past lives?" asked Claude, quick as a flash, having regained sufficient self-command to be as ready as ever the coquette was herself. "Which sin shall we begin with? Will you tell yours after?"

"Excuse me," said she, unwisely allowing herself to be piqued. "I had no thought of asking for a confession."

"Who told you that in this case one was needed?"

"Do you mean yourself by this case?" she asked, growing too much vexed to handle her foil neatly.

"You know what I mean—about——"

"Well, I don't understand dashes or enigmas," retorted she, determined to make him pronounce Alice's name, since she saw it was not easy for him to do.

"About Miss Peyton," cried he, desperately.

"Oh! never mind Miss Anybody," said she, regaining her self-command, and trying to recover the ground she had lost. "It is a comfort that she hates you."

"Did she say so?"

"Never to my knowledge; but I really am not

a mole! But what matters a girl's fancies? She would have twenty in a week, and forget the whole list in favor of a new set of flounces."

"That I believe," he said, angrily.

All the bitter feelings rushed back; up again came the desire to do something so desperate that the matter should be at an end, everybody made miserable.

The coquette took advantage of his change of mood. She led the conversation artfully back; she gave him sympathy; she wheedled, and flattered, and bewildered, and bedeviled him, till he would not have been a man if he had not yielded to the impulse of a man's vanity, aided by the reckless state of mind he had been in from the first.

Everything spoken but the words the widow wanted; he was on the verge, but did not go over. She could have struck him in the face for not gratifying her revenge to the utmost. If he would only be an utter fool, that she could triumph over both him and Alice by laughing where everybody could hear.

A little jealousy might help the matter, it usually did succeed; she had intended to essay it when she put the miniature in her pocket. The face of some man for whom she had never cared a straw, but to know that she held it precious enough to be kept with her would prove there was a dangerous rival in the case—and Jeannie understood men. She knew that, with nine out of ten, a rival was a temptation that would spur them on to the fatal leap.

"We must have been here ages," she said, suddenly; "they will think we are lost."

Up she rose, spread her fluttering sails, and artfully allowed the ivory miniature to fall from her pocket just at Claude's feet.

He picked it up; the face was toward him—the handsome, Spanish face; the very man who had been devoted to Alice in Havana, and thereby enraged Claude.

The second error the wily tactician had made; almost the first wrong plays in her long practice—but the most skillful fencers are occasionally at fault.

Claude was not like "most men;" the idea that a woman whom he admired could think of another only made him cold and stubborn. Particularly unfortunate that she should have selected the likeness of the very person he hated, whom he knew so gross and false, that the bare touch of his hand was pollution to any pure woman.

Like lightning came thought. She had been playing with him—it was acting. She was like Alice, like all women, base, treacherous.

One instant of boiling rage, then he stood there outwardly cool as a statue.

He put the miniature in her hand with an ironical bow and smile.

"Thank you," said he.

"What do you mean?" asked the widow, and for once her tone of astonishment was genuine.

"For the lesson you have taught me! My dear lady, I was near making a fool of myself—you have stopped me."

She saw it all; the working of the telegraph was nothing compared to the speed of her thoughts. She had made a false move—that was not the chaff with which to catch him. She could have murdered him, and smiled as complacently the while as Richard himself! But she would not even look angry, perfect quiet was the only generalship to be displayed for that time. She must wait, and, impetuous as she was, she could wait with the patience of a Mohawk.

She put the miniature back in her pocket, as coolly as if it had been her handkerchief.

"Shall we walk to the house?" said she.

"I am quite at your orders," returned Claude.

Another woman would have tried to be questioned; got on toward explanation. Not Jeannie; two wrong thrusts were enough for one day.

They walked toward the sycamore path. Luckily Jenny and Charley Lynn met them just there, and they all went back together, thus avoiding all embarrassment.

When they reached the Croquet-ground the party were still playing.

"Come along, do come!" cried several voices. "Mr. Waters and Miss Folsom have stopped playing; we want a gentleman for the one side, and a lady for the other."

"I offer my services," said the widow, promptly, glad of any occupation just then, and she ranged herself in the place where she was needed.

"And Claude must give his," commanded Mrs Le Fort, who was looking on.

He crossed over. Alice was just by him, but he did not notice that he was to play on her side until it was too late to retreat.

Alice had just played; it was the turn of the person who had the place Mrs. Crosland had taken.

She made her stroke and roquetted Alice's ball, and sent it through the hoop, so that the widow's ball was "dead."

She was in a bad humor, and denied the fact energetically. They appealed to Claude, who was the grand judge. Without seeing that it

was Alice's ball, he gave decision against the widow, and added, maliciously,

"Not only that, Mrs. Crosland did not fairly hit her own ball—she pushed it."

Pushing a ball, he it known to the uninitiated, is when the face of the mallet rests against it, and the ball is propelled without the mallet being drawn back.

"You are entirely mistaken!" cried the widow.

"I beg your pardon," said Claude; "I think I ought to know the rules of the game."

"But I can trust my eyes," returned she; "that ball was first through the hoop before, and I hit mine fairly."

"I can only say, every good player would give decision against you," said Claude.

"Have you seen them all?" demanded she.

"I have seen the best players in England. Certainly Lord——"

"Good gracious!" interrupted she, laughing too heartily to be natural, "if Mr. Stanley is going to string his titled friends like pearls upon his speech, I give in at once."

Claude's face crimsoned. He was not a bit of a snob, and this made him perfectly furious.

"Even Mrs. Crosland's sarcasm cannot change a self-evident fact," said he.

"I was not aware that you had been chosen umpire," retorted she, too angry now to remember more than not to be absolutely unlady-like.

"The party appealed to me," said he.

"I am sure I did not," replied the widow; "perhaps, under the circumstances, I might be allowed a voice."

"I retire at once," said Claude; "I beg your pardon for having hinted that you could make a mistake, even in croquet."

That last shot told. How furious she was!

"I only detest assumption," said she, cheerfully. "Well, well, let it go. Mr. Stanley knows lords and courts—he must be right."

It was all over now. She never could get her power back. Wound a man's vanity in any way, and the woman may henceforth count herself zero.

There was a little attempt from several to have an opinion and end the discussion, which was unpleasant to all.

"Whose ball was it?" asked Claude.

"Miss Peyton's," said Ward.

Alice had been silent; the widow looked at her; she was not even glancing that way. Claude looked, and just walked away without a word.

The game broke up. Mrs. Crosland was re-

flecting how she had spoiled her own; she must go down to her grave without her revenge. She glanced at Alice—the girl looked too careworn to be triumphant. The widow was not bad-hearted enough to hate her; but she was very angry with Claude.

Just then a servant came up with a letter in his hand.

"Who is it for?" Mrs. Le Fort asked.

"For Miss Peyton," he answered.

"Alice!" called the old lady, "here is a letter."

She came forward and took it.

"Read it, dear," said her hostess; "it's from Mrs. Remsen. We'll excuse you."

Alice broke the seal, and, after reading a few words, gave a little cry, and then burst into tears. Not that she was fond of scenes, but her nerves had been so overwrought lately she could bear no new sorrow.

"My darling, what is it?" cried Mrs. Le Fort.

They all crowded about her, and big Harry Ward nearly blubbered out of pure sympathy.

"My guardian is very ill, they are afraid he will die," said Alice.

"Oh! I must start at once."

"Yes, dear, come to the house."

Mrs. Le Fort led her away, and the rest stood silenced and shocked, as people will be for an instant, when trouble of any sort is ill-bred enough to intrude into the midst of their holiday.

"Poor Alice!" said Jenny Snowe; "Mr. Remsen is like her own father."

Harry Ward flew off in an insane desire to do something impossible; perhaps offer himself to Alice by way of consolation; and the guests dispersed as suddenly as if Mr. Remsen's unpleasant ghost had appeared instead of the letter.

Mrs. Crosland went off by herself thoroughly conscience-stricken.

"The poor dear!" said she; "maybe she loves that wretched Claude in earnest; perhaps she can feel! Why, what a wicked wretch I am. I declare, I have a mind to cry quits, if I am forced to own myself beaten."

But somebody else was to be made to feel, and that very acutely. Claude had gone to the house and taken refuge in the billiard-room. He lighted a segar and smoked diligently, by way of relieving his feelings, while he poured out mental anathemas against Alice, the widow, and their sex in general.

"Why, she's worse than Alice," thought he; "the most abominable coquette I ever saw! She has tried to lead me on. I believe she knew the truth from the first, and wanted to

worry Alice and fool me. Good heavens! suppose I had been mad enough to say anything serious!"

Then he dropped his segar on the sleeve of his dashing light sacque and burned it, which made him more furious than ever.

"Women are an abomination!" he cried, internally. "Each one is worse than the other! What a fool I have been! I believe Alice did love me. How stubborn I was wanting to make her give in, poor little blossom!"

Then another revulsion of feeling, with the usual inconsistency of human reflections; then a fresh volley against the widow.

"A mere actress! What a temper. Well, she fooled me nicely. Pshaw! I always saw through her. Not worth Alice's little finger; but that's all over—she'll marry Ward! Let her—women are all alike. I swear, I'll go to Italy and make a Trappist of myself."

Just as he reached that delicate conclusion, in rushed Tom with his face like a peony, and tears much nearer his eyes than he considered at all manly.

"Oh! isn't it too bad, Claude!" he cried, for they were great allies, as a general thing, though of late Tom had rather slighted his society, from a vague idea that he had not treated Alice kindly. "Isn't it too bad?"

"Why, what do you know about it, Peg-top?" exclaimed Claude, so full of his own thoughts that, for a second, he never dreamed of Tom's referring to anything else.

"Know!" howled Tom. "Isn't she crying her eyes out, and aunty getting her ready to go! It breaks a fellow's heart, so it does!"

"To go?" repeated Claude. "Who—what do you mean?"

"Why, weren't you there? Didn't you hear about the letter?"

"Whose letter?" shouted the exasperated Claude. "I'll dip your head in the cistern if you don't talk sense."

"I am talking sense," said Tom, frowning up. "I'll tell you what, I believe it's half your fault. If I thought so, I'd just go in, if you are the biggest, and black your eye nicely."

Claude stared in utter amazement.

"The boy's gone mad as well as the rest," said he, throwing his segar on the hearth. "I'll bet my life there is a woman at the bottom of it."

"I saw her crying yesterday," blubbered Tom; "and now this has come! I wish there weren't any letters. If people never got bad news till I wrote it, they'd wait long enough."

Claude rushed forward and grasped his shoulder, crying,

"I'll murder you if you don't tell me what's the matter, and whom you are talking about."

"Why, Alice," groaned Tom; "and old Remsen's dying; those old buffers are always doing something nasty; and she's going away, and she's most crazy."

Claude loosed his hold and leaned against the table. He could remember neither anger nor misanthropy—Alice was suffering. Alice in trouble, and back rushed all his tenderness, which had only been kept in abeyance by the demons of pride and vanity.

"Tell me all about it, Tom," said he; "I hadn't heard a word."

Tom saw his face change, and his anger vanished. It was his good old Claude once more—more like a big brother than anything else, who always abetted his plans, hid his faults, and loaded him with presents.

"Why, you do like her, after all!" he cried.

"I love her—I adore her!" shouted Claude, excited to that pitch where he must confide in somebody.

"I'll tell you," said Tom, in great haste. "I went by the door yesterday and heard you quarrel; she was crying when she ran off; and I followed. You know I ain't mean—I wouldn't listen——"

"No, no; you're the best fellow in the world! What did she do, tell me, Tom?"

"She ran into her room. I declare, I was afraid she'd die; and she wouldn't answer, and——"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, I never thought about spying. I looked through the key-hole, and there she was on her knees crying and sobbing, and I'm sure I heard her say, 'Claude! Claude!'"

The gentleman who had been thus christened made a dash toward the door.

"She's in aunt's sitting-room," said Tom, perfectly understanding his friend's intentions, "and aunt's seeing to her things—so she's alone."

Off flew Claude; and Tom executed a triumphal dance of delight, and ended by standing on one leg like a Dervish.

"May one ask the meaning of that very extraordinary performance?" asked a voice.

Tom looked up and saw the widow, dropped his nether limb into a more natural position, and stood there a bright scarlet.

"Oh! don't stop," said she; "it's very funny! I say, Tom, is it hard to do?"

"Now you're making game of me," cried Tom; "I don't care! I was so glad I couldn't help it."

"Tell me what it was, and, perhaps, I shall be sufficiently rejoiced to attempt a similar feat."

"Won't you tell?"

"Never!"

"Upon your word—swear?"

"Oh! you wretched Tom, to make a lady do anything of the sort! Tell me—the tortures of the inquisition shouldn't make me betray you! Have you done something unusually wicked, dear?"

"Not a bit of it; but Claude's gone to make up with Alice. Ain't it jolly?"

I think the widow's head whirled a little, but she managed to say,

"Oh! the jolliest thing I ever heard! Tell me all about it!"

Only too glad to display his wisdom, Tom revealed the history, dwelling particularly on what he had done, and winding up with,

"And, sir—Mrs. Crosland, I mean—he just flew out of that door like a comet; and I'll bet you what you like he's kissing Alice like mad this very minute—burrah!"

He nearly turned a summerset in his ecstasy.

The widow's first thought was, that Claude had done it because he was angry with her. A pretty muddle she had made of things! Why, a school-girl would have been ashamed of so many false moves—it was the one humiliation of her victorious career.

Let me do her justice. Those thoughts soon passed, and better ones came.

"She loved him—she's a good child. Well, he's a noble fellow, too! Upon my word, I'll cry truce. If I keep friends with them nobody will know I was beaten."

By this time Tom had worked off more of his enthusiasm by leaping about the table, and could talk again, and the widow listened with seraphic patience.

And Claude? He went through the halls like a meteor, and flashed into the room where Alice sat in the darkness of her new grief, feeling as if all possible troubles were coming upon her at once to crush out her happy youth. Before she could rise, or look angry, or do anything, Claude was at her feet, crying,

"Alice, Alice, forgive me! I've been a madman, a brute—only forgive me! I loved you all the while. Alice, Alice!"

She did not go into spasms, nor indulge in flowers of rhetoric. She just put her two arms about his neck, those beautiful white arms, and sobbed,

"Forgive me, too; I've been as wicked as I could be!"

I don't know whether Master Claude cried or not, but his face was suspiciously damp as he folded her to his heart—close, close!

She eighteen, and he only twenty-five—time left to redeem their errors. Youth left to be happy in; all life and love before them, and this experience to develop their souls and make them wise to use both aright; and it might have been so different!

So different! God keep the young from knowing the bitterness of what might have been; the wasted youth, the desolated feelings, the thwarted existence, never to be set aright; no possibility of anything but a dull peace when the fire of those years wears out—lives such as we see about us every day. Oh! my brothers, to whose follies and wrong-doing we are such harsh judges, when the angels must pity them for their blindness and their sin.

"It was all my fault," Claude said, when they were calm enough to get beyond broken words and incoherent phrases that meant volumes, for the inmost depths of their two hearts rushed out on their flow. "All my fault. I ought to have been more patient. I was selfish, and jealous, and mean."

"No, no!" cried Alice, not even her idol must abuse himself. "I was as wrong as you! Oh, Claude! we have both been so foolish! I let you believe that horrid man wrote to me, and I read his letters; it was only one, and I sent it back without reading a line."

"And I tormented you and myself in every way I could," said he; "but, oh! how I suffered. My darling, my darling!"

"We shall know better now, Claude!" she said, softly.

"Yes, dear, and we'll have no more secrets. I'll go home with you. I'll see——"

"Oh, my poor Mr. Remsen!" exclaimed Alice. "I had forgotten—how selfish I am! Oh, Claude! he is so ill; they fear he never will get well."

"He will, birdie; I am sure he will!"

And Claude believed what he said. No trouble could come near them now; the gates of their paradise were too firmly shut for any care to intrude! Oh! sublime egotism of youth, so beautiful because, whether youth recognizes it or not, it has its foundation in faith—faith in that holy love which has reared the walls of the fairy-land.

"I am going at once, Claude——"

"And I am going with you, dear! You are mine now—all mine."

She leaned on his shoulder feeling at rest. Her new trouble even lessened since she could share it with him; could find a refuge in that

great, honest heart, which at the bottom was unstained by the trivialities of the world.

There came a knock at the door.

"It's Mrs. Le Fort," said Alice.

"I'm going to tell her, darling—"

Claude ran toward it without finishing his sentence; but the glow on Alice's cheek showed that she had understood.

The door opened, and Jeannie Crosland peeped her pretty face in, looking pleased and spoiled, and altogether bewitching.

"May one come?" she said, gayly.

Claude drew back with a feeling as if all his folly and wrong had taken a visible shape and appeared before him, and Alice had a thrill that was fairly like terror.

"Now don't look cross at me," said the widow. "I know it's naughty to interrupt; but here's a telegram, Miss Alice, that Mrs. Le Fort wants you to read. Your guardian is out of danger; here, read."

Alice read. Mrs. Remsen had written in great agitation, and now that her husband was better, telegraphed to relieve any anxiety.

"Oh, Claude!" she cried, "he's better. Oh! I am so glad!"

"And I am glad, too!" exclaimed Claude, and caught her in his arms, caring no more for Mrs. Crosland's presence than if she had been a Pre-Raphaelite picture of a dangerous witch.

"And mayn't I be glad, too, please?" said the widow; and this time the sweetness of her voice was natural. "Come, you two are happy now, you can afford to forgive me."

They hesitated a little; then Alice held out her hand, and held Claude's in it, and the enchantress shook them heartily, and beamed on them till they could not decline being friends with her.

And I dare say the recording angel was charitable enough to make a blot over that little sin, so that it would not be legible when the widow's account was wanted.

Then while she purred over them, and they

stood there as happy as if heaven had opened before their eyes, Tom's voice sounded at the window.

"I say, Alice!" said Tom.

"Come in, old boy," cried Claude; and in Tom came as sly and uncomfortable as possible, staring at them with a great delight, making his eyes big.

Claude told on him, and shook his hand as if it had been an obdurate pump-handle; and Alice thanked him till he felt as if he was going up in a balloon.

"Tom's my knight now," cried the widow, bound to fascinate everybody to the last. "Alice don't want you, Tom—swear allegiance to me."

"So I will," said Tom. "I tell you, Alice, she's a trump anyhow, she was just as glad as I was."

"Yes, indeed, if I didn't stand on one foot," said the widow, unable to resist being wicked in some way.

"Never you mind," said Tom. "Oh, Alice! here's what I just found under the laurel-bush. Isn't it yours?"

He held out the bunch of charms Alice had torn from her bracelet, and flung away on that night when she and Claude tried their best to fling their happiness after it.

"Thank you, Tom," Alice cried again.

"And thereby hangs a tale," said the widow, "for you both blush. When we all get old and gray, you shall tell it to me."

She turned to go. She knew they might be friends, but it would not be wise to meet often, lest she should, in some way, trouble their peace, and she wished them well.

"After all," said she, stopping with a merry laugh, "it was not you, nor I, Alice, nor that man who set things right."

"What was it then?"

"The natural bad temper of his sex, my dear. I was saucy to him, and that opened his eyes! It was Coquette *vs.* Croquet."

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY MISS BELLE BELFORD.

Mother says the war is over;

Father will be home to-day;

Oh! how nice for me and mother,

We shall see him right away.

Brother says the war is over;

Thousands have been slain, they say;

Father's not among the number,  
For he's coming home to-day.

Father's coming! Father's coming!

Mother's in his arms, you see;

Minnie for her kiss is running;

Father's coming now to me.



## ELIZA NEESON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE." ETC., ETC.

The doctor smoked his pipe, watching me while I pulled the drawers of his cabinet open and shut, and fingered their contents.

"I'm afraid," he said, at last, "my curiosities would prove, to a scientific man, nothing but foolishness and a stumbling-block. They're pregnant enough with ideas to me," turning over the bits of rock, glass, photographs, withered plants. "Relics, you see, most of them, of some of my travels, or of people I have known; or, sometimes, hints of some theory of mine. I've had my share of hobbies, eh?"

"Yes, Durbetter, you have."

"Well, well. At any rate, my cabinet has a very human interest to me."

It was a cold winter's evening, and we were both in a talking mood, so the old doctor contrived to give his collection a human interest to me, also, as he looked it over, with a running commentary of anecdote and explanation.

One pile of folded yellow papers, enclosing bits of hair, he lingered over longest.

"Nobody could study the subject, I say, Polson, without being convinced of how accurate an index to character the hair is. It hints at every trait, to my eye; energy, or the want of it; the sensuous instincts; coarse, common sense. Look at this," producing a pale brown wisp, as fine and nerveless as cobweb. "You have no eyes if you mistake this for any but a poet's hair, and for any poet's but John Keat's. Here is a bit, as sensitive and rare, that belonged to a butcher—a young fellow that died, last spring, of consumption. But he spent his life killing sheep; wanted opportunity, sir—opportunity, that's all. Here's another scrap—what do you think of that now?"

The hair he handed me was strong and curiously elastic, full of tough vitality, a bright, clear yellow in color.

"The person who owns that cannot be dead?" I said, turning it to reflect the light.

"How? Eh? Not an ill hint that of the hair. No. Nobody could think of Eliza Neeson as dead, if the sexton piled a dozen grave-stones on her. No, she's not dead."

But he held the coarse lock with a grave sadness in his face, as though, dead or not, the woman was lost to him, and his life missed her.

"Here is her likeness," he said at last, taking

out a Daguerreotype-case from an inner drawer. "That is she. What is your first notion about her? The first—heh?"

"Well," slowly, "I would not like to expose myself to her ridicule. She has a keen eye, and a biting tongue, I fancy."

"Tut! tut!" He took the case with a look of disappointment. "That is a small part of her character to fasten on as prominent. But these sun-pictures parade the minor traits always, I think. Correct enough, though, as far as it goes; she had a sharp sense of the ludicrous. But the circumstances of her life were too real and earnest for it to grow. They crushed it out of her, as it were, fortunately. It degrades a woman in my notion."

He was silent a moment, looking at the woman's face; a homely, frank face it was, with clear, protruding brown eyes. Then he put it up with a half sigh that he turned into a whistle.

"It is an odd little story, Eliza Neeson's. Would you like to hear it, Polson?" rubbing his hands on his knees, and looking in the fire. "A heroine without a color of romance in her. That is something worth looking at in this sham age of maudlin poetry?"

I assented readily, turned my chair to the fire, and prepared for a comfortable smoke; and, after a short pause, Durbetter began in his usual desultory way.

"It's nothing uncommon. No tragedy. Only I liked the woman. Some people impress themselves on you in that way, heartily, pungently; touching your marrow of perception, as it were, like your first sight of the prairies, or breath of sea air. You like to go back often and remember all you can of them and their histories. But Eliza Neeson— Well, it was a long time ago. You know, Polson, my profession was not thrust on me, as on these lazy dogs of students in the office beyond. No gold spoon ever brought a mouthful of knowledge in my way. I had to fight rough and sharp for every morsel I got. While I was studying medicine at night, I was employed by day as book-keeper by Farns & Spofford; it was in their paper-factory, down in the village of K—. It was not a hard nor an unpleasant berth; the duty was simple and monotonous; the factory large and clean, with

plenty of sunshine coming in the wide windows upon the gravely moving iron cylinders, and the unceasing flow of the streams of pearly-colored pulp. It was the most quiet of all mills. There was the steady drip, drip, of the liquid, its crisp rustle as it fell in sheets of paper at one end of the machine; the slow steps of the half-dozen 'watchers', who were our only workmen; and outside, the wind in the sycamore trees that lined the pavement; that was all. I had many quiet hours for study without neglecting my work; consequently, I remained there, off and on, some four years, until, in fact, I was ready to go on for lectures; then I came back, and began to practice in K—. I had grown attached to the little village.

"I told you Farns & Spofford ran the mill. Farns was a practical workman; his skill and experience were the shares he threw into the concern; Spofford was the capitalist. He was the last of an old county family. Peter Spofford lived in a roomy old stone farm-house, a bit out of the village, and never showed himself at the mill, except on pay-day, to take his dividends. I believe he spent most of his time in raising stock; he was a successful mule-grower I remember. The Spoffords had been the first settlers in K— county, all the lots in the village yet paid ground-rent to Peter, as late as my day even; but there was no other reason for the certain *pose* of distinction the family held in the neighborhood; they were honest, well-bred, commonplace people enough; nothing more. You know, however, the Brahmin-like attitude assumed by these old farming families toward new-comers in our western Pennsylvania and Virginia districts. Old Mrs. Spofford, Peter's mother, drove in the old green carriage into the enclosure before the Baptist church on Sundays, with as proud a heart under her brown shawl, as if she had been the last of the Bourbons coming to worship over the tombs of her ancestors in Saint Denis. Peter, himself, did not often trouble the church; when he did, his gray, bullet-shaped head nodded, as his father's had done before him, at the end of the pew; while Bill's (his son's) tow-headed one kept time in the middle. They were an inert, sleepy-headed family, the Spoffords; even Agnes, Peter's other child, (a girl of about fourteen at that time,) owed much of the strange charm of her singular beauty to the immovable languor in the delicate tints in her face, and in her passionless blue eyes. She had a look of one of Correggio's Madonnas, Agnes Spofford; almost as innocent, and quite as silly. I had a keener relish for beauty then than now, though, and

used to be glad when she came to the mill, which she often did, with other school-girls, looking at the machinery, and then sitting down in the shady back yard to eat their luncheon.

"One summer morning, however, she came alone into the work-room and tapped at the railing that fenced off my desk and stool. The light flickered pleasantly in the open window over the lithe little figure in its white dress, the shower of light curls, straw hat, and waving blue ribbons. Agnes was one of those women whose dress never wrinkles nor soils; and I had an odd fancy, as I turned round and laid down my pen, that the little girl's heart and brain would be like her dress, and would leave the world pretty much as they came into it, worth just as much—and nothing more.

"She bowed, and I rose respectfully; there was a certain gravity, *aplomb*, about the child that always commanded that show of politeness from everybody. 'Good-morning, Mr. Durbetter.' She lisped, by-the-way, as people of her caste of intellect invariably do. 'I have brought a new hand into the mill—I asked Mr. Farns to give her the place. It is to be watcher instead of Joe Drin.' 'Very well, Miss Spofford.' 'Here she is,' drawing forward what seemed to be a rough mass of flesh, as one might present a newly-caught bear. 'Hold up your head. What is your name?' in a sharp catechetical tone. 'Eliza Neeson.' 'How old are you?' 'Fifteen,' the straightforward, dark eyes looking full in my face. 'Fifteen,' with a decisive little nod. 'Yes. Just three months older than I am, Mr. Durbetter. What I want to say is, that I wish this girl to be well treated in the mill. The hands must let her alone. She is a friend of mine. She is my foster-sister.' I hid the smile at her pompous little air of patronage. 'Neeson?' I asked, carelessly, for want of something to say. 'Jim Neeson's daughter, from the Stopp farm?' The rose-color deepened on Miss Spofford's face. 'His sister's, sir.' The girl looked at him defiantly. 'I bear my mother's name,' she said, in a coarse, unmodulated voice.

"There was an awkward pause. 'Well, I want her well treated, Mr. Durbetter,' said Agnes. I assented. 'Good-by,' in her grave fashion; 'good-by, Eliza,' putting her little sea-shell-tinted hand into the paw of the other. The flush that broke over the Neeson girl's face startled me into watching her; it was a something so strangely real, and sudden, and hearty. She followed Agnes out to the front pavement with the lumbering step of a big dog, and stood on the curb-stone holding the head of her Mexican

pony while she mounted. Not unlike a mastiff, either, in the half awe-struck look of affection shining out of her broad, pleasant face, and the way in which she pawed over the light folds of the delicate dress, and the tiny feet, arranging and placing them. Every touch was tender as a kiss. When Miss Spofford rode off, she stood in the gutter watching her go down the street, the sun glancing on pony and rider as they went. I wondered if she recognized the picture as a pretty one? Agnes did undoubtedly. She never rode in any but fluttering white dresses. 'This is your place,' I called to Eliza from the door, leading her to her range of sieves, and explaining her work to her. She was anxious to learn, but dull. There were a good many muddy sloughs in poor Eliza's brain never cleared out—that's the truth. You *excellent* people would have abandoned her as a half cretin on some grounds. But when you got down to the heart-substance of the woman and the knowledge which that teaches— Well, well! There was stuff there such as I have met with but once or twice in my life—"

He paused reflectively, beating the bars of the grate with the poker.

"But your story, doctor?"

"Yes, yes. Well, I said to her that morning, 'Miss Spofford is a friend of yours?' The red flush of pleasure rushed over her face again, but she did not assent. 'She has been kind to me,' she said, as if jealous that I should recognize the distinction between the brilliant beauty and herself. 'I would have starved once if it hadn't been for her. She gave me these clothes, Miss Spofford did. Got me this place. I——' 'Like her, I suppose? That's right, Eliza, seeing that she choked. She replied only by a laugh between a sob and a whoop, picking at the sieve to hide the tears on her face. There had been but few kind or friendly touches come into the poor boor's life; and I saw how she glared over those few, and into what a big, healthy-glowing soul it was she took and held them. Just then young Bob Farns, who was junior clerk in the mill, came up. 'I'll explain her work to Eliza, and relieve you, Mr. Durbetter. I know her,' he said. She raised her red face suddenly. 'Hey, Robert! Is this you?' holding out both hands and looking down on him. He was a year or two older than she, but the puny little fellow appeared like a pigmy before her broad shoulders and stout build of body. Not sorry to be relieved, I went back to my desk. But as one or two hours passed, and Robert still stood patiently by the stupid, new hand, explaining her work, I watched them

with a little surprise. Bob hid a good many dainty prejudices under that sandy head of hair of his. If he laced his slim figure, and curled the faint moustache on his upper lip, it was for no coarser beauty to admire than Agnes Spofford herself; other women he treated with a supercilious scorn that would have been amusing, if it had not been too paltry. Still, it was a real preference for the pure and graceful in life that made him act thus; a preference hinting itself in a thousand ways in his quiet manner; simply chosen language, clean habits of life, in the very whiteness of his hand, the neat ledgers open on his desk, or the pot of violets and blue-bells close beside them. This girl's hands were not clean; the nails were bitten and black; the flannel dress she wore was ragged; her clog shoes lumped with clay; she was awkward, boorish, coarse, from her yellow hair to her stuttering tones. Once or twice she slapped Bob familiarly on the shoulder, as though pitying his inferior size and strength; halloed to him across the room when she needed his aid. Of all creatures the one I would have thought he would shrink from disgusted. On the contrary, he was patient, gentle, indulgent. When he left her, he moved his desk-stool so as to command the side of the room where she stood, and watched her furtively all day, a graver look on his face than I had thought his insignificant features could express.

"I must make my story brief. The girl fell into her place in the mill as weeks passed. It was a different one from that which her patroness expected; she did not need my aid to defend her from the mill-hands. There was a something genial, and strong, and warm about her, new in the every-day work; her hands were ready with a blow or a caress; the other women took care how they approached her, then learned to trust in her curiously. Nothing troubled her. Her patched frock and cold potatoes at meal-time were only jokes to her. She made life, in short, a long holiday more obstinately than any being I ever knew. She had a habit of singing, too, new in the mill; no one checked it; her voice, rough when she talked, was thin, clear, joyous, sweet. She had unbounded store of old songs—it sometimes gave a fresh spring and impetus to our dull factory ways to hear her. Some things she was not slow to learn; her skin cleaned, and came out fresh and quick to blush or pale; the linsey frock gave place to a neat wrapper; the hands were well kept as Bob's heart could wish; even the voice began to break and soften. But I understood Eliza Neeson from the first; I'm

glad of that. I saw the nugget before Bob Farns had worn the clay off it.

"I used to make a circuit round the mill every day, just to have her lift her ugly, pleasant face, and call out a hearty 'good-morning.' It freshened the whole day someway. She walked about among these dead-alive women with the free, bold step of an Indian; she had the same fearless, kindly tone for the master of the mill as for the dog out by the lime-vats. Perhaps my attention to her was kept awake by the mystery of young Farns' protection of the girl. What did he want with her? His watchfulness never slackened for a day. Before she had been in the mill a fortnight, I found her in off-hours seated by his desk, poring over his long worn-out school-books, then reciting her task to him. 'It's slow work, Mr. Durbetter,' she called out, 'I'm such a dull mule. But he's so patient;' and her voice lowered, and a new womanly flush crept over her thick features. Bob colored angrily; but the lessons went on every day, despite the sneers of the hands. 'What's that red-haired imp after?' I heard Tom Sanders say to a porter. 'What's to be made off of poor Sue Neeson's gell? Let him alone for a long-headed Scotchman. I'll warrant he sees his profit in the end.' I thought they overrated Bob's foresight, and concluding it was but a boy's whim, ceased to notice him or his protegee. The girl had a secret in her life; it might be one, which, known to Bob, had touched his pity, and wish to help. Some unspoken disgrace hung about her; I saw it in the manner of the work-people every time her name was mentioned; in their very gentleness toward her. I did not wish to discover it; one would willingly turn aside from as many unclean pools in life as possible; whatever it might be, I was sure the great uncouth creature herself was pure from it. For with all Bob's daily efforts, at the end of two years poor Eliza Neeson was till uncouth and uncomely.

"I thought that, as she came up to my desk-rail one Saturday evening for her week's wages and stood humming a tone, and looking out of the window while I counted it. 'It's the last time I will give it to you, Eliza,' I said, pushing it over the baize. 'I am going to Philadelphia on Monday.' Her song stopped, and she said, 'Is that so, Mr. Durbetter? I'm sorry, more sorry than I can tell you,' thrusting her hand between the rails eagerly. 'You've been a good friend to, me in these two years.' 'You have different luck from other people, Eliza. Everybody is a friend of yours.' She laughed. 'That's true—that's true. Odd, isn't it?' 'Bob Farns

in especial. He will have you chipped out into quite a woman of the world by the time I come back.' It was an idle, inconsequent speech. I regretted it as soon as I had made it, for she did not laugh; a soft pink flush stole over her face instead, and the heavy eyelids quivered. I was startled, grew suddenly hot and angry. Was it possible that Bob Farns had talked of love to this poor creature? He would as soon think of marrying the mulatto in his father's kitchen! I knew him well. Yet what did this blush and tremor mean? She was a woman, with the tenderness, the passion of a dozen women in her coarse, low-born body. I was awkwardly silent, while she stood shyly turning over the silver pieces. I was not sorry when Joe Dickson, (who was to take my place in the mill,) struck in with, 'They say Bob is to bring that affair of his with Miss Spofford to a focus soon. Old Peter has given his consent.' I replied to him. She went on turning over the money. I fancied it was not the first time she had heard the story; the color faded out of her face slowly, she shut her teeth together for a minute; then she raised her head with a brave, kindly light in her eyes—I almost had said a manly look. 'That would be but right,' she said. 'They suit each other; they are so different from the rest of the world—each of them—different!' Some of the other hands came up to be paid. 'Wait a moment, Eliza,' I said, hurrying them over. My heart ached for the creature. I wanted, in some trifling way, to show her how much I was her friend. When the work-people were going out of the mill-door, I took up my hat. 'I only wanted to say good-by, and that I hoped——' 'The world would use me well? God knows it has done that, Mr. Durbetter. I don't forget. I'm not ungrateful.' She stood thinking a moment, tying the strings of her calico bonnet. 'Would you care to do something for me?' looking up. 'Walk out the road a bit to my home? You called me your friend awhile ago. I'd rather you would see exactly who and what you gave the name to.' 'Surely,' I said, heartily; but I looked at her keenly. There was some secret motive under this freak. We walked together down the street. Everybody halted with a nod or laugh when they saw Eliza's honest, good-natured face. I had not half so many friends in the village. We turned out a by-road; I knew it was not the direct path to the Spott farm, but led past Spofford's place. She came there purposely, I was sure, for she slackened her pace as we neared the hedge fencing in the old farm-house, and watched through its gaps

eagerly, stopping suddenly when she caught sight of two figures sauntering slowly, side by side, through the alleys of lilac-bushes and hollyhocks. 'There they are,' she said, under her breath, and so stood, bent, pulling at her bonnet-strings, silent for a moment. The fresh morning sunlight shimmered over the two figures in their cool dresses, making a pleasant, pretty picture. They were graceful, light, easy, both of them; if there was a taint of affectation, an artificial atmosphere about each, my companion did not see it. 'It's no wonder they love each other. God made them alike,' with a sort of gasp; then she stood up, wiping the sweat from her freckled face. 'So delicate she is—Agnes,' looking at me with a smile that made even my tough heart sick. 'So tender and beautiful, from her soul to her very eyes. I'm not a fool. I know. I can see.' I saw now why she had come; to show herself, not me, the difference between Eliza Neeson and the girl Farns was going to marry; to force the truth into her heart as nuns have driven, sometimes, the iron torture of the cross. 'Well, well, come on, Mr. Durbetter, the road is growing hot, I think, and dusty. As we went down past the hedge, we heard Bob's voice in a half laugh, and the soft murmur of his companion's answer. Eliza forced herself to speak. 'It's such a pleasant view from this hill,' she said. 'It will be such a good home for them.' As soon as I could I began talking of Philadelphia. She listened in silence for awhile, and then turned suddenly. 'Could a woman have a chance in that great city to make herself a lady? If she went there with enough of money, I mean? Grow delicate, soft, refined? Worth love—do you understand? Not to win beauty—I don't intend that—no money can buy that; but there's a sort of beauty that works outwardly——' 'I know, I understand you, Eliza.' Some sudden impulse had forced out her questions breathlessly; she put out her hand to silence me. 'Hush! do not heed me; I talk like a fool. We'll go on.' I watched her askance. She was so baited by her own passions, and fought so bravely to keep them down. 'You said with money, Eliza. It would need that.' 'Yes, vaguely; that's not the difficulty. There's a sure way of earning that.' There was another pause. Then she stopped again. 'Mr. Durbetter, I am going to trust you. There is nobody I can ask this question of but you.' 'Go on, Eliza.' 'I want you to tell me the truth, with God looking down on us here. Do you think she, Agnes Spofford, loves him? That it would cost her much if she had to give him up?' 'How

can I know, Eliza? A woman judges better of a woman's heart than a man does. I will give no false answer to a question so asked, and I cannot give a true one.' 'No. Let us go on.' In the terrible struggle going on in her soul, I do not think the unwomanliness of the question touched her; though, in a fair view, I doubt if it were unwomanly.

"The hot noon sun massed the shadows close about the tree-roots, as we struck into a broad, yellow clay road, bordered on either side by turnip and potato patches. 'This is not the Spott farm,' I said. 'I thought——' 'No. That is my uncle's home. I lived with my mother. Sue Neeson's gal—that is the name the country people give me.' It was the first time I had ever heard a bitter tone in her words. 'She is dead now. This is my home,' stopping in front of a mud-plastered house in the center of a stubble-field, without shade of a single tree or bush. 'You do not mean that you live here alone, Eliza?' 'No. Jim Wolf's widow is with me. What I make in the mill is enough for both; she serves as protection.' She turned round, leaning on the rough gate tied with rope, while I stood in the dusty road. Behind her was the hovel with its one miserable window; two or three wash-tubs filled with dirty suds at the door; behind that the yellow stubble, and the hot sky backing it all in. Her eye glanced over it all; then she faced me, pushing back the bonnet that hung over her face. It was red, swollen, and damp with perspiration. She looked down at her brawny, uncouth body in its coarse dress. 'This is my home, Mr. Durbetter, and this is I.' There was unmeasured bitterness in the words, in the loathing gesture she made toward herself. I understood. She wanted to see, through the eyes of another, the woman who hoped to be Robert Farns' wife. 'I wanted to show you the girl you called friend.' 'Whom I was never ashamed to call friend until now,' I cried, 'when she is ashamed of herself. Eliza! I thought you a truer woman than this.' I took her hand. A curious change came and went over her face. At last she looked up; other women would have shed tears with that expression on their faces, but she was not given to such exhibition of feeling. 'I have acted like a silly child to-day,' she said, finally. 'You did well to reprove me. But I thought to cure myself of——' 'No matter,' seeing that she stopped. 'Let us forget this part of our last day. You shall ask me in, and we will drink to my safe journey in a glass of new milk, if you will.' She laughed, and in a little while her old heartiness came back to her. 'Before I

went away, she said to me, with some effort, 'I would like you to do me justice, Mr. Durbetter. I'd like you to know that I will never work harm to Agnes Spofford. She has been kind to me, I love her as she does not know. She shall never suffer loss through me.' Long afterward I knew all that those words meant to the girl.

"On the next Monday I left K—— and came to Philadelphia. I was there for three years; forgetting, as one will in the attrition of new scenes and interests, much of my old life in the mill. However, I had determined to return to the village to practice. About three months before I took my degree, I received a letter from Bob Farns, who, in my absence, had been admitted into a partnership with his father and Peter Spofford. I had been favored before with some epistles from Bob, written in a feminine Italian hand, descanting usually on fashion and gossip, for both of which pursuits he had a craving appetite. This present letter meant more, however, I soon perceived. Under Bob's attempt at dilettantism, he had a shrewd, hard head for business, and used plain words when he came to business matters. The purport of his letter was this: Peter Spofford, he informed me, had been the elder of two brothers, between whom the estate had been equally divided—the house, farm, and interest in the mill accruing to Tom, the younger; certain shares in profitable stocks being Peter's portion—he having a keen, speculative talent, so keen and hungry that he succeeded in swamping his whole fortune in about five years, and was penniless when Tom died, unmarried, as was supposed; and Peter, not unwillingly, stepped into his shoes and property, and turned to dealing in mules instead of railroad bonds. He was, as I was aware, an old man now, and failing in health; his estate would probably be divided equally between his two children, William and Agnes, in whom Bob assured me, with somewhat gratuitous earnestness, he had no interest save that of a friend. As a friend, however, he did hold an interest in her, and wished me, by application to some legal authority, to ascertain the following fact: Whether, if any claimant to the Spofford property appeared, such claimant, professing to be the legitimate child of Thomas Spofford, and producing an authentic certificate of said Thomas' marriage, such plea would hold positively good, and would be allowed by the courts, so long a period having elapsed before its presentation? Vaguely hinting that there was danger of such a claimant's appearing, it was threatened, etc., etc. What was the actual chance of success? Would this beautiful crea-

ture, Agnes Spofford, be thrown out destitute upon the world? Thereupon Bob indulged in a faint haze of sentiment and bombast, which did not veil the hard gist of the letter to me as I laid it down. Yet if anything held a real place in Bob's miserly, frothy heart, it was this woman Agnes—I knew that.

"Well, I consulted the lawyer, and sent the answer by the next day's mail. If the claimant could produce authentic proofs of Thomas Spofford's marriage, and his or her birth, the property went over at once intact to the real heir.

"I heard no more from Bob until three months after I returned to K—— and opened an office there. I fell into a good run of practice soon; people remembered me, I suppose. The very day after my arrival, I was summoned to attend Eliza Neeson, who was ill in one of the boarding-houses set apart for the mill-hands. I hardly knew the thin, worn face turned eagerly on the pillow toward me as I went into her room; but the fresh, fearless smile was unaltered. She threw out both hands impetuously as of old. 'I'm so glad! so glad! No friends like old friends,' she cried. It was pneumonia that ailed her, ending in a slow typhoid fever, that had got a firm grip of her stout muscles and nerves, and it never, by-the-way, let them go until——

"She was in the mill still; but held my old place as book-keeper now. The three years had taught her much; not of book knowledge, perhaps, but had softened, refined her, broadened her range of thought. But the old light-heartedness was gone; her face, when in repose, fell suddenly into the dull, anxious look of one who has waited long, and wearies of waiting. It had been a lonely life after all with her, I thought. 'I want to go back to work,' she cried, unceasingly, in her half delirium; 'I want to forget. I'll work nobody harm,' she said once, in a sudden terror common to that fever. 'I'm only poor Sue Neeson's girl. Only that Robert.'

"Then the truth began to dawn on me. It was all plain at last. One evening, on going up to her room, I heard footsteps within, heavier than those of her landlady, and, opening the door, found Robert Farns pacing slowly up and down, strange signs of emotion on his small, mean features. I had not seen Bob before; he was dainty, graceful, insignificant as ever. The girl sat in an arm-chair, wrapped in a coarse shawl, her hands clasped tight together, her face turned toward him half supplicating. I stopped; the deep, grand feeling and passion in the sick face made it noble and beautiful. 'You here, Farns?' I cried. 'Yes. Come in,

and you shall know why I have the right to be here.' She raised herself. 'No, Robert, my secret is my own.' But Farns' face was heated, as if my entrance had suggested some scheme which he was obstinately bent upon. 'Not your own, Eliza. If the world knew it, you would be forced to do justice to yourself—and me.' I put my hand on her wrist, before she had time to speak, and answered, 'The world need not know it, Bob; but I know it. I think you are not so obscure as you would believe. Shall I tell you? This is not Eliza Neeson, but Thomas Spofford's legitimate daughter, whom you have long intended to marry.' They were both silent from astonishment a moment. 'Pish!' muttered Bob at last, 'I told you too much in that letter.' The girl leaned back pale and silent. 'Now that you guess so much, Durbetter, I'll tell you all,' he went on. 'You know what Eliza has been to me. How cherished, how dear!' (To see the honest blood spring to her cheek at that poor, silly fool! To think she had laid the heart it leaped from at the feet of this shallow schemer!) 'How dear? To marry her?' 'Certainly. Y'es, I always intended that. But she is not Eliza Neeson, with a stain of disgrace on her. She is the honorable daughter of an honorable man; and I claim that she shall come to me as such. She has the proofs of her parentage—has had them for years; and I demand now that she makes them public. It is due to me as her future husband.' He finished with a slightly pompous air.

'Eliza was silent. 'I'll tell you how it is, doctor,' she said, meekly, at last. 'I'll tell the truth. My father drank hard sometimes. It was in one of these fits he married my mother, Susan Neeson. But he did marry her. She was too ignorant of forms to ask for a certificate, and there were no witnesses, but before her death the clergyman who performed the ceremony (it was in another State) found her out, and sent her the proper proofs. I have them now.' 'But she will make no use of them,' said Farns, fiercely. She put both hands up to her forehead. 'If I used them I could be Robert's wife——' 'And owner of the Spofford place,' insinuated Robert. 'What matters that?' she cried, bitterly. 'It's too late now—the money. I am a woman now. It could not make me fitter for you, or worthier of your love, Robert. It's too late.' 'No,' hesitated Bob; 'but it is the honorable name I care for, Eliza.' 'I know that,' said the woman, taking her hands down, and looking at him firmly. 'I never will be your wife without it,

and, therefore, it must end.' She spoke slow and faint. 'But why not claim your own?' I said, 'for the sake of your mother's name, if for no other reason?' She resumed, 'I have thought of that. But the dead are dead. Then,' she added, in a clear, firm tone, 'I will not do harm to one who has been kind to me. Agnes Spofford saved me from starving once. I'll not turn her out a beggar upon the world now.' Farns came up and stood before her. 'And I, Eliza? Have you no thought for me?' She turned her face into the wall. I caught a smothered 'Oh, God!' To think of her holding this puppet in that great, honest soul of hers! 'I'm trying to do right,' she muttered at last. Farns' face hardened into steel. 'I want you to choose once for all, Eliza. It must end here. Sacrifice this girl.' 'She has been kind to me,' quickly. But he went on: 'Give up this fantastic care of Agnes Spofford. Enter into possession of your name and place, and then come and rest your tired head here,' drawing her head into his breast. 'My wife!' A soft trembling stirred her face—her lips moved, but she said nothing. 'Or leave me,' he added, 'if you will. Has your life been bare, and poor, and lonely, Eliza? Will it be so easy for you to live apart from me? Even our friendship at an end? You, dogging out the days in the mill; Sue Neeson's bastard child, that even the meanest of the hands pity. Without a name—without love——' 'Hush!' with a sharp cry, covering her face again.

'I did not interfere.' I thought it best even for my patient, as a patient, that the struggle should have a definite end. 'Determine, then,' and Farns and he walked to the window. There was a long silence. Only the ticking of the clock was heard. She beckoned him at last. 'I have decided, Robert,' in a whisper. 'Go on,' he said, seeing she stopped. 'I will not wrong her. God help me! But it's hard. Good-by.' He held out his hand, not answering a word. If she waited feverishly for a kind touch; none came. He let her fingers fall, and turned away his sandy-colored face pale. The schemes of his whole life were overthrown at that moment. No wonder that he bit his thin lips and went out of the room without a look back at the woman lying there. She had only been the scaffolding on which these schemes were built; in herself, nothing.

'She sank rapidly after that. It was late in the evening when I left her in the nurse's care, and went out. I met Farns in the street, his head down, his hands clasped behind him, a dull perplexity on his face. 'If one could be



sure she would hold to that decision,' he said. 'But she'll change her mind. If I did anything to displease her, she'd change her mind.' If he married Agnes Spofford! I understood him better than he thought. Besides, the spoils with Agnes would be but half the property; no wonder he clung so desperately to the poor mill-girl. 'Women are so obstinate!' he muttered, with an oath. 'I've been working at her for years about this thing.' 'Well, I cannot help you,' I said, gruffly.

"Go on, doctor," I said, for Durbetter had stopped, and, rising abruptly, began to put away the hair in the cabinet.

"Well, there's little more to tell," impatiently. "Roguary prevailed, as usual."

"Come, come! Tell me that little."

"It is not much," seating himself; some strange emotion fading from his face. "She married him. I saw the change in her in a day or two; the happy light in her face, the sudden tears coming to her eyes, the shy, nervous smile. At last she told me. 'He has given me my own way, doctor,' holding my hand like a child. 'His love is so deep and true—Robert's.' 'You are going to be his wife?' 'He will have it so,' with a deep blush. 'And now that he thinks of it, he sees it as I do—that it is better to bear a disgraced name than to ruin her, whom we both love.' I comprehended Bob's logic. Once his wife, and this woman would yield in less than a year. But I thought he was wrong."

"Was he?" For the doctor had stopped again, beating time on the table. This part of the story was wrung out piecemeal.

"I do not know how it would have ended," he went on. "He married her, as I said. She was still ill. He took her off for a winter in the South. Meanwhile, the story of her birth began to be whispered about, through Farns' instrumentality, I was confident. It reached the ears of the Spoffords, who hooted at it in scorn. But it made them uneasy. Agnes Spofford grew haggard and yellow that winter; there was a shrewish, disappointed look on her face never seen there before. When Farns and his wife came back, she went to their house daily, to my astonishment—hung about them like a leech. Poor, honest Eliza, welcomed her all the more cordially, knowing how true her own feeling was."

"And Farns?"

"In the role of husband; you mean? Oh, he played his part to perfection. His end was not accomplished, you see. She was thoroughly happy in every drop of her blood—Eliza. I

am glad to know that. I used to like to catch a glimpse of her great laughing eyes as I passed their house. So it went on. God help us all! I wish I had not begun to tell this story." I wiping his forehead, and walking about nervously.

I was silent; some pain in it hurt more sorely than Durbetter chose to show.

"Well," he burst out, at length, "it did not last long. She never was strong. The fever had sapped much physical life out of her. It was a bright, happy year, but short. In it Agnes Spofford had managed to possess herself of the truth concerning Eliza's claim. Yet she clung about her as before. In August, Eliza's child was born—a boy, with her sturdy build, and honest, fearless eyes. There was no atom of the Farns blood about it. They were healthy and strong, both mother and child."

The sentences came out brokenly, as if he feared they might mean too much.

"Agnes Spofford never left her friend's bedside. The baby died in a week."

"And the mother?" I asked.

"Not for some days after; slowly, then, and quite consciously. The dregs of the fever may have been at work. I do not know. Just as glad to die as to live; as cheerful, and hearty, and brave, I mean. I saw her in the morning, lying with her earnest, ugly, happy face turned to the fresh sunlight. 'I do not think I shall be here to-night, doctor,' she said, holding out her hand, with a smile. 'There's something gnawing, gnawing here,' touching her breast. 'It will stop soon, I fancy, and then my heart will be reached. Could that be?' She held her husband's hand night and day. A more miserable, defeated wretch I never saw than he. She thought it was grief at her loss, poor fool!"

"I am glad," I said, "she never learned to disbelieve in him."

"So am I," said Durbetter; "and yet she was so content to go. Not that this world had cheated her; but there was something better and as real beyond. I stayed with her all that day, giving her the medicine myself. But it was too late. Just at sunset she made her husband lift her up and hold her head on his breast. 'You have been good and true,' she said, as loud as she was able. 'You're not sorry we did right, are you, dear?' He made no answer. Agnes Spofford left the room. 'I'm going to my baby,' with a half laugh. 'That is so sure to me. My baby! God wants me to take care of it. We will never grow tired of each other.' She went to her child that night."

The doctor was silent for a long time.

"And Farns?"

"He married Agnes Spofford."

"You did nothing?"

"No. The dead were dead, as Eliza herself would have said. And yet," rousing himself

after a pause, "I never think of her as dead. She is alive to me always—earnest, hopeful, working, loving. God filled her heart and hands at last. She and her baby will not tire of one another."

## THE SHADOWS OF PARNASSUS.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

GAUDEO not, swart lord of sea or soil,  
What seems the poet's life of ease;  
None so severe as mental toil,  
For that begins when others cease.

When labor, in refreshing sleep,  
Folds its brown arms as wanes the day,  
Then gloomy bards their vigils keep,  
And wash with tears life's sands away.

For rainbow visions shine alone  
In eyes whose clouds have rained in tears;  
And, swan-like, in his sweetest tone,  
The minstrel his own requiem hears.

Naught to the outer world he owes,  
'Tis but a glass wherein is seen  
Ourselves, and Nature's varied hues  
Are but reflections from within.

And while the mirrors of the breast,  
If passion's breath their sheen affect,  
Like those in Snyrna's temple placed,  
Deform the objects they reflect;

The bard, with Summer in his soul,  
Can in the hissing yule-log hear  
The voice of bird and waterfall,  
And rustling of green branches near.

His, like Pygmalion's sceptre, makes  
Rude forms with soul-like beauties rife  
To him the snow-wreath's delicate flakes  
Seem blossoms from the tree of life.

Like those that martyr-brows enfold  
The fires that eye and forehead flush,  
And words of liquid silver mould,  
As they from founts of music gush.

For saddest souls have tenderest chords,  
And singers die that songs may never;  
The heart has no such tuneful birds  
As those that sing from ruins there.

Nor gayest those who gayest sing;  
What most we feel we least impart,  
And cheeks may wear the bloom of Spring,  
While Winter desolates the heart.

Though round Parnassus' summit plays  
The brilliance of eternity,  
The storms of time howl round its base  
That slopes into oblivion's sea.

Of, unawares, we entertain  
Immortals, jostling in the throng;  
Beings of finer sense, that gain  
The cross without the crown of song.

For often brows that most are scarred  
Are with the fewest laurels twined;  
And men have, like the eagle, soared,  
To leave, like him, no trace behind.

Not theirs the spoils of camp and court;  
Rare pearls they bring from life's sea-wood;  
And jewels from the mines of thought,  
Enrich the world and die in need.

## AS THE CLOUDS THAT FLOAT AT EVEN.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

As the clouds that float at even  
Mourn too soon their glory flown,  
So the heart with gladness teeming  
Soon shall wither, sad and lone;  
And, as floating clouds at night-time,  
Hide, perchance, the moon's pale beam,  
So our souls are oft-times shaded  
By life's dark and fleeting dream.

As the frosts seen in the morning  
Melts before the sun's first ray,  
So the pleasures earth doth render  
Take their wings and fly away;  
And, as tiny streams of water,  
Help to swell the mighty sea,  
So each day that passes o'er us,  
Nearer brings eternity.

It is well that we should linger  
Among the memories of the past,  
Wreathing garlands o'er the green graves  
Of the pleasures that are past.  
Though the flowers soon may perish,  
And the place seem sad and lone,  
Yet their sweet perfume will hover  
Round the scenes of beauty gone.

Far beyond the glowing cloud-land;  
Far beyond the azure sky,  
Are there joys for souls immortal—  
Bliss too deep, too pure to die!  
And when life's dark voyage is over,  
Crossed have we the created foam,  
May our life-bark reach the haven  
Of the blessed—our last home.

## MARY LEIGH'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

It was Christmas-eve, and Mary Leigh sat by the window, in the suburbs of a great city. The fire burned low, and the room grew cold and cheerless. The out-door prospect was still more gloomy. A cold December wind came in fitful gusts against the windows, tossing the dead leaves across the gravel-walks, and sighing mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees. But Mary Leigh was not at all affected by it; indeed, she scarcely glanced out except to note, at intervals, how low the sun was getting, and calculate how long a time intervened before the supper-hour.

There was a shade of anxiety and care resting on her pale features, changing sometimes to a look of vexation. It was the eve of a holiday; but life had no holiday for her. The table before her was heaped with pieces and patterns. A coat, much worn, but ripped in pieces, and pressed carefully, was laid before her for consideration. She thought it would make a winter jacket for Johnny, her youngest boy, who needed it sadly. But it would not do. She had turned it every way, and the patterns were laid on, again and again, to no purpose. There was a thin place here, and a spot there. "It is no use," sighed poor Mrs. Leigh; "it is too scant a pattern."

She leaned her head heavily on her hand, and the tears gathered in her eyes. "I have been all my life," she said, "at least ever since I can remember, trying to make one dollar do the duty of three—trying to make something out of nothing." Her thoughts went back to her earliest recollections of her childhood; to the patient widowed mother toiling, day after day, far beyond her strength, uncomplaining, accomplishing so much, and yet receiving so little credit from the hard-judging world. She thought of the school-room where she had sat, oh! so wearily, trying to learn lessons far beyond her comprehension, with no guide save the text-book, which she could not understand, and the indifferent teacher, who kept school because she must do something for a living. She thought of all the long, weary struggle to fit herself for the world—to become an ornament to society; of the yearning and thirsting for more knowledge, and the half promise of assistance from friends. She thought of her fond anticipations as she

had looked forward to the joyous day, when her bright dreams should be realized. When school life should really begin, and countless books unlock for her their hidden treasures. She thought, too, of the sudden death of that beloved mother, that had put all pleasant anticipations far away from her thoughts.

She had been left alone. None cared to aid her now; she was not theirs, and bitterly the orphan felt it. Going to school was out of the question now, with no home, and her limited means. She must teach for her living, they said. She did not choose her vocation—there was no choice left her. Naturally delicate, with feeble strength, and an ambitious mind, she could think of nothing else; longing to do something for others, yet not able to help herself.

Fortunately, or unfortunately—who shall judge? her place in the teacher's desk was soon vacant. Mr. Leigh, one of the committee, thought Mary Morton would be an ornament to his cottage-home, left desolate when his mother died; and he asked her to be his wife. So Mary Morton became Mary Leigh. Gossiping mothers said the school-teacher had done well, for Arthur Leigh was a fine man, full of energy, and would be rich, too, some day. Poor orphan Mary! She was grateful for his love; and she poured out for him all the hoarded affection of her heart. Hers was no stinted gift, but an overflowing love, garnered through many lonely, weary years. The world said they were happy; and the bright tears gathered in Mary's eyes, as she often asked herself why she was not?

As years passed on, three little children were given to them. Two sturdy, roguish boys, and a blue-eyed fairy, that bore the name of Lily. But the sweet baby-girl was too fair a blossom for this cold world, and was soon transplanted to heaven.

"Because we are not worthy;" and Mary's tears fell fast on the little unconscious sleeper. Not so much for her loss, as for the knowledge that she was not worthy to train that sinless babe for heaven.

Mrs. Leigh's thoughts had wandered back over all these weary years, noting every heartache, every new trial. Her efforts for improvement had passed unnoticed; her thoughtful love and

care had not been appreciated; and, worse than all, her love seemed thrown away on her thoughtless husband, who should have shielded her from petty trials and vexations. "Yes," she said, audibly, "I have tried all my life to make something out of nothing, and I have failed. These little cares and troubles may be trifles, but they are very hard to bear."

The worn pieces and little patterns were pushed aside hastily, and the weary head was bowed on the table, while sob after sob broke the stillness of the room. The clock on the mantle struck the hour of five, and she started up nervously. Hastily putting aside her work, she bathed her face and swollen eyes, then descended to the kitchen. She kindled a fire and began to prepare the evening-meal. The children came in from their out-door play, noisy and clamorous for supper. Albert had torn his jacket, and lost his knife. Johnny was half crying, half scolding, and holding up a bruised hand. He had stumbled and fallen on the hard frozen ground, and though he was a brave little fellow, the tears would come. The wants of the children were kindly attended to, and the supper-table laid with its snowy cloth. The biscuit were light and nice. The preserves were brought from the cool cellar, and the pie put near the grate to warm. There was only one maid-of-all-work, and that was Mary Leigh herself. She tried to recover her wonted cheerfulness, as she prepared the fragrant tea in anticipation of her husband's speedy arrival.

He came soon, greeting his pale, patient wife with a careless smile, but his children with kind words and kisses. Arthur Leigh was not an unkind man; "only thoughtless," his friends said. Yes, thoughtless he certainly was; and, if the truth must be told, selfish, too. He did ample justice to the viands placed before him, while his wife, unnoticed, helped the children and sipped her tea, too weary and worn to care to eat anything. She followed her husband to the sitting-room, after putting aside the tea-things and setting the room in order. Mr. Leigh had just finished the evening paper, and was preparing to go out as his wife entered the room.

"Mary," he asked, anxiously, "have you spent that money that I gave you yesterday? I have run short to-day, and I will borrow it of you if you do not need it now."

Need it! He had given her three dollars, reserving twice as much for himself; and she had been revolving in her mind, for the last hour, what to do with it. Other families had money, even if a little, for Christmas presents

to the children; but Arthur said Christmas presents were "a humbug." For them there was really no Christmas. If she could get the necessaries of life for her family, she was thankful. So she had been considering whether she should take this money for a pair of shoes, long needed, or buy a jacket for Johnny, which garment was indispensable for the cold weather.

"I had thought of getting cloth for John for a jacket," she answered, timidly; "but, if you need it, I will wait."

"John a jacket! I don't see why you cannot make over Albert's clothes for him, I'm sure. Because it is a little more work, I suppose. Mrs. Somers never buys new cloth for her boys;" and he took the bill she handed him, and went out hastily, shutting the door, by no means softly, behind him.

"I did try hard to make the old clothes do," she said, "but they were completely worn-out." Tears came now; she had kept them back with a strong will while her husband was speaking; for if there was anything that Arthur Leigh hated, it was to see a woman cry. He had told her so repeatedly; and the brave woman, dreading nothing so much as his anger, had conquered herself, and sat down to her sewing in silence.

Arthur Leigh strode down the street, soliloquizing to himself: "I do wish Mary was not so easily discouraged. She is always down-hearted about some trifle. Something went wrong to-day, I suppose. I'm sure she had everything she needs; but women are never contented." As he spoke thus, he encountered the friends who were to meet him. He had wanted the money to pay his share of the evening's pleasure. He could keep Christmas-eve, even if his family could not. And yet, it was not without a twinge of conscience that he thought of his wife at home. Mr. Arthur Leigh was not wholly bad; he was only selfish.

His wife sat alone all that evening, stitching wearily. The children were in bed, their little cares and sorrows forgotten in sleep. Mary Leigh sighed audibly. There was no one to chide her now. "I do not see why our children cannot have better clothes, and look as well as other people's," she thought to herself. "If we were very poor, it would be different; but with Arthur's salary we ought to have things comfortable, especially as I do my own work. I surely am not extravagant in dress. I am almost ashamed to go to church now, my clothes are so shabby. If I mention it, Arthur says, 'Stay at home then. If you only go to

show new clothes, it will not do you any good. I don't see but what you look well enough.' Sometimes he says, 'Oh, yes! you must have this or that. I'll give you the money next week.' But he forgets it, and I cannot bear to keep asking for money. Poor Arthur! I wonder if anything has gone wrong to-day. If he would only tell me about his business, and let me know his trials and disappointments, how much better I could sympathize with him!" and, with a heart softened toward her husband, she took up her little Bible, sure of finding something to comfort her.

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not on thine own understanding." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Yes, if she could only do that—and she had tried. Ever since she had kissed baby Lily good-by, she had longed for that "peace that passeth all understanding," and that "rest that remaineth for the people of God." How insignificant, how trifling seemed petty disappointments and annoyances of the past day! The memory of them could no longer vex her. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." The words came to her with new meaning. Should she then ask help to bear these little trials, these minor ills of life? Hitherto she had only gone to the Saviour with what she called great burdens. Would He help her to bear trifles also?

When her husband came home, an hour later, irritated with himself and disappointed with his evening, he wondered silently at the cheer-

ful, happy look on Mary's pale face. He felt keen remorse. "I shall have some more money soon, Mary, and you shall have it to get yourself and the children some clothes," he said, in a softened mood, as he bent over his wife, and kissed her pale cheek. "And to-morrow, as it is a holiday, (we don't often keep Christmas, but will for once,) we will go and see uncle John. A ride will do you good—you are growing thin and pale, darling." He had noticed lately how patiently and uncomplainingly she had borne his teasing words, and the children's waywardness; how careful she had been not to irritate or provoke him when weary; and though he scarcely acknowledged it to himself, it had had an influence over him. From that Christmas-eve, too, he began to be a different man. As days went by, and he witnessed his wife's constant patience and cheerfulness, as he saw that she possessed something to which his own heart was a stranger, imperceptibly his conduct changed toward her. He became more thoughtful of her comfort—more ready to supply her wants. Gradually he even began to practice economy in his own expenditure, and was surprised to find how many things he could do without, which he had once thought indispensable to his comfort.

Mary Leigh never forgot that Bible lesson, learned on that Christmas-eve, when her heart was bowed down beneath an accumulated burden of trifling cares and disappointments. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"HARVEST HOME."

BY PHILO HENRIETTA CARR.

AGAIN in the meadows, so wide and green,  
The mowers are tossing the fragrant hay;  
And down from the upland the cooling wind,  
Blows over the brow of this Summer day.

In and out, with its threads of gold,  
The woad of the valley the sunlight weaves;  
And the reapers are merrily driving home,  
The last high load of golden sheaves.

Ah, yes! the last load! and wave on wave  
Of the harvest-hymn goes swelling by;  
A psalm so glad that it fills the earth,  
And floats away to the cloud-flecked sky.

It is more than ever a "harvest home,"  
This grateful song with its glad refrain;  
A pean of victory, a shout of joy,  
Runs up and down through the swelling strain.

"Hurrah! for the white, white flag of peace  
Is floating over the land so wide;

Hurrah for our army! hurrah for our ships!  
And the conquering heroes we hail with pride."

Thus gladly they sing, and well we know  
That banners flaunt and bugles play,  
And drums are beating all over the land,  
To hail this gladly jubilant day.

This day of peace; and patient hearts  
Are throbbing high at last with bliss;  
Husbands, and brothers, and lovers to greet,  
Brave hands to clasp, and warm lips to kiss,

But I look into my clouded heart;  
Ah! the crape is heavy upon the door;  
And I think of a far-off, nameless grave,  
And a soldier-boy who will come no more.

Two years ago, on a day like this,  
When the harvesters sang and the earth was bright;  
His life went out with the smoke of the guns,  
And mine grew dark as the blackest night.

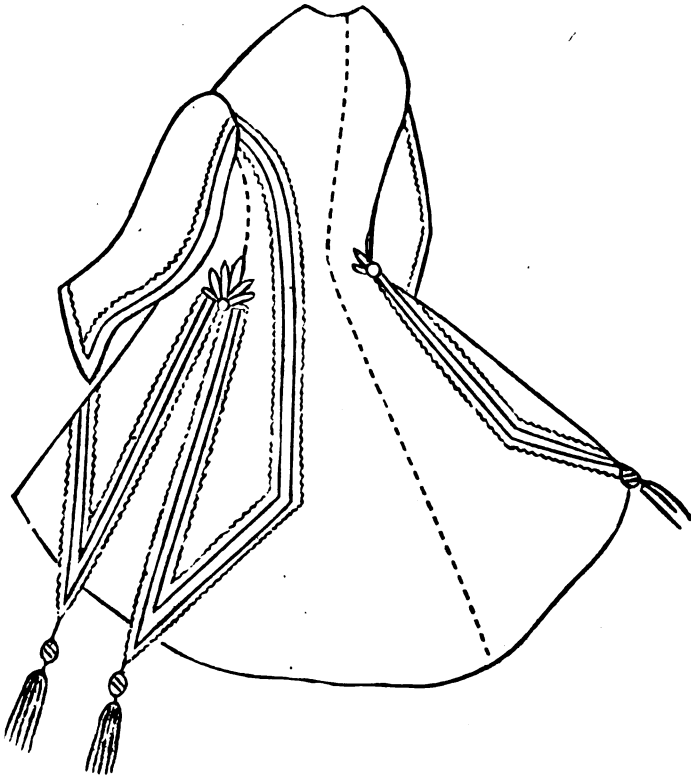
## ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two designs in this new and pretty embroidery. Figure 1 is done with narrow ribbon, fastened on the edges with button-hole stitch, done in coarse sewing or embroidery silk. The dots are embroidered in a contrasting color with silk, and surrounded with gold, or steel beads. In figure 2 the waved line is done in cat-stitch with embroidery silk, with beads between, as seen in the design. The cross-pieces are done in white embroidery, at equal distances, with black silk; the stars between may be of various colors. This Oriental embroidery is exceedingly fashionable at present, and is much used for the jackets which are now so fashionable, sacques, skirts of dresses, and opera cloaks.

## FALL AND WINTER JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This jacket may be made of black silk, velvet, or cloth, according as the wearer desires a jacket for fall, or for winter wear. It buttons straight down the front, and is fitted to the figure. It is ornamented with two points on each side, proceeding from the side-pieces of the front and back. They are fixed to the garment by the seam under the arm, and fall naturally to the bottom. These points are trimmed with black silk puffing, bordered by a narrow guipure, and terminated by two silk tassels. A similar trimming is applied to the neck, at the shoulder seam, also to the seam of the sleeve and round the wristband. At top the sleeve is round. We give a diagram, by which it may be cut

out, after first enlarging the different pieces to the sizes indicated.

- No. 1. FRONT.
- No. 2. SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.
- No. 3. POINT OF FRONT.
- No. 4. BACK.
- No. 5. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

No. 6. POINT OF BACK.

No. 7. SLEEVE.

Owing to the length of this garment, No. 1 is given six inches too short, and No. 2, eight inches. Our subscribers must, therefore, prolong the lines of those two patterns to have them of the proper length.

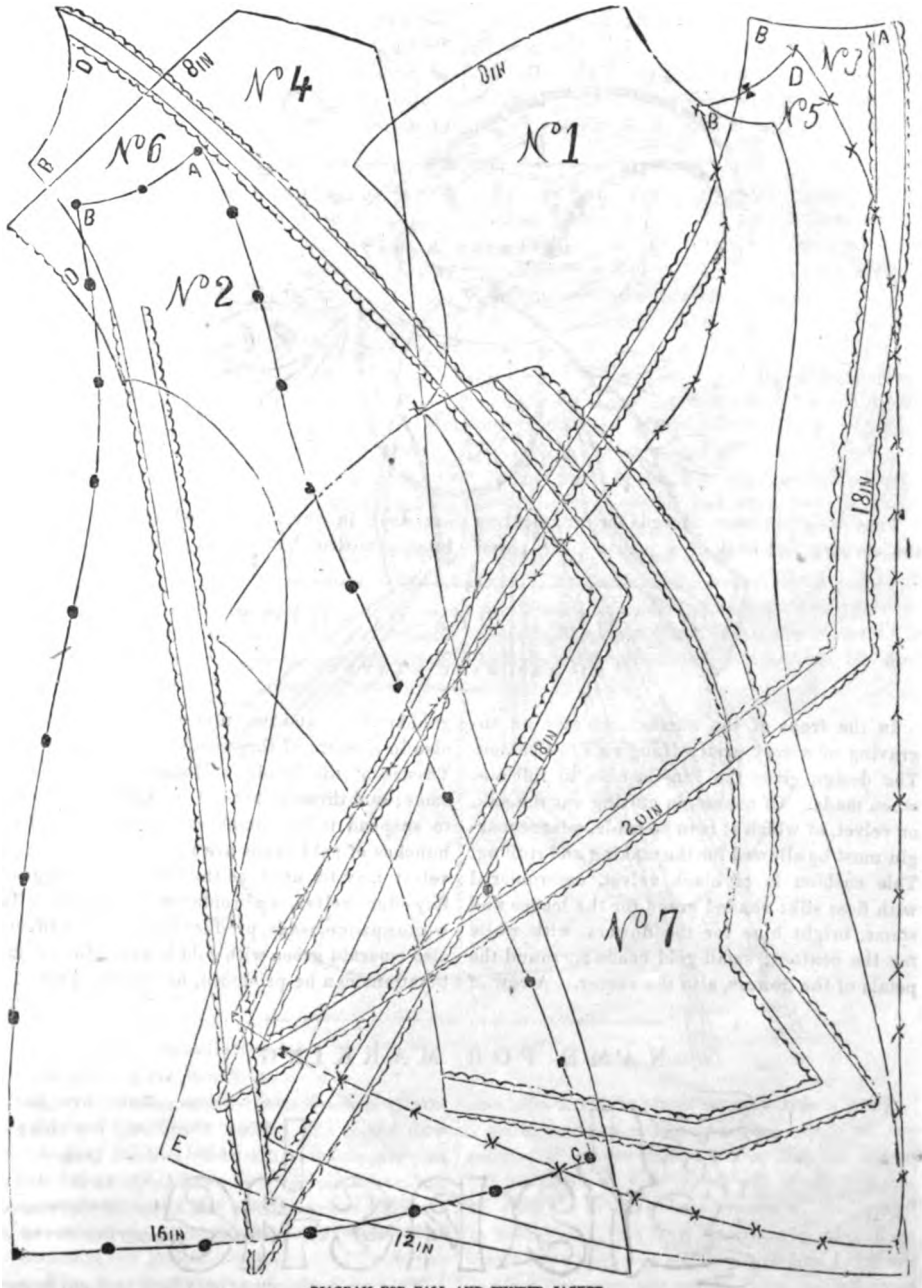
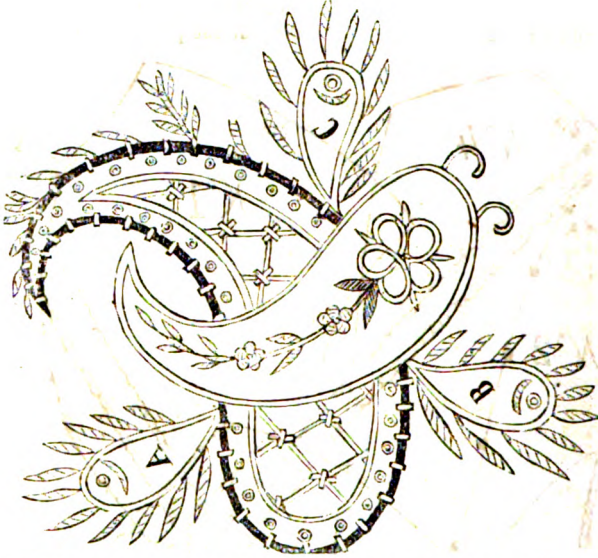


DIAGRAM FOR FALL AND WINTER JACKET.



## PERSIAN DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design in embroidery is for ornamenting the corners and back of a jacket. The palms are done in various colored embroidery silk, interspersed with steel and gold beads.

## HANGING PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

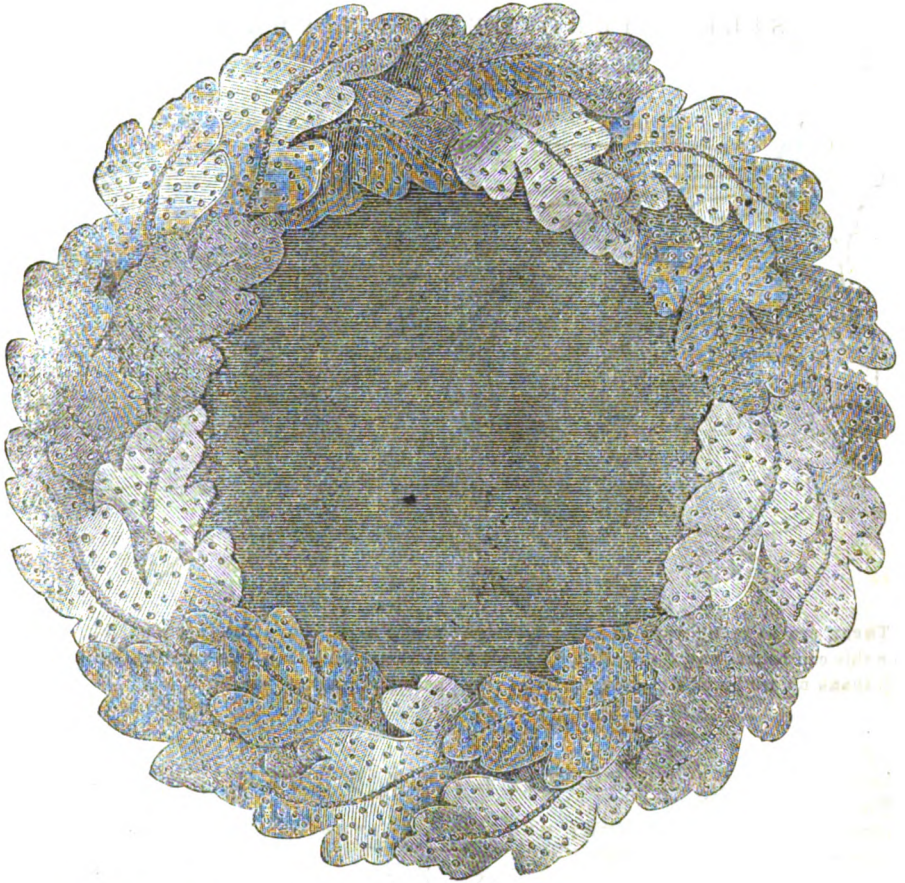
In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a very pretty Hanging Pin-Cushion. The design gives the Pin-Cushion in full size when made. Of course, in cutting out the silk, or velvet, of which it is to be made, a large margin must be allowed for the making and stuffing. This cushion is of black velvet, embroidered with floss silk: shaded green for the leaves and stems, bright blue for the flowers, with white for the centers; small gold beads surround the petals of the flowers, also the center. A row of gold beads around the outer edge of the cushion, also in clusters of three or four around the top. Tassels of the beads, or looped fringe of the same; and three-eighths of a yard of gold cord to suspend it by, completes the cushion. Two bunches of gold beads are required; and silk or velvet may be used, as the fancy may suggest. Sky-blue velvet, embroidered altogether with white opaque beads, produces a charming effect; also emerald green with gold beads. Many combinations can be produced, all equally pretty.

## NAME FOR MARKING.

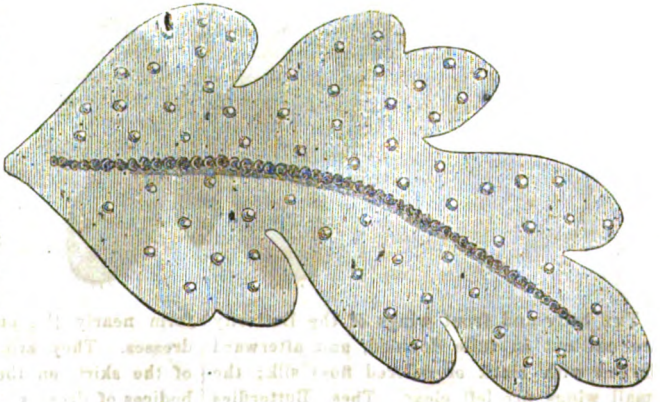
Blanche

## LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE foundation of this Mat is a circular piece of stiff pastéboard, covered with silk of a pretty shade of violet. The leaves are cut out of red cloth and gray cloth, embroidered with white glass beads on the red cloth, and with gold and jet beads upon the gray cloth, following the design we give. This arrangement of color may be modified, making the center of the Mat of green, and the leaves of shades of



green and brown, like autumn leaves; embroider these leaves with crystal beads, imitating the dew-drops upon roses. Prepare twenty of these leaves so embroidered, and dispose of them as seen in large design. Some care must be taken in the arrangement that the end of the leaves are hid, and the colors artistically placed, or else your Mat will fail in beauty.

## SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

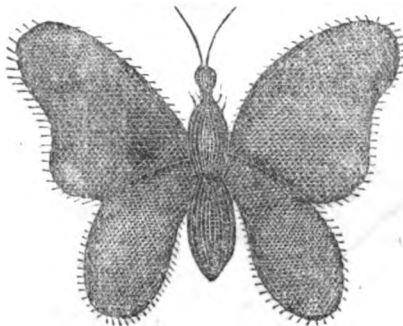
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



There are so many ways in which a design like this can be made available, that our readers will thank us, we know, for giving them so very pretty a pattern. Nothing, we think, could be more tasteful than this combination of wheat-ears and grapes.

## BUTTERFLY IN TULLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The body and front wings of the Butterfly are cut out in tulle doubled, and afterward darned with black or colored floss silk; the small wings are left clear. These Butterflies form nearly the entire trimmings for many dresses. They are placed round the bottom of the skirt, on the waistbands, sleeves, and bodices of dresses.



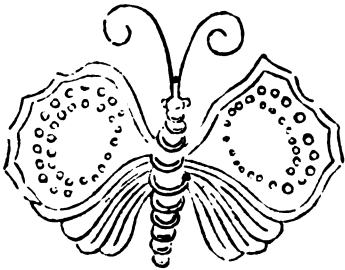
## END OF CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

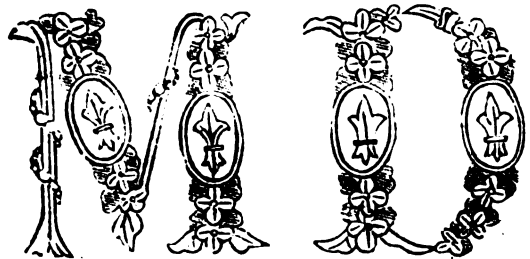


EMBROIDERED ends for cravats are becoming quite fashionable. It is a kind of work which every lady, almost, can do; and nothing is more suitable for a Christmas, New-Year's, or Birth-day gift, than one of these neatly embroidered cravats. We give above a pretty design, of the full size, for such a cravat. The material may be in silk or cambric.

## BUTTERFLY AND INITIALS IN EMBROIDERY.



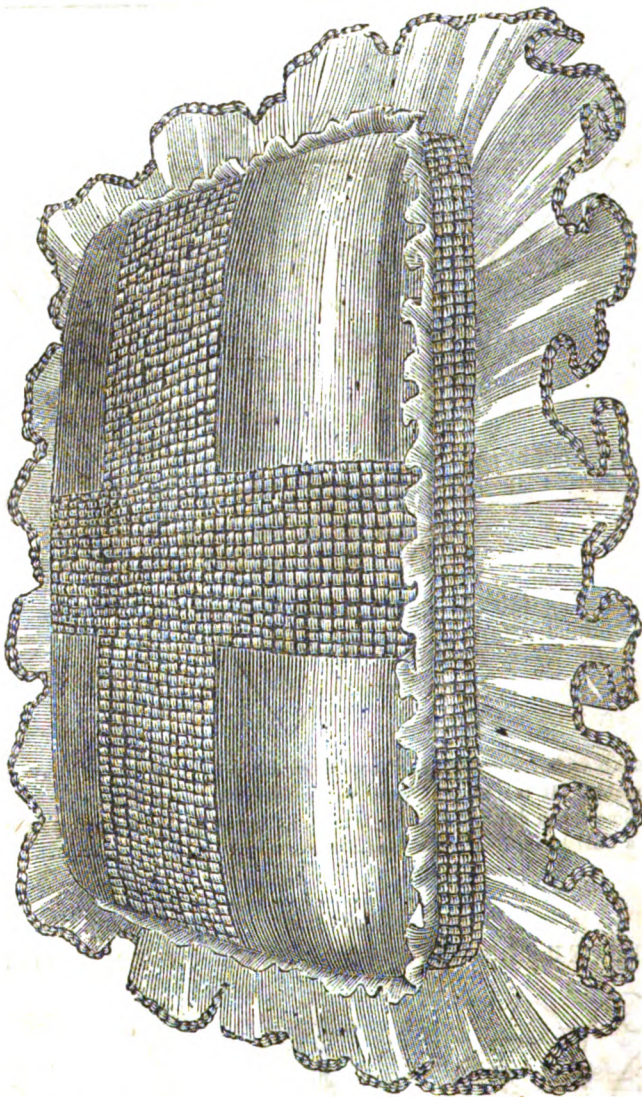
Vol. XLVIII.—27



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## THE CASKET TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This form of Cushion—combining at the same time a handy receptacle for many toilet articles—has long been used, covered first with glazed cambric, and having some fancy white material over it.

The box is a strong segar-box, lined with

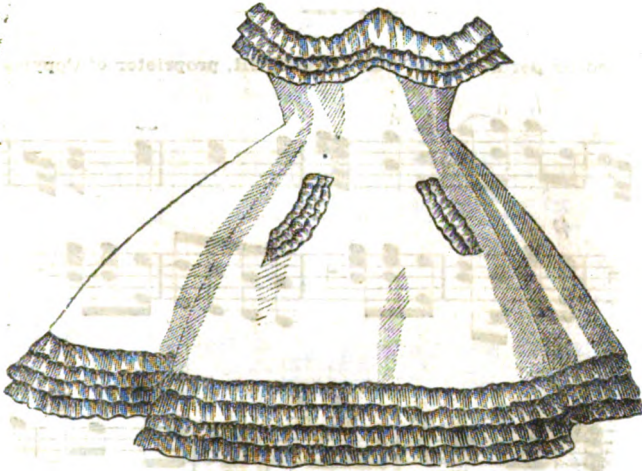
wadding, covered with sarsnet inside, and outside a covering of velvet; the top ornamented with beads, according to the design.

Crimson, violet, black, blue, or green velvet, or silk, look equally well worked with crystal and opal, or crystal and chalk-beads.

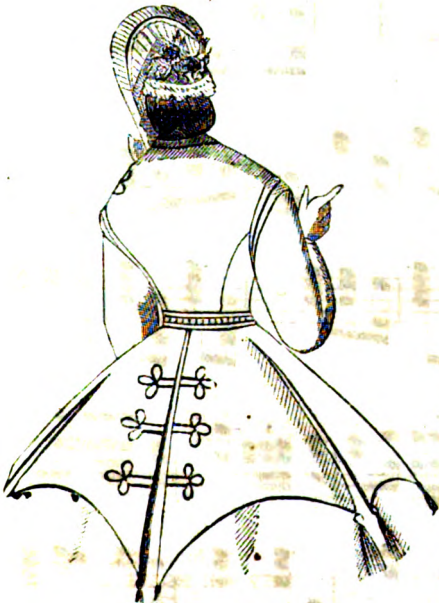
The trimming round the edge is of ribbon to match the covering. Canvas may be placed over the material to work the beads upon, and the canvas should afterward be withdrawn. The design serves equally for a Cushion, dispensing with the box.

VARIETIES IN FASHIONS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



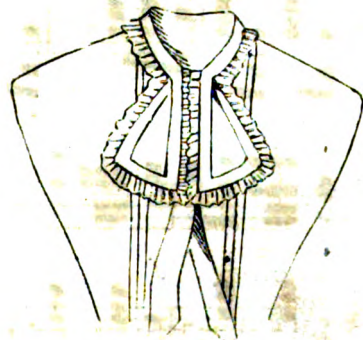
CHILD'S DRESS.



NEW STYLE DRESS.



BANDELET.



CHEMISETTE.

# WINONA POLKA.

BY A. BACHMANN.

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*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Moderato.' and 'PIANO.' with a 'p' dynamic. The second and third systems contain repeat signs. The fourth system is marked 'f' and features triplet markings in both the upper and lower staves.



WINONA POLKA.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a series of eighth-note patterns. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment, including some chords marked with '5' and 'b5'.

The third system includes dynamic markings. The upper staff has accents (^) over several notes. The lower staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The fourth system features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the lower staff. The music continues with rhythmic patterns in both staves.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final series of notes in both the treble and bass staves.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**"PETERSON" FOR 1866.** DOUBLE SIZE COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—We call attention to the Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be seen that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost us nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. The Magazine will be printed on new type, and the reading matter increased. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled; and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," are engaged to write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

*Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

**WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.**—If the attempt, being made in Paris, to reintroduce the fashions of the first Empire, succeeds, we shall have an era of the worst taste possible. The Empire bonnet has already triumphed, so has the Empire head-dress; but on some ladies these really look very pretty. The Empire gown, however, was hideous. Hero is what Miss Berry, (whose "Journals and Correspondence" have just been published in London,) says of it. She visited Paris in 1802, just after the short-lived Peace of Amiens. "The little colored plates of the Paris fashions are exact, unexaggerated representations of their dresses, but in reality they are seldom exhibited upon as handsome figures. Loads of finery in gold and silver, excessively fine laces, bare necks and shoulders, more than half way down the back, with the two blade-bones squeezed together in a very narrow-backed gown; arms covered with nothing but a piece of fine lace below the shoulders; and trains that never ended: in short, an endless variety of bad taste, without one single figure that one's eye could repose on with pleasure. Such were the women." This, as we have said, was in 1802. Already dresses are cut "more than half way down the back," as Miss Berry expresses it, by the most fashionable dress-maker of Paris, who, by-the-by, is a man. In our October number was such a dress. So, ladies, you see what you may expect, if the Empire styles triumph altogether! For one, we hope they may not. Of course, we shall give the latest fashions, whatever they are; and then you may dress to suit yourselves.

**THE BEST PUBLISHED.**—The Mount Carmel (Ill.) Democrat says:—"All things considered, Peterson's, for cheapness and excellence, is the best Magazine of its kind published."

**THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.**—The newspaper press is unanimous in pronouncing "Peterson's Magazine" to be the cheapest and best, excelling in fashions, literature, etc., *and, therefore, just the one for the times.* We have hundreds of notices to this effect. Says the Waukegan (Ill.) Gazette:—"It is the most practical help and instructive companion that a lady can have—next to a good and intelligent husband." Says the Port Clinton (O.) News:—"Peterson's is the cheapest Ladies' Magazine published." Says the Portsmouth (O.) Times:—"For merit and cheapness combined, the ladies will find 'Peterson' unsurpassed." Says the Milan (Mo.) Radical:—"If you are not taking this Magazine now, commence right away." Says the Galeville (N. Y.) Casket:—"The engravings are the finest, the fashion-plates the latest, and the reading matter the most choice." Says the Whitehall (N. Y.) Times:—"The stories are conceded, by all who have read them, to be of the highest order of literature." Says the Woodfield (O.) Spirit of Democracy:—"The fashions are of the very latest, both for ladies and children. The literature cannot be excelled. This is decidedly the cheapest and best Two Dollar Magazine published." Says the Machias (Me.) Union:—"The steel engraving in 'Peterson's' for September, 'Who's Bit My Apple,' is worth a dollar." And the Grayville (Ill.) Independent says:—"The last number is before us, rich in matter, engravings, etc., and proves 'Peterson' to be the Magazine."

**THE FIRST BONNET.**—The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present Italian peasant hat and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were crimson satin elaborately embroidered, cloth of gold, and similar rich materials. The Leghorn flat, with perpendicular crown and wide brim, standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Queen Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers and immense bows of ribbon.

**OUR NEW ENGLAND SUBSCRIBERS,** particularly, will be delighted with "The Old Mill of Amoskeag," one of our novelets for 1866. It is the best story written by its author since her "Susy L——'s Diary," and is, perhaps, even better than that. It will be popular everywhere, however, and not only in New England.

**CHEERFULNESS** is one of the greatest of virtues. It makes everybody around you happy, besides keeping yourself happy also. To be cheerful is not difficult. Be contented, hope for the best, and think as well as possible of everybody. If you do these things, you will be happy and cheerful.

**THE MODEL MAGAZINE.**—The Olney (Ill.) Democrat says:—"Peterson's is the model Magazine of the world, and every real lady should have it. Its fashion-plates are always the very latest, and its stories excellent."

**MAKING A SCOFF OF RELIGION** is a bad sign in a young man, or an old one either. If ladies will take our advice, they will have nothing to say to a suitor who does it, no matter how rich, or talented, or famous he is.

**THE POSTAGE** on this Magazine is twelve cents yearly, payable, every three months, in advance, at the office where the Magazine is received.

**"EXPIRE" BONNETS.**—A lady writes as follows about the new fashion of bonnets:

**MR. EDITOR**—I suppose all the ridicule in the world won't put down the fashion. If it would, I for one would uncock the vials of my satire and pour it upon the Empire bonnets. The milliners have said we shan't save our money at their expense, and so I suppose those who dare not be out of the fashion will adopt it.

"One of our household came in yesterday and declared she had just seen the *expire* bonnet, and it was the ugliest thing that ever a sane Christian wore. As to the decidedly distinguished air it gives, or is said to give, I for one can't see it. Some people, you know, can't help looking distinguished, let them wear what they will; while others, with plenty of money, and an old name to back them up, persist in going dowdy to the end of their days.

"I am waiting, however, to pass a good, fair judgment upon it; but I take the opportunity to say, before custom makes it passable, that, with old Hannah, I declare it, at first sight, to be the "ugliest thing that ever a sane Christian wore."  
"A. E."

Our correspondent must have patience. The "Empire bonnet" will have its day, just as the "waterfall" is having it. After a sharp struggle, in Paris, the Empire bonnet has triumphed. It must run its course. And it is made in different styles, as our wood-cuts, this month, show. Some faces, too, look very bewitching in it. Let us, hope, dear ladies, that your faces will belong to that class.

**NEVER QUARREL** with a husband, a wife, a brother, a sister, or any other dear friend. "A soft answer," says Scripture, "turneth away wrath." No matter how illy you may think yourself treated, remember these words of Holy Writ, and reply accordingly. When the injurer has had time for reflection, he, or she, if so answered, will become thoroughly ashamed. A quarrel always leaves a scar. There is no greater error than to think, with a popular saying, that lovers ought to quarrel occasionally, for the sake of the making up.

**HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.**—The high price of paper, which still prevails, continues to prevent, to a very great degree, the republication of good novels. If the public wishes cheap reading, they must go to "Peterson" for it. We are now paying for the paper, on which "Peterson" is printed, twice as much, per pound, as we did before the war. We ought to get, in reality, twice as much for the Magazine; but we ask only two dollars, as before, and are the only Magazine that does; all the others have raised their prices.

**A NOVEL BERTHE** of Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon, passed round the top of the dress behind, forming braces in front, and crossed again behind, where it tied as a sash, is much worn now.

**THE JANUARY NUMBER** will be ready by the first of December. It will contain no less than three illustrated stories, among them the beginning of Mrs. Stephens' great novelet, "The Soldier's Orphans." Remit early!

**SUBSCRIBERS IN CLUBS** can have the Magazine sent wherever they reside. If desired, the Magazine will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

**GOOD TASTE** in dress will do more than even money. The French women understand this, and hence the supremacy of French fashions.

**"THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS,"** our longest novelet for next year, is one of the most powerful stories ever written. It is appropriate, also, to the times.

**IN REMITTING,** write legibly, at the top of your letter, the name of your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange. If neither order, nor draft can be had, remit in greenbacks or bank notes. The U. S. postal currency, but no other, taken for fractions of a dollar.

**OUR TITLE-PAGE.**—The beautiful steel-plate title-page, which we give in this number, is finer, we think, than any we have had for several years. Our artist was in one of his happiest moods when he designed it.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Neal's Charcoal Sketches. Three Volumes Complete in One. With Twenty-One Illustrations from Original Designs by P. O. C. Darley.** 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The late Joseph C. Neal has never yet had his proper place assigned to him in the literature of America. He began to write before Dickens did; and it is indisputable, we think, that the latter was influenced in his earlier and better sketches, by the writings of the former. In many of those earlier sketches the resemblance is too great to be attributed to accident. We regard Poe and Neal as, perhaps, the two most original minds in the lighter literature of this country.

**Recollections of Seventy Years.** By Mrs. John Farrar. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A volume full of delightful reminiscences. In her earlier years, Mrs. Farrar lived in England, where she met Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Elizabeth Fry, Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Simonds; George the Third, the Prince Regent, and other celebrated characters. The book is written in an easy, chatty style.

**Rose Douglas. A Novel.** 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The scene of this novel is laid in Scotland, during the last century; and the pictures it gives of life there are vivid and quaint. A healthy moral tone pervades the book. It is a novel of character rather than of incident; a quiet, pleasant book, and altogether free from sensationalism.

**Lyrics of Life.** By Robert Browning. 1 vol., 16 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is another volume of Ticknor & Fields' "Companion Poets for the People." The selections are well made for the purpose in view, and will assist, we think, to increase Browning's popularity. The book is illustrated, but quite indifferently.

**Our Artist in Cuba.** By G. W. Carleton. 1 vol., 16 mo. *New York: Carleton.*—In the winter of 1864-5, Mr. Carleton, the publisher, visited Cuba. The fruits of the excursion are before us, in this neat volume, with its fifty capital caricatures of what he saw there. Some of the drawings are quite inimitable.

**Artemus Ward: His Travels. With Comic Illustrations by Mullen.** 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Carleton.*—Both the letter press and illustrations, in this book, are excellent. As a bit of burlesque, the "poor red man and pretty waiter girl," is unsurpassed. It is in this volume that the author gives his experience among the Mormons.

**The Mutual Friend.** By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This firm issues Dickens' last novel, in four different styles, with all the illustrations, and at prices to suit everybody.

**Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion, No. 14,** is before us, and fully maintains the merit of that fine serial. The wood engravings are very spirited.

**The Apple of Life.** By Owen Meredith. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The new poem, by young Bulwer, who writes under the assumed name of Owen Meredith.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WE BEG LEAVE to call the attention of our readers to the following *Trade Mark* adopted by the Magic Ruffle Company, in order to protect themselves against spurious imitations and infringements of their goods.

This Trade Mark is put on each box and card of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, and is a guarantee that the goods will sustain the high reputation that the Company have acquired of making the best Ruffles in the market.

Persons wishing to buy a good article, should be sure to see that this Mark is on the card on which the Ruffle is wound



The office of the Company is 96 Chambers St., New York.

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THE BUNYAN MEZZOTINTS.—These two elegant mezzotints, one representing "Bunyan in Jail with his Blind Child," and the other, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison," may be had by remitting \$3.00. Or either may be had for \$2.00. Address Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

## PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE TELL-TALE LITTLE FINGER.—This game is intended for young ladies; if, however, a few young gentlemen are of the company, their presence may contribute to render it the more amusing.

All the company place themselves in a semicircle, within which is a seat more elevated than the rest, for the school-mistress, whom they at once proceed to choose. The latter

selects another of the company, who takes her place upon a stool in front of her companions, and must be prepared to answer all the accusations which the Mistress may bring against her.

*Mistress*.—You ventured to go out yesterday without my permission; where did you go?

*Accused*.—To my aunt's, (here she points to one of her companions, who must at once answer, "Yes, mistress," or pay a forfeit.)

*Mistress*.—That is not all; you have been somewhere else, my thumb tells me so. (At the word *thumb*, the *Accused* answers, "It knows nothing about it, which she repeats until the *Mistress* names another finger.)

*Mistress*.—And, what is worse, you did not go alone.

*Accused*.—It knows nothing about it.

*Mistress*.—Still it says that you were in a grove—

*Accused*.—It knows nothing about it.

*Mistress*.—And that a handsome young man was there at the same time.

*Accused*.—It knows nothing about it.

*Mistress*.—You have even dined in company with him. It is my middle finger tells me this.

*Accused*.—Do not believe it. (This is the phrase where the middle finger is spoken of.)

*Mistress*.—And in a private room.

*Accused*.—Do not believe it. My neighbor knows to the contrary. (She points to another young lady, who must answer, "Yes, Mistress.")

*Mistress*.—After the dinner, which lasted for a long time—

*Accused*.—Do not believe it.

*Mistress*.—The young man brought you back in a carriage.

*Accused*.—Do not believe it.

*Mistress*.—And the carriage was overturned in crossing a brook.

*Accused*.—Do not believe it.

*Mistress*.—And when you returned, your dress was wet and torn.

*Accused*.—Do not believe it. I can bring the testimony of one, two, or three of my companions. (She points toward those who are inattentive to the game in preference to the others. They must answer, "Yes, Mistress," or pay a forfeit.)

*Mistress*.—It is my little finger that has told me so.

*Accused*.—Pardon me, Mistress, it has told a falsehood! (All the young ladies say at the same time, "Ah! the wicked little finger!")

*Mistress*.—It insists upon it, however.

*Accused*.—It has told a falsehood. Ask all my companions. Ah, without uttering a word, lift up their right-hand, as if to attest the falsehood of the accusation. The slightest hesitation is punished by a forfeit.

*Mistress*.—It says that all these young ladies tell a falsehood.

All rise. Those who keep their seats pay a forfeit. The *Accused* returns among her companions; a new *Mistress* is chosen, who designates a new culprit, and the game continues.

If, on the contrary, the first *Mistress*, content with the testimony which the young ladies have given without rising, announces that the little finger declares that it was mistaken, she can bring forward new charges, to which the culprit must answer in the same manner as before described.

## HORTICULTURAL.

ROCK-WORK. FERNS AND MOSSES.—In many gardens, especially in those in level countries, rock-work is a very pretty feature. We will give a few hints, therefore, on the best way of making rock-work.

To make rock-work, some persons plant a good many

ferns—very nice ferns, indeed, and very healthy ferns—provided they grow, each one separate, in a neat little niche between two of the nice, clean, white stones, which compose, or at least face the rock-work. If these ferns grow large and branchy, and if the long fronds meet, and wave over and interlace gracefully with those of the other plants, the owners most frequently overlook the untidiness in consideration of the fine healthy growth thus manifested, and for sheer love of their greenness, which really must take possession of even the firmest minds, and the most particular gardeners. But a fernery should aim at a mass of greenness, and for this reason it seems to us that people who don't use moss, leave the state of their fernery doubtful.

Let us suggest moss, therefore, to all intending fern-planters. For the in-door ferneries and in green-houses there are abundant sorts—all the beautiful lycopods, the green, and the metallic, and the golden, and silvery mosses. For the hardy out-door ones, what abundance, too, we find everywhere. And nothing in the world helps ferns so much as moss dots. Ferns thickest being dried, the moss acts in their regard like a thick gutta-percha covering, not an atom of moisture by its good-will shall escape. The ferns may require good drainage—and no doubt they do; but this is quite a different matter from *surface dryness*. The little hair-like roots of ferns grow very near the surface, and a very short dryness reduces them to crisp horse-hair. The fronds, too, are not woody, but of the year's growth, and the tender green is always very impatient of scorching, and sunshine may blister and shrivel them; hot, dry air in the shade is quite competent to do scorching, and to change the fresh, young fronds, from dark healthy green to pale yellow.

The effect of the moss is that it keeps the air moist. You cannot provide your ferns with a healthier mode of preserving the moisture they want than this gives in all ways; and we need not fear unhealthiness or dampness, for as long as the moss is growing it is in a healthy state. To encourage moss, its presence must be, however, provided for; cocoa refuse and silver sand is the compost its roots delight in. If some convenient chinks and some shallow beds are filled thus, and then if the bits of moss are laid on here and there, and watered, the time will be very short before a green bed will have spread itself. A bell-glass might be tunned over the tenderer kinds, just for a day or two, to give shade and moisture while starting.

Having this bed of moss, then, provides greatly for the fern's health; and if ferns are healthy, it almost includes their being beautiful. But to have perfect rock-work, you want, not a white, rough wall, with a few bunches of leaves, but a real waving mass of dark, glossy green for a fernery. In planting the ferns, then, suppose we try sometimes to imitate nature's effects a little more than most do. Go out into the woods, study how ferns grow there, and then come home and imitate it. When we plant ferns, let us give them some room to grow wilder, to mix themselves up with their neighbors, and let the mossy carpet at once protect their roots and give them a green background, to prevent the bareness of neatly-arranged set plants, which, surely, are of all things least natural in a fernery.

Large roots of old trees, with moss-grown branches remaining; huge lumps of rock, full of holes and crevices; stones that are found in the native homes of some of the ferns we collect; things that are large, and dark, and mossy, and gray, are welcome; all the glaring white things are hopelessly out of place. Then there should be ways of draining, and ways of retaining moisture. Draining is sometimes defined as being underground husbandry, and, indeed, the draining does include providing as well as removing water. Large flower-pot saucers, halves of broken flower-pots, pieces of porous stone, thick pads of moss, are all available for water-supply of the roots

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## SOUPS.

*Mock-Turtle Soup.*—Soak the calf's-head in warm water to draw off the blood; then put it on the fire with a carrot, turnip, bunch of sweet herbs, and the rind of a lemon, a few whole peppers, an onion stuck with four cloves, a ham-bone, and cover the head with weak stock or water; let it simmer till the meat is tender enough to take off the bones; cut it in neat, square pieces, and put it aside; return the bones and any trimmings into the soup, and let it simmer very slowly seven or eight hours at least, then strain off the soup, and let it get cold. The next day remove all the fat, and wipe the stock with a piece of white paper. Put some flour into a stewpan to brown with some butter, and add to it the soup; add the meat, and let all simmer together an hour or two, then add about a pint of sherry; let it warm; season to taste, and serve with egg-balls and forcemeat-balls, first boiled; the forcemeat should be made with a little veal and ham pounded fine, with some bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel, with a very little thyme. If the thyme flavor is approved of, this mixture must be moistened with the yolks of eggs well beaten, then rolled up in flour, after dipping each in the yolk of an egg, and either thrown into boiling water to harden them, or fried in butter a light brown. The egg-balls are made with the yolks of four eggs boiled hard, and then made into balls, with the raw yolk of an egg, then scalded.

*Pea Soup.*—Boil a pint of split peas four or five hours, till quite tender, in two quarts of water. Add two large carrots, two turnips, a stick of celery, and some potatoes, all cut in pieces, and when tender pulp it through a sieve; cut a large onion in slices, and fry it in butter and flour to thicken the soup. Season to taste. This is useful as a soup for those who fast. To suit other palates, add a ham-bone or a piece of beef, and let it stew with the peas, taking it out when the soup is pulped through the colander. Serve sippets of bread with both soups fried in butter very crisp.

*Oyster Soup.*—Slice some onions, fry them a light brown in a quarter of a pound of butter, then put them on the fire to stew in some stock, as much as required for your soup. About half an hour is sufficient before you serve, add two or three dozen of oysters, with their liquor strained. Thicken with the yolks of six eggs, and season it with white pepper, mace and salt; it must not boil after the eggs are put in, but thicken like custard. Any kind of good broth or stock makes the foundation. Some add to this, before the eggs are put in, a glass of white wine.

## OYSTERS

*To Make Oyster Sauce for Poultry.*—The quantity of sauce required depends upon the number of people who are to partake of it, but for a moderate-sized party, four dozen oysters will be sufficient. They should not be opened until they are wanted; the liquor must be saved and strained. Put the oysters into a saucepan, pour the strained liquor in, and let them heat slowly, allowing them to plumb, but on no account to boil, otherwise they will become hard. After they have simmered a few minutes, heard them; mix a quarter of a pound of fresh butter with a tablespoonful of flour; stir these into the liquor until it boils, and there is no fear of lumps; then pour in, by degrees, a breakfast-cupful of cream, keeping the sauce stirred until it shows symptoms of boiling, then add the oysters and some Cayenne pepper. The sauce must simmer until wanted, when to be careful to serve it in a well-warmed tureen. Many cooks use milk instead of cream for this sauce.

*Escalloped Oysters.*—Grate some stale bread into a soup-plate; add to the bread a sufficiency of ground pepper, lemon-peel, and nutmeg as will afford good seasoning flavor.

Have ready at hand one dozen full-sized oysters in the shells, open them over the dish in which the bread, etc., is deposited, admitting the whole of the juice proceeding from the fish to pass into the bread-dish. Take a quarter of a pound of good butter, add it to the bread, and mix the whole well together with a spoon until it assumes a consistent form. Cover your oysters each with a coating of the bread constituted as above, and dispose of them in tin moulds or saucers, consigning the latter to a Dutch-oven before a brisk and clear fire. When they are done they will present to the eye a rich brown complexion, and possess a crustaceous appearance. The same may then be removed at convenience, and eaten hot from the fire.

*To Pickle Oysters.*—Wash four dozen of the largest oysters you can get in their own liquor; a dessertspoonful of pepper, two blades of mace, a tablespoonful of salt, three of white wine, and four of vinegar. Simmer the oysters a few minutes in the liquor, then put them into small unglazed stone jars, or green-glass jars; boil the pickle up; skim it, and when cold, pour it over the oysters; tie them down with a bladder over them. For lunch or supper they are excellent.

## MEATS.

*Collard Calf's Head.*—Boil half a calf's head in just enough water to cover it; let it boil for two hours; remove it from the broth and cut all the meat from the bones; return the bones again to the broth, and let them continue to stew; put into the broth some sage-leaves; take out the brains, and put the meat into a jar with some slices of ham, pepper and salt, the tongue, and an eschalot. Set the jar in a good oven for two hours; let it be closely covered. Beat up the brains with two eggs, and pour them in. Remove the whole to a mould, and fill it with the strained broth. Dish when quite cold.

*Stewed Leg or Neck of Lamb.*—Dredge the joint with flour, and put it into a stewpan with half a pound of butter, some parsley, two eschalots, and a little salt and pepper; stew altogether very gently for an hour. Choose some lettuces with good hearts, and cut them into small pieces; put them into the stewpan with a little sorrel, and let them remain another hour, still stewing very gently. Dish the joint, and add to the liquor in the stewpan half a pint of water. Give it a boil up, pour it over the joint, and serve. This is a French mode of dressing lamb, and is generally approved.

*To Make Tough Meat Tender.*—Carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil of hard meat. Cut your steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick; rub over them a small quantity of soda; wash off next morning. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc.

*Veal Sausages.*—Take fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and, if at hand, an anchovy. Let all be chopped and beaten well together, floured, rolled, and fried. Veal sausages are better suited for persons whose digestion is not very strong, than those made of pork.

## POULTRY.

*Duck.*—Clean and wipe dry your duck; prepare the stuffing thus: chop fine and throw into cold water three good-sized onions; rub one large spoonful of sage-leaves, add two ditto of bread-crumbs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a little salt and pepper, and the onions drained. Mix these well together, and stuff the duck abundantly. Always keep on the legs of a duck; scrape and clean the toes and legs, and truss them against the sides. The duck should be kept a few days before cooking to become tender. Three-quarters of an hour is generally enough for an ordinary-sized duck. Dredge and baste like a turkey. A nice gravy is made by straining the drippings; skim off all the fat; then stir in a spoonful of browned flour, a teaspoonful of

mixed mustard, and a wineglassful of claret; simmer this for ten minutes. Serve hot. With the duck currant jelly is necessary.

*Chickens En Redingotes.*—Cut the chickens into pieces, and remove all the bones. Make a forcemeat of liver, veal, parsley, pounded bacon, salt, pepper, and the yolks of two or three eggs. Spread some of this upon each limb, put them together and cover them with the forcemeat; wrap the whole in paper, and bake in a moderate oven. Be careful, when they are done, in taking off the paper, that the forcemeat may not be pulled off the chicken; place it on a very hot dish, and pour some rich gravy over it, flavored with mushrooms, parsley, and green onions.

*Chickens Fried.*—Cut some cold chicken into pieces and rub each with yolks of eggs; mix together some bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel and parsley; cover the pieces of chicken with this and fry them. Thicken some good gravy by adding flour, and put into it Cayenne pepper, mushroom powder or ketchup, and a little lemon-juice, and serve this up with the chicken as sauce.

## DESSERTS.

*A Christmas Pudding for a Large Party.*—When small fingers can aid in the required preparation, and assist in the demolition of a good, plain family pudding, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, and two and a half pounds of flour, with one pound of sugar, three eggs, and a tablespoonful of ground allspice, one ounce of candied lemon, one ounce of orange-peel. Prepare these ingredients as usual, and boil this pudding at least seven hours. Always place an old plate at the bottom of the saucepan in which a pudding is to be boiled, and do not imagine that a plum-pudding can be overboiled; we never knew any instance of this, but we have known many a pudding perfectly dry in the center for want of a sufficient quantity of water, or too small a saucepan in which to boil it; and we have also known a rich plum-pudding appear at a table in the form of a very thick soup for lack of being firmly and tightly tied when put into the pudding-cloth for boiling. Never omit to dip your pudding into a pail of clear, cold water for about three minutes when taking it up for being dished, this renders it firm and prevents the cloth adhering to it. Some persons put brandy into the pudding when making it; but we prefer—especially for Christmas—to have a little brandy poured over the pudding after it is dished; then set on fire, and so very carefully brought into the dining-room. Children delight in this sight. Some prefer having a little drop from a tablespoon poured over each slice of pudding and set on fire ere it is handed round; and some kind uncle is generally the person to get the tablespoon heated, and superintend this little exciting arrangement. The pudding may, if desirable, be made and boiled at leisure, and hung up, if tied up in the pudding-cloth, for a day or two. When wanted, put it into a potful of boiling water for about an hour or two, depending on the size of the pudding, then dipped into the pail of cold water for dishing, as before described. Some almonds should be blanched, simply by pouring scalding water over them in a basin, when the skins are easily peeled away; these almonds should be stuck into the pudding ere it goes to table, and with those and the brandy, or without either, do, for the love of our happy Christmases of yore, just stick in the center of our pudding, be it large or small, rich or poor, one bright sprig of holly that has on it about a dozen of its own beautiful red berries.

*Spanish Puffs.*—Put into a saucepan a teacupful of water, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two ounces of butter; while it is boiling, add sufficient flour for it to leave the saucepan, stir in, one by one, the yolks of four eggs, drop a teaspoonful at a time into boiling lard, fry them a light brown; pour white wine and melted butter over them.

**Potato Flour.**—Scrape some raw potatoes, after they have been well washed; tie a cloth closely over an earthen or wooden vessel, put the scraped potatoes on it, and gently pour some cold water over them, stirring the whole time; and this do till all the flour is washed out; let it settle and the flour will sink to the bottom; then pour off the water slowly: cut out the flour and let it dry before the fire; when dry sift it, and keep it either in bags or a jar covered close. Potato flour can be used to make sweets, or boiled with milk, vanilla, or lemon-peel, or almonds to taste; then put into a mould, and when cold turned out. It can be garnished with strips of preserved fruits, blanched almonds, or strips of lemon-peel. A spoonful of brandy, wine, maraschino, or noyau, might be added, in place of the vanilla, to vary the flavor.

**Maizena Blanc Mange.**—Quarter of a pound of maizena to three pints of milk. Put two and a half pints of milk to boil with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar and some thinly-pared lemon-rind. Mix the maizena with the remaining cold milk, and add a few drops of almond flavoring. When the other milk is boiling, strain it and stir it to the maizena. Put it all into the saucepan, just let it boil a minute or two, and pour it into moulds which have been previously stood in cold water. This is a very wholesome dish, and will be found particularly nice to eat with baked or stewed fruit.

**Sago Pudding.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of sago to soak for two hours in a pint and a half of new milk. Put it into a saucepan with the thin rind of half a lemon, and let it simmer ten minutes. Take out the lemon-peel, and put the milk and sago into a pie-dish with one ounce of butter and three ounces of sugar. Stir it well, and when cool, add three well-beaten eggs. Grate nutmeg over the top. The dish may be lined with paste, if approved. Bake the pudding from a half to three-quarters of an hour.

**Bread Pudding.**—One pound of bread-crumbs or biscuit, soaked in one quart of milk, run through a sieve or colander; add seven eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, one gill of rose-water, one pound of raisins, half a pint of milk; bake three-quarters of an hour in a middling hot oven.

#### CAKES.

**Bachelors' Buttons.**—These delicious little cakes are prepared by rubbing two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour; add five ounces of white sugar, beat an egg with half the sugar, and put it to the other ingredients. Add almond flavoring according to taste; roll them in the hand to about the size of a large nut, sprinkle them with lump-sugar, and place them on tins, with buttered paper. They should be baked lightly.

**Light Cake.**—Take two pounds of sifted flour, and cut into this a quarter of a pound of butter, or very nice sweet lard, a small cup of powdered sugar, and milk enough to mix it into a good dough; add a little salt, and raise it with a wineglassful of good yeast, add two well-beaten eggs, and form it into rolls.

**Fruit Cakes.**—Make a batter of one quart of flour and one quart of milk, three eggs, well beaten, and a wineglassful of yeast; beat all together, and add a little salt, then let it rise, and cut into the flour a large spoonful of butter; beat this thoroughly, and when risen put into muffin-rings, and bake on the griddle.

**Rout Cakes.**—One pound of flour, dried and sifted, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sifted lump-sugar, half a pound of currants. Mix these together with two eggs, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, and a tablespoonful of brandy; drop on tin, in pieces about the size of a walnut. Ten minutes is quite long enough to bake them.

**Lemon Cheese-Cakes.**—Three ounces of butter, half-pound of loaf-sugar, three eggs, leaving out two whites, the rind grated, and the juice of one large lemon; boil it till the sugar is dissolved, and it becomes the consistency of honey.

**Flannel Cakes.**—Beat two eggs, and put into a quart of milk a large spoonful of butter, stir in as much flour as will make it to the consistency of muffins, then add a little salt, and a large spoonful of yeast; beat this well together; this must be set to rise in the morning, bake on a griddle.

#### MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

**How to Dry Sea-Weeds.**—After having collected a sufficient quantity, wash them well in fresh water, that there may be no sand or mud on the weeds, let them remain for about half an hour in the water. Put each piece on thick paper, either writing, cartridge, or printing cardboard, according to the size of the weed; pour some clear water on the weed, but not so much that the alga floats on the paper. Take now a long-pointed pin, and arrange with this and the fingers. The weed must be placed on the paper with taste, and not too near the edge. If there are any superfluous branches or strange weeds adhering, they should be cut off with small scissors. After the weed is mounted, soak up the water on the paper with a sponge, but care must be taken in doing so, as very often it disarranges the specimen. When all the weeds are mounted, lay them on blotting-paper, covering over with muslin, again place blotting-paper with weeds and muslin until all are covered. At the last put several sheets of blotting-paper, place all between two thick boards the size of the blotting-paper, laying something heavy on the top. After letting them so for about a day, renew the process with fresh blotting-paper and muslin, and press them again for a day. This must be repeated daily until the weeds are nearly dry, (four or five days), when they may be put into books to finish drying. The blotting-paper and muslin may be used again after perfect drying.

**How to Ephemeric Radishes.**—Radishes may be grown in a very few days by the following method: Let some good radish-seed soak in water for twenty-four hours; then put them into a bag, and expose it to the sun. In the course of the day, germination will commence. The seed must then be sown in a well-manured hot-bed, and watered from time to time with lukewarm water. By this treatment the radishes will, in a very short time, acquire a sufficient bulk, and be good to eat. If it be required to get good radishes in winter, during the severe cold, an old cask should be sawn in two, and one half of it filled with good earth. The radish-seed, beginning to shoot, as before, must be then sown in, the other half of the barrel put on the top of the full one, and the whole apparatus carried down into the cellar. For watering, lukewarm water should be used, as before. In the course of five or six days, the radishes will be fit to eat.

**To Preserve Butter.**—The cause of the tainting of fresh butter depends upon the presence of a small quantity of curd and water. To render butter capable of being kept for any length of time in a fresh condition, that is, as a pure salad oil, all that is necessary is to boil it in a pan till the water is removed, which is marked by the cessation of violent ebullition. By allowing the liquid oil to stand for a little, the curd subsides, and the oil may then be poured off, or it may be strained through calico or muslin into a bottle, and corked up. When it is to be used, it may be gently heated and poured out of the bottle, or cut out by means of a knife, or cheese-gauge.

**Washing Preparation.**—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two tablespoonfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

**Care for Wicker Baskets, or any Small Articles of the Kind.**—Dissolve one stick of black sealing-wax and one stick of red in two ounces of spirits of wine. Lay it on with a small brush.



## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE TULETAN, made with puffings, which are looped up on one side with an ornament of scarlet gimp. Scarlet jacket, richly embroidered, is worn over the shoulders on leaving the ball-room.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with the eyes of the peacock's feathers, and deep fringe to correspond in color.

FIG. III.—MORNING DRESS OF STONE-COLORED CASHMERE.—Cut in the Gabrielle style, and trimmed with interlaced horse-shoes made of velvet, and ornamented with steel.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS AND PALETOT OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and heavy cord of the two shades of blue. The skirt opens at the bottom over white silk to simulate a petticoat.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS AND PALETOT (when unlooped) OF BLUE ALPACA.—The skirt has a flounce, and the paletot and dress are both trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with a bias band of white plush, put on to imitate a double skirt. A deep ruffle at the back beneath the plush band.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK, trimmed with fringe. Jacket of black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our remarks on the fashions, in the November number of this Magazine, were so full that it has left us but little that is new for the present month. In spite of the predictions abroad, and the example of a few of the ultra-fashionables, long skirts are still the only ones worn in our drawing-rooms. Of course, the looped-up skirts, or skirts made short enough without the necessity of looping, are more in favor as the bad walking increases.

MOST OF THE NEW DRESSES are made with round waists, and are worn with a rather broad belt. This shortens the length of the waist, of course, and is only becoming to slender figures; but it will be the fashion, and every one will follow it. Even if jackets and basques are worn, the waistband is worn too.

SLEEVES are very close to the arm.

SASHES are now sometimes tied at the side, just back of the left arm. This is new and pretty.

THE STYLE OF TRIMMING SKIRTS is left to the taste of the wearer. Anything may be in the fashion.

SICILIAN BANDS are worn with all white dresses; they consist of a half bodice, straight both in the front and at the back, and with two long ends or sashes, which fall nearly to the edge of the skirt behind. The ends are trimmed with lace, and loops of ribbon are placed between them and upon the shoulders. These Sicilian bodices are very inexpensive; they do not cut into much material, and any odds and ends of lace can be used for trimming them. For autumn wear they will be made of black velvet, and for all demi-toilets will be found most useful accessories.

THIBET FRINGE is much used for trimming handsome silk dresses; and a coarse lace called "Cluny guipure," is very popular for evening dresses, when it is thickly ornamented with crystal or pearl beads. In fact, all kinds of braid is very much used on evening dresses for married ladies.

PALETOTS are worn rather short, and sometimes quite loose, and sometimes rather fitting the figure. They are very much trimmed generally, the trimming being carried up the sides and back.

THE EMPRESS BONNET is the fashion now, only it is made in a variety of styles. We give several engravings to show this. Some of the velvet bonnets have the plain, round crown, and some the soft crown. They are usually close to the face.

FEATHERS will be but little worn on bonnets this autumn, for the leaders of fashion are trying to introduce ornaments, such as cameos and enamels, in their stead. These are used as *agrafes* to the long *tulle de soie* veils, which are now the only trimmings upon bonnets.

all sorts of *agrafes*, chains, and pins, specially for ornamenting autumn and winter bonnets.

A BEAUTIFUL BONNET for evening wear was recently made in Paris. The edge of the bonnet was composed of a wide puffing of pink tulle; the remainder of smaller puffings; a beautiful open work silver ornament, of an indecipherable lightness, was used to fasten two long tulle ends to the center of the bonnet. This silver ornament had a small cornelian in its center. The tulle scarfs, or ends, were carried round the crown to the back, and were united with another and smaller ornament; the cap was formed with pink tulle and three most delicate silver ornaments. A great deal of art is necessary to mix tulle and ornaments with pleasing effect.

BONNETS are also very fashionable on these Empire bonnets. The sides of the bonnets are so close that they only admit of one row of scantily quilled blonde. The hair, in many cases, will be worn in short curls at the back.

THE LONG ENDS OF RIBBON AND VELVET, hanging down the back as reins, are still fashionable.

NECKLACES, BALLS, EAR-RINGS, ETC., of rock crystal, are as much in favor as ever.

FOR THE HAIR, bandelets with stars are all the rage at the present moment; they are not embroidered on the velvet, but are made separately, and sewn down upon it; they sparkle at candle-light, and are wonderfully effective in the hair. The bandelets can now be purchased either ready-mounted or as ribbon. The ribbon is preferable, because it can be added easily to any arrangement of hair. When the hair is dressed, the ribbon can be bound three times round the head, whether the *bandeaux* be flat or puffed out, *crepes* or plain—with all styles the three bandelets are worn. They are as frequently studded with gold and silver as with steel stars. Silver produces a soft and pleasing effect on sky-blue velvet. Straw stars are frequently to be seen, also, on these bandelets.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF BLACK VELVET.—It is trimmed with fur, and fastened around the waist with a belt of Russia leather. Black velvet cap.

FIG. II.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF GRAY CLOTH for a boy.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The frock is of white alpaca, scalloped around the edge, and trimmed with black velvet and black braid. Paletot of fawn-colored cloth, trimmed with black velvet and black braid. Fawn-colored hat.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—It is trimmed with a band of velvet of a deeper shade than the dress, which is edged on each side with cord. The paletot is to correspond.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For in-door wear, children's frocks are made with small jackets. Thus for a little girl or boy under four years old, a frock with a square, low body without sleeves, looks well, made of blue cashmere, trimmed round with thick, white Cluny guipure, and a small, round jacket with sleeves trimmed to correspond. A pleated chemisette is worn inside.

A PRETTY DRESS for a little girl of five years of age, is a skirt of white mohair, trimmed with a border of red silk, edged on each side with a fringe of tiny silk balls of the same color; this skirt has two small slit pockets in front, with ornaments to correspond. The small Zouave jacket is also trimmed in the same manner, and opens upon a white muslin chemisette, embroidered in point Russe with red silk. A white hat, with a black and crimson braid.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL about ten years old, a dress and paletot of Nankeen-colored mohair, trimmed with a border of scalloped-out black velvet studded with round steel beads; or, again, scalloped out round the bottom and bound with black velvet, and one velvet button placed within each scallop.

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