



LACE CAPE.



SENORITA DRESS.

Coro

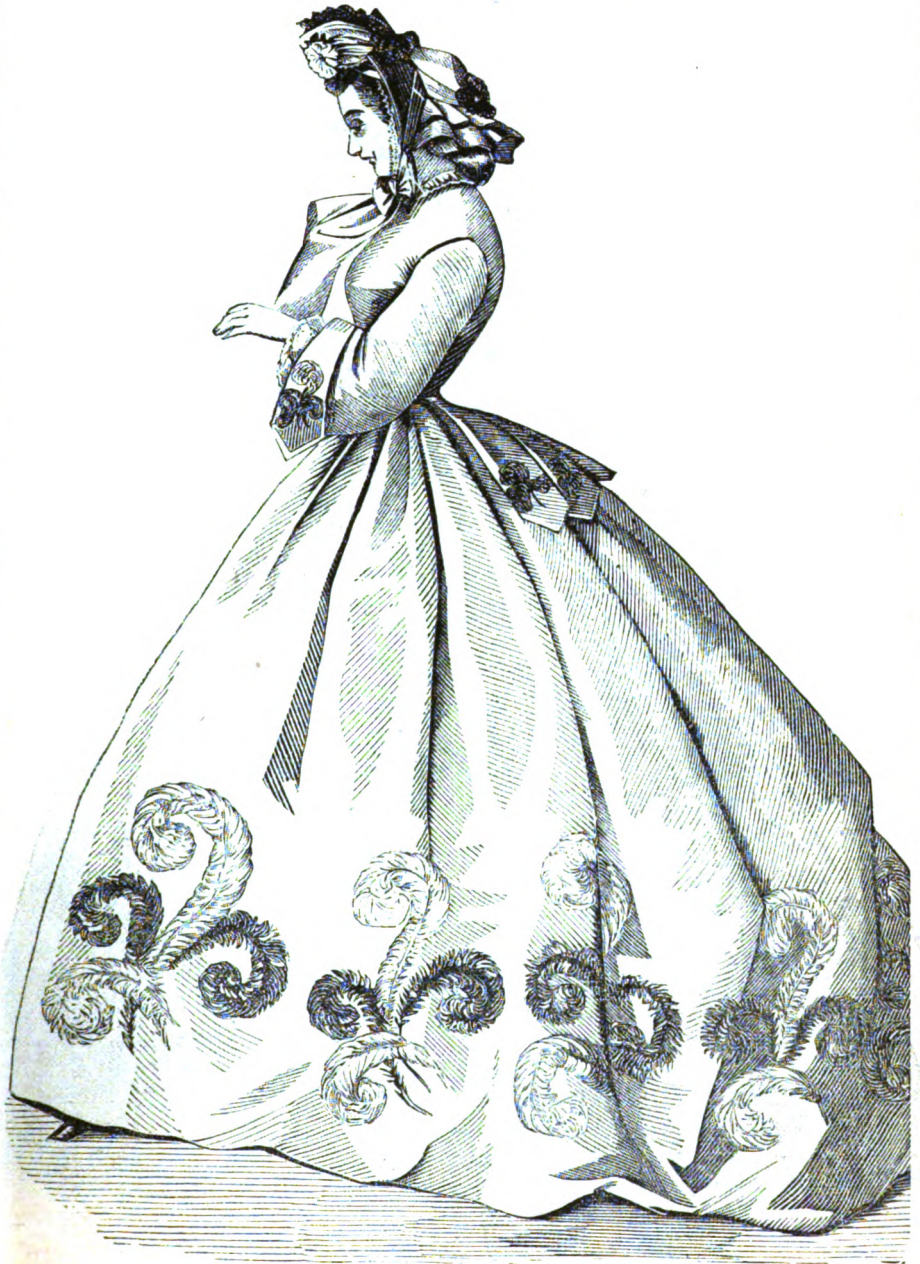
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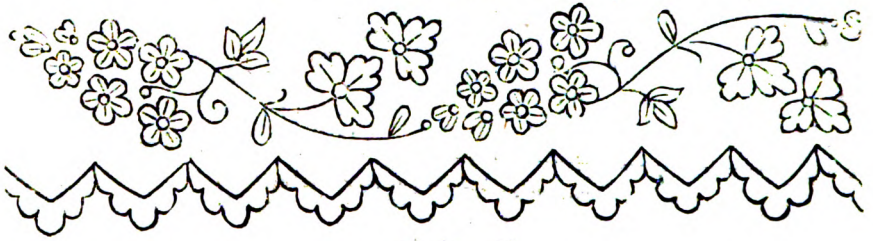
WALKING DRESS.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



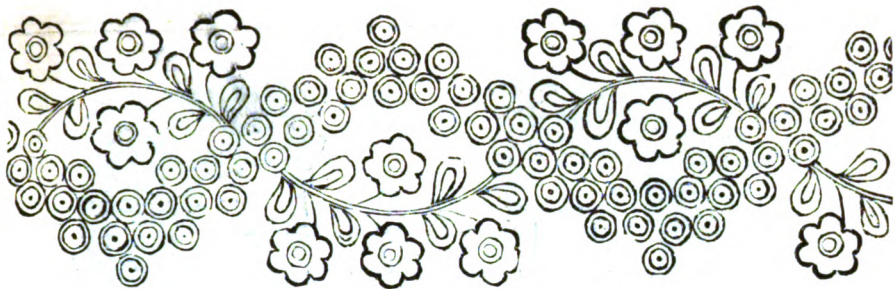
WALKING DRESS.



EDGING.



EVENING DRESS.



INSERTION.



LACE CLOAK.



NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.



INFANT'S DRAWERS.



FLANNEL UNDER-DRESS FOR INFANT.

Yes, I Would the War were Over.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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Moderato.

PIANO.

p *f*

mf *cres.* *rall.*

Yes, I would the war were o - ver, Would the cru - el work were done :

p *f*

With my country su - di - vi - ded, And the bat - tle fought and won.

YES, I WOULD THE WAR WERE OVER.

Let the contest now be-fore us, Be de-ci-ded by the sword,

f *p*

For the war can-not be end-ed Till the U-nion is re-stor'd.

f *mf* *cres.* *rall.*

CHORUS.

Yes, I would the war were o-ver, Would the cru-el work were done;

Ped. *

With my country still u-ni-ted And the man-y states in one.

2.
 Dead upon the field of battle,
 Husbands, sons and brothers lie;
 Friends are waiting—wives and mothers,
 Looking for them—bye and bye,
 Far away from home forever,
 Many a noble boy lies slain;
 Look not for thy child, fond mother—
 Thou shalt see him not again.

3.
 Yes, I would the war were ended,
 And the cruel struggle o'er;
 But our flag must be defended,
 And our country as before.
 Peace indeed, is Heaven's blessing,
 Though its joys are easy lost,
 Still we'll battle for our nation,
 Whatso'er it yet may cost.

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WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

| |
|--------------------------------|
| July Number. Seventy-Five. |
| August Number. Forty-Six. |
| September Number. Sixty-Three. |
| October Number. Seventy-Four. |
| November Number. Sixty. |
| December Number. Seventy-Four. |

MUSIC.

| |
|---------------------------------|
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| Danish Dance. |
| Down upon the Rappahannock. |
| Comet Waltz. |
| Do They Think of Me at Home? |
| Home, Sweet Home. |



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.



LACE CAPE.



SENORITA DRESS.

Coro

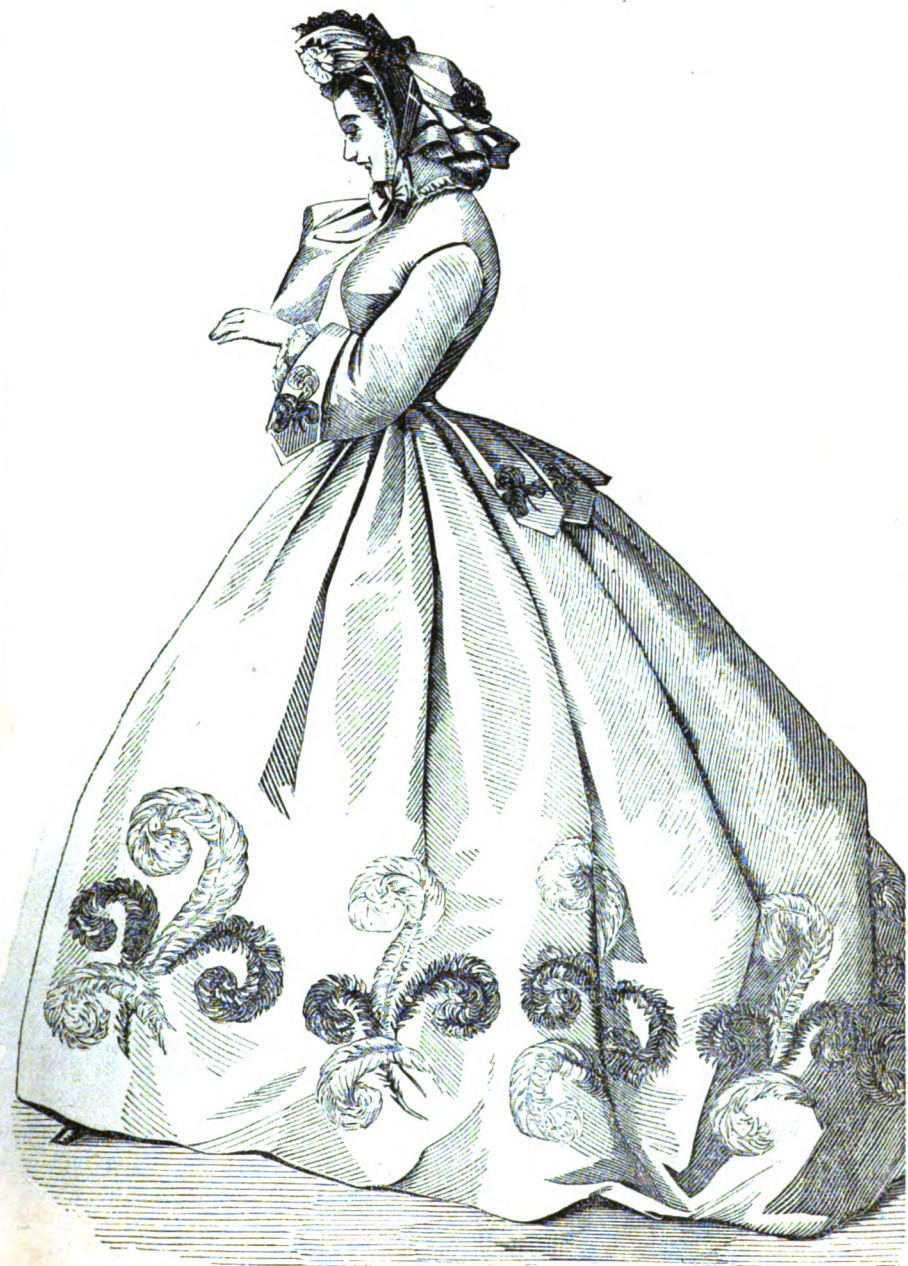
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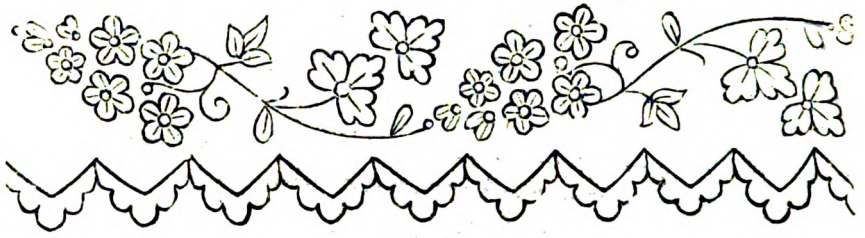
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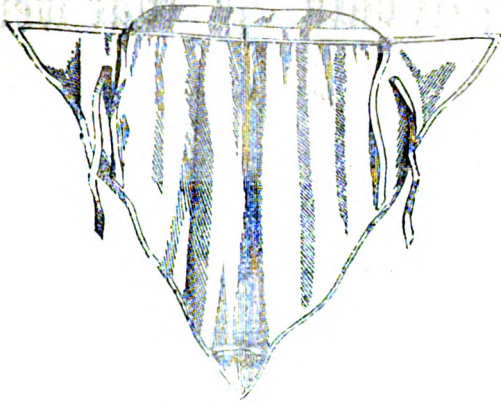
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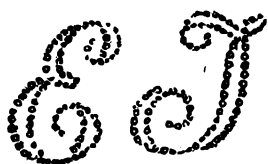
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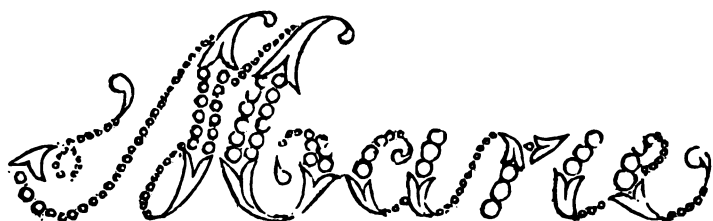
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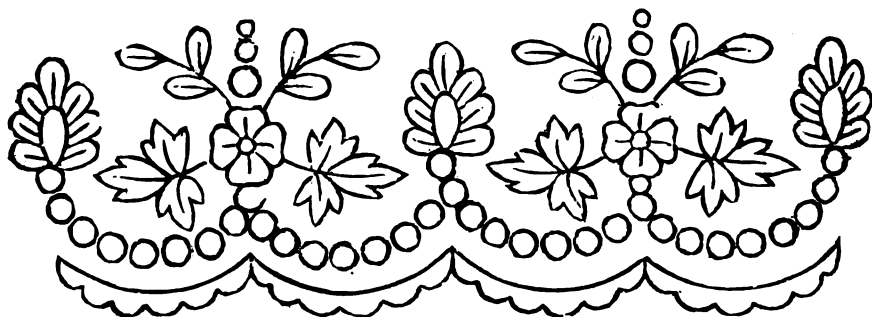
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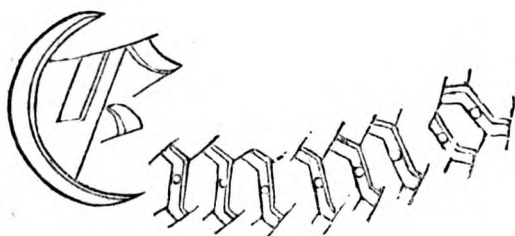
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HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1863.

No. 1.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE sun had gone down, and, for half an hour, the light had been failing. You could no longer distinguish between objects on the distant mountain side, for shadow had mingled with shadow, until a thick veil covered all.

Few can sit in the twilight without an intrusion of sadness. It steals into the heart as the light recedes; and as the veil that falls on nature grows darker and darker, the soul seems to be losing itself amid strange obscurities. Its vision is bolder. It cannot see as it once saw; nor confide as it once confided. A weight lies upon the heart. There is a sense of weakness, of loneliness—tears brim the eyelids and wet the lashes.

It is thus with many. It was so with a friend upon whom I called last evening. She was sitting alone in the dim twilight, and I saw a tear hastily brushed aside, as I gave her my hand, and took a place beside her, near a large, open window, that looked away over a broad landscape to a range of distant hills.

"Alone?" I said.

"Yes." There was a tender sadness in her voice.

"How calm and still! Like a tired child, nature seems going to rest."

"It is very still and very calm," she answered. Then, after a moment, she added, "And very obscure. The gray shadows gather about everything—without and within. The light has gone out; and I feel the coming darkness—feel it on my soul. The sun has indeed gone down."

"The sun of God's love never sets. It is always in the sky," I made answer.

"I look up—I search through the firmament. But it is not there. I see only a leaden canopy," said my friend. "Oh, this life! This life!" she added. "How the shadows lie upon everything! We grope along blindly, as a man without eyes,

feeling right and left, hesitating, uncertain as to where the next step will find us. I am in despair, sometimes. You say the sun never sets. Where is it? I cannot see its face!"

"As the earth turns from the sun, so we, in our changing state, turn also. The sun is there, and holds its place forever fixed in the mid heavens. The twilight and the darkness are our own."

She sighed heavily, and sat silent.

"He leads us by a way that we know not," I said, trying to lift her up into faith and trust.

"Though our way in life be amid dangers and through wildernesses, His right hand shall lead us. So He has promised. The day and the night are alike unto Him. Though we may be blind, He sees. Though the path be hidden from our eyes, it is plain to Him; and if we pass onward, trusting in Him, our feet shall not stumble. When we turn away from the sun, He gives us the moon, by which to walk; and when the moon goes down, the stars are left. He spangles the sky with them, that we may still have knowledge of His existence, and thence faith in His love."

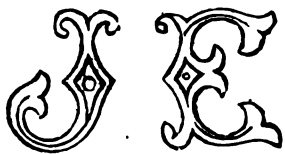
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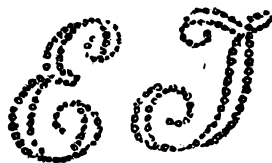
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"And there is another. How tranquilly it shines!"

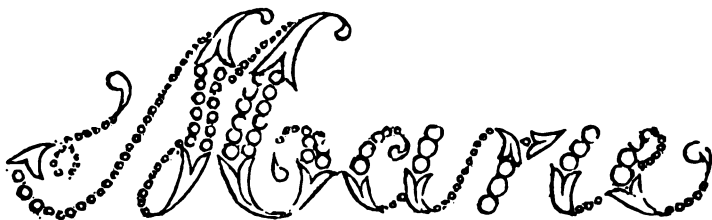
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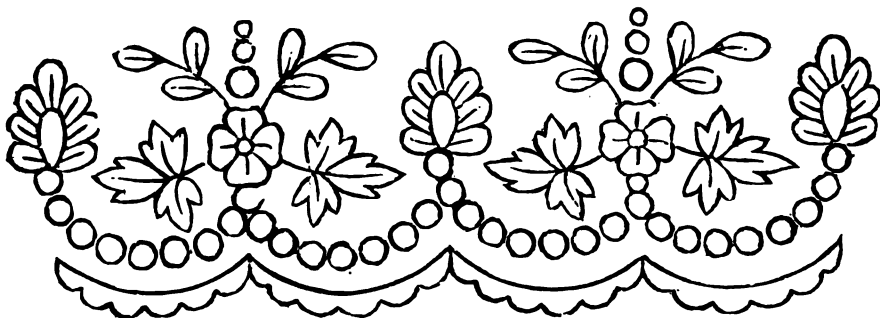
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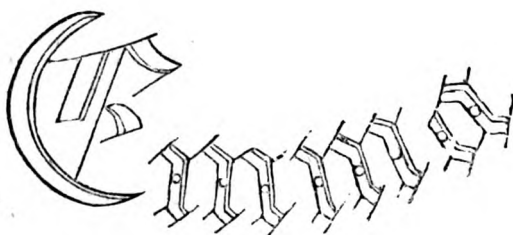
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"And fixed forever in its place, like truth," I answered. "It is always there. When the sun floods our atmosphere with light, or clouds hang over us, or the veil of twilight obscures, we do not see the stars. But the heavens are ordained of God, and the stars have their places; stars in the natural firmament, and also those

brighter stars in the spiritual firmament to which they correspond. Nature, seen aright, is always a revelation of God to the soul; for, made by His divine hand, must it not in all things bear His image? The stars shine out for us when we have turned away from the sunlight; and they establish our wavering faith well-nigh lost in the sombre twilight. They are as knowledge of truths in the mind, when love has grown cold, and faith departed, and we grope under the shadows of self-tormenting doubt; stumbling amid the broken idols established by self-love, but, in God's Providence, cast down and shattered. The stars are our consolers and our teachers."

"Another—another—and still another." Even while my friend listened, she was searching the firmament with her eyes, and star after star greeted her.

"Yes, there is a wonderful power in the stars," she said. "Wonderful! I have felt it many times. The twilight comes to me, always, in sadness. I am tearful and desponding. It seems as if a veil had dropped down between me and God. As if He had departed from me. As if I had been given over to doubt and despair. But, when the stars appear, a new life

is born. My mind is clearer and calmer; and I find myself repeating words of Scripture like these: 'He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth all by their names.' 'He giveth the stars for a light by night.' 'They shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' 'I am the bright and morning star.' 'There shall come a star out of Jacob.' 'Ye have seen his star in the East.' And then thought grows busy. I see that God ordains the stars as well as the sun. That He is present with us in the night season as surely as in the day time; and so peace falls on my troubled spirit, and confidence succeeds to doubt. Oh, blessed stars! Ye come to our weak hearts in the obscuring twilight, and lift again heavenward our drooping souls."

Yes, blessed stars! They give light to our feet when the sun has gone down. They are our comforters in the deepening twilight; our teachers when the day has departed. If love is cold, and faith weak, knowledges of truths, stored up in our mind, like stars in the sky, shall show us the way in our night seasons; shall image to us the sun and the moon, and guide us safely until day comes forth again in beauty and brightness. †

DEATH.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Oh! wondrous Sphinx! within thy marble breast

What undreamed secrets lie concealed!

Hast thou no pity for my wild unrest—

My maddening longing for the unrevealed?

As soon might I expect the stones to melt

Beneath the vernal April's frequent rain—

As soon might I expect Thou wouldst relent,

And give unto my arms my dead again!

"Blind on the rocks" I stand, and stretch my hands,

Wearied and faint unto my God I cry:

Oh! show to me these mysteries of Death,

Even if them to learn I too must die!

The days pass on—He does not heed my prayer,

He still has work on earth for me to do:

Oh! wondrous Sphinx! my lips shall one day wear

Thy smile of peace when all my work is through!

Then shall my soul escape these bonds of clay,

Soaring through space to solve thy secrets old!

Then shall my dead be given back to me!

Then shall the wisdom of my God unfold!

SNOW.

BY MAUD MULLER.

Oh! dainty, delicate dropping snow,

That's drifting the brown earth over,

Fall lightly upon those turfless mounds,

Which the brave of our nation cover!

Wrap them about with a misty veil,

Spotless and pure as those sleepers pale,

Whose breath went out on the Southern gale—

Till the Spring-time comes with the clover.

Oh! dainty, delicate dropping snow,

The brown earth to purity turning,

Come, speak of that meeting beyond the flood,

'Twill stifle this passionate yearning

That comes when we think of those sleepers pale,

So white and still 'neath your misty veil—

And know no Northern nor Southern gale

May whisper of their returning.

THE PATIENT HEART OF MARTHA PAYSON.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

I.—MOTHER AND CHILD.

IN the little town of Ryefield, in the hill-country of Connecticut, stood, and stands, a great, square, wood-colored farm-house. At the west of it rise the hills, looking green and near at hand, with the woods nodding upon their summits, and blue, and soft, and hazy in the distance. Over them the mists of morning rise goldenly, and the sunset lights linger and burn. A little to the eastward rolls the Quinebaug, a stream with blue, placid waters, and banks clothed with verdure. Nature has poured out her bounteous largesse of beauty to bless and adorn the spot, but art, or rather the want of art, has pertinaciously defied her.

The house itself could scarcely be dingier, more desolate, or more forlorn. Old hats and fragments of coats have been thrust in here and there to supply the place of panes of glass in the upper windows. The door-step is jagged and broken. The gate, long bereft of fastening, creaks on its rusty hinges. Everything wears a neglected aspect. Not a single flower is planted in the wide yard; not a tree shelters the abode from the sun; no vines clamber over the door. The whole place seems quite in harmony with the only human beings visible about it, at the time our story opens—a hunch-backed old woman, and a lame old man, sitting on the front door-step, and basking themselves in the sun like torpid snakes.

A fashion still prevails, in most of the country towns of Connecticut, of "selling the town's poor," as it is called. A town meeting is held, and those, generally some five or six in number, desirous of eking out their slender incomes by assuming this responsibility, take, each one, a piece of chalk, and mark down their terms for boarding that year's paupers, "more or less." To the lowest bidder the poor, with no voice in the matter, are turned over like so many bags of wool. For the credit of New England, let me add that they usually receive very tolerable treatment.

By means of this arrangement, the paupers of Ryefield had been for several successive years under the charge of Solomon Griggs,

owner and occupant of the aforesaid brown farm-house. He had grown popular in his vocation, and it was so poorly remunerative that no one cared to take it away from him.

Among the present inmates of his dwelling were two for whom it seemed a strangely unsuitable home—a mother and her child. The mother, Mrs. Payson, was quite young, of a most refined and lady-like aspect. She had been for many months gradually dying of consumption. The child was a little, shy, delicate creature, only four years old. Mrs. Griggs had known the young mother in the days when she had been the light of a happy home; and she could not bear to abandon her to the ministrations of old Polly, the customary nurse of the establishment. She had given her a room for herself and her child, where they could be free from intrusion; and every day she passed all the time she could spare from her other duties at the consumptive's bedside. She had been sitting there on the sultry June afternoon of which I write, while Mrs. Payson had lain in a sleep so quiet you might almost have mistaken it for death. The little girl, meantime, had gone out into the sunshine, which rested with such a bright, boding stillness over the parched fields.

At length the sick woman started up with a sudden waking. A beautiful smile broke over her white face, and she cried eagerly,

"Did you hear anything?"

Mrs. Griggs shook her head, and she went on: "Oh! didn't you? I thought you must. I have been talking with Owen—my husband. He says the land where he has gone is lonely without me—the silent land—the far away land. I must leave little Martha, but God will take care of her. Will you call her in?"

The child came, flushed and tired with her solitary play, and Mrs. Griggs sat her up on the side of her mother's bed. That young mother looked at her fondly, smoothed back her dusky hair, kissed her dark eyes, and her full, childish lips. Then she drew from her own neck a slender, golden chain, to which was attached a locket containing a miniature.

"That is Owen," she said, looking lingeringly on the pictured face—"little Martha's father, Mrs. Griggs. You will let her keep it, won't you? I want her to wear it always. I could never part with it before—not even when I was suffering for bread. But I shall not need it any longer—I am going to Owen now."

Mrs. Griggs thought she had been dreaming, or that her fancy had grown morbid, lying so much alone, and thinking of death; but she feared no immediate danger, for Mrs. Payson had seemed, for several days, to suffer less than usual. So she waited until the mother had clasped the chain round her child's neck, and drawn the little one to her bosom, as she always slept, and then went out of the room.

The little girl sank into a peaceful slumber, and the mother lay there watching her, and praying to heaven for her a mother's last, yearning, passionate prayers.

Two hours afterward Mrs. Griggs came back. As she opened the door the child awoke; but the mother, meanwhile, had gone to sleep, and she would awake again only with the waking which is eternal. With the night shadows closing round the earth, she had closed her eyes, stretched out her groping hands toward the Infinite, and trembled to her husband's side in the land where night never comes.

Then the storm broke—a wild, drening rain; weeping, as if to pour out over the world all heaven's sorrow for earth's passion and despair. The winds shrieked, the trees writhed and moaned; but that little, patient child, only four years old, sat pale and still beside the only thing she loved on earth, and made no outcry of lamentation.

That was her first sorrow. She had been too young to realize it when her father died. Her mother's was all the love she had ever known, and in that love, poor, poverty-stricken little creature as she was, she had been happy, hitherto. What was left now to brighten her lot, when the sole lamp of love that lit her life had gone out forever? So early she bent meekly to the yoke of sorrow.

Mrs. Griggs had too many children of her own to take the little orphan to her heart; and too many cares to bestow much time upon her. She gave her a bed to herself in the room where the pauper children slept, and a kind word now and then. For the rest, the child stood alone.

And so four years passed away, until Martha Payson was eight years old. Then, by hands not very kindly or gentle, the next leaf in her book of destiny was turned for her.

II.—MRS. DEACON PETTIBONE.

In a house scarcely three-quarters of a mile away over the fields, Mrs. Deacon Pettibone sat, with her foot on the rocker of a cradle, in which lay a two months' baby. There was something incongruous between the woman and her occupation. Mrs. Pettibone did not look in the least maternal. She rejoiced in an extraordinary angularity of figure. She had little, cold-looking gray eyes, with a steely glitter to them; high cheek bones, peaked nose, and very sharp chin and elbows. Her tall, gaunt figure was arrayed in a dark dress, long in the waist, and narrow in the skirt; and she sat there, stiff and straight, in the midst of her barren-looking room, as if, with the very spirit of a hero, she might be broken, but never bent.

She was a thrifty woman, and it irked her to hear the feet of her handmaiden moving to and fro in the kitchen beyond. Her baby was two months old now, and she as strong as ever. What was the use of her sitting idle, and letting that girl, careless hussy, waste her substance? She was able to do her own work, and why shouldn't she? But then there must be some one to stay with Tommy. For a moment she ran over expedients in her mind. Why not get an orphan from the poor-house? She could take her of the select-men, and then she could have her, for years to come, at no heavier cost than her clothes and her keep. There was one child there she would like to take. Only yesterday she had heard it said what an interesting child Martha Payson was. The girl was eight years old now, "old enough to be set to work and kept at it;" and there were reasons why it would be sweet to Mrs. Pettibone's heart to be her task-mistress.

There had been a time when Mrs. Deacon Pettibone had had her youthful day of hopes and dreams—blest dreams as ever gladdened any other dreamer's brain—and it had been the voice of Owen Payson, which filled all the chambers of her heart. It was haunting her now, old spell, whose ghostly daughter of a well-to-do farmer—had been a very different person from the Mrs. Pettibone of to-day.

Owen Payson was an artist—a profession more rarely practiced, and it is now. He had been brought to his vocation by a heart of flame, the mind of a visionary, the soul of an enthusiast. He was graceful and handsome, full of noble, generous impulses, and potent faith and fervor. He came to Ryefield, and boarded one summer in Squire Osgood's family. The household

consisted of the squire himself, hearty, good-humored, liking his mug of cider, his pipe, and his nap after dinner; Mrs. Osgood, a meek, patient woman, with watery eyes, and one of those faces which seem perpetually asking pardon for the space they fill in life—a sort of upper servant, drudging from morning till night; Miss Nancy, herself; and Matty Allen, the little bound girl, who milked the cows, ran of errands, washed the dishes, and bore patiently with all Miss Nancy's fits of ill-humor. The latter became less frequent after the young lady fell in love. Even to her, ungentle subject as she seemed, love came, as it always does, like an angel of peace, soothing and softening her nature.

Mr. Payson was a true gentleman, and the very essence of gentlemanliness is courtesy and honor toward women. When Miss Nancy constituted herself the companion of his rambles, he was too polite not to be attentive. At her request he even began to give her drawing lessons, but her attempts so closely resembled the famous picture of Daniel and the Lions, where Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by his having a blue cotton umbrella, that he threw up his office in despair.

Miss Nancy's perceptions were not among her sharp points. It never occurred to her that there could be any other attraction than herself to keep Owen Payson so long at the farm; and she was too self-satisfied to notice that he always chose to sketch the cows when the little bound girl was milking them.

She was a sweet, little creature, that Matty Allen, bound girl though she was. She had never had any one to love her since she was old enough to remember. Perhaps Mrs. Osgood would have been glad to, but she had no time to think of anything but the wearing toil that had long ago crushed all the brightness and buoyancy out of her life. The girl's own heart was full of love for every familiar thing. She loved even the great, square, substantial red-brick house which she called her home, with its yard in front squarely set out with peonies, and poppies, and hollyhocks, with her own little patch of violets and mignonnette in an out-of-the-way corner. She loved the old squire, and he must have known it, for it was her hands which brought him his bowl of cool milk, when he came in hot and tired from the dusty hay-field, or found his calf-skin "pumps" for him in the evening. She had room in her heart too for Mrs. Osgood, and even Miss Nancy, whose queer ways she never thought of resenting.

But her heart had loves higher still. She had never read much of heaven, but her spirit

trembled to its Great Peace when she looked up to the clear blue sky of the summer, or the solemn glory of the patient stars, and a voice in her soul murmured, "Our Father." Akin to this untaught worship was her love for the beautiful. Not a passionate yearning, like Owen Payson's, but an outgushing, healthful love, linking her to tree, and flower, and fountain, and making part of her daily life. She was fresh and pure, not very gifted, but a bonny, pleasant maiden, singing from morning till night over her uncongenial tasks.

She, too, as most women would, admired Owen Payson, though she had never thought of loving him. It was a surprise, utter, yet welcome, when he came to her one day as she was spinning, and told her how full his heart had become of her image; and that he would fain win her for his wife. She did not speak at once; but he knew his answer when the blue eyes looked shyly downward, the young cheek crimsoned with blushes, and the thread and the distaff dropped from the little bronze fingers he clasped in his own.

Miss Nancy Osgood had read but one novel in her life, and in its pages a poor man loved the Lady Barbara, and the Lady Barbara being proud and cold, he dared not tell his love, and so grew pale and died of a broken heart, as lovers use in story books; though in actual life, "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Fully believing that her own passion was returned, her fancy had for some time pictured Owen Payson in the pitiful state of Lady Barbara's lover—keeping silence because she was the squire's daughter, and he dared not ask her hand. Standing one morning before the six-by-nine inch looking-glass in her maiden chamber, mercilessly twisting her hair into cork-screw ringlets, she was benevolently contriving a plan to relieve him from his dilemma.

Her mother's slow, toilsome step climbing the stair rudely snapped the thread of her musings. Throwing open the door, Mrs. Osgood, puffing and panting from her unusual haste, exclaimed with pitiless abruptness,

"Well, now, Nancy, ef this don't beat all! Matty hain't been seen this mornin', and she ain't in her room, and Mr. Payson ain't nowhere round nuther."

Down fell Miss Nancy's castle-in-the-air, and great was the fall of it. A sudden certainty of evil struck sword-sharp, sword-keen, to her heart. She sprang down stairs, across the kitchen, and up to the chamber over the woodshed, which was the bound girl's own.

There was a great deal of character in this little room, with the snow white pine furniture, the little saucer of violets and mignonnette on the stand, and the frame of oak leaves round the bit of broken looking-glass.

Miss Nancy stalked rudely in and opened the drawers. The girl had taken out the simple white frock which was her sole finery, and there lay the cast-off garments of her servitude. At sight of them Miss Nancy started back with a sudden cry, as if she had looked upon grave clothes. She shut the drawer, as if to shut away some vision of terror, and then she saw, lying upon the floor, a tiny note, which had fluttered downward unperceived, and been left behind in the little maiden's hurry. Miss Nancy pounced upon it eagerly. It was from Owen Payson, and in it he called the poor bound girl his "beautiful darling."

"Heigho!" cried Miss Nancy, spitefully, "and so our milk-maid was beautiful, was she?"

The significance of this fact had never before dawned on her comprehension; but, now that she had made the discovery, this fatal beauty was a sin she would never forgive. She crushed the note in her fingers, and, stalking to the stand, picked up another piece of paper, on which was traced the bound girl's simple prayer for forgiveness:

"Dear Mr. Osgood, and Mrs. Osgood, and Miss Nancy, please to forgive me. I have gone away to be married to Mr. Payson. He loved me, and I could not help doing as he wished."

Holding this scrap of paper in her hand Miss Nancy descended the stairs.

"The shameless jade!" she ejaculated.

"Du tell! What *has* she done?" cried poor, meek Mrs. Osgood, open-mouthed for once with astonishment.

"Coaxed Owen Payson into running away with her and marrying her."

"Sakes alive! I dunno what I shall do. She saved me a mighty sight o' work. But how do you know? What did she wear to be married in?"

"Can't you be a fool?" was the dutiful rejoinder; and the irate Miss Nancy flung herself out of the room.

For a few moments thereafter she was very woman. She had loved with a woman's love; she wept with a woman's tears; and then, with a smothered groan, the love in her heart died out. One wild struggle of its expiring life; and then in its place was born, full-statured, a deadly hate, which should pursue the innocent

young bride to her death, and then be transmitted, like real estate, to her heirs and assigns.

As months passed on, how her thoughts and her fancies pursued that bride's after life—how it tortured her to know how happy were those first months of wifehood! Matty Payson's nature was indeed very unlike her husband's. He dwelt in a land of shadows, haunted by visions of unreal beauty. In his very smile was something pensive and far away. Therefore he needed *her*. Her fresh, sunny nature gave him strength. Her interest in every practical and tangible duty imparted to him a more wholesome view of life. It was the very joy of her heart to please him. All that she understood of him she loved to idolatry, and of what she did not understand she was, like most women wedded to men of genius, intensely proud.

A year passed on and her baby slept on her bosom. How bitter Miss Nancy's heart grew when she heard of this new joy—this little Martha!

So much of bliss, and then came the dark days. Owen Payson died before his child could lisp his name. He wrought his life out into one great work, and then was translated to the land of the angels.

He had always been poor; and he had no influential friends to whom his wife could look for aid in her struggle with the world. The painting, on which he had poured out the concentrated affluence of a lifetime, was sold at auction for a hundred dollars. Bravely for two years the mother toiled and struggled to support the child he had left her; and it was not until disease had overmastered her forces that she gave up the attempt, and submitted to the poor-house—the last refuge of despair.

If Squire Osgood had been living, perhaps he would have insisted on her returning to her early home, but he slept the sleep that knows no waking; and, glad of a space to rest after her life's long toil, his wife folded her meek hands, closed her eyes which many tears had dimmed, and was laid by his side in the church-yard.

At the time Mrs. Payson entered the Ryefield Alms-house, Miss Nancy had been, for nearly a year, sole mistress of her red-brick dwelling, and it rejoiced her heart to look across the fields toward the lowly home which sheltered her former rival.

Two years after Mrs. Payson's death Miss Nancy became Mrs. Pettibone. She gave the deacon a share in her home, but never divided with him her authority, or yielded him the key of her heart.

Sitting there with her two-months' baby sleeping at her feet, the deacon's wife sent her thoughts bitterly backward over all those early days—the one love of her life slighted and scorned—the weary void since. Her retrospect roused the demon in her heart. The angel's voice had long been silent. She thought bitterly of her dead rival's child—already, it seemed, they had begun to call her "interesting." Should she leave her there, for some rich lady to adopt by-and-by—to grow up, perhaps, and triumph over her children, as her dead mother had, unconsciously and innocently, triumphed over her? Better take her to tend Tommy, and then see if *she* couldn't keep her in her place, and find her work enough to prevent her from growing up pretty, or delicate, or interesting!

In two days more all the arrangements were made, and Martha Payson was transferred to her new place of abode—bound over by the town authorities to the tender mercies of Mrs. Pettibone for ten long, weary, hopeless-looking years.

III.—IN THE GARRET.

A YEAR passed on—a year of petty persecutions and constant harshness on the part of Mrs. Pettibone—of patient endurance, and most gentle submission on that of Martha. Tommy was grown a large, fourteen months' baby now, but he made no attempts to walk, and the poor girl had him almost constantly in her arms. True to his maternal instincts, he beat and pinched his little nurse remorselessly; and she was profoundly thoughtful when, as now, she had coaxed him to sleep for a little while, and could rest her tired, aching arms.

"What are you dawdling there for?" Mrs. Pettibone exclaimed, coming into the room where Martha sat, with her foot upon the cradle, her weary arms dropped for a moment at her side, and her eyes with an absent, dreamy, far-off look in them. "Go into the kitchen, and carry the bag of rags you'll find there up garret. Be as long as you can, of course—but you've got a pillow-case to make before you go to bed, and you'll have Tommy to tend when he wakes up."

Silently the child obeyed. She tugged the great bag of rags, far too heavy for her small arms, up the two long flights of stairs into the desolate attic; emptied them into the great barrel where they belonged; and then, sure that Mrs. Pettibone would call her presently, stopped a few moments to think.

She went to the window, and looked out over the fields to the old, square, brown farm-house,

which was all the home she could ever remember. It was a dreary, uninviting abode, but the child gazed toward it lovingly, her eyes wistful with a strange longing. She stretched out her hands toward it, and murmured, in a subdued voice, for she was not a passionate child, "Home, home!"

"What a great, wide world it is!" she mused on, looking out still, "and how many people in it! What different lives they must lead from hers! Was she *never* happy?" She asked herself this question with a vague, sad wonder. She clasped her hands over her brow so tightly that it ached in the vain effort to recall something a little farther back than usual. But no, her very first memory was one of grief and terror—a pale, beautiful face; tender, clinging arms, a breast where she laid her head and went to sleep, and then a waking with a confused sense of something terrible—the clinging arms stiffened round her, and ice cold lips touching her brow. Fearful as was this vision, she had another memory which haunted her with a yet more real sense of pain—of the first time she had ever seen Mrs. Pettibone.

It was a summer afternoon, too still, sultry, and oppressive for out-of-door play. The hush and stillness that more certainly than thunder portend a storm were in the air. The children were gathered round the hunchback, who was telling them an old woman's story of her own early days, when Mrs. Griggs entered the room, and with her a woman so tall that one roguish child compared her to Jack-the-Giant-Killer's bean-pole. Standing now by the garret window, she shivered as she recalled the presentiment which told her that day that the tall woman had come for her, only for her. She knew little of spiritual attraction and repulsion—she could not have accounted for that sickening thrill of fear, but she remembered now the bitter tears of dread and sorrow which she wept that night, after she had first learned her future destination. But little, humble Martha Payson had heroic blood in her veins, and she never uttered a single complaint, or made one attempt to escape her fate.

So far that fate had been a hard one. One memory in especial came back to her with a crushing sense of injury and injustice. It was of one day soon after she went to Mrs. Pettibone's. That excellent lady chanced to perceive the chain about her neck, less carefully hidden than usual, and rudely drew the locket attached to it from her bosom. Looking upon the features pictured there, a change had come over her face which the child could neither

explain or understand. She clutched it with convulsive eagerness; then, with a curious attempt at indifference, she said,

"Whose is that locket?"

"Mine. It is a picture of my father."

"No!" cried Mrs. Pettibone's enraged tones—"it is not yours. It does not belong to you; you stole it."

Martha did not resent this accusation. She was too fearful of losing the only treasure she possessed in the world to think of being angry. She said, earnestly,

"Oh! no, ma'am, I didn't steal it—indeed I didn't. My mother gave it to me the day she died. Please ask Mrs. Griggs!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind. It is mine, now, anyway, for I've got you to support, and I shall keep it."

On her knees the child begged that it might be restored to her. She wept, and sobbed, and entreated. Mrs. Pettibone listened for awhile as if she enjoyed the scene, and then walked away with the miniature. Martha had never seen it since. Once she thought of appealing to the deacon, who had always seemed to regard her with kindness. But instinctively she realized that it would be of no use. He could only pity her. Good, benevolent man as nature made him, he had no will of his own. He was but his wife's echo. So there was no help. It was only another drop of bitterness added to her cup, and she never thought of refusing to drink it. But this afternoon she recalled the scene with a new sense of wonder and mystery.

How utterly hopeless life looked to her! How much better the poor-house was, though she could never play with those children! There, at least, no one abused her. Here, looking on into the future, she could see no hope of change. Mrs. Pettibone was not likely to grow more merciful, and Tommy—she winced as she thought of his growing older, and how hard he would be able to beat and pinch her by-and-by.

How still and sultry the air was! On just such an afternoon of June her mother had died—on just such an one she had first seen Mrs. Pettibone. There was the same ominous calm. In the Northwest "the storm hung low in a swinging cloud"—it would burst by-and-by. But now—she could see waving fields of summer grain; a pond with lilies floating on its bosom; and, over all, the deep, lustrous summer sky. She lifted her eyes. The sun was going down, setting in clouds, but with regal glory. Her father's soul kindled her face. The pupils of those gray eyes dilated till they

seemed perfectly black. She clasped her hands, raising her face toward heaven. "Some one made it all," she murmured to herself. "That is what they mean by God. Great and mighty He must be—I am not afraid—He will help me!"

IV.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

MARTHA did not realize how long she stood at the garret window. When the sun went down, quite out of sight, she awoke at length from her trance. She did not understand how it was that she had been permitted to stay there so long. Something must be going to happen. It was so unlike Mrs. Pettibone. She dared not go down. She crawled away into a dark corner, and crouched there, shivering with undefined dread.

The truth was Mrs. Pettibone had, for once, been willing she should stay there. The deacon's wife had had a visitor—no other than the widow Morris, the very lady who had been the first to startle her into taking little Martha from the poor-house, by speaking of her as "so interesting." Mrs. Pettibone was glad the child was out of sight; glad of an opportunity to brand her as a sullen, disagreeable, bad girl; glad to use this prolonged absence as an illustration of ungratefulness and insolence. At length the lady rose to go. "I am sorry," she said, as she walked to the door, with the air of one not fully convinced, "sorry to hear such an account of little Martha. The child of such parents ought to be good. Her mother was as lovely as her father was gifted, and I believe those two fairly worshipped each other."

Mrs. Pettibone shut the door behind her guest actually white with rage.

"Again," she cried, in hoarse tones, "again this woman must needs tell me how beautiful Matty Allen was—how those two loved each other. See if I don't live to make their child wish she had never been born!"

She went up to the foot of the garret stairs, with her face so rigid and ghastly with rage.

"Martha," she cried, "Martha Payson, you've made a pretty long job of it. Stir yourself, come down this minute, or I'll—"

The sentence was not finished. Martha heard a sound like the fall of a heavy body, and sprang down the stairs. There, at their foot, lay stretched out the tall figure of Mrs. Pettibone, prone upon the floor, her face and her lips white as death; her eyes wide open, with strangely dilated pupils; and her hands locked together. The child's terror for herself vanished in a moment; and now she trembled with alarm for her stern task mistress.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, Mrs. Pettibone!" she cried, "what is the matter?"

She received no answer. She knelt down and strove to raise the prostrate woman, lying like a dead weight before her. In vain, she could neither lift nor rouse her. She rushed down stairs and out of the house. "Deacon Pettibone," she screamed, in such a tone of horror that the deacon hurried with shaking limbs out of the barn, and stood aghast before her.

"Mrs. Pettibone, sir—she's in a fit, at the foot of the garret stairs."

An undefined, terrible fear took possession of the deacon's mind. He hurried into the house. As he went toward his wife a gasping sigh smote upon his ear, and he drew a breath of relief.

"She's alive yet, Martha," he said, to the child, who had followed him in. He lifted her up. Strong man though he was, she was a heavy burden, and it was with difficulty he succeeded in bearing her to a bed in the nearest chamber.

"There," raising himself—"I guess she'll be better soon. I'll stay with her; and you just bring me some vinegar and water, and then run as fast as you can for Dr. Wilson. Tell him not to wait a moment."

The half-hour before the girl returned, accompanied by the doctor, seemed an eternity to the poor deacon. He had had no thought at first but that his wife would recover in a few moments. He bathed her face; he loosened her clothes; he called on her by terms of endearment long unused between them; but the dilated, strained, wide-open eyes would not see him. She seemed not even to hear his voice, or be aware of his presence. In the marriage between Deacon Pettibone and his wife, he had been the one who had loved most, and therefore, as is usually the case in marriage, suffered most. Mrs. Pettibone had been much more like a commanding officer than a companion.

Nancy Osgood was nearly thirty when he married her, and she had now been his wife for more than three years. During this whole time he had not been the victor in a single conflict of will or of opinion. A sort of crushed and down-trodden manliness in the deacon's heart rebelled sometimes against her absolute sovereignty, and he had gone so far as to wonder, now and then, who would have been his wife, if he had not married her, and whether with a gentler woman he might not have been happier. Now, in this hour of trial, all these

past repinings came back to him, like accusing spirits, and with the gush of remorseful feeling his old tenderness returned.

"Come, come, Nancy," he cried, trying to hold down her unquiet hands, "just look at me, if you can't speak. Don't you know me, Nancy? Don't ye know your poor husband?"

The doctor entered in the midst of these vain attempts to rouse her to consciousness. He advanced to the bedside, and took rapid note of all the symptoms—the colorless lips, the dilated eyes, the nausea, the restless tossing of the limbs, and the heavy, labored breathing, accompanied with deep-drawn sighs. When he spoke it was with an assured, yet mournful firmness of tone.

"There is no hope," he said. "The most we can do is to make the struggle as easy for her as possible. She is suffering from an internal hemorrhage, which must have resulted from some intense excitement. She may possibly live till toward morning; her mind will wander; she will have convulsions, probably; these present symptoms will continue, and by-and-by she will drop away."

There could be no cause assigned for the mental excitement, the extreme tension of all her faculties which was killing her. The deacon knew of none—Martha knew of none. Neither of them had heard the remarks with which the widow Morris concluded her visit; and if they had, neither of them could have understood what relation they bore to Mrs. Pettibone. Neither of them could have guessed that they unlocked, as with a magic key, the ghost-chamber of that strange woman's heart, and what a throng of ghastly spectres swarmed out, to make her brain reel with their jeers. Neither of them could have understood how, in that one moment, the pent-up rage of years gushed forth, subverting the very foundations of her life. Only God and her own heart knew how she had loved Owen Payson.

"You had better get her clothes off," said the doctor, undertaking the charge of affairs.

In the process of dis-robing, Martha's eye fell upon the chain to which was attached her father's miniature. She attempted to remove it, and this was the first thing which seemed to arouse the sick woman to any degree of consciousness. She put forth her hand and clutched the picture. "You shan't, you shan't, Matty Allen," she almost screamed, starting up with wild energy, and then sinking back again, weak and helpless as a child, with the picture still grasped in her fingers. Martha gave up all attempts to remove it, and quietly

commenced taking off her shoes and stockings. And now Mrs. Pettibone looked at her with a strange gaze of terror.

"Go off," she cried, "go away, Matty Allen. What evil spirit brought you out of your grave again to haunt me this night? Do you want to tell me once more that *he* loved you?"

Dr. Wilson glanced at the deacon, but he understood nothing of the scene save that his wife was insane. He sat at the foot of the bed, his hands clasped round his knees, and only said mournfully now and then, as if struggling with one sorrowful idea,

"Oh! Nancy, Nancy, don't ye know your poor husband?"

The storm, of which the stillness of the atmosphere and the lurid hues of the sunset clouds had given silent warning, now burst in its fury. Mrs. Pettibone was in convulsions. The three watchers had been joined by some kind neighbors, who had seen the doctor hurrying toward the house, and the group about the bed, looked into each other's faces, shuddering, as the deacon's wife tossed in agony, while outside the elements seemed actually to shriek out their madness. The winds souging and moaning round the old house, whistling through the century-old limbs of the gnarled oak, swaying the well-beam till it creaked, whirling away the loose shingles, lulled themselves, now and then, to listen to the sullen, desolate tramp of the down-falling rain—the house dog howled in the storm, and within—a human soul which had sinned, and suffered, was struggling to free itself from the bonds of the flesh.

From convulsion to convulsion Mrs. Pettibone passed rapidly, with fitful bursts of insanity between, taking in wandering, incoherent words of the dead Mrs. Payson; she seemed continually to haunt her.

The night grew toward its noon. The storm, which had been quiet for awhile, shrieked more loudly than ever—the rain poured down heavily, mournfully, and just as the clock struck twelve, in the midst of the wild wails of the wind, the sullen beat of the rain, Dr. Wilson's voice said, quietly, "She is dead—she has ceased to breathe." She had died and made no sign.

There was a lull in the fierce, fitful summer storm, a hush and stillness for two or three moments round the bed, and then Tommy—who had been rocked to sleep by Mrs. Pettibone herself during the widow Morris' fatal visit—woke, and screamed passionately for the mother who would hush him to sleep no more forever; and that mother—who had ever listened to his

faintest cry, and had at least this much of good about her that her maternal instincts were strong—slept on, stirring not, heeding not—a sleep from which no tones of child or husband could ever more waken her.

Deacon Pettibone drew his hand across his streaming eyes. "Poor, little motherless boy!" he said, chokingly, "it'll break my heart. Martha, take him up, and quiet him—can't you?"

Those were weary days which intervened between the death and the burial, and to no one more so, perhaps, than to poor little Martha. It was Monday night when Mrs. Pettibone died, and she was to be buried on Thursday afternoon. She had been laid out early Tuesday morning, but she was not put into her coffin. Close her eyes, stop her ears, hide her face though she did, Martha could not shut out the fearful vision of a large, square room, with the high-backed chairs arranged round the walls, as stiff and formal as an undertaker's rows of coffins—not a ray of sunshine stealing in through the darkened windows, not a flower, not a vestige of greenness or beauty—and, in the midst, a sheet spread over the stiff, rigid outlines of a human form.

She was left pretty much to herself in these days. Mrs. Morris, indeed, who was staying in the house with one or two more of the neighbors, would seek her out now and then, and give her some little dainty, or, what the child valued far more, a kind word or a kiss. But for the most part she and Tommy were left to themselves.

According to the country custom the bearers were to be feasted after the funeral; the relatives far and near were invited, and must be entertained; and so a busy note of preparation, which was almost cheerful, was going on in the kitchen, while the dead woman lay stark and cold; unconscious forevermore that Martha was idle, or too lavish hands were dispensing her hoarded stores. Little squalls, or fearful tempests of this troublous life could vex her soul no more.

Martha passed much of her time in the garret, tending Tommy, and looking out, not longingly any more, but sadly, toward the poor-house, and pondering upon her future with a heart more than ever old and weary. A week ago she would have rejoiced to lift the latch of that old brown house, and betake herself once more to her small bed in the children's chamber. But since Mrs. Pettibone's death had canceled her indentures, she had heard one of the neighbors say, in a tone half-sneering, half-compat-

sionate, that she wondered what would become of that poor pauper young one—whether she'd have to go back to Griggs', where Mrs. Pettibone took her from a poor woman; and, from that moment, to the girl's quick apprehension, the poor-house became associated with terror and disgrace.

It was Thursday, two hours before the funeral, when Martha stole down stairs, holding in her hand her father's miniature, which Mrs. Morris had restored to her when they laid out the dead. It was the one precious thing of her life. Hundreds of times, in the three past days, she had looked at it, pressing it passionately to her lips, and calling on it by fond terms of endearment. Now she was going to yield it up. In the lonely garret a haunting thought had come to her—a very old thought for her years, which yet she could not banish. What if Mrs. Pettibone, for some strange, unknown reason, loved that miniature as much as she herself did? What if, after all, people did not know all about the grave? What if the dead could wake up now and then from their long trance, and shudder to find they were all alone? Poor Mrs. Pettibone, poor, lonely dead woman! if this fancy should be true, and *she* should wake up some solemn Christmas midnight, so waking, would it not comfort her to feel, lying faithfully above her heart in the silence of the grave, the beloved picture to which she had clung through pain, through insanity, through life and through death?

Leaving Tommy asleep, the child so musing slipped the locket from off the chain, and holding it in her hand stole silently down stairs, and into the parlor. They had put the dead woman in her coffin, now, and she lay there in

the silent, deserted room ready for the burial. Animated by her heroic purpose Martha feared her no longer. She stole to her side, raised the miniature to her lips, and pressed on it one long yearning kiss of farewell, and then slipped it, quite out of sight, beneath the folds of the shroud, just above the heart whose pulsations nothing human had power to quicken. Then, having wrought her work of love unseen by human eyes—commencing so early the self-martyrdom of life—she returned to her charge in the garret.

From her retreat she heard the coming of neighbors and kinsfolk—caught the murmur, subdued by distance, of Parson Moody's long prayer, and longer sermon—and, when all was over, watched the long procession starting for the church-yard. Looking at them as they wound slowly along, she wondered if there would be any one to follow her coffin if she should die and be buried. "Any way," she thought, "she should like to die; no matter if nobody cared, no matter if she had no funeral, anything would be better than this dumb heart-ache." She felt as if she was so old, had lived so many years all alone, that she would like to go out of this desolate world to the one where her parents were, where were trees and flowers, and Tommy Pettibone would never pinch her any more.

That promising infant lay sleeping quietly now, and, putting him from her arms, she knelt down and prayed, though it was little which she knew about the forms of prayer.

"Oh, God! please not to make me stay here, and not send me back to the poor-house; but just let me die and come to father and mother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUNTING FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

Down among the meadow grass,
Searching it all over,
Bless me! ain't it pleasant here,
Hunting four-leaved clover!

Over head the dancing leaves
In the breeze are swaying;
While beneath the light and shade
Hide and seek are playing.

Sweetly sing the merry birds
In the branches o'er us,
And the group beneath the shade
Swell the happy chorus.

Now and then a honey-bee,
Laden with his treasure,

Darting from the clover bloom,
Hums a drowsy measure.

Through the dewy-scented grass
There's a streamlet flowing,
And upon its mossy banks
Meadow lilies growing.

In among this scent and bloom,
Gay with mirth and laughter,
Keen black eyes are sure to find
What they're seeking after.

Down among the meadow grass,
Searching it all over,
What a merry band we are
Hunting four-leaved clover!

WOOING A HUSBAND.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"DEAR AUNTIE—Come to me. Forgive all the past, and let me lean again upon your breast and tell you all my sorrow. I am so lonely and unhappy, and you are so good and kind, that you will come, will you not?"

Lovingly always, CLARA."

Only six weeks a wife, and writing thus. I put that letter down to weep silently, but oh! so bitterly! My darling—Paul's child—who had, in her youthful folly, so wounded me, writing already from her new home for comfort and forgiveness! Ah! it was very sad!

She had been, for eighteen years, the one object of my love, though she was so far, far above me, in her beauty, talents, and acquirements, that I scarcely understood the respect she mingled so bewitchingly with her girlish love. I was so old-maidish and old-fashioned, she so light-hearted and brilliant—to me, at least—that I half-worshiped her. She was a wee baby, when Paul left his city home to come down to the quiet country village, where I lived, and lay his child in my arms. He was not young then; for he had made for himself wealth, a position, and a name, before he wooed the girlish bride, who, in one short year, died, leaving him a sad, lonely man. Shy, reserved, and grave, he had lavished upon his child-wife the whole wealth of his great, pure heart; and she died too soon for him to do aught but love and pet her. I never knew nor saw her, but I had half-promised a visit, sometime, to her and her little niece, of whom my brother wrote so proudly and fondly, when the news of her death reached me. So, looking on the little face, that my brother's tears were wetting fast, I vowed, silently, to be, as far as God gave me the power, a mother to the babe. Paul returned to the city long enough to settle his affairs, invest his money securely, for "baby's" future advantage, and then he came to me, aged and stricken by his one great loss. As the baby grew to childhood, a new comfort dawned on his life, and he let the father-love fill up his heart. She was his all in all. Day after day she spent beside him, and, while my poor stock of knowledge carried her only through the mysteries of needle-work, and the knowledge of housekeeping ne-

cessary to direct and control her servants, his whole fund of learning was opened for her eyes. From the A B C to the Latin Grammar; from two times two makes four to the last page of Algebra; from language to language his patient love carried her forward. His hand taught her to guide her horse, when my heart trembled to see so tiny a figure so high up in the air, till she became his companion in his longest rides; and when the little parlor was half-filled by the piano he ordered from the city, his were the fingers that guided hers over the ivory keys. Kept from all other intercourse, by his jealous love, she was the center of every thought of my heart, of every love of his. And, when her sixteenth summer seemed opening brightly as all her sweet, peaceful life had done, he died, calmly and happily, the name of his long-lost wife upon his lips. Her grief was fearful, even threatening reason and life itself; but, at last, the fair face regained its calmness, if not its smiles, and her voice lost its sad cadence, though it was never heard in the gay songs that had once made the house musical. Then came the change that every woman must anticipate—my darling's heart was won away from her home by a new suitor for love. He was a gay, handsome fellow, who came suddenly into the little village, to be its lawyer, but who found no clients in the hum-drum place. Some little exchange of courtesy in the street, a bow in passing, then a word over the gate, and, behold! he was visiting the cottage. I could not blame the child that this new, cheerful face was acceptable in the lonely monotony of her life; that the young heart, that had had such sweet companionship from childhood, should again crave a strong arm to lean upon, a tender voice to praise; and when she told her love-tale to me, I only begged her to wait until she was a little older, had learned to know him better, had proved this sparkling manner to cover a true, good nature, before she took the solemn responsibilities of married life upon her young shoulders. How he overcame my prudent cautions, I can but guess; but, one day, they rode out together, and, in the stead of the bright face, at evening, there came to me a note, signed by a new name, telling of

the secret marriage to which he had persuaded her, and begging "auntie" to forgive them both. And only six weeks later came the pleading letter that opens my tale.

I left, for the first time in twenty-five years, the little village, so truly my home, to enter upon new duties, but old pleasures, comforting my niece, receiving, as of old, her love and confidence.

The carriage she sent to meet me, with its pair of spirited horses, carried me to a large, handsome house, whose wide hall, superbly furnished rooms, and pretentious servants, rather awed my country-bred mind; but the broad staircase led me to a small, exquisitely furnished little sitting-room, where I found Clara. She wore a plain white wrapper, and, as she rose to welcome me, I started to see how pale and weary she looked. All the bloom was gone from her cheek, her tall figure seemed bending with grief, and her large, dark eyes were heavy with weeping.

"Auntie. Oh, aunt Mary! You have come! Sit here, and let me see the dear, dear face."

She held me closely folded in her arms, stooping to my face, so far below hers, to press kiss after kiss upon it, to lavish upon me all the pet names of her childhood, to make my eyes fill, and my voice falter by her eager tenderness. At last we were seated, side by side, and I learned all the secrets of the heart never closed to me but once.

Her husband did not love her! Can you picture to yourself this young girl, whose life had been one dream of pleasant intercourse with a father who idolized her, an aunt who truly loved her; who had been esteemed the equal companion of a mind far, far above most intellects cultivated to the most profound learning and high accomplishments; whose every word had been law; every wish indulged; every craving of mind or body met by information or indulgence; suddenly roused to the position of a neglected wife, to a gay, superficial, selfish man?

"He despises me, auntie. He finds the country maid cannot shine in the world he calls society. My music is old-fashioned, my manners out of date, my ways awkward, my conversation dull, and, in the midst of his gay associates, he is ashamed of his wife."

"And what do you do to remedy this?"

"What can I do? He is tired of home, and seeks abroad the lively conversation, the gay elegance he misses at home. Auntie, did you know that I was rich?"

"Certainly."

"Well, in a vague sort of way, I knew it too,

but I never knew how much money I had. All this fine house, the carriage, horses, servants, and luxuries of all kinds, are bought out of my money; and Mr. Clapp, the trustee of father's will, says I could double the expense, if I felt inclined. Auntie, Frank knew this when he came to Ashton."

The voice sank down to a whisper, and the hot blood mantled over face and neck as she made this confession. I read all she wanted to say. I knew that her fortune was settled strictly on herself; but I knew too, that in her noble generosity, she would never let her husband feel this. I read the paltry schemes of the fortune-hunter, and my heart hardened to a contemptuous hatred of his mean game. I no longer wondered at the pale face and weary eyes, covering a heart that had learned such a bitter lesson!

Accustomed always to look upon her as a petted child, I was surprised, beyond measure, when she spoke again. The sound judgment, perception of character, and well-formed resolution were revelations.

"And now, auntie, you must help me to woo and win my husband. No. You shall not put on such a look of dislike—remember always—he is my husband. He is vain, selfish, and frivolous; but he is not a bad man, only a spoiled child of fortune, with one idea ruling his whole life—the attainment of wealth. He is too indolent to earn a fortune, so he has married one. Yet, under all this worldly crust, there is, I am convinced, a good field for the cultivation of higher aims. I will win his love—the rest will follow. I have tried caresses, I have let him see too much my sore heart; now I will woo him in his own field—society. I am growing vain, you see. You, auntie, will stay here, to help me, will you not?"

"Shall I keep house, or turn dress-maker?"

"That's a dear auntie, smile. Keep house! Will you? It will leave my time free. See here!"

She opened a large wardrobe and showed me the gay dresses in it.

"They are just finished. To-day, for the first time, I shall take off my mourning to dress for my husband's taste."

I went to my own room, and did not see Clara again until dinner time. She was in the parlor when I came down. Her rich silk, of a dark garnet hue, set off her rich complexion and dark eyes, and in her hair she had twisted a few fuchsias, which drooped low on her neck. I was fairly startled at her wondrous beauty, for it was the first time I had seen her in any

but her childish dresses, or the heavy drapery of mourning. We were standing by the window when Frank came in. I could see the look of surprise on his face, as he saw the effect of the becoming attire. I could see too that he waited for an accustomed caress, but she merely said, "Aunt Mary, Frank"

He gave me a polite greeting, and then we went in to dinner. In the evening two gentlemen called. Instead of retiring, or sitting shy and embarrassed in a corner, Clara took her proper position as hostess. I could read, in her flushed cheeks and cold hands, the effort it was to her reserved nature, but she bravely kept her place. Easily and gracefully, she led the conversation from the common-place chit-chat of compliment to other subjects, displaying naturally, and with no effort, the varied information and deep thought her long intercourse with her father had made familiar to her. Frank listened with a sort of stupid surprise, till the eager interest expressed in the faces of his visitors awoke him to the astonishing fact that his country wife was "making a sensation." After the guests had left, he waited, evidently for an accustomed kiss or embrace; but she went to her room with only a cheerful good-night, and he followed her. It cost my darling much to throw aside the shy reserve of her life to win the praise of strangers. She would have been content to gain his love only, and then, as with her father, live, away from the world, devoted to her husband. But now, to make his happiness, to fill his requirements, she gave her time wholly to the society which was his idol. With a quiet tact, she learned the forms and customs of his circle of friends, and her own grace made her soon an elegant proficient in the outward courtesies that make that grace of the pure mind, or cloak of the evil one—manner. She returned the calls of her friends, in her carriage, dressed with a fashion subdued by exquisite taste; and from the shy girl in mourning, whom they had treated with ill-disguised contempt, she was transformed to the easy, graceful lady, who held her own position with a quiet pride born of her new resolve. She starved her heart to treat her husband with a cool, cheerful indifference, lest she should again surfeit him with caresses; and while I saw the pale, sad hours that followed every effort, he only saw the fever flush of excitement and the success that crowned it.

Her first party set the seal upon her task. She had persuaded me to accompany her, and, as we entered the room, I saw the involuntary homage of silence paid to her regal air and

beauty. Her full white silk, cut to show the snowy shoulders and full arms, was trimmed with costly lace and looped with pearl. Diamonds set in pearl were her jewels, suiting well her fair skin, and lustrous dark hair and eyes. She moved with an easy, quiet grace, that covered any shyness she felt, and it was not long before she was the center of admiration. It was a musical soiree, and after the programme arranged had been performed, there were some of the guests who volunteered, or were pressed into displaying their talents. No one thought of asking the young wife to play; but standing near her was one of the first violinists of the day.

"Mr. —, you brought your violin?" said the hostess.

"Yes, madam; but you must excuse me this evening if I decline to play. Mr. Smith is not here, and my accompaniment cannot be played."

"There are so many here who play the piano."

"Ah! but *he* is the only one who plays for me."

"Is the part so very difficult?"

"It lies there. Yes, it is very difficult."

Many were invited, but all refused to attempt the closely-printed pages at sight.

"I play a little. Let me see it," said Clara.

"You!" cried the delighted musician, who had been talking for an hour with her, and sounding the depths of her musical knowledge in theory. "Ah! if you will play it!"

"I will try," she said, taking her seat at the grand piano. There was no effort to display her own powers, only the wish to give him an opportunity to please; and the piano was, as it was intended to be, second to the violin. The guests who had crowded round, many to sneer and mark a failure, stood hushed after the first chords. Supporting the violin, filling in with brilliant roudades, the pauses, the musician stood confessed. Then she was urged, begged to play alone: at first declining. Frank had called all her music old-fashioned, and she had heard that night brilliant fantasias, *motifs* from popular operas, gay, dazzling efforts of execution, and was timid of her own powers. True, she had given hours out of every day to her piano; but in this scene—her eye fell on Frank waiting for her decision.

With trembling fingers and flushed cheeks she struck the first chords of one of Beethoven's sonatas. As she played, the whole room was hushed. All these were, more or less, musicians, many masters in the profession; and as the chords rose, one after another, in simple grand harmonies, the young girl proved her

power, her enthusiasm, and proficiency. An hour passed, and the eager claimants kept her at her post; then, pale and wearied with emotion and effort, she was allowed to rise.

I cannot, it would take too long to tell the gradual awakening of Frank's admiration, then his love, his pride and pleasure in his wife. Answering that high, cultivated intellect, he searched his own mind for forgotten knowledge, till he began, for its own sake, to crave it. No longer fearing she should shame him, he strove to be worthy of her, to win again the heart that had been his in its innocence and freshness, not by its ignorant love of the first wooer, but by fair competition with the others who respected and admired her. The ambition to win

her respect was the stimulus for seeking legal honors, and the pride of being her husband kept him beside her in all their pursuits. It was not accomplished in a day, or week, but years rolled by, and found them one in heart and will, as in name. As she became dearer to her husband, she let society slip back from her grasp; and when children gladdened their home, they found their parents united in the strong bonds of mutual love, respect, and admiration, living for the world only so far as their position demanded, and finding their dearest pleasures in home intercourse. She, loved, cherished, and made happy by his affection; he, elevated, ennobled, and purified by her influence.

WILLIE IS DEAD.

BY ELLEN R. LADD.

A BIRD sat in the sumach-tree,
That swayed its branches o'er my head,
That drooped so low its berries red—
It sat all night and sang to me,
In wild, wild tones, like a dirge for the dead;
And this is what the weird bird said,
While the winds went wandering wild and free,
And the moon in affright had fled:
"Will is dead! Will is dead!
Your Willie,
Pure Willie,
Stainless Will hath fled!"

Under the sumach-tree, by the brook,
With the glory above of moon and stars,
He breathed words that all my being shook,
While my quivering heart-strings broke at his look—
For it put up between us impassable bars.
It said he was dead to me—alone;
And, though my heart died, I stifled its moan;
I crushed down its agony, smiled in his face,
Though a sudden darkness covered the place,
As if the sunlight of Heaven had flown.
I know he loved me, and loves me still,
But the vows of a drunkard are written in dust;
I pray he may have all the joys that distill
From the death-dealing bowl, in lieu of my trust.

He thought not to see me so calm and cold,
While the blood forsook each finger-tip;
Though my pulse swelled high like a storm-tossed ship,
He saw not the stone to the sepulchre rolled,
Where the sentinel Will over Love kept guard;
For a woman's lot, at the best, is hard,
And lips that are stained by the ruby wine,
And hands that encircle the bacchanal's cup,
Shall never, no, never be pressed to mine:
For the curse in the dregs I then must drink up!

The sumach-berries are redder than blood.
They were fresh as my young life's hopes, that day,
Ere I found my idol was made of clay;
But now they resemble the crimson flood
That welled from my heart as he breathed my name,
When his face was hid by that terrible shame,
And his guardian-angel fled in dismay!
My heart, by such fathomless depths o'erflown,
A suddenly petrified mass has grown!
I do not weep—the fountain doth close—
A dead calm, waveless, tideless, and slow,
Steals on my pulse with its noiseless flow,
Quenching the light of my soul as it goes!

Once more beneath the sumach-tree
I sit, and moan my life away—
Fold up my hands so listlessly;
For, oh! for him I may not pray,
So surely is he lost to me!
As thus I muse this Winter even—
An ancient volume near doth lay;
Its sacred pages seem to say:
"Better be dead to Earth than Heaven—
Such is not death eternally!"

The stars are out of the sober sky,
Yet Earth hath a sorrow for tears too deep,
Though clouds, like mourning garments, lie
Round the blue of Heaven, where light is asleep!
The bride of his soul is a widow in weeds!
She hath made a grave, in heart, with leaves
Of withered hopes, and a garland weaves,
While the winds chant a dirge for the love that bleeds!
The great heart of Nature, in sympathy, grieves
That one is alive, and the other is dead—
That she stays and weeps when her soul's soul hath died!
Lingers so lonely,
When the lost one, the only
Of her beautiful hopes, lies withered and dead!

ELLEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

PART I.

"WHEN would you recommend the funeral, doctor?" Mrs. Mickle sniffled and wiped her eyes.

"To-morrow. If Joe comes, he can be here before that. And, I say, Mrs. Mickle," pulling the girth on his horse tighter, and straightening his saddle-bags, "if the girl—you know—has the old trouble in her brain—you understand?—put cold water to her head, and lose no time sending for me. I don't like the look in her eyes. They're asleep."

He trotted off, his horse's hoofs falling dull on the sandy beach.

The little wooden house stood at the end of a straggling hamlet of fishing huts, one of the longest built on the western shore of Lake Huron. The evening was dull, foreboded rain; only the slow plash of the waves on the beach broke the silence.

Mrs. Mickle turned into the little room, where she and her two cronies had just completed the laying out of the corpse, with many groans and slow shakes of the head, and a good deal of honest sorrow under the sham; for the woman who lay there dead had been a helpful, earnest neighbor, if she was stern, and a canny Scot. The tallow candles they lit flickered a yellow light over the low cot where she lay. A bony, muscular frame, in coarse black; hard-cut features; haggard eyes; a face that had kept all its tenderness for but one or two—near and dear; and for them had shown, under the grimness, a loving-kindness very pitiful. She was dead now. One of the two she had loved was beside her—the girl Ellen, of whom the doctor spoke. The women watched her curiously, glancing at each other significantly, and then askance at her, as though dreading a something they could not comprehend or master.

The girl looked quiet enough. A large, square-shouldered, awkward creature, moving soft and slow, with hands and eyes as uncertain in motion as a baby's, and an innocent, ignorant, appealing face. If you had been a brute of a man, you'd have found yourself speaking low and gently to Ellen. You could not help it. There was nothing in what she was doing to frighten them: going about "tidy-

ing" the room, handing them pins from a paper she carried, when they needed them, with the uncertain look I told you of in her childish blue eyes. Yet they were frightened, looked more and more uneasily at each other.

"Ye'd best sit ye down, Ellen dear. It'll frabbit Joe till see ye stirrin' at the work. Joe's a good brother till ye. I wish my girls had somebody as strong an' lovin'-hearted till turn to when I'm dead."

"Dead? Yes—she's dead! Mother, you know."

One of them, a little, mild-faced woman, came to her quickly, taking her head in her shaking arms. "Don't laugh, Ellen," she said. "Cry a bit, dear. Think how good she was. Lookin' down from heaven on you an' Joe. Nobody but you an' Joe. You three's all the world till each other. She in heaven, an' you here. Lovin' each other, you an' Joe, takin' good keer of each other. You of him the most. He'll be home soon now. The letter'd reach him at Sandusky, an' he'll be here in an hour. Poor Joe! How'll he bear it, an' you not comfortin' him?"

The girl's lips began to tremble. "Poor Joe!" she said, the tears beginning to creep out from her closed eyes.

The woman nodded at the others. "Yes. There's nobody but you an' him. Ye'll hev till keep the house for him, an' when he comes back from a v'yage—two weeks allus, isn't it?—ye'll hev things bright an' tidy, an' such a lovin' welcome! Allus that. Never was two twins like you an' Joe for lovin' each other. An' ye'll keep yerself quiet in the house, dear, an' not min' goin' till the funeral in the mornin'. Joe'll see to all. You're not so strong, ye know, as others, with that trouble in yer head."

Mrs. Mickle shook her head rebukingly.

"I mean——"

"Let me lie down. I'm tired."

They laid her gently on the bed, drawing the coverlid over her; for the night was chilly. Then the three women sat down by the fire, listening to every footstep on the shore, thinking it was Joe.

The young man was a boatman, a deck-hand on one of the lake steamers. He could have

had better situations. A year ago had a good chance of a place in the Superior mines, but had refused it because it would remove him entirely from his mother and poor Ellen. There was a strange tenderness in the way in which the three had clung together. Living, too, a curiously secluded life; in the midst of the coarse fishermen, themselves illiterate, living a pure, shadowed, tender life. Only the three were left. There had been others; every one, the father and four sons, had met sudden, violent deaths; three by drowning, the others crushed in a mill. The widow remained, with her twins, growing, with each death that came to her, more silent and stern, clinging more desperately to the two yet living. She was gone now. Ellen lay alone on the bed, where every night of her life she had slept, holding her mother's hand, like a baby. A baby, for many reasons, would have needed pity less than she: so left orphaned; for one sad reason, never spoken, most of all.

"He'll surely be here soon," said Mrs. Mickle, peering out of the window. "Joe'll be cut to the quick with this. But he's a silent soul, sayin' nothing. Only Ellen, I'm thinkin', knows the bottom of his heart. Lord! how he'd took that girl in, and hugged her close since the trouble came on her."

"She's none but he—they're not a kinned family, the Carters. But he's enough. How did her trouble come first, Mrs. Mickle?"

"She was always an innocent, mem, so to speak; knowin' hardly there was a world outside of the village, never let play with other girls, readin' one or two old-fashioned Methody books with her mother. Childish allus, like. Then the day, come four years next Michaelmas, when her brother Tom was fetched in, cut in pieces from the fallin' of the fly-wheel in Cloker's mill, she just sat down, quiet like she is to-day, and for a year her mind was clear gone. But gentle, allus; not a cry, nor fierce word. But I wish'n Joe 'ud come."

The girl did lie quiet; only lifting up her head now and then, each time the face more rigid and white, with a low moan of, "Joe! Joe!" "He'll be here, dear, in a bit now—not long," they answered.

But he did not come. The night was a stormy one. It was near eleven o'clock when a quick step was heard in the sand, and a low rap at the door. Mrs. Mickle opened it, coming back with a blank face.

"A letter. To his mother. He hesn't heard—"

Ellen started at the words. "She's dead, mother. I'll read the letter. Joe's mine. Joe's

all I have, you know." Her head fell back wearily, the dulled eyes wandering vacantly, forgetful of the letter.

"She's forgot. Whatever 'ull we do?" Mrs. Mickle fingered the letter nervously.

"Open it. It's a case of needdcessity, mem. If Joe don't come—"

"If you think it ought for to be done"—tearing the yellow envelope—"good Lord!"

The woman started forward with a cry.

"He's enlisted. And Ellen, he went a week ago, not knowin' the mother was ill. It's on-human—'s what it is."

Ellen, taking the two great life sorrows slowly into her weak brain, neither cried nor moaned through the long hours that night: lying quiet, her hands clenched tight over her forehead, her lips calling restlessly, "Joe! Joe!"

"They say," said Mrs. Mickle, "as twins is strangely bound together; when one dies the other never lives full, after that, I dunno: there was Pete Shaw and Jake, clawed each other as boys, and law-suited as men. But there seems to be some cord tied about the hearts of these two. They'll not stay long apart. Lord, it was cruel in Joe."

"He didn't know," pleaded the mild-faced little woman.

"It's not for the want of feeling men break women's hearts, it's for the want of thinkin'," said the snappish gossip. "What the dickens was to hinder him to know?"

A low, shivering cry from the bed, that was all. But when the women crowded around, the girl's eyes were set, and big cold drops oozed slowly out on her forehead: the "trouble" was upon her.

The funeral was over. That was a pity: life was slow in C—; 'a "burying" had as healthful an effect on the people as a tragedy on a well-regulated citizen's mind. Joe's enlistment; what was to become of Ellen? These were the topics of the day, heavy and absorbing to the public mind. Joe Carter was the only volunteer known there. If he had gone after Du Chaillu into the blackest depths of cannibal Africa, they would not have followed him with more ignorant, terrified eyes than now into Virginia.

The funeral, as we said, was over. Jim Sykes had driven the hearse triumphantly home to the stable, rejoicing in its new plumes: it was the pride of C—, by-the-way; dying had been divested of many of its terrors since Jim had made the purchase. There was a group cozily seated about the hacked bench at the "Washington House;" another in front of Peole's

grocery; the remainder of the men of the town, some half-dozen, were in the stable-yard, superintending the harnessing of the horses for the stage-coach from P—; it would be done in an hour; they did this every day, during the year, Joe and that poor crackit Ellen: it was pleasant to have something to talk of. Mrs. Mickle and her coadjutors went back to the house. They had gone as mourners, forcing Ellen to remain behind; cried very heartily as the thudding clay fell on poor Mrs. Carter's coffin, and now went down to the cottage, bewildered, yet in earnest in their intent to help the girl. She would have money enough; Mrs. Carter must have saved some fifty dollars; Joe would help: if Joe had only known; but the mother was taken ill so sudden: with a groan between each remark.

The cottage door stood ajar. When they came in, the bed on which they had left the girl asleep, as they thought, was neatly made; the floor swept, the fire slaked, and by the fireside sat Ellen, dressed in her brown Sunday frock, and linen collar. "An awkward gell, that's true," as Mrs. Mickle said afterward, "but with as innocent a baby look as one of God's angels. Smilin' pitiful at us when we came in. 'See,' says she, a-takin' up her basket off the floor. 'I've packed some of my own clothes, and Joe's shirts as he left behind, an' his gold sleeve-buttons. He'll want to look well among them strangers, an' mother 'ud be willin'. She allays allowed as he was to hev them for good some day. They was father's.' 'Lord love you, Ellen,' says I, 'where are you goin'?' struck dumb, as 'twere. 'To Virginia,' says she. 'To Joe.'

"You may guess how we looked at that, and what we said. That lamb as had never been away a mile from her mother's roof. Once I tried to make Mis' Carter let her go down on the boat with Joe, but she wouldn't on 'count of the evil she'd see. 'Ellen,' says I. Lord! I can't tell you what I said. For an hour we talked, and scolded, and frightened her, but it was of no use. She's got a turn of the mother's will in her. 'I'm going to Joe,' she says, "Joe's all I have. I'm goin' to Joe." Then she'd look straight forrard with them blue eyes of hers, as if she saw far-off something we couldn't see. 'You'll be shot,' says I. 'They've Indians and niggers both at work scalpin'. You'll be scalped,' says I. 'Not till I've found Joe,' she says, quiet. 'Ellen,' says I, feelin' I must be plain with her, 'you're not like other folks. You're a trouble.' She began to work at the strings of her basket, her fingers nervous like, 'twould ha' made your heart ache to see her.

'I know,' says she. Lookin' forrard again with that dreamin' look. 'When I find Joe, the trouble will be gone.' Holdin' her hand to her head, cryin' low and pitiful like the bleat of a lamb. 'I can't live if I am not with Joe. You don't know. There's something hurts me, gnawing all the time. Let me go. He's my brother. He's Joe.' I couldn't stand that. I give right in. 'Ellen,' says I, 'who's goin' with you!' She freshened up in a minute. 'The Lord,' she said, quick an' bright, like as if He had been a livin' person. 'Oh! of course,' says I, 'but—' 'I'm not fearin', says she, 'I'll keep asking Him all the time, Lord, stay with me till I get to the end of this day's journey. Lord, stay here to-night with me. I'll reach Joe at last.' I remembered then the fool way Mis' Carter taught her children religion, to keep askin' and trustin' for whatever they needed, as if the Lord concerned himself about our pepper and salt. But somehow with Ellen, I allays felt as if it was the real thing, somehow. As if He did hear, did go along with her, real, alive. Well, to make a long story short, I said no more. We let the gell go. Many's the time my conscience's reproached me for it since. But I did the best I could. I packed her clothes an' Joe's shirts an' sleeve-buttons as she would take, in a little valise; and then I put her money safe in a basket to carry in her hand; and then I wrote Joe's name and the number of his regiment, the twenty-fourth, Ohio, (for he 'listed at Sandusky, you know,) on a piece of paper; and I tied her veil and pinned it, and gave her my own brown hood to wear o' nights, the last I'll see of it, I reckon. But I don't keer for that. When the stage came along, Mis' Clamp an' I went down an' got Jake Poole to take her passage. Lord! how the men's tongues did wag, wantin' to stop her whether or no. But, says I, the Lord's with her, let her alone. 'Let her alone! Let you alone for a blathering, crack-brained fool,' says Jim Sykes. Arterward I settled Jim Sykes. But Ellen went off, we puttin' her in the back seat, the valise at her feet, and the basket in her hand, the women all wishin' her good-luck, an' the men sayin' nothin', been struck dumb at the suddenness o' the thing, like. But I sees the tears in Jake Poole's eyes as he turned away. 'When the fayther an' mother forsake them the Lord takes 'em up,' says he. To ever think o' Jake Poole quotin' Scripture! So Ellen went off." Such was Mrs. Mickle's usual story. No word came back to the solitary hamlet of the girl who had set off for the land of the shadow of death. But when the war grew

darker, and bloodier tales of carnage terrified the villagers, Ellen and Joe were the central figures in each, with them. The cottage was locked up, it waited for them. Would they ever return? Standing alone, and silent, there on the beach, it gathered in a very little while to itself a curious, sad interest. It was *their* ruin of the war—their one house-hearth left desolate, ghost-haunted by the great destroyer. "Ellen's house." People looked at it askance, passing it, sorrowfully; and when, a year afterward, the President's second call for troops was made, and one recruiting sergeant after another visited the sleepy little village, the first question asked them invariably was, "Ye didn't know Joe Carter, did ye? Had his sister with him—down to Virginny?"

It was a bright, cloudless day, on which Ellen started on her journey. The road was rough, a western "pike," running over prairie land, and the first breaking up of the ground into the hilly region. Not much employment for her unused eyes, or thought, which took in ideas slowly. The worn, brown leather cover of the coach; the fat, red face of an old man asleep opposite; outside, a stretch of field fenced with purple thistle, royalest of weeds. Then, there was the stern, dead face lying there behind her, and Joe—somewhere—waiting. That was all.

I do not think sorrow or hope were to Ellen as mastering or comprehensive as to you full-brained people; sharp, narrow, intensely real, though. She had but one or two ideas, those she lived on, turning them over, day by day, of her innocent, ignorant life, making her soul's food of them for now and for all time. She had not wept over her mother dead, it was only slowly creeping to her brain that her mother *was* dead—she did not cry that Joe was gone to the war. What was the war to her? She was going to him. She heard all they said of the horrors on the way. Why, if hell had been in the way, she would have gone; she could not help herself; mother was gone, and Joe was—there.

So poor Ellen took very little heed to the journey, or to the men getting in and out of the coach; rough, and coarse at first, but who, after a glance at her face, and the usual question, "Where are you going, if I may make so free?" and her answer: "To Joe, sir, my brother; he's in the army," had looked pitifully at her, and been quiet and kind. Very little heed: no more than if she had been looking at a quick-shifting panorama. She got out to eat her meals, went to her room at night, and took her seat in the stage-coach again as if her course had been

programmed for her, quite unconscious that Dick Farnham, the old driver, was "seeing her through."

"What's to become of her in Toledo, where I'll land her to-morrow," he said, "beats me to tell. She knows no more nor a babe of two years old, and them big towns is sinks of iniquity."

"I think, Ellen," he said, coming to the coach window, "ye'd best make for Sandusky. Joe's company is there yet, an' if he sees you an' the state yer in, he'll get off, if he has the spirit of a man, an' bring you home. What'n do you mean to do if he don't come back? Heh?"

"I'll stay with Joe. I'll cook for him, you know. He can get us a house near the fighting, an'—"

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Dick, turning away.

"I'll tell you," he broke out, after the lapse of a half-hour's meditation to his companion on the box. "I'll get Patey Done to take the wagon back, an' I'll see this child off to Sandusky to-morrow. I think the Lord calls me to take keer of her so far."

"Like enough," was the answer. "That's a neat stepping beast—the off one."

So, the next day, Dick took Ellen to an old aunt of his, to stay until the train started, paid her way to Sandusky, watched her safely through the streets of the "den of iniquity," mild-faced Toledo, and seated her in the car, on the shady side. "That's a bit of good done," he puffed, going back. "Lost a day's wage by it—but, in the long run, there's something better nor wage."

One of the "Methody books," known to Ellen, was the Pilgrim's Progress. She never had clearly understood that it was an allegory; had a faint, undefined idea that the devil was real; that in the States, somewhere, were Christian, and the fiend, and the House Beautiful, and the mountains of Beulah. So when, for the first time, she sat down in the cars, and was whirled through a tunnel, and then a deep gorge, no wonder the girl conceived, in her weak brain, the fancy that this was the valley where Christian's battle was fought, that yonder was Apollyon, out of whose mouth came fire and smoke; the valley where doleful noises were heard, where was darkness and groans, being full of hobgoblins and dragons of the pit. So, closing her eyes, the Michigan girl went back through the long day and night to the weapon of "all-prayer," the same which old Christian used long ago. In great fear; the cold drops coming out on her forehead; for, to her silly brain,

the air was full of horror. As night came on, the groans and shrieks grew louder, yet unexplained to her; the heavy, monotonous thud upon the floor shook her; passing through black tunnels, the white vapor was driven before them, and wreathed itself into frightful, ghostly shapes. Sick always with a weak, womanish fear, keeping her hands over her eyes, and fighting desperately to hold the two thoughts before her—that the Lord was close by, and that she was going to Joe.

She could not but see that there was one figure constantly before her, a fat, red-faced man in a felt hat. He came up when the train stopped, taking her ticket. The goblin ride was over; looking out, the lamps glittered through a wide, black space, crowded with people. Going home—it was a great city—to her eyes, before her. She was alone in it; these people were going home; *she* had no home, only Joe, and he was not there, as she thought he would be, to meet her. The girl wandered out of the car and stood in the depot. It was late at night, the crowd was denser about where she stood, hackmen, soldiers, passengers hustling, swearing, pushing each other. There were dark alleys turning off from the square. Was she quite wrong in thinking that close to this valley lay the mouth of the pit? But under every rough coat and greasy shirt about her there were kind hearts; you know that all along Christian's way there were heavenly messengers waiting—when he chose to look for them.

The red-faced man came up, peering inquiringly at the girl's lonesome face.

"Where 'er you goin', heh?"

"To Joe. To my brother. In the army, sir."

Another keen look. "What regiment?"

Ellen held out the paper, on which Mrs. Mickle had written the number; and, by inspiration, added, "Be kind to her. She's a trouble in her head."

The man turned quickly. "I say, boys, where's the Twenty-fourth Ohio?"

Half a dozen volunteers answered: "Left for Columbus three days ago. In Camp Chase."

The conductor was prompt in action. "In with you. The car, girl, Columbus is the place for you. Give me your money, an' I'll get your ticket. I don't go through. I say, boys," turning to a group of raw officers, awkwardly shouldered by epaulets, tumbling over their swords, "are you goin' down on this train?"

"Through to the seat o' war," said one, with a swagger, natural enough.

"That's right. God bless you! See here,

boys, here's a soldier's sister goin' through to him. A soldier, like yourselves. You've got sisters to home. I want you to see that she's safe landed in Columbus. I trust her to you—you understand?"

"He understood," said the officer, without a swagger now, touching his cap. "Will the lady step here? She can have a seat for herself."

There was a good deal of drinking and hard oaths in the train that night—our armies swear terribly as that in Flanders—but there was neither drinking nor loud talking in the car with Ellen.

PART II.

A BRIGHT, cold morning. Yet the very sun looked strange to the girl standing on the crowded street in front of the Neil House in Columbus. He was not there. Surely he would come soon to her. They had been very kind to her—the soldiers—brought her to the hotel, and paid for her breakfast, for her money was all spent. They were gone now; but one of them had given her a paper with the words "Camp Chase" on it, seeing that she could not remember. She walked down the street, carrying her valise and basket, stopping, now and then, to ask some passer-by, "Could you tell me where Joe is—in Camp Chase?" The answer was always gentle. The camp lies some two or three miles out of the city. Ellen was weak: the heavy sorrow dulling her brain every hour, more and more; her hope growing weaker. Joe was *not* there, as she so firmly knew when she started. She trembled, grew faint and sick as she plodded along the hard road. The camp was in sight at last. The regiments were lodged in the fair ground. On the road, Ellen met squads of men in uniform hurrying to and fro. She looked in the face of each, with every fresh disappointment a sharper sting coming to her heart. She stopped, meeting one. "Do you know Joe Carter? Won't you tell him his sister's here? In the Twenty-Fourth Ohio." "That regiment left for Virginny, yesterday," and he hurried on. Ellen sat down. *Was* the Lord with her? She did not feel Him now.

How long she sat she did not know. A kind, motherly hand touched her shoulder.

"What ails thee, child?"

"I came to Joe, my brother; and he's gone."

The old Quaker woman drew back. When "the trouble" was on Ellen, her eyes pained those that saw them. "Thee'll come to my house, dear, and tell me the story."

For many days the trouble lay heavily on the girl. I am telling a true story. Up in heaven it is written how the old Friend cared for the motherless creature—as her mother would have cared. You, going to the Western city, might have laughed if the coarse-featured old woman had crossed your path. Some One with clearer eyes than yours had said to her before now, “As ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.”

My story grows long. I will shorten it.

Able to walk again, she would not rest tranquil, this poor Ellen. “I must go to Joe.” It was like the *Tourbillon Marche* of Beranger’s Wandering Jew. You have seen, before this, the moral of my little, true story: how all men trust in and protect those who trust in God and them. Everybody trusted in Ellen. From the camp came, to the old Quaker’s house, little messes from the soldiers’ tents, part of the presents sent them from home—they having heard the sorrowful story. The Quaker was a widow, with two daughters. She coaxed the motherless girl to stay with her, to wait for Joe, calling her her child. But it was of no use. “I must go,” Ellen said, and, having one of those faces with a fate stamped in it, she had her own way and went.

The Quaker was poor. All she could do for Ellen was to take the money laid aside for her next winter’s gowns to buy the railroad ticket, to pack the little basket full of bread, and butter, and cold ham, enough to last until Ellen reached Bellaire, a little village on the Ohio, opposite which the regiment was encamped, on the Virginia side.

“You’ll surely find him there, dear; and, if he should be gone, bide with the inn keeper at Bellaire, sending me word back by the train-master, and I’ll raise the money for thee to return, child. Thee must go no farther.”

It was a dull, foggy morning when they took her to the cars, but Ellen’s face was bright as the wanted sunshine.

“Only one day more,” she laughed. “Poor Joe! How tired he must be waiting!”

“Thee’ll take care of this child?” said the old body to the conductor.

Conductors are a race noted for their reticent eyes and general gravity of deportment; yet their business sharpens that organ, which detects a sham bank-note or a sham character wonderfully. The man looked at Ellen’s face and uncertain fingers.

“I’ll take care of her,” he said, gruffly.

“Good-by, then, dear. Thee knows the Lord is with thee.”

“I know.”

Until the train started, the heartsome, wrinkled old face looked in the window of the car, with a smile in the wet eyes, holding Ellen’s hand in hers—a brown, hard hand, horny from washing and scrubbing. God’s angels have not kinder, more loving hands. The train moved off. “I felt then,” the old woman said afterward, telling the story, “as though I had sinned in not keeping her. Well was I punished! But thee sees I had no testimony from the Lord, in the spirit, what I had best do; therefore I acted blindly from my own judgment.”

The conductor took care of the girl, permitting no one to sit on the seat with her but a little child, who played with her until Ellen laughed aloud, and then curled itself up and fell asleep, its head on her bosom. “I thought, now and then,” he said, “as there was a wild blink in her soft blue eyes; and I knew when the baby was sleepin’ in her lap, she’d be quiet enough. Woman, you know.”

She was quiet. Holding the fair, curly head close to her heart, her eyes went wandering dreamily over the shifting hills and valleys, a tender light in them. The pain now was over. A few hours more, and she would be safe with Joe.

It was night when they came to Bellaire, a collection of dingy, soot-stained houses on the bank of the Ohio.

“Come, Charley,” said the woman to whom the child belonged, when the cars stopped, catching at it impatiently. Ellen’s lip trembled. She was so alone, you know. The boy looked back, with the instinct that children bring from heaven with them. “I love you,” he said, clasping her suddenly in his arms. “I’ll come back again.”

They were all out of the cars now, hurrying to reach the ferry-boat crossing to the opposite shore. A dull, stolid night.

“Come out,” said the gruff voice of the conductor, as he made a way for her, gently enough, into the bar-room of the inn. One or two flaring sconces burned against the wall, with heavy wicks; for it was late. A sleepy chamber-maid was closing the shutters for the night. Half a dozen half-drunken men lounged on the benches. Ellen glanced quickly around. “Your brother couldn’t be here, you know,” said the man. “He’s at t’other side of the river. You cross over in the ferry in the morning. Does he know you’re coming?”

“Joe? Oh! Joe’ll always expect me!” with a smile.

“Eh? that’s the way, is it?” looking keenly

in her eyes. "See here, sis, let's see your pocket-book. Nary red! Here." He went up to the landlord and whispered energetically a minute. "Now, you go 'long up to your room. It's all settled for. An' the landlord'll see you safe over the ferry in the morning. Good-by!" He hurried out, and, a minute after, the car-whistle sounded.

Ellen stood, half-frightened, in the shadow, while the chamber-maid lighted a candle, and the men raised their heads and lazily looked at her.

"What regiment's yer brother in?" said the landlord, leaning over the counter.

"The Twenty-fourth Ohio," she said. "Did you know him, sir?"

"That regiment went up to Fairmount, day before yesterday; 'll be stationed there a month. Why, girl! You, Jane! come hyar to this woman!"

They raised her from the floor, where she had sunk with a low moan. Women are kind enough when political principle is not concerned. They were kind to Ellen: chafed her hands, put cold water on her burning forehead, gave her balm tea to drink. She only sat quiet, holding her hands to her head, saying over and over again, "It's Joe I want, you know. Mother's dead. It's for Joe."

"What'n-ever ull we do with her?" said the perplexed landlord, thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"Put her to bed, you fool, th' first thing," said his wife, who had appeared in bed-gown and petticoat. "Git out of the way."

She swept Ellen off. The men, roused from their sleep, began to talk the matter over, when the landlady returned. "See here, Jim, 's well as I can make the matter out, this girl's got to go to Fairmount to her brother, an' she's no money. So you go down to Col. Hisely an' git her a pass for the mornin's train. Now, right off!"

Jim went, grumbling. But in the course of half an hour he came back with the pass. "Now go to bed. That's all that's wanted of you."

The train on the opposite shore for Fairmount left at early dawn. It was a gray, cool morning when the landlady went down with Ellen, carrying her valise to the ferry-boat. The fresh, dewy morning light, before the sun is up, when the angels come nearest the earth, blessing and making it ready for the day—hoping this day, with men, will be purer than the last. Even Ellen's heavy eyes dimmed with fresh, loving tears.

"You're very good to me," she said. "Everybody is. I'm sure I don't know why."

"Well, I could tell you, if I'd a mind to, which I haven't. Look sharp, now. Here's the train. You're safe at Fairmount when you get there, which 'll be in a few hours."

"Is this Virginia?" said the girl, in a sudden terror, remembering the tales she had heard.

"Yes, Virginia."

Just at that point long, low lines of factory buildings extend along the wharf, coal-mines open into the hill. Behind, the low, opening range of the Alleghanies face the river. Ellen never had seen hills before. They oppressed her weak brain.

"I'm afraid," she cried, weakly, holding close to her protector as the train rushed up to them.

"Don't you want to go to your brother?"

"Joe? Yes, I'll go. Good-by."

The woman hurried her into the train.

Fairmount was then, before the war laid its desolating hand on it, one of the prettiest of the little villages in the great Virginia mountains. The Monongahela creeps, deep, and clear, and icy cold, out of the hidden gorges of the peaks, and half-stops in this little valley, won by its beauty. A sleeping, restful place, where the fresh air from the hills kisses softly the trees. Ellen, left standing in the village street, looked about her, bewildered. Were those cliffs, away off in the far sunlight, crowned with forests, the mountains of Beulah? She never had seen their like. On a far hillside she saw tents glittering whitely in the sun, and soldiers keeping guard. There was a countryman standing near her, taking hay from a wagon. He had a kindly face, she thought.

"Is yon the Twenty-fourth Ohio?"

"Dunno."

The regiments (of Federal troops) were yet a novelty to the villagers.

"That regiment's camped four miles out the Clarksburgh road," said an urchin standing near.

"Was you wantin' to go?" said the countryman. "Mount in the wagon, then. I'm goin' apast that way."

"I've no money," hesitated Ellen.

The old man looked glum, muttering something about not being a skin-flint, and helped her in the cart.

"My girl," he said, cheerily, "you ought to learn there's better things nor money in this world. There's living, and helping live—eh?"

They jolted along the rocky road, the old man whistling, and singing "My Mary-Ann,"

the cool air filled with sunlight, the birds flying tamely about the laurel bushes on the road-side. But Ellen was tired. She was no longer sure of seeing Joe waiting for her, when the cart stopped. She had not ceased to pray for the Lord to stay with her; but she thought the answer far off. She was tired.

"Here we are!" stopping at last. "Camp Scott, I believe, they call it. Here's the valise and your basket. Come to visit your sweet-heart, eh? Brother? Well, that's better. Good-by. You're a good girl, I fancy." And the old countryman jogged on.

The tents were pitched in a broad field by the road-side; a company was at drill near her. One of the sentries came up, seeing her try to pass the lines.

"Joe Carter? Twenty-fourth Ohio? I know him. Sister, eh? How far might you have come? Michigan? That is bad. Wait here a minute. I'll call the captain of the guard."

He left her. Ellen picked up a musket lying on the ground; touched the bayonet. Was this what they fought with? Could *this* be thrust through Joe's heart?

"You wished to see your brother, my girl?" said a kindly voice.

She looked up. The captain was an old man, with shrewd, keen eyes, and a womanish smile. She held out the paper Mrs. Mickle had given her. "I've followed him from Michigan. I cannot find him."

"Well, well! What'll be done? Come out here. Camp's no place for you. My wife's down at the farm-house near by."

"Oh! sir, take me to Joe!"

"I will, child. Come along." Muttering to himself, "Mary can tell her; I can't."

The captain's wife, Mary, understood the case quickly. An hour after she had the worn-out girl lying on her own bed.

"Now, Ellen," she said, softly, "you mustn't be fretted if Joe does not come to-day. He'll be here soon. You see, dear, his regiment has gone to Kanawha, down below the mountains. You could not go; lie still. No woman could go there. Listen now, Ellen. The captain has telegraphed for your brother to the colonel, to get a furlough. After that he will try and have him discharged. You will stay with us until we hear. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

She lay there quiet, but pain had made her quick to comprehend. She heard low whispers among the farm people about herself, about Joe. She discovered that there was to be a battle, that day, in the Kanawha salines; that

that was the reason of the sudden marching of the regiment.

When evening came, she went out to where the captain was standing with his wife.

"I'd like you to promise me one thing, sir," she said.

"I will, child."

"I don't feel very well. When you get the answer about Joe, if he can't come, just say, 'No, Ellen;' nothing more. I cannot bear very much. I'll wait, sir; I'll go in and wait."

The captain did not reply; only looked at his wife.

The girl lay, with her face down, quite still all that day, neither moving nor speaking. Some of the farm women would have gone to her with their attempts at comfort, but the captain bade them desist. He went in and out with a hurried, anxious step all day.

"There'll be a tough skirmish down in the salines to-morrow," he said. "I don't believe the colonel will grant the furlough to that boy." He spoke in a whisper; but Ellen heard.

It was late in the evening, when an orderly galloped up to the door, with a yellow envelope in his hand. The captain tore it open impatiently, his face changing color. He went in; the girl raised her head. "No, Ellen," he said. There was no more to say—no hope in any way.

She laughed suddenly; then hid her head again.

"Come, dear," said his wife, "let me take you to bed."

"I'd like to lie here till morning, if you'd let me."

There was something strangely low and pitiful in Ellen's voice, a pleading, weary accent. Nobody ever refused it anything it asked. The captain himself brought a pillow, and his wife covered her with shawls.

"Will you sleep, Ellen?"

"I'll sleep till morning. I'll wait for Joe—somewhere."

"I think we may leave her here in safety," said the wife. So they left her, caring for her first in every way they could, tenderly.

The lounge on which she lay was in a lower room, with windows opening on to the ground. The house was wrapped in quiet at last. When the sound of the last step had died away, Ellen lifted her head, cautiously listening. Then she rose and softly opened the window. The moonlight lay outside, bright and still. The village was asleep in the distance, only a faint blue sigh of smoke giving sign that it lived, beyond—the mountains—cold, gigantic peaks, an eternal barrier across the sky.

The girl looked out long and steadfastly: resolving, apparently. Then she went to her basket, and took out a little pocket testament. "I thought," she said, afterward, "I couldn't write a letter then to Joe; but there was one there written for me." She marked the fourteenth chapter of St. John. Then she folded it up, and directed it to Joseph Carter, in the army, where there is to be a battle. Tying on her bonnet, she stepped out of the window and hurried across the farm-yard down toward the road.

Near the gate she met a sentry, half-asleep. "Which way to Kanawha?" He pointed beyond the mountains. For a moment she was appalled—only one. "I'm going there, tell them. Going to Joe. Will you put this in the mail to-morrow? It's a letter for him. For Joe." She went on, the man looking after her stupefied.

Leaving the main road, she went down a by-path into the hills, once or twice challenged by the sentries, but permitted to pass when they saw it was a woman. So she journeyed all that night.

Morning began to break. She was toiling up a steep hillside, worn-out, trembling; the sudden strength of her first daring gone; a sharp, physical pain in her heart; the shadow of the pain of soul that had tortured the poor child so long. "I was tired," she said, afterward. "When I told the lady I'd wait for Joe, somewhere, I did not mean to go to him in Kanawha. I knew! I thought I'd rest some place and wait; I thought those clear, warm ponds we passed in the hills, with water-lilies and sunach on the sides, would be so good to rest in. I was so very tired. My head troubled me. First, I thought I'd reach Joe, though." So, going up this hillside, at morning break, very heart-sick and weary, the girl came into a camp of soldiers.

This part of my story I do not like to tell. But war is no civilizer, and among hundreds of thousands of soldiers, there have been, must always be, some who disgrace country and manhood both. A squad of such—it was before drum-call—who had been drinking late, half-asleep, waiting for something to rouse them, saw the beautiful faced girl come into camp, and did not see the legion of angels guarding her round; did not see the arm of the Almighty thrown about her. But it was there; and when they crowded to her with their drunken jeers, trying to kiss her, pelting her with stones, the mud from the camps. He kept her from harm.

She bore it a long time; standing with her

hands clasped, her head fallen on her breast. "Joe! Joe!" she cried, at last. "Oh, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" and cowered down on the ground.

One man, more brutal than the rest, caught sight of her short, curly hair under her bonnet. "It's a boy," he shouted, "a secession spy!—put a bullet through him."

"Agreed," said half a dozen voices. (I am telling a true story, a trivial incident of the war in Western Virginia.) "Search her first, boys. Danged if that ain't too bad!" as the rifles were cocked. "Put her in Mammy Harkins' hands, she'll put her through."

Mammy Harkins, a sutler in the camp (only the devil knows how much better women do his work than men, when they undertake it), hustled up. "Thi! you young tigers! what'er you about? Spy, eh? Bring her 'long—I'll soon search her—I'll put her through."

They dragged the girl to the woman's tent, and threw her in. Better a tiger's claws had mauled her flesh than those of this woman, they would have been purer, less poisonous.

The girl stood up facing her, at last, all a woman's indignant blood in her cheek, her shaken intellect steadied by her pain.

"Are you a rebel?" demanded the woman, thrusting her face up to Ellen's, while the men crowded to the door.

"Are you?" Ellen asked, quietly.

"No, by the Lord!"

"Then I am. God never made me of the same blood as you."

The woman struck her. "Put her in the guard-house, boys, till the captain comes."

They took her off to the guard-house.

"Boys," said one pale-faced lad, a corporal, "it isn't right. That child don't know what a rebel is. Look at her eyes."

But they put her in. The guard-house was only a shed, where cows had been kept, but strongly guarded. There Ellen stayed that day and night.

A hot day, creeping slowly past, a hot, long night, full of torturing faces peering at her—whether real or not she never knew—of pain no words can tell to you.

They brought food to her and water, but she would not touch it, left it at one end of the shed, while she lay motionless at the other, with but one wish and thought. For rest—only for rest. She was tired. Even the thought of God, of Joe—was faded and far off now. The clear gray pools of water glistening in the sunlight! How cool and still they lay among the lilies!

PART III.

BEFORE dawn, the next day, the pale young corporal was placed as guard. He went in and touched the girl; his voice was like a woman's for tenderness. "You'll tell me who you are, won't you?" She did not speak. "Tell me about Joe, then." She lifted her head then. The young man drew back suddenly from the look in her eyes.

But she told him the story, with broken intervals, of strange forgetfulness. A long story, as Ellen told it. Sad too, enough. The boy's steady blue eyes filled with tears, once or twice, as he sat leaning on his musket, listening. Ellen told it in another way from me; I heard her once.

When she had ended, he did not speak for a long time. Then he said,

"I want to tell you something, and I think you will remember it better if I read to you, a little, out of this book—the same you sent Joe for a letter. You and I believe in Jesus, don't we?"

"I used to," she said, holding her hand to her forehead. "But I have such a trouble in my head. I don't know now what I believe."

"Well, we'll see what He says about your trouble and mine. See, *my* sister gave me this," taking out a prettily bound Bible, with a boyish look of admiration. "Just like her. She's a pure little thing. I read it in camp, and the boys don't laugh."

He read to her and talked until the glazed look had softened out of her eyes.

"Now I want you to listen to me, Ellen. I'm going to let you out of this. I'll take the risk. You cannot go to Joe. But I will make the captain bring him to you. Go back to the house where they were kind to you, and give them this letter; it's to my sister, in Ohio. You'll go to her, and stay 'till Joe comes. Go, now." He opened the door. "And, Ellen——" He hesitated; then took a gayly embossed card out of his pocket, writing on it, "Ellen Carter, in memory of her friend Thomas Lashton, O. V. M.," and gave it to her. "I thought you'd like a remembrancer," he said, shyly. "Show it to Hetty. That's sis. She's as good to me as you are to Joe. I wonder if I'll ever see her again!" His voice not very steady—he was only a boy, after all.

So she left him, going down the hill.

Not back to the house where they had been kind to her. Reason was too far gone for that. Through the mountain gorges, aimlessly, weak from pain and fasting; thinking only of the

clear pools and the water-lilies quiet in the sunlight, and the rest that lay therein. That was all. Coming at sundown to the long bridge at Fairmount that crosses the river there, where it is deepest and stillest. A quiet sunset; the village drowsing down into sleep already; the graying air steeped in dull crystal light; the water beneath, deep, and dark, and cool. How it rested there, the pleasant water! No dust, nor heat, nor pain! In the little valley the birds were flying home, glad to go. The valley *was* a good home; beyond the mountains yonder, dark and cold—Joe was. He would come for her; her feet were tired, she could go no farther. She would wait for him. He would come—perhaps—she did not know. Was God here? She was not sure: not sure of anything. Only the water—— She hid her little basket in the rock, with a vague notion of leaving it there for Joe, and then stepped out on the parapet of the bridge, and closed her eyes.

They caught her then and dragged her back. In a few moments she was lying on the bank, a fire in her brain—her veins like ice.

"Mad?" muttered one soldier to another.

"What wonder?" asked the little corporal.

Three months after that, a discharged volunteer was lying in an Ohio hospital. Discharged as unfit for service, one leg having been taken off above the knee. A silent, grave man, with resolute, manly eyes, and a tender mouth.

"What will you do, my poor fellow, when you go home?" asked the surgeon, one day. There had been but few battles then, wounded men were few in number; surgeons had time to be wondering, and speculative, and kind. Every woman in the town, where this hospital was located, knew the particulars of every case, discussed at their tea-tables whether Lieutenant More could bear ice-cream yet, and whether young Jones ought to have beef-tea or panada to-morrow.

"What will you do, when you go home?" said the surgeon, sitting down for a cozy gossip.

"I learned the basket making trade, sir, once. There's a deal to be made at that by a cripple: and in a year I can get a place as book-keeper in a mill at home."

"You'd best marry and have a wife to see to you."

The soldier laughed. "Not much fear of that, sir. I've a little girl at home, as 'll be mother and wife to me. My sister, our Ellen," taking out a daguerreotype from his pocket. "What'd you think of that face, sir?"

The doctor put on his spectacles and looked at it cunningly, looked again, mumbled under

his breath. "Odd—very odd. Where's your sister, did you say?"

"Michigan. I've not had a letter since the war, though. I wrote and wrote. But the mails are so uncertain. Nelly's waiting for me, I know; with mother."

"Nelly? Well—good-by," suddenly. "I've enough else to do." And the old man shuffled off quickly, taking snuff as he went.

In the hall he encountered the matron, a tidy, rosy-faced little body. "Mrs. Poyster! good luck befalls you woman! You'll be rewarded for your deeds done in the body! Where's Ellen?"

"Writing a letter for some patients in the fever-room. What do you mean?"

"She's well, to-day—Ellen? Strong, cheerful? No touch of trouble, eh?"

"None for weeks. Patient as a lamb, poor child! We've cured her, if ever a woman was cured. I—"

"Not quite complete the cure ain't. Come along, woman, I'll show you something." He bustled off, chuckling as he went.

A young girl, in the dress of the hospital nurses, met them on the stairs, looking up with a smile very gentle and patient, but pitiful, as one who seeks for something which they shall never find.

"Well, Ellen. Nothing in the mail to-day for you?"

She shook her head.

"Not tired waiting for Joe, eh?"

Slow tears came up into her eyes, but she said nothing.

"I—we—Ellen, there was a battle in the Cheat country, three weeks ago. Some of the wounded were brought in last night, partly cured. There might be some among them that could tell you of Joe. Go in and see, child!"

She passed them. Her fingers caught nervously together.

The little matron put her hand on the old man's arm, her face blushing and paling. "You don't mean? Joe——"

"I do mean. Listen!"

They crept up to the door of the dormitory, the tears rushing to Mrs. Poyster's eyes, like a good-hearted little soul as she was. They heard Ellen's uncertain step, as she passed up the ward; then—the sudden cry, "Oh, Joe! Joe!"

"God bless her!" said Mrs. Poyster. The doctor tried to say, "Amen," but choked about it. Ellen was a pet of theirs, more than they knew.

Out yonder, in the little fishing village on the shore of Huron, there is not a more cheery, heartsome cottage than Ellen's. The waves splash dully along the shore, but she thinks their sound is pleasant and welcoming; for she has had a long, sad journey that is over now; over forever.

She is standing in the door-way, her hand above her eyes, watching; the sunset light is red, touches her fresh crimson cheek as if it liked to rest there; a healthful, loving face is Ellen's, healthful, innocent eyes. No "trouble" there, not a shadow of it. She stands waiting. Inside, the tea-table is spread, and the lamp is burning. Yonder comes a steady, black shadow down the beach; the man walking steadily, though it is with a crutch. That is Joe.

And inside, *not* waiting, not at the door, but seeing Joe all the same, is a fair-haired little girl, who loves Ellen very much, but does not, of course, think much about her brother. That is Hetty. And Hetty's brother brought her there when he had a furlough in May; and he, Thomas Lashton, now lieutenant, O. V. M., when the war is over, intends to go into partnership with Joe in the lumber business, each thinking the other a thorough good fellow, honorable to the back bone. And Ellen wears the card Thomas gave her for a remembrancer somewhere about her. I'm sure I don't know why.

I believe my story is just begun. You must finish it. But don't forget that the mountains of Beulah were on this side of the river of Jordan.

L I N E S.

BY H. F. BAILEY.

FAR in the misty twilight, where the shadows
Sink into night's embrace,
There is a realm where dews that deck'd the meadows
Their homeward footsteps trace.
The tears we shed o'er ruined hopes and fancies
Haste to its pensive shades:
The bright air-castles, and the weird romances,
And every dream that fades;

And sighs, escaping from the heart, o'erflowing
With bitterness and pain,
Toward that sainted isle are swiftly rowing,
And wander not in vain—
A sad, yet sweet and sanctified dominion,
Oh! would I could repair
To its calm shades on soft aerial pinion,
To breathe its fragrant air!

NINA RAYMOND'S OFFERS.

BY HARRY RAYMOND.

GOLDEN curls and laughing eyes, bounding foot-fall and a voice full of ringing music, a laugh like the chime of silver bells, and a figure tiny, lithe, and graceful as a Titania.

This was my love, Nina Raymond.

"Be your wife? I never heard of such nonsense in my life! Your wife, indeed! I should as soon think of marrying papa, or brother Will, or—or—why, I can't think of any other masculine so impossible!"

This was the answer to my suit.

"But why?" I persisted.

"Why? Why don't a girl marry her grandmother? I'll tell you. It is because she gets tired of seeing the old lady round. I can't remember a day when I have not seen your phiz the first thing in the morning, the last in the evening. I never went to a party with any other escort; I never was in a scrape but you were either my companion in misery, or my shield from punishment; I never did a foolish thing but you were by to laugh or rebuke. Oh! Marston dear, go make love to any foreign lady, but don't be so absurd as to want to marry your cousin, who has lived under the same roof with you since she was a baby."

"But all you say only goes to prove my devotion."

"Devotion! You snub me quite as often as you praise. Besides——" she hesitated.

"Well?"

"I'm only sixteen, and I'm not going to accept my very first offer. And then, Marston, you don't come within a thousand miles of my *beau-ideal*."

"Oh! I don't! Pray, describe your *beau-ideal*."

"Tall."

"I stand six feet one inch."

"Handsome, with black whiskers and traveled manners. A man who has not lived all his life in this little miserable cooped-up village, but has seen the world, and profited thereby. One who has mixed in distinguished society, and learned refinement of dress and manner; who can talk something besides books to a lady."

"Ah! Well, if you won't have me, you won't. So there's an end of it."

And I got up lazily from the garden-seat,

where we had been sitting, and strolled toward the house. I saw her blue eyes open with amazement at my coolness; but I did not enact despair for her benefit, but laid my plans for her future edification.

Two days later I had left home and gone into the city for a visit. Nina gave me a merry farewell, and did not seem at all heart-broken at the prospect of the separation. If she felt any emotion, she was soon soothed, as the following letter, directed to my new address, convinced me.

"DEAR MARSTON—My hero has arrived. Such lovely black whiskers, not at all like your smooth face, cousin—such jetty curls, not auburn ones like yours—such black eyebrows and lashes—yours are yellow! He has been everywhere, has seen everything, speaks foreign languages, and has the most polished manners. He brought a letter of introduction to Will; so, of course, he is here quite often, and seems very well pleased with a certain cousin of yours."

And so on, the letter filled up with home-gossip. I read it at the little inn of my native village, where all my letters, redirected to "Mr. Alonzo Courtenay," followed me. The black whiskers lay on the table by me, the wig hung from the looking-glass, the dyed eyebrows and lashes still adorned my face. My fine broad-cloth suit, cut in the latest city style, my patent-leather boots, kid-gloves, and dandy cane lay on a chair, while I lounged in dressing-gown and slippers before the window, conning my cousin's letter. I was engaged to drive her out in an hour, so I began my elaborate toilet. Every curl was in position, every fold correct, as I rang the bell of my uncle's house, to which my fellow-conspirator, Will, had introduced me. No suspicion of my identity crossed my aunt's mind, as she gave me a polite welcome, and Nina's blind eyes saw only Mr. Courtenay, the traveled dandy.

"I trust I see the rose of Glendale in full health," I said, with a low bow. "Ah! those fair hands were meant for daintier tasks than this!" and I deprived her of her sewing. "The soft air woos us. You will drive with me?"

With a bewitching little hat, and every curl in glossy beauty, she was soon ready for our expedition. I cannot tell all the flattery I poured into her ears, half-disgusted at her blushes, half-amused at her innocent pleasure in my exaggerated gallantry. It was the first time I had been alone with her in my disguise, and I took occasion to delicately hint at my entire devotion to her charms, grinding my teeth at her coquettish acceptance of the same. Every day, for a month, I saw her, pressing my suit on all occasions, filling her ears with drawing affectations, and flat descriptions of Italy and France, with broad comparisons of Europe's and America's daughters. At last I proposed.

To my amazement, she refused me flat; to my delight, she informed me that her cousin Marston was a man, not a dressed-up idiot. I do not mean that these were her terms; but her warm defence of her cousin, after my sneering hint of jealousy, was equivalent to such a declaration.

Of course, my proper self returned, radiant and hopeful. Will you believe it? She was as offish as ever when I made any advances. Was cousinly and sisterly till I was in a perfect fury over her cool ease and matter of course affection, but would only laugh at my proffered love, and compare me slightly to her recent admirer, actually having the audacity to hint,

that her heart walked out of the door on his departure.

I was half-inclined to quit the field, but I loved the gipsy heartily, and could not give her up. Luckily I had a sun-stroke. Now, a sun-stroke, generally, is not a fortunate event, but for me it opened the way to my present happiness. I was in the garden, hatless, and busy over some fruit-gathering, when all the face of nature turned black, and I fell.

"Marston! Marston! Only speak to me! It is Nina! Oh! Marston, do speak to me!" and hot tears fell fast on my face. I had been lifted into the house, and it was the second hour of my stupor when the words struck my ear—muffled and dim, but deliciously sweet, the dear voice sounded in its agony. Then Will's voice.

"I feel his pulse now. Nina. He is coming round. I'll leave you here, while I go find mother."

We were alone. I could not move, but I could feel her kisses rained on my face; her sobbing regrets for past unkindness; her low prayers whispered for my safety. And at last I opened my eyes.

My head resting on her arm, my face raised to hers, my hand clasping hers, she could not escape. So she surrendered at discretion, and we were married nearly three months before I told her who made her her second offer.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

The night is dark, the tempests sweep
 Along the numbing air,
 And wake me from my sleep, to weep
 The tears of lone despair;
 For she is lying cold and dead,
 Whom I have loved so dear;
 And gloomy winter's snows are spread
 Above her chilly bier.
 But though she's gone, her pallid face,
 Still wet with lagging tears,
 All loth to leave so sweet a place,
 Before my sight appears.
 Her steps forever round me go,
 Her breath is on my cheek,
 And, from all gentle winds that blow,
 I hear her softly speak.
 Once, in that season of the night
 When ghosts, with measured tread,
 Glide silently athwart the sight,
 In habits of the dead,
 And waking cocks, with swelling throat,
 Disturb the midnight perch
 With far resounding, solemn note,
 And witches mar the church,

All radiant with silver light,
 Which, from her brow divine,
 Fell o'er her trailing robes of white,
 And made them sweetly shine,
 She came from Heaven unto me,
 To soothe my soul from pain,
 And said, "Sad heart, what aileth thee?
 We soon shall meet again.
 Be patient, and rely upon
 My never ending love;
 And when thy earthly course is run,
 I'll welcome thee above!"
 Then, looking in my face, with deep,
 Commiserating eyes,
 Too full of deathless hope to weep,
 She left me for the skies.
 As infant sprites, who hovered o'er
 The couch whereon I lay,
 What time she staid, went on before,
 Hymning upon their way.
 When, all at once, the room grew dark,
 And bells began to toll,
 While neigh'ring dogs did bay and bark,
 And solemn music roll.

ANNIE LINN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE children went laughing and singing down toward the village; the clouds began to pile up in the west for the coming sunset, and the first flush of spring beauty tinged the hills and woods with peculiar radiance.

The path that led through the fields to the river was already green, and the maple-buds hung out their scarlet to entice the blue-birds and robins back to their favorite haunts.

As they stood in the grove—Annie Linn and Charles Manson—the rush of the river below, and the voices of the children from the road, mingled together like the bass and soprano of some exquisite melody; but if they heard it all, it was with that impatience which comes over one when happy sounds break in upon restlessness and trouble.

She had come down there to bid him farewell—not from any girlish desire for a quarrel which should end in a pleasant reconciliation—but from a settled conviction of the necessity of the step, which, once taken, must be irrevocable.

They were both young. A year before they had been, for a short time, engaged; but all that had long since been broken off, and this last interview was a great deal worse than useless, though, perhaps, without it neither could have brought their minds to regard that book in their lives as completely closed.

Charles Manson was the eldest son of a widow. He had been a spoiled, handsome boy—I fear he was a wayward, reckless man—just one of those young fellows whom everybody likes, and whose agreeable qualities and faculty of making friends prove their own greatest snare and temptation.

I should have made one exception when I said everybody liked Charley, for old Mr. Linn had detested him from his boyhood. He was a close-fisted, grim old chap, who always prayed as if he meant to frighten the angels into doing their duty; who had toiled incessantly all his life, and could not understand why anybody should expect an existence at all different.

Now, as a boy, Charley would not work, except to attain some special object. He hated a farmer's life, and was determined to go to college. He had accomplished that by dint of sacrifices on his mother's part—those few words

tell the story of her life—and considerable labor on his own. He taught school during the vacations—a distant relative helped him out with a hundred dollars, and so he went on.

But alas! during the last year of his course everything changed. Charley made the acquaintance of an entirely different set, young men of fortune and expensive habits, whom he ought to have avoided, and his natural disposition did the rest. He left college very suddenly—good-natured people said he was expelled—and the next the village heard of him he was in New York, but whether in business nobody knew.

Before he came home, old Mr. Linn discovered the engagement existing between him and Annie, and with his usual peremptoriness broke it off at once.

Charley wrote her scores of reproachful letters, which her father coolly burned before her eyes—then a long silence—then terrible stories of his bad habits and dissipation. Nobody ventured to question the widow, for she was one of those women whom even village gossips did not care to approach with their affected sympathy and ill-concealed curiosity. As she sat in her place at church, people noticed how, week after week, the smooth hair gained an added tinge of gray, and the patient lines about her mouth deepened with hidden anxiety and trouble.

Annie met her but seldom, and then there was little conversation between them—never a word concerning the subject which filled both their hearts. Mr. Linn had forbidden any intercourse between the families; but the widow had known him too long not to understand the truth, and exonerate Annie from all blame in the matter.

Old Linn loved money. If Charley had been as steady as a young Solon he would not have given him his daughter. It was convenient that the young man offered him a reasonable excuse for the course he pursued.

Annie held her father in great awe. She had inherited the feeling from her mother, who, ten years before, had faded into her grave, perhaps glad that, for once, she could do something in peace and quiet. The neighbors talked still about her resignation; the old minister often

alluded to her death-bed as the most edifying scene he had ever witnessed; but, though she was a good woman, I have always believed that the fact of having her own way, for the first time since her married life began, aided nearly as much as higher feelings in producing her composure and serenity.

I suppose Mr. Linn was sorry. Her health had been failing for a long time, and she had been obliged to neglect her dairy, and that fact helped to support him in his bereavement.

He never married again, and Annie grew up under the shadow of her father's presence, and the tyranny of two elder brothers, who were really prototypes of their parent. One of them was married now, and his bustling, active wife gave Annie a world of good advice, and set her face against Charles Manson, and all belonging to him, with a praiseworthy pertinacity which delighted the descendant of the old Puritans.

The autumn before, Charley came home for a few weeks, arriving unexpectedly, and creating a great sensation in the village. He looked handsome and gentlemanly enough to have excited Mr. Linn's resentment, if there had been no other cause; but the merchants, who returned about the same time from their semi-annual city trip, brought stories concerning him that made the elderly people regard him with horror, and set the young ones wild, as wickedness always will, in spite of good advice and sound precept.

He came to see Annie soon after his return, but Mr. Linn shut the door promptly in his face, feeling that he had done a praiseworthy act—such a capital way to reform a man who has gone astray!

Annie saw him at church, but the poor child hardly trusted herself to look toward his seat. Once he met her near the village and drove her half-wild with his reproaches; but she remained firm to her promise and her filial duty.

The pattern sister-in-law heard of the interview, and duly reported it to the father. A storm of cold anger burst upon Annie's head, but even that was checked by her submission.

Charley departed as suddenly as he had appeared, and everything went back to its old routine. Mr. Linn seldom mentioned his name; but the brothers did not scruple to upbraid Annie with having cared for such a scamp, and the sister worried her heart to find out how much the girl really suffered.

The winter passed. No more letters from Charley; even his mother heard very seldom from him, and the news could not have been favorable, for the gray hair was growing almost

white, and still closer economy crept into the old brown house.

Now he was back in the village. He had arrived only the day before, and had managed to send Annie a letter demanding an interview, which she could no more have refused than the last request of the dying.

There they stood in the maple grove, with the sunset gathering about them, and the black sorrow swooping down over their souls like the heavy clouds that hovered above the radiance of the west!

He had been pleading so earnestly! But though her heart trembled beneath his words, and swayed toward him with the old affection, his passionate language beat vainly against the fortitude with which her rigid ideas of duty and right had armed her.

"You never loved me!" he exclaimed, with all a man's selfishness and cruelty. "You are cold and hard—you can't feel."

She only shivered a little—her tears had crowded back upon her heart and refused to flow. It seemed to her that they were slowly freezing there, and would press life out beneath their ice.

"Why don't you speak?" he said. "You see me going crazy before your face, and will not say a word."

"I can't say anything more," she answered, slowly.

"Then you give me up—you cast me off as everybody else has done! I have not lied to you—I never pretended that I was a good man, but you might make me what you pleased."

"Oh! Charley, Charley!" The utterance of the old familiar name was like a sob. "If you cannot be all that you ought from a higher reason, no efforts of mine would avail."

"They would, they would!"

She shook her head sadly, retaining all the while her forced composure, though inwardly she trembled so that she could hardly stand.

"They have made you hate me!" he exclaimed. "You look upon me as a monster! After all, how am I so much worse than other men? If the truth were known, half these sanctimonious people who abuse me have done things worse than——"

She put up her hand pleadingly, and he stopped. She could not bear to hear him attempt such self-justification. With her religious feelings, the excesses of which he had been guilty appeared much more terrible than they would have done to a woman of the world; but she loved him in spite of everything—for when did such doubts ever change affection?

"Oh, Charles!" she said, suddenly. "For your own sake, for your mother's, be true to yourself—make your life all that it ought to be."

"What do I care for myself? As for my mother, she has a son to depend upon—I am of no consequence—no one will care how I end!"

"You are breaking my heart! Do not make us all so miserable!"

She wrung her hands with a sudden passion which startled him. She was usually so quiet that, with his impetuous nature, accustomed to give vent to every feeling, he had, at times, accused her of a want of feeling.

"It is my heart which is breaking," he answered. "Annie, don't throw me off—don't send me away utterly desperate!"

"If you had lost every hope in the world you ought not to be that! I can never be anything to you—my father will never permit it."

"And can you hesitate between us? Is this your love?"

"My duty is stronger than my love," she said, "and I shall obey it. Were I alone in the world, I might well hesitate before I committed my happiness to your keeping; but I would do it—I would trust to your affection to me to lead you aright; but now—"

"Now you may do it! There is no one loves you as I do; you fear your father more than you love him; your brothers tyrannize over you. Only come with me—be my wife, and let us be happy in spite of the whole world."

"Do you think I could be happy with my father's curse hanging over me?"

"He would forgive you in the end."

"You know him better than to believe that. No, Charles, rather have patience and wait. Who can tell, if you did as you ought, worked hard and made yourself a good name, that he would not in the end yield?"

"He hates me too much for that! There is no hope!"

The sunset was beginning to fade. Annie dared not remain, and, moreover, she was growing so faint and weary that she longed to end the pang of parting.

"You are anxious to go," he said, bitterly; "you grudge me even this last half-hour. Do not fear, I shall never ask another."

"You will be sorry for such cruel speeches when you are gone," she returned. "Don't make these last memories so bitter!"

Then his wild love came up again, and he implored her with all the fervor of passion not to leave him; but though she wept in agony, her firmness was unshaken. She could die, but she could not take a step which she felt to be wicked.

"Then go!" he exclaimed. "I shall never trouble you again! I swear you shall repent this to the last day of your life! You have made me utterly desperate—I have nothing to live for now."

"Your mother—remember your mother!"

"I shall be better out of her way—I have been a curse to her all my life!"

Then his mood changed; the better feelings of his honest nature came up.

"I don't mean what I said! But oh, Annie! you don't know what you are doing!"

"I must do it, I must! I can't stay here—I ought not to have come—it has only done us both harm."

"Think a little——"

"I have thought—I have prayed to do right—I must obey my father."

"Then it's all over—all over!"

He clasped her for an instant in his arms, and, before she could speak, he was gone—the last look of his white face, convulsed with mingled emotions, terrifying her so unutterably that she had no strength even to pronounce his name.

After a time, she rose from the log where she had fallen, rather than sank from any will of her own, and went slowly home through the chill twilight.

Her father was alone in the sitting-room when she entered, and she walked directly up to the hearth, saying,

"Father, I have seen Charles Manson."

She was so exhausted by emotion that she did not even think of his anger. He was greatly enraged; but the sight of that white face and those great brown eyes, with their hopeless, despairing expression, would have restrained a much more violent nature.

"How came you to do that?" he asked.

"I thought it right."

"And are you to judge?" he demanded, angrily. "After my commands—how dared you disobey them?"

"I shall never see him again, father, never again!"

She laid her hand upon his shoulder half-unconsciously, for she was tottering like a person about to faint.

He said no more to her, contenting himself with despatching her to bed and administering a dose of herb tea. Like many people, he could understand physical illness; but mental affliction, such as she endured, was entirely beyond his comprehension.

The very next day her sister-in-law came with information of the interview; but Annie's white face still had its influence upon the old

man, and, to the surprise of young Mrs. Linn, she found herself treated in the most cavalier manner.

"Ann told me all about it, so you needn't fret yourself."

Fret herself indeed! That was a pleasant reward for having walked two miles, in hot haste, to tell her story! She gathered her shawl about her and returned home in high dudgeon, without even seeing Annie, greatly to the poor girl's relief, and quieted herself by working her husband into a fury concerning the old man's property. It was her opinion that deceitful girl would get it all if they didn't look sharp—she always mistrusted those still people, she did!

For two days longer Charley Manson lingered about the village; but he only injured himself by staying. A party of young men came up from the country town bent upon a glorious frolic—Charley was drawn in with them, glad of any means that brought temporary forgetfulness.

When the party broke up, Charley disappeared. It was supposed at first that he had gone with them; but two days after his mother found a letter in the chamber which he usually occupied.

It only said that he should never trouble her again—neither her nor any one. It was better that everything should end.

At first she could not understand the signification of the half-illegible scrawl. Gradually it broke upon her mind that the leave-taking meant suicide—she grew almost mad with the horror of the thought.

The report went abroad, and everybody formed a separate opinion; but when the tidings reached Annie Linn, she could not doubt even for an instant—he was dead.

Mrs. Manson wrote to his city friends. He had not been seen; nowhere any tidings. She could do nothing—could only sit in her desolate house, with that terrible belief growing each day stronger, praying always for his soul with that feeling which makes all men Catholics during the first agony of a sudden bereavement. Annie Linn's chief longing was to go to her, if she could only have thrown herself into the mother's arms and died there; but she did not dare. They repented to her harsh words that the woman had spoken concerning her: if her son was dead, she had killed him; and though she did not credit the tales, she feared that the mourner's heart might be hardened against her, and she dared not go.

They were fearful days to live through! The

ordinary routine of duties must go on. Neighbors with unconcealed curiosity looking in upon her; the sister-in-law appearing at the most unexpected moments, seeming to take a sort of delight in talking concerning Manson's disappearance in the gloomiest strain; she forced to bear up, to endure, living years and years in those brief days.

Upon the third morning, her father and brother left home for the remainder of the week; then she left the house to the care of the old servant, crept up to her room, and locked all the world out to cower alone beneath her despair.

More than a week passed. It was bright, delicious spring. The trees were all green; the crocuses and snow-drops were blossoming in the little garden; a colony of robins haunted the old apple-trees, and flew in at the open windows, telling beautiful tales of their southern flight. But there was no peace in all this growing richness of beauty and life.

It was the middle of the afternoon. Her father and brother were out, and Annie Linn stood in the side-door, looking across the fields toward the river.

She saw a group of children rush wildly up the path she had last trodden with Charles Manson. Out from the nearest houses of the village ran several men, taking the path the children had come up, which led down to the cove.

It was a beautiful spot in summer time, when the water was low, sheltered between the high green banks of the shore and the tall trees of the island; but at that season of year the current was so swollen by the spring rains, that the island was half-overflowed and the pretty cove a deep, black eddy, where the waters seethed and foamed in their in-ane whirl.

Annie Linn stood motionless in the door-way. From the first instant she saw the wild race of the children, she understood what had happened. They had found the body; he had been drowned in the cove.

Then the dreadful doubt, whether it had been accidental or the work of self-destruction. She remembered his last words; but even in that hour of supreme anguish she could not see her way to have acted differently.

She still stood there, while more people went hurrying down through the fields, and the excitement became general in the village.

She heard some one passing through the next room. She must be alone, or her very reason would go! She reached the stairs—fairly crept up, on her hands and knees, to the solitude of her own room.

Perhaps an hour after, some impulse forced her to the window. She looked out. Up the path came a train of men carrying something upon a plank over which was spread a white sheet that fluttered a little in the wind.

Only a glance; then she fell to the floor and lost everything for a time in that blessed insensibility.

The body was carried to the old, brown farmhouse. The face was so swollen and discolored as to be unrecognizable, but the widow remembered the clothes. It was the corpse of her son.

Poor Charley Manson! There were few hearts that did not feel for the stricken mother, and regret the wayward young man, who, but a few years before, had been a bright, happy boy in their midst.

The evening before the funeral, Annie Linn wandered out of the house into the fields—not toward the path, which had formerly been her favorite haunt; she could not even look toward that.

She saw the old brown house on the hill, but did not venture to approach more near. Some one came out of the door and walked down the hill. Annie knew her in an instant—it was his mother.

She did not attempt to avoid the meeting. She stood there, passively awaiting whatever might ensue, not even looking up as she heard the footsteps come nearer.

"Annie! Annie!" called the familiar voice, which had an undertone so like his.

There stood the widow, with her arms extended. Annie fell into them with one cry, upon which the smothered grief of the past days went out.

It was a long time before there was a word spoken; then tears came, and broken whispers, which made each heart dear to the other.

"They say you blamed me," Annie cried.

"Child, my boy loved you: that was enough! I never blamed you—I never shall! We don't care what people say—we understand one another now."

"I wanted to see you—to come to you."

"I know, I know! You can do so now, Annie; your father will never object any more."

They clung to one another a little closer after these words.

"You mustn't come to the house to-morrow," the widow said. "Come to me when it is all over and they are gone."

"I have been wishing—I want to see——"

"No, no! Oh! it's dreadful! I could only look once. Don't, Annie, don't!"

She hid her face for a moment to shut out the painful image her own words had called up—that pale, worn face, with so much of the tender beauty of ago in it already.

They had no words of comfort to speak to each other. It was very difficult to talk at all. But it eased their grief to stand together, feeling that each understood the other's heart.

"It is growing late," the widow said. "You must go home."

Annie clung to her with sudden energy.

"Don't let them talk to you. I did love him—indeed I did!"

"I know it! You did what was right; no one shall blame you in my hearing. I hope they'll let my boy alone now. Oh! my Charley, my Charley!"

She checked the spasm of grief quickly.

"I don't believe he did it on purpose. He wrote me a letter. I think he meant to go away. I suppose he wandered off toward the river in the night——"

A shudder completed the sentence; it was fuller of agony than any words or tears.

They parted almost in silence, and each stole home, shivering with a chill that struck deeper than the pleasant coolness of the spring evening, that would not wear away for months and years.

The next day the neighbors congregated in the old farm-house. There was a prayer from the pastor. No warning held out to the young, as a less considerate person might have deemed fitting the occasion—only earnest supplications for the bereaved mother. Then the train passed out of the gate and—took its way toward the grave-yard.

Annie saw it all from her window. The blessed saints who helped her to bear her grief alone witnessed what she endured.

When her father returned to tea, she was perfectly composed, and he had kindness enough in his hard old nature to spare her even an allusion.

Only once was the past revived. Young Mrs. Linn was, at the house a few days after the funeral, and, during the conversation, abruptly introduced the dead man's name.

"You ought to thank your father on your knees, Annie," she said, "for all he saved you from! If you had married that young scape-grace——"

She stopped as if she had been struck dumb. Annie had risen and was standing directly before her, colorless and cold, but with a world of grief and indignation in her great brown eyes.

"Eliza," she said, "let this be the last time you speak of him in my presence. If I cannot be protected from your insults in my father's house, I must find a place where I can."

She walked out of the room, leaving her sister-in-law staring in dumb confusion at the wall. Never in her life had Annie spoken to any one in that tone; even her father was so astonished that he remained perfectly silent for several moments.

Then he gave Mrs. Eliza a lesson which, perhaps, in the end, did her good, although she flew out of the house in a violent passion, and did not enter it for a month after.

The spring warmed into summer, but the mourning in which Annie Linn's heart was shrouded did not grow more light.

She visited the widow very frequently. Her father never made any opposition, although he rather kept out of her way himself. However much he might believe himself in the right, it was not pleasant now to meet the poor mother and remember all the harsh words he had spoken concerning the young man, over whose grave the flowers he loved had already begun to spring.

Of course, after the first few weeks of wondering, Annie was left in peace by her neighbors. They had begun to forget the sudden death, and probably supposed she was doing the same. But the mother knew the truth, and every day knit her heart more closely to that of the uncomplaining girl.

Charles Manson had been buried a year. Mr. Linn himself believed that Annie had gotten over her trouble. The color had come back to her cheek, she performed her duties even more conscientiously than of old, and he was not observing enough to notice the thousand changes which had taken place in her habits and manners.

But Mrs. Eliza saw that her days of persecuting Annie were over. Not that the girl quarreled with her; but she had a way of looking her through and through, with her earnest eyes, which was altogether too much for the woman's equanimity.

That summer came the second great trial of Annie Linn's life.

James Martin, having been left a widower, a couple of years before, and finding himself alone in the midst of the comforts his money brought about him, cast about in the country for another wife, and, as fate would have it, he fixed his choice upon Annie. It was very foolish of him, when there were scores of girls who would have been in the seventh heaven at the

bare idea of solacing his grief. But where such feelings are concerned, the wisest men are perverse; so no one but Annie could fill the void in his heart.

He became a frequent visitor at the house, but as he had usually some ostensible business with her father, it never occurred to Annie that his visits had any connection with herself. I fancy he gave Mr. Linn a hint from the first, but the old gentleman wisely held his peace, and suffered events to take their course, never dreaming that any daughter of his could be insane enough to refuse one of the richest men in the county, young at that, and in every respect all that a reasonable woman could desire.

When the truth did dawn upon Annie's mind, she was sorely troubled; but it was difficult to know what course to pursue.

He began to ask her to drive out with him, and, as the invitations were given in her father's presence, he accepted them for her without the slightest hesitation.

At last people began to gossip and make remarks. It was currently reported that the pair were engaged long before Martin had found courage to show her more than common civility.

Mrs. sister-in-law Eliza did not venture to say one word to Annie, but she expressed her opinion very freely among her friends. She always thought what that great ado about Charley Manson would end in—all put on! Any how, Mr. Martin would find he'd made a pretty mess of it! Why, the girl would leave the dinner to get itself, while she read novels! Pooh! If people would be taken by a baby face, they must take the consequences—it was nothing to her.

At last she repeated these amiable speeches to an old aunt of Martin, and the poor woman was so terrified at the idea of his being taken in and done for, that she proceeded to read him a lecture, the first time they met, upon the necessity of caution, and prudence, and the folly of taking a fancy to a girl who would only be good to spend the wealth he had toiled to accumulate.

The sermon had the effect such advice usually has. That very evening Martin presented himself before Annie, and, to her great surprise and bewilderment, made her an offer of his heart and hand, with the air of a man who did not dream of a refusal, as was natural after her father's encouragement.

"I am sorry;"—she was obliged to interrupt him, in order to speak—"I was not expecting this; I cannot be your wife, Mr. Martin."

He stared at her in astonishment for an instant, but could not believe her in earnest.

"You think I ought not to have spoken so abruptly, and want to punish me for it," he said.

"No, indeed. I cannot marry you. I don't want to give you pain; but please don't talk of this any more, Mr. Martin. I shall always be your friend, but I can be nothing more."

"But your father always gave me reason to hope," he said, turning red and pale with mingled pain and mortification.

"I never gave him any cause to do so, believe me. It was not until very lately that I even dreamed your visits were intended for me."

"But you will think differently—I will not take your answer now."

"You must, Mr. Martin, indeed you must. I shall never change."

"You don't think me worthy of you?" he demanded, angrily.

"It is not that," she answered, sadly. "I have no heart to give any man."

She grew so white that, for the first time, he remembered the talk there had been concerning her and Charley Manson. That thought helped to check his rising anger; but he began to plead his cause again.

She was very kind, but perfectly firm, and he was at length obliged to acknowledge, in his own mind, that she was perfectly serious, and no persuasions could induce her to take her station in the world as his wife.

He sought Mr. Linn and informed him of his ill-success.

"She can't mean it!" exclaimed the old man, all the advantage of the match rushing more strongly than ever upon him. "These girls never know what they want."

"Miss Annie seems so, at all events."

"Nonsense! She wanted to tease you."

"I never saw a girl show less inclination."

"I'll talk to her," returned the old man in his imperative way. "I shall see you to-morrow—it will be all right."

Mr. Martin went his way divided in his opinions, and greatly chagrined at the probable overthrow of all the pretty castles in the air he had been industriously rearing during the past weeks of blind security.

"What's this Martin tells me?" demanded Mr. Linn, abruptly entering the room where Annie still sat, her thoughts going back to the previous year, whose narrow round had swallowed up the brief summer of her life. "He says you refused him?"

"I did, father," she answered, trembling a

little before his power; but retaining the composure and courage which she had gained from sorrow.

"I should like to know why."

"Because I did not love him."

"Nonsense—first girlish folly! You are a bad, ungrateful girl to disappoint me in this way. I thought I should see you happily settled in life. I'm growing old, and I know you wouldn't have a pleasant life of it with the boys after I'm gone."

"Father, I cannot marry him! I will do anything else to please you—but that would be wicked. I have no right to marry him when I do not love him."

"You would in time! You don't suppose he cares about such nonsense as you read of in story books. Come, come, I don't want any nonsense, I've humored you too much this year."

Perhaps his conscience had had more to do with his indulgence than he would have chosen to acknowledge, but he forgot that now in his anger.

"Martin won't bother you just at present; but you must make your mind up to give him a different answer when he does come again."

"I never can, father! I will do my duty as well as I am able; but marry him or any other man I cannot."

"I should like to know why?"

She took his arm and drew him to the window, pointing toward the distant grave-yard bathed in the soft light of evening.

"Because, when you laid him down there to rest, you buried my heart there also."

The old man's arm fell to his side. She went out of the room in silence, leaving him, for the time, so much shaken that he could not pursue the subject either by argument or threat.

For a few days she was left in peace; then the matter came up again, and for three months Annie was tormented almost beyond her powers of endurance. Mr. Martin haunted her footsteps; her father alternately scolded and entreated; her sister-in-law mixed herself up in the affair, and between them all and her own sorrow, many and many a time poor Annie used to wish herself quietly at rest in the grave-yard.

Mr. Martin cut the Gordian knot himself very unexpectedly. He grew so vexed that he went off into a neighboring county and married a very nice sort of girl, whom he had known but a short time, but who was quite content with her lot, and made an exceedingly good wife.

After the wedding was once over, Mr. Linn

never again alluded to the subject. He sulked for a long time, but he gradually got over that. Eliza crowed with joy; she was only sorry that she could not discover whether Annie was vexed; but, judging her nature by her own, took it for granted that she was, and triumphed accordingly.

Three years more had gone by. Mr. Linn was grown an old man, and, as he neared the grave, his rugged nature began to soften. He turned from his sons' coarseness and greed to find comfort in Annie's affection and gentle ministrings which did not fail him, and, cheered by her presence, he went on toward the moment when he put off humanity and its trials like a worn-out garment that the eager soul despised.

The brothers were greatly dissatisfied with the will—Annie shared equally with them. It would have been quite enough for her to have been left in their care. What did she know about the use of money?

It was of no avail to grumble, however, the matter was settled. Her elder brother was coming to take possession of the homestead, and as Annie could in nowise regard it her duty to live with Eliza, she made preparations to depart. While she was meditating upon her plans old Mrs. Manson came to her.

"I thought you considered yourself my daughter," she said

"I do. I have no one left but you."

"Then come home, my daughter, my house is your rightful home now."

So the matter was arranged. Annie settled quietly down in the dear old brown house—dearer even than her childhood's home from its associations with Charley's memory, as if she had been indeed the widow's child.

Of course people wondered a little; but, after all, it was natural enough, and Madam Eliza's peculiarities of disposition were sufficiently well known to explain Annie's declining to make her brother's house her home.

It was the fifth spring since the funeral took place from the farm-house—Annie was twenty-four years old.

She had been out for a long walk, and it was already twilight when she ascended the hill.

She passed through the yard, and as she reached the outer door Mrs. Manson's voice reached her ear. She was startled—it sounded as if the widow was giving way to hysterical emotion.

"Mother!" she called out. "Mother!"

"There she is!" the old lady exclaimed. "Richard, go and tell her—don't let her in without—she'll die! Oh! Annie, Annie!"

She rushed into the hall before the frightened girl could stir; she caught her in her arms, weeping and trying to speak, while Richard followed little less agitated.

"A letter, Annie," he said trying to control himself, "we were all mistaken—Charley——"
"Is alive!"

The words died on her lips—power and sense forsook her in the agonizing joy of that moment.

When she came to herself Charley Manson was supporting her, was calling her name wildly. It was no dream. He was there—alive—as she had sometimes dreamed might be the case, only to throw aside the thought as impossible in her quieter moments.

It was very natural, improbable as it seems. After writing that letter to his mother, he had hurried to New York and shipped for California without seeing one of his old friends. The body which was found was indeed dressed in his clothes—things Charley had given him on his arrival home. He was some stranger, a drunken wanderer whose name never transpired.

Charley had not for a long time written back, and, when he did, the letters never reached their destination; so that he arrived that day in the village to find himself regarded as comfortably disposed of for five years past.

There is nothing more to tell.

Business had prospered with him; his early habits had been flung aside, and the true nobleness of his character shone out without a stain.

There is a beautiful stone cottage erected not far from the old farm-house; fair-haired children play about broad porches, and peace and contentment reign within; the happiness which Annie was patiently waiting to find in another sphere has come to her in this lower world.

SONNET.

AND then at early morn I saw thee die!

Oh! death is but a sinking into rest,

A fearful pass-word to our home on high,

A whispered welcome to our Saviour's breast.

Yes, I had watched the glorious Summer-time,

As with her fingers she wove out her pall

Of blossoms, but to fade with Autumn's prime,

And then like thee, the fairest one—to fall.

And now the murmurs of the homeless wind,

The slanting sun-rays through each leafless tree,

Are like the hopes I strive in vain to bind,

The fragments of Love's broken treasury;

They make my inner world forever full

Of mournful melodies, so sad, so beautiful!

L. L.

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XLIII, PAGE 461.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARBARA WESTBURN had met with but little consolation from her chance encounter with Cromwell. Though his heart yearned toward her after its hard fashion, he could not bring it to yield anything to her gentle persuasions, and with a consciousness of offence in his own bosom, he had said many things in their interview that jarred painfully on her sensitive feelings. In truth, there was great unfitness between these two persons, which no time nor circumstance could remove. Barbara all refinement, both by nature and education, was the proper mate for a poet, not a politician of those fierce times. She was overpowered by the strength of Cromwell's character, but could not even guess at its revolting coarseness. He, like many another hard, rude man, had just enough of the ideal in his soul to wonder at, and in a certain way worship a creature so infinitely above himself in all that makes humanity beautiful.

The lovers had parted in grief and anger. All the harsh traits of Cromwell's nature had been brought into action during the last few weeks, and his real qualities had, for the first time, partially revealed themselves.

There was something more than grief in Barbara's heart now. All the refinement of her character was in revolt; her thoughts were disturbed with a sort of terror. Still she was far too loving and faithful for any expression of these feelings, and grew angry at herself that they would not depart. I think that it is a mistake when people pronounce love as blind. Blindness here arises only from incapacity to judge clearly on any subject. The highest order of love, that which carries the heart and soul with it, is clear as crystal in its comprehension of all that is beautiful or base in a beloved object. At least it was so with Barbara Westburn; her pure spirit began to unfold itself as the sensitive plant shrinks from any touch less pure than the air that feeds it. She wondered sadly if she, in truth, understood her lover—if his great strength all pointed heavenward.

In the midst of these thoughts she was interrupted by Randal, all animation and energy.

"Barbara," he said, with something of Cromwell's authority in his voice, "get your mantle and tie on your hood, I want you to go with me."

Barbara looked at the lad in amazement. There was something firm and manly in that young face, that she had never seen there before.

"Where would you have me go, Randal?" she said.

"For a ride—a long ride. We may not be home again till deep in the night; so let your mantle be of thick cloth."

"But for what object?"

"Go to oblige me, your cousin, sweet Barbara!"

The lad went close to her as he spoke, and, putting his hand under her chin, patted it caressingly. "For my sake, Barbara!"

"But the horses?" she said, smiling under this unusual caress.

"I have taken care of them. They are now in the stable ready saddled. Your father's Cob and that beautiful, strange horse which no one has ever claimed," answered Randal, crimsoning as he spoke.

"Well, I do not understand this," said Barbara, gently; "but if it will give you pleasure, I am ready for the ride."

"That's a good cousin."

"But my father?"

"Oh! he wishes you to get some exercise, he sees how wan and sad all this trouble is leaving you."

"Then he wishes me to go?"

"Certainly. Bessie and I asked him if it wouldn't be best, and he said, 'Undoubtedly.'"

"Then I will go."

Barbara started from her seat and began her preparations with considerable energy. Randal went out, and directly the horses were prancing in front of the door.

"I think," said Randal, with some hesitation, "I think it would be best for you to ride the

Cob, cousin Barbara. The chestnut, you see, is full of fire and beyond a woman's handling."

Barbara looked at his earnest face a little mischievously; she understood his longing desire to show off on that beautiful steed, and could not resist an impulse to tease him.

"Oh! I'm not afraid," she said. "Never fear that I cannot manage him."

"But, Barbara, cousin Barbara, you have no idea how he strains upon the bit."

"Oh! that is nothing, I shall let him go!"

"Let him go? Why, he runs like the wind."

"That will be delightful. I have often wished to ride like the wind."

"But only think, Barbara, how it will look for you, a fair demoiselle, to be mounted on that fiery steed; and I—a gentleman—almost a soldier, ambling by your side on the brown Cob."

"Certainly," persisted Barbara, "people might remark it, but only as a proof of your gallantry in giving up the best horse to a lady."

"Well," answered the youth, dolefully, "if you think so, of course I must take the Cob; but I fear for your neck, indeed I do, cousin Barbara!"

The poor fellow was almost crying as he prepared to change the magnificent saddle from the chestnut to the broad, low back of his uncle's horse.

"No; on second thought I am a little timid," said Barbara, smitten with compassion. "The creature's eyes are too bright; he curves his neck so fiercely, perhaps you had better try him, Randal, especially as I am used to the Cob."

"Dear, dear Barbara, what a sensible girl you are! it's quite a treat to be related to you. Come, mount now, for we have a long ride before us!"

Directly the cousins were on horseback and scouring across the country in gallant style. The chestnut could not well be restrained to the steady pace of the rector's horse; but Randal rode off a portion of his exuberant spirits by taking long circuits around the heath, always keeping his cousin in sight; till at last the Cob got his metal up and dashed on with the hunter, neck and neck, with a recklessness that would have frightened his owner out of the deepest brown study he ever was swamped in. At nightfall, just as the last gleams of gold were dying out of the west, the cousins reached the village inn at which Randal had stopped the night before. Here he called upon his cousin to dismount and rest awhile, declaring

that the horses must have a mouthful of corn before they could think of returning.

With a lofty air, into which he managed to cast considerable democratic coarseness, the lad entered the hostelry and addressed the landlord.

"Send a man to our horses; give them plenty of corn, and show me a room where this lady can have supper," he said.

The landlord was taken by surprise. He looked first at the youth, then at the lady, smoothing down his white apron with a pair of plump, irresolute hands.

"You were here last evening, young gentleman, if I bethink me aright?" he said, at last.

"Yes; and I come again to-night in order to meet him. You know who I mean?"

"Yes, yes; the lads were sadly put out at his not coming last night. Nothing but the beer cask kept them quiet; but this lady—what can we do with her?—the first shout would drive her stark mad!"

"Not at all—not at all. She's deaf as a stone!"

"Ho! ho! that changes the matter, for I have only this room in which she can drink her cup of ale and munch her seed-cake in quiet. Bring her in—bring her in. What a mercy it is she is deaf!"

As the landlord spoke, he opened a door with a glazed sash in the upper end, and motioned Barbara to enter.

It was a small room with only one window, and no entrance except that which led from the tap-room; a small wooden table and a chair or two composed the furniture. The landlord placed a chair, motioned Barbara to occupy it with elaborate gesticulation, and went out. Randal placed a finger to his lips, shook his head at Barbara with deprecating significance, and drew the curtain of red stuff across the sash.

"Don't speak," he said, coming back and whispering in her ear. "It's for your own good I do it. Be deaf for this one evening."

The landlord opened the door and put his head in.

"Shall I order a rasher of bacon with the beer and seed-cake?" he demanded.

Randal turned to Barbara and began making motions with his fingers. She smiled in spite of herself, the whole scene was becoming so ludicrous. Randal seized upon the smile at once.

"Yes, yes," he said—"bacon and eggs—that is the way she says yes. One soft smile—pretty, isn't it? As to the beer, draw it mild, very mild, remembering it is for a lady."

Observe she smiles again, that is to have you go out and hasten the supper."

The landlord went out rubbing his hands.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Barbara of her cousin. "You appear to know this man."

"Yes, Barbara, I have seen him before."

"But what mystery is it you are practicing? I must know."

"Wait a little and you shall know, cousin Barbara. I'm sure it isn't for my own pleasure I came here at all. It's for your good. Bessie and I both decided on that; and if you'll only be quiet a little longer it's all I ask."

The youth was so earnest in this appeal that Barbara could not refuse to trust him; but she shook her head with a little doubt, and said, with forced patience,

"Very well, Randal. I will wait patiently, if possible, but this seems a strange business."

"Of course it is. But we'll have supper at once; the smell of that rasher makes me hungry as a hound."

Randal went out as if to hasten the supper, but in fact to avoid his cousin's questions. Directly he came back, followed by the landlord, who carried a platter between his hands, from which a most appetising rasher of bacon, with half a dozen golden eggs, sent up their delicious steam.

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed Randal, drawing the table up to his cousin. "Now a tankard, and some bread, and King Charles himself might be glad to sup with us."

Barbara needed little urging to partake of this repast. A long ride through the breezy downs had given her an appetite, and there was something in the novelty of her position that aroused her spirits. The women of those days had a strong relish for food at all times, and she never thought of hesitating when the bacon, eggs, and ale were set before her.

"That's right!" exclaimed Randal, gleefully.

"Take another slice. It's wonderful how a ride gives relish to everything! Besides, we shall want strength to go home with; for I doubt——"

"What do you doubt?" inquired Barbara, eagerly

"Nothing. Only, where a woman is concerned one always doubts a little, you know."

"Randal!"

"There—there! You speak too loud! Hush!"

That moment there was a light bustle in the next room, as if produced by some new arrival, and the landlord came in, flushed and anxious, to clear the table.

"They are beginning to drop in," he said, addressing Randal.

"All right," answered the youth, glancing anxiously at his cousin. "But, I say, you'd better not mention to any one that I have come. Having a lady under my care makes it a delicate matter."

The landlord nodded his head. "Ay, ay, I understand."

"Certainly. I'll arrange it all with them, you know."

The landlord went out, closing the door carefully behind them. From the noise that followed, a good many persons must have assembled in the outer room. Barbara heard the sound of voices increasing, and looked anxiously at her cousin.

"What is all this?" she said, almost angrily.

"Wait, wait!" whispered the youth, now almost as restless as herself. "Wait and listen."

"But I hear nothing but the shuffle and tramp of feet—nothing but reckless voices challenging each other. Randal, Randal, this is no place for me!"

"Do be patient!" pleaded the youth. "I am doing all for the best."

The tumult in the next room grew louder. The clank of drinking-cans and the thick clamor of voices were rendered coarse by the fumes of strong drink that crept through the crevices of the door.

"Randal, I will go!"

She arose impatiently, and approached the door; but her hand was arrested on the latch by an uproarious shout and a clangor of drinking-cups set hastily down on the oaken tables.

"Old Noll, old Noll! Here comes the prince of drinkers. Huzza for old Noll!"

Barbara's face flushed scarlet. How had Randal dared to bring her in proximity with a scene like that!

"Randal, you shall answer to my father for this!" drawing back from the door.

"Barbara, I will. Only wait."

"No," she said. "It is easier to force a passage through these rioters than stop here. I will go alone."

Again her hand was on the latch, but this time it fell away chill and white as marble. A voice had struck her cold from head to foot—the voice of Oliver Cromwell, rising up deep and sonorous in the midst of the riot, rendered doubly turbulent by his coming.

Randal stole close to her, and took the cold hand in his.

"Barbara, it was that you might hear this

with your own ears that I brought you to this house. Bessie and I did it. Forgive us, if we were wrong."

Barbara lifted her hand. Her white lips parted.

"Hush! hush!"

"Why did I disappoint you last night? My men will—I will tell you. There was a lady in the case!"

Barbara heard Cromwell's voice giving these words utterance. Thought of her star-light interview with him in the ruins, and shuddered from head to foot.

Then went up an outcry from the tap-room, and, amid bursts of laughter, she heard a dozen voices, shouting, "A lady—a lady! Old Noll is getting up in the world since they had him before the magistrate for kissing the bar-maid at Winter's Cross against her will."

"Nay, nay!" shouted one. "Tell us the lady's name. Was it the countess at Wolf's-Crag, or some other of her ilk?"

"I will tell you no name," answered Cromwell's voice. "But if you will find me another as fair in all England, mine host shall tap another cask of beer, this day week, at my cost."

"But how are we to know which is most fair, if you give us no name?" cried some one from the crowd.

"Never you heed that! Perhaps I may give the name after all," answered Cromwell. "But now to business. We have wasted words on women long enough. How many recruits have you found for my company? It is high time we began to drill in earnest."

There was a tumultuous reply of some kind, but Barbara did not understand it. That one voice, coarsely alluding to her, coming up from the midst of that disreputable crowd, had frozen all her faculties.

At last she turned to Randal, and held out her white cold hands clasped tightly together.

"It seems like his voice. But—but—oh! Randal, is it in truth Oliver Cromwell?"

Randal, who was now almost as pale as his cousin, went softly to the door and held back a fold of the red curtain, which gave her a view of the room. She cast a shuddering look through the glass, and saw a confused crowd of men jostling against each other, and hustling around a central figure which stood by a rude oak table covered with tankard and drinking-cups, some frothing over, others overturned, and with little streamlets of beer dripping from them to the floor. Barbara recognized this man with a sick recoil of her whole being. It was Cromwell, her betrothed husband, standing there, the

heart and master-spirit of that bacchanalian revel. His face was flushed, and his deep eyes brimming with reckless excitement. The wind had tossed the hair about his forehead, and his dress was in wild disorder. He was talking in loud, harsh tone, and dashed his hands among the pewter cups, as he gesticulated, till the clang half-drowned his words.

Barbara stood looking at him, her white lips apart, and her eyes full of pain. At last she staggered back to Randal, and when he threw his arms around her, she clung to him wildly.

"Take me away, oh! take me away! The whole earth seems sliding from under my feet," she pleaded, in a stifled whisper.

Randal strove to soothe her, but she was not one to require help long. After awhile she lifted her head and stood up alone.

"I take shame upon myself for this weakness," she said, with a weary smile. "Let us go home, Randal."

"Wait till they are gone, cousin."

"What! and hear them—hear him? No, I cannot do that. I am sick now with a terrible loathing."

"But if we attempt to pass, he will certainly see us."

"That would be worse than death. Yes, I will wait."

There was a light in the room, and Barbara unconsciously stood before it. The red curtain had been partially drawn, and, through the opening, some one in the crowd saw her as she retreated to a distant corner of the room.

"What! Ho! Speak under your breaths; there is a woman in yonder!" called out a voice.

"A woman—a spy! Some one who will betray us to Buckingham!" was heard in all directions. "Bring her out! Let's see her face!"

They came crowding toward the door. Randal sprang forward and shot a bolt, which fastened it inside. But one man, more powerful and less scrupulous than the rest, pushed the crowd away from him, right and left, crying out fiercely, "Stand back! Stand back! If there is a woman here, I must see her face before any of you. Stand back, I say, at your captain's command!"

It was Cromwell, who swept back the crowd with a few dashes of the arm, and flung himself against the door. It was a strong oak, and did not yield. This only made him more fierce. Clenching his fist, he plunged it through the glass, tore back the bolt with his red and wounded fingers, pushed into the room, and stood face to face with Barbara Westburn.

She was still and white as death. But for the unutterable scorn in her eyes, he might have taken her for a statue. One instant he stood petrified with astonishment. Then his face became swarthy with shame, and, turning fiercely on his companions, who crowded after him, he called out,

"Back, my lads, back! It is no one you seek."

The men surged back, and Cromwell closed the door upon them bolted it, and drew the curtain.

"Barbara," he said, in a low, broken voice, and his wounded hands clasped themselves imploringly, "Barbara Westburn, do you hate me?"

She drew slowly back, holding out both hands, palms foremost, repulsing him in dead silence.

"Barbara, speak. You now see me as I am. Is the look in your face hate or terror?"

Still she drew back, and still her hands kept him back.

"It is not my fault, Barbara. I was a better man. I had given these things up for your sake, and it would have been forever but for the coming of this Buckingham. I loved you, Barbara Westburn; I love you now, better than my life, better than my own soul, yes, better than my country! Forgive this night's work, and I will give up all for you. How pale you look, Barbara! How your eyes burn! Have I shocked you so, my pretty bird? See now, what a sinner your frowns make of me. When you thwart me, I grow desperate, and seek desperate company. Why, then, do you ever thwart me, when I love you so much? Come, Barbara, smile once more. I would give all England for one free, honest smile. What! frowning yet—white as snow and colder? Is this to last, Barbara? Have you thrust me out of your life for one wild night's work? Barbara! Barbara, speak to me!"

The agony in his last plea wounded her like the cut of a sword. She felt her whole being tremble and quail before the wonderful strength of this man, coarse and bad as he was, with a cry like that of a bird that breaks away from the very jaws of a serpent that is charming it to death. She turned her face from his, and clung to her cousin.

Randal supported her with one arm, and put Cromwell back with the other.

"Leave her in peace," he said. "You have terrified her almost to death."

Cromwell took him by the shoulder, but not roughly. There was something in the lad's

courage that impressed him too strongly for that.

"Give her into my arms," he said, taking her forcibly from Randal's hold. "One throb of this heart against hers shall win her back again."

Randal struggled; but against the great physical power of Cromwell he was like a child. Barbara was gathered with fierce eagerness to that stern heart; but as she felt it beat against her own, the life went out from her lips, and she lay a dead weight on his bosom.

"Give her to me!" cried Randal, sternly, his young face white with indignant sorrow. "Loosen your hold, I say! Your wicked touch has killed her."

"No, no!" answered Cromwell, pushing the brave youth aside with one hand. "She is not dead. The hot beating of my heart has frightened her sweet life away for a time; but she is not dead."

"Better that she were than resting over that wicked heart!" exclaimed the youth, struggling to get near his cousin, that he might wrench her away from that almost fierce embrace.

"Randal—boy—boy, do not anger me! You are brave as a lion, I know—good almost as she is—but do not anger Cromwell; you cannot guess what that may end in!"

"Nor do I care, base, wicked man!"

"No, that is unjust. I am not wicked. Here, how could I be, and this angel so close to me? Be my friend, Randal, be my friend. Win her to forgive me. I swear to you, boy, I will prove worthy of her! Tell her these men are not my companions, only the instruments by which I will work out a great object. Tell her how wretched I am that she should ever have seen me among them. Be my friend this once, boy, and I will remember it forever and ever!"

Cromwell held out his hand, which shook with the intense feeling which kindled his face and softened his voice.

Randal hesitated, but drew nearer, under the power of those wonderful eyes, and half held out his delicate hand, that the other might take it. Cromwell seized it eagerly, gave it one crushing grasp, and a great sob of gratitude heaved his bosom.

"Boy, boy, I will not forget this!"

Randal felt the tears stealing up to his eyes, and turned away his face. There was something so overwhelming in Cromwell's humility that no soul could have resisted it, much less that of a gentle, romantic lad, whose heart was forever playing traitor to his prejudices.

"She is coming to life," he said, gently. "Do

not frighten her again. Oh! what did I bring her here for?"

"That I might be utterly lost!" responded Cromwell, passionately. Boy, boy, you have torn away the last anchor that held me—the last sweet hope that binds me to goodness! Take it all back; undo this night's work—or tremble at the result! I appeal to you, I implore you!"

Randal began to tremble, not with fear, but from the great rush of sympathy that swept over him.

"What can I do? What shall I say?" he demanded.

"Tell her all that you have seen, all that I have said, while she lay lifeless in my arms. Tell her that, henceforth, Cromwell gives up everything for her—country, ambition, his own deep sense of right! Tell her to forgive him, and on this earth he will never shock or wound her again!"

"I will tell her all this," answered the boy, with tears in his eyes.

Barbara began to move—a faint shiver passed over her, and she opened her eyes, vaguely, as a child awakes from troubled sleep.

"Barbara, my Barbara!" whispered Cromwell.

"Oliver!" she answered, "I am glad you are here. It was a terrible dream—but we are alone—and it was but a dream!"

"Yes, dear cousin, you are alone with Oliver and me, fear nothing."

"Randal, why—where are we?"

That instant came an outbreak of voices from the next room, followed by a wild rush at the door. Cromwell eagerly smothered Barbara's face on his bosom with a desperate effort to keep these rude sounds from her; but she struggled to free herself, murmuring,

"It was real—it was no dream!"

The noise at the door increased. Cromwell surrendered Barbara to her cousin, and, shooting back the bolt, strode into the tap-room. His voice was heard for a moment, stern and loud, giving some counsel, and which was followed by the quick rush of many feet, and then profound stillness.

Barbara had recovered her consciousness fully; and when he returned she was tying her hood, and had put on the dark mantle, shrouding herself from him as in a storm-cloud, out of which her young face looked pale and severe.

"Barbara, will you go now?—the horses are ready," said Cromwell, approaching her with stern humility. "It will be deep in the night before you can reach home."

"I know it," she answered, with gentle sadness. "Deep in the night—oh! how deep in the night!"

He took her hand, struggled a moment, and fell upon his knees before her in all his great strength and bitter anguish.

"Barbara, forgive me! In mercy love me again!"

Those only who have seen Guido's angel Michael attacking Sin in its most splendid embodiment, can have an idea of Barbara Westburn's face as she looked down upon the man at her feet.

"I will go home," she said, in her sweet, low voice. "Randal will take me home."

"But not till you have forgiven me!" he pleaded.

"The air of this place troubles me," was her faint reply. "Nothing seems real here. I will go home!"

"And there harden your heart against me!" cried Cromwell, with sudden bitterness. "I see it all; you are ready to cast me out into utter darkness. Barbara Westburn, think well before you decide so cruelly!"

"I will think well, God helping me, I will!" she answered, very sadly.

"And you will give me no word of assurance? No smile on which I may anchor a hope?" he pleaded.

Barbara shook her head, trying to smile, but oh! how wanly.

"I have no strength left, Oliver. Let me rest, and then——"

"Then you will forget this night and go back to the old love? Will you promise that, Barbara?"

His impetuous assumption was breaking forth again. She rebuked it with a glance of her troubled eyes.

"Wait," she said, "wait! Give me a little time."

"Time! What has time to do with a love like ours, which shall endure beyond all time, for good or for evil, Barbara Westburn? If your heart does not speak out for me now, it never will, and I am lost—lost beyond redemption!"

"No, no, heaven forbid!"

"I tell you it is sooth, Barbara. I see before me two roads, both leading to the grave; both branching out from this spot into eternity. One all love, honor, tranquillity, with you for my guide. It leads into pleasant places, green fields, hedges bright with flowers, a home warm with sunshine! I see little children playing before the stepping-stone of the low stone house

in which I first saw the light; an orchard heavy with fruit; beyond a stone church in the distance, upon which the old ivy trembles from year to year: contentment everywhere. I see another path, Barbara, dark with clouds; red with blood; hot with the breath of black-mouthed venom; strife, strife, strife, deception, sin, stern ambition, success more bitter than defeat, a death-bed, crimson everywhere, and execrations swelling through all time. Point your finger, Barbara Westburn, and tell me which of these two paths I am to take?"

Barbara recoiled, gazing at him in dumb terror. Was she to be his saviour or his Nemesis? The very doubt chilled her to the soul afresh.

"Peace, man; you are killing her," cried Randal; and, taking his cousin's hand, he led her from the room, leaving Cromwell upon his knees, covering his face with both hands, and moaning with a sort of dry, hard anguish.

As the cousins rode homeward through the dim light of the stars, Randal was conscious that a figure on horseback followed them from the distance; but Barbara rode on dumbly, lost in a dreary sense of desolation which no outward thing could disturb.

CHAPTER IX.

COMMUNITY of hate is sometimes strong as the sweet sympathies of love. Bitter estrangement had, for a long time, separated the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and left them as strangers under the same roof. But now that their worst enemy had appeared, when they could see his proud flag, which almost braved royalty itself, floating above the trees of what had been almost their own domain, the congeniality of hate brought them together again, and, as of old, they held council over the best means of avenging their own downfall upon its cause. Nothing but the presumptuous arrogance of success could have blinded Buckingham to the peril of this close neighborhood to his foes; but he was reckless rather than brave, and insolently overlooked danger, thus gaining a reputation for courage which, in truth, he never possessed.

Lady Villiers, whose talent lay in deep craft, and who was cowardly always in the depths of her heart, would gladly have avoided the encounter which she was certain must arouse all the venom of her former antagonists; but the audacity of her son placed events beyond her control, and she was obliged to await the result of that unfortunate encounter in the forest with

a feeling of unrest that nothing could conquer. Meantime Buckingham divided his time pretty evenly between the political duties that had brought him into the country, and those personal pleasures which no strait of the government could induce him entirely to forget. He received the expression of his mother's fears regarding their old enemies with contemptuous disregard, and insisted upon riding forth, without escort, whenever the caprice seized him, as if he had been in the bosom of a friendly country.

It was Buckingham's habit to mingle political intrigue with personal indulgence on all occasions, when such combinations were possible, and his usual tastes were not laid aside here. With a keen, natural insight into human character, he had taken a stern dislike to Oliver Cromwell on the first day of his arrival at Knowl-Ash, when the independent young democrat had almost flouted him to the face. It is very doubtful if he would have taken the trouble to force himself upon the hospitality of the rectory as he did, but that he saw how rudely the young man resented his admiration of Barbara; or if he would have continued the manifestation of that homage an hour, had he not observed how much annoyance it gave to her lover.

With Bessie, pretty, light-hearted Bessie, however, the case was very different. Her fresh, young beauty, her joyous wit and bright character altogether had fascinated even this pampered courtier into something like genuine feeling. The very indifference to the honor of his regard, her piquant sayings, and, perhaps above all, the music of her laughter enthralled him. He associated her always with the sweet May apple-blossoms with which he had seen her so brightly surrounded. To his pampered taste she was something fresh and pure, which reminded him of his own boyhood before an ambitious mother had given him up to the iniquities of court power.

As for Bessie herself, she received all this homage very much as the birds in her father's orchard accepted the sunshine, after getting over her first awe of Buckingham's position and splendor, she began to regard him very much on a level with other agreeable things that chanced to come within range of her fascinations; between him and the chestnut horse it is rather doubtful if she did not give a preference to the steed. This very unconsciousness had its charm for a man like the duke. Conquest had hitherto become so easy to him that all its relish was gone, and in Bessie's absolute

childishness, which only accepted his homage among other pleasant things, not always, in fact, giving it the preference, he found a novel pleasure that astonished himself.

"I wonder how the creature would take at court, with her wild bird ways and sweet gushes of laughter?" he would say to himself. "How Henrietta Maria would hate her, and my duchess too! But fortunately her loves or hates cannot disturb me."

As these thoughts were floating through the duke's mind, one morning, he started up with a sudden impulse and dashed off a despatch to the king, setting forth the great good his visit to the country was doing for the royal cause, and asking the favor of nominating a new lady in waiting to the queen. At the same time he wrote to his wife, informing her that circumstances might arise in which he should wish to place a young person under her personal protection, in order to carry out some projects which he had in view.

"There," he said, folding the missives, and sealing them with his private seal. "If I should not change my mind before the answer comes, these pretty rustics may chance to expand their beauty in a court atmosphere. I wonder would it enhance or destroy their loveliness? At any rate, it will snatch that queenly creature from her boor of a lover; and as for the younger one—well, well, time enough for her, I am not back in London yet; and faith, the longer I stay the less willing I find myself there. This country life with its forests and beautiful solitudes has almost made a boy of me."

A door opened while the duke was idly thinking these thoughts, and a servant presented himself.

"A lady wishes to speak with your grace."

"A female! Of what sort, old or young?"

"Very young, your grace!"

"Ugly or beautiful?"

"Beautiful, your grace!"

"Let her come up; but first bring the purple velvet coat from my dressing-room, and draw the curtains a little: not so much, only enough to deepen the shadows—that will do. There, there, you may show the young person up. Did she give her name?"

"No, your grace, she said it was unnecessary."

"Very well. If she is young and pretty, we can dispense with a name. Stop a moment. Do I look quite well this morning? A little too pale, ha?"

"Never saw your grace in better complexion,"

answered the man, bowing himself out of the room.

"I wonder who it can be?" thought the duke. "Not Lady Somerset, though a visit would just suit her audacity. No, no! He said she was young, very young; and my lady cannot come under that category. So it's not Lady Somerset."

Before he had come to any conclusion, the door opened and Bessie Westburn presented herself, pleasant, unembarrassed, and bright as the apple-blossoms with which the duke always associated her.

"Ah! is it you, pretty one?" cried the duke, well pleased that the intruder had taken so fair a shape. "But I might have known that no other could have answered the description."

Bessie came forward, lightly as a sunbeam crosses the floor, her hood was thrown partially back, revealing a woof of golden ringlets but half-imprisoned under its lining of cerulean blue. Her face was flushed with a delicate rose tint; her mouth partially opened with a smile; and her beautiful eyes were as innocent of all wrong as a violet under its leaves.

"I have come to crave a great, great favor of you," said Bessie, clasping two little hands in her lap, as she took the chair which he pointed out to her. "Something that will make us all so happy, if your grace—that's the way people address a duke, isn't it?"

Buckingham smiled.

"Yes, yes. But it does not matter how you address me, sweet one!"

Her face brightened, and, clasping her delicate fingers more eagerly, she cried out, "I'm so glad you will not care! It's so awkward bringing in your grace and your highness every other word; besides I keep thinking——"

She broke off with a little laugh, blushing like a moss rose.

"Keep thinking of what, little lady?"

"Of that day in the orchard," she answered, clapping her hands and laughing out her enjoyment of the memory.

"Beautiful rogue, I should do well to punish you for laughing at me here and now."

"No, no, you mustn't think of it, for I came to ask a favor, and wouldn't offend you for the whole world," she said, getting serious.

"Then I will not be offended."

"How kind you are! Yes, you may take my hand. I don't mind it in the least. It's about cousin Randal that I come. He's a noble fellow, is cousin Randal, worth his weight in gold! No, diamonds are richer than gold; so he's worth twice his weight in diamonds! Brave as a lion,

too; but yet he's afraid to tell you what he wants. So I came."

"Cousin Randal is wise as well as brave to select just such an ambassador," said the duke, well pleased with his guest.

"Yes, I suppose so. It is natural for women to ask favors. That is why men leave it to us, I suppose."

"Well, lady bird, what is it your cousin wants?"

"I'll tell you. Oliver—Oliver Cromwell, you know—when he used to come to our house so much, was very friendly with Randal, and told him that the time was sure to come when King Charles and his people would be fighting each other, because both wanted power, and the people were sure to get it in the end."

"Did Oliver Cromwell say that?"

Bessie was a little startled by something unnatural in the duke's voice. But he was smiling the next moment, and all fear left her.

"Yes, he said the people would arm and drill soldiers to put down ship-money and all that, and he would——"

"Well, what would he do?"

Bessie looked up earnestly. The duke's hand some forehead was knitted in a heavy frown, his mouth closed sternly, as the last question left it. Quick as lightning the girl was on her guard.

"Oh! it wasn't what he would do that I come about, but Randal. Cousin Randal is brave as a crusader, and generous as a king. He longs to fight in some grand cause—to be a splendid general, leading legions of troops to glorious victory. He wants to fight for King Charles, when the time comes."

"A brave resolution!" laughed Buckingham. "But just now King Charles is the master of his own kingdom."

"But he wants soldiers to guard him and keep him from harm."

"True, pretty one; so he does. But this cousin Randal is only a lad yet."

"But he can fight. Oh! I am sure he will fight, by the way he handles a sword. It is frightful! You have no idea how ferocious he gets! There is an apple-tree that he calls the people. The bark is all hacked and broken where he has mangled it. I don't think it will ever bear fruit again. Besides, I believe he would like to fight Cromwell single-handed."

"Indeed! Why?"

"That isn't my secret," answered Bessie, with grave dignity, which made the duke smile.

"But I shouldn't wonder if it came to blows in the end."

"Indeed! But I thought this Cromwell was betrothed to your sister?"

"And so he was. But—but——"

"You hesitate. Surely, nothing has arisen to break the betrothal?"

"Don't ask me," pleaded pretty Bessie Westburn, with tears in her eyes. "I have come to obtain favors for Randal, not talk about—about any one else."

"But you can tell me one thing. Where is young Cromwell now?"

"Indeed, I do not know."

"No matter. He can always be easily found."

"No one wants to find him," broke in the girl, with a petulant lift of the head. "For my part, I wish he were in America, where he threatened to go."

"Indeed! Well, let him pass. About this cousin Randal—what if I make him one of my own pages? Would that please you?"

"Do pages fight? Do they ever rise to be great generals?"

"I was a page myself at one time."

"Yes, I know. But are you a great general?"

This question would have been a sharp sarcasm, had any one well acquainted with the history of the country asked it. As it was, the crimson rushed into Buckingham's face, and, for an instant, his eyes flashed. But Bessie's earnest expression, so innocent of all wrong intention, appeased him, and he replied, with a forced smile,

"The king has sometimes deigned to think so."

"And you lead armies?"

"Yes, sometimes very large armies."

"And your pages, do they fight?"

"Some of them, bravely enough."

"And you will make Randal your fighting page?"

"If it will make you happy?"

"Of course, it will make me very happy—that is, if he doesn't get killed. Then——"

"Oh! What then?"

"Oh! then it would break my heart!"

The poor young thing turned pale as she spoke, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

The duke, interested, and a little jealous, perhaps, was just on the verge of taking a sober second thought.

"Do you love this cousin so dearly?" he inquired.

"Very, very dearly!" she answered, wiping her eyes, and trying to smile. "Almost as well as I love Barbara and papa."

The duke smiled again.

"Well," he said, "I will see your father, and

talk the matter over. Did he know of your coming?"

"No, indeed. Randal and I planned it all by ourselves. Papa might not like it if he knew."

"But did you come alone?"

"No, Randal rode with me till we came close to the castle. He will be tired of waiting, so I will go now."

"One word first. How would you like to go up to London and become a court lady?"

"What! I—I? Oh! it would be delightful!"

Buckingham's face brightened. The careless idea of that morning became a resolution on the moment. He reached forth his hand to bid her adieu. She raised it to her lips, and the

flush left by her pure lips spread over its white surface as she moved away.

"My lady," he said, addressing his mother, who entered as the young girl left the room.

"What say you to that young maiden for a lady-in-waiting about your own person?"

"I seldom object to the attendants you select for me," answered the lady smiling.

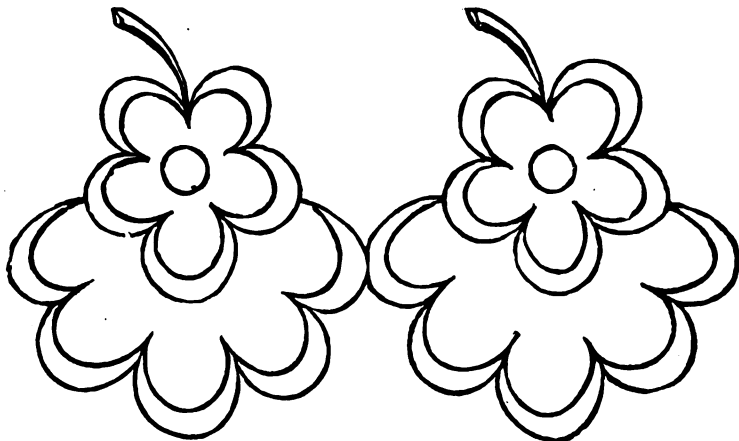
"Then it is decided. She goes with us up to London," answered the son, with animation.

"I desire it for many reasons."

"That you desire it at all is enough for me," was the mother's bland reply, and, with a benign wave of the hand, Lady Villiers left her son alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



INSERTION.



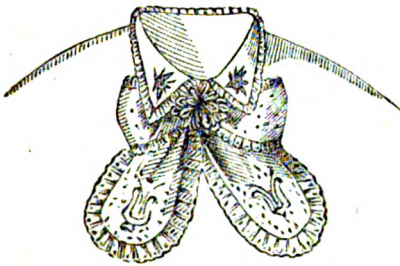
EDGING.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We devote a few pages, in this number, to the newest varieties of articles in linen, etc. is a cravat, now so fashionable. Then a baby's shirt. Then a Marie Antoinette Fichu. Then



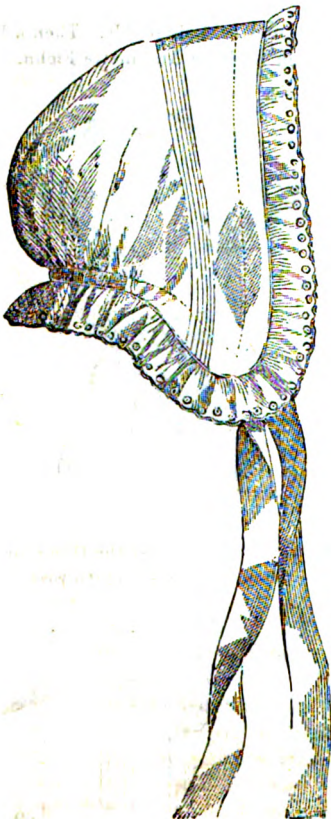
On a former page we give a pattern for a pair of drawers, with a diagram by which to cut



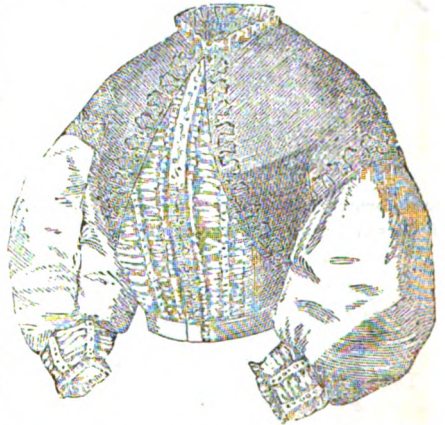
a chemisette and collar, just the thing for warm weather. Then a lady's night-dress, an ex-



them out. At the head of this page is a pattern for a chemisette, very pretty and new. Next



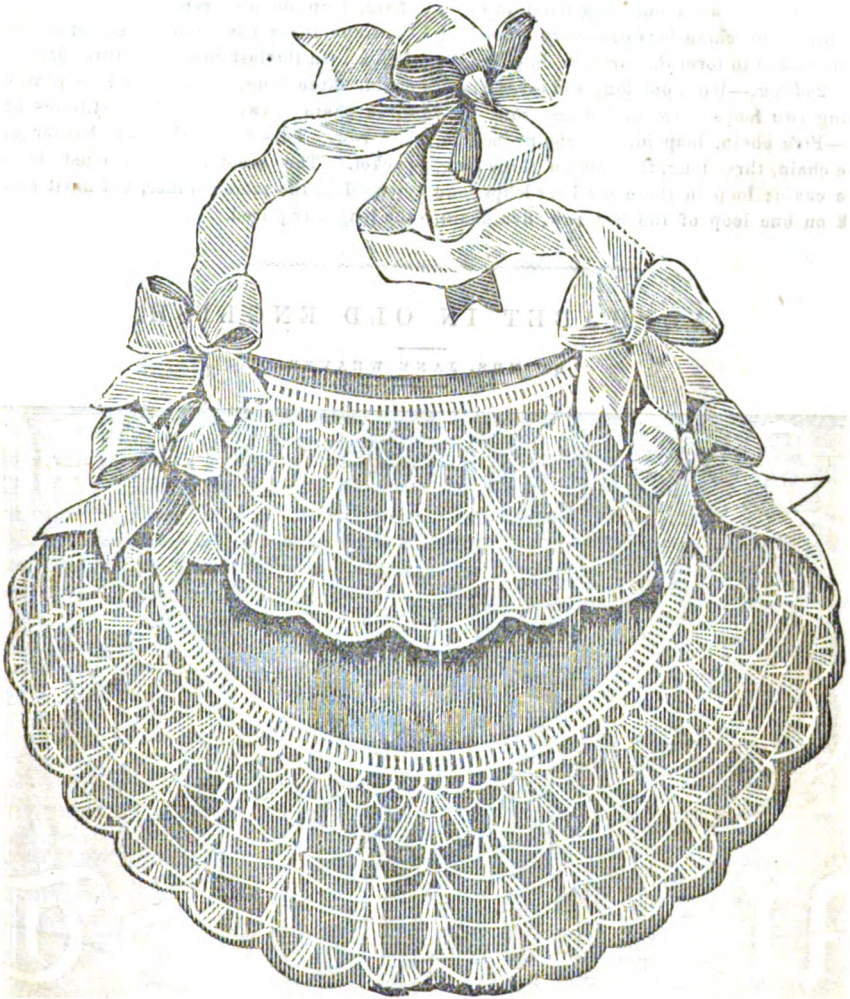
ceedingly fresh and charming pattern. Then a night-cap. And, finally, one of those coquetish jackets, that go by the general name of Spanish Jackets, to be worn over a cambric under-body: the jacket being of silk, braided, and the under-body being puffed, as seen in the engraving below.



We also give, in the front of the number, some articles for infants, in flannel, etc. With the aid of the illustrations, almost any lady can cut out and make up any, or all of these articles; or can procure a seamstress who can. We shall continue, from time to time, to give engravings of linen articles, as well as of dresses.

CROCHET WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The pocket is made of silk, of any color that may best suit the hangings or paper of the room in which it is to hang. Our design is in green, but this can be varied at pleasure. The front is made with a thin layer of cotton-wadding between two pieces of the silk, those two pieces being first run together in the inside at the top, and then quilted round. The back has in it a piece of cardboard, to keep it in the right form. This is also covered with silk, having a layer of cotton in the inside for the watch to rest upon. This cotton-wool answers the double purpose of dulling the sound of the ticking of the watch, which sometimes prevents persons of delicate constitutions from sleeping, and of preserving the watch from injury. The back and front thus prepared are to be placed together, and stitched all round the outer edge; after which the edge should be cut neatly round. The pocket is to be bound with ribbon of the same color. Then the two pieces of crochet are to be laid on, the satin ribbon strings and bows

added, and the work completed. The colored silk relieves the crochet, contrasts well with it, shows its pattern to advantage, and altogether produces a very pretty effect. The following are the directions for the crochet pattern:— Take No. 4 crochet cotton, and commence by making a chain of forty-two stitches in length; turn round, and work one long stitch in every loop, with one chain between every other long stitch; this is to form the circular shape for the top. *2nd row.*—Work one long and three chain, leaving two loops between the last row. *3rd row.*—Five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, three chain, three long, three chain, three long, three chain; loop in these six long loops, and work on one loop of the last row, five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in. *4th row.*—Five chain, loop in, three chain, three long stitches worked on the three chains in last row, three chain; three long, three chain; three long (these six long stitches are worked in the three chain between the six long of the last row), three chain, three long, three chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, and repeat the long stitches. Continue these rows until there are seven in depth. On the last row, work three long, three chain, three long, three chain; loop into the three chain between the long stitches of the last row. This is for the first border of the pocket. The second border must be commenced in the same manner, but must be made the length required.

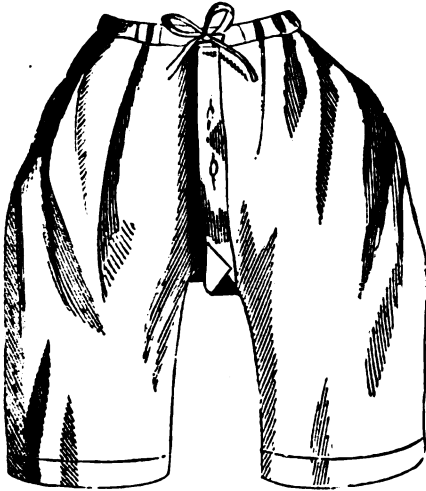
ALPHABET IN OLD ENGLISH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

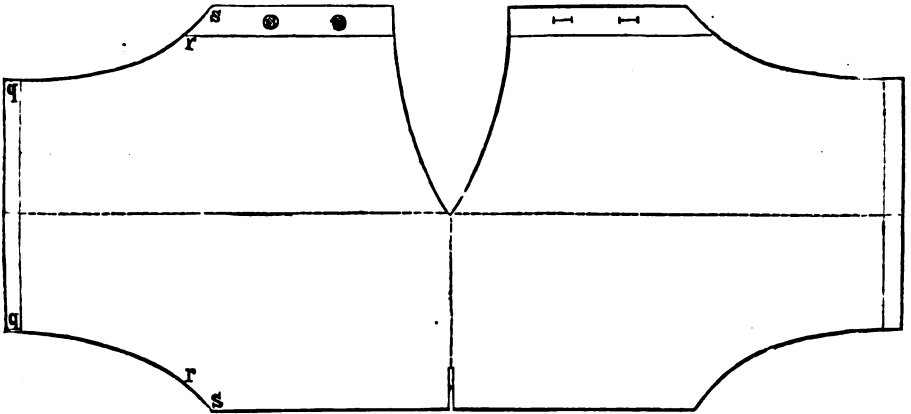


NEW PATTERN FOR LADY'S DRAWERS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE diagram below, with the illustrations above, will enable any lady to make up this new pattern. S and S, R and R, and P and P are, of course, joined together. The drawers may be frilled, if preferred. We give patterns of front and back.

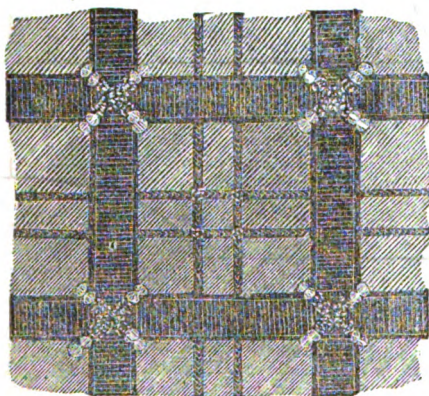
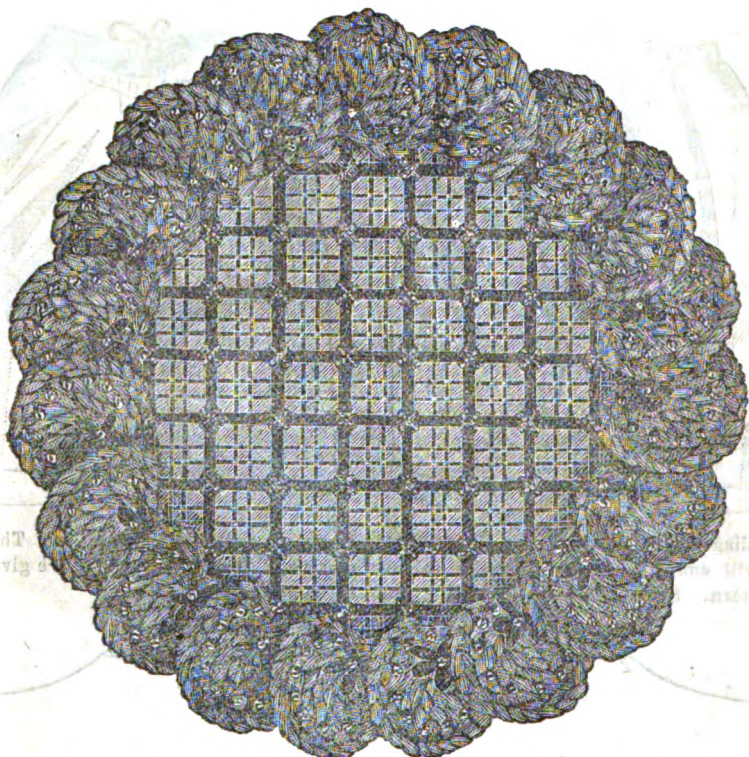


EDGING.



LAMP-MAT WITH LEAF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



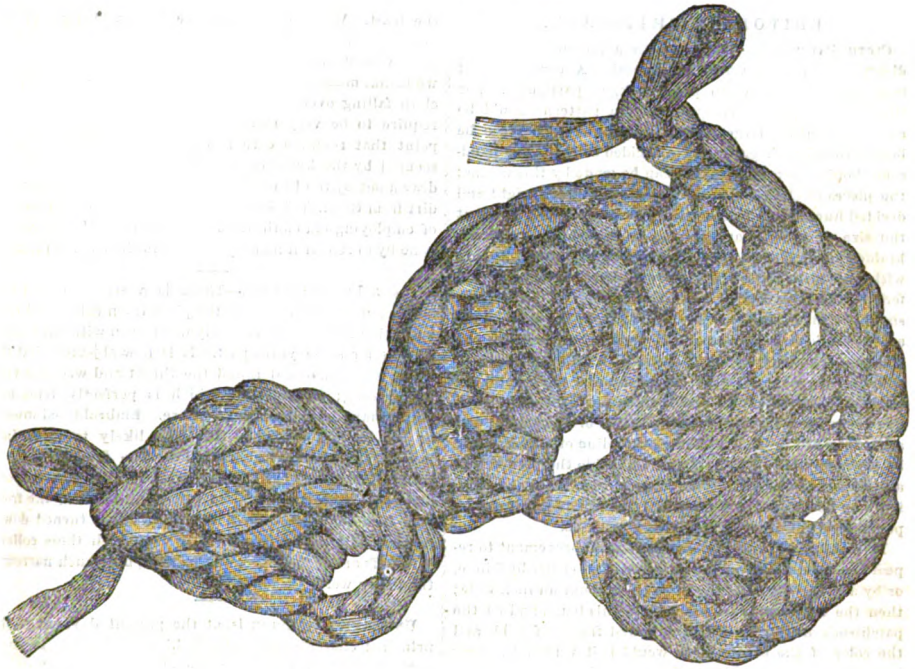
MATERIALS.—Green merino; 2½ yards of black velvet ribbon, ¼ of an inch wide; 5 yards of narrow black silk braid; steel, crystal, and chalk beads for the border; 2 oz. of green double zephyr; 3½ yards of black velvet ribbon,

same width as the above, which is to be kept in reserve for the border; some silver beads.

The foundation is of the green merino, and the border of the Grecian zephyr. Take stiff paper and cut out a circle 11 inches in diameter, cover it with the merino on one side. Cut the velvet ribbon and dispose of it as seen in design No. 2, which gives the proper distances, also the silk braid. Fasten the joining of the braid with one steel bead, and over the velvet joinings sew 2 crystal and 2 chalk beads, with 1 steel bead for the center. Cut a second piece of stiff paper, cover it with some of the merino, or a piece of muslin. Sew these two circles together forming the center of the mat.

FOR THE BORDER.—Use the green zephyr, *. Commence with 5 stitches, join. Make a ch of 4 and crochet in 1 de ten times in this ring, 1 sc, *. Repeat this until you have 19 such scallops; break off the wool and begin at the first scallop, and crochet all round the outside of the scallops,

making 2 ch and 1 sc into every stitch. Then sew into every sc stitch one silver bead; 10 in each leaf. Sew the border on in the shape of leaves, as seen in the design. Finish it with a bow of black velvet ribbon, with 1 silver bead in the center.



CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

✓ **CLOTH PATCHWORK.**—We gave, in a late number, some directions for patchwork, in general. A correspondent now asks us about cloth patchwork, in particular. For this kind of patchwork (we reply) a pattern should be chosen of rather large-shaped pieces, and each piece be bound round with galloon of a decided color. Very handsome borders for table-covers can be made by this means; the pieces of cloth are to be chosen of as many bright and decided hues as can be obtained. Each piece may be about the size of an ordinary playing card, and has a pattern braided upon it with gold-colored worsted braid. A lady with any taste for designing would make every one different, and, this being done, the outline of each piece should be made correct, and the binding of the same shade as the braid put all round. It should be placed on the right side, and neatly sewn down with the same colored silk, and then turned over the edges, and secured on the reverse side; the pieces are then seamed together, with due regard to a symmetrical disposition of the colors; and after they are applied to the cloth, a line of braid should be sewn on to it about half an inch inside the border, and a little flourish made in each corner. Silk braid and binding may be used, if preferred; but the worsted, if it can be procured of a full rich tone, is very effective.

In making up a table-cover it is an improvement to repeat the center color at the extreme edge, either by fringe, or by a narrow band of the same color about an inch wide; then the fringe may be stitched to this band, and for the patchwork border described a mixed fringe of gold, and the color of the center cloth would suit very well. This kind of pattern might be easily arranged for sofa cushions, ottomans, and many other purposes for which canvas work is generally employed, and the small pieces in which it is made render it very convenient to move about whilst the braiding is being carried on. Beautiful work can also be executed by appliqueing flowers cut out in the cloth of their natural color; stitching in the veins and other appropriate marks; making the leaves of green cloth and embroidering in stems, etc. Fuchsias are made in crimson cloth, passion flowers in white; but it is scarcely worth while continuing a list that will so easily suggest itself to an intelligent worker.

✓ In some places there is a method in common use of making hearth-rugs, door-mats, *tapis de pied*, etc., from cloth torn or cut up into strips about a quarter of an inch wide, and, perhaps, three long. A large bagful of these shreds should be provided, dark colors being kept separate from scarlet or other bright hues, and a piece of plain knitting on two needles, about two or three inches wide, is commenced. In every fourth row of this piece of cloth, doubled, is knitted in with every alternate stitch. The knitting may be done with either twine or Dutch knitting cotton. Now that cotton is so dear, the twine would have its advantages. Strips of different colors may be joined together, or squares may be made for the center, and four strips be arranged to form a border round. In this case, when completed, a row or two of bits of cloth should be sewn at the edges, where the knitting is cast off, to make up for the strips that, falling toward the commenced edge, leave a space rather bare. A large piece of this work becomes heavy enough to be cumbersome, but it can always be divided into pieces of half, or a third, of the full length that it is intended to be, as the join in the same direction as the knitting is naturally proceeding will not show in

the least. We can scarcely give the exact sizes of the needles and cotton; but an experimental bit would show what was about suitable. The coarsest steel needles are, we think, made use of, and from the length of the strips of cloth falling over and hiding the foundation, they do not require to be very thickly massed together. The chief point that requires care is that they should be tightly secured by the knitting, so as to be in no danger of being drawn out by the brushing that will be required to remove dirt from them. This seems such an easy and useful method of employing old cloth, the fashion of which is sufficiently gone by to render it no longer useful in the form of raiment.

✓ **PLAIN LINEN COLLARS.**—There is a strong current of opinion now set in against the plain linen collar and cuffs which have been so universally worn, even with the richest dresses, for some years past. It is now objected that the thick, white material round the throat and wrists is very unbecoming; an objection which is perfectly true, and might have been found out before. Embroidered muslin or lace collars are now, therefore, likely to come into fashion again even for half-toilet. The favorite style of collar just now is called the Cavalier; it is very narrow, and worn quite straight and turned up behind; the front part is wider and pointed, and the corners turned down. A small silk cravat is generally worn with these collars. The cuffs are turned back and pointed, but much narrower than they were.

UNIFORMITY OF COLOR is, at the present day, one of the principal characteristics of a fashionable toilet. The bonnet, although it may be made of a lighter material, is generally either of the same color and shade as the dress, or should it be a black or a white one, the trimmings, cap, and strings are chosen to correspond with it. Gloves and parasols are also frequently purchased to match; and now that circular capes, made of the same material as the dress, are very fashionable out-door coverings, it is not unusual to see entire toilets, in which each article composing them was selected to match precisely with the other.

SPANISH JACKETS.—The very tasteful fashion of wearing Spanish or Zouave jackets over the low bodies of evening dresses is still in great favor. The delicate texture of these jackets has a very lovely appearance over a colored silk, and gives at once elegance and grace to the simplest toilet. They are especially suitable to wear at evening parties and concerts. We have engraved two different patterns for this number.

BRAIDING has extended to parasols, and those ornamented with a design carried out in narrow silk braid are now in vogue. Sometimes the design is traced simply round the edge: but more frequently it is drawn so as to ascend each separate division. Colored parasols with white borders, trimmed with black lace leaves, or with an edging of black Maltese lace laid flat, not pulled on, are also fashionable.

HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MOSS.—Form a piece of plain knitting with some green wool; after you have knitted as much as you will require, put it into cold water for some time, and then bake it in a slow oven: after which carefully unravel it, when it will present the appearance of moss, and is extremely useful in the making of artificial flowers, baskets, and other ornaments.

SCIENTIFIC DESCRIPTION OF A LADY'S DRESS.—The following scientific description of a lady's dress was furnished by an unsuccessful applicant for a position as civil engineer:—"Conical base equal to seven-tenths the axis—four vaulted zones equidistant on the planes of the sides—cone truncated one nodulo from theoretical apex, with a warped surface placed diagonally upon the parabola of truncation, intersected by the quadrant of a sphere, and it again by irregular polygonal planes of half the diameter of the sphere, sloping downward in the angle of the cosine of a figure."

A NEW STYLE OF NET has been introduced, which is rather original; it is made of hair of the exact shade of the wearer's. The fashion is to cut off a tress of hair and to give it to the hairdresser, who will get it made into a net, which, when worn upon the head, may be truly called "invisible." They are netted over a fine mesh, and are exceedingly durable. As the hair is worn so low and full at the back, it is almost impossible to keep it neat without a net, which sustains the hair, and so prevents the dress and collar from being easily soiled.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING.—The charming illustration, which we give as our first plate, tells its own story. Three children have been out playing in the fields; have been caught in a summer shower; and have crept for shelter under a pile of sheaves. The thunder is now over, and they venture to peep forth. One holds out a hand to see if any drops are falling yet. The picture recalls to mind many a pleasant hour, in early childhood, spent far away from cities and amid woods and fields. Thousands, who read this, will ever remember just such incidents.

HANDKERCHIEFS.—In England, at present, one of the greatest fashions, in the way of handkerchiefs, are those in cambric with a colored border, double stitched, styled Palmerston, after their Premier. The favorite colors for the colored stripe are Nankeen, or chocolate, or mauve. Young ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs are generally trimmed with a narrow frill, very slightly scalloped at the edge with rose or other colored embroidery cotton, with which the initials are also worked in Gothic characters.

CHEERFULNESS.—It was Fenelon who said that cheerfulness was the proof of a good heart, only it should be remembered that high spirits may be false excitement, and the distinction should be carefully understood. The cheerful person is like the prudent one, who spends his income in due proportions every day; while those distinguished by high spirits resemble the improvident, who lavish away in the extravagance of a week or a month the resources provided for the year.

"TRULY A TREASURE."—The Indiana (Boonville) Democrat says of this Magazine:—"It is truly a treasure. Its pages are enriched with the choicest literature, and the engravings are not to be surpassed by any we have ever seen. How a Magazine can be gotten up in such style for two dollars is a mystery to us? It is surpassed by none of the three dollar Magazines, and is superior to most of them. Subscribe for Peterson."

ALL VEILS are now tied under the chin. They are worn straight and close over the face, without a fold. There are now scarcely any lace veils to be seen; what are worn are principally fancy veils, such as were general some few years ago—black spotted veils, veils with black velvet dots over them, others embroidered with straw, or they are made of plain crepe, with a wide hem embroidered with silk in chain-stitch.

THE BEST READING.—The North Iowa Journal says:—"Peterson has again favored us with a copy of his monthly. We cannot say enough in its praise. The best way we can recommend it is, to advise all to try it for themselves. We will assure you that it is fully worth the subscription for a year. The first engraving is splendid. The reading is choice. There is the best collection of stories in this number that we have read in a long time. Who will deprive themselves the pleasure which this interesting Magazine affords?"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I. 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work will be remembered, by our older readers, as the writer of "Eothen," a book of eastern travel that appeared about twenty years ago, and was noted for its freshness and brilliancy of style. On the death of Lord Raglan, the first British commander in the Crimea, his papers were placed in the hands of Mr. Kinglake; and hence this history. In most respects "The Invasion" is quite praiseworthy. Acquainted with nearly all the prominent actors in the events he describes, possessed of much unpublished testimony, long revolving the subject in his mind, and with wonderful clearness and pungency of style, Mr. Kinglake has produced a cotemporary history unsurpassed for picturesque narrative and subtle analysis of character, and superior to any other of its kind in the language, if we except "Clarendon's Rebellion." The faults of the work are its intense prejudices, personal, national, and of caste. Not to be born a friend of the author, not to be born an Englishman, but, especially, not to be born what he calls an English gentleman, makes a man a fool, or coward, or rogue, or all, in the eyes of Mr. Kinglake. The character drawn of Louis Napoleon is an illustration in point. Like all Mr. Kinglake's other delineations of those he dislikes, it is a caricature, brilliantly touched in, indeed, but still a caricature. In his eyes, the Emperor is not only a despot, but a coward also; and the statesmen of his court are "the adventurers of December the second." This may be fine writing, but it is hardly history. In skillful innuendo, in polished invective, in racy and idiomatic English, "The Invasion of the Crimea" is a master-piece; but as an impartial narrative of events, as a gallery of faithful portraits, it is not what the public has a right to expect. The theory of Mr. Kinglake, moreover, in reference to the Crimean war, is, if the true one, infinitely damaging to that English oligarchy which he so evidently worships. Contending that Louis Napoleon sought a foreign war to give himself position, he argues that the Emperor juggled that oligarchy into being his tools; a view of affairs that degrades the haughtiest aristocracy of Europe into the mere puppets of men whom Mr. Kinglake calls adventurers and knaves. But everywhere, in the work, more is asserted than proved, and more hinted at than asserted. This, in fact, is at once the merit and demerit of the book; a merit, if we regard it as a bit of brilliant invective; a demerit, if we consider it in the light of a history. Another volume will finish the work. The present brings affairs down to the battle of Alma inclusive.

A First Friendship. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a story of more than usual interest. The scene lies principally in France, and the life at the old chateau, with the ancient marchioness and her niece, is so graphically depicted, that the reader seems to be present at the re-unions in the faded saloon, and to witness all the coquetries of mademoiselle.

The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S. Illustrated by woodcuts. 1 vol., 8 vo Philadelphia: George W. Childs.—This is the second American edition of a work that is making quite a sensation. Scientific men begin to think, from various indications, that the human race has inhabited the earth for a much longer period than has been popularly supposed; and Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, has, in this volume, brought to bear on the discussion his acute intellect and extensive knowledge. For those who desire to acquaint themselves with the latest discoveries relating to this question, the present treatise will be invaluable. There are many curious facts mentioned that will astonish even those who fancied they had kept abreast of the progress of this branch of science; and Lyell, as usual, indulges in less theory, and adheres more strictly to induction, than most writers on this and similar subjects. The volume is a handsome octavo, printed and bound with the taste that characterizes all of Mr. Child's publications.

Incidents In My Life. By D. D. Home. With an Introduction by Judge Edmonds. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this book is the so called American spiritualist, whose career in this country and Europe has made him the newspaper talk for years. The work is a sort of autobiography, full of extraordinary statements, some given on no authority but that of Mr. Home, but others fortified by the testimony of eye-witnesses like William and Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others. The volume will certainly have a large sale, for what it tells about this celebrated medium has, at least, the authority of Mr. Home himself, and is not the idle gossip of newspaper correspondents. It is the most curious book on the subject that has appeared since that of Robert Dale Owen. Mr. Carleton has issued it in a very handsome style.

My Southern Friends. By Edmund Kirke. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this new novel is already favorably known for his "Among the Pines." As a delineator of negro life he is, we think, ahead of any of our writers. The sermon of the old slave preacher, given in this volume, is wonderfully natural.

The Story of the Guard. By Jessie Benton Fremont. Knapsack Edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a cheap edition of that very popular work, the story of Gen. Fremont's body-guard in Missouri. Price, fifty cents.

The Conscript. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A tale of the French conscription, told with the brilliancy that always distinguishes Dumas.

ORNAMENTAL WORK.

MAKING WAX FRUIT, GRAPES, ETC.—There are few parlor ornaments more to be desired than neatly-made wax fruit, either in deep frames, or in delicate wire-baskets covered with glass shades, arranged with regard to form and color, with thin, shining green leaves interspersed; they please the eye by their simple elegance, and will be in vogue as long as fruit grows from which to take models.

To be able to produce fine imitations, much care and patience are necessary; but we propose giving minute directions, which, if closely followed, will enable those gifted with even a small share of mechanical genius to produce perfect imitations. We will commence with the grape variety, black Hamburg. The materials necessary are: rosin, lampblack, prepared wax, wire cotton, carmine, Prussian blue, and powdered verdigris. In the first place, for any fruit you wish to imitate, always procure the best

natural specimen you can find. For all kinds this is desirable, for some it is indispensable. Having examined your specimen, counted the number in the cluster, etc., place it near as a copy in shaping, coloring, etc. Now take your wire (which should be fine and elastic), cut as many pieces as there are grapes in the bunch, about three inches in length, bend one end slightly, and wind a piece of cotton-battling on it, not too tightly; get the best cotton you can find. Then take a small tin dish—one near the shape of a common tea-saucer, about half the size, with a handle attached, is best—put some lumps of rosin in this, as free as possible from the pulverized dust, as that forms globules in melting, and spoils the transparency of the fruit. This can best be melted over a spirit lamp. If you have none, it can be placed on a stove; in that case, care should be taken not to heat it too hot, as that will spoil everything. When melted, put in sufficient lampblack to make it the desired color. In this dip lightly the wire on which you have wound the cotton, turning them constantly, to enable them to form as near globular form as possible. If they are not round at first, you can shape them with the thumb and finger before they become hard. Repeat this process until they are of the required form and size. Then take a quarter-pound of white wax, one tablespoonful of sweet oil, one tablespoonful of Canada balsam, one half tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine; melt in a separate dish, and color it with Prussian blue and a little carmine. Dip them separately into this mixture once, to form the skin. The color you can determine by comparing with the specimen before you; if too blue, add more carmine; if too light purple, add more blue. This being done, arrange them on a separate and larger wire. The stems can be wound with tissue paper, or Berlin wool, of the proper shade. When arranged, take some powdered verdigris, tie in a muslin bag, and shake this over the grapes, and they are finished. These directions, with a little variation in the coloring, will answer for all kinds of grapes. For the Catawba, white rosin, colored with carmine and blue; wax for skin, same. Isabella, same, only more blue in coloring. White Sweetwater, made of clear white rosin; wax for covering, colored with Paris green.

Leaves and tendrils to be added when put in frames or baskets.

M. L. K.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical house-keeper.

RECIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

A Rich Way of Preserving Strawberries.—In picking the strawberries reserve the largest kinds; then boil the smaller ones, allowing three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar to one pound of fruit; stir it while boiling, and make it into jam. Make a fine syrup of sugar, and boil the larger strawberries in it, taking great care that they be kept separate, and do not break. Take them out, and put them into small preserving-pots; then boil the syrup and the jam together until it is very rich, or make it into a jolly by straining it, and pour it on the strawberries when nearly cold. Choose the largest scarlets, or others, when not dead ripe. In either of the above ways they eat well served in thin cream in glasses.

Currants Preserved.—Take the seeds and stalks from whatever quantity of currants you intend to use, of which a fourth part must be white currants; put them into a preserving-pan with a glass of water, let them boil up until the fruit bursts, then strain the juice twice; clarify, and boil some sugar, an equal weight to the fruit, pour the juice on it, boil them together a quarter of an hour, and having skimmed it well, pour it into pots.

Quince Marmalade.—The fruit ought not to be quite ripe; they should, however, be of a fine yellow color. Wipe off the down which covers them. Quarter, core, and put them into a saucepan, with water enough to cover them. Set them on the fire, and when soft, lay the pieces on a sieve to drain, pressing them very slightly. Strain the liquor and measure it. Add to it an equal quantity of clarified sugar, stir it well, and when well mixed put it on the fire, still stirring. As soon as the jelly spreads over the spoon, and falls from it like treacle, take it from the fire, and when cold pour it into pots. To make marmalade, gather the quinces when fully ripe and of a fine yellow. Pare, quarter, and core them. Put them into a saucepan with a little water, and set them on the fire until they are quite soft. Then take them out and lay them on a sieve to drain; rub them through, and weigh the pulp. Take an equal weight of sugar, clarify it, and add it to the pulp. Stir the whole well together over the fire until it will fall from the spoon like a jelly. The marmalade is then fit to be put into pots, and when cold cover them close.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—To one pound of picked fruit add three-quarters of a pound of pounded lump-sugar. Lay part of it upon the fruit, and let it remain until the next day; put the remainder of the sugar and a pint of currant-juice to every pound of strawberries into a preserving-pan, and boil to a syrup; add the strawberries, and simmer very gently till the fruit is soft, being careful not to break it; take out the strawberries, and boil the syrup until it appears to be rich. Wait until it is cold, and then put it upon the fruit.

To Stew Pears.—Pare and halve or quarter large pears, according to their size; throw them into water, as the skin is taken off, before they are divided, to prevent their turning black. Pack them round a block-tin stewpan, and sprinkle as much sugar over as will make them pretty sweet, and add lemon-peel, a clove or two, and some all-spice cracked; just cover them with water, and add a little red wine. Cover them close and stew three or four hours; when tender, take them out, and strain the liquor over them.

To Keep Gooseberries.—When the weather is dry pick the gooseberries that are full grown and not ripe; pick off the tops and tails and put them into open-mouthed bottles; gently cork them with quite new corks, put them in the oven after the bread is drawn, and let them stand until shrunk a quarter part; then take them out of the oven and immediately beat the corks in tight, cut off the tops, and resin them tightly down, set them in a dry place, and if they are well secured from the air they will keep the year round.

Currant and Raspberry Jelly.—Take three pounds of ripe currants, of which let one-third be white, and a few red raspberries to give it flavor; break them with a silver fork; put them into a jar, which put into a saucepan of boiling water, so as to draw the juice; boil two ounces of linglass in three-quarters of a pint of water, to which add one pound of loaf-sugar; when cool, strain the fruit, and add an equal quantity of the juice; mix well together, and put it into a mould, and place it in ice to freeze.

To Preserve Apples.—Take equal quantities of good moist sugar and apples. Peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skin well, and boil pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grate-1 peol of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

To Preserve Strawberries in Wine.—Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry-bottle, and strew over them three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

How to Make Clear Sugar.—Break three pounds of fine white sugar—the hardest and closest grained is the best—put it into a sugar-pan, with three pints of clear spring water, set over a sharp fire, and when beginning to boil place it at the corner to simmer, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; skim well, and reduce to two-thirds. It is then ready to use for jellies.

To Preserve Rhubarb.—To one and a quarter pound of rhubarb add one pound of sugar, half ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and chopped very fine, half the peel of a lemon also chopped very fine. Boil all together rather longer than other fruit, or till it will set firm. If the fruit is not quite young, the sticks should be peeled, being first wiped quite dry.

Currants for Tarts, to Preserve.—Put a pound of sugar into a preserving-pan; for every pound and a quarter of currants have a sufficient quantity of currant-juice to dissolve the sugar; when it boils, skim it, and put in the currants, and boil them till they are very clear; put them into a jar, cover them with brandy paper, and keep them in a dry place.

Currant Jam of all Colors.—Strip your currants, and put them into your pan, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, add your sugar after your fruit has boiled a few minutes, boil all together, mashing your fruit with a wooden spoon; boil all gently for half an hour, then fill your jars.

Gooseberry Jam.—Take what quantity you please of red, rough, ripe gooseberries, take half their quantity of lump-sugar, break them well and boil them together for half an hour, or more, if necessary, then put into pots and cover with paper.

To Preserve Asparagus for Winter.—Prepare the heads by scraping and trimming, in the same way as you would to serve at table, tie them in bundles and put them into boiling salt and water for one moment.

A Good Jelly-Bag.—Flannel is usually used for straining jelly; but those who have used a bag made of fine white muslin, think it equally as good as a woolen one.

PICKLING.

Rules to be Observed in Pickling.—Procure always the best white wine vinegar. This can only be obtained by dealing with a respectable tradesman upon whom you can depend. Vinegar is so grossly adulterated, that it is really a difficulty to obtain it pure. The success of your pickle depends on the goodness of your vinegar.

Use glass bottles for your pickles; if earthen jars, they must be unglazed, as the vinegar acting upon the glaze produces a mineral poison. Use saucepans lined with earthenware or stone pipkins to boil your vinegar in. If you are compelled to use tin, do not let your vinegar remain in it one moment longer than actually necessary; employ also wooden knives and forks in the preparation of your pickles. Fill your jars three parts full with the articles to be pickled, and then add vinegar up to the neck of the jar or bottle.

When greening, keep the pickles covered down, or the evaporation of the steam will injure the color; a little nut of alum may be added to crisp the pickles, but it should be very small in proportion to the quantity, or it will give a disagreeable flavor.

Walnut Ketchup.—Take two hundred walnuts at the season for pickling, beat them very small in a marble mortar, add about six handfuls of salt; put them into a clean earthen pan, and stir them two or three times a day for ten days or a fortnight. Then strain them through a cloth, pressing them very dry. Then boil up the liquor with mace, cloves, sliced nutmeg, and whole pepper. When nearly done, add six cloves of shalot; bottle and cork it closely. The bottle should be shaken when the ketchup is used.

To Pickle Onions.—Pool the smallest onions you can procure, and put them into salt and water for nine days, changing the water daily. Upon the tenth day, put them into jars, and pour fresh boiling salt and water over them; let them stand closely covered until they are cold. When this is the case, make some more salt and water, and when it is boiling hot, pour it upon them, and when they are cold, put the onions into a hair sieve to drain. Put them into wide-mouthed bottles, and fill them up with white wine vinegar. Put into every bottle two slices of ginger, one blade of mace, and a large teaspoonful of the finest oil. This will keep the onions white. Cork them well up.

Lemon Pickle.—Choose some fine lemons, and grate them slightly; cut them down at one end in four places, which fill up with salt; place a layer of them at the bottom of the pickle-jar, and strew over them horse-radish sliced, pepper, garlic, bruised ginger, cayenne, and plenty of mustard seed; place on the top another layer of lemons; then strew the spice and other ingredients, and so on until the lemons are all in the jar; then pour in as much cold strong vinegar as will cover the pickle. Tie the jar up with a bladder at the top, and set it in a sauceman of water, and let it boil slowly until the lemons become tender. The pickle will then be fit for use in less than a week if required.

To Pickle Nasturtiums.—Have ready a stone or glass jar of the best cold vinegar; take the green seeds of the nasturtium after the flower has gone off (they should be full grown but not old), pick off the stems, and put the seeds into the vinegar. No other preparation is necessary, and they will keep a year with nothing more than sufficient cold vinegar to cover them. With boiled mutton they are an excellent substitute for capers.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Choose a fine close cabbage for the purpose of pickling, cut it as thin as possible, and throw some salt upon it. Let it remain for three days when it will have turned a rich purple; drain from it the salt and put into a pan with some strong vinegar, a few blades of mace, and some white peppercorns. Give it a scald, and when cold put it into the jars and tie it up close.

French Beans Pickled.—Lay them in salt and water for nine days, then add a little vinegar, and boil them in the liquor; when they become green, drain them, wipe them dry, and put the beans into a jar; boil some vinegar, ginger, mace, pepper, cloves, and mustard seed, all bruised, and while hot, pour it on the beans; cover them close when cold.

DRINKS FOR WARM WEATHER.

Gooseberry Vinegar.—Boil spring water; and when cold, put to every three quarts one quart of bruised gooseberries in a large tub. Let them remain sixty hours, stirring often; then strain through a hair bag, and to each gallon of liquor add one pound of the coarsest sugar. Put it into a barrel, and a toast and yeast; cover the bung-hole with a bit of slate. Set the barrel in the sun, observing that the cask be well painted, and the iron hoops all firm. The greater the quantity of sugar and fruit the stronger the vinegar; and as this is particularly useful for pickles, it might be well to make it of double the strength for that purpose.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To one quart of common vinegar put two quarts of fresh raspberries, let them stand twenty-four hours; then drain them off, but do not squeeze them. Put in two quarts more, let them stand as before, and this must be repeated a third time. After which, put the vinegar into a jar, measure it, and to every pint put one pound of lump-sugar. Set the jar up to the neck in boiling water, and let the vinegar boil for ten minutes, stirring it frequently. There should on no account be fewer raspberries than the proportion mentioned, and the vinegar will not be fit for use until the following summer.

Cold Punch.—Pare off the peel of a lemon thin enough to cut the small globules with which it is studded. Put it in a jug with quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and squeeze over them the juice of the lemon, which should be large and juicy. Add quarter of a pint of brandy, and one-eighth of a pint of rum, fill up the jug with from a pint to a quart (according to weakness desired) of water thoroughly boiling, and cover it up until it is cold. Before it is easily put a few little balls of ice into it, or if that be not easily accessible, roll wet cloths round the jug, and place it in the draught of an open window.

Apple-Wine.—Pure cider made from sound, dry apples, as it runs from the press. Put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up, to within two gallons of being full, with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and, in one year, the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees, the better.

Lemonade.—Boil together and skim one pound of loaf-sugar and half a pint of water. Melt in a teaspoonful of water half an ounce of citric or tartaric acid. Let the syrup stand until it is cold, and then add the acid and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, and, when it is wanted for use, four quarts of water, and a little more sugar, if desired.

Sherbet.—Boil two pounds of sugar in a quart of water. Pare six Seville oranges and two lemons very thin. Mix together the boiling syrup, the peel of the fruit, the juice, and five more pints of water. Clear it with a little white of egg, let it be until cold, strain it, and bottle it.

Refreshing Summer Beverage.—Take half an ounce of cream of tartar, the juice and rind of a lemon, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quarter of an ounce of bruised ginger. Pour on these half a gallon of boiling water, stand till cold, and strain through a hair-sieve.

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Choose them ripe and round. Scoop neatly out, from the under part, the greater part of the interior of the fruit. Pass it through a sieve, to separate the pulp from the seeds, and put it in a sauceman. Stir in a little olive oil, a clove of garlic, a little parsley, and some minced mushrooms. Season with salt and cayenne. When these are cooked, add bread crumbs and the yolks of eggs beaten up, and stir it until it becomes consistent. Stuff the tomatoes with this mixture, mask them with bread-crumbs and beaten eggs, and cook them either in an oven or a stewpan for ten minutes. When serving, pour over them the juice which has exuded from them.

To Make Tomato Sauce.—Take as many tomatoes as you please; boil them for twenty minutes, and, afterward, pulp them through a sieve. For every pint of pulp and juice take half a pint of the best vinegar, one ounce of chilies, two blades of mace, half a drachm of ginger, cloves, and allspice, one ounce of shalots, garlic, and black pepper; the garlic and shalots must be boiled in some of the tomato juice, and the spices must be soaked in boiling vinegar and allowed to stand for a day before adding them to the pulp and juice. Add a large tablespoonful of salt to each pint of juice; then bottle, cork, and seal.

Tomatoes Served Entire.—Put ripe tomatoes in a dish, with a piece of butter on each, and a little salt and cayenne. Bake them in the oven until they are well cooked, and serve in a separate dish to eat with roast meat or poultry. Another mode of doing this is to cover the tomatoes with egg beaten up, and sprinkle them with crumbs. Another mode is to moisten them with stock.

To Dress Spinach in the French Fashion.—This vegetable is at present in season. Procure that which is young and fresh, wash it in several waters, and pick it carefully, leaf by leaf, from the stems, and let it drain upon a sieve. Fill a large saucepan with water, throw in some salt, boil up the water, and then add the spinach; let it boil until it is tender; it will take from ten to fifteen minutes; drain and press thoroughly all the water out of it. Chop it extremely fine upon a trencher, and put it into a stewpan, with a quarter-pound of butter, and stir it over the fire for about ten minutes. Add to it, by degrees, two tablespoonfuls of finely pounded loaf-sugar; the sugar must be mixed in with a little of the cream. Let all stew together until the liquid cream is absorbed into the spinach, and it is tolerably dry, when serve hot, and garnish the dish with fried sippets.

Tomato Salad.—The Spaniards eat the tomato raw as a salad herb, and it is excellent. Tomato salad is prepared by cutting the raw tomato into slices, squeeze over it lemon juice, and pour pure olive oil; flavor with salt, and toss it about. Sometimes, a little finely mixed shallot, or garlic, is esteemed an improvement.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPTS.

Pot Pourri.—To make "a perfume of sweet-scented leaves, etc., for fancy jars."—Mix half a pound of common salt with a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of storax, half a dozen cloves, a handful of dried bay leaves, and another handful of dried lavender flowers. This basis of the Pot Pourri will last for years, and you may add to it annually petals of roses and of other fragrant flowers gathered on dry days, as fancy may dictate. By the same rule you may add, if approved of, powdered benzoin, chips of sandal wood, cinnamon,orris-root, and musk. A very excellent Pot Pourri may be made in winter with a pound of dried rose petals, bought at a chemist's, mixed with four ounces of salt and two of saltpetre, on which are put eight drops of essence of ambergris, six drops of essence of lemon, four drops of oil of cloves, four drops of oil of lavender, and two drops of essence of bergamot.

Mode of Ascertaining if Eggs are Fresh.—A new-laid egg has a white, clear complexion; its varnish shines. Held before the light of a candle, its contents appear clear, transparent, and fluid. When this transparency is only partial, the alteration proves they are not fresh. Striking gently on that part of the egg, the sound given will indicate the size of the air-cell, and that will prove its freshness or otherwise. If the egg is turned quickly to one side, by a rotary motion, the movement is regular, if it is fresh and full; but if more or less empty, it is hard and irregular.

To Clean a Marble Chimney-Piece.—If the marble is white, procure two pounds of pearl ash, one pound of whiting, and half a pound of soft soap; boil all these ingredients together until they attain the consistence of a thick paste. When nearly cold, lay it upon the marble, and let it remain for at least twenty-four hours. Wash it off with soft water, and polish with linon rags. Spirits of turpentine is excellent for cleaning black marble.

To Prevent the Hair from Falling Off.—Two ounces of Eau-de-Cologne, two drachms of tincture of cantharides, ten drops of oil of lavender, and ten drops of oil of rosemary. This lotion should be used once or twice a day for a considerable time.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN.—Down each breadth of the skirt is a puffing edged on each side with lace, through which a pink ribbon is run. The body is cut low and square, both at the back and in front, and

with the sleeves, is ornamented like the skirt. Sash of wide pink ribbon. Head-dress of black lace tied under the chin, and trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN over an under-dress of delicate blue silk. The skirt, sash, and berthe, are all trimmed with black lace.

FIG. III.—MANTILLA OF BLACK LACE, lined with lilac silk.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE ORGANDIE, figured with green leaves. The skirt has two ruffles around the bottom, the upper one passing up the right side of the dress in the tunic shape. Short puffed sleeves, and berthe of the same material as the dress. Green grasses and roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF APPLE GREEN SILK, embroidered around the skirt with chenille in a feather pattern. The sleeves and the long skirts of the basque, at the back, correspond with the skirt.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED SILK.—The bottom has a quilling of silk of the same as the dress, edged with narrow black lace. Above this quilling are two rows of trimming of a horse-shoe shape, also edged with black lace. The body is cut with two points in front and a small point at the back. White tulle bonnet, lined with mauve-colored silk.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is plain. The seniorita body is made over a vest of violet-colored silk. Sleeves quite close to the arm.

FIG. VIII.—LATEST STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.—On the right side the hair is arranged to imitate a feather proceeding from the middle and descending at the side behind the ear. This feather imitation is formed on one side by a bandeau of small curls very slightly rolled, and made with the natural hair. The other side, in the upper part, is executed with false hair curled to imitate a feather. The left side is composed of a curled bandeau leaving the temple bare. The back hair forms an Apollo knot. A light tuft of curls falls to the left. A handsome ostrich feather covers the comb and hangs down to the right.

FIG. IX.—ANOTHER STYLE.—The hair is arranged in waved bandeaux rolled underneath so as to form two divisions, separated by the parting, which is ornamented in front by a camelia. At the sides, the hair forms puffs composed of smooth tresses which cross each other chequer-wise. The back hair is disposed in two smooth loops and a third which hangs down in a hair-net.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give the above descriptions of the latest styles of dressing the hair, in order that our readers may have some notion of the vagaries of fashion, not that by any means we would recommend them to be followed. In fact, there is not one face in a thousand that looks well with the hair in this style.

IT IS NOW CONSIDERED in better taste to trim the dress with the same shade of color, or with black. Many young ladies still adopt the loose Garibaldi bodice for morning wear for this season of the year. These bodices are very convenient when made in foulard: they are no longer confined with a band round the waist, but are left loose, and the skirt of the dress is placed over them. There is a very palpable diminution of the amount of trimming upon spring dresses compared with those of last year. Upon the skirt the ornamentation now never reaches higher than from eight to ten inches, and frequently there is only a thick cording (as thick as an upholsterer's cord), made of taffetas or of the same material as the dress, and stuffed with cotton wool. This is sewn at the edge of the dress, either straight round or twisted round at each breadth. It is very strong, and preserves the edge from wearing out as effectively as the plaited mohair braid, which has now become common.

THE SLEEVES are made a *la Conde*, and nearly tight, and a great revolution has thereby taken place in under-sleeves, which, instead of being made full, are now cut nearly to

the shape of the upper sleeve, and are edged with insertion of embroidery and Valenciennes lace. For plain sleeves the deep wristband is now made, buttoning at the side with a row of enamel buttons, or fastened by one large stud in the middle. The collars are either worn very much larger, or consist only of a small stand-up collar with the ends turned down in front, under which a cravat is always worn. The pretty muslin cravats, introduced last season, are now made with square ends, which are trimmed with insertion of, and edged with, Valenciennes lace. They are so pretty and becoming that one cannot but desire their duration.

THE FORM OF THE OUT-DOOR COVERINGS will be the circular cape, and the short paletot or jacket; these will be made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed simply. Or else the covering will be of rich black silk, and made so as to partially fit the figure without clinging closely to it. These jackets or casaques will be trimmed in a variety of ways. For young ladies they are stitched with white silk, by means of the sewing-machine; not always with the simple back-stitch, but with a chain-stitch in an elaborate pattern. For married ladies they are trimmed more profusely with Maltese lace, gimp, jet, and crossway straps and buttons. Their form is simple; the skirt reaches to the knee in front, and frequently it is arranged with two plaits at the back, so that it falls more gracefully over the crotline.

WHITE HIGH BODICES FOR EVENING WEAR are now displayed in great variety, and many of them are very tastefully arranged. The most novel are those which simulate a high and low bodice in one; the top being composed of plain organza muslin, and the lower part of straps of embroidered muslin insertion, and Valenciennes lace laid on so as to give the appearance of a low bodice; these are generally finished off round the shoulders and throat with Valenciennes lace, and at the waist with a Swiss band in black velvet or taffetas. Lace tuckers are still composed principally of Valenciennes lace and tulle illusion. As low bodices are now cut so as to require very wide tuckers, puffings of tulle and clusters of small loops of the narrowest ribbon velvet, placed at equal distances, are necessary, as well as the Valenciennes edging. The black velvet, which is introduced into the edging to hold the tucker in, should be tied in front as well as at the back; by doing so, the tucker will set more evenly and securely.

A GREAT MANY DRESSES are made a *l'Empire*, which means quite plain and flat upon the hips; and now a way has been discovered of putting the waist under the arms by means of a wide band. This Roman band is made of thick silk; it is very wide, and reaches high upon the bodice in front, and is tied at the back with a large bow. A good share of natural grace is requisite to make this band or sash appear to advantage upon any figure; upon quite young girls from ten to twelve years of age, whose figures are slight, it is the most becoming.

At present, all SLEEVES, without exception, are made very long and narrow, and either with a cuff turned back at the bottom, or left open a little way, and trimmed all round. This is not very graceful, and it has already been suggested, with much sense, that such a style of sleeve could not be thought of for dresses of a light, transparent fabric, such as barege, muslin, or gauze. Some few dress-makers have produced sleeves in the style of those worn in the days of Marie Antoinette—tight in the upper part of the arm, and thence flowing down in an ample and graceful drapery, very long under the elbow, and narrowing gradually on each side to the front part of the arm. We trust this very becoming fashion may be quickly adopted.

EMBROIDERY AND GIMP, with jet beads introduced, will decidedly be the fashionable styles of ornamentation for shawls, mantles, and dresses. The small, colored silk neckties, which are worn both under and above linen collars,

are now made with small bouquets of flowers, embroidered at each end, and with the narrowest possible silk-plaiting around them. The white muslin cravats, embroidered at the ends, and trimmed round with Valenciennes lace, now very generally replace the collar; they are tied exactly as a gentleman's cravat, with the ends in the same direction as the loops of the bows, and not left hanging downward as formerly. Some of these white muslin neckties are embroidered with most tasteful and artistic designs, and form a change from the more old-fashioned collar.

BONNETS of the Marie Stuart form are daily gaining ground; they are generally made of white crepe, and small wreaths are placed at the edge of the front, and follow the pointed form. The most suitable flowers, and those which produce the best effect, are the blue myosotis mixed with dead grasses, the lilies of the valley intermingled with pink thorn, the primrose and green grasses with dew-drops on them, Persian lilac with moss of several shades, some tinged with golden brown. Some time will probably elapse before this form of bonnet is adopted, but in the end it is almost certain to be accepted. The apricot color is in great favor for bonnets; and the plaitain, a sort of moss which grows in forests, and is a brilliant gold color at the outside, and brown underneath, is used for trimming. The curtains have sometimes hanging buttons, made of apricot-colored leather, round the edge of them.

THE HAIR CONTINUES to be worn in a FULL and EXCEEDINGLY ELABORATE style.—Short frizzed curls, or creped bandeaux short at the ear, with two full rolls of hair above, and loops or plaits at the back, are now the general style. Many new designs in tortoiseshell combs have appeared to suit this massive manner of dressing the hair. It is an utter impossibility, now-a-days, to judge of the shape of a lady's head when she has her hair dressed in a fashionable manner. Head-dresses remain as they were worn during the past winter; they are high in front with a cluster of flowers, plain at the sides, and ornamented again at the back. This style proves more becoming than the formal wreath, and each separate head can be arranged to suit its particular style; and as no two heads or faces are alike, this is a more rational proceeding than when both oval, round, and square faces appeared alike with formal wreaths round them.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with lozenges of blue silk, on which is a braiding of black. The body is low, with a white tucked chemisette reaching to the throat. Braces and a point of blue silk, braided with black. Short puffed sleeve of alpaca, with a finish of blue silk, and a long, thin under-sleeve.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF PINK BAREGE.—The skirt, body, and sleeves are trimmed with black velvet. The body is cut low and square, both back and front, with a high plaited chemisette. The sleeves are short and puffed, with a muslin under-sleeve.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The dresses for quite small boys, as well as for girls of all sizes, are mostly of pique or Marselles. This material is heavy, but it requires no lining. White and buff are the only colors worn. These dresses are usually braided in black; but on some quite small children, we have seen braiding of blue, or red.

FOR BOYS a little older, the Knickerbocker suits are fashionable. These pantaloons reach to just below the knee, are full and put on a band.

FOR GIRLS, the hats are higher in the crown and narrower in the brim than formerly, and are nearly all trimmed with feathers, or bunches of daisies, cherries, or poppies and wheat.



Drawn by C. Luelsan.

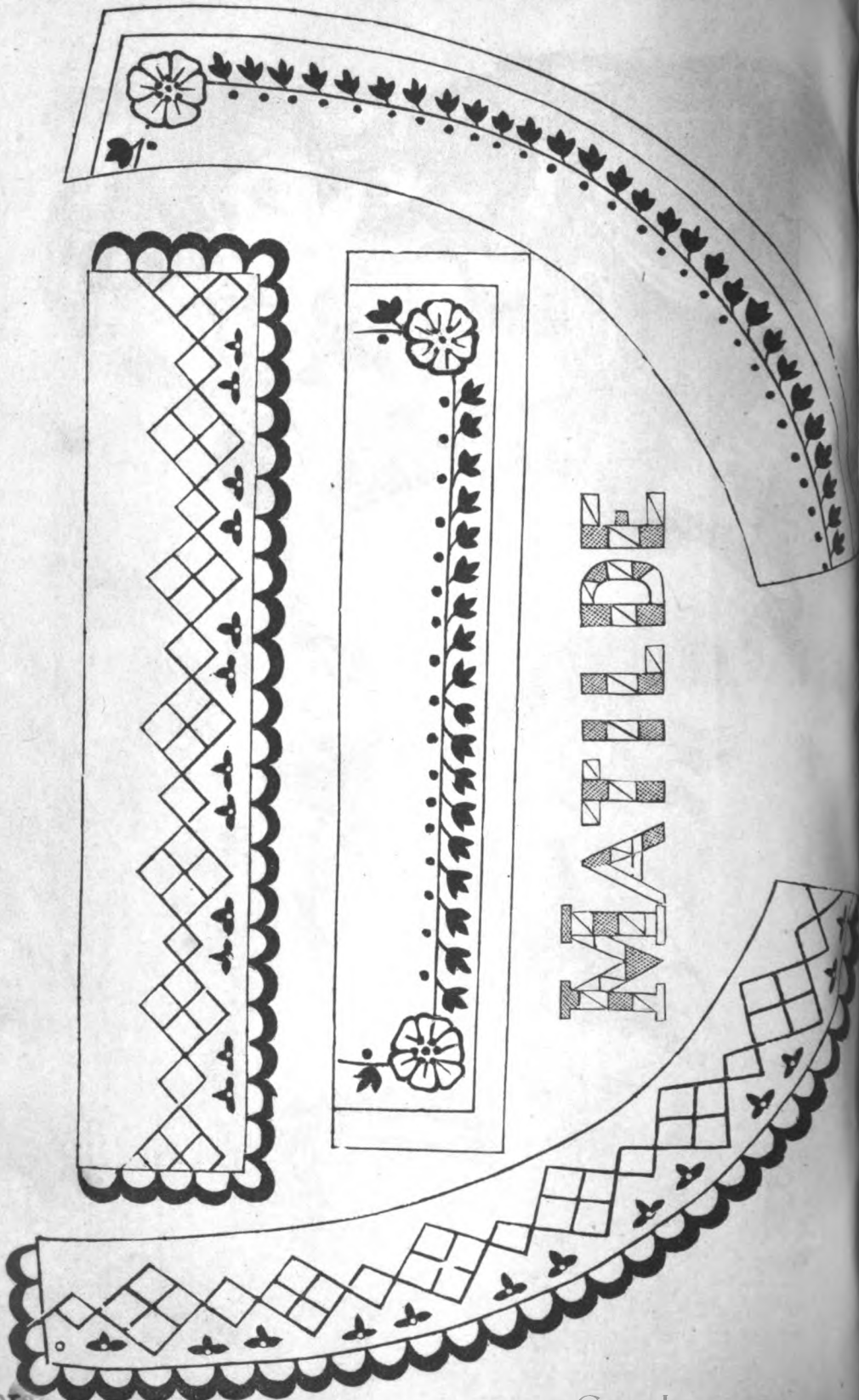
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THE FASHIONABLE
LADIES & GENTLEMEN
OF THE



COLLARS
CUFFS

COLLARS AND CUFFS—to be worked in Colored Cottons.





NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



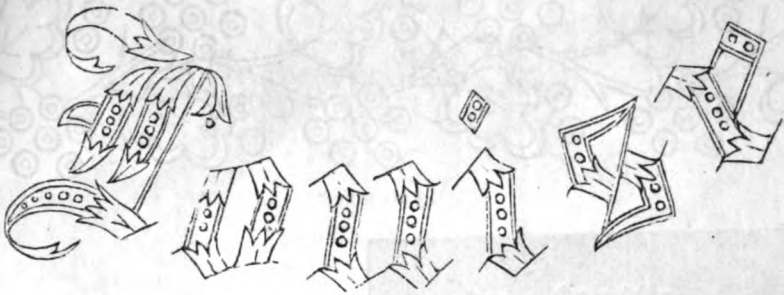
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Agnes

NAME FOR MARKING.



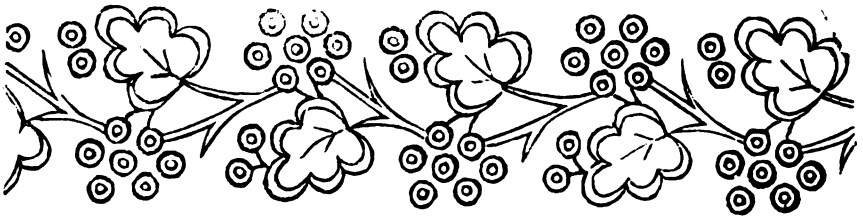
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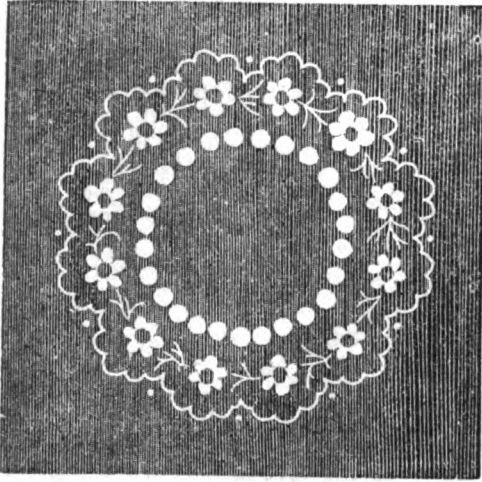
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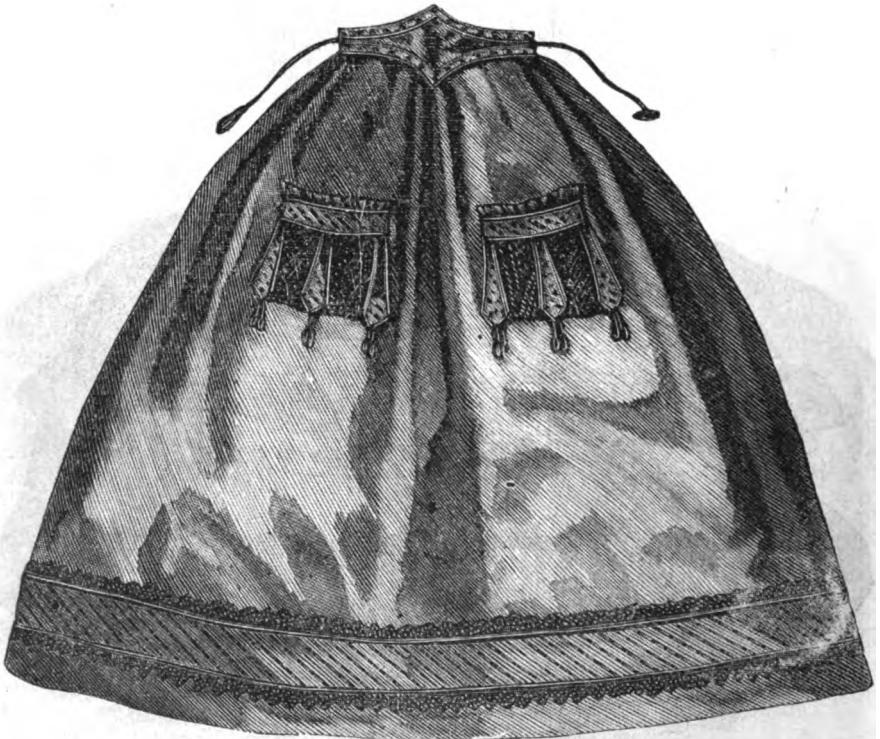
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EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



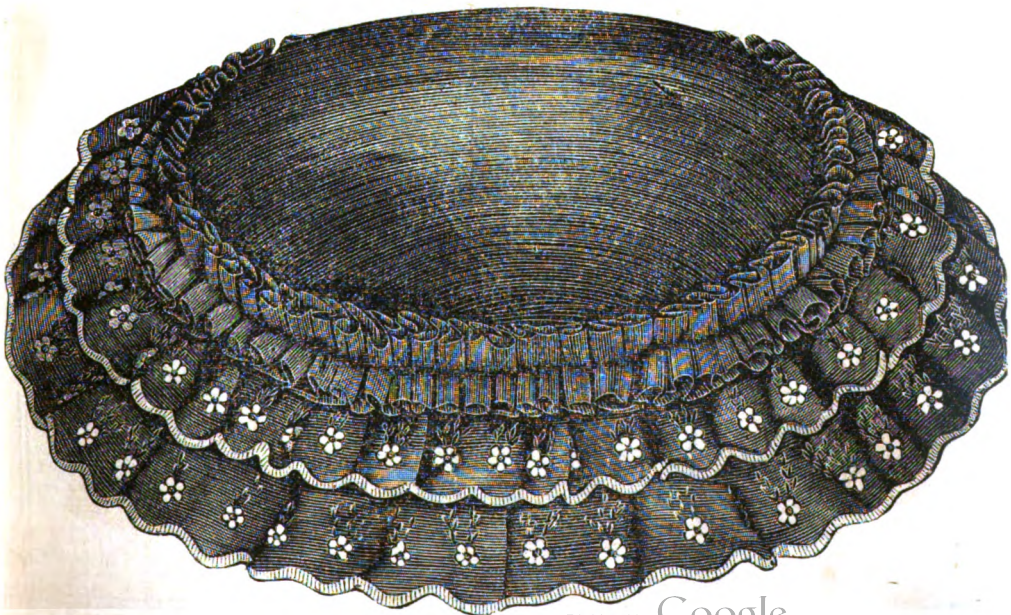
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NEW STYLE OF APRON.



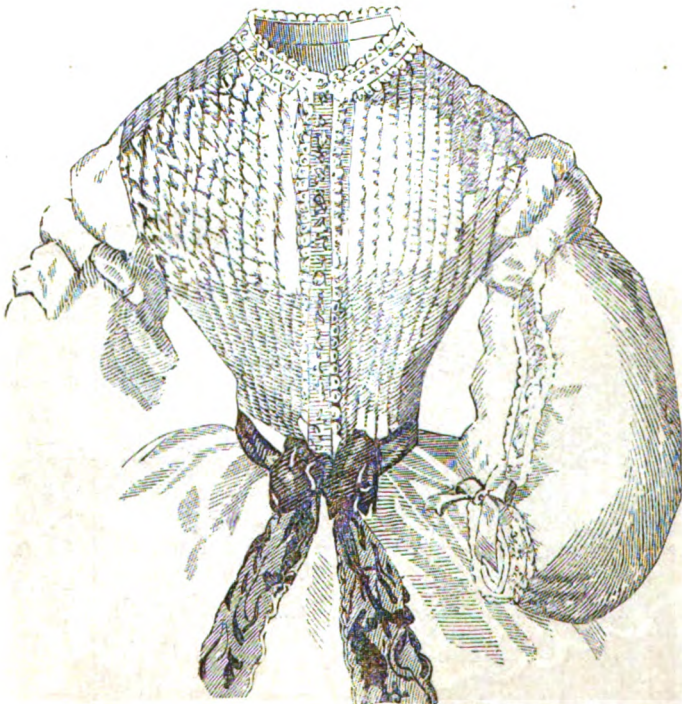
HANGING PIN-CUSHION.



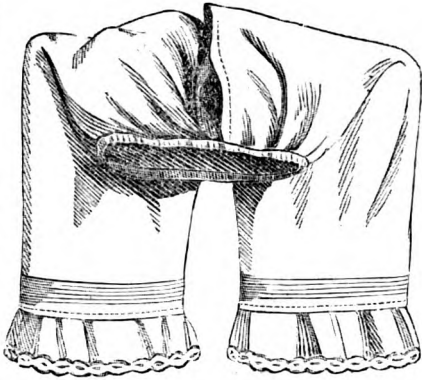
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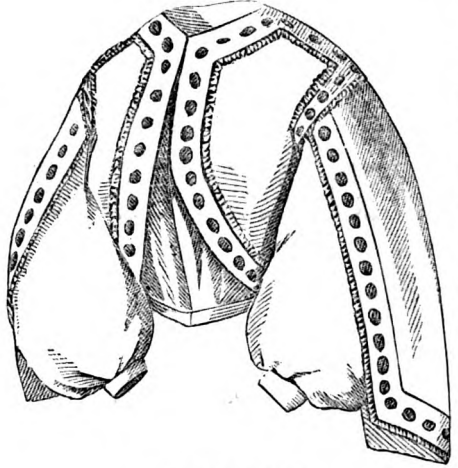
DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



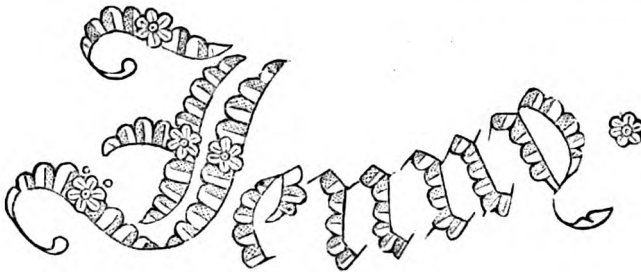
DRAWN BODY.



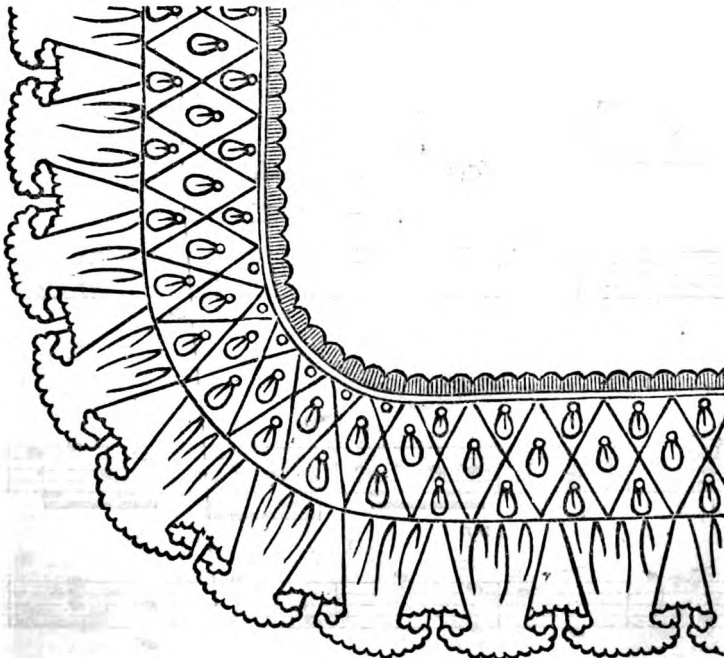
LADY'S DRAWERS.



SPANISH JACKET.



NAME FOR MARKING.



RUFFLED HANDKERCHIEF.

DANISH DANCE

ARRANGED BY

SE P. WINNER.

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Moderato.

PIANO.

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 2/4. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains several measures of chords and melodic lines. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line. The system concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the 2/4 time signature and one-sharp key signature. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal textures. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present in the lower staff.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, continuing the 2/4 time signature and one-sharp key signature. The piece concludes with a *mf* dynamic marking.

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DANISH DANCE.

8va - - - - - loco.

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 contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line, with some chords marked with a 'V' above them.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, with some notes marked with a 'V' above them. The lower staff continues the bass line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, with some notes marked with a 'V' above them. The lower staff continues the bass line.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line, ending with a double bar line. The letters 'D.C.' are printed at the end of the system.

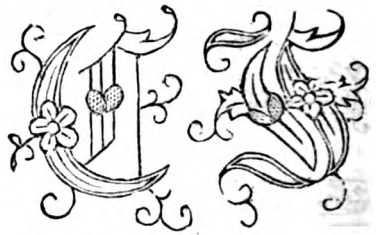
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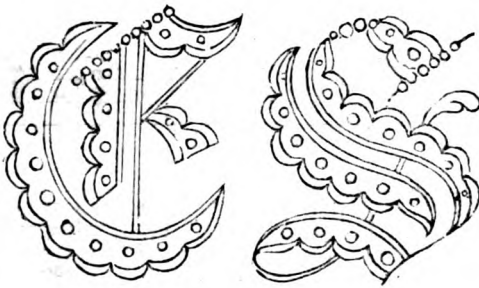
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



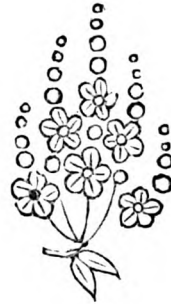
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EDGING FOR PETTICOAT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

There can scarcely be a sadder sight than that of an aged man, or a gray-haired mother dependent in their last years for a few scanty comforts on the grudging charity of kindred. To see the children anxious to shift the burden of their support from one to another: complaining oftentimes that "they have had father longer than their share of the time;" or suggesting that "mother would be less in the way at Sarah's, her house is so much larger," while Sarah complains that "mother is so annoying and interferes with the housekeeping by her old-fashioned ways; is often fretful, and particularly in the way when fashionable friends call."

Rude and heartless as these remarks may seem, they are but truthful side-scenes in many households which for the world have only a perpetually smiling face. Ah! daughter, go back a score or two of years and reflect what that mother has done for you. Who bore with your troublesome, fretful ways all through the years of childhood? Who nursed you with such loving care through long and wearisome sicknesses? Keeping watch beside you

"Till the last pale star has set,
And morn all dazling, as in triumph broke
On her dim, weary eye. Hers was the face
Which early faded through fond care of you:
Hung o'er your sleep, and duly as Heaven's light
Was there to greet your waking."

And is this your kind return? How many times have your mischief-working hands marred her handiwork, causing hours and days of added labor! How much in her way you have been when friends called! But did she ever even desire to cast you off? A sweet writer has said, "A mother cannot outlive her usefulness. No, never! When she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight upon their bosoms, and call forth by helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

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There are circumstances, it is true, in which old age is attended with the greatest care, servants and children are carefully schooled to avoid all cause of offence. The best room in the house is fitted up, with every convenience, that might add to father or mother's comfort during their stay. But, alas! for the credit of human nature, such attentions are rarely bestowed, except when a legacy is seen in the perspective.

If you would secure a peaceful, comfortable old age, it would be well to remember a direction in one of the old Apocryphal books, "Give not thy goods to another while thou livest, give not thyself over to any; far better it is that thy children should seek to thee, than that thou shouldst stand to their courtesy."

"They were pleasant enough," said an old man to us one day, "as long as there was money in the chest; but now that is gone, they never speak a kind word to me." What a history in a single sentence!

An old man divided his estate among his beloved children, and was to make his home with them by turns. But after father's money was gone, it began to grow more and more apparent that he "had outlived his usefulness," and he was nowhere welcome, even in the homes his money had built. In his distress he asked the advice of a shrewd old lawyer friend, who gave him some counsel which was directly acted upon. A strong box, well secured, now accompanied him in all his journeyings among his children. When questioned about it, he carelessly started, he "had a few pennies in it, he expected to leave with the child where he last made his home." The news was received with much surprise by the children who had no idea that father possessed such a deposit. A change of deportment quickly took place. It was now the strife, who should have father at their house and keep him longest, as it had

formerly been how they should shirk off the burden. The more infirm he grew the more attentive they became, lest he should grow weary and dissatisfied and leave them for a home elsewhere.

At length he was gathered to his fathers, and the fortunate possessor of the strong box opened it with great eagerness, as soon as propriety would permit. It was found to contain literally "a few pennies," as he had stated, and a large wooden mallet, on which were inscribed this homely, but forcible couplet:

"Who gives away his goods before he's dead,
Take this mallet and strike him on the head."

A dear old lady, whose sunny face at seventy is one of childhood's sweetest memories, was a shrewd observer of human nature. Though her children were kind, respectful, and attentive, she chose never to relinquish the independence of her own home. A daughter and her family were welcome to occupy a part of the old homestead; but nothing could induce her to give up her own little table, where her children and grandchildren were always welcome. A small income sufficed for her wants, and so her last days were spent in peace and plenty.

It was a matter of surprise that Mary L— bequeathed all her property to an aged father nearly eighty years of age, when it was so plain it would in a very few years, at most, be passed down to the son with whom he lived. Why not save the trouble of extra legal proceedings, and will the estate at once to her brother? Ah!

Mary had seen too much of the world not to know that father, as the owner of a pleasant home, was a person of far more consideration than a poor, tottering old man, dependent on the bounty of even a kind and affectionate son.

It is wise to lay by a store for winter weather, when it is possible to do so, and when circumstances permit something should be laid by in early life, for that period which, if God spares our lives, must come to even the fairest and strongest. A "day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grasshopper shall be a burden." In our favored land thrift and industry go hand in hand, and almost every one may make provision for old age. Where such provision has been made, it is certainly neither wise nor right to give it unreservedly into the power of another. No one ought willingly thus to limit his means of usefulness, putting it out of his reach to perform the numberless little deeds of love and charity which Providence places in his way, and which call down blessings on the wrinkled hand and snow-crowned head.

You, whom heaven has blessed with an aged form to sit by your fireside, be wary and watchful over your own department. There are silent little note-takers in your midst, and though God does not balance all his accounts on this side of the grave, it is not unlikely that "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

BEAUTIFUL dreams that come and go!
Like the restless sea-tide's ebb and flow,
Over the dead that lie below!

Beautiful dreams of light and shade!
Like that which the woodland leaves have made,
So fair and bright, so quick to fade!

Beautiful dreams of a joyous heart,

Stealing the fairies' witching part,
Tell me, oh! tell me, what thou art?
Cheating the maiden's trusting breast,
Leading the wearied one to rest,
Making earth like a bird-rocked nest.
Beautiful dreams! I wish I too
Had you power to come and go
To the hearts I love, and long to know!

MY COUNTRY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

CAN any heart unfaithful be
To our fair mother in her need?
Can any stimulus require
To noble thought and worthy deed?

Columbia, lovely in thy woe,
Thy name is music's loftiest strain;
And when thy children's ears are deaf,
The true, the actual life is slain!

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HE had been reading a wild German legend—had finished the tale and allowed the book to fall from his hand.

As it struck the floor, the noise made him start nervously. Then he yielded himself again to the fancies the story had called up, wondering how far such mysterious beliefs could be founded on fact, and perplexing himself, as we all do at times, with the thousand questions and theories to which such thoughts give rise.

It was a student's room, simply, almost meagrely furnished, but there was evidence of refined taste visible in its plainness. A few beautiful engravings hung upon the walls; here and there little gems of pictures that had been presented by his artist friends; several casts after the antique; and the room was fragrant with the odor of a pot of violets upon his writing-table.

It was an irregular, quaintly shaped apartment, in a sort of tower which decorated the building, having three deeply recessed windows, curtained only by a luxuriant vine of ivy that had clambered from the floor to the ceiling, and swept over the windows in leafy festoons.

In one of the windows hung a bird-cage, inhabited by a graceful brown thrush, that had taken its head out from under its wing at the sound made by the falling book; but, seeing its master, concluded that nothing could be wrong, and so remained tranquilly poised on one foot watching him with its great soft eyes.

Robert Stoepel had become enamored of that most precarious of all professions, literature; and several years before he had come up to the great metropolis, to add another to the number of young aspirants of whom we have all lived long enough to see so many drop, one by one, out of the ranks, many forced into uncongenial pursuits by the pressure of circumstances, and others gone utterly, with nothing but a brief inscription on their tombstones to tell that they have been.

In many respects he had been more fortunate than most of his fellows—had secured a foothold, and it depended now on his own industry and talent to decide what the future should be.

This state of things had not come about at once, of course. If he had chosen he could have told of certain hardships which it is easy

enough to remember calmly, but not so pleasant to endure. Scant meals; nights without a resting-place; petty debts and duns; all the miserable little cares that are so much harder to endure than a great suffering.

A terrible grief has a certain dignity in it which renders it supportable, no matter how black and lasting it may be—a man feels that he is separated and above his fellows by the wisdom gained from its misery. But the irritability and humiliation caused by contemptible annoyances, are enough to destroy the noblest character on earth, if endured for a sufficient length of time. There is just the difference between those petty miseries and a great affliction, that there is between being stabbed to the heart by a dagger and having one's breast stuck full of pins. One could bear the sharp, deadly thrust, but no amount of patience and grandeur could make a man appear noble while being turned into a pin-cushion.

Fortunately for my hero, he had escaped all those things before they had worn away both spirit and endurance; and now, though a hard worker, he had the enjoyments of at least a comfortable existence.

He taught music too—at all events he had intended to do so—but he seldom found a pupil who did not work such ruin to his nerves that he was obliged to give up the task. His mystical tendencies, and his absolute genius for music, were the only German attributes that had descended to him, except his name—indeed, the claim to such nationality went as far back as his grandfather at least.

His love for music was an absolute passion, and the power he possessed over the cold, white keys seemed sometimes fairly like inspiration.

I remember a sonata of Beethoven that he used to play—I believe it will haunt me into the next world—I never have endured to hear any person attempt it since.

He was very capricious—it was not one time in ten you could persuade him to finish a composition. He would tantalize you with delicious morsels that thrilled your heart as if he had been playing upon its pulses, passing from one strain to another, and not by any persuasions to be induced to quit his vagaries.

But I shall never have done if I begin to tell

you of the effect he produced upon me by his music. At one time we had rooms in the same building, and often, in the middle of the night, I have been awakened by his piano—so drawn out of myself that I could no more have resisted its influence than if I had been magnetized by the sound. It was not always safe to intrude upon him at such seasons. He would go off in a frenzy that was like insanity—then again, perhaps, the presence of one he loved would be full of comfort and sympathy to him. I learned at last to distinguish his moods by the style of his improvisations, and conducted myself accordingly.

He was singularly susceptible to all outward influences. An unpleasant voice would fairly make him shiver; a damp, heavy day would seem to shrivel him up mentally and bodily; a fierce, beating storm would rouse him to a pitch of the wildest excitement. Often I have known him to rush out in the midst of an absolute tempest and wander about for hours, hurrying on as if impelled by some unseen spirit.

He had a true artist's love for nature—a real poet's appreciation of every impulse and hope that sways humanity, and as is seldom the case with such natures, he carried his affection and understanding into the round of his daily life. He was unselfish and sympathizing to an extreme. Most men whom I have met of an imaginative temperament, have been exactly the opposite, and striking examples of the distinction between theory and practice.

His conversational powers were charming, although he was by no means always in the mood to talk. He had whole days of absolute silence which he called his dumb fits; but, for that matter, I never saw a man who was worth anything forever ticking like a newly wound clock.

He was just as capricious about his work. He refused several lucrative situations because he said he could not depend upon himself. There were weeks together when he could not have written a line if his life depended upon it—seasons of absolute mental vacuity—I am quoting him again.

He certainly was possessed of extraordinary powers, although I think his genius was too diffuse, nor do I mean to say that it was genius of the loftiest order; no man's can be whose nature has that morbid twist in it. But such men make the poets whom one loves, because they touch chords and sympathies closest to our own hearts.

The sensuousness which so often in such temperaments degenerates into lower qualities,

only added a rich glow to the delicacy and refinement of his mind. Indeed, in many things he was more spiritual than I believe a man in strong health, with a great heart and brain to match, ever can be.

There was nothing prudish or absurd in him. He enjoyed the wild frolics of a set of students and artists, who would never have forgiven any intrusion of a proper young man into their little Bohemia, and they all liked him, overlooking his vagaries and caprices, or perhaps each man had enough of his own to occupy him.

But you will not care to hear about my feelings and impressions. I only mentioned thus much to give you some idea of his peculiar organization—this is Robert Stoepel's story.

It was long after midnight when he roused himself from the train of thought into which he had fallen. He took up his lamp and was moving toward his bedroom, when something impelled him to remain a little longer. I should have said that a fancy seized him, had not future events made it difficult for me to employ any tritling mode of expression in recording his feelings.

He sat down at the piano and began to play, but he found it impossible to fix his attention upon the music. He felt as if he were waiting for something—what he could not tell.

Occasionally he had that feeling in a less degree when he had forgotten some business of importance. He had omitted nothing which was to have been done—it was not that vague working of memory which made him suddenly expectant.

He went back to the table and sat down, trying in every way to think what could have caused that state of mind. Then for a time he forgot to wonder, and his whole faculties became absorbed in that anxious waiting.

He found himself listening with strained attention, as if expecting each instant to hear a familiar voice or step in the passage without, and, rousing himself to the folly of the thing, tried to drive the sensation away.

He took up a book—not the German one, for he began to think its mysticism and daring theories had affected his nerves—but a light, cheerful novel, which he had been reading during the day.

After the first few pages his mind began to wander. He flung the book down with a sense of irritation.

The inexplicable feeling of expectancy rushed over him again, through it there crept a nervous thrill which he had not before experienced.

He went to the door and opened it—there was

no one standing there, of course. He shut it with a bang and returned to his seat, muttering an imprecation upon his own folly. He determined to go to bed in spite of everything—it was silly to give way to such fancies—he lived too much alone—needed exercise—all the thousand reproaches one heaps upon oneself when any unexplainable spiritual thrill strikes against the outward beliefs with which we deceive ourselves and the world.

In the midst of his mental explanations and excuses the strange sensation seized him again, closely, securely, snatching the very inmost chords of his being.

It was more than a simple feeling of vague expectation now. It was as if his soul waited for some summons of which his other senses, deadened by their bodily thrall, had no perception.

It passed as suddenly as it came. He waited. Not even a restless, excited state of mind remained.

Was it a delusion or a warning of some coming evil, of which only his spirit had obtained cognizance?

It was useless to perplex his mind with such questions. It was strange, peculiar as he was, that the feeling did not make more impression upon him—he had forgotten it the next day.

The only thing he had thought of was danger to one whom he loved. That morning there came a letter full of hope and cheerfulness. In all the world there was no other human being whose soul was so closely knit to his, that any sudden trouble or peril to it would react with a shock so violent upon his nature.

Mabel was well and happy, so it could have been no warning that he felt. It was only one of those morbid, ridiculous fancies, to which he was too much in the habit of giving way.

Mabel Thorsby was his betrothed wife; the thing had come about simply and very naturally.

Two years before, Stoepel had accompanied an artist friend upon one of those wandering expeditions in which painters delight, and at last they settled down for the remainder of the summer in the neighborhood of one of those picturesque little villages which are scattered among the Kattskills.

It was there he met Mabel Thorsby. She was governess in the family of a lady who had been attracted to the spot by its quiet and healthfulness.

There were only two children to be cared for: docile, pretty creatures, and Mabel was treated by the mother with every consideration

and evidence of affection. Indeed, she occupied more the position of an elder sister than that of a dependent.

She was twenty years old at that time. Let me see if I can describe her.

I do not think she was pretty; but her complexion was so dazzlingly clear, her eyes so full of feeling and enthusiasm, and her golden hair so rich and luxuriant, that it made up for the want of regularity in her features. She was too pale as a general thing; but the color and quick changes that every emotion brought to her cheeks showed her sensitive temperament. She was quiet, somewhat reserved in appearance, but in reality the most sympathetic woman I ever met.

I cannot stop here to describe the points of resemblance, and the strong contrasts between her nature and Stoepel's, which made it so natural for them to love each other. She filled the want which had been in his soul before and made his life complete.

It was the purest, most absorbing affection that I ever witnessed in my life. I hate to be transcendental; but truly it was more than the mere union of hearts with which most people are content. Their spirits seemed fairly to have knit together, and I used often to think that if one died the other would soon follow.

They were to be married that autumn. Stoepel's professional prospects had brightened greatly, and Mabel had been left a little legacy, which seemed a fortune to them with their love.

I have said that on the day following that inexplicable state of mind, he received a letter from her full of hope and promise, which left him in higher spirits than I had almost ever seen him.

That evening he was in my rooms. A gay little party had met there by chance, and there was much laughter and merriment.

It was very late when the group broke up; but Stoepel remained after the rest had gone. We sat talking cheerfully and of every day matters, instead of wandering off upon all sorts of abstruse subjects, as was so much our habit when alone together.

The clock struck one. I turned toward Stoepel with an exclamation of surprise at the lateness of the hour. There was something so unusual in his appearance that I cried out,

"What is the matter? Do you hear anything?"

He had half-risen from his seat, his face was partially turned toward the door, and he looked like a person waiting for some one to enter on the instant.

"What the deuce is it?" I exclaimed, when he did not answer.

"I must go to my room," he said.

He rose, took a step forward, and his face altered so strangely that I was startled.

"Sit down," I said; "you are ill."

He was close by my chair, and I put out my hand to push him back in his seat. He shrunk as if I had hurt him.

"I must go," he said.

A shiver ran through his frame—a strange awe crept over the wonder in his face.

"Don't go," I pleaded; "you are certainly sick! For God's sake tell me what is the matter?"

"I am called," he answered, in a hollow voice. "Don't try to stop me—I could not stay if I attempted to."

He moved toward the door with both hands extended, the fingers slightly bent, as they would have been if some person had grasped them suddenly. He walked like a man impelled by a force which he could not resist—the wonder and awe in his face growing always stronger.

When he reached the door, I sprang up and ran toward it.

"You shall not go alone," I said.

"Come with me," he replied.

He stopped suddenly, braced himself against the door and tried to stand firmly on his feet.

"You must think me shamming," he said. "I won't give way like this."

In an instant his body began to waver and fro in spite of all his efforts, as if some person unseen were pulling him violently by the hands.

"No, it's not fancy," he muttered. "I will struggle no longer."

He walked through the hall to his room, and I followed, entered behind him and closed the door.

The lamp was burning on the table, for he had not expected to remain when he went out, and the room looked bright and cheerful.

He sat down in a chair, and I sat watching him. I could not vex him with questions while that strange mystery was in his face. We must have sat for many moments; he awe-stricken and expectant, I greatly agitated by his appearance.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet—a single moan burst from his lips—a look of unutterable agony convulsed his features, and he fell full length upon the floor insensible. After the first nightmare-like feeling of horror which had locked my faculties was over, I sprang forward and raised him.

I got him on the sofa and applied every remedy that was in my power, but I began to think he would never revive. He lay there rigid as a figure of marble, looking more as I should fancy a person in a trance would than like a man in a swoon; for the eyes and mouth were partially open, and the look of anguish still distorted his face, as if he beheld some sight which was invisible to me.

He came to himself at length, started up and stared wildly about.

"Mabel is dead!" he cried, in a terrible voice. "I saw her die!"

He fell back upon the sofa utterly prostrated, only able at intervals to give vent to a low groan.

I am neither more nor less superstitious than the generality of men. I jest at things as most do, at which often in secret I think of with a thrill, and yet would not easily by any experience be made to believe in their truth. But with that pale, agonized face before me, I could neither doubt nor speak one word of argument which might help him to throw off the shock his mind had received.

I could only do as I should have done if I had seen him open a letter announcing Mabel's death—turn my head away and allow the first spasm of anguish to pass unobserved. Mingled with my sympathy for his grief was a superstitious awe, which shook me from head to foot, as if the unseen power that had cleared the vision of his soul by that terrible shock, had thus far smitten my frame.

"Dead! Mabel dead!" I heard him say again and again.

I stole up to him at last and clasped his hand. I did not attempt to speak a word; but his fingers closed over mine as if it brought a feeling of human companionship in his desolation.

I do not know how long the silence lasted, it must have been more than an hour; then he said,

"Go away—you are tired."

"I shall stay with you," I replied.

He did not answer. We were both silent again. He began walking up and down the room, then threw himself on the sofa.

That was the way the night passed.

When the dawn began to glimmer through the ivy leaves, he started up once more.

"There is a train at five o'clock," he said; "I shall go in that."

Without a word, I took a traveling trunk from the closet and put such things in it as he might need, for I knew that he would remember nothing then.

I went with him to the station. As we parted, he said,

"There will come two letters for me—you may open them."

He was gone, and I returned to my room, trying in vain to shake off the oppression which affected my spirits.

The next day, I heard a knock at his door. I looked out in the hall—it was a servant of the building with letters.

"Leave Mr. Stoepel's letter with me," I said.

He handed me the letter, and I went back into my room. I tore open the envelope and read the contents—it was from Mabel's friend.

Stoepel was urged to come with all haste. Mabel had been taken alarmingly ill during the preceding night.

That was the night on which he had received the first warning! I sat down utterly confounded.

They were unable to telegraph, so I must wait for the mail to learn further tidings—I knew what they would be.

The succeeding day brought another letter—Mabel Thorsby was dead! She had died suddenly—hour for hour to the time at which Stoepel had been racked by that second premonition.

I cannot describe to you the reflections and wild speculations which overwhelmed me. They produced such an effect upon my mind that I was forced to quit my solitude and seek distraction without.

I was sincerely grieved for my friend's loss. I mourned for the young girl herself; but above every other feeling constantly recurred the strange thoughts to which the scene of that night had given rise.

Two weeks after, Robert Stoepel returned. It seemed impossible that a man could have changed so much in that short space of time. He looked like a person in consumption; the shock was so great that I could not conceal my agitation.

"Yes, I know," he said, answering my look before I could ask a question. "I have not been exactly ill; but I have eaten and slept so seldom—it will pass over."

Not an allusion to Mabel. I could ask no questions; the wound was too recent and too deep to suffer the pain of probing with words.

He shut himself in his room. Several weeks passed before any one caught more than a passing glimpse of him. I do not think he worked—just sat there in dumb agony that could find no expression in any form.

At last he came among us once more.

It was an evening when a knot of men were gathered in one of the artist's rooms. There was brilliant conversation, and wit enough to have brightened a whole circle of fashionable saloons for a season. I am sorry to say there was usually a good deal of drinking also at those meetings; the weak point of so many men possessed of quick imaginations and nervous temperaments.

Robert came in late. I believe his appearance affected every one as much as it would have done if his ghost had intruded upon the merry circle.

The restraint and odd feeling soon wore off. He dashed into the conversation and talked a great deal. He was full of jokes and gay speeches; but his eyes never once lost their restless melancholy, or his mouth its strained, worn expression.

He drank more wine than usual—not that he was perceptibly affected by it; but he had always been so abstemious that I noticed the circumstance.

He was present at several successive gatherings of a similar nature, and the habit of drinking large quantities of wine was growing upon him. It was not done, I think, with the weak intention of drowning his grief, nor to give his conversation a factitious brilliancy, but from mere abstraction, because the bottle happened to be set within his reach.

He went to his own room, one night, after leaving a friend's apartment, where a party of artists and literary men had been supping. He had some work which required to be finished without delay, and sat down to try and compel his faculties to perform the task.

Somebody had sent him several bottles of wine that morning—one of them set on the table. He found his mind so wandering and beyond his control that he could not fix it upon his task. He took up the bottle and poured out a glass of wine.

As he raised it to his lips a nameless shock passed over him; the effect upon his physical frame was somewhat like that made by a galvanic shock.

He still grasped the glass—slowly a pressure settled upon his hand—an impalpable force grasped it more and more closely, till it last he was obliged to set the goblet upon the table.

He passed his other hand across the one which had held the glass—it looked contracted and nerveless. He felt distinctly the outlines of a hand above his—a hand with long, slender fingers holding his own.

It was not cold to the touch—it seemed to be

by the action of some other sense that he could feel it—it was, if you can understand the comparison, as if a shadow had taken substance enough to be grasped.

Slowly the pressure yielded—the long fingers unclasped themselves and seemed to dissolve under his touch—he was only holding his own cold right hand in a tightened clasp.

With a sort of sob his head fell forward upon the table. He had fainted completely away—not from fear—such weakness had never occurred to him—but from the overpowering agitation caused by the consciousness of the unseen presence of her whom he had loved.

Another interval of waiting and human anguish.

The longing for death became insupportable. The theories with which he had vexed his brain; the mystical studies in which he had so freely engaged—all came up to aid the desire he had to be rid and get beyond the reach of this first phase of existence.

Somewhere beyond he should find Mabel. He was too full of wrong and pantheistic thoughts to contemplate the idea that, by thus rushing to the life beyond this sphere, he might make his season of probation still longer, and separate himself more completely from her he sought to find.

He gave his confidence to no human being. It chanced that evening to meet him, and wished to make some engagement for the next day. He only said,

“I cannot promise—I may not be here to-morrow.”

He was alone in his room. He had taken a pistol out of its case and laid it on the table beside him.

There he sat, not hesitating—his mind had never once wavered from its object—but he was awaiting the precise moment at which Mabel had died.

The hands of the clock appeared scarcely to move. It was like a glimpse of eternity to his excited faculties.

Slowly they neared the appointed hour. Without turning his eyes from the clock he felt upon the table for the pistol—laid his hand on it, was raising it quietly.

Once more that invisible weight settled upon his fingers clenched over the weapon—firmly as if they had been clasped in a vice—he had not the power to lift his arm.

“Mabel,” he cried out, “let me come to you! Don't leave me here in the dark—I will come, Mabel!”

There was no answer to the anguish of his

voice; but the firm grasp never released his hand. He struggled for an instant with it, but there was no escape from the slender fingers.

For the first time he remembered that by thus recklessly passing the clouded chamber where we wait, he might separate himself still farther from Mabel, and leave the existence beyond even more gloomy and desolate than this.

He felt as though his soul had received the warning added to that felt by his outer senses. He flung the pistol across the room, calling, “I will wait, Mabel, I will wait!”

Then came the wild longing for closer communication with the lost one, so strong that no human weakness nor dread of the supernatural could intrude upon its ascendancy.

He clasped the slender hand with his own, but as he touched the fingers it faded from his hold; there was nothing in the room but his misery and himself.

After that night, the desire to be conscious of Mabel's presence haunted him continually, but it did not make itself felt.

Six months passed.

Robert Stoepel had plunged into every excitement that could distract his thoughts. He worked hard; but he had no enjoyment either in his success, nor the material comforts which it afforded him.

He had lost the one hope which made life enduring; no sign warned him that Mabel still watched over his actions and guided his fate.

Fancies that would have seemed insane to most men tortured his solitude. He was forgotten. The thought had a deeper agony in it than the suffering we feel when a human being withers our love with sudden indifference, yet it was akin to that feeling.

She had passed so far on that she had ceased to care for his misery—she would live beyond the recollection of that earthly affection, and when he went into eternity Mabel would not be waiting for him. Her love had not been a portion of her very soul, as she had believed; it had faded when the newness of that parting wore off; past the dark vestibule he must still be alone.

Then all faith deserted him; hard, impious thoughts warped and clouded his mind. He was born accursed—this love was meant to be only a portion of his suffering! Neither here nor hereafter had he any hope. To stifle thought—burn out every aspiration and loftier aim from his soul—that was all that was left him now.

He made companions of reckless men—he plunged into excesses from which every feeling of his nature revolted; but still he went on.

I do not know that I can make the distinction felt, but it seemed to me that his headlong career was different from that of other men, from his utter detestation of his own course. It was as if he had flung his soul aside, and it refused to be contaminated by the atmosphere of wrong in which he lived, waiting in sad patience for the time which should again give it control over the deadened heart and coarser senses.

"I am not living," he said to me again and again. "I feel as if my soul had been lost, and I cannot find it till I pass beyond this purgatory."

Then he tortured himself with the idea that it was dead—that there was only left the physical man, and when that perished, there would nothing remain.

But it is useless to dwell upon these diseased fancies. Possibly to many persons they will be unintelligible, or only utter folly; but I tell you that the man who indulged them was lifted far above his fellows, from the subtle flame of genius which made his mind its altar; perhaps to no other would such fancies, such peculiar misery, have been possible.

He talked to no one but me. His life was leading him away from mine, and it was seldom that we met, except when the craving to put his torture in words made him seek my room.

I said at length:

"You are losing the last hope of realizing the only thing which could give you comfort. No matter whether your soul takes part in this life or not; even if it keeps itself pure in the midst of the unholiness in which you confine it, your senses will become so coarse and degraded that her spirit will have no power to make itself felt to yours."

Do not ask me if I believed his theories—if I deem it possible that supernatural revelations had been granted to him—that reason in my life stands so utterly alone that I have never been able to reason upon it—doubts and ordinary credences alike strike so vainly against that experience that I could only put the whole thing aside.

"But she never comes to me now! No, I have lost her; this time it is forever."

There was no argument with which to combat his fears. Perhaps that which I had already said made more impression than anything else would have done.

Again he returned to his solitary life—a fortnight of quiet and patient waiting—there was no sign.

"I will go out," he said; "I shall become mad here."

"Surely," I answered, "that aimless round of excitement will be worse: at least you might find more forgetfulness in work——"

"I have lost all power over my mind—I can't work!"

He broke away from me and dashed down the stairs.

He sought some haunt where he knew he should find a knot of those who had been his companions. He stood on the steps—he heard the sound of music and laughter.

He could stir no farther. Those invisible hands were clasped upon his—they pushed him back with resistless force.

The old gloom and recklessness swept off like a pall; his soul was unfettered and free to act once more. With those invisible hands still clasped in his, he passed through the moonlit streets, his whole being filled with a serene content.

Two persons met him. He came in contact with one; the stranger hurried on, shuddering, as he said to his companion,

"Did you see that man's face? He looked like a ghost! I feel as if a cold wind had blown over me."

Home to his room—alone with only the moonlight looking down upon him, and those invisible hands resting upon his own. He knelt with a feeling of religious awe stealing over the impiety of the past months, and obliterating every trace of their hardness and sin.

When I entered his chamber, the next morning, he lay on the bed, pale and sleepless, but with an expression upon his face such as I had often seen there when he had just parted from Mabel. He was very weak, whatever the influence was that had mastered him, the shock upon the physical frame had been excessive.

"She has been with me," he whispered; "not till the moon set did her hands fade from mine; when it rises, to-night, she will be here again."

Doubts while looking in his face? No; they would have been impossible to the coldest skeptic that ever lived, while gazing as I did upon those glorified features.

"Sit down by me," he added; "I am tired now—I can sleep."

I watched him for several hours as he lay in that deep, peaceful slumber, such as he had not known for weeks.

When he woke, he started up and looked about with an expression of disappointment.

"I hoped the night had come," he said; "I have not even dreamed."

When the moon rose over the still midnight of the city, Robert Stoepel was watching its

clear beams tinge his casement—waiting for the return of that presence with the religious awe with which the fervent neophyte receives the blessed sacrament from the hands of the anointed priest.

From that time the inexplicable communication was very frequent. There was scarcely a night he did not spend hours with the consciousness of that presence about him.

We saw how he changed—the pale cheek wasted every day—the slight form bent gradually and lost its vigor. The face regained its former beauty, but it was so spiritualized and calmed, that sometimes it fairly startled one to see the eager soul make itself visible through those earthly lineaments.

“You will die!” they said to him; “you are killing yourself with late hours and hard work.”

He only smiled. To me, who alone knew the truth, he said,

“I am waiting; I can wait patiently now.”

These long watches left him more and more feeble and wasted. If, as he believed, his soul held communication with that of his lost Mabel, the shock was gradually wearing away his physical powers. He was not like a person dying of any disease; but the decline was more apparent and much more rapid.

The hour of release came at last.

He had risen as usual that morning; for the past week he had only been able to sit up for an hour at a time, but he always insisted upon rising and being dressed. It was the same that day, but he knew that it was the last.

To escape the importunities of his friends a physician had been called, but he had no remedies for a case like that—life was wearing away without any apparent cause—the wisdom of all the schools could not even have supplied a name.

In the quiet of the night we watched beside his bed. He had lain for some time in silence—we thought him sleeping—but suddenly he turned his face toward me and said,

“She will come for me at the hour she went herself.”

I glanced at the clock—it lacked half an hour of the time.

He conversed a little—left kindly messages for absent friends—a few words of counsel to ourselves; but it was difficult for him to fix his attention upon anything about him. He waited eagerly for the appointed moment, so engrossed in the thought of that near meeting that all lesser affections found small space for expression.

The clock struck—the bell-like notes died slowly on our ears.

Robert raised himself, stretched out his arms, his face transfigured with more than human joy.

A broad stream of moonlight silvered the casement and fell across his pallid hands.

“Mabel! Mabel!”

The thin hands stretched farther out; the fingers seemed to clasp the quivering rays, and with that name upon his lips, that tranquil happiness fixed upon his features, his soul floated slowly into infinite space—but ah, we could follow no farther!

THE AFTER-LOVE.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

ALL the Spring-time blooms have faded,
And the Summer winds are still;
And the Autumn mists are braided
Round the edges of the hill.

From the Westward, o'er the meadows,
Streamed the sunset's fading gold,
Weaving softly with the shadows,
Lying Eastward, dim and cold;

Till the moon and stars came o'er us,
And adownward from the skies
Fell the trancing radiance o'er us,
That about our pathway lies;

And the evening wears a splendor
Such as Spring-time never wore;
Bears an influence more tender
Than the daylight ever bore.

So this after-love in fashion,
Purer, riper, richer seems,

Than the gayer, lighter passion
Of my girlhood's vaulted dreams.

As within the organ slumbers
Melodies, diviner far
Than the tiny, tinkling numbers
Of the school-girl's light guitar.

All my Summer hopes lay dying,
And my May-time joys had fled,
And the frosts of purifying
Had been scattered o'er my head.

When athwart the Indian Summer
Of my life it floated down,
Softer than the evening murmur,
More resplendent than its crown;

Pouring o'er my soul the sweetness
Of its consecrated wine,
Till it rose into completeness
Of existence made divine.

THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

THERE seems to be among us a growing partiality for the great ones of old British story. The group of fable and tradition which encircles the Round Table of King Arthur; martial, fearless, simple-hearted, high-souled, when it tells of Sir Gawain, Sir Galahad, Merwin, Arthur himself; tender, passionate, enchain- ing our sympathies—the lighter, perhaps, for the dark web of guilt and shame—as it pre- serves the memory of Queen Guinevere and Launcelot, gains favor more than all other branches of legend or myth—chivalric, classic, Oriental, or elfin. A part of the gentler half of creation make heroes of every man who strikes their fancy. They seize upon one trait of character, upon an outward peculiarity, a tone of voice, a trick of manner; spring with it into the ideal land, link it with some hero there, and then, in the tinted light streaming there—“that light which never was on sea or shore”—the whole man is illumined, trans- formed. You, dear sir, who humbly think yourself one of the most commonplace, mat- ter-of-fact mortals, may be a hero to some young girl. And—to come nearer the point— you, my dear Mr. Henry Masters, are, or you were once, a representative of Sir Gawain to a strong and intelligent admirer of the British Chronicles of Eld.

You are, as one of your companions ex- pressed it, not long ago, “A splendid animal!” Your handsome, frank, fearless face; your broad shoulders and well-expanded chest; your magni- ficent muscular development; the satin smooth- ness of your skin; the easy movements of your powerful frame—all show physical perfection, well-nigh. And your mentality—to use a new word I heard the other day—is in no way de- ficient. Your intellect has received much culti- vation, and could take more. You have good- humor, kindness of heart, an average share of refinement; but is your nature like those fine- strung ones that, beneath King Arthur's eye, vied with each other in deeds of honor, or rode forth in quest of the Holy Grail?

Girls sometimes get a chance to be cured of their illusions. Miss Julia De Forest, the young lady above referred to, whose imagination so suffused her perceptions, was seated at the win-

dow of her room, at Saratoga, beneath which three young men were smoking and talking. Her own name caught her ear, and, in a moment, she heard her Knight of the Round Table offer a bet of a new hat that, in six months, he would be accepted by her. The wager was taken with laughter and jokes, while her cheeks burned with anger. A high-spirited girl was Miss Julia De Forest, and, after her first burst of mortification, tears, and passion was over, she quickly determined on her line of conduct. She met Mr. Masters in the even- ing with as calm a manner and smile as ever. In a day or two she left Saratoga, and it was not till October that the game fairly opened, when Mr. Masters cantered to her side, as she drove in the park, one warm, tawny, dreamy afternoon. He was splendidly mounted. Exactly like chestnut satin looked the arching neck of his horse, and the full, fearless eye, tremulous nostril, and slender legs of the animal indicated high blood and careful rearing. Miss De Forest surveyed steed and graceful rider with pleasure, feeling that they were well-matched. All was in perfect keeping. All the accessories of the gentle passage of arms would be polished, courtly, knightly. It suited her taste well. She was ready. She could hardly keep the glitter of defiance out of her eye as it met that of Mr. Masters. They rode gaily on. Through light, discursive conversation, Masters con- trived to keep sounding a strain of frank ad- miration, which Julia might have received as sincere—as, perhaps, it was—had not the utter- ance on the piazza of the Union floated to her ear now and again. As it was, her cheek re- ddened uncontrollably sometimes. Mr. Masters put his own interpretation on the blush.

They parted to meet at the opera in the even- ing, and, often after, in rehearsing for some charades. But Mr. Masters seemed to himself to be walking on strange ground. He deter- mined to ask counsel and assistance. “Only women understand women,” he said. He went to a Mrs. Suydam. Let me introduce this lady. Mrs. Suydam had a great deal of character, her friends said. She was always crocheting—steadily—invariably—at table—at concerts—while reading, driving. She was believed to

pursue that occupation even in her sleep. Certainly she was so engaged when her bedroom door closed upon her at night, and when it reopened in the morning. There was something fearful to nervous people in the constancy, determination, the ruthlessness which characterized her manner of operating. It made them think of those knitted registers of the suspected, used by the Parisian market-women during the reign of terror, particularly as Mrs. Suydam was thought to hold the reputation and position, and, therefore, the well-being of her acquaintance, very much in her hands. But she crocheted on, and looked around, with her penetrating eyes, and made up her mind. Mrs. Suydam showed character even in little things, people said. For the rest, she was a straight, strong woman, with a peculiarly elegant hand—her only beauty.

"My dear Henry," said Mrs. Suydam, crocheting vigorously, "let me thoroughly comprehend the matter. Miss De Forest is handsome, her family hold a good position, her father has some worldly possessions; if she were without these advantages, would you seek her hand? There, there, my dear boy, do not be ashamed of the hesitation. I quite understand."

"Mrs. Suydam," said Mr. Masters, "my affection is for Miss De Forest herself."

"I don't doubt it, Henry," replied Mrs. Suydam. "For Miss De Forest as she is—perfectly natural. I only wanted to know if the case were desperate; if you would take strychnine, or enlist in the army, should you be refused?"

"But I don't want to be refused, Mrs. Suydam."

"Of course you don't, my dear Henry."

"That's why I came to you."

"Ah! well, before I can promise you aid, I must discover how the heavens look in the opposite quarter. As it appears to me now, I think I should be doing you both a service. Julia is a great pet of mine."

Henry Masters went away. Mrs. Suydam still sat crocheting in the gathering twilight when Miss De Forest was announced.

"I have come to you for some advice, Mrs. Suydam," she said, "and some help."

"Let me hear," said that lady, quietly.

When the story was concluded, and the plan unfolded, she tapped her teeth with the head of her crochet-needle, saying,

"I have been retained on the opposite side."

"What!" exclaimed Julia.

"Henry Masters has just left me," continued

Mrs. Suydam. "And now, before we say more, let me ask you why you can't let him win his bet, Julia?"

"After the insult, the outrage on my feelings, my pride, my delicacy! Mrs. Suydam!" exclaimed Julia.

"Remember that only as a joke."

"A joke, indeed!"

"Let me tell you, Julia: men, gentlemen, in their intercourse with each other, are in the habit of speaking of women far more freely than you have any idea of. Anything open to criticism has to endure a rasping such as you little dream. This I know: what has offended you so much would not be considered, among men of average refinement, to betoken anything you would object to."

"That may be, Mrs. Suydam," replied Julia.

"But I heard it. The remembrance is like Banquo's ghost—it rises ever. Marry him! No, no!"

"You are sure of that?" said Mrs. Suydam.

Julia gave no reply, except a steady gaze at her friend. Then she jumped up and walked across the room two or three times, and, stopping before Mrs. Suydam, exclaimed,

"Indeed! indeed, Mrs. Suydam! He deserves to be punished for his impertinence; and, if you won't help me, you needn't betray me."

"I certainly shall not betray you," answered Mrs. Suydam. "As to helping you, I think I can help both you and Mr. Masters at once. All he asks is opportunity, and a favorable word said for him from a source which he considers powerful."

"Well, you can give him as much of both as you please, Mrs. Suydam," said Julia.

Mrs. Suydam laughed. "I confess I enjoy the prospect, Julia. As pretty a little game of cross-purposes as one would wish to see."

"You will keep faith with me, Mrs. Suydam?" said Julia, kneeling down before her.

"I will deal honestly with you, my dear," returned Mrs. Suydam.

The weeks and months bounded on. There were many occasions on which Mrs. Suydam's co-operation became invaluable to Julia, and it was faithfully given, and her courses careered onward triumphantly. Julia enjoyed it extremely, even though the *denouement* lay plain before her, and no charming mist of doubt, no delightful unexpectedness was about the path, but, instead, the sunlight fell clear, almost glaring, on every step. There was somewhat exciting in that vivid sparkle, in the constant compromise between her conscience and

her plan, the vigilant holding of the narrow path of delicacy.

Nor was Mrs. Suydam wanting in her services to Henry Masters. Earnestly did she impress upon Miss Julia the advantages, the almost certain happiness bound up in an acceptance of his hand.

One night the longed-for opportunity arrived. Mr. Masters accompanied Miss De Forest in a carriage to a party. The six months were almost expired. He made his offer with scarcely a doubt of success. Miss De Forest turned and looked at him. The light of the lamps streamed full on her sparkling eye and curling lip.

"Mr. Masters," she said, after a pause, "allow me to recall to you a conversation, between yourself and your friend, Mr. Gremaine, and another, on the piazza of the Union, at Saratoga, some—how many months ago is it?—in which you dared to make me the subject of a wager. To that conversation I was an involuntary listener. Are you answered?"

Ten minutes elapsed without a word being uttered. Julia could not see her companion's face. At length he spoke:

"Miss De Forest, perhaps I ought to apologize to you and beg your forgiveness for the conversation, the circumstance to which you refer. I would do so, but—I look back on

your course for the past six months, and I feel that—we are even."

No more was said.

In a moment or two the carriage drew up before the brilliant mansion, where "the lamps shone over fair women and brave men," and Miss De Forest and Mr. Masters made their *entree* upon the scene. Truly there ran good blood in the veins of both. Calmly, entirely unembarrassed did Mr. Masters offer his arm, and with as perfect self-possession did Miss Julia accept it. All through the evening's dancing and conversation not only would no fellow-guest have supposed that anything out of the ordinary course had happened, but neither could perceive in the other any hampering of remembrance or consciousness. With them it was: "*Noblesse oblige.*"

Once Julia glided into a seat beside Mrs. Suydam, and whispered, "It is all finished, my friend." But there was scarcely the exultation in her tone that one might have expected. Was it only the weariness, the sense of worthlessness that always steals into the hour of this world's successes?

However, Mr. Masters made a call upon Leary, the next morning, and bought a hat, which he sent to a friend.

DRIFT-WOOD.

BY PLINY EARLE.

Afloat on the mighty waters,
The waters so bright and clear,
That kissed my feet at the cradle,
When the morn of life was here;
But deeper they grew, and darker,
As they left the shores this side,
And rolled, through mists and shadows,
Away toward life's eventide.

Afloat on the great waves breaking
Away on the far-off shore,
Where the barks are moored so safely,
Which have only gone before;
On the waves, where storm-clouds gather
Over the blue of the sky,
And no gleam of golden sunlight
Creeps through where the shadows lie.

And winds, with pitiful murmurs,
Go wailing and sobbing by—
Wild is the storm, and no harbor
Greets the sad and anxious eye.
Life-barks are drifting around you,
For weak hands have dropped the oars—
And eyes, despairing and hopeless,
Look out to the far-away shores.

And white sails go down beside you,
Wrecks lie on the wind-tossed waves—
Souls, timid, and weak, and helpless,
Have gone to their unmarked graves.
Oh! heart, be hopeful and fearless!
Oh! hands, tightly grasp the oars!
The wrecks are bearing you downward,
Afar from the blessed shores.

Be true, be strong and courageous,
The driftwood is bearing you down;
He only who bravely struggles,
E'er weareth the victor's crown.
Then fight your way through the current,
Strong hands guide your bark so frail—
Thank God! you are clear from the driftwood—
Safely you've passed through the gale.

Awhile you may sail in the sunshine,
But storm-clouds will gather again,
And dark waves will threaten destruction,
And wrecks bear you downward as then;
But, guided by strong hands and spirit,
With eye fixed on faith, sweet and fond,
Your bark shall at last be moored safely
On the shores of the great beyond.

THE PATIENT HEART OF MARTHA PAYSON.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.

V.—THE NEW HOME.

THE funeral was over. Deacon Pettibone had seen the sod thrown heavily above the heart which had beat against his own with all its unshared secrets, but which had never, never loved him. He had moistened the grave with the tears of a sincere sorrow, and come home again to the house whence *she* had been borne outward; the house which had so lately been entered by a visitor, grim, noiseless, and terrible, even death. The supper had been eaten by bearers and kinsfolk in a sort of hushed calmness; but the deacon himself had tasted nothing. Now they were all gone, save Mrs. Morris, the kind-hearted widow, and another neighbor, who had volunteered to stay all night. The deacon went into the large, square room, where his wife had sat the day before she died, and waited there for Martha, whom he had asked Mrs. Morris to send to him.

The door opened lightly, at length, and the child entered. She was weeping, poor, little nine-years-old thing, very quietly. She fancied the interview could have no other object than the announcement of a determination to send her back to the poor-house; and with her new sense of the degradation consequent upon being a pauper, she shrank from the trial.

"Come in, Martha," the deacon said, in far kinder tones than any in which his dead wife had ever addressed her. His heart was touched to see her weeping such quiet tears behind the little checked apron, held to her streaming eyes in such uncomplaining womanliness.

She came in, and stood there before him.

"Sit down, child," he said. "Have you thought anything what is to become of you, now that I am left alone in the world?"

"I suppose, sir," she gasped, chokingly, "that I must go back to the — to Mr. Griggs'."

"I thought of that, too, Martha, but you seem too much like one of my family for me ever to consent to it. I can't tell yet what I shall do for a housekeeper, and until I find one you and Tommy will be better off some-

where else. I shall get my meals at neighbor Jones', and widow Morris has offered to take you children home with her for the present. Have you a mind to go there, and take the best care you can of Tommy?"

The child's heart was full of joy. She turned on Deacon Pettibone a brighter smile than he had ever seen her little pale face wear, and answered respectfully,

"I will do my very best."

Then, escaping from his presence, she rushed up stairs again to her garret. Tommy was sleeping on the couch she had arranged for him, and so she was undisturbed. The moon was just rising, she could see it from her east window. She knelt down there and lifted her face toward the sky. Once more her heart recognized the presence of God, with a voiceless thankfulness which rose up like a prayer of thanksgiving before the throne of heaven.

The next morning she rose early, dressed Tommy and herself, packed up their few possessions, and accompanied widow Morris to her cottage home. She had never entered that home before, but she had peeped longingly through the garden-paling, oftentimes, at the roses and honeysuckles therein. The little house and its surroundings were a practical illustration of how far tasteful mind and willing hands could go toward epitomizing the beautiful with very scanty worldly means. Red roses nodded their saucy heads into the parlor windows; sweet-brier and honeysuckle vines clambered about the porch; bright-hued morning-glories looked in each other's faces as they hung their green foliage in dainty tracery about the widow's bedroom window; and over the ell were twined grape-vines and hop-vines. Tall, sheltering trees stood just at the fence which divided the yard from the highway; and in beds, each side of the smooth pebbly walk leading from the gate to the front door, grew pinks, and violets, and columbines, and the sweet little roses of Burgundy. Everything was so fresh and beautiful that Martha Payson, walking into the gate behind the widow, felt the passionate.

beauty-loving soul of her father stir within her, and her eyes overflowed with tears of still delight.

Have I ever described to you this child going now into her new home?

No one had even thought of calling her beautiful, and only Mrs. Morris had selected for her face the one adjective to which it had an undeniable claim—interesting. She had a profusion of long dusky hair, wound plainly about her head, and fastened, according to Mrs. Pettibone's instructions, with a comb behind. It should have been taught to curl, for it waved and rippled around her brow, and now and then a stray lock would struggle out from its confinement, and fall in a silken ringlet over her brown, but well-shaped neck. She had her father's eyes—large and deeply gray, luminous now and then as if with an inner light. She had his brow, too, broad, high, and full—too much so for a woman—but it betokened high capabilities, and was in some degree neutralized by her mouth. It was a mouth like her mother's—sweet and ripe, yielding and pliant, though around it were the lines of a heroine, a grand and lofty power of self-sacrifice, higher and holier than had fallen to the lot of either of her parents. For the rest, her eyes, with their dark, drooping lashes, had a look of settled patient sorrow, which they had worn for a long time; her complexion was dark and sallow; her expression care-worn, and by far too old for her years. Her mind was almost entirely uncultivated, but joined to her quick perceptions of the beautiful was a high degree of native talent.

She followed the widow into the house, assisted in putting away Tommy's things and her own in the chamber which was to be appropriated to their use, and then, leaving her charge to take his forenoon's nap, went down stairs to beg the privilege of assisting in Mrs. Morris' housekeeping.

It has been said that there is not the material for fiction in our stern New England life, which is furnished by the tropical warmth and passion of the South. In some of the country towns of New England—primitive districts—children at the epoch to which our story relates were still brought up with the severity of Puritanical discipline. At a respectable age Jonathan goes to see Dorothy. They sit before the kitchen fire—whence the "old folks" have prudently retreated—and pare apples or wind stocking-yarn. The clock strikes ten—Jonathan guesses he'd better be going. Dorothy shuts the door behind him, rakes the ashes over the fire, knits

her stocking round to the seam, and goes to bed.

After a time they are married, and bring up a second generation of Jonathans and Dorothies after the same orthodox fashion. They hire a farm and work on it late and early, until they have earned money enough to buy it; and then they dream out the rest of their days at the chimney corner—have their eyes closed by the second Dorothy, and are respectably buried by Jonathan junior. All is as it should be. There are no withered rose-buds, no tresses of hair lying above their dead hearts—no outward indications to tell whether those hearts ever loved, and suffered, and had their youthful dreams—troublesome yet precious.

This simple history, fully writ in a score of lines, embodies, with a few variations, perhaps, the whole earthly existence of your grandparents and mine. They were, and they are not.

The widow Morris was an exception to this stereotyped and common-place life history. In her girlhood she had loved with all the romance and passion of which ballads and legends have been full for centuries, and which we know, by the way they thrill our souls, must have their counterpart in the possibilities of our own natures. Her lover was poor—far beneath her, as the world reckons; and for young Robert Morris' sake she gave up home and friends, and the two young things went forth together, brave as a forlorn hope, to charge desperately against all the trials and difficulties of life.

For awhile fortune smiled on them. They purchased the little home, where the widow lived alone now. Before their faith and courage evil seemed to flee away. Children were given to them. Little feet made sweet music on the floor; little voices and bursts of childish laughter rang their silvery treble through their hearts. Innocent blue eyes looked lovingly into theirs, and then once, twice, thrice, the death angel folded his dark wings athwart their threshold. Three little graves were in the church-yard, and over them the mother's hand planted rosemary for remembrance.

Last of all the father died also. Words would fail to tell the passionate sorrow with which the bereaved woman mourned for him. For a time it seemed as if she too must follow to the land of shadows and silence,

"Lest the dead in the stranger's country should be lonely."

But at length the passion of woe subsided into quiet and loving memory, and she grew content to wait God's time. So she had come, in her

quiet middle-age, to dwell in the cottage which was now to shelter the orphan Martha, and her motherless charge. Perhaps those three little graves in the church-yard kept her heart softer and warmer toward all children than if their tenants had grown up living around her, and then gone away from her into the turbulent world.

Under such gentle influence even Tommy Pettibone improved rapidly. He had not been three weeks in his new home before he had quite ceased to torture and abuse his patient little nurse; and in six he commenced learning to walk, and to help himself.

Martha, meantime, was happier than her brightest fancies had ever pictured. Mrs. Morris had seen her parents, and delighted to tell her of her fair young mother's beauty, and her father's genius. The child's heart grew warm and young again, now that no accents fell on her ear but those of kindness and approval. She flitted in and out of the house with snatches of song on her lips; gathering berries, twisting the red roses into garlands, and learning to love Mrs. Morris with an almost idolizing affection.

Of course Deacon Pettibone came often to see his son and heir. Martha, with her unyouthful quickness of perception, wondered how it was that he was so changed. Withdrawn from the frozen pole of Mrs. Pettibone's influence, he had commenced thawing from winter into spring. He was growing so young, so genial, so much more a man of independent thoughts and feelings. He had provided himself with a house-keeper, a few weeks after his wife's death; but Tommy was improving so fast under Mrs. Morris' wise and kindly rule that he could not think of removing him. So the children continued in their new home.

VI.—THE DEACON'S WOOING.

SIX months had passed since Mrs. Pettibone's funeral. It was December. The children were both in bed, and the widow Morris was alone in her little parlor. She walked quietly to the window which overlooked the village church-yard. The winter moon was bright now, but snow had fallen the night before, and, through its white, gleaming folds, she could see the outline of three little graves, and another longer, wider one, whose headstone bore the name of her dead husband. She looked at them silently, but moisture gathered in her mild eyes, her lips trembled, and she moved away. Turning, she met Deacon Pettibone. He had entered unperceived, and, as his custom now was, without

knocking. She extended her hand in welcome, and then they sat down together at the little round table, before the bright fire. There was a long pause.

The widow sat looking steadily into the flames. Her thoughts were far away, wandering backward to those days when heart and home were not so desolate, when husband and children were around her, and voices, whose tones haunted her memory yet, lingered lovingly upon her name.

The deacon, meanwhile, had the air of one who has something to say and doesn't know exactly how to begin. He crossed first one knee, and then the other; drew out his red bandanna handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow; twirled round each other the thumbs of his two hands; attentively examined the toes of his boots; coughed and ahemed, and finally said, sententiously,

"Mrs. Morris, I've been thinking——"

"Well?" The lady's pleasant face was turned expectantly toward him, as he paused, and he found it more difficult than ever to proceed.

"I've been thinking," he began again, falteringly, "that Tommy has been a great deal better boy since you've had the managing of him. Indeed, I should hardly know him for the same child."

"He is growing older, deacon; that alone would make him know better how to behave."

"Yes, and he's lived with you. I don't see how any one could help being good, and live with you."

The deacon was growing enthusiastic. He paused a moment, and then went on:

"I am feeling the need of a wife more and more every day. It seems lonesome and gloomy enough at the old red house. I want the children back there, but I don't like to take them away from you. Would you come, too, Mrs. Morris?"

The lady did not fully comprehend his meaning.

"Why, deacon," she said, "even if I wanted to give up my own little home, which I do not, you have a housekeeper already, and don't need me. I shall be very sorry to part with the children, but I have no doubt you would get along with them nicely."

"But, ma'am," the deacon stammered, "you don't understand me. It is not as a housekeeper I want you, but as a wife. Will you be my wife, Mrs. Morris?"

The widow was taken completely by surprise. She knew not how to answer. His offer promised a kind friend and a comfortable home. Her days of romance were long since over.

She knew the deacon well, and esteemed him thoroughly; but she could not so suddenly make up her mind to bear his name, and be the other half of himself.

"I cannot tell," she answered, at length. "I never thought of this before. I wish you would not come here again for a week, and, in the meanwhile, I will consider it. If I were willing to be your wife, custom and propriety would dictate that your marriage should not take place for six months longer; so you can well afford me a week in which to make my decision."

"Very well," was the answer. "I presume you are right, and, in the meantime, as you suggest, I will stay away from your house." He arose then, and left her with a respectful "Good-night!"

Long Mrs. Morris remained looking into the flames and pondering the deacon's proposal. Well she knew that the fire, which once burned so brightly on her heart's altar, could never be rekindled; but, because the sun has set, we do not always turn our eyes away from the evening-star. Her life, for the last few years, had been very lonely. It is a desolate thing, a very desolate thing, for a woman, to live quite alone in the world, without one human being to whom her love and her presence are dear and necessary. In such a lot she can seldom find full employment for the noblest powers. Mrs. Morris had felt this many a time, standing solitary among the graves of the departed, or sitting over the smouldering embers on her lonely hearth, and pondering sadly how useless her life was, how little it was in her power to contribute to the happiness that should be in the world. Of a second marriage she had never thought; but she had eagerly welcomed Tommy and Martha to her home, and their presence had gone far toward filling the void in her life. Now, it seemed, her only hope of retaining even them was in accepting the proposal of Deacon Pettibone. But could she love him enough to go with him to the altar, and cleave unto him till the long, unshared silence of death should fall between them? She would not try to answer this question then. She took the little steel snuffers from their tray, trimmed her candle, and read out loud the beautiful psalm, commencing, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." I do not know of what color her dreams were made that night.

A week had passed, and it was the evening on which Deacon Pettibone was to receive his final answer. In the meantime he had not entered the little cottage, and gentle widow Morris

had missed him more than she cared to confess to herself. She had seen him, now and then, going by to the village store, or to the post-office; and on Sunday, in church, she had sat very near him, thinking, with a shy, maiden-like timidity, whether that silent, attentive, serious man would be, in a few months, her husband. He had never looked so well in her eyes—in part, perhaps, because she took in him now a more personal interest—though he certainly had improved. Mrs. Morris, humble as she was, was yet so pure, so thoroughly womanly, that no man could love her without being in some wise raised to her level. She well understood that a woman's true power consists in her humility, and the man she would marry she would never have been willing to govern. Without exactly understanding this sentiment, Deacon Pettibone felt its effects, and stood up under the free sky of heaven a more manly man.

The children had already gone to bed, and Mrs. Morris sat waiting for the deacon. She was a lovely-looking woman of middle age; for she was not yet forty. Her face was mild and slightly pensive in expression, with quiet, half-smiling brown eyes, and brown hair of the same hue, put plainly back under her widow's cap; for she still wore the deepest mourning.

Deacon Pettibone knocked at the door, at last, as if less than actually certain of a welcome. Widow Morris opened it, and he entered and seated himself on the other side of the little, round table with an air of awkward, half-painful embarrassment. There were a few moments of silence; then, like one who wishes to know the worst at once, he stammered forth, "Well, ma'am, have you made up your mind?"

"I have, Deacon Pettibone. I have concluded, if you still wish it, to accept your offer. I will try to be a good mother to your child, and, God helping me, a good wife to yourself."

She reached forth her hand to him across the little, round stand which separated them. He took it—it was a strange act for Deacon Pettibone—and pressed it to his lips. I do not suppose he had ever done such a thing in his life before. There must have been, however, underneath the formal and unrefined outside rind of his nature, a certain element of romance, of tenderness manly yet gentle, which was akin to something in Mrs. Morris, and recognized her right to a delicate and chivalrous wooing; for he looked at her with an expression of unmistakable homage, and said, with an air almost of reverence,

"May I only be worthy of the confidence you have placed in me, and make your life as happy as it deserves."

VIII.—MARTHA'S VOW.

It was the night before Mrs. Morris was to become Mrs. Pettibone. Tommy had been brought to a full understanding of the fact that she was, from henceforth, to be his mother; and Martha, full of joyful excitement, had carried him off to their own chamber. The deacon had gone away. The preparations for the bridal were all made; and now, for the last time, the bride of to-morrow sat alone at the window of her little parlor.

It was summer again. Redolent of all sweet odors the breeze floated in at the window, or waved the boughs of the tall trees at the gate. Again she watched the shimmer of the moonbeams on the white head-stones above those cherished graves, to which she felt as if she were now bidding a long farewell. She was separating herself from all the past of her life—laying aside even the dear name she had borne so many years, the name of her dead children and their father. On the morrow she was to put off her widow's weeds, and put on the garb of a bride. She went back once more, this last night, over all the tangled paths of the past. She remembered

"Her early love, that love of balms,
Made musical with solemn sounding psalms"—

the pleasant ties of her married life; the caresses of her children. Then she thought of the long, lonely years since; and, looking onward toward the future, put away from her the loves and memories of the past—buried them in the silent tomb of her heart, and sealed the door of their sepulchre, lest at any time she might be tempted to turn from her new duties to look again upon their faces.

Then kneeling, she prayed long and fervently for grace to fulfill, in the fear of God, the new duties she was about to take upon her—that she might be a good mother to the child of that dead woman, into whose place she was, with many an anxious fear, about to enter.

The next morning, when Deacon Pettibone came into the little parlor where she sat ready for her bridal, she welcomed him, for the first time, with a quiet kiss—fit token of a love founded not on romantic dreams of youth, but on the assured esteem of middle-age. He glanced at her with a thrill of pleasure. To his eyes she seemed as fresh and fair, on her bridal morning, as the single white rose with

which Martha had insisted on adorning her hair.

It was the first time he had seen that soft, luxuriant brown hair without the confining widow's cap. It was plainly banded now about the placid, truthful face, making her look a great deal younger. She wore a silk dress, silver-gray in color, rich in texture, but very simple in make. Nothing could have been more suitable and lady-like than her appearance, and it was another proof of the deacon's innate refinement that he fully recognized and appreciated it.

They were married by the village pastor, in the simple Presbyterian fashion, and then Mrs. Deacon Pettibone, No. 2, walked along the green wayside, under the boughs of the trees scattering blossoms, now and then, in her way to the new home, where, as yet, were few manifestations of the grace and beauty which it was her nature to crave; but round which her far-reaching woman's hopes were already building a fit shrine for domestic peace and loveliness.

The deacon's eyes were wet with unwonted tears as he led her into the house. He could not speak, but he took up his little son, who had been brought there before them and silently placed him in her arms. She understood the mute appeal, and registered in her heart a vow to be faithful to the trust thus given.

The first year of their married life passed very quietly; but it brought with it subtle changes, which, though a stranger's eye might scarcely have noted them, were not without their strong influence on the household happiness.

The deacon had discovered in himself new tastes and new capacities. He had looked on the calm, still beauty of a summer night, under the old *regime*, and congratulated himself on the promise of weather favorable for his crops—he had seen the tall grass waving in the wind, with a calculation of how many tons of hay it would yield to the acre—it was strange to him to see his wife's enjoyment of them, simply because they were beautiful. It awoke a new perception. Of his own accord he began laying plans for setting out fruit trees, and making flower-beds. He remembered how every foot of land about the little cottage, from which he had brought his bride, had been filled with something bright, and fresh, and pleasant to look upon; and, with the characteristic generosity of a manly nature, he resolved that the sacrifices she made for him should be as few as possible. Already the old, square, substantial red-brick house had blossomed out into beauty.

Climbing roses and bright green creepers clung lovingly to its solid walls; and the large yard was full of flowers.

Martha, meantime, to whom the new wife was tenderly attached, had been relieved from household drudgery, and her place supplied by a strong domestic; while she was sent to school, and, with the talent she had inherited from her father, was making rapid progress.

Along with the June roses, a year after her marriage, came a yet fairer blossom to bloom and brighten on the breast of the deacon's wife. After a few hours of suffering, borne with such gentle patience that every heart grew pitiful—to the watchers round the bed came the wail of a new-born infant, and the mother was roused from the stupor of exhaustion into which she was falling by her husband's warm tears upon her brow.

"What will you call her?" the nurse asked, when she brought the white-robed nestling to the bedside.

Deacon Pettibone took the child of his old age in his arms, and blessed and kissed her with a solemn tenderness before he answered,

"She shall be called Mary—her mother's name. No other could be so dear as this, which has been to me but another word for peace and blessing."

His wife's eyes met his tenderly. It was not the first time he had been eloquent in her praise. He was developing now the best part of his nature, choked down hitherto by the lack of sympathy and appreciation.

Little Mary Pettibone! Babe in the house! Round that unconscious life how many hopes and fears were centred. Beautiful incarnation of human love—most sinless earthly type of purity—of whom our Saviour said, "Such is the kingdom of heaven!" Sweet little stranger from a better country—how the mother lay and wondered, in those long, still days of convalescence, what would be her darling's future. The heritage of mortality—pain, sorrow, and death—these she must taste. Would she meet worse—friendship that caresses but to deceive—love that woos but to betray—hunger-gnawings of poverty—heart pangs of remorse?

Then the child would smile in her slumbers, putting to flight these sad questionings. Why forebode evil? Why not take the beauty of the June, her birth-month, full of flowers, and fragrance, and music, for the type of her coming destiny? Who could answer? Time is the only fortune-teller.

Pleasantly and peacefully unfolded the new-born life for the next five years. The little

Mary was a very lovely child—too yielding and helpless, perhaps, but gentle and easily persuaded—one of that type who win our hearts by the very need they have of our care. She would never have Martha's heroism, her unselfish bravery, or her still patience; but she would be much loved and much loving.

Martha walked toward her womanhood, under the second Mrs. Pettibone's influence, through pleasant and peaceful ways—growing constantly in mental culture, as well as in goodness and refinement.

Tommy was getting a hearty, rollicking school-boy, developing, however, much of his mother's dogged persistency, and stern self-will—not bad qualities to possess when judiciously guided, as his bade fair to be.

The deacon, late in life though it was, had found his happiness, and was quaffing the bright cup with joy and thanksgiving.

The house-mother had, for each and all, her gentle thought, her patient, kindly care. If they noticed from year to year that her step grew slower, her face paler, no one realized that it was because life and all life's treasures were gradually, but surely slipping from her hold. She was growing older, she said, in half-playful apology, as she gradually sat more in her sewing-chair at the window, and gave up her more active duties to the strong hands of the maid-of-all-work in the kitchen. They accepted this interpretation of hers—Martha and the deacon—for they could not have borne to read the signs of a decay, swifter and more fatal than old age, in her failing strength.

It fell upon them, therefore, with all the suddenness of an unexpected blow when, one morning, she could not get up to breakfast as usual. When she lay all day, and for several days, too weak to rise, they persuaded themselves that it was but an ill-turn, from which she would presently recover, and went on making plans for the future as they waited on her.

She, herself, knew better. The soul which listens cannot fail to hear the voice of its own summons. She would have been glad to live. Life wore pleasant hues for her. Her husband was very dear to her, though she had never loved him with the rapturous fervor of her early dream—her home was pleasant and well-beloved—her adopted children were near to her heart—but the strongest tie was the one which linked her to her own little child, and made her long to live that that child might not be motherless. When she first felt that her days were numbered there was a passionate struggle in her heart, a few hours of bitter insubordination,

and then her trust in God grew firm—she was ready to yield up all.

One afternoon, when Tommy and little Mary were gone out to play, and the deacon was busy out of doors, she called Martha to her, and made her sit down by her bed. Then she said,

“I have chosen this time, when we are sure of being quite alone, to tell you what I see no one suspects. I am going to die! Already the air of the far country is blowing on my forehead—its voices floating through the stillness to my ears. Do not weep, child—be my brave girl and listen. At first I was unwilling to go. Strong ties bound me to earth, and the waves through which my soul must struggle seemed black and bitter. But Christ has spoken to me, and now I am ready for His summons. You must, in some degree, fill my place. The deacon loves you and is used to you—at sixteen you are old enough to assume the care of the household, and make his home what I have always tried to make it. Tommy loves you, and will be obedient to you. My greatest fear is for Mary. She has a clinging, dependent nature, unfitted to struggle or to suffer. She needs a mother’s love to be her shelter from the storms of life. Will you be her mother, Martha? May I give her to you? Will you be patient with her faults, when I am gone, and deal tenderly with her for the sake of the dead?”

Martha Payson bowed her wet face, and pressed her quivering lips convulsively upon the hand she held. Then she spoke, earnestly, passionately,

“You have been more than a mother to me, dear friend. The first happiness I ever knew in life came to me through you. I have felt often that I could die for you. Now I will live for you. I will be all to Mary that you would have been. Her happiness, her welfare shall be dearer to me than my own. God helping me, she shall never feel that she is motherless.”

The sick woman lifted herself from the pillow, and dropped her arms round the girl’s neck. She looked with grateful eyes into Martha’s pale, firm, tender face, and then she said, lying down again,

“You have lifted a great weight from my soul. I trust you, child, I trust you.”

Then were a few moments of silence. Then Mrs. Pettibone spoke again,

“Call the deacon, now, dear child. I must not leave him in the dark, lest the blows fall too suddenly at the last. He must know how soon I hope to see the Father’s face.”

Five minutes afterward Deacon Pettibone

went alone into his wife’s room. He did not come out again for a long time. No one knew what passed at that interview; but after that, during the short remnant of her life, he scarcely left her side.

Her summons came in a peaceful August afternoon. She had strength to bid a calm farewell to each of her household—to speak in every ear some word of loving comfort. Then a sort of lethargy seemed to steal over her, and she lay with closed eyes, her little girl upon the bed beside her, and her husband’s hand holding hers. All at once she roused again. A sudden light—was it the reflection from another sphere?—broke over her face. She opened her eyes with the old loving look in them, and pressed with her last strength the hand that held her own, while she cried, earnestly,

“Remember, husband, remember, I have given little Mary to Martha. Martha, I trust you—you must bring her to me *there!*”

For one instant she raised her hand toward heaven, and looked upward, with that strange light upon her face. Then the light settled into a still smile; the hand fell; the eyes closed. One more human soul had passed from the busy, turbulent, troublesome world outward to the region of Infinite Peace. Those eyes, which had closed on earth, would see now the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.

They made her grave, two days after, in the sheltered nook where slept the husband of her youth, and the three children who had gone before her to claim their heavenly inheritance. Did she meet again her early love in that fair, far country? Had those children, borne in the arms of angel nurses, looked longingly toward their earthly mother, and were they all her own again in the land whither she had gone? God knoweth.

VIII.—CUPID’S ARROW, AND WHERE IT LODGED.

FOR two years after the second Mrs. Pettibone’s death all things moved on very quietly in the great, red house. The deacon’s sorrow was as silent as it was deep. He had loved his wife fondly and faithfully, and he mourned her with a pain which would be as lasting as his life. But he had not been her husband six years without learning from her the lesson of patient, cheerful consideration for others; and he did not indulge selfishly even in his grief. Martha, too, strove to subdue her passionate sorrow for the loss of the first and best friend she had ever known, for the sake of the children, whose young lives she must not darken. They were too young for any true sense of their loss,

though Tommy felt it most and longest. Martha never allowed them to know the want of a mother, and the house was, as before, the abode of peace and plenty.

Bused with the many cares of her life, Martha had grown up to her eighteenth birthday without any thought of love. She had never had any even of those fleeting fancies which come to most girls, foreshadowings of the one mighty reality of life. She had never read a novel—never had an “*admirer*,” and had been quite too busy for speculations as to whether she ever should.

Perhaps this was why love found her.

He came in goodly guise. The village lawyer had a visitor—a young student, his nephew, just through college, and just entering his twenties—a handsome, gallant, gay, serious, earnest, playful, contradictory young man, Arthur Challoner by name. He had come for a season of rest and recreation after his studies, during which he was to decide upon his future.

Two courses lay open to him. He could study law with his uncle, Squire Thornton, and grow up toward middle-aged consequence and judicial responsibility—or he could go, in the fall, with Oliver Wainwright, his other guardian, to South America, with the prospect of making a rapid fortune in business.

Of course, with a lawyer's contempt for trade, Squire Thornton advocated the former plan; and Mr. Wainwright, with a commercial sense of the power and importance of money, as earnestly insisted upon the latter. The young man had four months in which to weigh the matter, refresh his constitution, and turn the hearts of all the pretty girls in Ryefield.

Of these latter there were plenty, though no one thought of including Martha Payson among them. With her large, full forehead, pale face, and dusky hair, she was not at all the type which it is the rustic fashion to admire. But Arthur Challoner saw with different vision. To him the great, luminous gray eyes, kindling up with fervid flashes of inspiration; the clear, grand pallor of the face; the fresh, innocent mouth; the slight figure, swaying with her thoughts like a flower in whose bell a bee is fluttering, were a revelation of a beauty finer by far, and more subtle, than any which the pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired country belles set off for his captivation with their most elaborate toilettes.

Martha made no effort—never thought even of forming his acquaintance; but the first half day he passed in her presence made him her willing captive. Is there no truth in the old

fable of twin-souls, which a certain unconscious and indefinable magnetism draws toward each other at the first meeting? I think there must be. And yet, after all, there were many points of difference between Martha Payson and Arthur Challoner. Perhaps his highest merit was the power of appreciating and understanding her. In himself he was just such a man as oftenest falls to the lot of just such women—handsome, lasty, self-indulgent, receptive rather than creative, with enough of the dash and daring of physical courage, but without the highest elements of the heroic, self-sacrifice, and reverence. One blessing! The women, who love such men, never see their defects.

It was at a May-day picnic that they met first. At such gatherings Martha was always in great demand. Hitherto none of the girls had ever been jealous of her attractions, and she was so free from vanity or self-consciousness that she was perfectly willing to save them time and trouble—set tables, make coffee, and exercise a general supervision. She really enjoyed it, too; for she had one of those temperaments to which it is pleasure enough to witness the happiness of others. It was this unselfishness that first attracted Arthur Challoner's notice. Then he found his eyes wandering again and again to her face, searching out the mystery of its fascination.

From that day he was a frequent visitor at the red brick-house. There was a charm in his presence which Martha Payson had never experienced before. She had never found her ideal realized, her tastes gratified, in any of the society into which she had been thrown. It was a new revelation to meet this youth, fresh from his studies, his mind stored with eloquence, and poetry, and beauty. She knew so little of life that she never dreamed whither all this was tending. She began, unconsciously, to feel that the days when she did not see him were dull and tame—wanted flavor and tone. She learned to know his coming step—to blush at his glance, and thrill at his voice; but she never dreamed this was love, until, one July day, a month before he was to make his final decision about his future, he asked her to decide it for him. If she loved him, and would be his wife, he would stay in Ryefield; if not—better that the wild ocean waves should roll their oblivious tide between them.

Martha Payson had not been learning self-control and reticence, all her life, to forget the lesson now. She knew how many interests depended on her. The face of the dead rose before her, with eyes full of solemn trust. She

remembered her vow and her duty. His words had unmasked for her the sweet guest that had found entrance, unawares, into her heart; but she knew that she must not bid him welcome. In what words should she answer him? She must have a little more time. She could not so suddenly put away from her the cup for whose waters her heart was faint.

"Do you love me?" he cried again, eagerly looking for his answer in her eyes. Even then she was calm and quiet.

"Don't ask me to-night," she said, resolutely. "I have much to say to you. Come and hear it to-morrow."

The next morning, while the children were in school, Arthur Challoner sat beside Martha Payson, in the parlor of the old red house.

Taking her hand in his, as he entered, he had asked simply,

"Is this my wife?" And the answer had been as simple,

"No!"

"Then it is all in vain. You do not love me?"

She could not withstand the sorrow in his eyes—the pain that thrilled through his voice. She had meant that he should go away free, unfettered, without knowing her love; but nature was too strong for her.

"Do not say that!" murmured her low tones. "Anything but that!"

"Then you *do* love me?"

A look of manlike pride and exultation was on his face. He sat down beside her, and took her hands fast in both his own.

"You love me? Why do you say you cannot marry me?"

For answer she told him the whole history of her life—made him understand how utterly loveless, and barren, and bitter it was, until she, who had been to her a second mother, came to brighten it—told him of the vow she had made to that first, best friend, when she was dying—and then she said, in her quiet, firm tones,

"You see how it is now. I am necessary here. The deacon could scarcely do without me any better than the children. Little Mary is only seven yet. For the next ten years she must have a mother. My place is here, my duty is here—and no love on earth could make me happy if I forsook them. My promise too."

"Ten years!" he cried, sadly. "A seventh part of a long lifetime—yet I shall wait. Better—for me—you, were it after half a lifetime of waiting, than any other woman now. I claim your promise. I shall trust in your truth. You are mine, Martha."

She had neither the will nor the power to gain-

say him. It was so sweet to see how he loved her—to feel herself claimed and valued, after having stood so long and so sorely alone in the world. She could not refuse to wear the ring, the slender golden circlet, which was put on her finger with love so fond, and trust so fervent.

"This settles it all," he said, half an hour afterward, when she asked him concerning his plans. "If I have to wait for children to grow up, old people to die, and no end of such like courses of nature, I will not wait *here*. It would just be gall and bitterness—the doom of Tantalus over again—to stay here, and see you devote all the best years of your life to others—only be able to snatch a chance hour of your society now and then. I shall accept Mr. Wainwright's proposal. I will go to South America, and make our fortune—you shall stay here and wait and pray for me. When the ten years are out I will come to you—if Providence releases you sooner, you shall send for me."

Sad as her heart was at the thought of this parting, Martha made no remonstrance. She felt that, as he said, it might be better for him to be far away. She knew that if he waited there, where they could meet so often, he would not wait patiently. Moreover, she feared for herself—not that she should be tempted to give up the path wherein her duty lay; but lest, with him at hand to distract her thoughts, she should be less patient, less gentle, unselfish.

The next day he wrote to Mr. Wainwright to signify his acceptance of the South American proposal; and his departure was fixed for the tenth of August.

The month that passed before that parting was the happiest Martha Payson had ever known—the happiest she was ever likely to know. Be our full fruition what it may, it loses something of the subtle charm of our hopes and our dreams. Imperfection, loss, want—everything mortal is touched with their blight. Only the immortal escapes. Our hope is part of our soul—therefore it is finer and sweeter than its fulfillment can ever be.

Martha Payson had known many sorrows and few joys; but perhaps that one month made up to her for all. Some women on whom fortune smiles, and whom the world calls happy, have known less bliss in their whole lives than fell to her share in that single month. Our enjoyment is measured by our capacity—hers was limitless.

Only toward the last a slight chill of apprehension blew like the breath of a cold wind over her heart. Would they ever live to meet again? Of his truth she doubted as little as her own—

but fate had been unfriendly to her hitherto; it was too much to hope for this so great change now. It was not until their very last meeting that she suffered her lover to perceive anything but the happiest side of her thought.

They were walking together for the last time in the tender, tremulous twilight of the summer, all about the old farm-house, while the bright-tinted gold and crimson faded out from the summer clouds, and left the soft, purple lines behind them—while the first faint star rose slowly in the east and looked downward pale and trembling. They watched the old-fashioned flowers in the front yard—how some of them unfolded their soft petals to the dews of the night, and others, children of the sun, closed them the moment the gold faded from the western sky.

Leaning over the old bars, Martha sighed audibly. Her companion followed the direction of her eyes, but he saw only the cows who were returning in patient procession to the pasture land. She answered his look of inquiry.

"I was thinking how far back in my life those childish years lay, when I used to go after them to the pasture. And yet I am not very old."

"Were those days so bright, when they were passing, that you should sigh for them?" Arthur asked, with a half-reproachful accent of inquiry.

"No, not bright, but *real*; and sometimes I almost doubt whether the present is not a dream. This new bliss, great as it is, is a stranger; I have hardly shaken hands with it. To my mind a great happiness is like the sun. We cannot make it familiar. When we look at it steadily it dazzles us, and we are forced to turn our eyes into the shade. It is only at its setting that we can steadfastly gaze toward it. The visions of other years are like phantoms. They seem fair through the medium of night and distance. We do not seek to recall them—we would not make them real—we only love to watch them, with tender, backward glances, albeit their eyes cannot see, and the dust of death lies among their hair. Who knows but

sometimes this very happiness of love may come out of its grave and join their shadowy procession?"

"Could love die?" Arthur asked, earnestly; but she did not reply. She turned her eyes toward the one star in the east, and was silent. Had her fancy been an idle thought, or a presentiment? Arthur asked himself this question, which only the coming years could answer.

The next night Martha Payson sat alone, at her west window, looking toward the sunset. Her lover was far away. They had parted the night before, with earnest vows, with tender pledges, and choking tears. He hung a miniature of himself on the slender golden chain to which her father's locket had once been attached. She had none of her face to give him. He said he needed none. Life would not be long enough for him to forget that clear, pale face, with the dusky hair framing it—those great, luminous gray eyes—the sad, sweet smile.

Sitting there alone she thought over his words, thanking God in her heart for the rich gift of his love. She did not expect to see him for ten years, but her sad thoughts had passed, and she felt sure that in God's own good time he would come to her again. In the meanwhile, she had her work to do—to care tenderly for the household at whose head she was, and so to train up little Mary that she would be ready to take her place when the ten years should have passed.

She was eighteen. At twenty-eight her beauty would be faded, perhaps—the glow and grace of her life's spring would have vanished with the years. A girl less innocent and unworldly might have asked, would not the love in which she trusted fail with the fading of the charms which won it? She never thought for one moment of such a fear. She only remembered how turbulent were the seas when the September gales ruffled them, and prayed that the breeze might be favoring which bore him onward; but for all unworthy doubt of him her heart was too strong and too pure. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ALBUM LINES.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

THE mind still retains,
After years have departed,
Some precious remains
Of the generous-hearted,
And brings back to view,
From the shore of Life's ocean,
The good and the true
We have crowned with devotion.

So this faithful heart
Shall forget thee, oh! never,
Till Life's scenes depart,
And existence shall sever.
Then shall not the chords
Of thy spirit keep telling,
In soft spoken words,
Some remembrance of Helen?

DREADFULLY BORED.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"I do wish, Horace, you would listen to me when I speak."

The gentleman addressed turned his head lazily from its old position to give the speaker a calm smile.

"I am listening, mamma," he said, in a drawling tone.

"Now, Horace, do be serious, and take some interest in our expected visitor."

"How can I be interested in a female whom I have never seen? She may be old——"

"Just nineteen."

"Ugly——"

"A handsome brunette."

"Stupid——"

"Very accomplished and witty."

"Poor——"

"Independent! Heiress to some fifty thousand dollars. You know she is my niece, an orphan, and a pet with all of us. When my sister Mary died, leaving the poor child an orphan, we agreed to take her alternately to our homes, until she married, or was old enough to live alone. It is my turn for the second time now. But I declare, Horace, you are asleep!"

There was certainly ground for the suspicion. The young man's head drooped on the back of his comfortable arm-chair, his eyes were closed, and the faultless features were in perfect repose. He was very tall, with every appearance of great strength. His broad shoulders, full chest, and muscular limbs, as they relaxed in that quiet slumber, gave his step-mother the thought—not new—of a sleeping giant, and, following that, a regret that such strength and health should be thus wasted in a daylight sleep.

Her exclamation was followed by a sigh, and she went on with her sewing, full of serious reflections of the future which lay before this step-son, in whose welfare so much of her own happiness was bound up.

She had married his father five years before the date of my story, and found Horace a tall man, already far beyond her control. He gave her his affection, and treated her with a gentle, courteous deference which was the perfection of manner. She was still young, only some four or five years his senior. So, in a short time, the formal Mrs. Walton was exchanged

for Lizzie, and the two became like brother and sister.

He was a spoiled child. Rich, motherless, and idolized by his father, he had run through pleasure, traveling, and gentlemanly studies, till twenty-five found him *blase*, languid, inert, or, as he expressed it, "bored to death." Yet as he had no vices, was much at home, needed no profession, and Mr. Walton evidently considered him a model young man.

The afternoon had glided into twilight, when Horace was roused, by Lizzie's gleeful, "Here they come!" And the grinding of the gravel under the carriage wheels confirmed the news. He opened his eyes, and, looking from the window, saw his father handing a lady from the carriage, which lady rushed into Lizzie's arms, and indulged in an outburst of female affection, and was carried off up stairs. Mr. Walton came into the drawing-room.

"Eh! Horry, did you see your cousin?"

"I saw a gray dress, and a pair of minute gaiter boots."

"She'll wake you up, my boy. She's what I call a *live* woman. None of your languid, sentimental airs about her."

"Strong minded!" gasped Horace.

"Yes; not woman's rights—not vulgar or coarse—but with a strong mind, in the highest sense of the term."

The entrance of the ladies put an end to the conversation. Horace rose to acknowledge, with his own easy courtesy, the introduction to his cousin, Miss Iva Marshfield. She was tall and graceful; but there was a flash in her eyes, a tremor of her lip, that spoke of energy, life, and buoyancy.

"Two stirring women," he said, mentally, as his eyes traveled from his new cousin to his step-mother.

Her bow made, Miss Iva sat down beside her aunt, holding her hand and petting it as if the bond of love between them was strong and true.

"Are you tired, Iva? Traveling all day is rather fatiguing."

"All day! Why, I am direct from Niagara, auntie, and there from St. Louis. I have been traveling since the first of last month."

"How wearisome!" said Horace.

"I do not find it so. I like variety, motion, and changing objects of interest, and I find all these in traveling."

"But the dust, the heat, the bad hotels, the thousand annoyances!" persisted Horace.

"Now you are laughing at me," said Iva, pleasantly. "I know these are the complaints which most women make, and subject themselves thereby to the sarcasm of gentlemen; but I am sure to find pleasure enough to make me overlook such annoyances. Ask Mr. Walton, who found me travel-worn and dusty, if I made him suffer for my discomfort."

"Suffer!" said Mr. Walton, heartily. "I never enjoyed a ride more than the one we have just taken—except," he added, as he caught sight of his wife's uplifted finger, "except a few others."

"Never mind!" laughed Lizzie. "It's all in the family."

Miss Marshfield had been with her aunt for more than a fortnight before the expected lecture assailed Horace. He had watched, with an interest that astonished himself, the active girl, as she found in that quiet country-seat a thousand objects of daily interest. She was never idle, and he admired, while he still languidly condemned the overflowing energy which made the veriest trifle important as long as it was an object to be gained, or a use to be fulfilled. He wondered to find himself riding, driving, walking, with an actual enjoyment of the exercise. He would, with a sort of comical inward protest, rise slowly from his chair, to turn music leaves, gather flowers, or hand chairs, and, instead of sinking back, exhausted with the effort, would stand obediently by his cousin, interested, and conversing with his habitual drawl, yet with a relish that was as pleasant as it was novel. Yet, even with this unwonted exertion of his powers, he gave his cousin a feeling, first, of contempt, then, as she found his mental powers develop, of pity for talents and opportunities rusting in inactivity.

He was stretched lazily on a rustic bench in the shade of a noble elm-tree, when he saw her coming, with her usual light, springing step, in at the gate. She must pass him, and he felt disinclined to rise; so he closed his eyes. She came beside him, but, instead of passing, she stopped. He heard her low breathing, and felt that she was looking into his face. Suddenly, as if by an irresistible impulse, she spoke in a whisper, yet with passionate energy.

"Oh! that I could rouse him! Such a man must be meant for good!"

Something in the words and accent startled him, and he looked up. To his surprise, his gay cousin's eyes were full of tears. Seeing that he was awake, she would have passed on; but he put out his hand and stopped her.

"Stay!" he said, sitting up. "It is cool and pleasant here in the shade, and I am sure you have no urgent call to the house."

"And you," she said, abruptly, "have you nothing to do but dream away your life here?"

"Is it not a pleasant way to kill time?"

"Oh! Horace," she said, earnestly, "was time given for no holier, no higher purpose than to kill? Have we no aim in life beyond getting rid of the time God gives us for the use of others as well as ourselves? Every hour, every moment must in eternity be accounted for, and how can we answer, if we have had our treasure of time only to waste and kill it?"

Her face flushed with earnestness, and her large eyes softened, as she looked almost imploringly into his face.

"Go on," he said, bitterly.

"No, I have offended you. Forgive me! I forgot that I had no right to speak so."

"You make the blow sharp," he said, half-impatiently, "when you apologize for a friend's advice by hinting that you take no other interest in the matter. I am not offended, Iva. I have long felt that I was useless, but never till you spoke have I put the waste on such high responsibility as you speak of. What shall I do?"

His tone was strangely humble, and the warm tears filled Iva's eyes, as she answered,

"Take the youth, health, strength, and talent the Lord has given you, and use it in his service."

"Be a minister?" he asked, puzzled.

"Are there not many ways, in your path and mine, Horace, in that of every man, to do good, to aid the suffering, to comfort the afflicted, to make of time a use we may not blush to name when held to answer for it?"

"Iva, you positively frighten me! What can I do? I have no gift for preaching."

"Don't laugh at me, cousin!"

"I don't. I was never more in earnest in my life."

"Have you no profession?"

"Oh! yes. I am Dr. Walton, if I claim my title; but the diploma awarded me is the only proof of my medical skill. I never sought or found a single patient. The fact is, Iva—now, I ain't trying to appear good, I assure you—I found that there were so many men whose profession was their living, that it seemed unfair for me to do not need the money, to take the

practice of even one patient from those who needed it."

"But, Horace, there are thousands of cases that pay nothing, where a man may give his skill in a good cause."

"Gratuitous practice! All the students get some of that. Horrid bore, cousin—poking into dirty little alleys, smelling of onions and fish, to tend *delirium tremens*, or wives beaten to a jelly by drunken husbands—the practice varied by babies with sore eyes, and children of larger growth, sick from foul air or dirt. Faugh! the very recollection is sickening!"

"Yet it is just such cases we are bidden to minister to," she said, gently. "Think of one of these little ones restored to health, saved from its miserable life to be placed in some country home, or at some trade, to become an honest man, instead of growing up feeble and vicious. And, think, if you could say, hereafter, in such a case, 'It is my work!'"

"You don't know what it is, Iva."

"I have passed hours each day, since I was fifteen years old, in just such homes. My aunt Katie is a visitor of a benevolent society, and she has taken me on every visit for the last four years."

Had it no effect, this earnest, wistful conversation? A month passed away, and Horace was outwardly the same as ever. Iva had put her whole heart into her one endeavor to rouse him, and she sadly thought her trial a failure. Her cousin shut himself up for hours now in his own room, and she, thinking it was done to avoid her, kept aloof from him.

A cry of terror rang over the land. The bitter scourge of our Southern cities, the yellow fever, had broken out in Norfolk with fearful violence, and piteous appeals went out from the devoted city for aid and comfort in her sore

affliction. From the noble cities of the North the nurses and physicians went forth, their lives in their hands, to face this peril more beyond than war, and requiring a heroism beyond that even of the soldier to face bravely.

"Father, give me a God-speed," said Horace Walton, as he stood in the drawing-room, surrounded by those he loved. "I am going to Norfolk."

"Horace!"

The cry burst from every lip.

"I have been reviving my old medical knowledge, and, if not as a physician, I can be useful as a nurse. The need is great. Let me go, father."

"Go, my boy, and God guard you," said his father.

"Lizzie?"

"Oh! Horace, take my prayers too," she said, bending down, as he knelt to kiss her.

Last of all, he stood before Iva. She was fearfully pale, but she did not sob or speak.

"Iva," he whispered, "if I return, I shall come to you for my reward." And he was gone.

Many were the lives sacrificed for the devoted city, yet there was one who shrank from no danger, who faced every peril, who was tireless for good, earnest in well-doing, yet who came home, after the fury of the plague had spent itself, pale and weary, yet roused for life from his dream of idleness. One, who, with a new purpose, lives now, keenly conscious of lost time to be made up, lost opportunities regained, yet who lets nothing paralyze, but all stimulate him to new exertions.

And by his side, his help-mate in truth, his loving guide, yet submissive wife, is the high, pure-souled woman who first roused him, and proved that, save where his own life is vain and useless, no man can be "DREADFULLY BORED."

THERE IS SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

BY JENNIE BARBER.

Far from the angry scenes of strife,
Far from the raging storms of life,
Far from this world with passions rife,
There is sweet rest in Heaven.

Away from dazzling pleasure gay,
Enhanced with every varied ray,
From darkest night to sunniest day,
There is sweet rest in Heaven.

Far from the bloody battle-field,
Where foe to foe will never yield,
Where truest hearts are best concealed,
There is sweet rest in Heaven.

Away from friendship's faithless name,
Away from luring, coward fame,
Where rich and poor are all the same,
There is sweet rest in Heaven.

Where every hour is always day,
Bathed in bright, golden sunbeams' ray,
Where angel choirs do ever say,
"There is sweet rest in Heaven."

Where everlasting fountains flow,
Where sweetest, greenest pastures grow,
May we, a happy band, soon know,
There is sweet rest in Heaven.

POLLY PAYNE'S PET CROW.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

POLLY PAYNE had a pet crow. Polly did not pet the crow because Barnaby Rudge petted a raven. For she lived and died before the veracious history of that eccentric worthy was published. And even if Polly Payne had lived till now, I do not suppose that a single copy of any one of Petersons' forty editions of Dickens would have fallen under her eye. Polly was not of a literary turn. Her library contained chiefly the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the two books that everybody should choose who has time for no other.

Polly Payne had a pet daughter. Some people might have wondered why she petted the crow; but none could have been surprised that she petted the daughter. The child was the comfort of her widowhood. Polly was poor, simple-hearted, and devout. Such are they to whom religion gives special comfort; and we are not to wonder that Polly Payne counted her child one of her peculiar warrants to God's favor. For He loveth the widow and the fatherless. It was an honest and trusting faith which led Polly to think that God had given and preserved this child to her, that her house might be blessed under each clause of the promise. A very comforting religion was this to Polly; and none the worse, but rather better, that it did not require any metaphysical argument to define it.

Little Winnie Payne was "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." She was good as she was beautiful, for the widow Polly taught her, in her own way, and the instruction seemed to take root as firm, as its culture was simple. No doubt the Sower who made Polly his minister to sow the seed, blessed its growth.

Nature is a very perverse institution, and has no regard for customs, forms, and exclusiveness. Consequently it often happens, as in the case of the widow's child, that those who owe least to the gifts of fortune, and have small favor with good society, are endowed naturally with liberal gifts.

Polly Payne's house was not a "mansion." It stood on the outskirts of our village, and had an altitude of one story, and a garret. It was entirely pre-Raphaelite in its design, and had no shams or pretences, even of paint. The

wood was of its original color, atmospherically subdued outside, and inside toned down with kreosote. There was no daubing of plaster or stucco, and Ruskin might have found inspiration under the humble roof-tree.

Polly had a contented mind in details, and heartily enjoyed her bacon and corn bread; with a pinch of tea when fortune pleased, and a pinch of snuff when she pleased herself. Yet, like everybody else, she repined in a general way, and considered the world as growing no better, very fast. Nevertheless, the pet crow got its peck, by stealth, or otherwise. The daughter had her bowl of milk, and the widow her daily bread. They retired early, and rose betimes, and did not hear anything by letter from the world at a distance; except when once in a year or so, a well considered epistle, better conceived than expressed, came to them by private hand. Of the United States mail they had a remote idea that it was a mythic something, the only use of which was to furnish opportunity for highwaymen.

The boys of the neighborhood had a great liking for Polly's crow, and Polly's daughter came in for no small share of incidental respect and attention. For she was a wonderful child, on whose shoulder the creature would light; while, for prudential reasons doubtless, he declined all such familiarity with the boys, coaxed they never so cunningly. The two pets were admirable by contrast. Pet crow was black. Pet daughter was fair. Pet crow had the ridiculous constrained gait of a crow in captivity, stalking after Polly Payne in a most unnatural manner. If you have noticed it, crows have a burlesque style of locomotion when they try their feet; though with wings, (for which a captive crow has little use,) they are anything but ungraceful.

The pet daughter was as easy and natural, as the pet crow was constrained and awkward. The boys dearly loved to look at Winnie Payne. Why her mother gave her such a name as Winifred, sacred forever to the Clinker correspondence, I cannot say. But she was certainly as innocent of any intention to imitate the old novelists, as she was clear of copying the new common consent harmonized Winifred to

Winnie. And Winnie Payne dwells in my ears now, as remembered music; like the other lullabys of my childhood, a consecrated melody.

Boys are natural beings, following their impulses, without any reference to what Mrs. Grundy will say. Girls (beg their pardon) are, as a class, decidedly more conventional. Therefore Winnie received many a favor from lads whose sisters were horror-stricken at such "low associations." Winnie thought the boys were fine little fellows. The girls she never thought of at all, while they let her alone. Between pet crow and pet daughter there was a great crowd of little people about Polly's door, on their way to school and return. To this the widow did not object. She was "in business;" if not exactly in the cotton trade, still "in the sugar line." Her stock consisted of "Taffy" and other old time confections, nuts, marbles, and the other eteteras.

We have said that Winnie was a favorite. But there is always in every troop of lads some ill-mannered cub whose atrocities annoy the neighborhood; and who would be sent to Coventry by his mates, if even a bad boy had not his uses. The bad boy of the flock is such a convenient scape-goat for the others, that if he sometimes manages to escape the punishment due for his misdeeds proper, he receives the discipline due the rest, as their proxy. Justice holds that upon some shoulders a blow can never fall amiss. If the victim does not deserve it at the precise time it falls, he has before, and he will again. Whether this treatment is of a kind to make the subjects of it better, we leave to reformers to decide, and to conservatives to argue.

The scape-grace in our village—call him Will, (and no matter about his patronymic) was coming along in his surly way, one morning, when he saw Winnie standing near the door. Her back was toward him, and the crow was perched on her shoulder. It was but rarely that Will could approach any living thing undetected. He was so universal an object of suspicion, that he moved always under some one's watchful eye. He was watched now, though he did not know it. Unperceived by Winnie, he crept up with stealthy pace to take the crow by the legs. The presto, change! that ensued on the instant would have done credit to a harlequin troupe. Crow was on the roof-tree cawing. Winnie was on the door-stone crying. Will was lying prone in the gutter, and another lad—George Elliott, whose name we give in full, and introduce here as our hero, was busily comforting Winnie. It was George's arm that

had despatched the young freebooter, and he showed in his demeanor to the child that he was as gentle to the fair as he was rude to the rough—a preux chevalier.

Winnie—as is usually the case in all skirmishes, big and little—being the only entirely innocent party, was the chief sufferer. Will found his legs, and was off, in terror of the coming reinforcement in the person of Polly Payne, of whom, for reasons of his own, he had a wholesome dread. But gentle Winnie's finger had a very decided wound from the angry bird, who had intended the cut for Will, the scape-grace. In due time it healed; or rather the healing was somewhat over due, since Polly Payne retarded it with the horrid preparations with which old women will impose double work upon the recuperative principle. But the finger did heal, but the wound did leave a scar, notwithstanding Polly Payne had wrapped it in all kinds of non-naturals to prevent that consequence.

Now it needs not, dear reader, if you were ever a child, (some people never have been children,) it needs not that I tell you how that George, from this day out, became the champion; the St. George, and tutelary saint he would have been of the house of Payne, only that Polly was very Protestant. And it needs not that I sing the loves of George and Winnie, "six-year-olds" only as they were. If you never knew anything of the sort your childhood must have been a blank, and your experience lacks some of the very best lessons of life. Cupid was not painted a boy by the poets without reason. And there is no Mrs. Cupid, because children deal only in heavenly fancy, not in earthly fact. Hymen comes later; and is not half a god. He is too matter-of-fact. He talks of business, and even puts it into my love's head that she must sign my deeds before they are valid. Commend us to childhood for the true poetry of life! Alas! that like all poetry, it is a thing not to be wooed with money!

Pass we a few years. Winnie Payne's days of unsophisticated delight were over. She had grown older, and had been painfully initiated into the secret that there are classes and distinctions even in a republican country. The boys who once delighted to play with Winnie, the pet child, were now grown into young men, and stood aloof from the decidedly beautiful young woman, who still lived with her mother, in the old Payne cottage.

Polly Payne had become feeble, peevish, and crabbed. She no longer superintended the

sales, and the taffy and candy trade devolved upon Winnie. The daughter had added "trimmings," and other more ambitious miscellanies to the old stock. And she had managed somehow to throw an air of taste even over the interior of the Payne cottage. Another set of urchins, male and female, had come forward; but Winnie had outgrown them. She puzzled her wise head why children were not as attractive to her as they once were. She forgot that she no more thought as a child, and that, therefore, she had lost her complete sympathy with children.

The lad she remembered among her former playmates, and wondered if he ever thought of her. He was far away. His family, though they lived still in the village, were farther off still. Winnie knew them by sight, but never spoke to them, except in the civil, commonplace which belongs to all villages. Concerning every other lad who had gone out from his father's, Winnie asked questions without hesitation, when any one who knew happened to come into the cottage. But of George Elliott she never ventured to speak, even to her mother. I leave the ladies to decide the mystery of her conduct.

George came home. I am afraid he had not thought so often of Winnie as she had of him. Perhaps he had never thought at all, except vaguely, when some flaxen-haired and graceful child of the people fitted before him. Then there came across him a dreamy impression that he had seen something like this, in a vision. Winnie, unannounced, and unrecognized, was before his mind's eye. But the vision took no distinctness as to sight, or sound, or memory.

Elliott was walking with his sister. He passed through his old haunts. "I declare," he cried, "there is aunt Polly Payne's, and, as I live, in the window, her pet crow! Do crows never die? Or is this another?"

"They are century birds, you know," said his sister. "And aunt Polly is supposed to survive in order to test, by personal observation, whether crows do live a hundred years, or not."

"I must go in and see aunt Polly!"

"Pshaw, George! She is old and blind, and will never know you. You are no more a boy—so keep out of Polly Payne's. What excuse will you invent for intruding?"

"I'll buy something."

"What will you buy? Taffy or marbles?"

George had pushed in, while his sister impatiently waited outside for him. But a quick

look through the window, from a pair of blue eyes, had already measured her, weighed her, sounded and understood her. Women can read each other at a glance. And Winnie, who had watched from a hidden corner, comprehended the scornful Euphemia in an instant. But the days were passed when Winnie, a village child, could like the boys all the better, because she disliked their sisters. As George Elliott entered the little shop, he was met by a cold and most uncordial glance; without the faintest sign of recognition. But there was a flush in the cheeks which denied all this subterfuge, and made Winnie Payne look supremely beautiful.

George was astonished—and confused. His first thought, when he came in, was, "Why, Winnie!" But the stately Miss looked so strange at him, and his sister, who peeped in at the door so impatient, and the old crow who had hopped on the counter so quizzical; and George felt so like—a fool, that he stammered and bungled over the simple question:

"Have you gloves, Miss?"

Now Winnie, as we have said, had made an advance on her mother's stock. But she had not anticipated a call for that particular article, and answered, in the most collected and business like way,

"None for gentlemen."

"Have—you——" George blundered, and looked round.

Winnie waited. Euphemia fidgeted. The crow croaked. George Elliott felt his face burn, and, without attempting to finish the sentence, for which he had not an idea, said, "Good evening!" and retreated, wishing all troublesome sisters were—married off! The bell tinkled as the door closed, the crow croaked again, Winnie sat down and cried, and Polly Payne cried out from the kitchen, "Who was that, Winnie?"

"Don't know, mother!"

Oh! Winnie, Winnie! How could you?

George Elliott was not the lad to remain in an awkward predicament. Though his sister had intimated "that Payne girl" to be a child spoiled by a foolish mother—that she took great airs—that she was a designing, artful minx above her station; with much more to the same purpose, George had contented himself with listening in affected indifference. It stood him in hand to do so. For the awkwardness of the shop-counter encounter was undeniable, and when his sister rallied and scolded him, he merely answered that he "had been taken by surprise at seeing his old playmate metamorphosed into a woman. That was all."

But that was not *all*. For it has been observed in all generations that children, by years, become men and women; and it is too late in the history of the race to pretend surprise at any such development. Brother and sister were content to let the subject drop, between them. George had his own intentions, and he carried them out.

As soon as breakfast was despatched the next day, George was on his way to Polly Payne's—without his sister. He took with him dog and gun to cover his movements; and once having left the paternal mansion out of sight, he proceeded straight to the widow's. He entered with the confidence of a boy of six years, ready to invest in nuts and gingerbread. As the door jingled its little bell behind him, the old crow croaked again, and the widow's daughter stepped forward from the kitchen. Her hands smoothed her hair, as she put her foot on the threshold, then sliding down over her dress, gave that magic touch, by which a true woman can, in an instant, make herself presentable. As soon as she saw George—or his gun—she fell back again. I do not think she was afraid of the gun—though the crow *was* of the dog. Possibly she reasoned—not very much in George's favor, from seeing his equipments. Dear me! How unfortunate it is that women are so sharp and quick in conclusions, and that what helped George's escape from one woman, did not help his advances to another.

"Winnie!" called George.

In a moment more she came in, with such an air of offended self-respect, that Elliott began to feel small again. He perceived that he must speak quick, or make yesterday's embarrassment twice as awkward.

"Miss Payne," he said, with a tone of genuine deference, which Winnie was not slow to detect and to appreciate—"I came to make explanations, which, if you are formal, I cannot express. If you are the candid woman that your childhood promised, I need not. For all women are sensitive and quick-sighted, and you are among the most so. As I was passing yesterday, I came in, full of the idea of my old playmate. If I was surprised and embarrassed, the fault was yours. Not that you fell below my ideal, but—but—Miss Payne, I am too honest for mere compliments. I am a man, now, and you are a woman, and, and—I beg your pardon! Cannot we be frank and cordial friends?"

Winnie glanced at the gun and dog, taken, as she very well knew, only to hide the sole purpose of George Elliott's walk that morning. Her pride rebelled—but when he put forth his

hand, she could not well do otherwise than give hers. While he held it, she said,

"Mr. Elliott, our paths in life are very different. I need not speak farther on a subject which ought not to be painful, though it is somewhat perplexing. If I could forget the inequality in our conditions, I should not fail to be reminded of it."

Elliott thought of his sister, and of his mother, and said—nothing.

"You must not come here," she continued. "George and Winnie have outgrown their childish familiarity, and their intercourse must hereafter be regulated by the terms which society imposes."

George felt that he was ungenerously forcing all the words upon the lady. But he loved to hear and to see her talk. The grace, the ease, and the self-possession with which she spoke astonished him; and silenced the truisms that he might have spoken about republican theories and generous contempt for conventionalisms. He still held her hand.

"Winnie! I declare there is the very scar yet, that this crow left upon your finger! And it was years ago."

The crow stepped up, as if he understood, and gave a curious look at the work of his own mischief. And the dog, seeing no other game, *pointed*. Winnie smiled, as she said, "Not so very long, Mr. Elliott. When you have done with my hand I should like it again."

Some nonsense sprang to George's lips about keeping the hand forever. But he had the good sense to suppress it. Winnie quietly withdrew it from his fingers, and called out,

"Mother! here is an old friend come to see you." Polly Payne hobbled in, and the conversation which followed would have no interest for our readers. We need only say that it was not very long, and George walked away, not at all sure that Winnie was sorry at his departure. As to the pet crow, he was evidently quite relieved. Polly Payne's cottage resumed its wonted quiet. But Winnie's needle did jerk very energetically that morning, and her thread was constantly breaking. What could the girl have been thinking about?

What she thought you may guess. But what George Elliott pondered upon till dinner time, when he returned with nothing more than when he started out—except the profound contempt of his dog—we may tell you. Doubtless you have been thinking of the same thing. How did Polly Payne's daughter so surmount all the difficulties of her position, and become, as she evidently was, presentable anywhere?

Women—and American women especially—are all born ladies, if you will but give them a chance. I think it is Bulwer who says that a girl can do the honors of a house gracefully, before her elder brother can cross the room without overturning the tables. Winnie had found opportunity, and improved it, like one who knew its value. The correspondent of Polly Payne, to whom we have before alluded, was the widow's younger brother. Years before, he had taken an American's privilege, and transplanted himself to a place where the disadvantages of his birth would no more depress him. He had met the success which belongs to emigrants; partly because the very fact of moving indicates both mind and energy, and partly because where all are new comers, nobody can plead prescriptive rights. Poor old Polly Payne's younger brother rejoiced in his new home, in the undisputed title of gentleman. There is a magic in that word, say what you will, my dear radical friend! And if you would try to rise, instead of putting others down, you would find in success a wand more potent than that of Merlin.

Winnie's uncle had caused her to be educated. Her school-days over, she returned full of hope—only to become full of disappointment. The village ladies had petted her in her vacations, and admired her progress. But the creature grew, and—what was actually intolerable—grew lovelier as a woman than she had been as a child. And when she came home “finished,” her chances of favor in the place of her birth were finished too. Her accomplishments only procured for her the character that Euphemia Elliott described. She *was* above her situation. And yet she could not leave it, and, therefore, remained—the not-all-unconscious terror of managing mammas and suspicious sisters. Winnie would have become a bitter cynic in a few more years.

Providence opened a way out of the difficulty. Polly Payne died. Winnie mourned her mother, with, perhaps, some reproaches of conscience that, as she had grown older, she had been losing instead of increasing in respect to her faithful and affectionate parent. But Polly had never suspected this. It was the cross that Winnie gracefully bore, to conceal all appearance of superiority, and to make her poor old mother rejoice in her pet daughter more and more. This cheerful devotion she had not learned at school. She took it there with her. For Polly Payne's library, small as it was, held the text-book of the affections, and the code of Christian morals. These make the character.

Happy are those whose “education” does not unmake it.

And now appeared a new face on the scene. The uncle came and claimed his niece. In a few days the last trace of the Payne family disappeared from the neighborhood. The people would have shown the stranger some attention, since he was sure never to trouble them more. He held their politeness at its true value, though he did not sour Winnie into refusing the parting courtesy of the town people. Even Euphemia came and kissed her good-by. But then George was not at home.

The old crow died, though a neighbor of Polly's had volunteered to keep it. The bird could see no further use in life, since his old mistress was no longer present to see him live and measure the duration of his vitality. The old Payne cottage fell, its mission done. It first gave signs of dissolution at the windows, aided, perhaps, by the experimental philosophy of the boys, who are curious on the subject of glass fractures. The roof fell in, and thistles grew up through the floor.

Again let us pass a few years, or rather more than a few. Let the time be the present. Let the scene be the national capital. Mark that man who, in the councils of the nation, never speaks without attention, never acts but from an honest purpose. He has none of the finesse of a hack politician, but goes straight to his work, and uses the direct words to express his direct meaning. That is the Hon. George Elliott, a member from one of the new states, which are one day to control the destinies of the country. You need not look in the Congressional Directory. We have taken the liberty to do what he never would himself: to conceal his real address.

And that lady in the gallery? It is nobody else than our old friend Winnie. She may well be proud of her husband—for she has been the making of him, not he of her. *Au fait* to the place and its customs, she chaperones that graceful, but somewhat *passee* maiden, who treats her, the Hon. Mrs. Elliott, with evident deference. Yes, it is Euphemia Elliott. She keeps up the dignity of the name, and quietly rejoices in her blood; while Winnie, she considers, is entitled to her respect as a connection by marriage. It is well for her to care for her descent, for no other earthly care has she on her hands, except, in this whirlpool of adventurers, to find a settlement. Anything, even a foreign ambassador, or the merest flunkey in his suit, would do.

How all these changes came about, it is not

hard to say. In no land are such things more frequent than in ours. George Elliott declined to starve at home, upon the worn-out dignity of his father's house, and the worn-out quality of the paternal acres. He followed the adventurous tide to a new territory. He was too wise not to be glad of the proffered friendship of Judge Payne, though the judge's sister did once live in an old house, kept a pet crow, sold marbles and peg-tops, and, dying, left no estate for heirs to spend in folly, or waste in litigation.

Winnie Payne, in her new home, stood in her

just position. George Elliott did not require the pretence of a shilling purchase, or the cover of a dog and gun, to call upon her. There was no condescension in his becoming her suitor. The beginning was not difficult, for though the couple submitted to the form of an introduction, they had some knowledge of each other before.

They are well mated and happy. If anything more is needed to their content, it is that somebody *would* marry Euphemia. Who bids?

CROFTEN TOWER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I pass it oft, at nightfall,
And I think the sunset gold
Is loath to touch, with kindly light,
That mansion dark and old;
And it seems as if the Heavens,
That hang above the roof,
Are not as brightly, sweetly blue,
And farther keep aloof.

The birds build not their eyrie nests
Within the shadowing trees,
A dead calm holds its dreary court
Within those pulseless leaves.
Red roses spring, where once in pride
Rare, tropic blossoms grew—
But not a human eye is glad
To meet their crimson hue.

The spacious walls are overgrown
With bramble beds and weeds,
Only the squirrel, or the jay,
On the rich fruitage feeds;
The mellow peach and nectarine
Hang ripely from the bough,
And, all untouched, the purple grapes,
The trellises endow.

Death and decay are everywhere;
The mansion, once so gay,
Stands lone and silent—all its pride
And glory fled away.
Its high-arched doors, and windows tall,
Are closed and locked for'er—
For not the poorest child of want
Would seek a shelter here.

The school-boy chokes his merry song,
Quickens his lagging pace,
And glances back, with fearsome eye,
At this deserted place;
The weary laborer shuns the path
That passes by its door,
And takes the long and toilsome road
Across the distant moor.

I mind me of a vanished time,
When that old house was bright
With love and joy, and festive mirth
Rang out upon the night;

When graceful forms, and faces fair,
Brightened the stately halls,
And lamps of gold and ornolou
Lit up the polished walls.

A dark and haughty man was he,
The master of the Tower—
The people owned, for miles around,
The magic of his power.
Handsome, and proud, and arrogant,
His soul self-coursed with scorn—
They said his Spanish mother died
The night her child was born.

He wooed and won a gentle girl,
Pure as the saints above—
She gave him all—her life and light,
Her confidence and love.
She glorified the Tower awhile,
Like a stray sunshine beam,
Then pallid grew, her face lost light,
Her eye its azure gleam.

One dreadful night, when tempests roared,
And thunders shrieked in pain,
And sheets of lightning flashed adown
The shining, livid rain—
Red blood was shed—a right to Heaven
One weary soul had won!
But, what the other? God be just
Who there's a murder done!

He lived unpunished; but he died—
Oh, Heaven! no pen can tell
The anguish of that tortured soul,
Which crime had made a hell!
His own hand cut the thread of life,
In silence and alone;
Through the dark vista he went forth—
Forth to the dread Unknown.
The Tower is left to solitude,

But oft, in stormy nights,
The awe-struck people say the windows
Blaze with festive lights;
And, sometimes on the torpid air,
Rings out a wailing dirge,
Like the sea moaning, when it casts
Dead men up from the surge.

DOING HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

I.

"THEN you are determined, Kitty?"

"I am."

"Why, those delicate fingers have never come in contact with dish-water and brooms. Do you think you will succeed?"

"I shall try, at all events."

"But, to go out doing housework—it seems too bad! If you could only get a situation as governess, or something of that kind."

"But, 'something of that kind' will not suit me. Did I tell you, aunt, I met Jeanie Dean the other day? You know how rich the Deans were thought to be. But old Mr. Dean died about a year ago, and left his family in poverty—just as I am left." The lips quivered only for an instant; then she went on. "Jeanie had to go out in the world and earn her own living. She takes in sewing, and is but a shadow now of her former self. You know, aunt, I have been troubled with a hacking cough lately, and, I am sure, to go into a close school-room would increase it. But, to do housework will make me stronger and healthier!" And Kitty Ross threw back the rich masses of wavy hair from her fair white forehead, and turned from the little mirror, with a smile on her rosy lips.

So Kitty went out to housework.

II.

"WHERE'S my cigar-case, my newspaper, my slippers? Really, Mrs. Page," cried Jack Haviland, a rich old bachelor, to his housekeeper, "I thought you had lived here long enough to know that this room belongs to me. I have repeatedly told you that I want no brooms nor brushes flying around my library. There are my books; every one of 'em right side up in the case; and it will take me at least half an hour to find my Keats, and Shelley, when I have been in the habit of having them lie on the table, where they are convenient at all times. I should like to know, Mrs. Page, what this all means?" And Jack Haviland straightened himself up, and "looked daggers" at the little, thin housekeeper.

"I expect it is Kitty's work, sir."

"What, the new girl you were speaking to me about the other day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, she shall be dismissed immediately. Go and tell her to pack up her things, and then send her to me, to receive her wages."

Jack Haviland, when Mrs. Page left, stalked up and down the library in a decidedly unsettled state of mind. The ottomans and spittoon were not even in his way for him to kick over, as he frequently did when indulging in such little fits of passion. He did not even hear the door open, but, turning in his walk, started upon seeing a young and lovely girl standing before him, with her soft blue eyes raised to his face.

He was the veriest bachelor that walked Broadway, but he blushed like a school-boy as he met the sweet, modest glance.

"I have come to receive my wages, sir." And the voice was gentle and low—"that excellent thing in woman!"—just such a voice as one might expect from the fair sweet face.

"Ahem!—yes—I am sorry, Miss—ahem!—Please be seated." And the old bachelor actually handed her to a chair.

"As I said before, Miss—ahem!—I am sorry that you are not satisfied to remain here longer."

She had no recollection of his having said anything of the kind before; probably, in his confusion, he might have meant it; but she only answered, "that the dissatisfaction was with him."

"Then Mrs. Page told—zounds! what a fool I am!"

Kitty Ross thought about the same thing, but she wisely kept her own counsel.

"Well, do you think you would like to stay here, Miss—Miss—"

"Kitty, if you please, Kitty Ross."

"Ah! yes. Any relative of the late Richard Ross, Esq.?"

"He was my father," the quivering lips replied, and the long eye-lashes, that drooped over the fair cheek, were moist with tears.

Jack Haviland was touched, but he dashed off in his usual brusque style:

"Jupiter! I am always saying something wrong at exactly the wrong time. I declare, I am a fool! Miss Ross, will you stay here? But no, you shall not; only on one condition: you shall be a companion to Mrs. Page. We cannot

have one like you doing housework, except—except,” and he stammered, “you may arrange my library occasionally.”

III.

“HARK! Who is that singing, uncle? I never heard such a voice before.”

“It is Kitty.”

“Who is Kitty? Where did she come from? Is she old, or young?”

“The latter. But, young man, let me warn you not to fall in love; for, before another month, she will be Mrs. Jack Haviland.” For Kitty, elevated to be Mrs. Page’s companion, had become so necessary to Jack Haviland’s happiness, that he had asked her to marry him.

“The deuce!”

“You need not make any classical observation. Wait until you have seen her.”

Jack Haviland, Jr., had traveled all over the continent; had been sought after by the manoeuvring mammas with marriageable daughters; but, until his eyes rested on Kitty Ross, his heart had remained untouched.

He thought he had never seen any one half so fair and lovely, nor ever heard so sweet a voice, as she sat there at the piano, singing ballad after ballad for them. And then, as the last notes of “The Nun’s Prayer” died away, he actually started, half-expecting to find himself in some old, dim cathedral. That night uncle Jack told him the story of his wooing, and he felt very sure Kitty did not love his old uncle, even if he was one of the best men in the world.

And Kitty, she began to wish that Jack Haviland, Jr., could be inserted in that matrimonial arrangement. But the day for their marriage was near at hand, and preparations for the wedding were going on. Kitty went around with a slow step, and a grave look on her face.

Young Mr. Haviland observed it and divined the cause. He could not forbear speaking of it to his uncle, one night, as they were alone in the library.

The old gentleman gave a long whistle, and said, “He guessed he knew what was best for her”

The day before the wedding he presented Kitty with a beautiful set of diamonds. Poor child! She faltered out her thanks with quivering lips, and turned away her head to hide the tears that would come.

Jack thought it very strange; but “he didn’t pretend to understand the ways of women.”

Kitty looked very lovely in the soft white satin, with Mechlin lace, and the orange blossoms in her hair.

It was a whim of Jack that she should meet him in the library, half an hour before the ceremony was to take place.

Kitty’s hand trembled as she turned the knob and entered.

Jack was there, and his nephew too. The former came forward to meet her.

“You look sad and pale, Kitty. Do you regret your promise?”

The lips said “No;” but the answer came hesitatingly.

“You think, though, that ‘one of the name is better than the same.’ Here, Jack, take her and be kind to her. There, now, don’t say a word. I am not blind, if I do wear spectacles. Now smile, Kitty, for I have not seen you since this young scape-grace came into the house.”

The “young scape-grace” wound one arm around Kitty, and took the hand of uncle Jack in his own.

“I always said you were the best man in the world, and this proves it.”

“Just because I changed my mind about marrying her myself, eh? You know the Spanish proverb says: ‘A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.’”

Jack and Kitty reside with their uncle. He would never hear of their setting up a separate establishment.

As for Kitty, she is happy as a lark, and her hands are never soiled now with “DOING HOUSEWORK.”

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

I SANK to sleep with heavy heart,
And dreamed a dream so strangely sweet,
Of dear ones met no more to part,
And joys so sacred and complete,
That when, at morn, the vision bright
Fled, fading through a mist of tears,
I murmured, “Would ’twere always night,
And I were dreaming all my years!”

They tell me life is but a dream,
A fantasy of pain and fear—
And when the anguish grows extreme,
The blissful waking is near!
Oh! haste, thou dawn, whose welcome light
Shall bid these gloomy visions flee!
When from the terror-haunted night
We wake, oh! God, and wake with Thee!

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.

CHAPTER X.

A TRAVELER on horseback rode up the broken road which led to Wolf's-Crag, and halted at the main entrance. It was a courier from King Charles, carrying despatches to the Duke of Buckingham; but, in his ignorance of the country, he had missed the road and wandered into that leading to the Tower, which he still mistook for Buckingham's residence.

Weary and travel-soiled, the courier dismounted at the Gothic portal and demanded an audience with its lord.

Visitors were rare at Wolf's-Crag, and the servant hesitated to admit the man without first announcing him to the earl; so he began to question the stranger of his name and business, which the courier had no hesitation in giving, under a full belief that he had reached his journey's end.

The servitors at Wolf's-Crag were cautious and well-trained men, who had partaken of their lord's brilliant fortune at court, and now shared his exile. The habits of their early life still clung to them, and, without warning the courier of his mistake, this old man went with his news to the earl.

Somerset and his countess had been drawn into something like cordiality by their mutual hate of Buckingham, and a thirst for vengeance almost answered the requirements of affection between them. The earl could now enter his wife's bower-chamber without fearing some cruel rebuke, and in the bitterness of their animosity to a mutual enemy they found forbearance toward each other.

Thus it chanced that the earl was seated with his countess, when the servitor came in with news of the king's messenger, who was waiting for admission to the Tower, under the impression that it was inhabited by the favorite. The husband and wife glanced at each other, fired by some vague thought. The coming of this man might furnish some means by which their hate, which seemed now so impotent, might grow into a power.

The countess spoke first, addressing the servant.

"Bring the man hither into my bower chamber," she said, "and remember well not to enlighten his mistake."

The man went out, ready to perform his mission with the adroitness of his old court days. Then the countess arose from her seat, fired with sudden excitement. Her splendid eyes flashed fire, her proud head erected itself haughtily. The evil talent of the woman found in this visit food for action, and she started out from her dull, long rest like a tigress shaking off her winter sleep.

"The man has despatches," she said, "despatches from the king to our arch-enemy. In them we may find the means of wounding this miscreant duke, nay, the king himself; for this is a time of great changes, and we, who have been so long trampled in the mire under their feet, may yet come to the surface and give them battle. Have you the nerve, my lord, to seize on this advantage, and hold it?"

"What would you have me do?" questioned the earl, who, in all the evil of his life, had followed that beautiful, bad woman's lead.

"Seize upon these despatches, and use them," cried the countess, stooping her beautiful face close to his ear. "This man may never have seen the duke. In that case it is easy. He will place the despatches in your hand, which has only to grasp them. If he should recognize the mistake, why, we have one of two courses to pursue. Who on this earth would ever think of this man coming here? We did not lure him this way. It was his own stupid folly."

The earl shook his head, and the color left his face. In all things he lacked the audacious courage of his wife, and the idea that flashed like fire through her brain, approached his duller intelligence step by step, so that she often matured her plans, and acted upon them, before they were arranged in his mind. She saw his embarrassment, and gave him one of those smiles which had always led him to follow her in the darkest of her dark acts, as men are

guided through the blackest midnight by flashes of lightning.

"Rest satisfied, and let me act," she said, bending her head, and pressing her scarlet lips to his.

The suddenness of this caress brought the warm blood back to his face, and gave him the courage of a lion. He threw his arms around her and strained her almost fiercely to his heart.

"My wife! my beautiful, my beloved! Lead, and I will follow! Tell me what to do, and it shall be done. I am your slave, your dog. Only look on me with those eyes, and burn all prudence from me with those lips, and I would give you my soul."

The lady smiled one of those radiant smiles that never broke over her face save when she had a passion to satisfy; but no one who looked upon her then could wonder at her lord's infatuation.

"Only be calm," she said, "and remember the old habit of your former greatness. Receive this man as if you were indeed the duke. We shall know by his face if he has ever seen Buckingham. That will decide us, one way or the other. Surely you have not forgotten how to receive a king's messenger."

"Forgotten! How is that possible? Do I ever sleep without dreaming of my lost power, or eat with a relish from lack of the retainers that formerly crowded our hall? Do not fear that I have forgotten anything of our old state!"

"Hush! hush! He is coming!" cried the countess, and, seating herself at an embroidery frame near the window, she began sorting some brilliantly-colored silks, with her white, steady fingers, as if no fierce passion had ever disturbed her from this feminine work.

The royal courier came in, weary with his long ride, and covered with dust from the road. The earl, seated in his great purple easy-chair, heavy with ebony carvings, and towering upward like a throne, received him with a grave courtesy, such as princes use when they wish to be gracious to an inferior.

The courier was youthful in appearance, and his dress, through all the dust and disorder of a hard day's ride, was rich and elegant. The earl saw at once that it was a man of birth and education who was about to address him, and the conviction made him additionally courteous.

There was no sign of recognition or doubt in the courier's manner. He gave a glance around the room, bent low to the countess, who paused in her graceful work and gently recognized the

homage, then approached the earl, and, taking a package from a pocket in his dress, bent one knee, as if bowing before royalty, and placed it in Somerset's hand.

"From the king?" inquired the earl, quietly, as if he had been in the habit of receiving royal despatches every day of his life. "I trust you left their majesties in good health?"

"Yes, well in health, but still perplexed and troubled by a factious people," replied the man. "But your grace will find all the particulars written forth in the despatches, I doubt not. There is also a petition of my own, which the king has deigned to sanction, but its fulfillment rests with your grace."

The earl bowed, and laid the papers on a little table near his chair.

"I will study the wishes of his highness more at leisure," he said. "Meantime let me order some refreshments; for you seem to have had a toilsome ride."

The courier smiled, and answered pleasantly, "Yes, I had a weary passage through the hills, and lost myself more than once. I sometimes thought the people took a pleasure in directing me astray."

"Very possible," answered the earl. "There is growing sedition in the neighborhood, dissenters are numerous, and men grow bolder every day in canvassing the measures of the king. But I will talk more of this after you have taken food and rest."

The earl touched a bell, which stood upon the table, as he spoke, and ordered the servant that answered it to conduct the messenger to a room and see that both he and his attendants were hospitably cared for.

"As for attendants," said the courier, "the man who started with me from London fell sick upon the way, and I was compelled to leave him at a hostelry, not twenty miles from London, to which he has doubtless returned before now. This is the cause of my frequent bewilderment. The man was a sure guide, and knew the roads well, as he had brought messages from the king to your grace once before. But for myself, I am a stranger in this part of the country—almost in England."

The earl listened to this explanation with interest. He was guiding his future action by every word the man uttered. The countess, too, sat, with her hand half-buried in the glowing silks, and the lids drooping over her eyes, but listening keenly. She did not change her position till the man went out; but when the door was closed, she grasped the silk up in her hand with fierce exultation, pushed the

embroidery frame aside, and, sweeping across the room, snatched the royal missive from the table, and was about to tear the seal.

"Be careful, be careful!" cautioned the earl, laying his trembling hand on hers. "Remember the peril."

The countess flung his hand away, with a scornful gesture, but took a second thought and withdrew her fingers, which quivered over the royal seal.

"You are right," she said; "a thirst for vengeance is driving me too far. Wait a moment; I have the means; we will read this precious missive without wounding the seal. How well you acted, Somerset! What talent was flung aside when you were sent to rust in this old Tower!"

As she spoke, Lady Somerset entered a closet that opened from her bower-chamber, and, after a little time, came forth again, with the king's despatches open in her hand, but so carefully unsealed, that the whole could be made up again without leaving a trace of the art that had been used upon it.

"Read," she said, spreading forth the despatches. "Read, and see if there is anything to be gained by questioning this man."

Somerset took the open despatch and held it, while the countess leaned heavily on his shoulder and perused it with her eager eyes.

"So, so!" exclaimed the earl, as he read. "The duke is to crush sedition out of the whole district. The ship money is to be enforced at all hazard. Those most prominent in opposing the royal will, are to be arrested—and especially that young seditious, Cromwell—arrested and sent up to London for trial. My lady, if this missive is allowed to reach the duke, and he obeys it, our work of vengeance will be slowly, but surely worked out by the hands of our enemies. The people are restive; they are growing strong. Both Charles and Buckingham are playing with wild beasts that will yet tear them to pieces."

"But that will be long in coming. Contending armies may trample down our graves, but what shall we know of it?" cried the lady, snatching the paper from her husband's hands, that she might devour it at once. "There is something here that opens a gate for us. The king recommends this young man to Buckingham as a page. He is of noble birth, gentle breeding, but of slender means, and almost without kinsmen—a stranger, too, having spent the best part of his life at a university abroad. This something—wait, wait, while I think——"

"But how can this avail us?" inquired the

earl, striving in vain to keep up with the flash of his lady's ideas. "It seems to me that, but for the information we have gained of the king's purpose to coerce his people, this paper can aid us in nothing."

The countess did not answer. She was plunged deep in thought, the black brows were knitted over her eyes, her lips were firmly closed. She walked up and down the room so rapidly, that her heavy silken garments rustled like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. One idea after another flashed through her mind in quick combination. She had one great object in view—retaliation, revenge on the man who had hurled her and her husband from almost royal power, and left them to eat their hearts out in that dreary old donjon. As she had plotted and worked against Overbury then, she was plotting and ready to work against her enemy now—the enemy, who had hurled her down in the midst of her pride, and buried her beauty in a living grave when that beauty was in its richest bloom. A weaker woman might have grown weary, in that long exile, and lost her strength; a better woman would doubtless have become resigned. The countess was neither weak nor good, but a beautiful, reckless woman, hurled to the dust, and tasting its bitterness every hour. Solitude, while it hardened all her character, had quenched the love for which she had paid, without flinching, the price of a grand human life, and left her stranded with nothing but hate for a companion.

She walked up and down the floor full half an hour, never once speaking to the earl, and apparently unconscious of his presence. Then she turned, entered an adjoining closet, and left him alone.

In the morning, the white horse on which the courier had ridden to the Tower was brought forth, equipped for travel. Bright, and apparently greatly refreshed by sleep and food, the courier came out from the great stone hall, ready to mount. The earl had attended him beyond the door, and his own especial attendant, the dark-browed page, had been ordered to mount his horse and guide the stranger safely on his way. Nothing could have appeared more unlike the haggard and weary young traveler, who had sought the gate on the night previous, than the spirited young fellow that rode away from it that morning. His dusty locks had evidently been brushed and curled; the moustache, swept back from his upper lip like Cupid's bow, shining in the sun like the breast of a raven. His velvet doublet was spotless, and the point lace collar that fell over

it had been rescued from the dust of a long and harassing journey.

With many thanks for the hospitality that had been bestowed on him, the young man prepared to ride away. But Somerset seemed reluctant to part with him, and, while they stood by the white horse, the two conversed together in a low voice for some moments, while the young page kept apart, but watched them with keen interest.

It was a bright morning, cool and pleasant; for a shower had passed over the forest during the night, and a thousand sweet scents had been swept out from its leafy recesses, filling the air with sweetness. The courier seemed to feel the influence of all this loveliness with keen relish. He mounted the horse, and swept around the terrace back of the Tower as if to ride off the exuberance of spirit which sprang out of rest, and which seemed natural to that beautiful morning. He paused once or twice to address some of the grooms and retainers that had gathered on the terrace to see their master's strange guest depart. Then he dismounted again, and, as if something had been forgotten, walked up and down the great stone hall, talking with his host.

The servants, seeing the young man favored by their master's attention, were eager to do him some honor. While one held his horse, another examined the saddle, and tried the girth. Lacking the opportunity of performing any really useful service, they pretended to be on the alert in his behalf. While his horse stood at the door, the young stranger had spoken to almost all these men—thanking some, questioning others, and flinging a piece of gold to the groom that had held his horse as he rode away.

CHAPTER XI.

RANDAL had accompanied his cousin through the forest which lay between Knowl-Ash and the castle, but did not attempt to enter, being shy of asking favors for himself, and having wonderful faith in Bessie's powers of persuasion. He had halted under a great oak on his chestnut horse, and held the sober beast which had carried Bessie by the bridle, when the sound of hoofs on the soft forest turf aroused him. He turned upon his saddle and looked around, somewhat annoyed at being discovered in what he considered an ignominious charge of his uncle's heavy Cob.

"Hallo!" cried a voice from among the oaks. "Good-morrow, comrade! I am right glad to

find a human being in the forest who can tell me where I am!"

Randal started, and the color leaped to his face, something in the voice thrilled him through and through. Before he could speak, however, a splendid white horse pushed its way through the undergrowth, and with a light bound placed itself neck and neck with the chestnut, while a clear ringing laugh broke from its rider.

"Well done, Rover," he cried. "This is the first chance for a leap that we have had. Good-morrow, young sir. This is a God send! I have been praying for the sight of a human face since daybreak."

Randal glanced at the young man with a look half-suspicious, half-pleased.

"Have you missed the way to any place?" he said, with a courteous lift of his cap. "If so, I can help you, being born in the neighborhood."

"That is fortunate!" exclaimed the youth, also lifting his cap and allowing the wind to play through a mass of black curls that fell to his point lace collar. "I have not only lost my way, but am hungry as my poor horse that begins to crop the grass, you see, while I am on his back."

"What place are you seeking, fair sir?" inquired Randal, pleasantly.

"Well, I scarcely know if it is herenabouts; but I am charged with a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, who is at his new residence somewhere in this region. My servant is farther back in the wood searching out the path, so I will wait for him here."

"Oh! if that is your dilemma, it is nearly over! If you ride with me half a dozen paces forward, there is a view of the castle so close at hand that you will wonder at its nearness. Indeed, I am waiting for—for a friend who has gone up to see the duke just now."

The young man laughed, and his black eyes flashed roguishly as he saw the feminine equipments on the rector's Cob.

"Your friend will succeed, whatever the business may be which brings you here, that is, if she has the necessary requisites."

"And what are they, fair sir?"

"A pretty face—a neat ankle, and not over twenty summers to mar them," cried the youth, switching the leaves from a bough that drooped near with his whip, and laughing lightly as he spoke.

Randal was annoyed, there was something in the stranger's voice that made his blood rise. His isolated education had left him ignorant of all those conventionalities which regulate the

great world, and he had sent Bessie up to the castle in perfect good faith, innocent as a child of any possible wrong; but there was something in the air and manner of this dashing stranger that struck him with a sense of insult.

"My cousin has both a pretty face and trim ankle, fair sir—besides, she is not yet seventeen; but we country people do not take these things into consideration when we have a thing to accomplish. If we did, it just strikes me there might prove something wrong in it."

The youth laughed again, put on his cap and shook its plumes over one shoulder with the most careless grace.

"Wrong!" he said. "What an idea! When beauty is a marketable commodity, as it has been ever since King James migrated from Holyrood to London, one is a fool not to test its value. If your cousin, who has gone up yonder, is a comely lass, be of good cheer, for one will promise everything in her behalf."

"Sir," said Randal, sitting upright in his saddle, and looking like a prince resolved to protect his birthright. "The maiden you speak of so lightly boasts of gentle blood in her veins, and has qualities so much above beauty to recommend her, that she need not presume on that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "May I ask the name of this paragon?"

"It does not matter," replied Randal. "It is a name her kinsfolks do not bandy with every chance stranger."

The stranger gathered up his lips and emitted a broken whistle.

"So my young gentleman is offended," he said, taking off his glove and holding out a white hand, laughingly pleasantly. "Nonsense, man, I did not mean to offend. Come—come, take my hand, it is worth grasping, though you do find me wandering alone in the forest."

Randal took the hand extended to him, but with a vision of coldness that the stranger did not seem to like.

"Hoity-toity! how testy we are! Will nothing bring the hot crimson out of that cheek?" he said, still holding Randal's reluctant hand.

"No one must think, much less speak lightly of my cousin," he said, half-relenting under the gaze of those black eyes that dwelt upon him with a velvety softness that made his young heart swell.

"No one can. Why, how young you are!"

"I am old enough to understand an insult, and strong enough to punish it," was the prompt reply.

"And young enough to fancy insults where none is intended," answered the other, kindly. "Come, come, you and I are bound to like each other. It is our destiny. Indeed, I am expecting every moment that you will pardon me for the suspicion that has lowered on your forehead ever since I came up."

"I am not suspicious, only careful, as a person should be who takes charge of a lady," said Randal, softening again.

"Does this chivalry apply to the whole sex, or is it confined to the pretty cousin who is not yet seventeen?"

"The man who aspires to be a cavalier and a soldier, fair sir, marks his first step in chivalry by respect for all womankind."

"What? All, young sir?"

"Yes. To some he gives devotion, to some pity, and to all protection!"

"You are a noble lad," cried the stranger, with genuine admiration—"a right noble lad!"

"Is there anything to commend in what I have said? I thought that protection to the helpless was the first duty of every true gentleman."

"True, true; but still I think you might make exceptions. Some women put themselves beyond the pale of a gentleman's homage."

"I never saw one, sir stranger."

"Indeed, and yet live within sight of the old tower I passed at daylight; but perhaps you have never seen its inmates."

"What, Wolf's-Crag? Are you speaking of Wolf's-Crag?"

"Yes; of the den to which the Earl and Countess of Somerset are consigned."

"Yes, I have seen both the earl and countess," answered Randal, promptly.

"And hold to respect for all womanhood after seeing that base pair?"

"Hold, sir stranger. You must not call the lady base to me. I have tasted food beneath her roof, and received favors at her hands."

"Indeed!" As the stranger uttered this one word, he drew the bridle of his horse and retreated a little from Randal.

"Yes, indeed!"

"And you are ready to acknowledge it? I did not think a man bold enough for that existed in all England!"

"You have not lived much in this district then, and never saw my uncle, who never allows any one to be reviled in his presence."

"And your uncle is——"

"The rector of Knowl-Ash."

"And you have had the courage to visit Wolf-Crag and tell him of it?"

"Yes, I had the courage to go, and last night I told my uncle everything about it."

"And he did not rebuke your charitable opinion of that woman?"

"How should he when his own charity is so great that he cannot see beyond it? Nay, when I told him how kind the lady had been—how graceful was the hospitality she bestowed, he wondered that people could think so ill of her, and said that some good must lie hidden in her life, which no one took the trouble to speak of."

While Randal spoke, the stranger had unconsciously allowed his horse to resume his old position; the gay, almost mocking expression left his face, which was a singularly beautiful one, and you could see by a faint motion of his silken moustache that the lips quivered underneath.

"Tell me of this lady," he said, with great earnestness. "Is she beautiful as rumor reports?"

"She is very beautiful—a grand, queenly woman, that one longs to serve with the first glance."

"Indeed! Then you saw nothing of the murderess in her face?"

"I saw nothing but a mouth all smiles, and eyes such as no mortal woman save her ever possessed."

"And you fell in love with those beautiful eyes at once, I suppose?"

"Love!" said Randal, laughing his bright, boyish laugh. "I do not know what it is—unless——"

"Unless what? Young sir, a pause like that is suspicious."

"Nothing—I meant nothing. As for the lady you speak of, I should as soon think of falling in love with the queen."

"Is she so proud then?"

"She is a wonderful woman, beautiful as the day, grand as a thunder tempest—a woman to fight for—die for——"

"But not to love?"

The interruption was given in a sad, quiet voice, so unlike the youthful hilarity of the stranger's first address, that Randal turned a quick glance upon the clouded face.

"There are persons whom it would be madness for you or I to love. Strange sir, this lady is one."

"Madness—yes, madness!" muttered the stranger.

"One would think," said Randal, with a smile, "that you had seen the countess, and knew how great the madness was."

"I do know how great the madness is. But

now, fair sir, to pleasanter subjects—for instance, the duke. Is he often at Knowl-Ash of late?"

"I am not aware, sir, that I have yet mentioned his being there at all!"

"True; but I take it for granted that no nobleman could come into this district without paying his respects to a man such as you describe the rector to be."

Randal was appeased by this genuine compliment to his uncle.

"Yes," he said, frankly, "the duke has called on my uncle more than once."

A thoughtful expression came over the stranger's features. He seemed deliberating something in his mind; but before he could speak a figure appeared coming through the trees, and Randal rode forward to meet it, followed, a little way off, by the stranger.

It was Bessie Westburn, with the blue lined hood drawn over her face after a struggle with the wind, which had left a woof of silken curls straying over one shoulder. Her step was light, and her cheeks flushed rose-red with walking, with happy tidings in her heart.

"Oh! Randal, Randal! it will be done. You will go into the wars and fight for the king!" she cried, resting one hand on the arched neck of Randal's horse, and lifting her bright face upward till a gleam of sunlight fell upon it through the forest branches; and I, oh! cousin, you cannot guess what the duke said to me!"

"Oh! yes, I can make it out by your face!" answered Randal, all in a glow of joyous excitement. "I knew he would never refuse you, Bessie!"

"Is there a man in England who could?" broke in the strange youth, riding gently forward on his white horse. "If so, I for one do not envy him."

Bessie dropped her hand from the horse's neck and stood abashed before the handsome stranger. Her blue eyes drooped as if white rose-leaves had fallen over them, and the smile trembled around her mouth without quite deserting it.

"Fair sir, I did not know that you were present," she said, making a pretty attempt to arrange her hood and thrust away the curls that had escaped from under it. Cousin Randal and I had a little business and thought we were alone."

"Oh! cousin Randal does not consider me quite a stranger. Hey, Randal? So his lovely cousin must not be afraid because I heard her intelligence. Indeed, it is a good sign for me, for I also am going to the castle."

Bessie lifted her eyes to the dark face bending over her, and encountered a glance that almost made her tremble—yet held her gaze in a sort of fascination. While her eyes were on the face its features seemed to change, a thoughtful, earnest expression came over it, and, stooping down, the youth laid his hand on her head.

"My child," he said, with the gentle patronage of an old man touched with parental sympathy, "stay at home, do not go near this duke again, he is a bad man!"

"Oh! stranger, you belie him!" cried Bessie, shaking the hand from her head. "He has been so good to Randal and to me."

The stranger shook his head. "Innocence is so blind!" he muttered, looking sadly on the fair young face turned upon him in graceful defiance. "What can I say to warn her?"

"Say that you neither know the good duke whom you slander, nor the poor girl who will not believe you," cried Bessie, stamping her little foot on the turf. "Stranger, you are rude to force yourself upon us and spoil all my good news."

"But what if I wished to do you good, little lady?"

"I don't know—I don't care! It never does one good to suspect every one, and try to turn generous acts into bad motives. I know that the Duke of Buckingham has been very kind to me—and he means to make a great general of my cousin. So we will be grateful to him in spite of any stranger that comes riding through the woods on white horses or black horses, though he may be a king in disguise and handsome as an angel!"

The stranger laughed good-humoredly. It was impossible to be really displeased with a creature so rich in generous energies, so lovely to look upon.

"Well, well, pretty maiden, we will not quarrel about the duke. On the contrary, I hope yet to meet you in his presence, for, good fortune going with me, I intend to stay in the castle when I once get there."

Bessie changed color; the glow left her face, and she grew a shade paler. What if this strange youth had only been trying her? What if he should tell the duke all that she had been saying in his favor? The thought was enough to bathe her with fresh blushes.

"Then you know the duke?" she said, meekly.

"I expect to know him," was the smiling reply.

"But—but——"

Bessie hesitated amidst her blushes and began

to beat her foot on the ground, as anxious women are apt to do.

"Well, my child!"

My child! It really was a patronizing way of addressing a young lady in the full bloom of her teens. No wonder Bessie turned red with anger. Had the strange youth been an aged man it would have been endurable; but with that handsome face to call her "my child!" it was really too much.

"I—I am not a child, and you are not old enough to call me one," she cried, in a warm outburst of wounded pride. "But it is all of a piece with your hints about the duke."

The stranger turned to Randal, laughing.

"There, now you see what it is to feel older than you really are," he said. Then he turned to Bessie, with a smile that made her smile back again as a lake reflects the stars.

"I will not offend again, my pretty lady; be sure of that. Nor will I obtrude advice where it is not wanted. Only remember, when we meet hereafter, it must not be as enemies."

With a sweeping bow, that sent the plumes of his cap fluttering on the wind, the stranger touched the white horse with his spurs and disappeared in the forest.

Bessie held her breath as he disappeared, and Randal gazed after him with a puzzled, uncertain look.

"Have I been dreadfully rude, cousin?" said Bessie, half-frightened.

"I don't know. I can't make it out," answered Randal, moving uneasily in his saddle, "what possessed me to talk with him so freely, and about the countess, too. I wonder if one ever does learn wisdom till the gray hair comes?"

"Randal, I wish we had not seen this handsome stranger."

"Handsome? He's not so very handsome, Bessie. Besides, I wonder at your boldness in looking at him so."

"Did I? Oh! Randal, did I really?"

"Really, I should think you did."

"How bold he must think me!" cried the young girl, with a hot flush on her cheek, and tears in her eyes."

"Who cares what he thinks?" answered Randal.

"Well, I'm sure I don't!" cried Bessie, ruefully. "Only, if we should ever meet again——"

"I hope you never will, Bessie Westburn."

Bessie began to cry.

"You are very cross and hard as you can be, cousin Randal. I will say that."

"So I am!" cried Randal, smitten with sudden repentance, and getting down from his saddle. "There, there, cousin, I meant nothing—nothing in the world."

Bessie began to dry her eyes, and an April smile shone through the tears, that would not all depart at once. Randal helped her to the saddle, placed her little foot tenderly in the stirrup, and made a great ado about the fall of her dress. Then he patted the lazy old Cob, told him to be wide awake, and, springing to his saddle, again rode off toward Knowl-Ash.

CHAPTER XII.

MEANTIME the strange horseman made his way through the forest and approached the castle, at a quiet pace, and in a thoughtful mood, as if he were maturing some plan in his mind. Once or twice he spoke aloud, smiling to himself.

"It is of little use," he muttered. "Innocence is obstinate as guilt itself. How bold the young thing was in her integrity! What a fool I am to feel compassion for her, or jeopardize my own plans in order to save her! Now, many a time have I seen a little white moth fluttering around my lamp at night, and made wild dashes at saving it from the fire—but only to send it more surely into the flame. Why not let this pretty moth sing its white wings? She is nothing to me, or mine. And yet—and yet I have not the heart."

With this the stranger fell into thought again, and so remained till his horse reached the main entrance of the castle. Then he lifted himself proudly in the saddle, erected his head with graceful self-sufficiency, and, dismounting with the air of a prince coming to visit his compeer, demanded of the porter if the Duke of Buckingham was to be seen.

The man was accustomed to courts, and recognized the air of high breeding, which marked his questioner, at once.

"Yes, fair sir; I doubt not his grace is at home. Let me have your name, and I will deliver it."

"No matter about the name. I have credentials that shall introduce me. Lead the way, and I will present them in person."

The man hesitated; but, with a careless "By your leave," the young man passed him, and walked up the great entrance hall as if resolved to find his own way.

"Halt, halt! I will bear your message!" cried the astonished servant.

The stranger paused.

"Be in haste then, good fellow; for I lack patience for waiting. Say that I bear a message from the king."

"The king's messenger is always welcome," was the prompt answer. And the man went away.

He had scarcely gone, when the attendant, of whom the courier had spoken, came up, having been summoned from the forest by a blast of the bugle that hung at the courier's side. The man spoke for a moment with his new master, and a close observer might have remarked how brightly the color came to his face as he received brief orders to pass into the servants' hall and lose no time in making friends among the duke's retainers. But no one was interested to observe the emotions of so unimportant a person, and even his master did not seem to heed it.

The porter soon came back, and bade the courier follow him into the presence of the duke.

With the light, careless step of a man who had trod the pavement of a court all his life, the young man followed his guide through the hall and up the broad oaken stair-case, which led to the suite of rooms occupied by Buckingham. The night before he was oppressed by fatigue, and disfigured by the dust of the road; but his route, that morning, had been through the forest, in shadows that spread the coolness of green leaves on his path, and over mossy turf that received each hoof-fall of his horse like piled up velvet. There was not a speck on his clothes, or a drop of moisture on his forehead to bespeak fatigue, as he passed, from one ante-room to another, into the presence of the duke.

Buckingham was in brilliant humor that morning. His interview with Bessie Westburn had left many a favorable emotion behind, and Lady Villiers' easy acquiescence with his wishes had contributed to his cheerfulness. Indeed, as a general thing, Buckingham was not an unamiable man. So long as his imperious will was undisputed, he could be cordial, and often obliging—and this was his mood when the royal courier entered his presence.

The duke received his homage as a matter of course, scarcely recognising it, but held out his hand for the despatches, observing, languidly, that he trusted their majesties were well, and that he earnestly hoped the king had proved considerate enough to save him from troublesome news.

The courier made no answer, for he saw that none was expected, and, drawing toward

a window, he stood patiently waiting, while the duke read his despatches, or rather glanced over them—for his fine eyes only skimmed over the page as a swallow flies over water—and then he tossed the whole toward a table near by, so carelessly that it fell to the floor, against which the seal rattled with considerable noise.

"You can come hither," said the duke, leaning back in his chair, too indolent for an attempt to pick up the despatch. "Just lift that document from the floor, if you please. Then tell me who you are, and what you want of me. Upon my word, Charles takes great liberties in palming off his superfluous friends on me. What is it you want? Something about being appointed one of my pages—I think that was what the scroll said."

"Yes, your grace," answered the young man, modestly. "I have got to make my way in the world, and find no avenue of advancement that promises so well as your service."

"Oh! I dare say! I remember having some such feeling myself, ages ago, and, now I look in that face, your chances might have been as good as my own were then, had good King James been living. Heaven rest his sluggish old soul! But just now a handsome face goes for nothing at court, less than nothing with Buckingham, unless it happens to beam on him from a pair of feminine shoulders."

"But I have talent and acquirements, my lord duke, which may be of service to you."

"Indeed! What can you do?"

"I can ride a horse; shoot a carbine; muster a company of foot or horse; speak in French; write a Latin treatise, and play the harpsichord; and at a pinch paint your grace's portrait."

"That is a long list of accomplishments. Have you anything more?" said the duke, sleepily.

"Oh! yes, I can conciliate the maids, flirt with her grace's ladies of honor, when they will let me, and keep my master's secrets faithfully."

"What a paragon!" murmured the duke. "Some of these accomplishments are really desirable when one tires of making love to a particular person, for instance. It is convenient to have a fellow like this ready to step in and save you from reproaches. I really think this young fellow could do it too."

"There are few things which I could not undertake to give you pleasure," said the youth.

"Why, sirrah! have you been guessing my thoughts, or did I speak aloud?"

"Neither, your grace, if it displeases you to think so! What one hears against a man's will is not spoken."

"St. George! but you are a strange youth!" exclaimed Buckingham, arousing himself and searching the young man's face with his brightening eyes. "If I had not just promised to find a place for a youth in the district, I should be half-tempted to oblige the king and take you into my household."

"I am still in hopes your grace will find me a position near your person. It is my highest ambition."

"But what if I go to the wars? We may yet have trouble with France."

The courier smiled meaningly. The duke caught the smile with a thrill of vanity. A slight flush stole over his face, and his lips half-parted in a smile.

"Well, what could you do in case of a war?" he questioned.

"Fight in your service."

"Fight! You are rather slender for hard fighting."

"Valor does not depend on bulk, your grace."

"But you spoke of understanding French. Where did you learn it?"

"In Paris, your grace!"

"In Paris? Then you have seen her majesty, perhaps."

"Many a time, your grace."

"And possibly knew some of her people?"

"Yes. I know many of her attendants; some of her pages were at the same university with me."

"And you would do anything to serve me?"

"Anything, your grace!"

"Fight by my side?"

"I could promise that safely," almost trembled on the courier's lips; but he checked the sarcasm and answered respectfully,

"So long as I could."

"And if I wanted a messenger—a secret agent, for instance—who could make his knowledge of the French court useful—how then?"

"I should be at your command."

"Have you the power to be secret?"

"As the grave itself!"

"And circumspect?"

"Try me!"

"I will," said the duke, impressively. "You can kiss my hand upon the appointment."

The young man dropped on his knees and kissed the soft, white hand held out to him; but as his lips touched it a fire flashed into his eyes, and his cheeks grew crimson.

"There, there; how hot your breath is!" cried the duke, withdrawing his hand, and rubbing it softly with the fellow palm.

After a moment he rang a bell. The master of the household entered.

"Find a room for this young man," said the duke. "I have appointed him one of my pages."

The new page bent low, and followed the master of the household out of the duke's presence, with a singular smile quivering about his mouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY LIZZIE HUBBARD SEVERANCE.

ALL the day the light clouds, drifting,
Stole the sunbeams as they fell,
Bearing off a weight of glory,
Leaving shadows in the dell—
Flitting shadows, sweeping onward
Up the hill-side; and, at close,
One great shadow robes the earth-land,
Wooes it to a sweet repose;
Crowns with stars and brighter azure
All the arch of yon fair dome;
Brings a rest to weary millions
On their "Day's march nearer Home."
And from yonder comes the round moon,
Shedding brightness o'er the scene,
While the zephyrs wave the tree-tops,
So the moonlight falls between,
Taking partners of the shadows;
Mildly dance they to the play
Of the brooklet, chirping insects,
And the pine-boughs' whispering lay;
And the shades about the woodland
Soften, melt, or hie about,
If, perchance, within some dingle
They may tease the fairies out.
Oh! the solemn, lovely shade prints,
Checked now in history mill,

That were woven with each heart-beat,
Since the "days when but a child!"
And how thrills the heart at waking
To a past, whose magic wand
Lifts the light and shade so blended
Backward in the memory land!
Though our fond hopes clasp the future,
Winsome memory, ere we know,
Brings a halo of the love-light
That was with us long ago.
But the Night, so brightly going,
Lets proud Daylight wear the crown;
See we now that she is coming
Ere the moon is half-way down;
In the East she lifts the latches,
Comes with gold-work in her hair,
Calls the birdlings from their nestlings—
Life in motion everywhere!
Soon the day wanes, then the night comes,
Day again with light and shading,
So we pass adown the vista
That these days and nights are braiding;
And the mournful, and the tuneful
Fill the chant that God is summing—
Here the night! But oh! the morning
Of Eternal Day is coming!

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE pleasant Summer days are fled,
The skies are chill and drear;
And Summer's fragrant blooms are dead,
The meadows brown and sere.
Chill Autumn winds have swept the bowers,
And filled the woods with gloom;
And cruel frosts have stung the flowers,
And blighted all their bloom.
Gay groups that made the gardens glad,
Defaced and leafless stand,
Like stricken mourners, lone and sad,
A desolated band.
Poor blighted buds, sad withered things,
The Summer sure no more
Shall bring your bloom, or thousand Springs
Your scattered seeds restore.
Ah, me! how many a human life
Is like the gardens now!

The blight of sorrow, sin, or strife
On lip, and heart, and brow.
How oft unkindness' withering breath,
O'er feelings' tender flowers,
Has swept and left the chill of death
Through all life's after hours.
Poor human heart! growths crushed and killed
By blighting years of wrong!
Poor frozen souls, untimely chilled
By suffering deep and long!
No earthly Spring with balmy breath,
And skies with sunshine fair,
Shall wake you from your living death,
Or cure the ills ye bear.
But praised be God! beyond the years—
Dull Wint'ry years of pain—
A glorious Summer clime appears,
Where ye shall bloom again!

A NEAR-SIGHTED OLD MAID.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I AM near-sighted, and an old maid.

Almost any one would be willing to admit that one of these misfortunes, alone, was sufficient for any individual; but both vials of wrath were unstopped above my defenceless head.

I am near-sighted, and husbandless; and am—well, no matter how old. No woman gets so old as to lose all hope, they say, and I am inclined to believe it is true.

I have not been near-sighted always. In childhood, I am sure, I could see as far as any one who could see no farther. At the age of twelve years, I was prostrated with the measles, and they left me short-sighted.

You fortunate people who have good eyes, and can see to read signs across the street, and can recognize your friend without the necessity of crossing over to be sure it is the right one, know nothing of the perils and trials of a near-sighted person. Nothing at all! and no pen could picture them to you—were it ever so graphic.

All through my girlhood, I was engaged in picking up pins and needles, which proved to be straws; bowing to people I had never seen before, upsetting invisible cans and baskets, and hurrying by my best friends, never dreaming of their propinquity.

I shook hands with the governor of the state once, under the impression that it was my uncle Jefferson; and astonished him beyond measure by inquiring how aunt Polly's rheumatism was, and if she had good luck with her last boiling of soft soap.

I have searched half the day for some particular store, or shop, which I had passed twenty times without being able to read the sign.

Nature had endowed me with a good voice, and I was needed to sing in our choir—but goodness! I was so near-sighted that I could not see to read the music unless I held the book close to my eyes, and then the whole congregation would ignore the singing, and whisper loud enough for every one to hear—one to another—"How near-sighted Agnes Graymond is!"

I could not bear the notoriety, so I left the choir.

If I made an appointment anywhere, I was invariably an hour too late, or as much too early, because, if it had been to have saved the

city, I could not have told the time by the town clock.

I never dared to go out nights—not on account of ghosts, for I might have gone directly through a ghost without ever seeing it—but because I was liable to dash my brains out against any lamp-post that happened to stand in the way.

My friends deserted me. I used to pass them blindly by, and once I ran away from my own father, thinking him a pick-pocket.

I stumbled over poor old Mr. Blake, my mother's most revered minister, as I was coming down the stairs—never seeing him until I heard the noise of his fall.

Once, I went into a strange church, and there being no sexton, I very gravely took my seat with the deacons, greatly to the scandal of the congregation. I was not to blame. The church was dark, and I certainly took the white head of the tallest deacon for a woman's white bonnet and veil.

At last I fell in love. Perhaps you wonder how I ever came near enough to any man to fall in love with him; this Thornwell Creighton was my music teacher, and I had to sit near him in order to see the notes, you know.

Mr. Creighton was a lawyer in good practice; a man of wealth and influence. At the urgent solicitation of my father, he consented to give me instruction—and—the result was just what might have been anticipated.

At the end of three weeks we were betrothed.

Mr. Creighton was handsome, and intelligent, and kind-hearted, but he had one terrible fault. He was jealous!

I used to drive him nearly frantic by my attentions to other men, as he called my lolling my head this way and that, to find who I should speak to, and who I should ignore.

When we had been two months betrothed, Mr. Creighton was called to New York on business. We had a very affecting parting; and after he was gone, time never dragged so slowly. He went away on Thursday, and would return the ensuing Wednesday.

Wednesday arrived at last. The train from New York was due at ten, A. M., and by the time the clock struck the hour, I was in the front hall waiting for him. I had dressed myself

with great care in his favorite colors—and was confident of making a good impression.

He came even before I expected him. I saw him coming up the street at a rapid pace—I opened the door and stood on the threshold ready to greet him. He ran up the steps—I rushed forward and threw myself into his arms, crying out,

“Oh! I am so rejoiced to see you!” and then I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him! Kissed him more than once, I am afraid.

He did not speak, but hugged me with considerable *empressement*. Just then there was a wild shriek from some one at the gate, and a woman rushed up the steps, and commenced beating me over the head with a market basket. The basket contained a turkey, some potatoes, lettuces, and packages of tea and sugar. And about my devoted head they all fell in lavish profusion.

“I’ll learn you to kiss other women’s husbands in broad daylight!” yelled the woman—slapping me in the face with the unfortunate turkey—“hain’t you satisfied with *one* sweet heart, that you must be a seducing of my husband?”

I looked up into the face of the gentleman I had been greeting, and goodness me! it was the face of an entire stranger! And, at the same moment, I met the eyes of Mr. Creighton looking over the stranger’s shoulder. He was black as a thunder-cloud!

“Agnes,” he said, “I have seen all. Wretched girl! allow me to bid you farewell.”

“Thornwell!” I cried, “oh, Thornwell! it was all a mistake! I did not know this man! I am innocent—I——”

“Agnes, I saw for myself,” he said, coldly. “Good-by.”

He turned and left me. I apologized as well as I was able to the strange gentleman, who proved to be the “oil man;” apologized to his wife; went up to my chamber and had a good cry.

I have never met Mr. Creighton since—save in company. He is married to an amiable woman, who is not near-sighted.

Since then I have had offers, but have thought best to decline. I was afraid of another mistake with some other woman’s husband.

So I can end as I began—I am a near-sighted old maid.

THERE IS AN OUTWARD GARB OF JOY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THERE is an outward garb of joy
That comes not near the heart;
There is a smile in which the soul
Takes a deceptive part.
Oh! bring not unto me that joy,
Nor wear for me that smile,
I would not have my spirit gay,
And then be sad the while!
Then cheat me not with such deceit,
For, if bowed down with care,
Who but thy lover should console,
And half thy burden share?

Thou didst not pledge thy love to me
Through happy days alone.
Are we not wed in trial’s storms?
Am I not all thine own?
Then let me share thy every grief
On life’s tempestuous sea;
I have the right, and claim it now
By right of love—and thee;
And thus I shall relieve, dear one,
A portion of thy pain,
And turn thy dark’ning cares below
To brilliant light again.

FALLEN.

BY KATE KENDALL.

Hush! for a hero is lying
Wistfully watching for morn.
Hush! for a hero is dying,
He heeds not the glimmering dawn—
His spirit is gone!
Tenderly! home to a mother
Ye’re bearing her patriot son;
Tenderly! There is another—
A widowed betrothed, become,
In her misery, dumb.

Lovingly! down where Spring violets
Blow, lay that fearless young head.
Lovingly! let their sweet coverlet,
Woven with daisies, be spread
Over his bed.
Softly! disturb not his slumber,
Break not his undreaming rest.
Softly! Our tender earth-mother
Now cradles her child on her breast—
So let him rest!

CROCHET PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This purse is made of blue twist; the palms with which it is ornamented of gold or silver thread, and not until after the two sides are finished and united. Line with white silk, and thread. Commence in the center. The shell add a clasp. Trimming is made entirely of the gold or silver

EDGING.



TOILET CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a very pretty pattern for a Toilet Cushion.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of emerald green silk; 2 yards of emerald green ribbon; 2 skeins of coral-color embroidery silk; 2 skeins of white embroidery silk; some small gold beads; 4 yards of white silk embroidery braid.

Cut the cushion perfectly round first out of strong muslin. Stuff with wool or bran very evenly and tight. Cover with the silk. The ruffles which ornament the edge are of the same silk, embroidered. Cut them the width shown in design No. 2; scallop the edge, and on it place the white braid, sewing it on with the button-hole stitch, using the red embroidery silk. The white flowers work with the white silk, and the branches above with the red silk, working in the new chain-stitch to imitate coral. One gold bead place in the center of every flower. Two ruffles work in this manner, gather and sew them on the cushion. Quill the ribbon and place it as a finish above the ruffles.

THE PARDESSUS DANOIS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



OUR full-sized pattern, this month, is that of the *Pardessus Danois*. The pattern consists of three pieces, namely, the top part of back and front, our paper not allowing us to give the full length, and the sleeve. In giving the full length to the pattern, the middle of back must be $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the top to the bottom; the edge of front must be $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the length of side seam 23 inches. In the sleeve, the seam

at the back of the arm is left open at the bottom as far as the notch: this style of sleeve is in great favor, as is also the wide pagoda. This *Pardessus* is generally made in the same material as the dress, the trimming to correspond. The lengths we have given are for a lady of medium height, and they may have to be slightly increased or reduced as required by the height of the wearer.

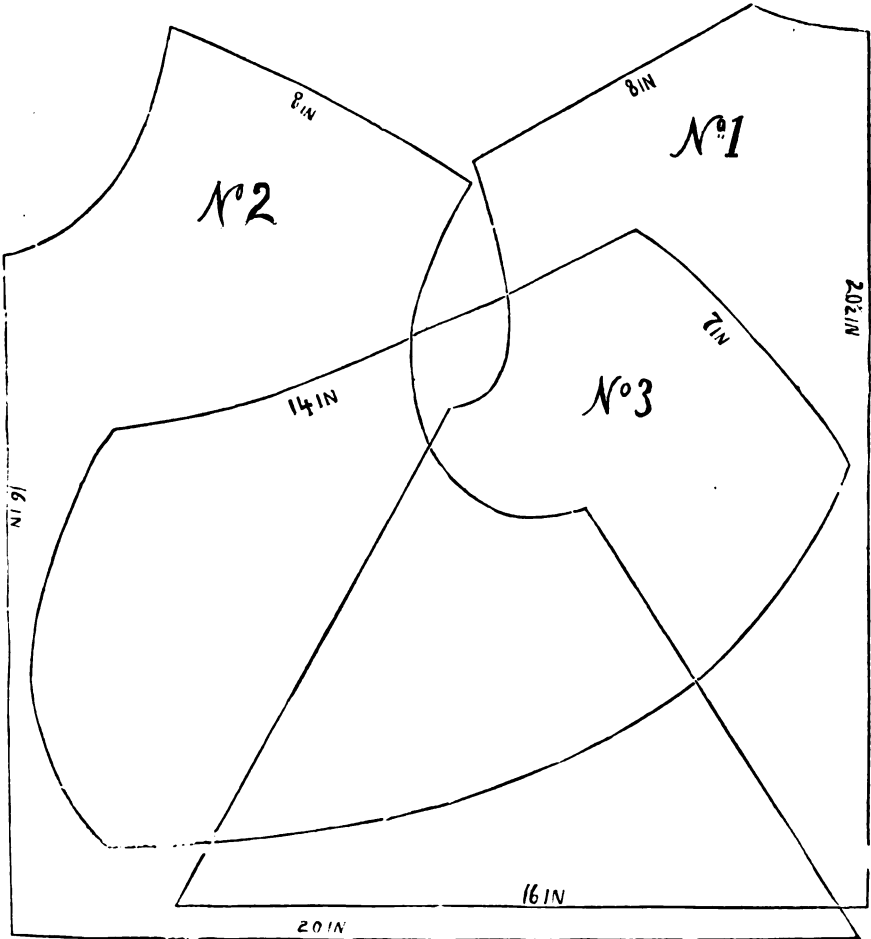


DIAGRAM OF PARDESSUS DANOIS.

HANGING PIN-CUSHION.

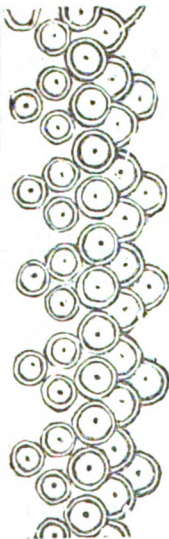
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a very neat design for a Hanging Pin-Cushion. The Hanging Pin-Cushion has the advantage over the movable one of always being found in its own appointed place; and when made in a tasteful style it becomes worthy of being considered

as ornamental as it is useful. To commence, first cut out the shape in two thicknesses of holland or calico; stitch them round the edge all but a small opening at the bottom; fill with wool or bran, and sew up the aperture. Cover this foundation with colored velvet. Trace the design, which appears in our illustration, on tissue paper; lay it on the cushion, and prick in the whole of the outline with pins; then tear away the paper. The oval in the center is in a row of pins of rather a large size. The leaves have an outline of pins, the veins being with smaller pins. The flowers are an intermediate

size, the centers being in large ones, which are to be left standing up about a quarter of an inch above the velvet. The tendrils are in a medium-sized pin. At the lower part of the cushion a short length of fringe is to be attached, and a loop of ribbon from the two upper points, from which it is to be suspended, with a bow at the top, and one at each side. On the line where the velvet joins, a row of pins should be placed. This Hanging-Pin-Cushion makes a useful and pretty present, and is well suited for one of the contributions to a charitable bazaar.

NAME FOR MARKING, AND EMBROIDERIES.



INSERTION.



EDGING.



EDGING.



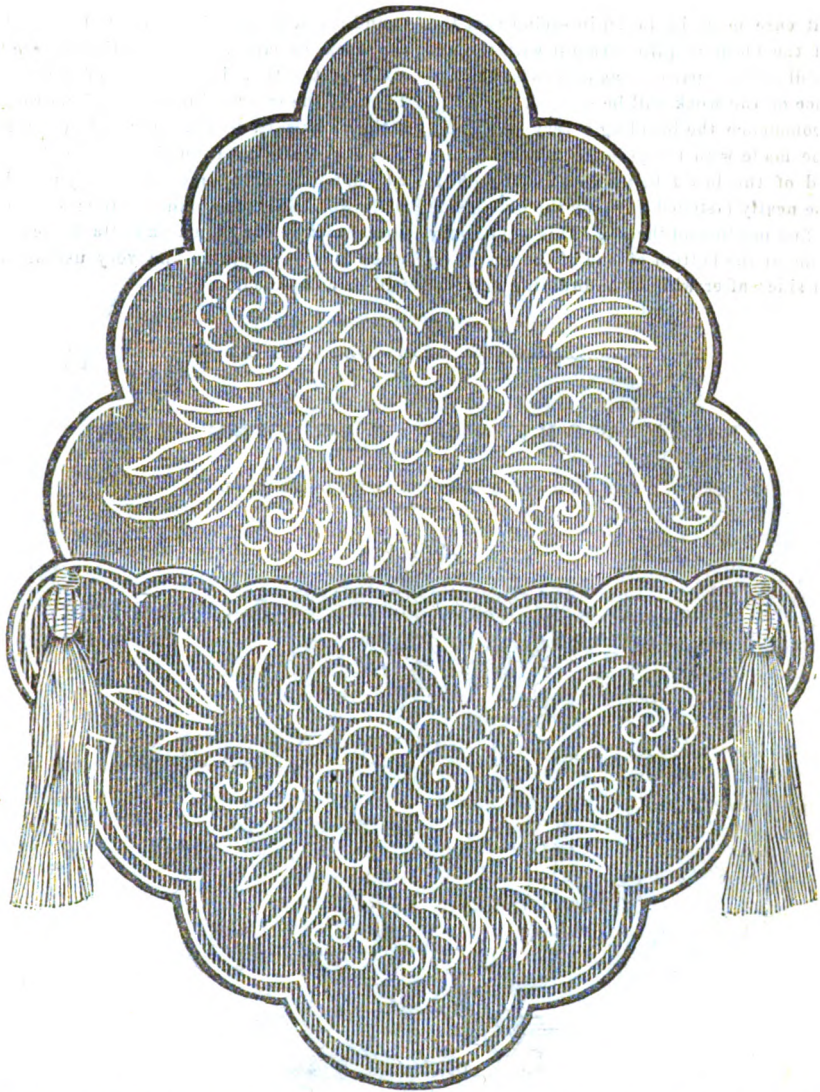
EDGING.



EDGING.

WATCH-POCKET, IN PIQUE AND BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Young ladies will find this article very easy to make, very pretty when completed, and, what is better than all, really useful.

Pique is a French material, and can now be bought in most of the trimming and German wool shops. A quarter of a yard will be quite sufficient to buy for the purpose of this Watch-Pocket. As it is a thick material, the best way of transferring the pattern will be to procure

some blue tracing paper, and having laid it with its blue side on to the pique, and our engraving again upon that, taking care that all three are evenly arranged, pass over all the lines with the point of a wooden knitting-needle. When this has been done, and the engraving and tracing paper are both lifted off, there will be found a distinct blue tracing of the braiding pattern.

And here we ought to say, that the pattern

being in two pieces, it will require two tracings. The back, taking in the whole of the outline with the braiding center, is to be done first; after which, the lower part forming the pocket; this, of course, is to be on a separate piece of pique.

Great care must be taken in seeing that the web of the pique is quite straight with the exact middle of our pattern, as otherwise the appearance of the work will be spoiled.

To commence the braiding a very small hole must be made with the point of a stiletto, and the end of the braid being passed through, it must be neatly fastened down on the wrong side with a fine needle and thread. This can be very well done at the bottom of one of the leaves on the left side; after which, the braiding must be

continued over every line, until it is brought back to the same spot, when the last end must also be passed through to the wrong side, and fastened in the same manner.

All the braiding being done, the upper edge of the lower part is to be worked in button-hole round the scallops. It is then to be placed over the back, or larger part, and the two are to be stitched together in the line of the scallop. Then, as the two thicknesses of pique would be rather awkward to work through, cut the outside one neatly out round by each scallop; after which, button-hole the edge entirely round with No. 16 Perfectionne cotton; cut off the outer part of the pique, and attach the tassels, when this very pretty and very useful article will be completed.

ROCK-WORK FOR GARDENS, ETC.

BY OUR "HORTICULTURAL EDITOR."



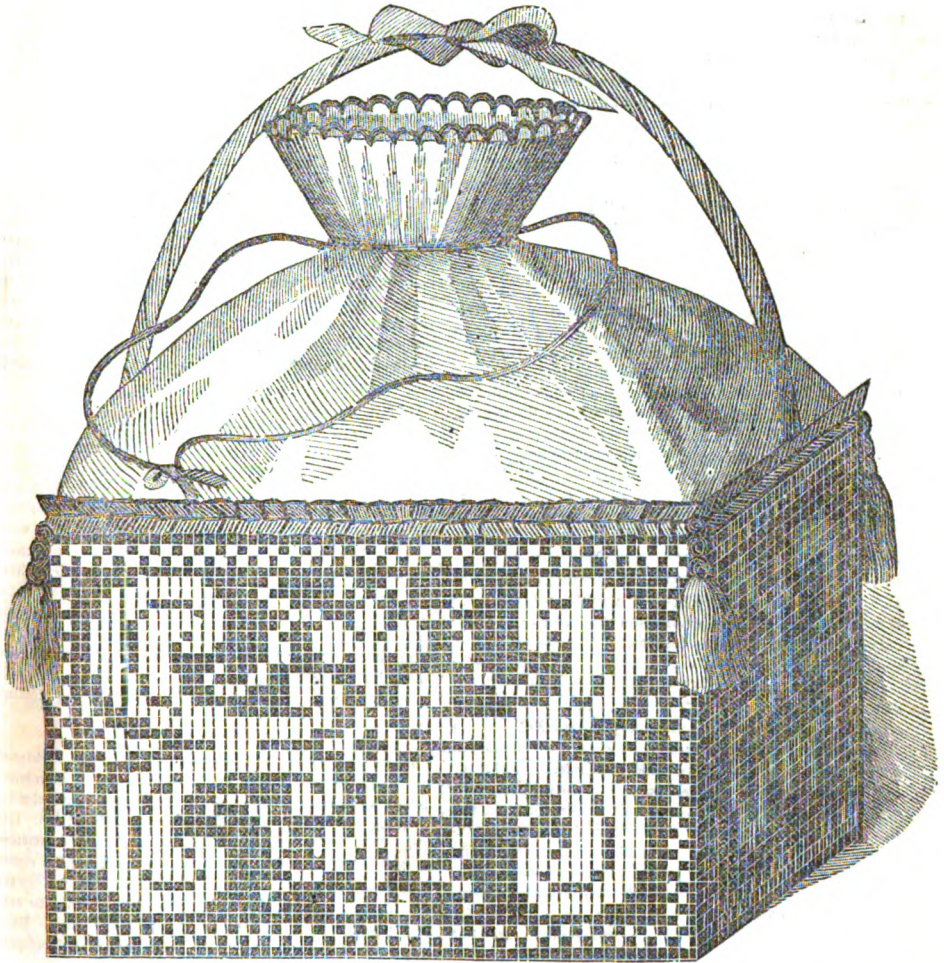
Rock-Work for gardens is becoming very popular. Almost everybody can get a few bits of rock, and arrange them picturesquely, with earths suitable to grow such plants as like stony soils. We give, above, an engraving of a bit of rock-work. It is, it will be seen, made in the form of a vase. If made very small, it

could be placed in a parlor, on a stand. Or, if made of large pieces of rock, it is a very pretty design for a center, where several walks happen to meet.

Or, if widened at its base, it may be increased to any size, so as to fill whatever space you desire.

BOUDOIR WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty bag is made with a foundation of cardboard, covered with silk or satin, over which the pattern in crochet, which appears in the illustration, is to be stretched. To avoid any mistake in the size of this foundation, it is better that the crochet should first be worked. This should be done in black purse silk; the four patterns for the four sides of the square being worked in one length, and the two ends brought together and sewn up. The size of the parts being thus determined, the cardboard shape is to be cut to fit exactly, the sides and bottom being in separate parts, each of which is to be covered with some bright pretty colored silk or satin, and sewn together. The crochet is then to be stretched on the outside, a silk bag sewn on to the upper edge, a quilling of ribbon carried round to conceal the stitches, and either a bow of ribbon or a pretty tassel attached to each corner. The top of the bag is finished with a line of small loops, in crochet, of the black silk.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CLOSING FRUIT JARS.—As the season has now come for putting up fruit, we may, perhaps, do good by giving a few hints. For the preservation of all kinds of fruits, use glass bottles or jars. Select those of even thickness, or rather of even thinness, for they are often exposed to considerable heat; and while they should not be so thin as to break in common handling, or burst from internal pressure caused by fermentation, still they should not be thick, or of pressed glass, when blown-glass jars can be readily obtained. So much for the bottles. Now as to closing them air-tight, we know corks will not do it. The very structure of the substance is against it, unless cork of the most velvety character is obtained, and this is costly. We recommend waxed cloth, tied over the jar, as a substitute at once cheap and effective, and have never found anything superior to it. Prepare the cloth in this way:—Melt together some resin, beeswax, and tallow, in equal parts; tear the cloth in strips four inches wide, or at least wide enough conveniently to tie over the mouth of the jar, and dip these strips, drawing them through the hot wax, and stripping nearly all the wax off. With cloth thus prepared, after the jar is filled with hot preserves, and while still hot, close the mouth, and bind it on with good linen cord. Then with shears trim off as much of the waxed cloth as is desirable, and then dip it in some melted wax, which should be made with only about half as much tallow. Sealing-wax may be used instead, if desired. The jars should be put where the wax will cool at once, so that the exhaustion caused by the cooling of the preserves, and the condensation of the steam, may not cause the wax to run through the cloth. Nothing can be more thoroughly air-tight than bottles so prepared. We prefer them even to the patent air-tight jars, even when the latter can be procured, which is not always the case.

PURE AIR AS A TONIC.—The Scalpel says:—"Medicine can never add material to the body. It cannot heal an ulcer in the lungs or spine; it cannot effect the absorption of the tubercles which cause it; it cannot straighten a curved spine or leg, or give blood to the feeble girl; nor can the most perfect mechanism impart natural strength or tone to the muscles that support the spine or move the limb. Medicines are generally inert, and too often injurious; they destroy appetite and digestion, which is the source of strength. Mechanical appliances are only useful adjuncts to take off the weight from the diseased part, and to aid the effect of a surgical operation, or what is far better, to prevent its necessity. There is no true tonic but pure air; there is no material of repair but blood. In all diseases originating in a low condition of the vital force, more air must be breathed, that more food may be consumed, or the red blood that makes and gives tone to the muscles that support the spine will not be supplied, the serofulous tubercle will not be absorbed, nor will the ulcer heal."

CAMEOS AND CORAL ALL THE RAGE.—Cameos are very popular at the present moment. No such thing is to be seen now, in Paris, as a wedding outfit, without cameos, and many ladies order them to be cut expressly for themselves. Cameos have generally an open setting of either finely-worked gold and pearls, or of black enamel studded with diamonds. Coral is also highly appreciated at the present day, and is very costly.

DRESSING THE HAIR.—In the front of the number, we give two engravings of new styles of dressing the hair. As a general rule, the hair is now more elaborately arranged than ever. Since the arrival of the Princess of Wales in England, many young ladies there have adopted her Royal Highness' style of dressing her hair; and the fashion is being initiated here. It is carried off the temple a *l'Impératrice*, and with two long ringlets behind the ear which fall on to the neck. This is a comparatively simple style, but a more elaborate and equally fashionable way is the Marie Antoinette style. This is arranged by turning out the front hair a *l'Impératrice*, so as to form a *rouleaux* at the sides; to divide the hair so as to make a point in front upon which the bouquet of flowers is placed, and from this point to arrange flat small curls upon the forehead, which gradually increase in size until they terminate in ringlets which fall below the ear. Another style is to erect the *rouleaux* of hair, one above the other, at each side of the head; to place a bow of ribbon or a bouquet of flowers in the center, on the plain space between the scaffolded hair; and then to arrange bows of hair and ringlets to fall below the back. A simply arranged head of hair is now rarely to be seen.

FEATHERED PARASOLS.—Marabout feathers, in Paris are used for ornamenting parasols. The Empress wore lately at the Bois de Boulogne races a mauve silk dress with a scarf of the same, a mauve bonnet, with white feathers in it, and a mauve gauze veil over her face, and in her hand she carried a mauve moire parasol, bordered with white marabout feathers. In London the most popular parasols are decidedly those ornamented with black lace. Either the upper part of the parasol is colored, and the border white, or *vice versa*; and in either case where the border and white join, the line is covered with this black lace trimming. Some parasols are entirely white, and have black lace border laid round them, others are black with white blonde upon them. These latter have an excellent effect.

NEW PETTICOAT.—In London a new petticoat, christened "The Princess of Wales' Petticoat," has lately been introduced, and is found to be an almost perfect invention. It is worn under a dress which is made with a train. Its plain in front, like an apron; a flounce, which commences at the sides, is pulled on round the back; and a second flounce, quite at the edge, forms a train and holds out the dress. It is impossible, under thin dresses, to wear anything better than this most excellent contrivance. Many ladies, in Philadelphia and New York, have already adopted it.

BETTER SUITED THAN ANY OTHER.—The *McConnell* (Pa.) Democrat says:—"The cheapest and in many respects the best Lady's Magazine is Peterson. The fashion-plates and directions, while always up to time, are better suited to country people than those of any other. In reading matter it is all that could be desired."

LARGE BLACK BEADS.—Just now the necessary accompaniment of all half-dress toilets seems to be the large black beads, which have for some time been worn in England. These are worn either in a single long row, hanging low down in front, or in a double row, one of which is terminated with a black cross.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—By the new post-office law, which went into force July 1st, 1863, the postage on this Magazine has been considerably reduced. The part (section 36) applying to Magazines is as follows:—"Upon newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications, each not exceeding the standard weight of four ounces, and passing through the mails or post-offices of the United States between any points therein, the rate for each such paper or periodical shall be one cent." And as the weight of a number of "Peterson" is less than four ounces, it follows that the postage is only one cent per number. Formerly, it was eighteen cents a year, or one and a half cents per number. Subscribers will please to take note of this.

✓ **ARTICLES IN LINEN.**—In linen articles some few changes are taking place. Embroidered muslin cuffs and collars have become once more fashionable. Ladies add, in this way, to the becomingness of their attire, for delicately embroidered muslin is much more advantageous to the skin and complexion than the stiff white linen collar. Very neat collars are now made with a straight strip of insertion embroidered in satin stitch, and edged at each side with narrow lace; a pink, lilac, or blue ribbon is placed underneath. The cuffs are made to correspond.

• **"NOT INCREASED THE PRICE."**—The Sheboygan (Wis.) City Times says:—"The excellence of this Magazine, as a Ladies' Magazine, we have often set forth to our readers, and we here add, that while this standard of excellence is not in the least abated, notwithstanding the increased cost of the materials which are used in getting it up, the publisher has neither increased its price to clubs and agents, nor diminished the number of its pages; and this can be said of no other magazine in the United States."

• **"FOR THE CENTER-TABLE."**—Says the Easton (Pa.) Free Press:—"Peterson's Magazine is the work for the ladies and the center-table. Always full of pleasant reading matter to entertain and pass time, to wear away tedium; it is free from all mawkishness. Its great circulation proves its popularity. The great and attractive feature of the Magazine is its department devoted to the fashions and fashion-plates. In this line it is not excelled, if equaled, by any other similar publication."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very able work. Dr. Draper's idea is that "social advancement," to use his own words, "is as completely under the control of natural laws as is bodily growth." In other words, he holds that the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation. Hence, the same scientific principles, which guide us in the study of the one, may be properly appealed to in the investigation of the other. Dr. Draper claims that his treatise is the first systematic attempt to arrange the evidence afforded by the intellectual history of Europe, in accordance with physiological principles, so as to illustrate the orderly progress of civilization. It is also the pioneer effort to collect the facts, furnished by other branches of science, with a view to enable students to recognize clearly the conditions under which that progress takes place. These are high claims, but they are not excessive. The volume is a handsome one of some six hundred pages.

St. Olave's. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of one of the most popular London novels of this year. It is full of charming bits of description. Price fifty cents.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other Papers. By Thomas Fuller, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume, one of the most fitting for the times that we have seen, contains four of the minor works of Dr. Thomas Fuller, a noted divine of the times of Charles the First and Cromwell. These works are "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," "Mixed Contemplations in Better Times," and "The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience;" all written during the great civil war in England, and, therefore, in times analogous to our own. Coleridge was used to say that "Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted of a galaxy of great men." The volume is printed with unusual taste and elegance.

Frank Warrington. By the author of "Rutledge." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—"Rutledge" was thought to hold out a promise, which, we regret to say, neither this book nor "The Sutherlands," has fulfilled. And the reason is plain. The author writes, not from observation, but from books. Her novels are, consequently, a relash of other fictions, with nothing original in character, incidents, or plot. There is, however, a good deal of involution, mystery, interest, and even life in the story before us; and it will find, no doubt, both readers and admirers; in fact, the author of "Rutledge," though never destined to be a first-class novelist, will always be more or less of a popular one.

Life in the Open Air, and other Papers. By Theodore Winthrop. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume contains seven different articles. The principal one, "Life in the Open Air"—Katabdin and the Penobscot," is a description of out-of-door life that is fragrant with the breeze of the forest. Another paper, "Love and Skates," is a well told story. "New York Seventh Regiment, on March to Washington," is a very graphic description of one of the earlier incidents of the war. The volume matches "Ceil Dreeme" and other books by the same author. A spirited portrait of Major Winthrop faces the title page.

The Castle's Heir. By Mrs. Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," "Verner's Pride," etc., etc., still retains her power, as this new novel abundantly testifies. The interest begins in the very first chapter, intensifies as the tale progresses, and is maintained to the very close of the book. "The Castle's Heir" is published from proofsheets and manuscript furnished by the author to T. B. Peterson & Brothers exclusively. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and is illustrated with spirited wood engravings.

The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous. A Narrative in Plain English, attempted by George Augustus Sala. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—This is a not unsuccessful attempt to imitate the novel of the earlier half of the last century, before Fielding and Smollet arose, and when De Foe gave the direction to public taste. As a literary curiosity it is of some value; but not from any other point of view. There is nothing to admire in Captain Dangerous, nor in his story, except the skill with which Mr. Sala has counterfeited a past school of fiction.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion in the United States. Nos. I, II, III, and IV.—The numbers of this new serial are to be in large quarto, profusely illustrated, and to contain twenty-four pages each. Price twenty-five cents per number. We shall speak more at large of the work at some future time.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Recensuit J. F. Macmichael, A. B. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap, yet excellent edition, in Greek, of the famous Anabasis. It is designed for the use of schools and students.

Out-Door Papers. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A series of well-written articles, under the titles of "Physical Courage," "Gymnastics," "A Letter to a Dyspeptic," "Barbarism and Civilization," "Water-Lilies," "The Life of Birds," "The Procession of the Flowers," "Snow," "The Health of Our Girls," "April Days," "My Out-Door Study," etc., etc. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Fairy Book. The Best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty," and all of our old favorite fairy tales, told with a grace, and freshness, and idiomatic force, that is really charming, and which we had hardly expected, even from Miss Muloch.

The Story of Elizabeth. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. C. Gregory.—This is a delightful little tale. Pure, simple, natural, with comparatively little incident, nothing indeed but the story of a young girl's first love: and yet what a charming book! The author is said to be a daughter of Thackeray, the well-known novelist; and if she is at all like her heroine, Elizabeth, we envy the happy man who wins her.

HORTICULTURAL.

HINTS ON GATHERING FRUIT.—Most people are disposed to gather the autumn fruits too soon. They hear the trees creaking in the wind, and they find the ground strewn with windfalls; and from these premises they jump at the conclusion that the fruit ought to be gathered. But a certain per-centage of a crop may fall, from various causes, before the crop is right. The diseased portion will lose its hold, or the wind may dislodge what is sound, long before the portion which remains firm is fit to gather. A rule is generally adopted by gardeners, that, if the pips of apples or pears are turning brown, the crop may be taken; but we should rather say that a decidedly dark and settled hue of the seed is a safer criterion. As to the objection that waiting late into the autumn causes a loss of the fruit by falling, it has little weight, because it is by this process that the weaker and least sound fruit is got rid of, while the best remains. Taking the crop too early will not only injure the good fruit by causing it to shrivel, but will also render frequent removals necessary, in order to separate from the stock the rotten ones, which would of themselves have fallen from the tree if more time had been given. A most important matter is gathering the fruit without bruising it in the slightest degree. Apples and pears bought in the market are generally much specked, by which their beauty is spoiled; and most of this is occasioned by blows received both in gathering and in rolling the fruit from one basket to another. This can scarcely be avoided when orcharding is carried on largely; but amateur gardeners cannot well give too much attention to gathering their fruit. Any falling should be obviated, and what does fall should be placed separately. We find a coat with deep side-pockets better than a basket hung to the ladder—the usual mode of gathering; such receptacles are quite under command, and may be made to hold a good deal. The kind of weather during which the gathering is performed is a matter of importance. The trees should be thoroughly dry, and a windy day is to be chosen, if possible.

PROPAGATION OF GERANIUMS.—Geraniums are so full of life, that every part of the plant may be used for propagation, not excepting even the leaves and flower-stalks. The propagation from roots is only pursued with such varieties as refuse to be increased by cuttings; some of the Fancies and the original Capes being those usually propagated in

this manner. The plan is, to take an old plant which has flowered, turn it out carefully, and shake the soil entirely away from the roots; then cut the roots into short pieces, retaining to each a few healthy fibres, and pot these root cuttings in sandy loam, in very small pots, leaving the top of the cutting just exposed to daylight. A gentle watering and a steady bottom heat of seventy degrees, with shade, till they begin to break, will insure plants at the rate of ninety nine per cent. Many of the roots will break in several places, in which case the shoots must be reduced to one, which is to be the stem of the future plant. In removing the superfluous shoots, many will be obtained with a little root attached; these will also make plants, if carefully tended, with heat, moisture, and shade, for a time. The plants obtained in this way have very much the appearance of seedlings, and need stopping when they have attained the height of three or four inches.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

RECIPTS FOR PICKLING.

To Pickle Eggs.—Select three or four dozen of the freshest eggs, which put into a large saucpan until the same are boiled thoroughly hard. Then transpose them into a pan of cold water, which admits of the shells being removed with greater facility. When they are ready, place on the fireside a saucpan containing half a gallon of good brown vinegar, into which put one ounce of whole black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, the same of mace, one ounce of race ginger, a few cloves of garlic, and one ounce of salt, with a tablespoonful of mustard seed. Let the vinegar continue seething for one hour, until the essential properties of the spices are taken up by the liquor. Then carefully lay the eggs whole in as many jars as are required to hold them, and having taken off the vinegar, and permitted it to become quite cold, pour it over the eggs in the jars, taking care to submerge them in the pickle. Finally, bung them down closely, and place them in a cool apartment. They will be fit for use in a month, and form a pretty garnish when quartered and arranged around dishes containing cold meat, etc.

Pickling Jars.—Do not keep pickles in common earthenware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell metal, or brass vessels, for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it then is poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum, and a teacupful of salt, to each three gallons of vinegar, and tie up a bag with pepper, gingerroot, spices of all the different sorts in it, and you have vinegar prepared for any kind of pickling. Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware; anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir pickles occasionally, and if there are soft ones, take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

Tomatoes Preserved in Brine.—Make an aromatic brine according to the following receipt: Take two and a quarter-pound of salt, some tarragon and herb basil, a little coriander seed, mace, and ginger. Boil these in twelve quarts of filtered water for half an hour, skimming it; when cool, strain it. Boil the tomatoes for a few minutes; place them in earthenware pots, and cover them with this brine. Place inside the pots, and over the tomatoes, a small, but heavy, saucer, which will have the effect of keeping the fruit submerged. Cover the pots carefully.

To Pickle Cauliflowers.—Choose the closest and whitest cauliflowers you can procure, pull them into small bunches, spread them upon an earthen dish, and sprinkle salt over them. Let them stand for three days, so that all the water may drain from them. Place them in earthen jars, pour boiling salt and water upon them, and let them stand all night; then drain them over a hair sieve, and put them into pickle jars. Boil two quarts of vinegar, with a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of black pepper, three ounces of bruised ginger, a drachm of mace, one quarter-ounce of cloves, four ounces of mustard seed, and a dessertspoonful of curry powder. Boil all these together for five minutes, and pour them upon the cauliflowers. When cold, cover the jars closely with leather, and tie them down securely.

To Pickle Cucumbers in Slices.—Choose large cucumbers for this purpose before the seeds are ripe; cut them into slices about one quarter of an inch thick, and lay them upon a hair sieve. Between every layer of slices put two shalots, and sprinkle over them a little salt; let them stand for four or five hours to drain, then put them in a stone jar. Boil as much strong vinegar as will cover them, with a blade or two of mace, a few white pepper-corns, a little sliced ginger, and some scraped horse-radish; pour these boiling-hot upon the slices of cucumber. Let them stand until cold, and then repeat the same operation three times more, taking care that the cucumbers are cold between each. Tie them down with a bladder for use.

Tomato Sauce for Bottling.—Fill a jar with the ripe fruit, and place it in an oven. When they are soft, scoop out the pulp and rub it through a sieve. Add as much Chili vinegar as will bring it to a proper consistence (or, if you do not wish the sauce to be hot, put some light French wine), and add salt to your taste. To every quart of pulp mix half an ounce of garlic, and one ounce of shalots, minced very fine; or you may slice these vegetables, and, after boiling the mixture, strain them away. Boil the sauce for a short time, and, when cold, put it into bottles, and let it stand a few days before carefully corking it. If, in the meantime, the sauce should show signs of fermenting, put more salt and boil it over again.

To Pickle Lemons.—Choose six small lemons with thick rinds; rub them with a piece of flannel; slit them half down in four quarters, but not quite through. Fill the lemons with salt, and set them upright in a pan till the salt melts; turn them three times a day in the liquor they thus make, till tender. Make enough pickle to cover them, consisting of vinegar, the brine of the lemons, pepper and ginger to taste. Boil it, and, when cold, pour over the lemons, with two ounces of mustard seed, and two cloves of garlic.

To Pickle Nasturtiums.—Gather the nasturtium berries soon after the blossoms are gone off, put them in cold salt and water; change the water once a day for three days. Make some pickle of white wine vinegar, mace, nutmeg, pepper-corns, salt, shalots, and horse-radish. It requires to be made strong, as it is not to be boiled. When the berries are well drained, put them into a jar and pour the pickle over them.

Tomatoes Potted.—Take ripe tomatoes. When ripe, they are quite red. Scald them in water and skin them. Pass the pulp through a sieve, so as to remove the seeds, and heat it gently in a stewpan. When cold, put it into pots, and cover with melted suet, lard, or butter.

MEATS.

To Hash Beef in a Savory Manner.—Take the beef from the bones, and cut it into neat slices, removing from it all the skin and outer edges. Put the gravy from the meat into a saucepan, with a pint of water, three table-spoonfuls of mushroom catchup, a dessertspoonful of minced savory herbs, half an onion chopped fine, half a teaspoonful of

salt, and a third of cayenne. Let these boil together for a quarter of an hour. Take out a cupful of the liquid, and rub into it a table-spoonful of flour, stir it well into the stewpan again, and let all boil for ten minutes longer. Pass it through a sieve, return it to the pan, place the slices of beef in it, and keep the saucepan by the side of the fire until the meat is heated through; but on no account allow it to boil, or it will become hard. A few minutes before serving throw in half a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar. Arrange some toasted sippets round a very hot dish, and serve the hash directly it is cooked.

A Stewed Leg of Lamb with White Sauce.—A plump leg of lamb, weighing from four pounds to five pounds and a half, is the best for this purpose. Put as much cold water as will cover it into a saucepan, place at the bottom some veal bones, put in the lamb with two carrots sliced, a bunch of thyme, and some parsley. Let it boil slowly, and remove carefully all the scum that rises to the surface; let the lamb simmer gently for an hour and a half, and serve with white sauce poured over it, which must be made in the following manner. Serve a boiled tongue to be eaten with it. *White Sauce.*—Take a pint of good veal gravy freed from all fat; stir into it a quarter-pound of fresh butter mixed with a little flour; season with cayenne pepper and mace, and a wineglassful of sherry wine, and a little lemon-peel finely chopped. Let these ingredients simmer together, boil them up, and add a gill of good cream a few minutes before serving.

Breakfast Hash.—Cut the meat in neat slices, neither junks nor yet morsels; lay them into a lined stewpan, dusting them with a little flour, pepper, and salt. Smash the bone, off which the meat has been cut, into fragments, and put it, together with any odds and ends of the meat, into a deep saucepan, proportioning the water to the quantity of hash; add an onion and a pinch of mixed dried herbs. Simmer quietly for an hour, or until ten minutes before it is to be served; then pour over the hash, keeping back the bits of bone, etc., by using a hair sieve; add a spoonful of catchup, another of port-wine, and heat through closely covered. Send up in a deep dish, with sippets of fried toast. Mince may be dressed the same way, substituting very finely-chopped mince for the slices, and laying a couple, or more, of dropped eggs upon the top, instead of toast.

Stewed Beef-Steak.—Peel two Spanish onions and chop them up into small pieces; cut into quarters four pickled walnuts, place these with the onions at the bottom of the saucepan. Add a teacupful of gravy, a table-spoonful of mushroom catchup, a dessertspoonful of walnut catchup, the same quantity of shalot and Chili vinegar. The steak should be cut from the rump, and be about two and a half inches in thickness; lay it flat, and heat it well with a rolling-pin. Place the meat at the top of the onions, season with pepper and salt, and let it stew from one hour and a half to two hours, in proportion to the quantity. It must be cooked gently, and turned once in every twenty minutes. Ten minutes before serving throw in one dozen oysters and their liquor, which has been previously strained. Garnish the dish with scraped horseradish and pickled walnuts.

Calf's-Head Stewed with Mushrooms.—Parboil half a calf's-head, take it out of the pan, and cut from it some good-sized slices, which put into a stewpan, with about a pint of strong veal gravy, and twelve fresh mushrooms. Stew gently until all are sufficiently cooked. Beat the brains up with cream, season them with a little cayenne pepper, salt, and lemon-peel, and boil them until they are of a good consistency. Place them upon the center of the dish you intend serving to table, and around them arrange neatly the mushrooms and then the slices of calf's-head; the gravy, although thick, must be very clear, and should be poured only over the slices of calf's-head.

Minced Veal.—If white minced veal is desired, cut the meat into slices, remove all the brown edges and fat, and then chop the meat into square pieces, flour them well, and put them into a clean saucepan, with a teacupful of cream, the juice of a lemon, a little peel chopped finely, some salt, mace, and white pepper. Shake the saucepan over the fire, but do not let its contents boil except for one minute, or the meat will become hard. Garnish the dish with lemon pickle.

VEGETABLES.

Cauliflowers.—Choose those cauliflowers which are close and white, and of the middle size; remove the outside leaves, and cut off the stalks short at the bottom; let them lie in salt and water for at least an hour before they are boiled. Drain them thoroughly, and put them into a saucepan of boiling water, with a handful of salt in it. Skim well, and let the cauliflowers boil slowly until they are sufficiently cooked. A small cauliflower will require about a quarter of an hour, and a large one twenty minutes. Directly it is cooked, take it up and let it drain, as if it remains on the fire boiling two or three minutes longer than is necessary, it will be spoiled. Serve with melted butter. Cold cauliflower, which has been boiled according to the above directions, is frequently eaten as a salad. It should have vinegar and salad-oil poured over it, and three scraped anchovies placed at the top.

Croquettes of Rice.—Put seven ounces of rice in a clean saucepan with a quart of milk; let it swell gently by the side of the fire, and stir it often to prevent it from burning. When it is half-cooked, stir in five ounces of pounded sugar, a few pounded almonds, and a flavoring of orange-flower water. Simmer all these ingredients until the rice is soft and dry; put it on a flat dish to cool, then roll it into small balls, and with your thumb make a hole in the center of each ball and fill it with any kind of preserve; close it up, and dip it in egg and bread-crumbs; fry them in butter a light brown color; drain them before the fire on a reversed hair-sieve covered with a soft clean cloth. Pile them on a dish in pyramidal form.

To Boil Green Peas.—Choose the youngest and freshest peas, and shell them just before they are wanted. Put them into boiling water with a little salt and a lump of loaf-sugar in it. The peas should be left uncovered, and when they begin to dent in the middle they are cooked sufficiently. Drain them thoroughly on a sieve, place a good-sized lump of butter in the center of the peas, let it dissolve among them, shake them once or twice before sending them to table. Boil a sprig of mint in another saucepan, chop it fine, and lay it in small heaps around the dish. The peas should be boiled rapidly, and be served to table as hot as possible.

Fresh Tomato Sauce.—This may be served with roast meat, or poultry, chops, cutlets, or used for mingling with hashes and stews. Take a dozen tomatoes, skin them, and take out the seeds. Put the pulp in a saucepan with a piece of butter as big as an egg, a laurel leaf, and a little thyme. Stew it over a moderate fire, stirring it the while. Add a little stock or brown sauce. When the mixture has boiled a short time pass it through a tammy, and flavor it with salt and a few drops of Cayenne wine.

Another Tomato Sauce.—Cut ten or a dozen tomatoes into quarters, and put them into a saucepan with four onions sliced, a little parsley, thyme, one clove, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Set the saucepan on the fire, stirring the contents for about three-quarters of an hour. Strain the sauce through a horse-hair sieve, and serve.

To Stew Mushrooms.—Peel and take out the insides of some large mushrooms, and broil them on a gridiron. When the outside is brown, put them into a saucepan with as much water as will cover them. Let them stand ten minutes, then add to them a spoonful of white wine, and

the same of browning, and a few drops of vinegar. Thicken with flour and butter; boil up a little, lay sippets round a hot dish, and serve them up.

DESSERTS.

Mock Ice.—To a three-gill mould take three gills of cream, which flavor with raspberry jam to your taste; dissolve three-quarter ounces of isinglass in a gill of water until perfectly reduced, and add it to the cream when almost cold—the raspberries to be rubbed through a sieve and the cream colored with the juice of beet-root—then pour it into a mould with holes, first of all lining the mould with book-muslin. The cream must be whisked until it will just pour into the mould. To prepare the beet-root for coloring:—Grate it raw and squeeze it through muslin. Two tablespoonfuls of the juice should be enough to a pint jar of raspberries.

Cocoa-Nut Chess-cake.—Strain and set aside the milk of the nut; grate the whole of the fruit upon a rasp, and put it into a saucepan with the milk, a full wineglass of water, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, the juice of half a lemon, and three ounces of lump sugar, upon which the rind of the lemon has been rubbed off. Keep the mixture well stirred, and let it boil for at least ten minutes. When it has quite cooled, take three yolks of eggs and one white well beaten, and stir them into the mixture. Line a shallow dish or small pate-pans with puff-paste, and pour in the "Cheese." Send it to the oven.

Swiss Cream.—Place a quarter of a pound of macaroons at the bottom of a glass dish, grate the rinds of two lemons into a pint of cream, sweeten it to your taste and boil it. Squeeze a lemon, strain the juice, and when the cream boils add it slowly, with one tablespoonful of arrowroot. This must be done very gradually for fear of the cream breaking: it will thicken immediately. Pour it upon the cakes as soon as it is sufficiently cool not to injure the glass dish. Ornament it tastefully with red currant jelly. This cream should be made the day before it is wanted.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Boil either vanilla or the rind of a lemon in a quart of new milk, sweeten with four ounces of sugar, and stir into it before it cools the well-beaten yolks of six, and the whites of three eggs, and stir in a wineglass of brandy. Cut several thin slices of bread and butter, from which remove the crust; place them in a well-buttered dish, and strew over each of them a few well-washed currants, and some strips of candied peel. Pour the custard gently into the dish, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Green Gooseberry Pudding.—Line a tart-dish with light puff-paste; boil for a quarter of an hour one quart of gooseberries with eight ounces of sugar and a teacupful of water. Beat the fruit up with three ounces of fresh butter, the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, and the grated crumb of a stale roll. These should be added when the fruit is cool. Pour the mixture into the dish, and bake the pudding from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Stewed Pears.—Pare twelve good Lord Wardens, or similar pears, put them in a stewpan with a little mace, a few cloves and lemon-peel, and about two pounds of loaf-sugar, pour one quart of boiling water over them. Let them boil a short time, then take them off until nearly cold, then boil again, and so on till they are quite tender, take the pears out, add more sugar (according to taste) to the syrup, and boil it until clear. Color it with a little cochineal.

To Make Batter Pancakes.—Beat up three eggs with four large tablespoonfuls of flour; add to these half a pint of milk, or as much as will make the batter the consistency of cream, and a little salt. Fry them in lard or butter. Grate sugar over the top of each of them, and serve directly they are cooked. The juice of a lemon is generally added when eaten. A small frying-pan is the best for the purpose.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Gin Punch.—Take two dozen lemons; peel the rind off eight of them as thinly as possible and steep it in boiling water in a basin carefully covered over with a cloth. Cut the two dozen lemons each into three pieces and steep them in boiling water in a vessel covered with a cloth. When cold, squeeze the lemons and remove them from the liquor; pass the liquor through a tammy or through filtering paper, and add the extract of the peel; add three pounds and a half of the best lump sugar. This lemonade will serve for the basis of almost any kind of punch. Add to this lemonade five bottles of best unweetened gin, a bottle of fine old Jamaica rum, and a small bottle of maraschino. Put spices into a saucepan (cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and half a stick of vanilla) and make a decoction to flavor the punch with. When the punch is mixed and flavored to taste, it may be passed through the tammy again or through filtering paper, if it is required to be very clear. Add water so as to make up the entire quantity to three gallons, and bottle it off into eighteen bottles. This punch may be served either in a bowl or in jugs, and is intended to be mixed with fresh water or soda-water according to taste. In warm weather a little ice is a great improvement.

To Make Shrub.—To every dozen of oranges, squeeze the juice of two lemons, and to this quantity of juice, add one gallon of brandy, and two pounds of loaf-sugar powdered very fine. Pare the fruit very thin, so as to have none of the white rind upon the peel; mix the juice, sugar, and brandy together with what quantity of the peel you choose, but care must be taken not to add too much, or the shrub will be bitter; cover it close up, and let it remain for one night. The next morning boil some milk and let it stand until quite cold; then add half a pint to every gallon of the liquor; these must stand for one hour; then stir all together, and run it through a flannel bag until the shrub is quite clear. Bottle it for use. N. B.—Run some hot water through the dregs, it will make a pleasant beverage.

Ginger Wine.—To every gallon of water put three pounds of loaf-sugar, three lemons, and two ounces of the best ginger, which must be bruised. Boil the sugar and water together for half an hour, skimming it during the whole time, then pour it upon the ginger and the rinds of the lemon, having first extracted the juice. When the liquor is lukewarm add the lemon juice and a little yeast; let it work for a few days, then put it into a cask, close it up, and let it remain for six weeks. The ginger and lemon pulp must be put into the cask with a little isinglass to fine it. The pips and white pulp must be removed altogether, as they make the wine bitter. Bottle the wine with one gallon of brandy to twelve gallons of the ginger wine.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put two pounds of fruit into a bowl, and pour upon it half a gallon of best white wine vinegar. The following day strain the liquor on two pounds of fresh raspberries, and the next day also; but take care not to squeeze the fruit, only drain it as dry as possible. The next day pass it through a canvas bag, previously wet with vinegar. Put the whole into a stone jar with a pound of sugar (broken into lumps) to every pint of liquor; stir till dissolved, then stand the jar in a saucepan of water (placed over the fire till it simmers), taking care to skim well; then bottle it tight.

Milk Punch.—To two quarts of water add one pound and a half of sugar, stir till dissolved, and then add two quarts of rum, one pint of lemon-juice, one pint of boiling milk. Put the peels of the lemons into a jelly-bag, and pour the above mixture over them, return the liquor into the jelly-bag until it runs clear, then bottle it for use. A bruised nutmeg or two may be put into the bag, but should this be added it will not run so clear.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Skeleton Leaves.—Have a large deep earthen pot, or wooden cask, with the head off, fill it with rain water, then put your leaves or seed vessels in, taking care that they are selected in a state sufficiently matured for the seedy fibre to be completely formed, that is, the leaf must neither be flaccid nor youth nor dry from age. Let them remain in the cask without changing the water until they become pulpy, and their outer skin and fleshy matter will brush off. This should be done carefully with a common painter's brush. Should any part of the skin remain firmly fixed, put them again into the water, and wait patiently; patience and carefulness being the only requisites for success. When perfectly clean, bleach the skeletons in chloride of lime. Magnolia leaves of all kinds require maceration from three weeks to three months. Tulip and pear three weeks, ivy (very pretty) two months, orange and lemon six months, mulberry (difficult) two or three weeks. Seed vessels are more troublesome, but exceedingly pretty. These, as well as the leaves, should be carefully looked at every two or three weeks whilst in the water.

To Wash Black Lace.—Carefully sponge the lace with gin, or if preferred, with green tea, and wind it round and round a bottle to dry, as if touched with an iron it would become glossy and have a flattened appearance. Some persons fill the bottle with warm water, which causes the lace to dry more quickly. It must on no account be placed near the fire as it would lose its color, and have a rusty appearance.

How to Stop Blood.—Take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather; bind it upon the wound closely, and blood will soon cease to flow. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind and running for a surgeon, who, probably, will make no better prescription if present.

To Remove Grease from Silk.—Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or, take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt has a trimming of diagonal puffings of about half a yard in depth. The body is made with a slight fullness, round at the waist, and square on the neck. Sleeves correspond with the body. Head-dress and broad sash of green ribbon.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE ORGANDY.—The skirt is made without any trimming. Short puffed sleeve of white muslin. Berthe of white lace edged with black, and a broad sash also edged with narrow white and black lace. Head-dress of small white plumes and wheat ears.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GRAY FOULARD SILK.—The bottom of the skirt is cut in waves, and trimmed with perpendicular bands of blue velvet. The body is made with a point at both the front and back, and fastened with blue velvet buttons. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED BAREGE.—The skirt is trimmed with three puffings of barege, put on loose and full over bands of green silk, which extends on each side of the puffing. The sleeves are trimmed diagonally to correspond with the skirt. Plain round waist, fastened with green silk buttons.

FIG. V.—BODY OF VERY THIN MUSLIN. puffed lengthwise. This style of body is very beautiful made of wash-blonde or tulle.

FIG. VI.—SPANISH JACKET OF WHITE SILK, with black guipure lace put over the green.

FIG. VII.—BLACK SILK APRON, trimmed with jet beads and black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—THE BODICES OF DRESSES have a tendency to become gradually shorter. Two fashions are now adopted—the round waist and the waist with two small points in front and a jacket tail behind. This is called the *postillon* body, and obtains great success, especially for ladies that are young and of a slender figure. The latest mode of making a *postillon* body is to divide the flap, or tail, into three equal portions, and of each strip to make a box plait. This is both pretty and novel. With the round waists, bands made with points in front are often worn, with wide flowing ends rounded off at the bottom. Sleeves are decidedly to be *narrow*, like those of men's coats, and nearly as long; they are often slit open a little way at the bottom, and have epaulets, or shoulder ornaments, trimmed in the same style as the skirt, either with velvet, silk bands, or gimp.

THE BODICES OF MORNING DRESSES are made plain with two small points in front; some are cut slightly square at the throat, a becoming and comfortable style to those who cannot wear the high closely-fitting linen collar. The back of the bodice has frequently a small basque in the center; this is formed with three pointed straps of the material, the center one being longer than the two others; these are held together with gimp or lace, and are generally joined on to the bodice with a box plait. They are novel but fantastic-looking, as are the ribbon-sashes which are tied at the back in large bows midway down the skirt; these latter are much worn in Paris by young ladies from twelve to fifteen years of age, the ribbon is carried round the front of the waist in its full width, cutting the bodice in two, and giving the wearer a very ungraceful appearance. Sleeves are decidedly narrow, and are cut to resemble closely a gentleman's coat sleeve, only with short epaulets at the top. Circular cloaks of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it, are very fashionable for morning wear.

THE SHIRTS of many dresses are made full, plain, and gored. An extremely thick silk cord, matching the dress in color, is frequently placed above the braid; it is what is called "girdle cord," and is as thick as an ordinary-sized finger. It is rather difficult to sew this cord on without puckering the material, but the difficulty will vanish if the needle is carried in and out, in the same manner as though a piece of Berlin wool work was being worked in a frame. The cord is sometimes placed straight round, and sometimes curled at each breadth, but in every case it should be sewn *above* the braid and not at the edge of the dress.

GRELOTS (small hanging buttons in the form of a bell) are also much used in Paris for the edges of vestes and sleeves, and for trimming other parts of the dress. A dress has recently been made, the trimming of which consisted simply of three rows of these small bell-buttons, placed very near to each other, round the bottom of the skirt; the bodice and sleeves were likewise trimmed with them. Other dresses have been trimmed with chenille. The chenille is formed into a network a quarter of a yard wide, with tassels depending from it at equal distance. This trimming is made in black chenille for a colored dress, and frequently also chenille of the same color as the dress is employed. In fact, fringes of all kinds are again popular, and a sewing-silk fringe of the color or colors of the dress is used when a chenille fringe is thought too heavy or too expensive.

A GREAT VARIETY OF ORNAMENTAL CAPES AND CORSELETS have lately made their appearance for wearing over plain low bodices. Small white muslin jackets we have seen braided

with narrow colored mohair braid; Spanish belts or bodices, to wear over white Garibaldi's, made in black moire antique, the front part being white, with a double row of small round gilt buttons; the black moire sides and box plaits at the back being corded with white; these lace at the sides, and are very stylish-looking. Colored silk braces and a broad sash, made all in one piece, and trimmed with black and white blonde, are very general over low bodices; indeed, the variety in these ornamental belts, braces, and sashes is endless; they prove very convenient to those who wish to vary the style of their evening dresses. These corselets and fancy braces are made of net, velvet and lace, which cross in front, are carried round the waist, and are finished off with ends which form a sash at the back.

PLAID OR TARTAN RIBBONS are much employed for ornamenting the white dresses which are worn at small evening parties. These Scotch ribbons will also be very general upon bonnets this fall, and will also be worn as sashes to dresses, and nothing can be more stylish than a black straw or horse-hair bonnet trimmed with a plaid ribbon.

SMALL APRONS are very generally worn, and many we have seen lately were most tastefully arranged. Black moire or poul de sole are the usual materials, but the trimmings are various—rows of velvet with steel buttons; gimp with jet introduced; silk embroidery with jet beads intermingling with the flowers and leaves; narrow black ribbon velvet, with a white satin edge, made into rosettes or loops; black lace quillings and small drop buttons; and the inevitable black lace insertion lined with white silk, are all used to trim these coquettish-looking little aprons. They are short and rounded at the corners, and the trimming is carried along the bottom and up *one* side; the pockets are generally defined by the trimming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SPANISH COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The pantaloons and jacket are of dark blue summer cloth and trimmed with hanging buttons. Full white linen shirt.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is of blue silk trimmed with two ruffles, edged with braid. White Garibaldi body, with black silk corset and sash. The former braided in white, and the latter finished with a fringe.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX OR EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of white cashmere, and is trimmed with short fluted ruffles of white silk, put on diagonally. The bands where the ruffles are put on are braided with black, and black velvet bows finish them at the top.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Little boys from three to five or six years of age wear jackets and skirts. They are very often made in light fancy cloth, gray drab, or buff color. The jacket is something in the Zouave shape, but closed in front. It is ornamented with a band or stripe of the same material about two and a half inches wide, on which narrow black velvet or silk braid is disposed in slanting lines, in groups of threes, placed at equal distances. This trimming is carried all round the jacket and sleeves, which are in the Zouave shape, and open as far as the elbow; it is edged on both sides with piping. The same border goes round the bottom of the skirt, which is short and full, but it is about twice as deep as the trimming on the jacket; the velvet or braiding is put on in the same manner all round it, and three rows of the same are put plain on the top. Boys a little older wear the blouse or tunic called "*Polonaise*." It is loose, and fastened round the waist with a leather band. The front and sleeves are trimmed with stripes of the same cloth, piped with black silk, and with a row of black buttons in the center. Full short trousers, or knickerbockers, gathered on a band, and fastened round the knees with black velvet bows, complete the costume, which is all in the same material.





THE PRINCES



HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS—CORAL STITCH.



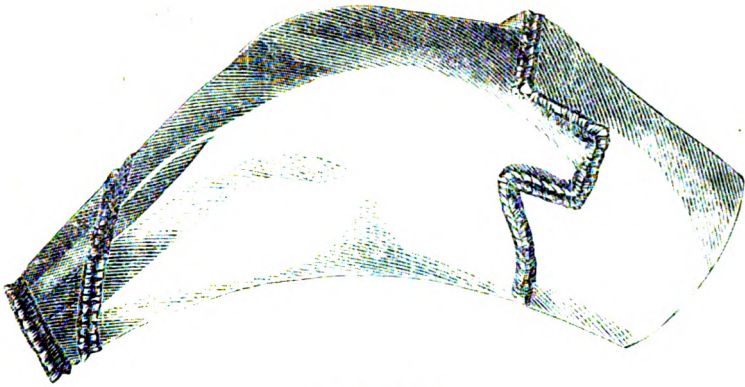
HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS—CORAL STITCH.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS—CHAIN STITCH—Done in Colored Cotton.



CATCHING THE FLY.



CLOSED SLEEVE.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



NAME FOR MARKING.



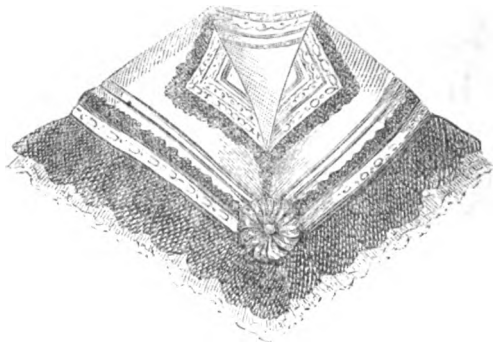
WALKING DRESS.

Louisa

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.



NEW STYLE OF CAPE.



NAME FOR MARKING.



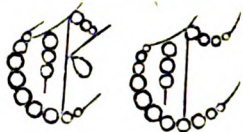
THE "ARABELLA" APRON.



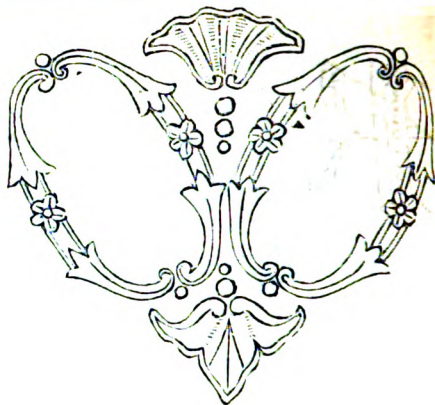
INITIALS FOR MARKING.



EARLY FALL CLOAK.



INITIALS.



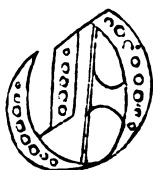
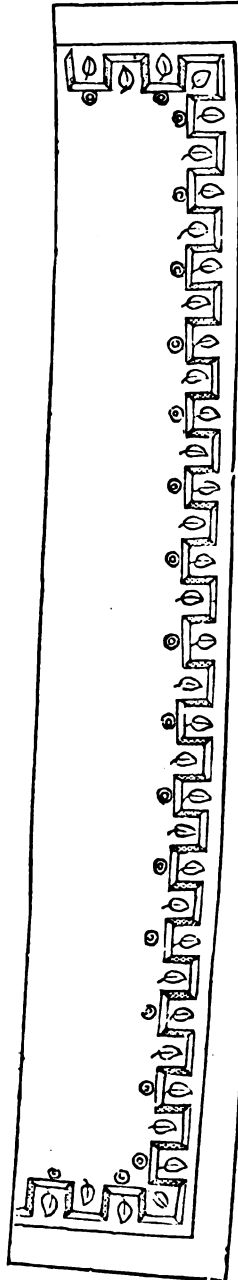
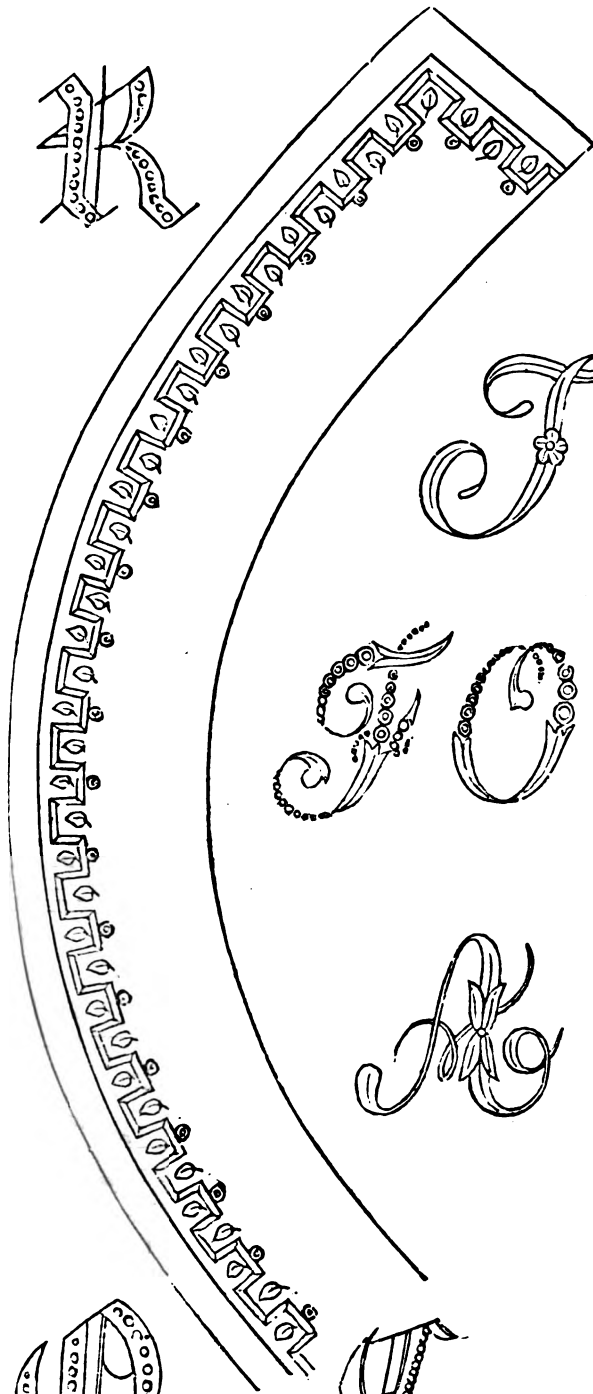
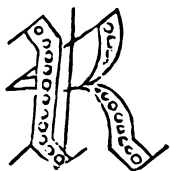
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



SPRIG, ETC.



GLOVE TRIMMING.



Caroline

COLLAR, CUFF, NAME FOR MARKING, ETC., ETC.

Down upon the Rappahannock.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY

SEP. WINNER.

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Moderato.

VOICE. 

GUITAR. 

Down up - on the Rap - pa - han - nock,
Down up - on the Rap - pa - han - nock,

Lies the no - ble vol - un - teer; Ask me not, my
'Neath her wa - ters, on her shores, Lie the hearts so

child, my dar - ling, When thy fath - er will be here;
earl - y tak - en From their homes for ev - er - more.



DOWN UPON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

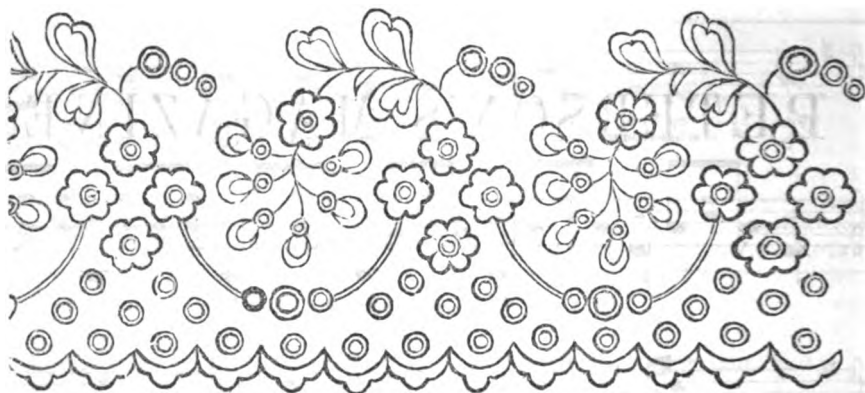
For up - on that fa - ted riv - er, Man - y hearts may
 Ah! what scenes of pain and sor - row, Come to homes so

sigh in vain: Dream of home and friends for - ev - er,
 sweet of yore; Some may shed their tears to - mor - row,

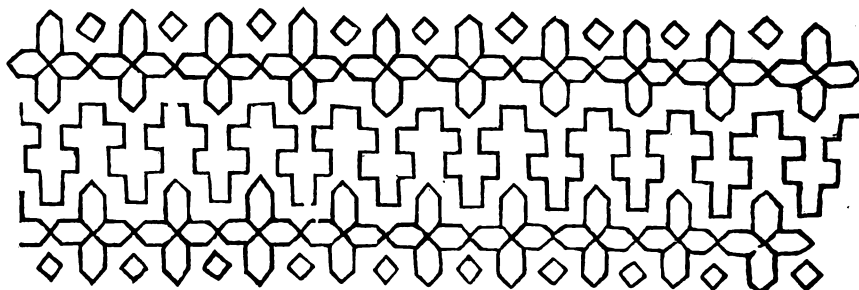
rall. *tempo* CHORUS.
 But shall not re - turn a - gain. } Down up - on the
 When to - day's sad work is o'er.

Rap - pa - han - nock, Peace - ful scenes may yet a - bound;

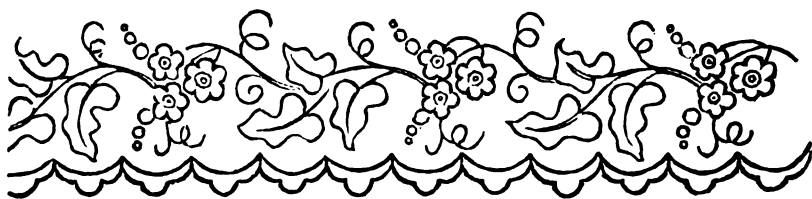
rall. *tempo*
 War and strife may be for - got - ten; But the lost shall not be found.



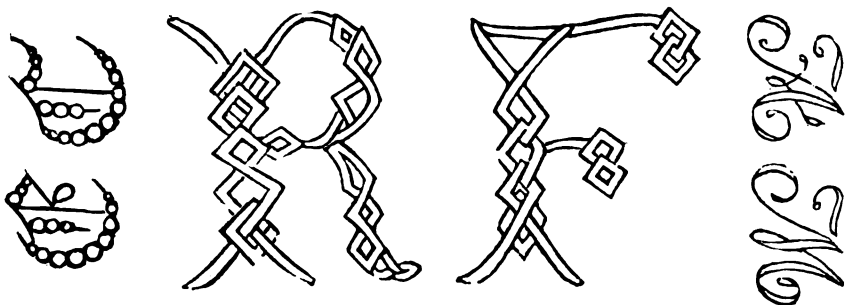
EMBROIDERY.



IN CHAIN-STITCH.



EDGING.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

No. 3.

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"THE long, weary years of my life are drawing to a close. Not many hours lie now between me and the entrance to eternity; and to you, my only friend and confidante, I will tell part of the cause of this early wasting, this willingness to lay aside my burden of life."

Sitting in the golden light of a September sunset, her large, dark eyes fixed mournfully on the fading light, her thin white hand toying with a cluster of autumn blossoms on her lap, she looked frail enough, and spiritual enough to make her words sink on my heart with a cold heaviness, a knell of warning, a foreshadowing of the inevitable parting. Ah! how I loved her. From the hours when we had conned the same lessons from the same page, trodden the measures of gayety in concert, grown to womanhood side by side, till now when she threatened to leave me sad, desolate, and lonely, there had come no cloud over our perfect love, no shadow of mistrust between us. Her sorrow had made her dearer to me, when, after our one long separation of five years, I returned to find her chained for life to one room, one chair, one never-ending monotony. I left her, a bride myself, to go to China with my husband. Our correspondence was necessarily much broken; and when, widowed and sad, I dreaded to meet again the merry girl I had left, I found in her stead the sorrow-stricken, pale woman I could yet call friend. Bound anew by the ties of sympathy and grief, our love revived and grew greater, nobler, as much above the girlish liking as our matured hearts and intellects could make it. Seven years longer we dwelt as sisters under the same roof, and now, now the dreaded separation threatened. Yet the calm solemnity of her tone, the quiet of her manner, made even my rebellious tears shrink back from falling, stilling the tumultuous throbbing of my heart to quiet, and I only clasped the little hand in mine, and waited still for her to speak.

"When you were married, do you remember, as you parted from me for that long voyage, what a light-hearted, joyous girl you left here? Do you recall yet the blithe laugh, the gay jest, the bounding footstep I had, even when you were going away? I could not tell you then, for the reserve that holds every woman silent over her heart's history, until other lips unseal hers, held me then. I loved; but he had not spoken, so I could keep my glad secret even from you. Glad, for I knew he loved me! I could read it in his brightening eye for me, his glad greeting for me, his low tone, his tender courtesy, his trembling lips when they formed my name, his quickened step and gay welcome, all, all for me! By such tender wooing, such delicate care to win gently, by such sweet protection, such shrinking care not to stir my young heart too roughly, he won it, till before I knew or dreamt he coveted the treasure, it was gone from me. Gone, willingly, gladly in exchange for the noble one he gave in return. A short time after you left, he spoke his love, and I—ah! I did not care to conceal my pride and joy in giving him all my heart for his. We were to be married soon, and I went from our quiet country home here to the city to buy finery, not to gratify my own vanity, but to adorn his bride. I wanted to take to his side all the beauty his devotion merited. I was proud of my glossy curls, because his hand caressed them—proud of the full dark eyes he loved to search for a look of welcome—proud of the lips he pressed—proud to feel that I might be admired as his wife. I was returning home, in all my gladness, when," ah! how she shuddered, "that fearful railway accident laid me on my bed of pain, crippled and maimed for life. They did not tell me so at first. The cruel blow came at last, softened by months of hope, dying out gradually, till the fatal truth fell only on the ear that expected it. In the

long months, when life hung by a thread, when the hours of suffering seemed only fit to terminate in death, the hand I loved best was often near to cradle my weary head; the voice, whose tones made my life's music, whispered hope and comfort in my ears; the eyes I had loved to see rest proudly on my face, softened into gentlest sympathy and pity when they scanned my pallid, pain-worn features. Still loving, still true, this dear heart was my rock of comfort. When the blow fell upon me, and I knew that I must never hope to walk again, must never hope to leave this little room, never breathe outside air, never live, save as an invalid and cripple may mock the semblance of life, his was the voice to tell the dread tale, his the love to make it bearable. I offered to release him, half-smiling then in my sweet certainty of his answer; but he only held me the closer, his tone deepening in tenderness, as he vowed to be my protector, nurse, comforter, husband, letting death alone part us. Was I wrong, selfish to believe him? I only judged his heart by mine, knowing how I should have clung to him did he lie in my place, how my heart would have sunk down to die, had he, crippled and sick, thrust me from the post of wife and comforter. So we were still betrothed.

"Then on this Paradise of love came the blight. My cousin wrote me that she would come to visit me, to share with my mother the duties of nurse, and we gladly hailed the letter. I had not seen her since she was a thin, sallow child, and could scarcely realize the identity when she stood before me. Such radiant beauty I have never seen. Of the warmest brunette type, she embodied the artist's dreams of Southern maiden's charms. Her great black eyes; her glossy raven hair; her rich burning color, and soft creamy complexion; her tall, graceful figure, lithe, erect, and well poised; her faultless costume and winning manners, were each and all bewildering, charming. Yet under all was hidden a serpent's heart, an iron will to break all obstacles from its path, a purpose deadly to resolve, unflinching to execute, she came to win

my promised husband from me! His wealth, position, and beauty had won her love, and she determined to outshine the pale, crippled woman he loved, and win his name and riches for her own. Need I tell you all the wiles she made her weapons? The glorious voice she poured forth in song to amuse me, told in language he knew, I did not fathom in the foreign tongue, the tale of woman's unrequited love, living and throbbing under her forced calmness. The eyes, turned from me, fell in impassioned glances on his face; the large tears even could fall at effective moments, followed by a hurried exit, or long quivering sigh. I, secure in my love, knew nothing of moonlight strolls, of morning drives, of long interviews when my door was closed to shut in my wailing cries of pain. Blind and trusting, I never saw that the heart I believed all my own was traitor to its vows, won by a false woman's coquetries. She left us, and he escorted her to her city home. He never returned, and they were married. The sting lay there in the stolen liberty, the false, false hearts. Had she been noble and true, he frank and sincere, I could have borne it, but they deceived the heart that loved them. Only a few months passed, when tales of their domestic misery reached us. Extravagance, coquetry, and coldness were charged upon her, tyranny and harshness upon him. True, all true. His nature, warped by transient passion, would rise from such a dream, stern, self-reproachful, and cynical. Slowly I have wasted, slowly disease and a broken heart have carried me to the end; but it is near now, and you, true friend and sister, will lose your trust and patient."

The September sun sank while she was speaking, and when the mournful tale was finished the room was wrapped in darkness. Still silent and thoughtful we sat, our hands clasped together, till a chill shudder caught my heart, as the dear fingers relaxed their hold, and the hand fell from mine. Lights, brought by my call, struck their rays upon a face clasped by death.

TO ONE BELOVED.

BY HATTIE ALBRO.

I think of thee! when morning's rosy beam
Breaks through the azure of the Eastern sky;
When fragrant flowers with sparkling dew-drops teem,
And gentle winds blow their soft breathings by.

I think of thee! when twilight's purple haze
Tinges each leaf and flower with hues of e'en;
While, through the mists, the day-god's parting rays
Enhance the glorious beauty of the scene.

I think of thee! when eventide has come,
And feathered songsters seek the forest shade—
When all is silent, save the insect's hum,
And murmur of the brooklet in the glade.

I move amid a gay and joyous throng,
While shouts of merry laughter greet the ear,
Mingled with many a jest and pleasant song:
Yet I am sad, beloved, thou art not here.

THE WILD ROSEBUSH.

BY MIRIAM EARLE.

THE sun was sinking low in the west, casting the shadows of the grand old forest trees that bordered one side of the road, far out on the smooth green meadows and waving grain fields of the other; flaming redly on the windows of the trim little cottages, scattered in the broad expanse of vegetation, like tiny islands on an inland sea, till they shone like burnished gold, and lending a bright glow to the dark bank of clouds that lay stretched above it.

A young girl came slowly down the road, carelessly swinging her bonnet by one string, as if enjoying to the full the quiet beauty of the evening. Pretty Alice Lindlay, it was not often she gained time to loiter, let the way be ever so beautiful; for poor sewing-girl as she was, it was few moments she could ever spare from the dreary toil that was slowly sapping her life by the very efforts made to preserve it. It was well that she occasionally had a long walk to take to revive her drooping frame, and brighten the cheeks that paled so fast in the close confinement of her little room. The soft June air was filled with the perfume of the early roses, that from every yard stretched out their pink clusters toward her as she passed, filling her soul with a kind of longing joy.

There was a little stream that ran gurgling across the road, and she stopped, leaning against the rude railing at the side of the rustic bridge that spanned it, gazing as earnestly into the clear water as if she expected that in one of its crystal drops dwelt the fairy that some day would transform her into a grand, beautiful princess, or at least a titled lady, clad in silken attire, surrounded with all the luxury wealth could supply, and all the admirers such a one could wish. But her wishes were not so very extravagant after all. She only wanted to be a little like other girls; to be able to dress prettily, to make and receive visits, to have the privilege of being one at their merry little parties, be free to walk or ride when she chose, to have some one—and yes, this was most of all, to have some one to love, some one to love her, some one to whom she could go for sympathy, advice, or assistance, as she needed. "There is Blanche Arnold," said she, musingly. "she is almost idolized by her parents and

stalwart brothers—how different is her lot and mine! all her wants are supplied almost before she knows them herself; and how nice she always dresses! I would like something even half as pretty as these sleeves and berthe will be;" and, with a great sigh, she almost dropped the little roll containing the delicate material she was to so elaborately embroider for the favored Blanche into the stream below. It broke her reverie, and with a bright smile, half at the sigh, and half at her wayward thoughts, she started on. Wild honeysuckle bushes, a little while before thickly covered with bright blossoms, but now only retaining, here and there, a few fading ones; and the tall, graceful clusters of the sweet-brier fringed the mossy edge of the brook like the emerald setting of a radiant pearl. Half-hidden under their drooping branches, but where the sun could often smile on it, grew a tiny rosebush, the heavy masses of pale green leaves, thickly sprinkled with bright pink buds, just open enough to show the beauty within. She bent to gather one, but as she noticed the perfect symmetry of the little plant, came the desire to possess it. She had nothing to love: this should stand in her little window and be her only friend, the care of it would be a new and loved recreation for her, could she only transplant it there; and its beauty and perfume would carry her far away into enchanted regions, where flowers never fade, and summers never end. She carefully loosened the soil around it and tried to pull it up, but its roots had somehow become entangled with those of a rambling sweet-brier, and all her strength would not separate them. She tried to break them off, but only succeeded in twisting them round and round to no purpose, as if the obstinate particles had resolved that nothing should tempt them to leave this pleasant retreat; and she finally ceased her efforts, dubiously wondering what next to do.

Then she beheld standing on the narrow bridge, where she herself had stood but a few minutes before, not the fairy, but a tall young man, dressed in a blouse and straw hat, with light curling hair, and large, longing blue eyes, carelessly holding a portfolio in the hand that rested lightly on the railing, watching her

steadily. Her face crimsoned. He came forward instantly, raising his hat to her as if she had been a duchess. "Pardon me," said he, pleasantly, "if I have alarmed you. I did not intend to. I am a traveling artist in search of beautiful scenery, and, stumbling upon this little town, stopped to see what of the kind it contained," holding out the open portfolio as proof of what he said.

"Yes, I know," said the girl, simply. "Miss Arnold told me to-night that a painter came yesterday in the stage, and she meant to have her portrait painted before you went away."

"I am much obliged to Miss Arnold," he answered, a little haughtily, she thought. "But I do not paint portraits, and, as I leave to-morrow, it would be impossible to gratify her, if I did. But can I not assist you? What were you doing? Or first—excuse my negligence—permit me to introduce myself: my name is Euston Hastings, my home is in New York, and, as I said before, my profession is that of a traveling artist. Let me pull up the obstinate little plant."

The frank, pleasant tone and gay words set her completely at ease, and she watched him interestedly as he cautiously severed the tough fibres one by one, disengaging them carefully from their crooked, tangled neighbors. Her eyes sparkled as he held up the pretty bush. "Oh! how beautiful!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I will have it in my room, and then Mrs. Hill will not dare——" She stopped abruptly, but noticing his inquiring look, went on. "You see, Mrs. Hill is my landlady, and this spring I set out some violets in the yard, with her permission too, but she took them up to make room for some ugly marigolds and sun-flowers." They both laughed merrily.

"It was a most unheard of atrocity, and deserved the worst of punishments; but you say your landlady. Have you no parents?"

She sobered instantly. The question brought her back to the real life she had nearly forgotten for the last half-hour, and she answered gravely, "I cannot remember my father at all. My mother died nearly four years ago; and as the slender income on which we had lived died with her, since then I have supported myself."

"Supported yourself?"

"Certainly. Why not? My profession is that of a seamstress," said she, archly. "Surely as useful as that of an artist, and sometimes nearly as ornamental."

"Do you think so? But let me show you a few of my sketches, some of them, perhaps, are scenes you will recognize." They were very

pretty, some of them showing considerable genius, even if they did not deserve all the girl's admiration. They opened to her a new life. They were a new leaf in her history, and she read it eagerly. "This would make a pretty picture," said he, looking from her sparkling face: "this clear water, and beautiful shrubbery, and these old majestic trees, covered with the beautiful tinting of the sun's last beams filling out the background—perhaps I will paint it some time." Her eyes followed the direction of his sweeping arm, and she noticed, with a start, that the sun was nearly down.

"It is getting late, though I had nearly forgotten it in looking at your pictures, and I must hurry home."

"I will carry your bush for you: that is, if you are willing," said he, taking it up and balancing it on his hand while she tied her bonnet. Not one thought of what Mrs. Hill would say at seeing her come home thus attended crossed her mind, though she answered hesitatingly,

"Certainly, if you wish it."

It was only about fifteen minutes' walk, but the moon had entirely disappeared, and everything was fast merging into the sober gray of a beautiful twilight when they reached the gate.

"Will you give me one of these buds before we part, perhaps forever?" said he, as he placed the little plant carefully on Mrs. Hill's white-washed fence.

Her bonnet shaded her face, so that he could not see her flushing cheeks; but he thought there was a slight tremor in her voice as she answered, "A dozen, if you like; you deserve them for your assistance." And he replied half-sadly,

"We will not talk of that now; but should your rosebush live, and we meet again, will you give me another then?"

"I will."

"I shall be sure to remember your promise; and one will content me now if you will select it for me."

She gathered one just ready to burst open and handed him.

"Thank you; may all your life be as beautiful, as sweet as this," said he, earnestly. He opened the gate, held it while she passed through, then closed it and walked on; while she hurried up the two flights of stairs that led to her little room, tenderly carrying her pretty shrub, and congratulating herself on being noticed by no one.

Her first act was to provide for her rosebush, which she did by procuring a small jar of Mrs.

Hill, who wondered greatly at her taste in wanting "such a scrubby little bush to litter her room," filling it with rich, moist earth, and carefully placing the tender roots within it. Then, instead of tracing the delicate pattern of Miss Arnold's berthe, as she had intended, she drew her chair to the window, and, gazing out on the pleasant landscape, now bathed in the soft moonlight glow, thought. "Why was it," she asked herself, "that this handsome stranger, with his careless, yet courteous manner, seemed so near to her?" She had seen others as stylish, as high-bred in appearance, who left no such impression; and what she, perhaps, would have considered highly impertinent in them, in him seemed perfectly natural. His attentions had been offered, she thought, as a matter of course, and in a way that left her no cause for self-reproach for accepting them, though, perhaps, she concluded, it was because she was so little used to receiving such notice from any one, that she exaggerated the trifling incident into one of importance. As she reached this point in her meditation, she sighed, closed her window, and went to bed.

The summer days, with their light and shade, storm, and sunshine, drifted slowly down Time's arches, and Alice Lindlay went about her tasks regularly, sewing, dreaming, day after day, occasionally dropping her work to caress the lustrous leaves, (the blossoms had all faded,) or straighten a tiny stem of her beloved rosebush, or sometimes talking to it in a low, sweet strain, as a mother would to a loved child. At such times her lips would wreath themselves into a beautiful smile, the pale cheeks mantle with a bright crimson, and the tender light in the violet eyes told plainer than words of the sweet thoughts within. And so passed the autumn. Then came the winter. It had always been hard enough to struggle through this season; but now it was worse, there was less work to do, and more to do it, and daily her heart grew heavier, her courage sank lower, as she found the few dollars she had with so much toil and sacrifice saved rapidly disappearing, and she powerless to replace them.

It was a bitter night. Without, the snow lay folded, cold and white on everything. Within, a small fire burned feebly in the narrow fireplace of the little attic room Alice called home. There was no candle, she could not afford one, but the fluttering blaze cast a faint light over her bowed figure, but only served to deepen the shadows that were gathered on her face. In her lap lay an open letter that day received. It contained an invitation, or offer rather, from

a widowed aunt, Mrs. Selden, to come and make her house her home for a time, and assist in their sewing. The terms she named were liberal enough, but all her pride rose up against accepting them. Year after year her aunt had lived in the great city of New York, never visiting, hardly ever even writing to the gentle sister, who, until marriage separated them, had been her dearest friend, her most cherished companion. She was in Europe when her sister died, journeying with a gay party of friends, though she well knew of the slow, inexorable disease that would soon finish the work it had begun. On receiving the intelligence, she sent one letter of condolence; that was all. No kind inquiries as to Alice's situation; no offers of assistance to the bereaved child; and now could she go there?

She looked around the narrow, desolate room, at her pallid face and thin hands, and said, "I will go. I can endure no more there than here, for at least I shall neither freeze nor starve." So she answered coldly and briefly, accepting the invitation, and naming the following Thursday as the day they might look for her. Mrs. Selden was very forgetful, very thoughtless, but not entirely heartless. A chance word had opened memories long since closed, and with a sudden impulse of penitence and kindly feeling she had written to Alice. Not that she wanted her to work: certainly not; but she knew Alice supported herself, and though she had no idea of what these words really meant, she still had a vague feeling that her niece was very proud, and so she offered her employment, thinking it would be a delicate way of furnishing her pocket money, if she needed it; and also because it would afford an easier pretext for getting rid of her quickly, should she not prove a suitable companion for her daughter Florence, that is, if she should be either vulgar or too pretty. So she received "My dear niece," with quite a show of affection: so much so indeed that the poor child was quite embarrassed and astounded, and really glad when left alone in her luxurious chamber.

"She will do very well, I think," said Mrs. Selden, complacently, as her daughter entered the room. "She spoke well I noticed, and that is something; she will be an excellent foil to your beauty, and no danger of her being a rival either."

"Of course not," laughed Florence, glancing at the beautiful face reflected in a mirror opposite; "and still she is rather pretty with her pure skin; deep, soft eyes, and glistening hair; but such a wardrobe, mamma, you never saw

the like. Two calico dresses, one cheap de-laine, a stamped muslin, a gingham, and a black silk so nearly worn out that it will hardly do for a morning dress even, one or two linen collars, and other things after the same style."

"Is it possible! How can the poor thing have lived? But she must have some new ones before I introduce her to any one, and you had better see about it this very day," said Mrs. Selden, decisively.

So a few pretty dresses and ornaments were presented to Alice in a manner that, united with their own attractions, made it impossible to refuse them. Florence, who possessed a warm heart beneath her fashionable exterior, took a genuine delight in introducing Alice into society, and taking her out to all places of interest or amusement. She had been surprised that Alice had never annoyed her once by rusticity of speech or manner. She was equally astonished to find how well she could converse on almost any subject. But Mrs. Lindlay had graduated at Mount Holyoke, and had imparted a large portion of her education to her daughter, who had always lived in, although not of, the select society of her little town; and her natural good sense and abilities did the rest. None would have thought that the slender fingers, now learning pretty airs on her cousin's piano, had ever supported their owner. A portion of every day, in spite of remonstrances, Alice spent in her own room at work for her aunt, or cousin; on no other condition would she stay; but they appeared so anxious to atone for the years of neglect, (for they had learned to love her for her own sweet sake,) that she was forced to accept a great many kindnesses her pride would fain have rejected; till at last, returning their love measure for measure, she became almost as one of the family.

All this time her rosebush had been carefully treasured; and as spring opened and new sprays and tiny leaves began to appear, she would not have exchanged it for any plant in her aunt's conservatory. In vain Florence ridiculed her devotion to the little plant, and declared there must be some mystery at the bottom of her love for it; she only laughed gayly, parrying all her questions, and burying the secret deeper in her own heart.

One morning they were to accompany Mr. Spencer, Florence's betrothed, on a visit to a picture gallery opened a week before, and said to contain some beautiful pieces. Her companions walked on, criticising, though Alice could not understand why they should find any fault with what seemed to her so perfect.

There were angels floating on purple clouds, beautiful portraits, glimpses of strange Oriental scenery, lofty mountains, shipwreck scenes, wild forests, pleasant valleys, and all the varied scenes that scores of imaginations could depict. They had entered the second room, when the exclamations of a group around a picture at the opposite side of the room attracted their attention. "Beautiful! charming! Nothing could be prettier! How graceful!" etc., were some of the phrases that caught their ears, and they turned to see what was the subject of such general admiration. It was indeed a beautiful picture! A small stream like a silver thread rippled across the road over smooth, white gravel under a narrow, rustic bridge, and was lost in the forest below. The banks were edged with wild honeysuckle and sweet-brier, and the whole just kissed by the last rays of the setting sun. Kneeling at one side of the stream, with her profile to the spectators, was a young girl, working her white, slender fingers in the clear waters; by her side lay a wild rosebush, covered with large, red buds, and a few half-opening blossoms, with the damp earth still clinging to its roots, as if just torn from its home in the mossy bank. The other side of the road was bordered by soft, green meadows, made still softer and greener by the blending lights and shadows stretching far away to the distant horizon. Florence uttered an exclamation of delight, and Mr. Spencer said quietly, "It is a master-piece." As for Alice, for a moment her heart stood still, then with a sudden bound flooded her face with crimson.

"It is the very place!" she murmured softly to herself. "The very place! *He* has remembered. Why should I forget?"

Mr. Spencer turned round. "Miss Lindlay," said he, "do you see any resemblance to yourself in the picture there?"

"It is a perfect likeness," chimed in Florence. "Now, Alice, I have found it all out. "You must know, Henry," she continued, mischievously; "that at home she has a wild rosebush that she cherishes with the greatest care, and obstinately refuses to tell me how it came in her possession, except that she has had it for nearly a year. Now confess, Alice, that this picture was taken from life."

"If I do," said she, gayly, "what will become of your favorite theory of rustic beaux, romance, and the like?"

"Oh! I will gladly give them all up to be told the whole circumstance; but who is the artist, Henry?"

"Euston Hastings," said he, in surprise,

reading the card attached. Alice's face flushed again at the name as she thought, "It is the same. I knew I was not mistaken;" while Mr. Spencer went on, "I never supposed he would do as well as this. I was aware that he possessed considerable talent, but was afraid he would not cultivate it as he might."

"Why?" asked Florence.

"Because he was too wealthy to care for the money it might bring him, and too light-minded and careless to exert himself merely for fame; and I knew when he started on that excursion to the interior of the state, a year ago, he could not begin to approach this."

"The longer he worked he probably took more interest in his work, and, therefore, took greater pains," said Alice, musingly, as they passed on; but the beautiful scenes looking down to her so invitingly were almost unheeded, for before her eyes was that calm sunset picture with that bright face looking into hers, and in her ears a clear, rich voice murmuring, "Should we meet again, will you promise me another bud?" shut out all sound, till Florence spoke to her the second time, telling her they were ready to go home. That night in her chamber, as she bent over the little plant and kissed a pale cluster of leaves, two large tears, like twin drops of crystal, fell from the great well of happiness in her heart upon their shining surface.

That night also, in the best chamber of a little wayside inn, Euston Hastings stood beside a table covered with sketches, half-finished paintings, brushes, pencils, and all the etceteras of a painter's desk, busy in sorting, packing, and tying up the confused mass. "They are very good," said he, half-aloud, fastening a portfolio; "but none equal to *that* picture; perhaps none have interested me so much," he added, with a half-sigh. "Dear little Alice, I wonder if her rosebush lived, and if she has ever thought of me in the long year that has so nearly passed since our meeting? But home to-morrow, business settled there, and I will see her once more, if she is to be found. I will claim the bud she promised me, and something else."

It was June everywhere, bright June in the country, the dusty city, and, best of all, at the grand old White Mountains, where every one who desired rest and recreation, mingled with Nature's grandeur and beauty, came; and among the rest, with a gay party from the city, came Mrs. Selden with her daughter and niece. All the objections Alice could urge against accompanying them had been imperatively overruled, and she had finally yielded to the temptation.

A beautiful moonlight carried her back to that other June evening, as she sat alone in her room at the Profile House, dressed for the dance.

At this moment Florence came in.

"You could not look better, Alice," she said, "and I was very anxious you should look your best to-night. Can you imagine who came an hour ago?"

"I have not the least idea. Is it some one you wish to dispose of me to? I assure you I shall not give my consent."

"Wait and see; you will lose your heart at first sight, I think, for Mr. Hastings is a man of great attractions, as well as artistic talents." She fluttered out the door, as she spoke, and did not notice the sudden start and flashing face of her cousin.

Alice clasped her hands tightly over her heart as if to still its throbbing. Florence called her, and so she went on to her aunt's room, and from there to the crowded ball-room. The first set was a quadrille, and she went through it with a young man Mrs. Selden had requested her to take "particular" notice of. But this was entirely forgotten, for she was dimly conscious of a pair of dark eyes watching her every motion. "She was weary," she said, "she had rather be seated," when her partner asked her hand for the next set. Some one approached her, and she looked again into the bright, gay face she had never expected to see.

"It is you then," said he. "I hardly knew you at first, as I had not the most distant idea of seeing you here." He was looking earnestly at her. But no unwonted flush mantled her cheek as she answered quietly,

"And until fifteen minutes ago, I had no thought of your being in this part of the world." People were crowding closely. He offered her his arm.

"It is warm here; will you go out on the piazza?" They went out together to the great wrath and amazement of manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters, who had fastened covetous eyes on Mr. Hastings from the moment of his entrance. "What have you been doing since I saw you?" he asked.

"A little of everything, enduring a great deal, enjoying a great deal. Last winter my aunt, Mrs. Selden, invited me to reside with her, so I have lived in New York till a week ago, when we came here. And you?"

"Going through the old routine, traveling, sketching, and painting a little."

"Oh! I have seen your pictures," said she, animatedly. "How could you make so much from so little foundation?"

"And you were not offended at my presumption?"

"Oh! no—it was not that—you only fulfilled your promise."

"I was at your old home three weeks ago, on my way here," he said, slowly.

"Were you?" She was gazing off to the dim horizon, a dreamy smile wreathing her lips. He stood quietly waiting till she looked up.

"Are you not going to ask what I went there for?"

"I was afraid it would be impertinent."

"I will tell you. I went to find you, but no one could give me any information about you."

She laughed gayly. "Dear, good people! they wanted to know everything so bad, I would tell them nothing."

He spoke now in a low, tender tone. "Little Alice," he said, "a year ago you gave me a rosebud, with the promise of another, should

we ever meet again. But a rosebud will not content me now. I went there to find you, to ask you the question I ask you now. Will you give yourself to me?"

He was looking anxiously into her eyes. They drooped beneath his steady gaze. He bent lower. "Will you not speak to me, darling?"

She raised her eyes full of light to his face, and with a quick, shy motion placed both her hands in his.

A flood of joy broke over his face. He clasped her little hands tightly. "God bless you!" he murmured, reverently, "I will be faithful to the trust."

The next winter there were two weddings instead of one at Mrs. Selden's town house, and Florence learned, for the first time, the secret of her cousin's love for the little rosebush.

DEPARTED.

BY WHITFIELD STERLING.

WEeping, I bowed my weary head—
And silently around me spread
The marble city of the dead.

Oh! who is there that has not dwelt
On then and now—to feel them melt
Together—or who has not felt

The wealth of sorrow memory lends,
When, drifting o'er the past, she blends
Our lives with buried hours, and friends?

The mist of time was backward rolled,
And round me, forms of living mould
Came thronging from the days of old.

Forgotten griefs with all their tears—
Forgotten hopes—forgotten fears
Came back through intervening years;

And she returned—the blighted flower
That bloomed to fade; alas! the hour—
Alas! the fell destroyer's power.

Fresh as the dawn of cloudless day,
The loved, the loving, and the gay—
Alas! how young to pass away!

Upon her open brow so fair,
As lightly fell the touch of care
As sunlight on her waving hair.

Oh! she had been my life—my pride,
And would have been my darling bride:
But never was to be—she died!

Again, again, above the tomb
Of loveliness and blighted bloom,
Let sorrow wave her sable plume.

PRESSED FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER.

Out of the leaves of my Bible they fall,
Flower by flower, and leaf after leaf;
Sweet are the memories that they recall,
Yet I am weeping in bitterest grief!
Oh! withered buds of a Summer-time past,
Oh! sweet dead hopes of a youth that is o'er!
All of them faded ere Winter's drear blast
Faded, to blossom in beauty no more!

Many a Summer may come with its flowers,
Never another like this that has gone!
Many a young heart rejoice in their bowers,
Careless and happy as once was mine own!

Once mine was happy—now never again!
Once these dead flowers were fragrant and gay;
Summer by Summer may brighten and wane,
Other buds blossom; but these never may!

Gather them tenderly up from the floor,
Shut them again in the Volume of Truth!
So in my heart do I keep evermore
All the dear memories of my lost youth!
After awhile the Book will be shut,
After awhile the heart will grow calm;
Home shall I fly from this clay prison—but—
Home, to a mansion and conqueror's palm!

A DAGUERREOTYPE IN BATTLE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A FILE of freshly-executed vignettes, just from the photographer's, lay on one of the pretty drawing-room tables, and were seized upon and commented upon by the group there assembled. It was not a party—merely a dropping in, such as Miriam Lacy had every evening—three or four young ladies, and two gentlemen; as much of an even balance as one usually meets in “these troublous times.”

The ladies were cut out after a pattern, and had nothing in particular about them—the gentlemen were worthy of more special notice. The elder one—of middle height, inclining to corpulency and baldness—had a fine face, rather supercilious in its expression, and characterized by a general air of knowing everything and believing nothing. He was elegantly dressed, thoroughly self-possessed, answered to the name of Dr. Moynton, although he never practiced, had rooms at the Clarendon, abundant means, and did nothing in particular except lounge about among pictures, and talk “Art”—a subject very absorbing to those who appreciate it, and very bewildering to those who do not. This man admired Miriam Lacy, a person whom every one concurred in pronouncing just about right.

The other gentleman was younger, not more than twenty-seven, had a tall, manly figure, and nothing else remarkable about him, except a pair of gray eyes, that looked up and at one with such a clear reflection of a great, honest, hero-soul, that they irradiated the whole face. It was the beauty of expression, for in themselves they did not differ from bushels of other eyes. Gilbert Fletcher was a distant cousin of Miriam's; and although he was as quiet and undemonstrative as gray-eyed people usually are, she knew, to her annoyance, that down in his inmost soul he cherished a wild hope that made him glad that the cousinship was so distant.

“Miriam herself!” exclaimed one of the young ladies, as the vignettes came to light, “Miriam to life!” and exclamations and criticisms fell fast and furious on the bits of paste-board upon which had been left the impress of a living soul.

Dr. Moynton never admired when other

people did; and when some one addressed him enthusiastically with the remark: “Isn't it excellent?” He rejoined:

“Yes—an ‘excellent’ likeness of Miss Lacy in one of her very worst moments. Photographs were only invented for men—and any woman who will consent to be thus martyred must be influenced by one of two reasons: She is either inexpressibly conceited, or she is quite superior to the weakness of caring how she looks.”

“Thank you,” said Miriam, who had quietly glided in, “I am quite at a loss how to classify myself. The ‘inexpressibly conceited’ division is not attractive—but the stern Angel of truth guards the entrance to the Paradise, where women are superior to the weakness of caring how they look. I *do* care how I look, and always like to look my very best.”

Gilbert, who had said nothing, blushed guiltily at Miriam's entrance—while the real criminal smiled a fascinating smile, and said with perfect composure, “Do you remember the scene in ‘Peg Woffington,’ Miss Lacy, where Peg steps out of her own portrait-frame, and confounds the critics? It is about the finest thing in the whole volume.”

These men were both in love with Miriam Lacy; and Miriam was piqued by Dr. Moynton's composure, and irritated by Gilbert Fletcher's want of confidence.

“About these photographs,” continued the doctor, carelessly. “What a vile invention they are! If one has a glaring defect, they magnify it tenfold, and leave every mark of beauty to be guessed at. As to expression, the very life and soul of a face, the wretched photograph tramples it to death, or clothes it in so hideous an aspect, that one wishes it were a blank. Look at this caricature of Miss Lacy, now—why is she made to look dissatisfied, woe-begone, and desirous of making a face at somebody, all at one and the same time?”

“That is only the perversity of human nature,” replied Miriam, laughing, “the poor photographer, in despair at the benumbing gravity that always possesses one when required to call up a look that I know is to be stamped upon glass and copper, said sugges-

tively, "Could you think of something pleasant now, mum?" and I immediately felt a severe and awful expression settle on my features. Had he told me not to laugh as I valued my picture, the effect would have been what was desired. But I am tired of the subject," she continued, imperiously, "let us talk of something else. What are you studying there, Gilbert?"

Miriam has not been described, and, to tell the truth, she was rather indescribable. Her girl-admirers, and she had hosts of them, always said of Miriam, "Not *pretty* at all, you know, because she hasn't a single good feature;" and yet, in the aggregate, they pronounced her "lovely." She was taller than the average height, and her finely-moulded figure seemed to float along the streets, so that men would turn their heads, as she passed, and say, "By Jove! what a splendid figure that woman has!" Her abundant dark hair, worn very low on her neck, had a classic sweep that carried a sort of fascination in it; and the cheek it shaded was so round and fresh that a cannibal could not have resisted the temptation to take a bite out of it. Miriam was twenty-five, and owned to every day of it; and partly on account of this venerable age, partly on account of her superiority, people generally, who are very liberal with what does not belong to them, handed her over to Dr. Moynton. Barkis was willin', but not quite satisfied of success.

All this time, Gilbert Fletcher has been left bending over an old-fashioned, somewhat faded daguerreotype. Two girl-faces nestled closely together; the elder had long, drooping curls, and Miriam's eyes and mouth—the other was a chubby, little sister, long years since in Paradise. That child-face of Miriam was very sweet, and Gilbert studied it intently.

He did not hear Miriam's question; and she went and looked over his shoulder.

"That old thing!" said she, half-sadly, "it does not look a bit like me *now*. That was taken 'when I was nearer heaven in the days of long ago.'"

"To me it looks very much like you," replied Gilbert, in a low tone. "I wish that you would give it to me, Miriam—I should like to take it away with me."

"I would not give it to you for the world," said Miriam, in the same tone. "When do you go?"

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, who wanted Gilbert to come and talk to her, "is it really true that you are going to the war?"

Gilbert bowed assent. He never wasted words when he was not interested.

"How many straps do you wear?" asked the doctor, in rather an unpleasant tone.

"None," replied Gilbert, quietly. "I go as a private."

"As a *private*!" repeated the young ladies, under their breath. "Dear! they had always thought that privates were so *common*!"

"They are rather uncommon, now-a-days," said Miriam, that clear, steady voice of hers trembling a little with emotion, "and unless Artemas Ward raises successive regiments of Brigadier-Generals, the ranks will scarcely be filled by men who do not seem to have souls above a bit of glittering tinsel."

Miriam's cheeks glowed indignantly; but the doctor, although inwardly admiring, replied coolly, "You may just as well say that we are fighting for a bit of red, white, and blue bunting—it is not the tinsel for which they care, but what the tinsel symbolizes. By-the-way, Fletcher, are you thoroughly in earnest? I should think it would be rather unpleasant to take pot-luck with Tom, Dick, and Harry in that style. Privates' fare is not very tempting, I imagine."

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," replied Gilbert, unmoved, "give up their time, their comfort, their lives to their country—I do no more. Why then am I entitled to more than they? In this great cause all should be brothers, and share alike."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"You must allow me respectfully to differ from you," he began. "My chief objection to the Declaration of Independence is, that it tells what the children calls 'a great, big, naughty story.'"

The young ladies gave a start of interest—a man who abused the Declaration of Independence was "so original." All but Miriam, and she remained quietly gazing at the speaker.

"The Declaration of Independence," continued Dr. Moynton, rather contemptuously, "asserts the palpable falsehood that 'all men are born free and equal,' in the very face of the fact that some are born to roeewood cradles, and purple, and fine linen, and others to pine boards and a fig-leaf. Do you call that free and equal? The man accustomed to scant food and rags, and the society of vagabonds, who goes as a private—and the man accustomed to well-dressed viands, elegant clothing, and intercourse with gentlemen, who accepts the same position, bring, in my opinion, very unequal fortunes into the concern."

Gilbert was half-dreaming of Miriam and the future, and rather weary of the doctor's wordy argument—and saying, with a smile, "I am satisfied to go as a private," he turned to look at some prints.

The visitors finally dropped off; the young ladies were taken home by the doctor; and Gilbert and Miriam were left alone in the drawing-room. The quiet young soldier seemed suddenly endowed with the power of speech.

"Miriam," said he, abruptly, "I go to-morrow. Will you give me this?"

It was one of the photographs that he held in his hand; and Miriam took it from him with downcast eyes, turning away as she said,

"Do not ask me for these things, Gilbert—I cannot break through my rule, which is to bestow them only on my lady friends."

"Not even for a cousin?" asked Gilbert, beseechingly.

"Not even for a cousin," she replied.

But Miriam's head was turned aside, and Gilbert, yielding to temptation, committed an act of petty larceny of which she was happily unconscious. The daguerreotype of Miriam in her childhood was hastily transferred to his pocket; and with an expression of not having been doing anything at all out of the way, that was quite marvelous considering what a neophyte he was in this sort of practice, Gilbert received the dismissal that his cousin speedily bestowed upon him.

"It is late now," said she, extending her hand, "and I must go up to Lizzie. I honor you, Gilbert—and you shall always have my warmest prayers for your preservation and happiness. Good-night."

And she was gliding rapidly out of the room; but Gilbert, suddenly gifted with a miraculous power of daring, folded her closely in his arms, and with a long, farewell kiss, said, "We may never meet again on earth, Miriam. Good-by," and was gone.

Miriam stood breathless with astonishment—half-indignant, and half-admiring the audacity which had taken her so completely by surprise. For she knew that Gilbert loved her, and she knew that he knew that, if he had told her so that night, he would have been rejected.

Very thoughtfully she walked up stairs to Lizzie, her brother's pretty, little wife, who was lying among a heap of laced pillows, lost in admiration of another heap of flannel and embroidery, which Miriam addressed as "Auntie's precious baby," and which seemed to be regarded generally as a very novel and striking production. Miriam's brother, and that

brother's wife and child, were to her objects of the warmest affection; and the pretty Lizzie, who was two or three years her junior, clung to her with a sort of adoring love that seemed to be Miriam's due.

After talking an immense amount of nonsense to the baby, and kissing and petting the childish mother, Miriam went to her own room, and thought a great deal more about Gilbert than that modest lover would ever have imagined. She did not wish to marry him—they were not suited to each other; she thought him too young, in the first place, and too timid—there was nothing to lean upon; in short, he was not at all her *beau idéal*, and she felt provoked that her thoughts turned upon so unprofitable a subject.

Dr. Moynton, who, by a sort of instinct, had looked upon Gilbert as a powerful rival, now had the field to himself, and improved his opportunities to the best of his ability. Herbert Lacy smiled approvingly upon his suit—Lizzie thought him "just the husband for Miriam"—and the doctor finally committed himself by a regular proposal.

Somehow it troubled her to see this lofty man humbled; and she said as gently as she could, "If I ever love, it will be one who has shown himself willing to sacrifice everything for his country."

"Even to enlisting as a private?" asked the doctor, bitterly.

A roseate color mounted to Miriam's forehead; but she answered steadily: "Yes, if that were clearly his duty."

"What do you wish me to do?" said the lover, despairingly. "Must I advertise myself as 'the celebrated and original able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years?'"

Miriam smiled in spite of herself, as she murmured: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and Dr. Moynton retired discomfited.

A fearful battle was raging, in which Gilbert Fletcher's regiment had lost more than half of its men. Bravely following the flashing sword that waved them up the hill, they pressed forward to victory, Gilbert's gray eyes dilating into strange beauty with the excitement of battle—when suddenly came a missile of death, dealing carnage and destruction on every side. Gilbert fell, with several of his comrades, but

"——— a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle."

Miriam read the name of "private Gilbert Fletcher" among the list of killed, and a strange

feeling took possession of her. She neither cried nor fainted; but all the sunshine had died out of her life, and she felt that she loved the dead private. With her usual prompt energy, she took an instant resolution to devote herself to hospital work among the sick and wounded; and quietly made her preparations in spite of all opposition.

The stars came out and shed their soft light over the field of battle, and on a pale face that looked dead among the dead—but it was just waking up to life. An obscure private lay there, with a shattered daguerreotype resting on his heart, and in imagination a vision of Miriam bending over him as his guardian-angel. He smiled as he lay there; for something whispered confidently that Miriam would one day rest her bright head on that very place, and then he fell wearily asleep.

When Gilbert Fletcher returned to Northern

soil, it was with the rank of captain honorably earned by tried bravery, not bought with money; but he seemed to value a shattered daguerreotype more highly even than this commission; and Miriam probably changed her opinion of him, or, perhaps, as the lady said of her pertinacious lover, she married him to get rid of him.

Dr. Moynton takes his luxurious dinners at the Clarendon, and pronounces Mrs. Captain Fletcher "a very fine woman"—adding frankly that, if she had shown better taste, she might have been Mrs. Dr. Moynton; and that he should certainly be tempted to go as a private, if he could be sure of being as well paid as Gilbert Fletcher was.

Summing up all the facts, I cannot help thinking that, had it not been for that daguerreotype, things would never have turned out as they did.

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
When life was new and dear;
When rose-clouds veiled the future path,
And Heaven seemed so near.
Before the heart's bright, trusting faith,
Was robbed by worldly lore,
And yielded up the garnered joys
It trusted in before.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
When Nature seemed more bright—
When each returning Spring would bring
A dreamy, soft delight.
When 'neath the whispering beechen's shade,
We spoke love's tender vow;
And all the charms of poetry
Seemed far more sweet than now.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
Before a cruel war
Had sprung up, like some horrid fiend,
This favored land to mar!
When life passed like a Summer dream,
In mild and pleasant ways,
And Peace shed o'er our happy homes
Her soft and cheerful rays.

Ah no! 'tis vain—the iron hand
Of duty points the way;
We scarce can pause to scan the past,
But hope on, day by day—
Still looking for that better time
When we shall all be free;
Oh, God! teach us to live aright,
And put our trust in Thee!

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Rest gently, dearest one, for I
Am watching thy repose,
And planting on thy sculptured tomb
The lovely blooming rose;
And when the sun his dewy couch
Within the West has made,
The stars of night shall shine on me
Beside thy quiet grave.

Rest sweetly, gentle one, for now
The rock of stubborn grief
Is melting by my fervent tears,
And gives my heart relief;

I'm dreaming too of how my love
From its repose was driven,
And as I dream, I wait a prayer
That thou wilt hear in Heaven.

Oh! long loved one, who sleepeth now
Beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou not in thy Heavenly home
Cast oft a thought on me?
And that bright hope shall clear the clouds
Within this heart of mine,
And when I reach the spirit land,
I shall be ever thine!

THE PATIENT HEART OF MARTHA PAYSON.
A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 123.

IX.—DIED INTESTATE.

WINDS blew him onward safely—tides favored him—skies smiled over him. He reached his destination, and the first letter from his South American home was as full of buoyant, on-looking hope, as it was of tender, faithful memory. He bade her be strong and cheerful, upborne by trust in his love, as he was by trust in hers.

She could not hope for such messengers very often, but they would be, perhaps, all the more tenderly prized. Every letter he wrote her slept on her heart till the next one came. She was happy, despite her cares, which were neither few nor small—despite her separation from Arthur Challoner, and the years that lay between them. She was young, and strong, and fearless; and her love had the Midas gift of turning common things to gold.

For three years she walked on in this happy life of hoping and dreaming, overseeing the household, indeed, caring tenderly for the children, but feeding her heart on the memory of looks and tones, toward which her thoughts turned ever backward, as Eve's might have turned toward Eden—only, for Martha, the gate of her Paradise was again to open. Again she should walk in her garden in the cool of the day, roam beside its still waters, sit underneath the cool rustling of its palms. Was she in danger of forgetting that this world is but the hostel,

"Where we tarry, we tarry but a night?"

Sorrow, the Easterns say, is the angel that sits nearest the gate of heaven. Therefore, her mission on earth is holy. It was an autumn day when she came again to the pale girl, who had been dreaming for three years such rosy dreams.

A loud knocking on the outer door summoned her, and, with a vague foreboding, which took no definite shape, she opened it. She admitted a sorrowful procession. Six men bore upon a door the body of Deacon Pettibone. His eyes

were closed. Upon his face was the unmistakable rigidity and pallor of death. There was a wound in his left temple, a sharp, frightful wound. Dr. Wilson came at the head of the litter. With his keen, medical eye he looked into the girl's pale face to see how she bore the sight, how she would bear the tidings he had to tell. Taking her hand, he slipped his fingers along over the pulse. It was firm and steady. Here would be no fainting or faltering when there was any duty to be done. He told the men where to deposit their burden, and then he drew Martha into another room and described the accident which had happened at his own gate.

The deacon had been to see him, ostensibly to consult him concerning a slight ailment; but, really, it seemed as if some singular presentiment of his doom had impelled him to talk over his last wishes. He had lingered for some time, speaking about personal and family matters, and had even turned back again, when he reached the door, to say,

"Remember, doctor, I am getting to be an old man, and, if anything should happen to me, I want you should be Tommy's guardian. As for Mary, Martha is to take care of her—my wife requested it on her dying-bed."

The doctor had replied, smilingly,

"I am as old a man as you, and my life is a far more toilsome one. You will help carry my coffin into the church-yard, and, as I have no children to entrust to you, I shall expect you to comfort my wife."

The deacon shook his head sadly.

"May be so, may be so, friend; but I think it is time for me to set my house in order. I shall make my will to-morrow."

Then he had gone out and mounted his horse, a strong, steady animal, which he was daily in the habit of riding. Just as he was gathering up his reins, and had turned toward the doctor for a parting word, a man in the next field fired suddenly at a bird which was wheeling overhead. The steady-going horse, which nothing

had ever been known to frighten before, reared and plunged; and the deacon, off his guard, was thrown violently to the ground. His head struck against a sharp stone, and when they took him up, he was dead.

Just as the doctor finished his sad story, she heard the children coming merrily in—the girl of ten, and the boy of thirteen—old enough, now, to realize sorrow.

"I must tell them," she said, turning her white, still face toward the doctor. "I must go now. They will be in where he lies in a moment."

Dr. Wilson did not know in what words she discharged her task; but five minutes afterward he saw the three standing together beside the dead. The children were weeping wildly, but the look of patient suffering on Martha's face was more pitiful than tears.

After the funeral was over, the business matters had to be settled. Martha well knew what the deacon's intentions had been concerning her. He had often said, since his wife's death, that she should provide for her as his child. The property Tommy inherited, through his mother, would make *him* rich enough; and the deacon intended that his own estate should be equally divided between the two girls. But intentions pass for nothing in law, and she mentioned to no one her knowledge of the deacon's wishes.

Dr. Wilson was appointed Tommy's guardian by the town authorities, and the boy removed, at once, to the doctor's house. As he steps off the stage of our narrative at this point, it may be well to glance a moment at his future career. As soon as he was twenty-one—determined, despite Dr. Wilson's persuasions, that he would not be a doctor, when nature had intended him for a merchant—he took his fortune to Boston and invested it in trade. He was successful, and is known to-day, on State street, as one of "the solid men of Boston."

Mary was left, as it had been understood was the deacon's wish, to Martha's guardian care. The red-brick house, as part of Tommy's inheritance, was to be leased for his benefit, and though more than one home was proffered to Martha for herself and her charge, she preferred absolute independence, and removed with Mary to the little cottage where the second Mrs. Pettibone had formerly lived.

Then she made an effort to procure the situation of teacher in the village school. The property which Mary had inherited from her father would be barely sufficient to maintain her, and afford her the advantages she ought to have—

there must be for Martha no more idle hours. Fortunately among the town's people she had many friends, and no enemies. She procured the school easily enough, and with it a promise that she should retain it as long as she might desire.

So her life was speedily mapped out. After awhile she received from Arthur Challoner a letter full of earnest love and tender sympathy—a letter in which he offered to give up his Southern prospects—which, she knew, were just then brighter than ever—and come home at once. Of course she would permit no such sacrifice. She wrote back to him to stay the appointed time—Mary needed all her care at present, and she would try to grow worthier of him while she waited.

And all this time she never doubted him.

The seven years that passed on in such dull routine, after this, brought with them two changes.

Mary Pettibone grew from childhood up to womanhood. She had always been lovely, and now her charms developed into a beauty which could scarcely have been predicted even from her infantile promise. She had no great strength of mind or body; but she had a charm which seldom fails of triumph—the very charm of helplessness—a certain soft appealing to the love and care of others, which wins more than loftier gifts. Her eyes were bright, clear blue, with a light in them like the stars in a summer night sky. Her complexion had just the softest sea-shell tints. Her mouth was so bright, and sweet, and pouting, it fairly challenged your kisses. Dimples were in her cheeks—in her round little elbows, and her soft white hands. She was as frolicsome as a pet kitten, and as gay and fresh as a June rose-bud. Unconsciously, however, she was selfish. She had always been indulged—Martha never thought of disputing her wishes—and she had grown used to take every possible sacrifice as if it were only her natural right. And yet no one saw the selfishness, veiled as it was by that light, playful manner of hers.

Beside her Martha looked sadly worn and old. At twenty-eight, time had begun to fade her cheek, and scatter silver threads in her hair. She had had a hard life—how hard no one knew—for she had been a laborious and conscientious teacher without one particle of natural liking for the task. Moreover, waiting years are always weary years, and perhaps something besides time had blanched the hues of her life.

She was only eleven years older than Mary,

but she looked quite old enough to be her mother, as she came and sat down beside her, telling her that next month her very dear friend—the one she wrote to in South America—was coming home.

The girl shook her sunny curls till they flashed back the light like threads of gold, and laughed gayly, as she said,

“Well, I hope he won't be an old foggy, that's all. We've got sobersides enough here, now. I suppose he'll be a perfect bear, living so long among those South American savages. No matter, while you are teaching artillery practice to the young idea, I'll try and initiate him into the ways of civilization.”

Martha only smiled at her words, as she did at all her pretty, mischievous ways—smiled and thought what a pretty, petted darling the girl was; hoping, too, that Arthur would like her, since, now she was fatherless, she must always live with them.

Meantime the ship *Golden Gate* was bringing the wanderer home!

X.—HOW MARTHA KEPT HER VOW.

HE came, after all, unexpectedly. The letter he sent from New York to announce his advent was delayed, and instead of being at home ready to welcome him, as she had wished, his betrothed was in her school. He knew of her change of residence, and went at once to the little cottage. He was not prepared for the vision of beauty he found in the parlor—a fair, graceful creature all in white; eyes bright as stars; golden ringlets fluttering about the pretty head and bare, dimpled shoulders; face bright with smiles and blushes. He had not forgotten his old courteous ways. He bowed with his most chivalrous air of homage.

“Pardon my intrusion—I thought Miss Payson lived here.”

“She does, and she is expecting you, if, as I suppose, you are Mr. Challoner. She did not know just when you would arrive, and so she is in school. She will be at home in half an hour. If you will accept me as her representative in the meantime, I will give you my best welcome; or would you prefer to go and find her?”

He considered a moment. He did not care to meet his affianced before all these inquisitive, childish eyes. It would be better to wait for her there. So he said,

“I will remain here, if you please—if I shall not disturb you, Miss—”

“Not ‘Miss,’ at all—only little Mary Pettibone, who remembers you quite well, though I see you have forgotten her.”

“Little Mary!” he exclaimed aloud—then to himself. “Not, surely, the seven years' little child, who cheated me out of my bride, and made me go to South America, in order that she might be properly tended and brought up?”

“You forget, sir, that ten years change seven into seventeen. You were good to little Mary, ten years ago—you must not change toward her because she has left off pinafores, and put on long dresses.”

Change, indeed! The change was in her. He was bewildered by it. He thought he had never seen any one half so sweet and enticing. I am afraid the time of waiting had passed before he knew it. Watching that beauty half-childish and half-womanly, listening to the cooing, melodious tones of that clear, young voice, he forgot to be impatient to see Martha, and so her coming took him by surprise. Never could there have been a moment when she would have appeared at a greater disadvantage. Coming in with the old weary look upon her face, after her hard day of uncongenial labor; her hair put plainly back; her dark gingham dress, and strong shoes white with her walk through the soiling summer dust; her forehead flushed with fatigue; her step languid, and her eyes with that peculiar faded out look which gray eyes have when their owner is dispirited and weary. Coming in, to the cool, pleasant parlor, what a contrast to the graceful, white-robed vision that came to meet her! He felt a sudden sensation of bitter disappointment. Was this the bride he had toiled and waited for? The next moment, remembering how true and good she was, he hated himself for the feeling.

“Mr. Challoner has come.” It was the young girl who spoke first, and not either of the waiting lovers. *They* stood still, looking at each other steadfastly.

Time, which had been so unfriendly to Martha, had only given the beauty of a riper manhood to Arthur Challoner—bronzed his cheek, deepened the shadows in his hair, made more intense the light in his eyes, carved his lips into prouder lines. Mary smiled, as she tripped out of the room, and thought what an odd meeting it was, after all the correspondence. With the shy, shrinking delicacy peculiar to her nature, Martha had never told her of their engagement. It had not been made known to any one, at first, because the prospect of marriage was so remote, and, during the whole ten years of waiting, Martha had never revealed her secret. The regular receipt of her South American letters had been the only point

on which to hang a conjecture. When the girl was gone, Challoner went over to Martha's side. She did not move to meet him. Sensitive as a flower—a being of "spirit, and fire, and dew"—she knew only too well how she had impressed him; felt only too keenly that he was disappointed in her. His question at their last meeting flashed into her mind, "Could love die?" Perhaps he would not have long to wait for his answer.

"Have the unfriendly years made us strangers to each other?" he asked, in those rich, melodious tones, whose echo had lingered ever since she first heard them in her heart.

She knew her lips were cold when he kissed them; but how could she throw warmth into her manner, when such a chill was settling down upon her soul?

How they had looked forward to this meeting, both of them; and yet, now it had come, how different it was from their dreams! Do two, between whom ten years have rolled, ever meet as they parted? Well as Launcelot loved Arthur's Queen, if, instead of being buried at Joyous Guard, he had gone on a pilgrimage to a far country, and come back after ten years of change and absence, would he have seen, when he came again to court, the old charm in the eyes which so many tears wept for his sake had dimmed, the hair which grief had turned ashen? In time, perhaps, the spell might have regained its old force—but the first emotion would have been of disappointment. We never realize changes which we do not see. We remember those from whom we are parted at their last and their best; and when we come again we find that Time has been robbing us.

It was a constrained, miserable evening which those two passed together. Only once Arthur alluded to their marriage; but Martha interrupted him.

"You have come home to stay, now," she said, "and with so much time before us there is no need of haste. My school-term lasts a month longer. I will teach it through, and you shall have the interval to get acquainted with me over again. In the meantime we will make no plans, and as no one, not even Mary, knows of the tie between us, we can be quite secure from criticism or observation."

It was a relief to them both when Mary came dancing in, at nine o'clock, to wish them good-night, she said. Martha was glad to make her sit down at the piano, and sing Scotch songs for awhile. The music gave her time to gain self-command to look her future in the face steadily.

A more artful and unscrupulous, even a more selfish woman, loving him as she never denied to herself that she did, would have kept on with the engagement; commenced preparations for the marriage; and trusted that, with community of household interests, love enough would come to bring happiness. To Martha Payson no such course was open. It was his happiness rather than her own of which she has thought all the time—if she could not ensure that, then all her past dreams were idle. This was why she had at once determined that there should be no more talk for the present about marriage. She would wait. If *he* were willing to forget the past, let the waves of oblivion sweep over it—she would be the first to relinquish any claim it had given her. Nor did her patient heart blame him. She knew that he *had* loved her once. Was it his fault that she had refused to marry him *then*? If she had been his wife through these years they would not have changed her so, and he would still have seen in her the charms that won him long ago. Small blame to *him* if the years which her own decree had put between them had stolen away all brightness of her youth, and left her a middle-aged woman before her time.

There was wild fervor in her prayers that night—a passionate cry from the bruised and wounded heart for the healing love of heaven. Her prayer was answered. Strength came to her. But, when she rose in the morning, the night after her lover's coming which should have brought back the old light to her eyes, the youthful bloom to her cheeks, had only deepened the lines of care. Arthur Challoner felt personally injured. Where was the bride he had wooed—the woman he had waited for? He did not see her in this pale, spiritless creature, from whose life all the color and vividness seemed blanched and faded. She had made him fully understand, the night before, that she held him free to choose or not to choose her over again, as he himself should determine—that, at any rate, he was to say no more of love or marriage for the present. Unwilling as he was to confess it to himself, this understanding was an intense relief. He was no hypocrite, and it would have been a hard task for him to dissemble.

The next day after his coming Martha went to her school, as usual. He had taken up his abode, as of old, at his uncle's. The Thorntons were glad enough to receive him. He was a rich man now, and reflected something of the golden aura of his distinction upon those whose hospitality he shared.

In the afternoon he came over to the cottage—it seemed the most natural way to use up the slow hours—and helped the young girl there wait for Martha. The time passed quickly enough at her side—he telling her strange, romantic tales of daring and adventure, she questioning him sweetly, and listening with such flattering attention.

This went on two or three weeks. Martha was not jealous—her nature was too noble for so selfish a passion—but love made her insight keen. She gave Arthur Challoner credit for good intentions. She did not think he intended to fall in love with Mary, but she saw, when he looked at the girl, such a beam in his eyes as years ago wiled her own heart away. She thought, too, that Mary was beginning to love him. She remembered a solemn vow—a mother trusting to her care her child—a pledge she had made that that child's happiness should be dearer than her own—and her resolve was taken.

"Why do you not ask me to give you Mary?" she said to Challoner, the next time they were alone.

He understood her, but he answered, resolutely,

"I have never sought but one bride. I have waited for her many years. Does she mean to keep me waiting always?"

Martha Payson drew away the hand he tried to hold. She said, in quiet, firm tones,

"Do you think I would let you sacrifice yourself and her for a mistaken notion of honor? Or that I could ever take your hand, when I had failed to hold all your heart? You must not blame yourself. The waiting years, which have changed our relations, were my election, not yours. It is not your fault if time, that has stood still with you, has wrought twice its usual work on me—made me fitter for your mother than your wife. If you would refuse your freedom for your own sake, you must accept it for hers. I believe that Mary loves you. I know that you love her. I command you, by all the authority the past gives me over your life, to make *her* happy."

Going out of the room without waiting for his answer, she met Mary.

"Go in, dear child," she said, calmly. "Mr. Challoner has something to say to you."

Sitting where she had left him, he heard her words, and wondered why a strange pain stung his heart, now that the fate he had been secretly longing for had come to him.

Half an hour afterward, Mary Pettibone, all smiles, and tears, and blushes, rushed into

Martha's chamber, and threw herself down beside her.

"Oh! darling, darling!" she cried, in her exuberant, childlike way. "How could you be so good? He says you are better than an angel. He has told me everything. I would never have let myself care for him in the first place, though, if I had known he was engaged to you. How could you give him up, so grand, and handsome, and rich as he is? He says he loves me—poor, silly little me!—though it seems so strange. I have promised to marry him at New-Years. He wanted it to be sooner, but I must have time to get ready, and I can't give up my visit to New York this fall—Laura depends on me so."

It was the first time in Martha's life that she had ever felt angry with the silly, pretty child. Arthur Challoner was "so grand, and handsome, and rich!" Were these, then, his best attractions for the young creature he was going to marry? Had she been, after all, cruel—where she meant to be kind—in bringing them together?

She kissed the girl, and sent her away. She was not strong enough, just then, to listen to her plans about getting, while in New York, such a bridal outfit as should befit the station she was going to fill.

For the next two months the lovers seemed very happy. They rode and walked, sang, read and talked together, and, perhaps, neither of them noticed that Martha's face was whiter and sadder than ever, as she went about her daily tasks.

It was in October that the visit to New York had been planned. Laura Waterhouse was the one intimate friend that Mary Pettibone, like most other girls, had made during her year or two of boarding-school life. Laura had not been spoiled by being the petted child of wealthy and aristocratic parents. She had chosen her friend without one thought of the social distance between them, and she was looking forward to her visit with eager delight, and a determination to make the country girl's first glimpse of city life as dazzling and enjoyable as possible.

At first, Challoner had objected to her going. He had not had his Mary long enough to be willing to part with her. Was it possible that she was weary of him? But when he saw how her heart was set upon the visit, above all when she whispered, blushing, that the chief interest it had for her was in the preparations it would enable her to make for their marriage, he consented. He resolved not to follow her to

the city for a month. It would give her more time, he said, for her shopping. Perhaps he was secretly a little piqued at her readiness to part with him, and meant to absent himself long enough to be sure of a welcome.

During her absence he saw a good deal of Martha. All day she was busy in school, for she had commenced on another term; but almost all his evenings were spent with her. Was she indeed growing younger, or was it that, when Mary's more dazzling and youthful charms were withdrawn from his vision, he could see more clearly? Of course there was nothing lover-like between them, but she could hardly refuse a sort of brotherly intimacy to Mary's betrothed; and he began again to take an interest in reading and talking to her. He saw again, as her face kindled with enthusiasm over some beautiful thought, the same luminous gray eyes, with the clear-shining light in them, which had charmed him years ago; and sometimes he caught himself thinking of her, for a moment, almost as if they still belonged to each other.

What did this interest in his old love mean? He asked himself, one day. Was he, indeed, so fickle as to yield his allegiance to whoever was nearest to him at the time? The month was up. He would go to Mary to-morrow—the beautiful, graceful child—his loving, bewitching little darling.

He went.

XI.—HOW IT ALL ENDED.

ARTHUR CHALLONER had been absent a week. It was a November night, wild and wet, fierce with tempest. Martha was quite alone. She dreaded such evenings. They were the very times when the spirit of the past chose to look on her with such haunting eyes, to summon before her old dreams and hopes, troubling her memory with a vague, dull sense of pain. Not to-night would she yield to the spell. She trimmed her lamp, drew her chair and her footstool to the little round table—the very table at which Deacon Pettibone sat, so many years before, and wooed his second wife—and took up a volume of Moral Philosophy, a book which would task every power of memory and attention, leaving no room for ghost-seeing. Just as she commenced reading, there came a knock at the door. She made haste to open it. She would not have kept a dog even waiting in such a storm.

Arthur Challoner came in, stamping his feet in the entry, and shaking the great drops from his shaggy cloak. She looked at him in mute wonder. He smiled.

"I got home to-day. I thought you would be lonely this wild night, so I came over to help you listen to the wind and the storm. You see how well I know your habits."

"You are mistaken for once—I was not going to listen to any such dreary music. See, what a wise, grave counselor I had chosen," and she held up her book for him to read the title. "But I thought you were settled in New York. How came you here, and how is Mary?"

He sat down in front of her, and brushed back his hair from his forehead; it was an old, boyish trick he had.

"Look at me," he said. "Do I look like a miserable man?"

She did look at him, keenly, and made up her mind that he looked anything but miserable. There was a bright light in his handsome eyes, a flush on his cheek, and, half-hidden by his moustache, a curious smile. Completing her survey, she answered, quietly,

"I cannot say that you do."

"Then my looks must be very much at fault. They ought to express my condition better. I am a forsaken lover."

Still that curious, satirical smile, and the bright light in his eyes. What could he mean? She asked him very seriously.

"Only that your little Mary was more of a child than we fancied her, and did not know her own heart. When I got to New York, she met me shyly and coldly. For several days she managed to avoid being alone with me, and, at last, when I had her to myself for a moment, and insisted upon an explanation, she broke from me, and sent her friend in to speak for her. Then it all came out. Miss Laura told her story very gently and sweetly, putting the child's case in the best possible light. It seemed that the little thing was dazzled by the idea of my admiration. She had never had a lover before, and she could not resist the temptation of snaring such a prize, no matter at what cost to others. So she accepted me, meaning, at the time, to marry me, I suppose. When she reached New York, she saw, for the first time, her friend's brother. He fell in love with her. She is fascinating, in her way; he was younger than I, gayer, more of her kind. In short, she discovered that her first love was but love's counterfeit, and was sure she should be miserable for life, if she could not marry this Dick Waterhouse. 'And yet,' Miss Laura said, 'she had given him no encouragement. She could not, until she knew what I would say. If I wished her, after all, to marry me, she would try and forget that she had ever seen any one she loved better, try and

make me as happy as she could.' I told Miss Laura, of course, with many thanks, that I could by no means permit so great a sacrifice. I begged her to assure Mary of my peaceable intentions, and send her to me. The little rogue came in, looking very pretty, and shy, and penitent. I gave her a fatherly sort of kiss, and then told her that I was going to resign her to this new gallant of hers, who, it seemed, had stolen her heart away. She looked half-puzzled, at my giving her up so readily, but she thanked me, with a very captivating grace. Then she wanted me to promise her that I would not be wretched on her account—it would spoil all her happiness if she had to think, in the midst of it, that she had made me miserable. I begged her to give her tender little heart no pain on that score; for no love that was not fully returned was ever strong enough to shatter a man's heart-strings. I was very grateful to her for her honesty toward me, and very certain that it had advanced my happiness quite as much as her own. I believe, after all, my answer piqued her—the vain little puss! She looked as if she would like to have the exquisite pleasure of jilting me over again."

"How could you answer her as you did?"

"How? Because it was the simple truth. Before I went to New York I had begun to fear that her hold on me was only on my fancy, not my heart. But, even had I loved her ten times more than I ever did, how could I be anything but thankful for my release from one who had so easily been wiled from her allegiance! Better, ten thousand times, a lonely, unshared life, than to be the possessor of a discontented beauty, forever sighing for her lost freedom. I never envied the Sultan the fairest of his slaves."

"And you are not miserable?" The girl looked at him, as she spoke, with keen, searching eyes, determined to read his heart through and through. His answering look was free and open, it masked no secret sorrow.

"I am not only not miserable, I am happier than I have been for weeks. Do not trouble yourself for me, kind, patient little heart! What I have lost, was never worth the winning!"

Martha looked at him, reproachfully.

"You are unkind, now. There is no medium course for your nature. Why cannot you see Mary as she is? Because you cease to do homage to her as an angel, why must you begin despising her as a plaything? I know my dear child well. She is not heartless, she is only young. She did not know her own

wants, or her own nature. The idea of having a lover dazzled her. She is not innately selfish; she could not be, with her mother's blood in her veins. If she seems so, it is my fault, because I have always cared for her, and indulged her, and never taught her to deny herself for any one else. When she is a wife, her womanhood will come to her."

"You are charitable, Martha. Forgive me! I know you love her. I had proof of that ten years ago. We won't talk about her any more. I have brought something to read to you."

The next day came a letter from Mary, announcing to her best friend—as she called Martha—her new engagement. The letter was full of shy, womanly happiness. She said nothing of Richard Waterhouse's wealth and station, only told of her love for him, in words which convinced Martha that, at last, the girl's heart had found its abiding-place, learned its true lesson. The marriage was fixed for Christmas, and was to take place in New York—"Richard and all his friends insisted on it," she said. She begged Martha to come to her at once. She, who had always been her more than mother, must not refuse to be with her in these last days of her girlhood, to aid her in her preparations. Enclosed was a note from Mrs. Waterhouse, Laura's mother, urgently seconding Mary's request.

She had taken the letter from the post-office, on her way from school, and, while she still held it in her hand, Arthur Challoner came in, and she repeated its contents to him.

"Are you going?" he asked, as she concluded.

"I want to—I must. I should never forgive myself if I was separated from her these few last weeks, before I give her forever to another. Yes, I *must* go. The only difficulty is about finding a substitute in the school."

"Would you trust me to teach it for you?"

She looked at him in blank amazement.

"You?"

"And why not? Do you think arithmetic and geography will be too much for me? Or do you fear that I cannot make them mind?"

She smiled.

"Neither of those objections, exactly; but every one would think it so strange."

"No one will have a right to complain, if I teach well, and govern wisely. You had better try me."

It was arranged so, after all. She could think of no one else who could take her place on such short notice. She was determined to gratify Mary; and, if all the truth must be told, she

was not sorry to part from Arthur Challoner just then.

Two days afterward found her in New York.

Never had Mary been so tender and so lovely. A true love had subdued and enriched her whole nature. In the midst of her blushing confidences, she threw her arms round Martha's neck, and sobbed out her penitence for having wiled Arthur Challoner's heart away. But Martha would not allow her to blame herself. *She was not unhappy*, she said, and, indeed, in those clear gray eyes was a light which did not look like sorrow.

In less than three weeks the wedding came off. Martha liked Richard Waterhouse. He seemed perfectly suited to make Mary's happiness. Age, tastes, feelings—all were harmonious. Never had bridegroom looked prouder, or bride more lovely.

Martha refused their earnest invitation to accompany them to Washington. She staid a little while after they left, at Laura's solicitation, and saw a few of the lions of New York; but the night before New-Years found her at home.

Again Arthur Challoner knocked at the door, and again she opened it.

"I have come to render an account of my stewardship," he said, sitting down before the glowing fire.

They talked awhile of the school—then of the wedding, and the happy bride. Then there was an interval of silence. At last Challoner drew his chair a little nearer his old love's, and said, with a sad cadence in his voice,

"My true errand to-night was to say good-by, Martha. I go to New York to-morrow, to make my preparations to go back to South America. I have nothing to stay here for. Every hope that kept my heart warm and young is dead. It is small comfort to know that I have no one to blame but myself. I loved you, Martha, God knows how well and how faithfully. All the long years of my absence my sole thought was for you. I toiled for you, waited for you, hoped for you. But all the time I thought of you as I had seen you last— young, only eighteen, beautiful, to me, beyond all women.

"I came, and found you worn, old for your years—all the light gone from your eyes, the brightness from your life. It shocked and disappointed me terribly. If I had seen no one else, I should have gotten over my first disappointment, presently, and realized that my love was as strong as ever. But Mary was always near you—such a contrast. I saw in her all

the brightness and bloom of youth, which you had lost for her sake—all, and more. She took my fancy captive, and I really thought it was my heart. After she went away, I began to find out my mistake; but bound to her as I was I dared not confront the truth. I was glad, yes, glad, when I found that she loved another; for I had begun, before then, to feel the want of something in her nature that was not there—to confess to myself a doubt whether she could make me happy.

"My very first thought, when she asked me to release her, was a wild, hopeful one of you. I felt as if, come what might, your soul and mine were one, and nothing could permanently separate us. But that thought passed. Calmer reason tells me that you could not forgive my fickleness, any more than, even if I had loved her ever so well, I could have forgiven Mary hers, had she turned back again from her new love to me. Perhaps I have no right to say all this to you, but I am going so far away you will never see me again; and I could not go without letting you know that the old love was a reality, and no dream. Oh! what visions I used to have in those years of absence of a home simple and sweet, made blessed by your love! It is my own fault, I know, that they have faded—that I must go back, never to dream again. But you must know and believe the truth—I will have you do me full justice when I am gone. Before God I love you better than my own life. I never *loved* any one else. The other was a fancy—a madness—what you will. This, only, is the solemn truth, which my soul will carry with it to the judgment."

He rose and walked to the window, looking out upon the winter night white with snow.

And presently a woman's step stole after him—a woman's voice broke the silence.

"*Must you go, Arthur?*"

He turned and looked in her eyes—those luminous, gray eyes, with the clear shining light in them. What he read there I do not know. He opened his arms, and gathered her in—she was a little thing—close to his breast.

"You have forgiven me, my Patient Heart!"

And so came, to that sorely tried soul, the fullness of joy!

With her joy came back again her lost youth. She looked no worn, faded creature, when she stood at the altar by Arthur Challoner's side. She looked as fair to him as if those ten weary years had never left mark or trace upon her features.

Soul to soul, heart to heart, life for life—she was his own forever.

LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HE was looking out drearily on the autumn landscape that would have been so beautiful on a sunny morning.

But the chill wind shook the last bright leaves from the maples and flung them in the swollen brook; the sky spread out gloomy and sullen, and all things combined to make it one of those days, when, if a man has a morbid twist in his mind, it is certain to make itself felt.

Ralph Morgan sat by the window and consumed his idle hour in useless reveries, instead of taking advantage of that unusual relaxation to give both body and soul a little rest.

He was fifty years old, a rich man, and one of the most prominent statesmen of the day.

You would naturally have supposed that he was meditating upon some important matter connected with the public interests, or revolving some scheme of private ambition. Not a bit of it.

He was just looking back over his past life, asking himself the value of all that he had gained, and feeling his heart ache with emptiness, which was none the less bitter from having no settled cause.

Such seasons of despondency to a man of that age are very different from the melancholy of youth. No matter what the trouble may be, to the young there is always a future. At fifty years a man has none left where the heart is concerned, unless the blossoms which should by that time have ripened into fruit, were sown long before, and resisted every attack of earthly change and tempest.

Ralph Morgan's heart was like a neglected garden, there had been no soul to cherish the flowers that sprang up in it—they had withered slowly, one by one, under the chill blasts of worldly influence.

This description of the man would be laughed at by those who knew him best, it is so unlike their ideas of his character; but I am correct, nevertheless.

The natural earnestness and enthusiasm of his nature only showed itself now in his speeches and writings; his ordinary manner was quiet even to listlessness, and it required some very powerful incentive to rouse him into anything like excitement.

He was an upright, just man, although his enemies were numerous and bitter. But when, after thirty years of political life, one's foes can only hint at vague enormities, unable to put their finger on a single instance of wrong doing, a man must have led a tolerably conscientious course. He was a little hard in his dealings; economical from habit where he was himself concerned, but generous to his family, and secretly kind in many directions which the world never suspected.

Thirty years before, he had been a poor lawyer in one of the Eastern states; completing his college course and pursuing his professional studies under difficulties which would have daunted many a youth, but which made him only the more persevering and determined.

By the time he was thirty, he had held several public offices of importance, and was on the high road to affluence and success. His mother, who had aided him so nobly in his struggles, was dead, and he stood quite alone in the world as far as ties of affection were concerned.

The only woman who had been able to wake any deep feelings in Ralph Morgan's heart it was out of his power to make his wife; she was already married when he first met her.

Do not expect any Parisian romance, or an account of heroic struggles to conquer an affection that each knew to be wrong—nothing of the sort—they were just good, firm friends, and no more. I do not mean even to convey the idea that Ralph suffered deeply; he only felt, as he learned to know Eleanor Thirstane, that he was attracted toward her as he never had been toward any other woman; other thoughts were not allowed to intrude themselves in his mind.

It was more a vague feeling of disappointment, dissatisfaction with his lot, and a restless yearning for companionship such as he could not find. There came a day when he was conscious that his thoughts were dwelling with too much interest upon her; he believed that it would be better for him to marry.

About that time, chance threw in his way a woman whom his most valued friends were exceedingly anxious that he should make his wife. I doubt if he deliberated much upon the step.

She was amiable and kind. I suppose he liked her, and satisfied himself that, in such a union, he stood as fair a chance as in any of finding as much comfort and repose as the future had in store for him.

At all events, after a short courtship, they were married. They had several children, and the world prospered with them in all ways that are usually deemed important.

So the twenty years had gone by, and now, with his efforts crowned with the wealth and reputation which he had promised to himself, Ralph Morgan sat looking back on the past, contemplating the years still left, and asking himself what was it all worth that he had gained.

It seemed that with every year the loneliness of his life increased. Immersed in business, he had found no time to become acquainted with the characters of his children—his wife was one of those women who have just none at all—so that, in reality, he was going on toward old age as much alone, as if he had clung to the life of celibacy he at one time contemplated.

There could be no farther change. He was almost an old man now. He must go on in the path he had marked out for himself, and in the sunshine of praise which hung over it, no eyes but his own would perceive how barren and dreary it was.

It was strange, with the gray beginning to show in his hair, the lines deepening about his handsome face, that repinings over the happiness which had been denied him should have increased in strength. It was probably owing to the fact that he felt there could now be no danger in dwelling upon such thoughts. After twenty years of silence and sternly performed duty, surely his stifled heart might, without wrong to any one, turn back to that brief passage in his life which began and ended half its sunshine.

His dreary meditation was interrupted by the opening of the door.

Florid and stout, Mrs. Morgan stood there, full of material cares, and bent upon a mission which had been for several days forming in her mind, and which the dreary morning developed to a point where expression became necessary.

She closed the door somewhat noisily. She considered herself a leader of fashion, and insisted upon bending her energies, which naturally would have led her to home duties upon that important subject; but she had never learned to move quietly any more than she had to dress herself becomingly.

"It is so cold," she began. "Really, Mr.

Morgan, we must go back to town—I can't stand this any longer."

Ralph came out of his aimless reverie at once.

"It is very quiet and pleasant here," he said.

"Quiet enough, in all conscience," she returned, laughing with her usual good-nature; "but I don't call a house furnished for the summer pleasant in weather that would freeze a Greenlander."

"But you can have as many fires——"

"Oh, dear! men never do understand anything! I assure you, the house is uncomfortable, and Dr. Graves told me I must be very careful about colds."

She was fond of small ailments, and usually had one on hand. The Lord meant her to be bustling and active; her luxurious life had really injured her health, and her imagination—seldom exercised on other subjects—did the rest.

"We will go whenever you please," he answered, indifferently.

It was time his brief holiday was broken up; he had spent it too much in useless reveries like that of the morning. Once back in his busy life, he should have little leisure for meditation—the less the better.

"The season is beginning unusually early," pursued Mrs. Morgan, as usual, quite incapable of keeping her real reasons concealed. "Mrs. Ferguson gives a ball next week—the invitation has just arrived."

"Ah!" said Ralph, smiling, "that accounts for the sudden discomfort of the house."

"Now, my dear, you are very unjust! Do I ever think of myself? Cora is naturally anxious to get back among her young associates——"

"Very natural; so let us go!" he said, anxious to escape the little dissertation which he knew by heart.

"As for me," pursued Mrs. Morgan, with her customary pertinacity, "I am sure, if it was not a question of health, I would rather stay than not. No one loves the country more—the restraints of fashionable life are so distasteful to me, as they always are to people who are enthusiastic by temperament."

She folded her hands and looked as if she believed she had delivered an original sentiment, and was as fond of moonlight and flowers as Miss Landon herself.

She really considered herself enthusiastic, whereas she was only restless. She delighted in charity balls, and being patroness of all sorts of philanthropic institutions, and patronized the opera, where she actually believed she enjoyed herself; although she was oftener mentally comparing her head-dress and ornaments

with those of her neighbors than listening to the music.

"When shall we go back?" she asked.

Ralph's eyes had wandered out of the window again, and he had only heard her patter indistinctly, as one does the noise of a brook to which he is accustomed.

"Don't you hear, Mr. Morgan? When shall we go back?"

"Oh! whenever you like; to-morrow, if you please."

"Oh, these men!" That was one of her favorite expressions. "They really believe people can leave a house as birds do a nest. Why, there are a thousand things to do."

"Pray order them done then."

"As if I should not have to watch every movement! I can tell you, my hands and mind will be full."

She was quite rejoiced at the idea of all the trouble she must take, and assumed the martyr expression which would be worn when detailing her experiences to her friends.

"Are you going to speak at the mass meeting next week?" she inquired, suddenly.

"I suppose so."

"I hope you are prepared," she said, very much in the tone in which a master would have counseled a favorite pupil. "Judge Green said to me that the party depended so much on you. I told him I could answer for my husband's doing his duty."

Ralph coughed a little, but answered gravely, "I am much obliged for your good opinion."

"I know you," she continued, "I understand you! As I said to the judge, I can speak of Mr. Morgan's character, because I am thoroughly acquainted with it."

Ralph bowed. When a woman tells her lawful spouse she understands him, and means it in a complimentary sense, what can he do but bow?

"I think we must discharge Matthews and get a new coachman," she went on, precisely in the same voice.

"Has he done anything against the party?" Ralph inquired.

The little sarcasm was beyond her; besides, she was so accustomed to the confusion among her own ideas to suppose it could surprise anybody else. She would turn from a religious discussion to remind one of the children of some trivial matter, or intrude speculations concerning her neighbor's housekeeper in the midst of the most exciting conversation.

"Of course not," returned she. "What could he do? Really, my dear, you are a little dull

to-day! I like Judge Green, he is a thoroughly sensible man—honest and upright. It is abominable of the newspapers to abuse him as they do; but who won't they attack? I am sure, what they can find to carp at in your conduct puzzles me! Oh! there, I must remember to have a man come and attend to the cistern—the cook reminded me of it yesterday—it will be overflowing the next rain."

"Pray attend to it," said Ralph; "domestic deluges are dreadful things."

"So much as I have on my hands! Well, I must go and give my orders. Now, my dear, do think about your speech—you know how anxious I am—the interests of—what was that? If Thomas hasn't thrown over my beautiful geranium—oh, dear!"

Away she flew, her ample skirts fluttering in the wind, and Morgan settled down to his short lived season of quiet.

Before the week was out they were domiciled in the city. Morgan's usual pressure of business fell back upon his shoulders, and he bore it with seeming patience, although no freshly broken horse ever revolted more at control than his spirit did under those galling bonds.

Mrs. Morgan fluttered and bustled about as usual—had a little illness after her round of gayety—called all her family about her—announced her speedy departure for the land of the blest—gave last instructions, which were received with the composure of minds accustomed to annual scenes of a similar nature, and recovered when she learned that some grand affair was to take place at the opera house.

Ralph Morgan had made one fatal mistake. He had educated his children's intellects at the expense of their hearts. Probably there was sufficient feeling and affection under their selfishness; but they had not inherited the quick, sensitive temperament of their father, and every day there increased a feeling of disappointment in regard to them.

Now that he was looking so hopelessly about him, counting every chance of happiness left, he turned toward his children; but he could not find his rest and comfort there. With whom the fault principally lay, we will not pause here to consider; the fact was there—the pain was there. If Ralph had self-reproaches added to them, it was bitter indeed to endure.

Cora Morgan had a firm determination to have her own way. With her mother she had succeeded, because of the weakness of the woman's will, and she loved her children too foolishly to complain to her husband; and Ralph and his daughter had too seldom come

in contact for him to understand that peculiarity in her disposition.

Morgan went on to Washington for the short term, and his family remained at home.

When the session was ended and he returned, he found his wife quite well again, and worrying herself with manifold amusements according to her old habit.

The evening after his arrival, there was a little party at the house, and Ralph made himself as agreeable as he could find it in his conscience to do. The time had gone by when the adulation of a frivolous woman could give him any pleasure; and the variety of sieges every season laid to his heart would have been amusing to a clear-sighted observer, from the irritation of the unsuccessful assailants, and the entire unconsciousness of their object.

He saw Cora several times, dancing and conversing a great deal with a young man who was particularly distasteful to him—a person of sufficiently good family and expectations, but with no profession, and no mental capital with which to start one. A youth whose blonde whiskers and foreign airs had gained him the unenviable reputation of being a handsome man, and whose vices were carried to the farthest extent that his small stock of brains and health would permit.

That his daughter could be seriously interested in so unfavorable a specimen of humanity never occurred to the proud man; but he was displeased at the general style of the men about her, and chose that particular person to comment upon when he found himself alone with his wife.

She was a little taken aback, as she always was when he spoke seriously to her, and said, hurriedly,

"You know Cora must have society of her own age. I suppose he is no worse than the generality of young men."

"A very doubtful compliment, indeed!" replied Ralph. "At all events, he is a person whom I should care to see little of. I wish you would speak to Cora. Dancing so much with him looks not just the thing."

Mrs. Morgan turned the bracelets on her arms, and said, in a rather embarrassed way,

"Perhaps you had better speak to Cora yourself."

"There can be no necessity. I have never interfered with her course in society. There is no need to make it a matter of importance; only let her understand how it prejudices men of sense against a girl to see a brainless fop like that dangling about her."

"I am afraid it is."

She stopped, and Ralph said,

"What is it? You are afraid; pray, finish your sentence."

"Now, don't be angry; you know I am not well."

"My dear child, I have shown no signs of anger! Do let me hear what it is you fear!"

"Why, you see, Tom Harliffe has quite a reputation in society; he will be rich when his uncle dies."

"He will never touch one penny of the old judge's money. He told me himself that he was completely disgusted with his indolence and folly, and no wealth of his should go to aid them."

Mrs. Morgan looked quite aghast. She had never perceived that the young man was a fool, but she could comprehend the full force of the present line of argument.

"What a disappointment!" she exclaimed.

"One that he fully deserves."

"That may be; but——"

Again she broke off, with her sentence half-finished.

"You are very enigmatical," said Ralph; "we shall understand each other better if we occasionally finish a sentence."

"There, you are going to be vexed with me!" Dr. Graves says I must not be agitated."

"There is no reason for being, just now. We won't discuss the subject—young Harliffe really does not deserve so much thought—only speak to Cora about the matter."

"But she will be so angry!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan.

Ralph opened his eyes.

"Angry with her mother for giving her advice in regard to her associates!"

"Well, Cora is a little headstrong," faltered she. "The truth is, I am afraid it is rather late."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, since Harliffe has come home from Europe, the women have all made themselves silly over him, and he has paid particular attention to Cora."

"Do you intend to say that she likes him?" no asked, with ominous calmness.

"Yes, I am afraid she does," stammered Mrs. Morgan, in great haste, ready to weep plentifully, if her husband's wrath fell upon her.

Ralph was absolutely speechless with grief and indignation—it was one of the keenest disappointments of his life. Cora was far beyond the average of young girls in her mental

capacities and acquirements. He had looked forward to a future so different for her.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed. "You must be mistaken! Why did you not tell me before?"

"I didn't know. You could see; he was rich; I am sure I am not to blame——"

Ralph silenced her broken self-exculpations with a gesture, and walked up and down the room.

"Tell me all you know about it," he said at last.

So, with many sobs, Mrs. Morgan did tell. There had been no confidence between her and her daughter, but she could tell of almost daily visits, gifts of flowers, a thousand little attentions, which might mean nothing, or so much!

"Send Cora to me in the morning," he said, and went away.

She stopped him, with another flood of self-defence.

"I am not blaming you," he said. "If this be true, her intellect has been given her to little purpose. She is old enough to know better."

Mrs. Morgan's first impulse was to creep away to Cora's room and tell her the whole story, but the thought of the storm that would ensue deterred her; so she waited for the morning.

Ralph passed the night miserably enough. He saw very plainly the course his wife had taken in the affair, but it was useless to reproach her. His only hope was in an appeal to Cora's judgment and good sense. He forgot that young people who fancy themselves in love for the first time usually pride themselves on laying aside those guides for a season.

The next morning Cora entered the library.

"Mamma said you wished to speak with me," she said, abruptly.

"Yes. Did she tell you what about?"

"Very vaguely."

But Ralph saw, by the determination in her face, that she comprehended the business already.

"Sit down, my dear," he said, kindly. "I will not detain you long."

She sat down, looking as obstinate as only a girl of eighteen bent on having her own way can do.

He talked to her kindly about her choice of acquaintance, and pointed out the folly of having such men as young Harliffe about her. The moment his name was mentioned, the determination settled more resolutely over her face, and Ralph knew that his task was an almost hopeless one.

Before the interview ended, he learned that Cora was engaged to the man—that they had only been awaiting his return to break the matter to him.

It was not Morgan's way to rave. He placed the case fairly before her; he argued the matter dispassionately; but nothing that he said produced the slightest effect.

Ralph saw that it was no deep, honest love which animated her—it was a girlish emotion that would vanish like dew before the full glare of married life. Cora insisted upon considering herself deeply injured, and quite worried his patience out with her airs and resignation.

"Marry him, then, in God's name!" he said. "I shall not oppose you. Remember that I warned you. When trouble comes, recollect that it was your own choice. You are a woman—sensible, when you see fit. You understand, as well as I do, the importance of this step. I only ask you to take time. Study his character well before it is too late."

"I understand it thoroughly," she answered. "I don't wish to marry a man so lofty in intellect that I can never have an opinion of my own."

"Have you not learned that there is no human being so unmanageable as a fool?"

"I cannot help your hurting my feelings, sir," she replied, with a resigned look.

They broke off the discussion abruptly. Ralph was sick at heart, but he had no intention of resorting to violent measures. He had given her good advice: she should take time to become well acquainted with the man; if, after that, she chose to be his wife, her future was in her own hands.

He talked very seriously with Harliffe, and received as much flippancy as he had from Cora, without its being tempered by her power of argument.

So the matter rested. They were engaged, and Ralph Morgan settled down under a new disappointment.

Mrs. Morgan soon forgot her husband's scruples. She was one of those women who take special delight in an engagement, and she had faith to believe that the old judge would relent toward his nephew. She and Cora could soften his heart.

Ralph had requested that the engagement might be kept secret for the present. Mrs. Morgan bridled her tongue as well as she was able, but she could not resist whispering the news to several scores of her most intimate friends.

It was looked upon as a good match. People

actually congratulated Ralph upon the matter, and he looked at the simpering youth with a shudder of abhorrence, as he contemplated the idea of greeting him as his daughter's husband.

A few evenings after the engagement became known, they were all at a musical party. Ralph was sitting dreamily listening to the music, when he saw Mrs. Thirstane enter the room. They had not met for several months; she had been traveling with her husband, who was now a confirmed invalid.

He looked at her as she paused to speak to his wife. He could not forbear noticing the difference between them—indeed, the difference between her and any other woman in the room.

She was not young; there were lines of care and trouble on her face, but it had always depended for its beauty upon expression; and the calm gray eyes looked out so serenely, the still beautiful mouth had such an expression of patience and strength!

They were conversing together later, and she said,

"I hear your daughter is engaged. Am I to congratulate you?"

"Look at the man," he said, bitterly, "and then ask such a question if you can."

She saw how sore a subject it was to him—she tried to speak some consoling words.

"It is difficult to foresee; he is very young yet. I have heard that the old judge himself was indolent and a spendthrift in his youthful days; Harliffe may turn as suddenly as he did."

"There is no such hope; I could not say this to another."

"But your daughter may——"

"Change, you mean? Not probable; she has all a young woman's obstinacy."

"If you had known in time——"

"Yes, yes! I dare say it has been partially my fault; but, for the life of me, I can't see what I could have done!"

Eleanor looked at the bedizened, fluttering mother; it was plain to her where the fault lay, but, of course, she could say nothing.

"We are going to Europe," she said, after a pause.

"To Europe?"

"Yes, as early in February as possible; the physicians advise the trip for Mr. Thirstane."

"Then I shall lose you altogether?"

"I should prefer remaining here, I own; I feel the need of rest; but it was not meant for you and me, you know."

She smiled a little sadly. She could have told of lonely years, patient forbearance to the caprices of an exacting husband; but she was

not a woman to humiliate herself by such revelations—she had no confidences, even for the friend of half a life.

"Rest!" he repeated. "I don't know what the word means."

"You look tired and dispirited; you are not well."

"Perfectly! But so hopeless! I am growing old without a hope to cheer me, with hardly a pleasant memory to dwell upon."

She talked gently to him; she left him as she always did—feeling more cheerful. It was their parting—she was going South with her husband—they would not meet again until her return from Europe.

He bade her farewell; but it was sadder work than ever before. Never had he felt so much need of her presence—never so fully realized how completely she made up the one pleasant gleam in his life.

Spring came. Tom Harliffe had made himself notorious in a somewhat disgraceful affair, particularly repulsive to a man like Morgan. He absolutely forbade his daughter's marriage, and, in a few weeks, discovered that the pair were on the eve of an elopement, and that his wife was privy to the fact.

He went to Cora, and told her that he knew the truth.

"You see I am determined," she answered.

"So am I," he replied; "I shall oppose you no longer. Spare me any further disgrace; be married from my house."

So the preparations went briskly on, and Mrs. Morgan was in a state of high delight and excitement.

The wedding day came and passed, and when the bride went out from her father's dwelling, he felt that she was much more lost to him than if he had closed a coffin-lid above her.

Mrs. Morgan chose to do honor to the occasion by appearing in a dress that would have been youthful for a girl of twenty—so little of it, in fact, where the arms and waist were concerned, that one wondered she took the trouble to wear any at all.

Fleshy women with grown-up daughters and livers overgrown from an inactive life do not commit such follies with impunity, as the heroine of the peach blossom silk very soon learned.

She was taken ill. Ralph had gone to Washington, and he was not at first sent for, as no one supposed her illness more serious than

numberless attacks of the same sort had been. She grew worse rapidly. He was summoned home, and only reached there in time to see her

die. Some dim perceptions of truth did force themselves on her half-developed soul, as it struggled from its clay.

She talked of her children—desired that they might be brought up on a different plan from that which she had adopted where the elder ones were concerned—expressed solicitude and fear for Cora—and departed. She meant to be a good woman; but when she landed in eternity, it must have astonished her to discover what a weak, useless creature she had been, and what a drag on the man she had worried with her follies for half a life.

She was dead, and Ralph Morgan settled down among his children, determined to relinquish political life; but he found no other object wherewith to consume his time and energies.

Trouble enough he had certainly, with several ill-regulated children, and a son-in-law who appeared determined to exhaust the forbearance of all connected with him.

Cora and he quarreled abominably; but she did battle in his favor with all outsiders. She worried her father with complaints, and made the old judge about as charitable, where she was concerned, as if she had been a rattlesnake!

Before her child was born, she had quarreled outrageously with them all—forbidden her sisters her house, and so worn out the patience of her father that, though he had no intention of casting her off, he did not now seek her.

Eleanor Thirstane's husband was dead—Ralph learned it from others. They had never been in the habit of corresponding.

He had no thoughts—no expectations. He only yielded to his dull life, and watched old age approach with a feeling of dreary welcome.

Nearly two years since his wife's death had gone by. Morgan had taken his family to their country-seat.

He was alone one morning in the very room where we first found him, a drearier, more solitary man than even then.

A servant entered with a card.

Mrs. Thirstane.

They had not met since that evening before her departure for Europe. He went into the room where she was waiting, and found her, serene and patient, full of kindness and friendship as ever.

She had come upon a sad errand. Harliffe was in serious difficulty, and at last Cora's obstinacy had yielded; the lesson she had received might have some lasting effect.

"You are not changed," he said, at last.

"A little older," she replied, smiling; "but it is pleasant to grow old. "Don't you find it so?"

"I never could understand why you are always so full of hope—you have had troubles—your life has not been so much pleasanter than mine, but you never seem melancholy or despondent."

There was many a truth Ralph Morgan had yet to learn, wise as he was; but she did not force them upon him then.

They talked of old times—of their youthful days.

"Eleanor," he said, suddenly, "may I tell you something now?"

"Yes; tell me."

"It is too late to do any good, but I should like to say it. I loved you—it was because I did that I married—I could not trust myself near you."

She grew very pale; but did not answer.

"It is a strange thing; but as I grow old that feeling comes back stronger than ever; don't laugh at me! If you had known this years ago you would have been pitiless; but I may say it now. It sounds foolish, perhaps, to hear a man of my age talk in this way; but truly, you have been the one bright star in my life."

He looked up at her—she had partially turned away—sitting there so cold and calm that he thought her offended.

"It is not possible you are angry?" he exclaimed.

"No, I am not angry."

"I want to ask you one question. May I?"

She bowed her head only.

"If you had not been married when I met you——"

"No," she interrupted; "you must not ask me such questions—the past belongs to the dead."

He sighed heavily.

"What are you going to do with your life now?" he asked.

"Whatever God pleases, Ralph. I am sure there is still work for me to do here."

"It is hard to be patient; I don't see that it grows any easier as one gets older."

"Only with God's help," she whispered.

"That was a pleasant summer," he said, suddenly, "the one when I first met you. Don't be vexed at my speaking of it—I like to recall it. You thought of me only as a friend. Well, thank God, at no time did any other thought ever intrude in my mind."

"We are friends still," she said, in a low voice.

"If I were a younger man—ah, this is all folly! I know you would never have cared for me! But oh! Eleanor, if you knew how desolate my life is—how much I need companionship!"

He turned away abruptly—such passionate words were on his lips that he dared not trust himself to speak for fear of offending her. The possibility of her having cared for him had never entered his mind; the idea of asking her to share his cares, to burthen herself with his children, had not once appeared possible to him.

She sat there perfectly quiet still. He could not see how her face changed, and the light in her eyes deepened as he spoke.

"No," he said, mournfully, "I must resign myself to a joyless old age. Do not think me weak—I know that I may find comfort in my children—that my position perhaps is worth the years of toil spent in gaining it; but, after all, a man's heart asks something more than either. Other men have companionship—a love more necessary to the heart, fuller and more complete than that of one's children, let them be affectionate and kind as they may. Honors do very well for outside wear, but they don't warm a man's heart, nor does he care to wrap himself in them inside his own home."

She was silent still.

"You don't speak, Eleanor! Ah, you know that you cannot comfort me—you know that I am telling the truth."

She clasped and unclasped her hands a little nervously; but her voice was firm as she answered,

"I shall always be your friend. If you have troubles, come to me—I will help you to share them."

"Yes, you have always been kind! But oh! Eleanor, you don't know, you can't understand all that my heart has so long craved! Don't be angry—if I were a younger man, I should ask you to share my life with me. I should not expect you to love me as I have loved you—God help me—as I love you yet, for the winter of my years has not chilled my heart! But you would be gentle and forbearing—you would teach me patience and resignation!

Still he did not look at her—he was walking up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. The restraints of years had been broken through at last. He was free to pour forth the story of his struggle and his disappointment, though he believed that she would listen only with the pity which made her heart tender toward every form of suffering.

"There!" he said, at last; "I will not trouble you any longer—don't think me foolish! See, I have put it all by now."

He tried to smile—the agitation which disturbed his face startled her out of her assumed calmness.

"Ralph!" she almost whispered.

He looked up. There was something in her face which made his heart stand still.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed. "You do not mean—you would not—oh! I am quite mad, I think! You would not marry me, Eleanor?"

She was weeping softly; but she was smiling through her tears.

"If you asked me," she said, "I believe I should!"

"Out of pity—out of friendship—you feel sorry for me! No, I will not doom you to this."

She had risen from her chair—she was holding out her hand. For the first time, a perception of the truth flashed upon his mind.

"You love me, Eleanor?" he cried. "Do you mean that?"

"I would not promise to be your wife otherwise," she faltered.

They were not young—both had battled and suffered; but I do not believe that two youthful hearts ever throbbed with more earnest devotion than theirs did then.

They stood there in the afternoon sunlight, with new hopes and new joys blooming in sudden beauty about them, and Ralph Morgan knew that the wish of a lifetime was answered at last, that the dreary incompleteness of his existence had ripened into perfect form.

UNLOVED!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I know he loves me not; and drearier far
Than night unbeckoned by a single star,
Or midnight darkness on a stormy sea,
Is this sad consciousness that comes to me.
Find me a cave beneath some rocky steep,
'Gainst which the fitful waves may roar and leap;
Strongly entrenched—with Nature, wild and rude,
The sole disturber of my solitude.
There would I rest until my heart should grow
Familiar with its heritage of woe;

Ne'er should it tell how sorely it had bled.
Nor say from whence the blow that struck it dead.
Unloved!—unloved!—how carelessly we speak
The words that blanch the crimson from the cheek;
While the lips quiver, and the pulses start.
They brand the letters on the throbbing heart.
Oh! Fate, how cruel!—and oh! Fate, how kind!
To raise the veil from eyes that were so blind.
What heart would not life's best allurements spur,
If faithful love ne'er met with a return!

MRS. SHEPHERD IMPROVING HER MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"I'm determined that I will improve my mind now. I've done other things long enough; worked muslin, crocheted, done worsted work, shell-work, and all sorts of work, long enough; now I'm going to improve my mind. I'm determined to; and when I make up my mind for a thing, I generally put it through, some way. I am going to read as I've never read before. I've subscribed for the 'Atlantic;' used to take 'Peterson,' you know; have for a good many years; but now I'm going to have the 'Atlantic;' have got one number, the last one, and read it. You read it?"

"A part of it."

"Grand, ain't it? Don't that Gail Hamilton write like a house afire? I like 'er, first rate. I like Miss Prescott, too; but some of the writers, or one of 'em, at least, I don't know what to make of. That Bigelow, I mean, and the queer fellow he brings in. I laughed myself half to death; but I was surprised to find just such reading in the 'Atlantic.' What do you think we had for breakfast, that first morning after I'd fully made up my mind what I'd do? That was last week, Wednesday. What do you think I got for breakfast Thursday morning?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Cold bread, and butter, and coffee; nothing else; and that was such a breakfast as we hadn't had in this house, for more than *one* ten-years. I didn't tell Mr. Shepherd I did this, so that I might have time to improve my mind. *This* wouldn't have done. He would have told Dr. Comstock; and I wouldn't have him know it for a thousand dollars; he's *such* a torment! I told him I was going to economize in victuals and everything. He's fond of economizing. And I suppose he thought 'twas time to do something at it; for I *have* spent an awful sight; for dress and on my house; and our living has been pretty good. But I'm done with this; I've set myself to work in earnest for something that's better, I hope. I've bought a lot of books; a lot for me, that is. Come and see 'em. I got Addison, for I remembered what Professor Andrews said one day when I went to school to him at Holliston. He said that, to be a real

good scholar, and to learn how to express ourselves just right in conversation, and in writing too, we must spend our days and nights with Addison. I've always meant, ever since, to get it some time. I bought 'Evangeline.' I like that, first rate, of course. I got all of Ruskin's works I could find; I went into Boston, you know, Saturday, and back; hadn't near so much time as I wanted. Got Macaulay's History of England; 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater;' tried to find more of De Quincy's works; but couldn't, there; and I hadn't time go anywhere else. Tried to find 'French without a Master,' and 'Latin without a Master;' couldn't; but I'm going to Ticknor & Fields', when I go in again. I shall find them there. And (now don't you laugh at me, for I'm going to do it!) I'm going to study both these languages, as well as I can without a teacher, before I get through. But don't say anything about it, for pity's sake! I shan't speak of it to anybody but you, till I've *done* something; then I'll tell. Mr. Shepherd and the doctor would laugh my head square off, if I told them now what I'm doing. As I said, I'm going to get more books shortly. I'm going to have a plain sort of book-case (like the one Professor Andrews had in his room at Holliston), large enough to fill this whole space between the window and corner of the room, and fill it as full as it can be with books, before I stop, fairly. You see if I don't. I ain't going to get any new clothes for myself or Georgia, this spring; (Mr. Shepherd must do as he has a mind to about his and Jim's, though I think I shall give him a little economical advice somewhere along;) but all the money I can rake and scrape, out of his purse and my own, I'm going to spend for books. And I'm going to get along in the easiest way I can with my work, and I'm going to read. I'm determined to, and you see if I don't do it. You come in again before a great while and see how I prosper. I expect you can write your name anywhere in the dust on my tables; and you'll see cobwebs, enough of 'em, but I'm determined I won't mind the dust, if I can improve my mind. Must you go? I've done all the talking, as I always do. Come again. Good-by."

CHAPTER II.

I WENT away to the White Hills, and to visit some friends in the lake country of New Hampshire, and was many weeks absent. Letters often came from my young friends, meanwhile; and, among these, one from Kate Corning, in which she spoke of Mrs. Shepherd in the following manner:—"I do nothing but fan myself, and still am half-dead with heat. How Mrs. Shepherd lives is more than I can imagine; I don't believe she will live out half her days, at this rate, and ma says she don't either. Up before light, (these long days!) driving at her housework, driving at her reading—oh, my! how many books she reads! and how much she has to say about 'em! I think of what Abelard's sister said to him, when she would set Eloisa before him in the most charming colors, 'I know she is not one of those affected females, who are continually oppressing you with fine speeches, criticising books, and deciding upon the merits of authors. When such a one is in the fury of her discourse, husband, friends, servants, all fly before her.'

"She has a great deal of company, and the wisest people she can get hold of. I expect she's cultivating herself; but poor, hard-working, mistaken woman! I wish she knew what Goethe, that true artist in life, as it seems to me, says, 'Woe to every sort of culture which destroys the most effectual means of all true culture, and directs us to the end, instead of rendering us happy on the way.' But you've seen it all in Wilhelm Meister. You would know it if you hadn't seen it there. I shouldn't. I learned the great idea there."

CHAPTER III.

I HAD hardly got off my dusty traveling clothes, I remember, on the evening of my return, before little Georgia Shepherd came running in, out of breath, to bring me the following lines from her mother. The blanks are mine:

"DEAR FRIEND—Just in the right time; Mrs. — is here! Would you have believed I could have got her? I had to try pretty hard for it; she's so famous, you know! writes for the Home Journal, several of the Boston papers, and I don't know what all; and has lots of friends who give her invitations. You'll like her, I know you will. But, just looking at her, I don't believe you'd think she was anything so very great. I shouldn't, if I didn't know. What I am writing for, is to tell you that you must come down here this evening unless you are dead with fatigue. Think of me! of how much

I go through, and then I don't believe you can have the heart to refuse, even if you are pretty tired. The Singletons are coming, and one or two ministers that have come to be at the convention to-morrow, and next day. Dr. and Mrs. Comstock are coming, and the great Dr. —, who is the one to preach the occasional sermon, Wednesday, he stops with them. I've invited Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar; and I told Mr. Dunbar that if they wanted me to take two or three of their ministers, I would; and told him to bring, or send them over to spend the evening. Won't it be a real reception? But if you don't come, I shall be dreadfully disappointed; for I am afraid I shall be so afraid of Dr. — that I shan't show off very well, unless I can feel that I have a plenty of good help.

"What a woman I am for continuing! *Ad revoir.* Yours, for life, (if you come.)

A. SHEPHERD."

CHAPTER IV.

"GLAD to see you! But I felt dreadfully disappointed that you didn't come down the other evening. And you didn't see Mrs. — at all! That was too bad! We had a pretty nice time that evening; but I was tired, I tell you! Still I know it does me good, improves me, to have such company; and I'm willing to work hard one ten-years, if, at the end of that time, I can know something. But it's pretty tough work, you may believe, when a woman has all her work to do, as I have, to try to do anything for her mind, any way."

"Suppose she does her work in such a bright, charming way as to improve herself—her mind, I mean—with every hour, and keep herself restful and quiet all the time; how would that do? Not to turn every day to laborious preparation of some sort, but to make each day a season of joy; wouldn't that do better? We would be sure of our joy then, any way."

"Oh! but I don't know! I don't expect much joy as I go along. If I can find a little, by-and-by, when I have done all I want to, and the children are grown up out of the way a little, so that I can travel and do more as I have mind to; and when I get so that I know as much as some do, then, perhaps, I'll take solid comfort. I think I ought to. I think I shall have worked hard enough for it. But I'm discouraged, sometimes—I was this morning—to see what a muss my house is getting into. There are holes, as true as you live! in every pair of stockings in this house; slits in aprons, dresses, petticoats, sheets, pillow-cases. And

that isn't all, either. Such dust, and such clutter as there is in my back rooms, and under my beds! And I've had to neglect Georgia and Jim. Georgia don't mind it so much; but it spoils Jim not attending to his wants, that he has so many of. There he comes now. You'll have a chance to hear something about some want, I haven't a doubt."

Jimmy came in, his hat on, no collar, and with a look of irritation on his features.

"Now, mother," began he, tossing the folds of her dress, "now, Miss mother, I've got to have a collar, any way. If there ain't any, I must have one; for all the school's going to ride this afternoon to Dodwell's Mills; going to start as soon as it's four; and you see it's almost four now. Quick, mother, quick!"

"I don't know as you've got a collar in the world that's fit to put on; don't believe you have, except the two in the wash."

"Every other boy's got one, except some Irish boys and me."

Disengaging her skirts from his hands and feet, she told him she would go and look. He followed her to the sitting-room, out of which her own room opened; and there I heard one drawer after another opened, heard her tell Jimmy he hadn't a collar fit to put on. She tried one or two worn-out things, but lost her patience—he hurried her so, nestled so; and then he lost his patience, the last remnants, and went off, cross and ashamed, to his ride.

"You see how 'tis," said she, coming back to me with knit brows. "But," brightening somewhat, "I'm going to persevere. Jim would be queer, if I spent all my time tutoring him. I expect he's a good deal as I was when I was his age. They say he is, and I don't doubt it. You know I had Mr. Rogers, the minister from Hancock, to stay with me through the conven-

tion; but you don't know what long graces he says over at meal-times. I got rather tired of 'em myself, 'specially in the morning, when we had nice, light corn-cakes, or griddle-cakes, cooling; 'twasn't so strange Jim did—a boy, hungry's a pig, as most boys of his age are when meal time comes. Well, the last morning Mr. Rogers was here, (I suppose the young one heard me say something, the day before, about the minister's being so long asking blessing,) as soon as Mr. Rogers began, that morning, Jim began to amplify. His knees were knocking together under the table, his knife and fork were both in his hands, standing up, so, each side of his plate; he looked at the griddle-cakes—he looked at the innocent minister—looked at his father, who was as innocent as the minister—and then, unfortunately enough, looked at me, who was not quite so innocent just then; and Jim, I suppose, saw it, for, knocking his knees with his might, and working, some way, at his knife and fork, he began to say, 'Amen! amen! I say amen! I want my griddle-cakes!' or, 'g'iddle-cates,' he calls 'em. Oh! I was so ashamed! I never was so ashamed in my life! never! But I laughed, and laughed, and laughed. We all did, Jim and all. I thought he would go through the side of the house, until I got command of my voice to send him away from the table. Or, I was going to send him away; but Mr. Rogers begged pardon for him, and helped him to griddle-cakes. He had been as much amused as any of us; a little worked up, too, I guess, at first. He colored when he opened his eyes; but he soon got over that, and could not help laughing, if he *had* just been praying. I've got a lot of new books since you've been gone. Come in and see 'em."

EVENING MUSINGS.

BY FRED ANTHON.

I WANDERED forth at twilight,
When the flowers were all in bloom,
And the freshness of their verdure
Shed around a sweet perfume;
While the notes of beauteous songsters,
From their verdant couches high,
Welcomed in the bright Hesperus,
To his throne-seat in the sky.
Soon the myriad golden emblems
Sparkled from their homes above,
And my heart they quickly softened
To a kind of Heavenly love,

Till the outburst of my spirit,
Fettered here so long by sin,
Seemed, like rushings of the wild-wind,
When the storm is coming in.

Then a calmness—such as fills us
When deep troubles on the soul,
By some power, to us mysterious,
Far away their burdens roll—
Stole upon me, deeply musing,
Dreaming of that Heavenly shore,
Where the angels, clothed with mercy,
Welcome saints forevermore.

THE ILLINOIS STOCK OWNER.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

In a luxuriously furnished apartment, situated in one of our Eastern cities, a mother and daughter were seated. The mother was a fine-looking woman of forty; the daughter, a dazzlingly beautiful girl of eighteen. The latter was intently perusing a letter.

Suddenly she looked up. "Well, my child! What is it?" said the mother.

"Edward has met with reverses," was the reply, "that will force him to give up a residence here, after our marriage; and my first home with him will be in Illinois."

"In Illinois! Is he going to turn farmer to recover his losses?"

"Hardly that, I think. His knowledge would be as limited as mine in that vocation, I am sure. No, it is stock-raising."

"Stock-raising! That is but little better, I think."

"Well, I hardly know what he means. I will read you what he writes about it," and the treasured epistle was again drawn from its delicate enclosure.

"The change in my fortune," the letter said, "will make it necessary for me to decline the offer of a partnership in the firm in your city, to which I before referred. And as I expect to deal in stock, it will be best for my business if I reside in Illinois, somewhere in Cook county, I think. And now, Emma, darling! dare I ask you still to share my changed fortune? I do not ask it as a right, but only by my deep love for you. Can you forego all those luxuries to which you have been accustomed, and endure the privations incident to Western life? If you ask to be released from your engagement, I cannot blame you! But believe me, dearest, it will be the saddest word I have ever been called to hear: and I——"

"There, that will do, my child! Spare your blushes and my ears. And you will give him up?"

"Mother!"

It was a simple word of two syllables; but it told the parent more than hours of argument could have done. Still the mother seemed unwilling to give it up without an effort.

"Consider well what you are doing, Emma," she said. "You, who have been reared so tenderly! Hardly a wish ungratified."

"Do not, I beg mother, ask me to perjure myself! I promised to be Charles Leyton's wife. If he has been unfortunate, there is more need than ever that I should keep troth with him. No! I will not add a woman's desertion to his other misfortunes."

"Well, my darling, neither I, nor your father, will seek to coerce you in this matter. I have done my duty in advising you. Charles Leyton is worthy of your love, whatever tricks fortune may play him."

The father said but little to deter her. But often she would detect an eager, anxious look from out his deep, thoughtful eyes, when he supposed himself unobserved.

The wedding-day was fixed by letter, as Charles could not conveniently return until just before his marriage.

One morning, as the father was leaving, he turned to Emma, and, placing a roll of bills in her hand, said,

"There is something for your wedding outfit, my child."

Emma took the bundle, and, looking in the dear, kind face wistfully, as she was wont to do when asking a favor, began to speak, and then hesitated.

"What is it, pet? Are you afraid there is not enough? If not sufficient, ask for more."

"Oh! it is not that. But I was thinking——"

"Well, of what were you thinking? You think too much, lately!"

"Would you be displeased if I should get a plain muslin for my wedding-dress? It would cost me much less, and would be far more suitable to my altered circumstances."

"Yes, I should be very much displeased. You are my daughter yet, and shall be married as such. And then, if you must go and live in a cabin on the prairie, with a cattle-driver, I shall feel that I have done my duty as a father by you."

This was more than the poor girl expected, and the tears came like summer rain.

"Tut, tut! What a silly chit she is!" And the father's hand was laid gently on her head, and lingered long and lovingly among the twining curls. "Charles will be wealthy yet. Men often acquire large fortunes in the kind of business he proposes to adopt. Besides, Emma, I

have other daughters that will be wanting wedding dresses, perhaps, some day; and my first-born must not go to her bridal in shabby attire. Trust all to your mother, my child, and to my own light-hearted Emma again, or I shall be sorry that I ever promised you to a poor man."

The wedding-day came in due season. Emma had objected to the bridal tour. But her father and lover, after teasing her somewhat about her miserly attributes, overruled her objections, and three weeks at Saratoga, a trip to the seaside, and a steamboat excursion around the lakes to Chicago was at last decided upon.

Charles Leyton was proud—and well might he be—of the treasure he had won, and took no pains to conceal it from her in all those pleasant days. "She had sacrificed so much for him!" he said, constantly.

Their excursion on the lakes was delightful. The picture-like islands, umbrageous in their summer splendor—the glimpses of varied scenery along the shore—and the delicious lake breeze—all combined to make this part of their journey seem a flight through fairy land.

They reached Chicago on a beautiful August morning, and, to the surprise of the young wife, the first persons they met at the landing were two young men, intimate friends of her husband, and who had officiated as groomsmen at their wedding.

A private carriage was in waiting, and the four were soon threading their way through the crowded city. On, on, past splendid hotels, almost palace-like in size and architecture. At length they reached a street lined with beautiful shade-trees. Soon after the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, evidently a private residence. Emma was assisted from the carriage; and then, her husband, without heeding her questioning looks, led her up the marble steps, and, throwing open the door, gently pushed her from him, into the vestibule, and in an instant she was clasped in her mother's arms, while her dear, kind father stood by and coughed, and wiped his eyes, as if she had brought a cloud of dust with her that was filling his throat and blinding him. The mother took no pains to conceal her emotion, but murmured soft, loving words, as only a mother could over a returned daughter.

Her husband and his two friends had followed her, and, as she looked first at one, and then at the other, she was perfectly bewildered. But her mother, without giving her any time for questions, led the way into a luxuriously furnished parlor, and, while the gentlemen seated themselves, and strove to appear per-

fectly at ease, with her own hands began undfastening the outer garments of the tired traveler.

"Mother! What does this mean? Am I dreaming? Is this your home?"

"No, Emma, it is your home, and will be so long as you can call your husband's house your home."

"This, then, is from your kindness, my father?"

"No, my dear, I am sorry to say it is not. I should be hardly able to purchase a residence like this, without selling my own."

"Mrs. Leyton," said one of the gentlemen who had met them at the landing, "it belongs to me, to confess and explain all. About five months ago, Charles Leyton fell heir to quite a large property, in Chicago. My friend here, and I, were with him when he was officially notified of the fact. We all commented freely on the freaks of fortune, and I remarked that, had he lost a fortune, instead of gaining one, some of us might stand a better chance to win the favor of a certain beautiful girl in our city that rumor was now giving entirely to him. The remark nettled him, and he challenged me to the trial. Believe me, so confident was he of your truth, that I began to waver, and even offered to withdraw my assertion. But he insisted; and your father coming in, just at that time, and learning the subject of discussion, his pride was aroused for his child, and the whole thing was arranged then, and there. Your mother was in the secret. We have been defeated in the contest, and now willingly yield the palm to woman's devotion."

"And that statement about being a stock-owner? Did you, Charles, did you—did you write me a—a—"

"'Falsehood?' you would ask? No, I did not—in words, at least. I wrote you of my changed fortune, but I did not say in what manner it was changed. I am a stock-owner, and have hundreds of cattle on my farm. I have other business, however, and that is in this beautiful, prosperous city."

"And, father, my log-cabin? Where is it?"

"This is it. And we are all your guests for a week, if you will entertain us so long. Your mother was suspicious of your unfledged wings, and, enlisting your husband in her service, beguiled me into a promise to meet you in your new home."

The young wife could hardly forego a woman's right to pout a little at the part she had unwittingly acted in the little plot; but she had the good sense to see that this was not the time, or

place, to do it; and, with graceful dignity, she took her place in the well-ordered household. And when the pleasant week had passed, her friends left her with the gratifying thought, that her "lines had been cast in pleasant places."

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

No more, oh! wonder-working sun, thy kiss
Shall warm the roses into life; no more,
Oh! Summer days, your rare and perfect bliss
Within my ardent soul you shall outpour.

No more, with miracles of tufted bloom,
Impearled with dew, and tinged a thousand dyes,
The dawn comes regally from out the gloom,
And, in an instant, reddens all the skies.

Soft winds no longer sigh o'er seas of June
Their ardent whispers of a Southern clime,
And, underneath the splendors of the moon,
The night no longer chants her song sublime.

Dead! At the dawning of September's sun,
We strew her sepulchre with withered flowers,
And sigh, to think our love could not have won
Respite from death, through all the sunny hours.

A fitful wail comes sadly on the breeze,
The streams are moaning dirges all the day;
Where Summer hung her banners on the trees,
Their bare arms wave, and beckon us away.

Oh! happy days! Oh, golden round of time,
That lapsed so fleetly through the odorous hours,
With song of bird and bee in perfect rhyme,
And sweetly marking all its way with flowers!

We sorrow for thy brightness lost too soon,
Oh! matchless crown of this most perfect year!
For listless languors of the sultry noon,
And dreamy watchings under skies most clear!

The air is full of mourning; every gale
That whirls the faded leaves about our head,
Dies in the distance to a mournful wail,
And, with white lips, we whisper, "Summer's dead!"

THE SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. CLARA EASTLAND.

Oh! it is hard in death to lie,
Where rude camp-songs are heard;
No friend to wipe the pallid brow,
Or catch the parting word;
Then, comrades, by the friends you love,
Oh! take me home to die!

My wife will watch, with tearful eye,
And eager, mournful face,
But cannot see the lonely mound
That marks my resting-place;
Then, comrades, by your own sad hearts,
Oh! take me home to die!

My little one will, by-and-by,
Repeat his father's name,
In tender accents call me home—
But calling will be vain;
Then, comrades, by that prattling voice,
Oh! take me home to die!

They cannot grant my dying cry,
I see the Heav'nly shore;
Dear friends, farewell a little while,
I only go before.
The angels to the river come—
Yet, were I home to die!

FOND MUSINGS.

BY LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

I LOVE to muse on gone-by years,
On things which early life displayed—
To dwell on hopes, and joys, and fears
Since sunk in time's oblivious grave.

I love to tread o'er sacred ground,
Where rest the ashes of the just—
To read, from every rising mound,
The story of commingling dust.

I love to think of friends, whose forms
Lie cold and silent 'neath the sod—

Whose spirits, freed from earthly storms,
Rest in the bosom of their God.

I love to roam, in fancy's dream,
To worlds unknown to mortal strife,
Where rays supernal in glory beam,
Where death is swallowed up in life.

I love to see the righteous die,
For well I know their sorrows cease;
On wings of faith they mount on high,
To realms of love, of joy, of peace.

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XIII.

THEY stood together for the last time, those two young people, who, for a season, had been all the world to each other. The massive features of the man were pale and worked with the fierce passion of his disappointment. Was his will so dominant and irresistible everywhere else to be thwarted by a white-faced, and young creature like the girl standing before him with clasped hands and great beseeching eyes, that prayed him with such pathetic earnestness to torture her no longer with protestations or entreaties. Was he a man who combined the two great contending elements of the time in his own person—half-plebeian, half-noble—to be rejected—to feel the coarse, ambitious heart, that thrilled with such ponderous indignation in his bosom, thrown back upon itself without vigorous protest? Not he! Men born to wield scepters and upturn kingdoms are not of that weak mould. He stood face to face with Barbara, and the deep eyes bent upon her took fire and burned in the moonlight; his heavy lip now curved in fierce anger, then quivered with grief, such as had disturbed it often in boyhood; his forehead lowered like a thunder-cloud; touches of real agony broke through his hoarse voice.

Cromwell was not all brutal; there were gleams of pathos and touches of true tenderness in his nature, else his greatness had never been so well assured. He was pleading with Barbara Westburn—storming at her, reviling her—but pleading with her between the gusts of his passion as only the strong can plead.

"Barbara! Barbara, my beloved, speak to me! Lift your eyes, but oh! not with that mournful look in them. Have you no forgiveness, no love for me left, that you stand so quietly, and look so white? Am I a dog to bay forth my heart at your feet, and not receive one pat on the head? / Barbara, Barbara, remember you have promised to be my wife!"

Barbara shuddered, and, lifting both hands to her face, covered it; but no sob rose—no tear fell.

Cromwell saw the shudder, as we see long grass thrill in the moonlight. His heart swelled, and hot tears sprang to his eyes.

"Do you loathe me so?" he said, in a hoarse, low voice. "Am I hated then, and only for the wild work of a single night?"

"I do not hate you, Oliver; I feel no loathing, only a solemn resolve, a vague wonder that you and I ever thought of living together!" answered Barbara, folding her black mantle more tightly around her. "As for love—that night you tore it up by the roots—my heart aches with the wound—but, like a flower plucked from the soil it bloomed in, the last fibre has withered away."

"And is this my answer? You cast me off, you trample me into the dust with your cold, dainty virtue! Without a fault yourself, you have no mercy on the faults of others!"

"Yes, Oliver, I have mercy; but Barbara Westburn must never love the man she cannot respect!"

"Respect! I hate the word. A man is no God, that the woman he woos should hope to adore him, but a creature made up of strong passions and some virtues. What if I do sometimes enjoy myself among the yeomen of my kinsman's estate, and quaff and empty a tankard of strong beer with some heavy-limbed fellow? Is this a sin that your immaculate perfection cannot forgive? Am I the less a man, or unfit to lead other men, because I study them in their naturalness?"

"I cannot argue these things, Oliver," said Barbara, her soft voice sounding like music after the harsh emphasis of his. "I am but a woman, and feel many things that are beyond my powers of thought; but this much I will say: The man who calls Barbara Westburn wife must not sink himself down to the level of coarse men, that he may lead without exalting them."

"Exalt? Why, lass, it would take a century to exalt such men as you saw me with. Their own rude instincts will teach them how to fight, and that is enough. I can do the rest."

"Men were not born for fighting, but to build up homes, and make the land that was wild bring forth corn—thus, by industry and thrift, glorifying God. Then, why should you descend to their level? In order to turn peace into war? It is unholy work, Oliver, and I will have none of it."

"You are a weak-hearted, silly lass!" exclaimed Cromwell, throwing his arms impetuously about her, despite her struggles, and kissing her pale lips over and over again, thinking to overpower her by the force of his passion.

Cromwell was a shrewd and most powerful character, but he did not understand the pure nature with which he had to deal. Barbara was delicate, but not weak. An assault of tenderness like this only offended her. She drew back, and, with a sudden thrill of loathing, swept a hand across her lips, brushing away the glow of his kisses.

"Oh! Barbara, am I hateful to you as that?" he cried, with a thrill of anguish in his voice.

"Let me go in. I am not well, and the night air chills me," she answered, wildly; for every nerve in her body trembled with pain.

"Go in? Not till you have forgiven me, and returned the kisses which you have just wiped away with contempt."

"Contempt? Oh! Oliver, I feel only disappointment—pain!"

"Not one spark of love?"

"Not one spark of love," she answered, with pathetic mournfulness, as a mother might say: "My child is dead!"

"Barbara, is this true?"

"Yes, Oliver, it is true."

"But you will change—"

"No, I think not—I am sure not."

"How can you tell that—so young, so inexperienced, and this your first passion? I tell you it all comes out of your proud anger."

"I am not angry; only—only—"

"Afraid?"

Barbara burst into a passion of tears.

"Yes, Oliver, I am afraid of you."

"And always were?"

"No, no!" she sobbed. "Only since that night!"

"That night! Will you never forget it?"

"Never! never! It haunts me like a sin."

"I tell you, lass, it is because you are so young, and know so little of what life is. Cooped up in the old rectory, how should you? Take a little time, Barbara; I will force myself to wait; I will promise to give up all these roistering fellows, and become steady

and sober as your good father himself; I will promise anything, everything—only do not look at me so with those sweet eyes! They remind me of a tuft of violets that I tramped down, by the old fount, while the dew was on them, this morning."

"This morning?"

"Yes. I did not mean you should know it; but I have been here every night. Sometimes I have fallen asleep among the ruins, while watching your window, Barbara. This morning the dawn found me here, and since then I have been riding up and down in the forest, waiting for this hour to come; and now that it is come, now that I can reach forth my arms and clasp all that is dearest to me on earth—you cast me off forever!"

Barbara trembled, and held up her hands with dumb, pathetic pleading.

"You hurl me down, remorselessly, to the very depths which have excited your horror. You do not care what becomes of me!" he exclaimed, with wild outbursts of passion.

"You spoke truly just now. I think I am afraid, perhaps, always have been," she said, gently. "Sometimes—even in our most serene hours—when I would—as maidens will when the heart stirs lovingly in the bosom—have thought of the future, with you for a companion, great confusion would disturb my mind. Instead of a quiet home—I saw——"

He interrupted her with an impetuous gesture. Like a man flashing an invisible sword from its scabbard he stood before her in the pure moonlight.

"Battalions in motion—troops charging against troops—iron guns drawn by smoking horses—tents pitched in peaceful fields—behind it all clouds reddened with hidden fires, dark objects looming through—beyond that—beyond that——"

Cromwell broke off suddenly, with his face to the moonlight. In his enthusiasm he had lifted the cap from his head, and stood uncovered, with the soft wind lifting his hair, which had been left uncropped and was now forming into curls. That great, massive head rose up, strong and Jupiter-like, from the broad shoulders—the deep eyes burned and flashed—all those heavy features stirred with inspiration. He was grand for that moment.

"Yes," murmured Barbara Westburn, "I am afraid of him."

"You, Barbara, you afraid of visions like these? Why, woman, you were born to tread through them hand in hand with me!"

"No, no!"

The voice went out like the cry of a bird.

"I tell you, Barbara, what I say is sooth; else my heart would never have chosen you for its mate!" he cried, grasping her little hands in his and lifting them upward. "When I prayed for a help-mate, God sent me hither. It is His work which we have to accomplish. What others build up, we are destined to tear down. The work of centuries shall crumble like dust in our hands. The—the——"

"Hold! Oh! cease this wild talk!" cried Barbara, white with terror. "It is wicked. The heart trembles in my bosom as I listen."

"Barbara! Barbara! You here? I had forgotten!" he answered, with the air of a man who had just aroused himself from a dream. "Kiss me, lass, and say that all is forgiven. You and I must not quarrel. Cromwell loves you, Barbara Westburn—loves you, once and forever! If you leave him, he will be hurled, without monitor, and without affection, into the whirlwind of this future, which you and I both have seen in our dreams. With you by my side, let the storm come. The tempest which is guided by an angel leads but to open sunshine. You shall be my angel, Barbara."

He leaned over her with a smile of ineffable tenderness, and strove with one arm to gather her close to his heart. The violence of his passion had died out, and he acted like a man whose soul had just come off a weary journey and longed for rest.

"No, Oliver, this can never be! With every wild word that drops from your lips we drift farther and farther apart. These visions are but the mists of a tumultuous soul. I cannot share in them. They would carry me far away from my home—my father—everything that I have been taught to hold sacred. Let us part, Oliver—and it must be forever!"

Barbara reached out her hand. He took it in his strong grasp, and held it till his fingers grew cold as if they clung around ice. Thus he stood during an entire minute, looking steadily in her eyes. Then he dropped her hand.

Barbara turned then and moved toward the house, softly, swiftly, as people walk away from us in dreams. Cromwell watched her with glances of fierce anguish. His strong mouth closed like a vice, his face grew ashen in the moonlight. She glided through the orchard into the shadow of the house, through the door, which closed her in darkly. Then he flung up both arms with a broken shout, which was worse than a groan, and fell upon the earth, with his face downward; and there he

lay, prone and motionless, till great sobs came to his relief, and, prone upon the wet grass, he cried like a little child. Alas for him, and woe to England! That hour all the tenderness of his nature went out in the last tears the strong man ever shed.

It was full half an hour before Cromwell arose and went away from the scene of that "Broken Troth-Plight."

CHAPTER XIV.

BARBARA went into her father's study, pale and sad, but with a sweet look of resignation on her face. Her white dress was stained with dew, and the purplish circles under her eyes bore evidence of tears scarcely yet dry.

She sat down on a stool at her father's feet, and laid her head upon his knee, as a weary child seeks rest and comfort at the same time. The rector was deep in the pages of a massive old book, but he lifted his mind from the subject long enough to become conscious of her presence, and laid one hand softly on her head.

"Father!"

The rector did not reply till a full minute had elapsed; then he said, in an absent, dreamy way,

"Did you speak, child?"

"Yes, father. I have just seen Oliver Cromwell in the ruins."

"That is well," answered the kind man. "You will not look so pale after this."

"No, I hope not. It was only the struggle, the suspense. But that is all over now!" she answered, in a dreary voice.

The soft hand was again patted lovingly on her head.

"I have always told you that there is no happiness in dissension. We all have faults, Barbara, and it is not womanly to take offence with slight cause. Thus, you see, I am pleased with this reconciliation."

"But, father, it is not a reconciliation. Cromwell and I are parted forever!"

The rector started, and took his left hand from the page it had held down, fully aroused from his study.

"Barbara! Barbara, you amaze me! A troth-plight is too sacred a thing for light breaking. This young man must not trifle with a child of mine. The gentle blood in her veins must be respected. Lift up your face, daughter, and tell me how this disseverance took place."

"You must not blame him, father. It was my own act. I alone am guilty of this broken troth-plight."

She spoke calmly, and her voice, though subdued, was full of decision.

"I am grieved that you should tell me this, Barbara. Have you reflected that a betrothed maiden is almost a married woman?"

"Yes, I have thought of that—thought of everything. Little sleep has visited me since this doubt entered my mind."

"And have you been earnest in prayer?"

"As the child that pleads with a parent for counsel. This step has not been lightly taken."

"But why was it taken, Barbara? For a proceeding like this there should be good cause."

"I know it—from the depths of my heart I have felt this from the first. Is it not cause enough that he wished me to forsake you, my good, kind father?"

"When a child marries, she must forsake father and mother and cleave to the man she has chosen."

"I know; but that was not what I meant. Oliver is at heart a dissenter!"

"What is it you say?"

"He is a dissenter from the true church, and——"

"What worse?" cried the rector, in a voice of alarm. "What can be worse that you hesitate to speak it out?"

"He meditates——"

"Well, what does he meditate?"

"Opposition to the king—sooner or later revolt against all royal authority."

"No, no, child, you cannot mean it. I know his cousin Hampden is a restive man, who has made some foolish ado about paying ship money; but what is Oliver Cromwell that he should become seditious?"

"He is a man of great force, father. An enemy to fear!"

"Those who act justly have no cause for fear," was the prompt reply. "It grieves me to learn so much evil of this young man; perhaps a little patience might have won him to the true path again."

"For a time—only for a time, father. He is a man of iron will and indomitable passions, a poor helpless girl like me might have been swept away with them, but, as for restraint, there she would prove a reed in the torrent. No, father, I am only safe here under your roof, under the shelter of your love; even now I feel like a poor drenched flower cast out of some storm. Oh! father, he is a wonderful man, I tremble to think of him!"

"Then you love him not?"

"I fear him!"

"True, true, love casteth out fear."

"Now, father, I am all yours; we will never think of this again."

"But can you help it, Barbara?"

Barbara began to tremble. In her heart she felt sure that thoughts of her rejected lover would cling around her forever. He was not a man to be forgotten. The gradual pallor that had crept over her face was visible in the lamplight. The rector saw it, and soothed her in his gentle way.

"Be comforted, child. Let this hot-brained youth go on his way; meantime return to your chamber and rest, for this interview has left you trembling like a wounded bird!"

Barbara arose.

"Father, henceforth I belong to you, your home shall be my home, and where you die there will I be buried."

She bent her head reverently, and the rector blessed her before she departed.

With the delicate reticence of genuine womanhood Barbara had kept back the revolting truth. She could endure to say that her lover meditated treason; but that scene in the hostelry—no power on earth could have forced her to describe that; she felt personally humiliated by it.

After Barbara had gone, the rector sat a long time thoughtful and a little anxious; but the lamplight lay full upon his book, and, after a time, his eyes fell unconsciously on the open page; his head drooped lovingly over it; the trouble left his face, and, with a quiet sigh of relief, he lost himself in the old tome.

That night as Oliver Cromwell rode across the country toward his kinsman's residence, he heard the ring of hoofs upon the road behind him, and, looking around, saw a horseman galloping along the highway. A long shadow of the moving horse and man gave a weird look of double life to the traveler, which irritated the unhappy man. He was in no mood for company and put spurs to his horse, determined to outride the intruder; but the metal behind him was not to be challenged after that fashion. The rapid beat of his charger's hoofs on the road was answered by steps more rapid still, and directly Cromwell knew by the shadow that loomed away to his right that the strange horseman had gained upon him. Angry and fierce, he drew his bridle and slackened his pace, thus inviting the stranger to come up. Directly a horse, that looked ghastly white as the moon shone upon it, came up, and its rider lifted his cap.

"Good evening," he said, turning a handsome

dark face upon Cromwell. "This is a glorious night for traveling."

Cromwell answered by a low exclamation. He was annoyed, and took no pains to conceal it.

The traveler did not seem to heed his ill-humor, but added in a still more cordial voice, "Grand as the moonlight is, one enjoys it best in company. For a long time, fair sir, I took you and your horse for the shadow of some wayside bush. Then I saw that the dark thing moved, and soon after that heard the sound of hoofs always welcome to a lonely man."

Still Cromwell was sullen and silent—not exactly that he feared or disliked the traveler, who was doubtless a gentleman; but because his heart ached with wrathful disappointment, and all mankind was hateful to him. The only thing he had asked for was profound solitude, and here was some courtly popinjay following him up in the night, and with the easy confidence of a superior forcing unwelcome company upon him. The face which he at last turned upon the stranger was black as midnight.

"Some men love solitude, others companionship," he said, roughly. "I belong to the former class."

The stranger was silent a moment, as if astonished by this rebuff, then he said with a light laugh,

"Ah! yes, I understand; but it is a bad habit to fall into; companionship brings knowledge, and often safety. I never regret it."

"But I do," answered Cromwell, gruffly, and, setting spurs to his horse, he dashed on, rudely attempting to shake off the stranger's company; but he might as well have attempted to outride his own shadow, the unwieldy shape of blackness that contrasted so coarsely with the lithe counterpart of the intruder, that fitted with such impalpable gracefulness along the ground. Urge his steed as he would, the white horse moved closely with him, neck and neck, and he could see by the moonlight that the strange rider was smiling pleasantly as he enjoyed the race.

Cromwell was not a man to brook this. He drew up his horse sharply; his firm jaw closed; his eyes were bloodshot.

"Sir," he said, sternly, "I wish to ride on my way alone."

"Frankly said," answered the stranger; "and I am not the man to force companionship on gentleman or churl: so, if you will give me a little information, I will relieve you of my distasteful company. I am a stranger in these parts, and the country here is crossed by many

roads. Can you point out the one I must take to reach the house of one Hampden, a man of note, I am told, in these parts?"

Cromwell turned in his saddle and cast a dark, searching look on the man, as he mentioned Hampden's name.

"The gentleman you speak of lives some miles from here," he said, at last; "but you will hardly find his household astir so late in the evening."

"Is it so far then? But there should be a hostelry in the neighborhood that I can rest at till morning. Is there not a place of the kind somewhere hereabout in which secret gatherings of the people are encouraged? It is possible that I may find the man I seek there, for it is said that he is a leader in the seditious movements going on among Hampden's people, and may often be found at night haranguing the malcontents in some tap-room."

Cromwell looked keenly at the stranger, as he uttered these words, with a seeming unconsciousness of their import to himself: The face he searched lay full to the moonlight, and he remarked, for the first time, how singularly beautiful the features were.

"Who is the person you seek?" he demanded, rather than inquired.

"One Oliver Cromwell, a kinsman of Hampden, and the son of a thrifty brewer, who lives somewhere to the eastward," answered the stranger, promptly.

Cromwell urged his horse close to the stranger's, as if he had given up all thought of riding away from him, and said very cordially,

"You know this Cromwell then?"

"Not I," answered the stranger. "We of the duke's household are not apt to league with malcontents of his stamp."

Cromwell gave no indication of the bound which his heart gave when he learned that some member of Buckingham's household was in search of him with evil intent, for of that he had no doubt; but he rode on for a moment in silence. The stranger was the first to speak.

"If you belong in these parts, fair sir, and are a friend to the duke and the king, perhaps you might find it for your interest to aid me in searching out this man."

"Perhaps I might," answered Cromwell, "if I knew what you want of him."

"Why, man, what should we want but to send him up to London, where his bound's ears may be cropped, as he deserves."

"Ha!"

"And then his carcass may be flung into some prison where better men are lying this

moment. The duke makes sharp work with his enemies."

"But how is it known that this man is the duke's enemy?"

"Convince me that you are a right loyal man, and I will perhaps tell you," answered the stranger, leaning confidentially toward Cromwell as he spoke.

"But how can I do that? You and I are alone—I see no way for proof on either side; for ought I know you may be a malcontent in disguise seeking to entrap me."

"Ay, I may be Cromwell himself, though my vanity forbids the supposition, for they tell me he is a rude, uncouth lout, with the face of an oak knot, and the manners of a hedge-hog. Whereas I—well, well—comparisons are odious, as Will Shakespeare says, and those who have eyes will not be ready to mistake me for this Cromwell."

Cromwell was bitterly wounded by this speech. A man may be rude of manner and ugly in person, but that is no reason why his self-love should not be keen and his vanity active. The iron man had been terribly humiliated once that night, and while the wound ached here was a second blow.

"Nay," he said, with a harsh sneer, "no one who looks on that slender hand and dainty foot will ever suspect you of leading men as this Cromwell is said to lead them."

"Then you do not know him?"

"No, who can?"

The last two words were muttered hoarsely, and in an undertone.

"But you live hereabout. You have heard of him?"

"Yes, I know the neighborhood well, and have heard of him. But how a name so insignificant has reached the duke, I cannot guess."

A vague suspicion was running through Cromwell's mind, which always led to this point: From whom had Buckingham derived his knowledge of those meetings in the hostelry? Not from one of his followers, he was certain. Had Randal, had Barbara betrayed him? No, no! From the last thought all the truth in his own nature revolted. Still the suspicion stung him.

"If I were but certain of your loyalty!" muttered the stranger.

"You may be sure of mine, as I am of yours. Protestations amount to nothing."

"True enough. But will you aid me in finding this man?"

"Yes, I will aid you. His haunts are all

known to me, if the man himself is not. But you cannot expect to arrest him alone. According to all accounts, he is a person of powerful frame."

"No, no! I have but come now to reconnoiter—to track the fox. When I visit the neighborhood again, it will be with all necessary force. Still it is the duke's wish that the arrest should be made as privately as possible. It is not his policy to arouse the country."

"I understand. The duke is wise."

"Between you and me," said the stranger, lowering his voice, as if the trees under which they rode might repeat his words, "I fancy the duke has a little personal feeling in this matter."

"Personal feeling? How?"

"Well, I can hardly explain. It is only a few days since I came to the castle. The people who traveled with the duke from London are full of lively gossip about some pretty maid, the daughter of a parson, who took Buckingham's roving fancy, as she stood by the high-road in some picturesque attitude. It seems that this lady was betrothed to the man Cromwell, and the duke, having supplanted him, now wants to put him clearly out of the way. This may be idle rumor, but one thing is certain: I am sent hither to gather what knowledge I can of the malcontent, and, after it is attained, I shall return to the castle and take further orders, leaving you, my good fellow, to keep watch of my man."

Cromwell smiled grimly, but took care that the shadows lay on his face.

"If any man is competent to watch him, I am the person," he said.

"I was sure of it the moment my eyes fell on your face. Have no fear about the recompense. The duke pays those that serve him with princely munificence."

"I have no doubt of that. But tell me more about this—the parson's daughter. So she succeeded in attracting the duke, you say?"

"Succeeded? I should think she did! It was but yesterday she was at the castle, and closeted alone with him."

"Ha!" A pang of sudden anguish wrung the exclamation from Cromwell's lips, and even in the dim light you could have seen the ashen agony that came to his face.

The stranger did not hear or care to notice this cry from the iron heart, but went on.

"It is said that she is going up to London with my Lady Villiers, who is a most convenient mother."

Cromwell's features were locked, his deep

set eyes fairly burned in the moonlight, but he did not speak. Like his features, the voice was locked with rage.

"Besides," continued the stranger, "there is a young man, son or nephew to the parson, who is to have a place in the household. I well-nigh lost the position I hold—though I was recommended by the king himself—because, forsooth! this country lad must be provided for. So the parson's family have earned no good-will from me."

Cromwell's fingers closed upon his bridle with a grasp of steel. He did not speak—he could not—but a fierce desire seized him to tear at something with all his force. This accounted for Barbara's stubborn refusal. For this vile duke she had broken her troth-plight. Did she hope to break his heart also—to crush out his strength in some dungeon? He drew his bridle so tightly, that his horse uttered an angry snort and backed upon his haunches. The bits had been ground in his mouth till they were red with blood.

"What is the matter with your horse?" asked the stranger. "He seems restive."

"He is restive—wild—mad!" shouted Cromwell. "But I will tame him! Never fear that I shall not tame him!"

With this cry he dashed his rowels into the gilded animal, which gave a plunge, wheeled, and shot away, thundering over the ground in a circle like some frantic wild beast.

The stranger watched this singular movement with a quiet smile; indeed, he laughed a little, and muttered to himself,

"A brave spirit that—a wonderful spirit! All iron and flame! I should not like to quarrel with him."

Cromwell came up again, having swept his wild circuit, tearing up the turf as he went. It was not the horse he had conquered, but himself.

"Now that I have tamed this brute," he said, "we will ride on and discuss this matter of the arrest more in detail. Where do you hope to find Cromwell?"

"He is said to be housed, just now, with his kinsman, John Hampden."

"Yes, I have been told he is there."

"But, if possible, we wish to avoid the clamor that might follow a violent entrance to Hampden's house, so prefer to wait till he may be found either at the hostelry I mentioned, or in an old ruin which lies near the parson's residence, where he may be drawn to meet the fair lady of his love. Once in those ruins, the arrest can be kept secret as the grave. The young

lady will be silent, rest sure, and, as for him, greater men disappear every day, and are never searched for. He is too insignificant to be brought before the Star chamber."

They had been riding forward at a pretty good pace, while conversing in this fashion, and at length came in sight of the hostelry which has already been mentioned to the reader. There was a light in the tap-room, but all the confusion that had reigned in the house when Randal first entered it was hushed and gone.

The travelers tied their horses to a post near the door, and after a pause, in which Cromwell made way for the stranger, they entered the tap room.

The stranger advanced first; but the landlord, who was standing at the bar, cast a quick glance over him, though he was undoubtedly a person to attract observation, and caught a rapid signal, which Cromwell made with his hand. The stranger was looking into the landlord's face keenly, searching its expression; but the wily old man was on his guard, and gave no sign of recognition when Cromwell entered, but came forward, rubbing his plump hands together, a promise of good cheer in every movement.

"Perhaps you lack supper, or a good bed, fair sirs?" he began. "We have a fresh capon in the larder, and my people have wonderful art in onion sauce. Then there is venison, and a rash of bacon with eggs."

"Give us the capon, but without the sauce, and a stoup of good wine; we will dispense with the rest," answered the stranger. Then, addressing Cromwell, he said, "You will sup at my cost, if it please you, though it is but poor return for such good pilotage."

Cromwell muttered gruff thanks—the cavalier elegance of the stranger offended him.

"And your horses?" said the landlord, looking at Cromwell.

"Give them a truss of hay, and a measure full of corn," he answered promptly. "Loosen the saddle-girths, and take the bits from their mouths. My poor beast has met with rough handling. Wash out his mouth with cold water; it was dropping blood when I came in."

"Then you go farther to-night?" queried the landlord.

Cromwell looked at his companion.

"We will decide that over the capon and wine," said the stranger, carelessly. "Are any other guests in the house, mine host? If so, let them sup with us—always understanding that they are presentable at a gentleman's table."

"The puppy!" muttered Cromwell.

"The popinjay!" grumbled the landlord, smiling blandly, as he moved toward the kitchen.

The stranger moved about the tap-room a little uneasily, as he felt the keen, deep-set eyes of Cromwell scrutinizing his appearance. It was, indeed, of a kind that seemed out of place with the night ride he had taken with apparently so little fatigue. The figure was slight, and not above the middle height, and the face was perfect. No sculptor ever imagined features more harmonious—at least those which were visible; for a soft beard, flowing like silk, concealed the mouth, save when, in speaking, gleams of white even teeth broke through its jetty blackness. He was dressed with some attempts at disguise, but the coarseness of his garments amounted to nothing—for they sat upon him with a princely grace that could not be mistaken.

After a little the young man—for he appeared young, though there was something about him that seemed too self-possessed for his years—got weary of pacing the tap-room; so he flung himself at full length on a settee, and half-closed his eyes. But Cromwell observed that the long black lashes parted cautiously, and the vigilant bright eyes underneath were fixed upon him. He would gladly have made some pretence to enter the kitchen, that he might exchange a single word with the landlord, but the half-shut eyes followed him everywhere, and he gave up the thought.

At last the kitchen door was flung open, and a red glow from the fire came in with the landlord, who bore a pewter dish in his hands, on which were nestled, side by side, two plump capons with their crisp wings tucked back and their tawny bosoms sweated to bursting, for the dressing oozed out, filling the room with a savory odor of sage and sausages. With a pompous, measured step, the landlord paced through the tap-room, smiling unctuously over the dish. Behind him came a maid bearing a silver tankard and two wine cups, which she held patiently, while mine host opened the sash door which led to the inner table, and placed his dish upon an oaken table which always stood ready for such savory burdens.

Another maid brought in the brown loaf on a wooden trencher, with the huge knife which was to carve it. This the landlord received as some celebrated leader takes his baton, and, giving it a premonitory flourish, cut the loaf in twain with a single sweep of the knife, and then proceeded to heap the trencher with slices.

After all was ready, the landlord stood for a moment enshrined in the red firelight, while he took a generous survey of the table.

"Now," he said, gliding toward the door, and rubbing his plump palms approvingly together. "Now, fair sirs, the capons are waiting."

The stranger started up and came eagerly forward, the scent of the viands had prepared him for a better repast than the house had at first seemed to promise. He motioned Cromwell to sit down, and began to carve the nearest capon.

Cromwell took a chair, planted his elbows on the table, and sat watching the young man as he carved. His face was pale from the storm of passion that had swept over it; his eyes were heavy with a dull, moody distrustfulness.

The stranger did not heed him, but thrust his knife with gusto into the plump bosom of the capon, letting out a fragrant steam, and giving keener zest to his own appetite each moment.

"What, you will not eat?" he cried, in amazement, as Cromwell waved the smoking trencher away with a frown of disgust. "That is foolish now—one does not always find a supper like this on the highway; and it is a sin against Providence and mine host to reject it."

"I am athirst, but not hungry," answered Cromwell, brusquely. "Give me the tankard at your elbow."

The stranger paused in his work, and gave the sullen man a glance of comical surprise. He was evidently unused to such uncouth rudeness.

"Why, man, you are out of temper," he said, laughing till the white teeth gleamed through his beard. "What has disturbed your philosophy in this way? Mine host has left the onions out of his stuffing, or I might account for it."

Cromwell did not answer, but lifted the tankard of wine between both hands and drank greedily, while the stranger held up his knife and fork in astonishment at the enormous draught.

"Hold! hold!" he cried, laughing, "or we shall have that great brain of yours muddled; and then who will watch for my fox?"

"Tush!" ejaculated Cromwell, as he sat down the tankard with a clank. "I am Oliver Cromwell, and you are my prisoner!"

"Yes," echoed the landlord, quietly possessing himself of the carving-knife, "our prisoner!"

The young man started to his feet, made a spring at mine host, wrenched the knife out of his grasp, and, with the leap of a deer, bounded through the open door, dashed it to, shot a bolt on the outside, and walked quietly through the tap-room.

"Bring out my horse," he said to the groom. "Be prompt, for I have far to ride."

"And your friend?" inquired the man.

"Oh! he is having a carouse with mine host! Don't you hear how jovial they are? Never

mind him; our roads part here. Hark! how they pound the table."

"Noll is at his old tricks," muttered the man, and directly the white horse was brought forth.

The stranger mounted him, rode deliberately round the house to a little window which opened from the supper-room, and flung a piece of gold through the open sash.

As it flashed on the table, the sound of retreating hoofs smote Cromwell's ear, and with it came a light laugh. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Down into the Sorrowful Valley,

The Sorrowful Valley of Death,

Where the shadowy cypress is sighing

To the Lethæan waters beneath—

Down into that Valley my spirit

Went groping its wearisome way,

And saw the grim blackness of Night

In horror un-speakable lay

All over that desolate Valley,

Forever o'erpalled by a curtain that never

Admits the sweet presence of Day.

Great God! What a desolate Valley!

What horrible spectres were there,

Clutching with fingers gaunt and grim,

Catching with fingers sharp and slim

At shadowy hopes that floated there

In the misty, murky midnight air—

Hopes that were skeleton-like and bare,

(For else how could they have happened there?)

The shadows of hopes that they thought would save

From the cold, the dark unfathomable wave

That eddies forever, and ever, and ever

In the gulf of wan Despair!

I stood on the brink of the valley,

Overlooking the horrors below,

Stood on the brink and trembled

At the sight of its hopeless woe.

The madness of fever had left me,

And my brain was calm and clear,

And I knew that no sick bed dreaming

Had summoned a horrible seeming,

That made me shudder and shiver,

As I gazed at the Stygian River,

Where spectres, the blackest and grimest,

Like a madman's dream did appear.

Nor God nor Hope came ever

To that awful Stygian shore;

And if they were lost ere the River was crossed,

They were lost forevermore.

So I stood on the brink and trembled

At the sight of that horrible shore,

Which thousands and thousands were crossing

To return, ah! nevermore—

Hopeless and Godless were going,

What mortal shall venture say where?

Hopeless and Godless, were they going

To the kingdom of cold Despair?

Shall I ever (no, never!) forget it,

The blackness, the horror, the wrath,

That there, with the wings of a devil,

Like a monster surpassingly evil,

Hung over that desolate path,

Beating the air with pinions

That were bred in those black dominions

Of dreariness, darkness, and death?

Far over the Stygian River,

A cloud that was black as the tomb,

Hung like an everlasting shadow

Of mute, mysterious gloom.

And the hopeless, Godless spirits

Went into that speechless gloom,

And forever, and ever, were lost

In the cloud that was black as the tomb!

Must I go with the shadowy thousands

Far over the Stygian River,

And enter the cloud that shut them

From the eyes of the earth forever?

Godless and hopeless must I

Go over that horrible river,

And Godless and hopeless remain

Forever and ever, and ever?

I will bow to my fate, I muttered,

Whatever it chance to be,

Nor murmur if God's retribution

Comes heavily unto me.

I'm a bubble upon the great ocean

That bears me eternally on,

And the will of the Being that rules it,

Whatever it is, be done.

What matters it whether to-day

Or to-morrow in sorrow I go,

When another day of lingering here

Is another link of woe?

This is the way we all must go,

This is the way to bliss or woe,

This is the path we all must tread,

Wan with the spectral forms of the dead;

Be we ever so lofty or ever so low,

This is the way we all must go:

King and clown, beggar and peer,

All must journey together here,

Cheek by jowl must jostle here;

All must behold the terror unfold

That frowns in the black cloud's ominous fold;

All must cross the Stygian River,
 All must cross and remain forever.
 Then why not join the shadowy crew
 That fits this murky midnight through?
 Hurrying, hurrying, hurrying on
 Whither the ages past have gone,
 Hurrying, hurrying to explore
 The mysteries of the other shore.
 Oh! it makes me tremble and shiver
 To view the waves of the rolling river,
 To look at the billows, whose ceaseless swell
 Bears some to Heaven and some to hell!
 And I shrink from joining the hurried march
 That crosses the black wave's midnight arch;
 For what if the wave that carries me o'er

Should bear me down to the world below,
 And leave me to dwell forevermore
 In the realm of Night, Despair, and Woe?
 I saw the black Angel of Death
 With a two-edged sword draw near—
 'Twas a royal sight to see the throng
 On the bank of the river shake with fear!
 The sword in his hand he lifted high,
 And he smote them left and right,
 And they fell like grain, in the Autumn time,
 Before the reaper's might.
 I bravely stood and looked at Death,
 And smiled as I caught his eye;
 Death smiled on me, and said, "N't yet."
 And he waved his hand as he hurried by.

GRAVES OF THE HEART.

BY H. F. EILLA.

The human heart is a place of graves,
 Nay, start not at the thought.
 Search thine own heart, though gay, thou'lt find
 Full many a tear-marked spot,
 Where hopes and joys the world knew not,
 Are lying, buried—but not forgot.

There are little graves now scarcely seen,
 Yet pass not careless by;
 For childish sorrows there were laid
 With the dirge of an infant's sigh.
 Though watered by tears, in childhood's hours,
 Their place is now marked by the springing flowers.

Some cherished hopes of wealth or fame,
 In thy youth thou lov'd'st full well;
 But those idols, touched by a ruthless hand,
 Into shapeless ashes fell.
 Thou didst gaze on their ruins, and sadly say,
 "Bury the loved from my sight away."

Thou hadst friends; death beckoned some away,
 And they followed, one by one;
 But they left thee in this heartless world
 To bear thy griefs alone.
 Man seeth only their church-yard mound;
 But their deepest grave in thy heart is found.

There are others, too, whom death had spared,
 That yet, to thee, are not;
 A newer friendship claimed their heart,
 And thine was soon forgot.
 Yet memory fondly lingers o'er
 Those friends who were, but are no more.

Thy heart's best earthly trust was given
 To a mortal frail as thou;
 That trust betrayed—thy heart deceived—
 Have left thee sorrowing now;
 Thou hast leaned on a reed thou thoughtest white,
 But it broke and pierced thy very soul!

Yet go thy way—thou must wear a smile,
 Though thine aching heart be torn,
 This world is a weary place for those
 Who early learn to mourn;
 But that trust and hope none e'er may know,
 In thine own sad heart it is buried low.

Lock in thine heart those records sad
 From the cold world's selfish view,
 And give the key—thy perfect love—
 To God, the ever true!
 He will keep them, never to be read
 Till memory's graves give up their dead!

THE WOODLAND.

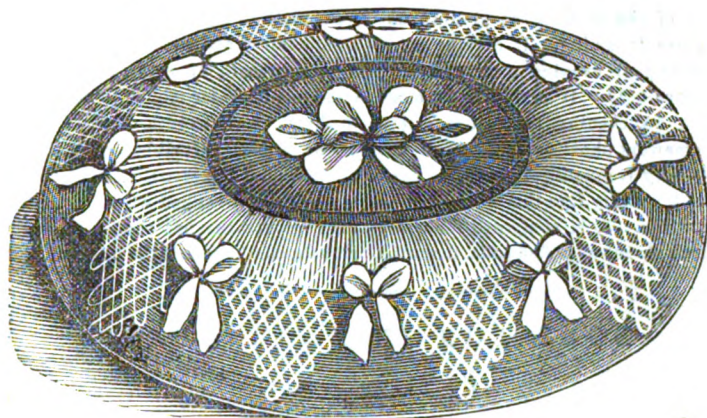
BY GRACE GORDON.

Oh! I long to revisit the woodland to-day,
 Where oft in the hours of the past I have strayed;
 But that woodland lies far from my life-path away,
 Though in memory all its bright scenes are portrayed.
 I see the green bank where the violets grew—
 The rock, where the moss was so bright and so deep;
 The places, where the light breeze crept murmuring through
 With cadence of music to lull care asleep.
 I hear the low roar of the rock-bound cascade,
 Whose foam-wreaths are bright with a rainbow-like gleam;
 The waters are singing afar through the glade,
 To the host of pale lilies asleep on the stream.

The leaf-harps are chiming with each fitful breeze
 That dallies in sport in the shadowy bowers;
 Now kissing the tops of the loftiest trees—
 Now stooping to catch the soft breath of the flowers.
 I long to revisit the woodland once more:
 To sit once again on the rock-crested peak;
 To gaze far away over streamlet and shore,
 While the cool mountain breezes are fanning my cheek.
 I know that the flowers are as fresh and as gay;
 The moss is as bright on the rock by the stream;
 But the woodland lies far from my life-path away,
 And I visit it only in memory's dream.

NETTED PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Pin-Cushion can be netted in various ways, so that when intended for contributions to fancy fairs, or even as presents to different friends, each can be arranged to produce a different appearance. In netting silk or Berlin wool of two shades, or in white and pink cottons, or in white alone, laid over a cushion of pink, the effect is very pretty. To commence the netting for the top of the Pin-Cushion, take a mesh three-quarters of an inch wide and net forty-nine loops; the mesh being large it will not be necessary to use any foundation. Then take a mesh one-quarter of an inch wide and net three rows; resume the large mesh and net three loops on one, and one on one alternately all round; this doubles the number of the loops; return to the small mesh and net four rows, then divide the number of loops into eight, and net eight points, leaving one loop between each point, and netting each row backwards and forwards, leaving one loop not netted at the end of each row until the point is no more than one loop. The commencement of each of these points is made by netting nine loops, leaving, as we

have said, one loop between each of the divisions. If the netting silk or the Berlin wool is chosen, the under cover of the cushion may be a crimson silk under two shades of French blue, or the colors may be reversed. If the netted cover should be of cotton No. 12, crochet will be the right size, the points being either in the white also, or in pink; but in this case the under cover may be in pink glazed calico. When the netted top has been completed, two rounds slightly larger than its center, without the points, must be cut and made up with a mattress border two inches wide, being filled either with bran or wool, the last being, of course, much the best. This cushion is then to be covered with the silk or the glazed calico, whichever has been preferred; the netted cover laid on and fastened down with a strong thread passed through the center of the cushion, drawn down and tied underneath, a rosette of colored ribbon being placed on the top over the stitches, and eight small bows of the same attached between each point all round the cushion.

EMBROIDERIES.



INSERTION.

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EDGING.

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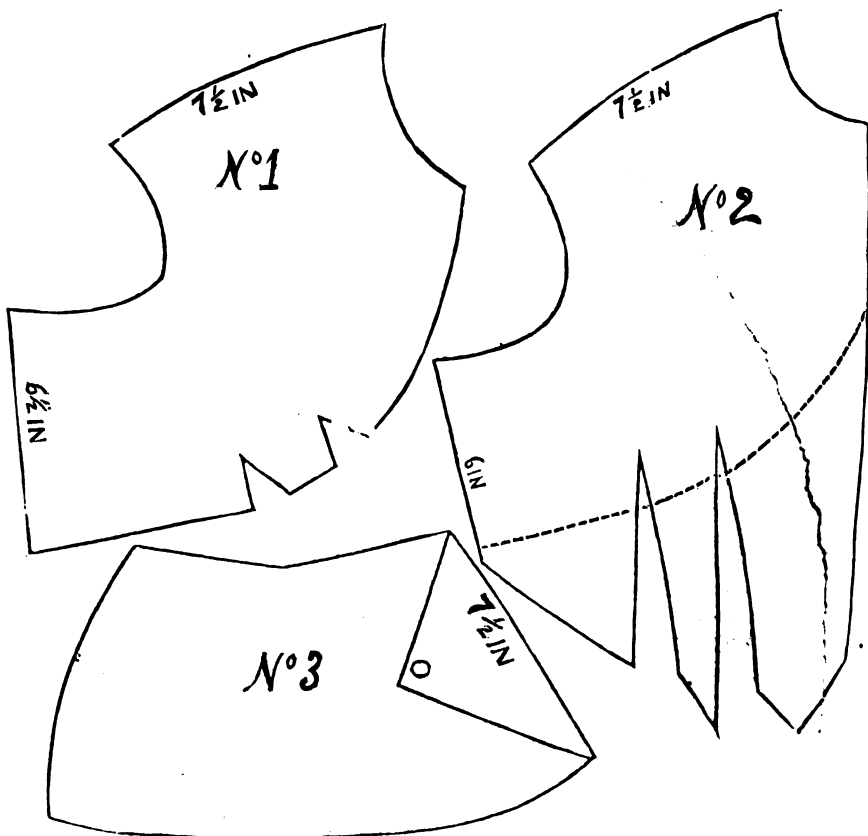
GLOVE TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

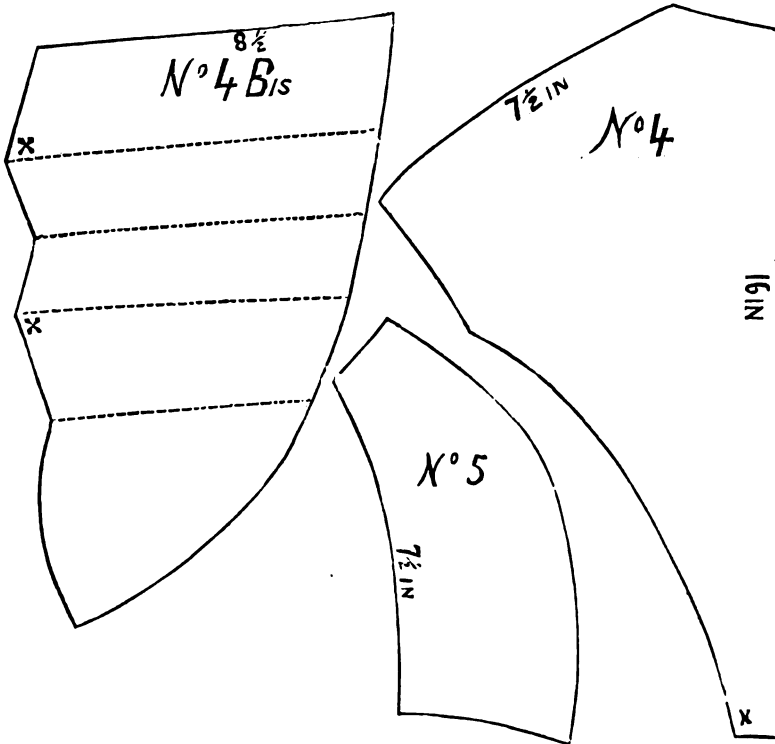
In the front of the number we give an engraving for glove trimming. It may be made either for morning or evening wear, selecting the colors accordingly. It certainly is more appropriate for an evening toilet, but where the glove is somewhat short on the back of the hand, which is very frequently the case in dark gloves, a glove trimming like this would not be at all objectionable. It is composed for white and light-colored gloves of puffed tulle, mounted on a piece of elastic large enough to fit the wrist comfortably, and finished off in the center with a thick wreath of very tiny ribbon bows, with two ends of wider ribbon to make a pretty finish to them. This wreath of bows should be made up on a piece of ribbon or stiff net before it is mounted on the wristlet, as it can be so much more easily arranged when off the elastic. For dark gloves the net should be black, and the ribbon should match the color of the kid.

BODY FOR IN-DOOR WEAR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This very pretty model forms a jacket over a silk waistcoat of another tint. The sleeve only reaches to the elbow, and is turned up with silk of the same color as the waistcoat.



This body may also be of cashmere. The back is completed by a rounded postilion skirt laid in large plaits. This skirt is cut separate.

DIAGRAM NO. 1.

No. 1. FRONT OF BODY.

No. 2. SLEEVE.

No. 3. SLEEVE TRIMMING.

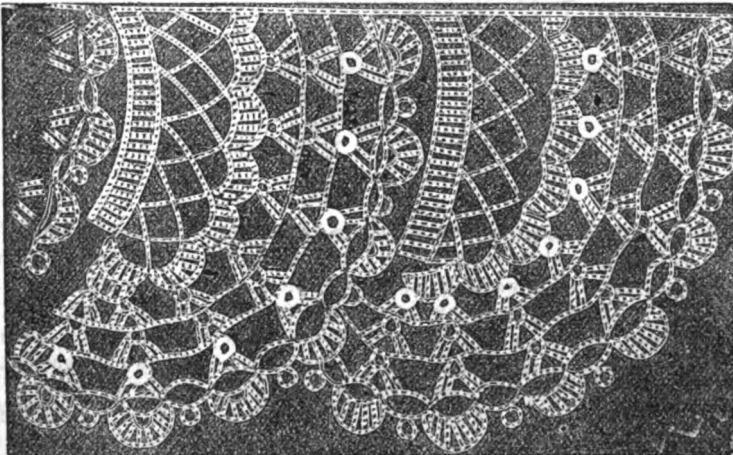
DIAGRAM NO. 2.

No. 4. MIDDLE OF BACK.

No. 4 bis. THE POSTILION SKIRT.

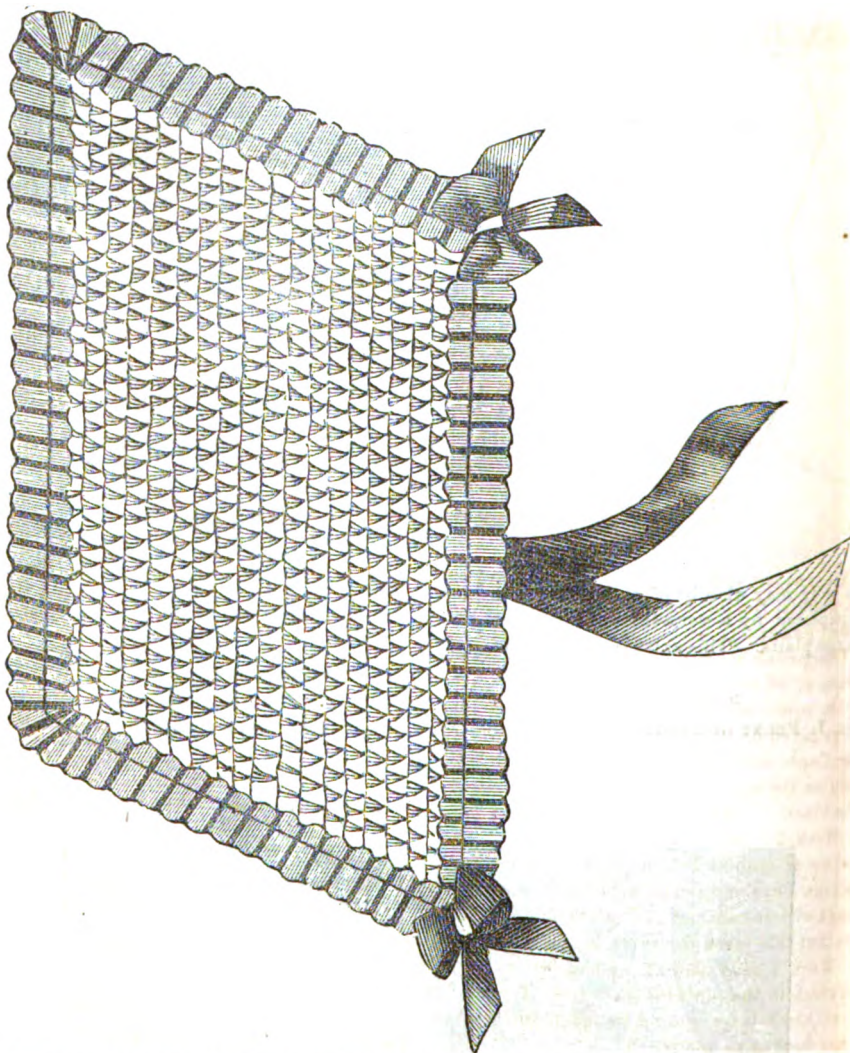
No. 5. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

CROCHET LACE.



HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—8 skeins blue purse twist, fine; 4 yards blue satin ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; 1 yard white satin; some white wadding; also, 2 oz. of millefleur, or any other scent powder.

With the blue twist, make a ch a little over a quarter of a yard in length, on it work in dc stitch one row making 40 stitches. Work 70 rows in this way. This completes the crocheted part of the Sachet. Fold the white satin to fit

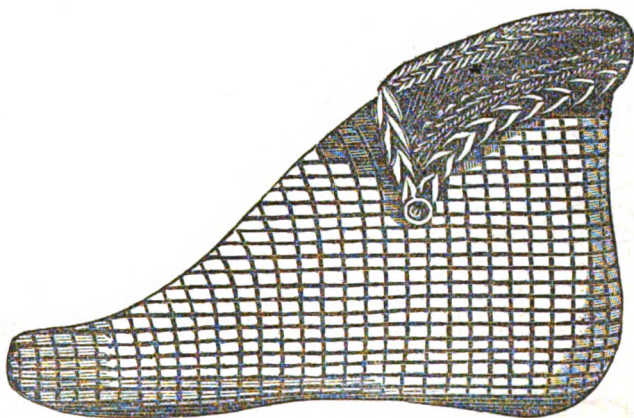
the crochet cover, lay the wadding between it, also a piece of thin pasteboard cut in two pieces, each piece one half the size of the crocheted cover, (this cover is intended to fold over as a book,) lay this pasteboard between the wadding, which should be of two thicknesses, strew it with the scent powder and quill in inch diamonds. Sew the edges together neatly, and over the lining so prepared stretch the crocheted

cover. Quill the blue satin ribbon, and continue it all round the sachet, adding strings at one side and bows at the corners. To make this more cheaply, you may substitute pink crochet

cotton for the blue twist, or even very fine white spool cotton. In the latter case it should be made up over colored satin or silk, or even pretty rose-colored cambric.

CARRIAGE BOOT, IN PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—3 skeins each of black and scarlet double Berlin wool, and Tricot needle, No. 9 Bell gauge.

Commence with the black wool and make a chain of 50 stitches.

1st row—Work as the 1st row in the directions given at the commencement of the Circular Cape, until the 50 loops are raised; then join on the scarlet, and “work back.” Join on the black.

Work 9 rows more the same, changing the colors at each end throughout the boot, so that all the loops are raised with black, and worked back with the scarlet. The work should be tight, so that this piece measures 11 inches in length.

Work 5 rows more the same, but decreasing a stitch in the center of each row. To decrease, two black loops should be taken on the needle and worked as one stitch.

16th row—Decrease the first two loops, raise the rest, and take the last 2 loops together to decrease; work back.

17th row—Plain, but increasing a stitch in the center. To increase, the needle should be inserted in the scarlet, between two black stitches, and the wool brought through in a loop as usual.

18th row—Decrease the first 2 stitches, raise the rest to the center; then increase a loop as

before, raise the rest, decreasing the last 2 loops; work back.

19th row—Plain, but increasing a stitch in the center.

20th row—As the 18th row.

21st row—As the 19th row.

22nd row—Decrease a stitch at the beginning and end of the row.

23rd row—All plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows until it is decreased to 24 stitches, which finishes the boot; and, it being made on a new plan, it is as well to state that the last row, when joined, forms the toe, the two slanting sides the front, and the 1st row the back of the boot.

To make up the boot, it will require a pair of cork soles bound with ribbon, and a half-yard of scarlet silk or flannel. Cut the flannel the shape of the work, allowing half an inch for turnings.

Double the foundation row in half and sew the sides together, drawing about 6 stitches in the center close, to form the heel; then sew up the toe.

To join the slanting sides which form the front, commence at the toe with the black wool, and work a row of single crochet thus—keep the wool at the back, put the needle into a stitch of the right selvedge, and then into the left sel-

vedge, bring the wool through them and also through the loop on the needle; repeat. Then round the top of the boot, work 6 rows of plain crochet backward and forward very loosely, working 2 stitches in the 1st stitch of each row; and for

The last row—Work 1 scarlet and 1 black stitch alternately, continuing the same down the sides of the black rows, and ending at the 1st stitch of the row. Fasten off.

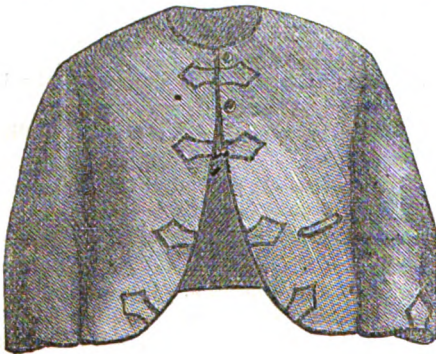
Turn the boot on the wrong side, place the lining over it, and slightly quilt it to the work; then turn it on the right side, and sew on the sole. The plain rows at the top should be turned down over the boot, and the points fastened with a button.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

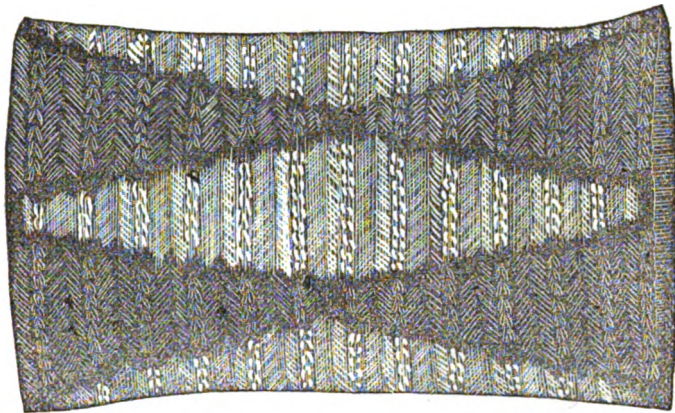
We give, in the front of the number, several designs for handkerchiefs, etc., etc., to be worked in colored cottons. These are all new designs, and, we think, will be popular ones. This style of ornamenting is becoming all the rage. It certainly is very effective. The colors and cuffs, which we gave in the August number to be worked in blue, are in a similar fashion. One advantage of this work is, that it is very easy. Any lady can do it. Besides, it is more convenient to carry on an afternoon visit, than more bulky work.

BOYS' JACKET, VEST, AND PANTALOONS.



KNIT MUFFATEE: DIAMOND PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Half an ounce each of scarlet, black, and white single or double Berlin wool, according to the thickness required; a pair of knitting pins, No. 15 Bell gauge, measured in the circle.

With the black wool cast on 39 stitches.

1st row—Make 1, by bringing the wool forward, slip 1 and knit 2 together; repeat to the end. This stitch is used throughout the pattern. Every three stitches form one rib. Join on the scarlet wool, and for the

SCARLET HALF DIAMOND, 2nd row—Make 1, slip 1, and knit the 2 stitches which cross together; repeat 5 times more, that is 6 ribs; turn back, leaving the 7 black ribs on the other pin.

3rd row—Knit the 6 scarlet ribs.

4th row—Knit 5 ribs, turn back, leaving a scarlet rib.

5th row—Knit the 5 ribs.

6th row—Knit 4 ribs, turn back as before.

7th row—Knit the 4 ribs.

8th row—Knit 3 ribs, turn back.

9th row—Knit 3 ribs.

10th row—Knit 2 ribs, turn back.

11th row—Knit 2 ribs.

12th row—Knit 1 rib, turn back.

13th row—Knit 1 rib.

14th row—Knit 1 rib, then knit each of the 5 ribs left at the end of the previous rows, and on the black row knit the 7 ribs; then, commencing again at the 2nd row, work to the end of the 13th row, so as to make a second half-diamond at the other side. Join on the black wool.

15th row—Knit all the 13 ribs.

16th row—As the last row.

17th row—Knit 1 rib. Join on the white wool, and for the center diamond, knit 11 ribs; turn back, leaving one black rib.

18th row—Knit 10 ribs and turn back, leaving another rib; knit 9 ribs, turn back; knit 8 ribs, turn back; knit 7 ribs, turn back; knit 6 ribs, turn back; knit 5 ribs, turn back; knit 4 ribs, turn back; knit 3 ribs, turn back; knit 2 ribs, turn back; knit 2 ribs; then knit the 4 white ribs which were left at the previous rows. Join on the black wool, and knit the remaining rib.

19th row—Black—Knit all the 13 ribs.

20th row—As the last.

Join on the scarlet wool. Commence again at the 2nd row, and repeat the pattern until 5 or 6 diamonds are made, according to the size wished; then cast off, and sew the 1st and last rows together.

EDGING.



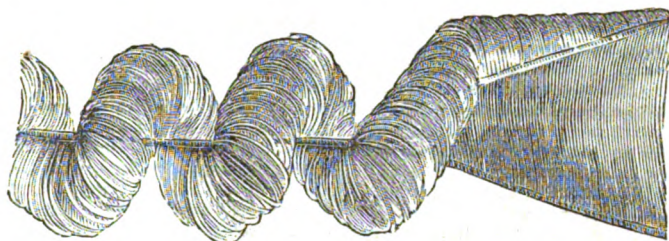
CHILD'S NECK-TIE IN DRAWN RIBBON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This little Neck-Tie is made of ribbon, with } in our small illustration, on the next page, three
the threads drawn *one way*, and twisted, as seen } lengths of the ribbon being required to make
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one tie. A very thin, poor ribbon must be selected of which to make this tie, or the threads will not be found to draw easily. A pair of tassels finishes off the two ends. The ease with which this Neck-Tie can be made, and its beauty, should render it very popular.

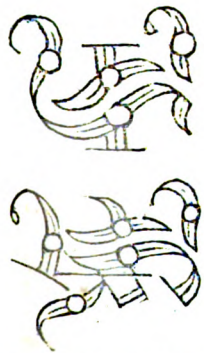


SHOWING THE RIBBON WITH THE THREADS DRAWN.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY, ETC.



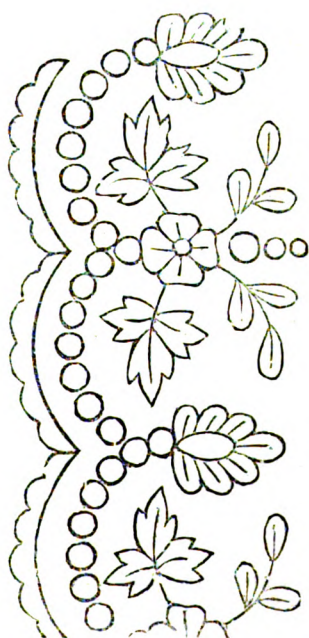
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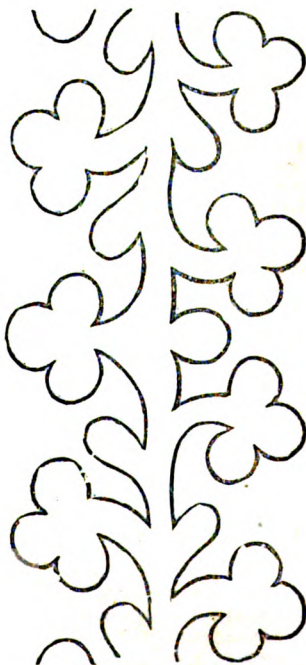
LETTERS FOR MARKING.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EDGING.



BRAIDING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PICTURES OF BIRDS MADE WITH THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS.—First take a thin board or panel of deal or wainscot, well seasoned that it may not shrink; then smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it dry, and if the wood casts its color through, paste on it another paper till perfectly white; let it stand till quite dry, and then get any bird you would represent, and draw its figure as exactly as possible on the papered panel (middle-sized birds are the best for the purpose); then paint what tree or ground-work you intend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of the body to be covered with its own feathers. You must next prepare that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum-arabic, dissolved in water; lay it on with a large hair pencil, and let it dry; then lay a second coat of the gum-arabic, and let it dry, and a third, and oftener, if you find that when dry it does not form a good body on the paper, at the very least, to the thickness of a shilling; let it dry quite hard.

When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working upward to the head, observing to cover that part of your draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird, letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the inside of their shafts shaved off with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the ground-work by little and little, as you work it; then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be waterish, but *only clammy*, to hold the feathers. You must have prepared a great many sugar-loaf-shaped leaden weights, which you may form by casting the lead into sand, in which shapes or moulds for it have been made by means of a pointed stick prodded all over the surface, having small holes to receive the melted lead. These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they are fixed; but you must be cautious lest the gum comes through the feathers, for it would not only smear them, but would stick to the bottoms of the little weights; and in taking them off you would bring the feathers also, which would quite disarrange your work: be cautious, therefore, not to have your coat of gum too moist or wet. When you have wholly covered your bird with its feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the size of an eye, which you must color the same as the eye of the bird, if you cannot procure a glass one of the kind; and when the whole is dry, you must dress the feathers all round the outline (such as may have chanced to start), and rectify all defects in every other part; then lay on it a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book, to press it; after which it may be preserved in a glass frame, such as are used for pieces of shell-work, etc.

"THE LEADING LADIES' MAGAZINE."—Says the Wisconsin Press:—"Peterson's is now acknowledged to be the leading Ladies' Magazine of Philadelphia, and the 'best two dollar Magazine in the country.' The present number is the best, we think, that we have ever seen."

SOME EXQUISITE DRESSES were lately made, in Paris, to be worn at the imperial court at Fontainebleau. The morning half-toilets were especially picturesque, and might, with scarcely any alteration, have figured in a picture of Watteau. White is more worn this season than it has been for a long time, and some of the most elegant of these dresses consisted of white cambric tulle worn over a light-colored taffetas petticoat, either mauve, blue, or *gris* being the favorite shades so employed, and trimmed with *entre-deux* of rich embroidery with Valenciennes edgings, the collet or vest to be worn over the dress being similarly ornamented, with knots of ribbon to match, and wide-flowing sashes of the same color. Loops of ribbon with knots are so arranged as to be used to raise up the dresses in festoons all round the under skirt; a deep lace frilling terminate the taffetas under-dress. One of these morning dresses, which could not be worn after four o'clock, could not be produced under eight hundred francs, or the small sum of one hundred and sixty dollars of our money. At Werth and Boberg, it is said that a foreign lady, remarkable both for her wit and original toilets, has entered into a regular arrangement to be supplied with a certain number of dresses and costumes, to be worn but once or twice, and then returned to their fabricators, who, probably, with a little altering and touching up, easily find means of disposing of them to persons eager to imitate the aristocracy.

BALL AND PARTY DRESSES.—Ball dresses, in Paris, are worn very elaborately trimmed; tunics are universal, cut to the knee in front and sloping down at the back. Underneath the tunic there are four, and sometimes five well-trimmed skirts. The form of head-dress depends entirely upon the arrangement of the hair, but the two popular styles are the high wreath (high in front and sloping down into two long ends at the back), and the spray at the left side, also extending into a tapering branch at the back. But whether sprays or wreaths are worn, they are all mounted upon gutta percha, which gives the appearance of natural stems to the flowers, and is much more pliable and manageable than the old-fashioned wire mountings. Humming-birds and their nests, dragon flies, and butterflies were much worn, both in Paris and London, during the winter and spring seasons. In wreaths and head-dresses these appeared eccentric adornments when they were first introduced, but they have been replaced by something more eccentric still. In Paris many head-dresses are now made with natural herbs and fir-cones. These are not artificial productions, but are dried and prepared for the purpose.

THE LATEST CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Peru (Ind.) Republican says:—"One of our lady friends received her copy of 'Peterson' for July, last Monday, and as she started away from the post-office commenced reading, and became so absorbed that she thought of nothing else. She continued to read and walk, unconscious of time and space, till she was spoken to by an acquaintance full three miles from town. On examining 'Peterson,' we do not blame the lady; but such absence of mind for any other reason, we should think wholly inexcusable."

A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

TIGHT LACING—It is no longer the fashion in Paris to lace-in or tighten the figure. Ladies have at last discovered the folly of such a dangerous proceeding, and now a slight, waspish waist is considered very ugly. Stays are therefore worn very low and very light, and have but few bones in them. The Empress and many other ladies wear stays composed of white moire; they are also made of white tafetas, and of pearl-gray moire, stitched with violet, coral, or blue silk. Simpler and less expensive stays are made of white coutil, with embroidered insertion, and edged round the top with narrow Valenciennes lace. Now that skirts and petticoats are all cut on the cross, and that there is no fullness on the hips, but all is as flat as possible: crinolines are shaped to correspond. Ladies appear to approve of the styles of dresses of the First Empire, and imitate them at least in the upper part. The upper petticoat is ornamented more or less, but it is always made in the same manner—entirely plain in front, and cut with points or gores to avoid any plaits upon the hips, the whole of the fullness being gathered in at the back, where they are very wide. Commencing at the sides, and continuing round the back, a deep flounce is arranged in very small plaits, which is starched well.

CLOSED SLEEVE FOR MORNING DRESSES.—The lining and outer portion of this sleeve are cut the same shape, and are gathered into a plain piece underneath the epaulet. The fullness at the bottom near the wrist is confined by means of *three double box plaits*, over which two rows of quilting are placed, to keep the plaits in their proper position. The epaulet in the center is rather deep, and cut up on each side in a square shape, the whole being trimmed with quiltings. The shape of this sleeve is very becoming to any style of figure: it is quite flat enough to be pretty, and yet would not increase the width of the figure, the plain epaulet at the top giving the desired sloping appearance to the shoulders.

INVALUABLE TO LADIES.—The Lapeer (Mich.) Republican says of this Magazine:—"We have so often recommended this monthly to our readers, that it seems useless to say much more in its favor. Its engravings are equal to any of the dearer monthlies, and its fashion-plates, patterns, etc., are not one whit behind its more pretentious neighbors. In it we have music, recipes for the house, the kitchen, and garden, as well as tales and other literary matter, worth more, each month, than would buy the book for a whole year."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In the Tropics. By a Settler in Santo Domingo. With an introductory notice by Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this volume says he is an American, who emigrated to Santo Domingo, with the intention of settling there as a farmer; and in these pages he gives us the experience, month by month, of his first year's venture. The book is written in such pure, idiomatic English, that our young planter must have had unusual advantages of education, or extraordinary gifts by nature. It is, indeed, a charming work in every respect. Bits of it recall Robinson Crusoe. The art of the writer, in interesting us in the smallest details, quite equals that of De Poe. The reader sympathizes with all the little annoyances and triumphs of the narrator; is as proud as Juan himself over the new road to Palenque; shares the wonder of the high-bred Don Julio and his friends over the American plough; watches with the keenest interest the grafting of the orange-trees; exults over the new market opened for vegetables at the city; and enters with as much zest into the plans respect-

ing the new house, and how best to arrange the trees around it, as if he himself owned the little plantation. The pictures of tropical life, given on almost every page, are perfectly bewitching. The volume is printed with great beauty.

Weak Lungs, and How to Make them Strong. By Dio Lewis, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this little treatise is the proprietor of the well-known Essex street gymnasium in Boston, and physician-in-chief of the "Boston Movement Cure for Consumptive Invalids." He regards consumption, not as a local disease, but as one pervading the entire system, and hence objects to local remedies, and advises fresh air, exercise, etc., etc. The book is full of practical suggestions of the very greatest value. Dr. Lewis' opinions on over-feeding, hot-air furnaces, sleeping in badly ventilated apartments, thin dresses, and other matters pertaining to health, though not, perhaps, to be regarded as infallible, contain a vast amount of truth. Here is one sentence that should be painted, in letters of gold, over the mantle-piece of every mother's chamber: "Expend upon your daughter's body one quarter as much as you devote to her music, and, if the expenditure be wisely directed, you will, unless her constitution be incorrigibly bad, save her from all physical maladies." The volume is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, showing how various exercises, recommended by Dr. Lewis, are to be conducted. Every parent, teacher, guardian, and person in delicate health, should have a copy of the book.

"Who Breaks—Pays." By the author of "Cousin Stella," "Skirmishing." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Frederick Leyboldt.—Under the title of "The Foreign Library," Mr. Leyboldt has begun the republication of new and choice English novels in a uniform style; and this is the first of the series. "Who Breaks—Pays" is an Italian proverb, here chosen for the title of a novel. The story is one of unusual interest. Both Giuliani and Miss Tufton are very far above ordinary heroes and heroines. The volume is printed with much taste. We cannot but think that Mr. Leyboldt has hit upon a bright idea in his "Foreign Library." Certainly, if supported as it ought to be, it will be a very successful venture. Price fifty cents.

Science for the School and Family. Part I. Natural Philosophy. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is designed for the older scholars in grammar schools. It differs from others on similar subjects, by using illustrations freely, and by employing the familiar style of the lecture. There are not less than three hundred engravings, for example, in the volume. We regard the book as the very best of the kind that has come under our notice.

Rockford. By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Unsted. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Very much better than Mrs. Unsted's former novel of "Southwood." Some of the scenes are capital, as, for instance, Ben Fordyce's proposal to Fanny, or, shall we say? Fanny's proposal to him. New York fashionable life is described *con amore*.

Willson's Primary Speller. By Marcus Willson. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This claims to be a simple and progressive course of lessons in spelling, with reading and dictation exercises, and the elements of oral and written compositions. The plan is admirably executed.

The Elements of Arithmetic; Designed for Children. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is intended as a first book in arithmetic, and assumes that the learner has no previous knowledge on the subject. We consider it a most excellent work.

A Point of Honor. A Novel. By the author of "The Morals of May Fair." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Somewhat sad, but beautifully told, and ending, at last, happily and wisely. Price twenty-five cents.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN FOR SEPTEMBER.—The hues of autumn are now conspicuous; the leaves begin to fall; the nights increase in length; the air cools, and we feel the unmistakable approach of winter; but does our interest in the garden fail in consequence? I think not. Nor does it to any one possessing an ordinary love for flowers and gardening. There is much to attract the attention and keep the interest alive. The geraniums, verbenas, etc., are still blooming gaily; the dahlias and chinas are in full beauty, and continue flowering as though winter would never come. The salvias and lobelias are in their prime, and, should not frost come and spoil them, they will flower all through October. While these, and what other plants may be in flower, keep up a cheerful appearance in the borders, let no pains be spared to keep every other part in perfect order and cleanliness; without this, no garden can look creditable; but the poorest garden, with such assistance, is always presentable. Above all, let the paths be well attended to. There are many plants in the borders now in full bloom, which add considerably to the lively appearance of the borders, and which it is desirable to preserve during the winter for another season. Many fine scarlet geraniums are taken up and potted when in full flower, and, although the removal may stop the blooming to a certain extent, still they are worth the attempt; and, if the operation is well performed, they will not be much the worse for it. They may be wintered in a greenhouse, pit-frame, or in a window, or in a dry cellar, and will be much better for planting out again than young plants. As a rule, the sooner this is done after the middle of September the better, as the plants will then have time to root into the new soil before winter. Many sorts of half-hardy plants may be preserved in the same manner, but it principally applies to the scarlet geranium. Put them into as small pots as they will conveniently go into; settle them well into the new soil with water at first, but, afterward, water sparingly. Calceolarias may be wintered in the same way, but of these, I think, young plants flower as well as old ones, and they are easier to keep, being more hardy. There will always be, at this time, plenty of young shoots for propagation; take these off, when about two inches long, strip off two or three of the lower leaves, and dib them into pots filled with soil composed of one part loam, one part leaf-mould or peat, and one part sand; let the pots be well drained, as the cuttings are to stand in them till March, when they are to be potted off into three-inch pots, which they will soon fill with roots, and should then be shifted into larger pots, when they will be good-sized plants to plant out in May. This can all be done in a common frame, merely covering the glass in case of severe frost. I have known them kept by thousands—ay, hundreds of thousands—in common frames, without being potted at all. A bed of earth, composed as above, is made up within the frame; it is then well watered; the cuttings, having been prepared by removing the lower leaves, are then inserted very close together, and sprinkled with water just sufficient to settle them in; the frame is then closed up, the cuttings are shaded from the sun, a little air is given them occasionally, they are protected from severe frosts, and they strike during the winter, and are ready to pot up or prick out into other frames by March, and otherwise treated as those in pots. Those who have no frame, or other such means, may keep a few pots of cuttings in

an airy and shaded window; they are of the easiest plants of the kind to keep, as they will stand damp better than most plants, and little fear need be entertained of over-watering them.

ORNAMENTAL WORK.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PLUMS.—For modeling a plum, the materials necessary are the same as for grapes. For the large blue varieties, take pieces of strong wire, wind one end with cotton; then, having melted the resin, which should be colored with lampblack, and the wires wound with worsted of a suitable shade to imitate the stems, proceed to dip the end on which the cotton is wound in the melted resin, holding it while cooling, so that it will assume an elongated shape, exactly resembling the natural specimen. When sufficiently large, and before it hardens, take a blunt-pointed knife and press lightly on one side, to represent the seam or indentation; then let it become hard and perfectly cold, after which dip in prepared wax colored with carmine and Prussian blue, the exact shades of the natural specimen; then dust with a mixture of Prussian blue and white lead made very fine and tied in a muslin bag.

Purple plums of the lighter shades are made of white resin colored with carmine and Prussian blue, dipped in wax colored same shade.

Green-pages are made of clear white resin, coated with white wax very slightly tinged with French green.

M. L. M.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

MEATS.

Veal and Pork Pie.—For a medium-sized pie, have two pounds and a half of breast of veal, and one pound and a half of salt pork, which is more delicate in a pie than ham or bacon. Cut the veal into five or six pieces, and let it stew very slowly for an hour, with a quart of water, a head of celery, a small onion, thyme, parsley, and a bit of lemon-peel. Take out the veal, cut the meat from the bones in pieces of a convenient size for the pie, return the bones and pieces of gristle to the saucepan, season with pepper and salt, and let them and the gravy stew thoroughly for many hours, until the gristle is quite soft throughout, as this gravy should be strong enough to set into a very firm jelly when cold. Make your pie, arranging the veal and pork in conveniently small pieces, add a sufficient quantity of the gravy, reserving some of it, and finish and bake the pie. When it is taken from the oven, put a funnel to the hole in the center of the crust, and carefully pour in gravy enough to fill up. A cold meat pie is very poor if the gravy be liquid, instead of the well-flavored firm jelly which should fill up all the interstices. Chicken or rabbit in place of the veal are either of them very good, but for little folks it is as well to avoid bones in a pie; and, perhaps, even where the company is grown up it is so too, as they are troublesome at a well-packed table.

Leg of Beef Stewed.—Salt six pounds of the half-leg, or marrowbone of beef, for three or four days. Make holes in it about one and a half inch deep, and press in, very hard, forcemeat made in the following manner:—One and a half pound of suet sliced very fine, pepper, salt, and a few cloves, some winter savory, and sweet marjoram, mixed well together. The beef must be baked in a deep pan, with water reaching about three-quarters of the way up, and forcemeat spread over the top, which, when the meat is baked, is taken off, cut into shapes, and laid round the dish.

Lamb's Head and Pluck.—A lamb's head is generally delivered by the butcher ready skinned, and split in two pieces. Remove the brains, and put them into cold water; take the black part out of the eyes, and wash the head thoroughly, and let it remain in lukewarm water until it looks white, then parboil it. Wash and clean the heart, liver, and lights, boil them for half an hour, then mince them up finely with a couple of small onions; put these into a saucepan with some mutton gravy, mushroom ketchup, pepper and salt, and a grated lemon, thicken with flour and butter, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, and boil it up. Rub the lamb's head well with the yolks of two eggs, and then sprinkle over with bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; put it in a Dutch oven before the fire to brown, pour the minced liver, etc., on to a hot dish, place the head in the center, and garnish with brain-cakes, and slices of lemons. The brain-cakes must be made thus:—Wash the brains well first in lukewarm water, and then remove all skin and fibre from them. Boil them in water with a little salt for two or three minutes; strain off the water, and beat them up in a basin, with some finely chopped parsley, sifted sage, salt, mace, cayenne pepper, and grated lemon-peel. Mix them up with the well-beaten yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of cream. Boil up some butter in a frying-pan, drop the above mixture into it in small cakes, and fry them a light brown. Lamb's head should be served hot.

A Stewed Shoulder of Veal.—Procure a shoulder of veal which weighs from eight to ten pounds; take the bone out, and lard the meat all over with strips of bacon, rolled in parsley and savory herbs. Rub the inside well over with savory herbs, salt, cayenne, and pounded mace, and at the top lay evenly a thin layer of scraped ham. Roll up the meat, and bind it tightly with a fillet. Roast it before the fire for an hour, basting it well during the time; then put it into a stewpan with some rich brown gravy, and let it stew gently for four or five hours. Before serving it, remove all the fat from the gravy, and garnish the dish with forcemeat-balls and lemon pickle. The forcemeat-balls should be made with four ounces of grated bread-crumbs, three ounces of butter, two ounces of the grated lean of a boiled ham, a tablespoonful of savory herbs, minced very small, the grated rind of half a fresh lemon, a little salt, black pepper, and cayenne. All these ingredients should be mixed together with the yolks of two eggs, made up into small balls, and fried in boiling lard or butter for five or six minutes.

French Steaks Made from Cold Veal.—Slice some cold veal, and cut up the slices into the form of mutton chops; rub them over with cayenne pepper and salt, and cover them in every part with the beaten yolks of eggs; sprinkle them over with bread-crumbs and a little grated lemon-peel. Put into the frying-pan (which must be delicately clean) quarter of a pound of butter, dredge in some flour and add some gravy; stir these together, and when brought to the boiling point, put in the veal and fry the slices a light brown color. Lay them neatly round the dish, and place in the center of it either some boiled peas, kidney beans, or spinach, or any other vegetable which may be in season, and pour some white sauce over them, and serve with the veal a sauce tureen of gravy with some lemon pickle mixed in with it.

Scalloped Sweetbreads.—Soak two sweetbreads in lukewarm water, then throw them into boiling water and parboil them. Remove the skin from them, and chop them small with a few mushrooms. Mix a teaspoonful of flour with one ounce of butter. Put it into a saucepan, and shake it over a gentle fire for a few minutes. Add a little salt, cayenne, and pounded mace, and three or four tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Put in the minced sweetbreads and mushrooms, and mix all well together. Pour the mix-

ture into small silver scollops, grate a few bread-crumbs over, and place small lumps of butter at the top of each. Brown them in a Dutch oven before the fire. When cooked, they have all the appearance of scalloped oysters.

To Warm up Cold Meat.—Cut some slices from a cold leg or saddle of mutton; the slices must be of a moderate thickness. Put into an earthenware dish the following mixture: All the gravy which was left on the dish after the joint was served, and if not sufficient add a little more, two tablespoonfuls of port wine, one dessertspoonful of vinegar, the same quantity of both walnut and mushroom ketchup, cayenne and salt to taste; warm these in the oven, but do not let the mixture boil; put in the slices of meat, and serve when they are thoroughly warmed through. Garnish the dish with sippets fried a light brown, alternately with pickled walnuts.

GAME, ETC.

Game ought not to be thrown away, even when it has been kept a very long time; for when it seems to be spoiled, it may often be made fit for eating by nicely cleaning it, and washing with vinegar and water. If there is danger of birds not keeping, draw, crop, and pick them; then wash in two or three waters, and rub them with salt. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling water, and plunge them into it one by one, drawing them up and down by the legs, that the water may pass through them. Let them stay in it five or six minutes; then hang them up in a cold place. When drained, pepper and salt the inside well. By this method the most delicate birds may be preserved. Before roasting, wash them well. But as a general rule, no game should be washed; for one half the game that is sent to table is spoiled by being saturated in water. In dressing game, be careful to keep a clear fire. Let it be done of a bright brown, but not much roasted, or the fine flavor will be destroyed. It requires to be continually basted, and to be sent up beautifully frothed. Wild fowl take a much shorter time than domestic poultry. The following will give, pretty nearly, the time required for roasting the several birds:—Wild-lucks, a quarter of an hour; widgeons, the same; pheasants, half an hour; grouse, a quarter of an hour; quails, ten minutes; woodcocks, twenty minutes; partridges, from twenty to twenty-five minutes. A hare will take an hour; the hind part requires most heat, and that should be attended to, as it commonly happens that the thick part of the thigh is underdone, as well as the shoulders. The blood stagnated round the neck and shoulders is not easily removed; to do this, put those parts into a pan of lukewarm water, and prick them with a skewer; before dressing, rub and squeeze it out. To take off the fishy taste, which wild-fowl sometimes have, put an onion, salt, and hot water into the dripping-pan, and baste them for the first ten minutes with this; then take away the pan, and baste constantly with butter.

Curry of Chicken.—Cut up a raw chicken; put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a large onion sliced thin, a few sprigs of parsley and thyme, and two ounces of lean ham: let the whole sweat over the fire for a few minutes; add a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, and a small one of flour; shake the whole together for five minutes over the fire; put to it a pint of either gravy or water; let the whole simmer gently until the chicken is done; take out the chicken, rub the sauce through a sieve, boil it up, skim, put in the chicken, season with salt and lemon-juice. Plain boiled rice to be served in a separate dish.

To Boil Ducks.—Put the bird for a few minutes into warm water; then take it out and lay it in an earthen pan, pour a pint of boiling milk over it, and allow it to soak for three hours; dredge it well with flour, and put it into cold water; let it boil for twenty minutes, and then send it to table smothered with onion sauce.

To Make a Pigeon Pie.—Procure three young pigeons and one pound of tender rumpsteak, cut about half an inch thick. Remove all the fat from the steak, and lay it at the bottom of the pie-dish, and sprinkle over it a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, and cayenne pepper, and upon the top place a layer of pipe macaroni. Pick, draw, and wash the three pigeons, and fill them in the insides with bread-crumbs, a few button mushrooms (which have been simmered for ten minutes in butter,) the livers of the birds, mixed up with butter, and seasoned with cayenne and salt. Place the pigeons in a row along the dish, with their breasts downward, having first pinned over each of them a slice of fat bacon. Boil four eggs until they are hard, mesh the yolks up in a little butter, and place these upon and about the pigeons, with a seasoning, over all, of cayenne, salt, and a little pounded mace. Fill the dish up with strong gravy, and cover with puff-paste. Ornament it elaborately at the top, brush it over with egg, and bake in a well-heated oven.

To Roast Ducks.—Draw the ducks, and remove carefully all the stumps of the feathers from the skin; cut off the heads and necks, but leave the feet on, holding them for a few minutes in boiling water, so as to loosen the skin, which must be peeled off; wash the insides of the ducks by pouring water through them, and wipe the outsides with a clean dry cloth. Stuff them with the following forcemeat:—Three large onions, well boiled and chopped small, some bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of sage minced fine, one ounce of butter, pepper, and salt to taste, the whole to be worked together with the yolk of an egg. Spit the ducks, and roast them at a brisk fire, basting them constantly. Serve them hot, with gravy which has been made with the livers, gizzards, and necks, stewed with a blade of mace, peppercorns, and ketchup, a little browned onion, and a wineglassful of port-wine. Olive and onion sauce are frequently served with roasted ducks.

Curry Powders.—One ounce of ginger, the same of coriander-seed, half ounce of cayenne pepper, and two ounces of fine pale turmeric; these ingredients to be pounded separately to a fine powder, and then warmed by the fire and mixed together. Put the powder into a wide-mouthed bottle, cork it well down, and put it into a dry place. *Or*:—One and a half ounce of mustard-seed scorched and finely powdered, four ounces of coriander-seed pounded, four and a half ounces of turmeric, three ounces of black pepper, one and a quarter ounce of cayenne pepper, one ounce of the lesser cardamoms, half ounce of ginger, and one of cumin-seed, all finely powdered. The flavor may be varied by the addition of all or any of the following ingredients:—Cinnamon, in powder, one ounce; cloves, ditto, half an ounce; mace, ditto, half an ounce.

To Make Curry.—For two pounds of chicken, rabbit, fish, or any kind of meat, fry one dessertspoonful of the above powder, with the same quantity of flour in some butter until they are a light brown color. Pour sufficient boiling water into the frying-pan as will make the powder and flour into a stiff paste, and then add one pint of strong beef gravy. Slice six large onions, fry them in butter until they are brown. Cut the meat into small pieces, put it into a stewpan with all the above ingredients, and the grated rind of a lemon, and stew until tender. Then add two and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a squeeze of lemon, salt to taste, simmer for five minutes; it will then be ready to serve. The curry should be served with a vegetable dishful of rice and be eaten with a spoon.

To Broil Pigeons.—Cut the pigeon down the back, flatten and truss it as a fowl for broiling; egg it on both sides; season with pepper and salt; dip it in chopped sweet herbs and bread-crumbs; warm a little butter, sprinkle it over, and then dip the pigeon again in the crumbs. Broil it a light brown.

How to Cook Cold Rabbit.—Joint the meat, beat up two eggs with a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt, some parsley minced fine, and some bread-crumbs. Dip the meat into the batter, sprinkle it with bread-crumbs, and have ready boiling some sweet beef-dripping in a pan; in this fry the meat a light-brown color. Thicken a little gravy with flour, put a large spoonful of ketchup to it, lay the fry in a hot dish, pour the gravy round, not over it, and serve hot; garnish with lemon and toast. Cold leg of mutton, or cold turkey, is very good, dressed in this manner.

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Cabbage.—Nick your cabbage in quarters at the stalk, wash it thoroughly clean, put it into boiling spring water, with a handful of salt, and a small piece of soda; boil it fast; when done, strain it in a cullender, press it gently, cut it in halves, and serve. Savoy and greens may be boiled in the same manner, but they should always be boiled by themselves. Should the cabbage be left, it may be chopped, put into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and pepper, and salt, then made hot, and sent to table.

To Broil Mushrooms.—The largest are the best. Have a clear cinder fire; make the gridiron hot, and rub the bars with suet to prevent the mushrooms from sticking; place them also on the gridiron with their stalks upward; sprinkle them slightly with salt and a good shake of pepper, and serve them on a hot dish, with a little cold butter under and over them. When they begin to steam they are sufficiently done.

Potato Purée.—Roast six large potatoes. Make a hole in the top of each. When well roasted, scoop all the insides into a bowl. Mash them well with a little *boiled* milk or cream. Add salt, cayenne, and an egg, well beaten all together. Put the mixture again carefully into the hole of each potato skin, and bake them twenty minutes, serve up on a dish, with a napkin covering them all over, *very hot*.

To Fricassee Mushrooms.—Peel the mushrooms, which should be large, and broil them on a gridiron. When the outside is brown, put them into a stewpan with a little milk; when they have stewed ten minutes, add a spoonful of white wine and the same of browning; thicken it with butter and flour, and serve it up garnished with sippets.

To Keep Cabbage.—Small, close cabbages, laid on a stone floor, before the frost sets in, will blanch and be very fine, after many weeks' keeping.

VARIOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Brown Bread.—One quart of rye meal, two quarts of Indian meal, and two tablespoonfuls of molasses; mix thoroughly with sweet milk, let it stand one hour, and then bake in a slow oven.

Wheaten Bread.—One spoonful of hop yeast, two potatoes boiled, and one pint of water; make a sponge, and when light, or sufficiently raised, mix hard and let rise, and when it is light again, mould it over, and bake while light.

Another Way.—Grate half a dozen potatoes, and add one quart of water; put in one cup of hop yeast at night, and in the morning, when light, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flour to form a dough. Let it rise; when light, put it in tins; let it rise again, and bake for half an hour.

Biscuits.—Take some of the bread dough in the morning, as much as would make a loaf of bread, and add one cup of butter; mix well, let it rise, and then make into biscuit. Let it rise again, and then bake.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. 1.—BREAKFAST DRESS OF LILAC CASHMERE, trimmed with quillings of ribbon and large mould buttons covered with lilac silk. The skirt is open in front, and shows a handsomely embroidered and ruffled shirt. Cap of white lace, trimmed with lace and roses.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—At the bottom of the skirt is a fluted trimming of brown velvet, and two long sash-like ends of velvet, finished with tassels, fall on the right side. Body high and plain, fastened with brown velvet buttons, and the rather narrow sleeves trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. White bonnet, trimmed with a tuft of brown feathers.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK, trimmed with a deep fringe of black chenille, with an ornament of chenille running up each breadth of the skirt. The deep postillion basque, cuffs, and jockey, are all made of chenille.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with puffs of the same and insertion of black guipure. The body is square at the neck, with a chemisette of thin white muslin.

FIG. V.—FALL CLOAK OF DARK GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with velvet and gimp.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For ordinary wear, nothing is better than a fine alpaca. This material is of all colors and qualities, and exceedingly durable and lady-like. Then there are scores of woolen stuffs, known by as many different names, generally plain, though some have plaids, some small, some large, formed by just an exceedingly fine white line. The plain colored foulards, though very beautiful, are not at all serviceable; the quality is good, but every drop of water leaves an indelible stain. The figured foulards spot less, but are not of as good a quality.

CHINES are decidedly the newest and most fashionable silks. What are called chintz chines are the favorite designs for young ladies. If silks of one color are purchased, the Alexandra, Mexican, and Leman-blue, or the leather or hazel-brown in all varieties of shade, are the two colors which are sought after; but should a chine silk be desired, then a light mauve has the preference. The new style of moire antique is daily gaining favor, and no wonder, for the plain ones have been worn for so many years that every one may fairly be said to be tired of them. The new ones have all patterns on them worked in, when on the loom, sometimes in raised velvet, and sometimes in satin. These designs, although occasionally fantastic, are generally very elegant, the fern and palm leaves being particularly attractive.

THE DRESS-MAKERS ARE ALL IN DESPAIR FOR A NEW STYLE OF BODICE—the close-fitting, high form has been now so long in vogue that they are tired of making it. The sleeves have lately undergone a change, being now invariably worn almost tight to the arm; but the bodice only changes its style by the manner in which the trimming is arranged—there is no new cut. There are two forms which should only be worn by slight figures. The first is called the Princess' shape. In this the bodice and skirt are both in one piece, there being no seam or division at the waist. The second shape is known by a variety of names. It is made tight to the waist, but descends below it about two inches, straight round the hips. The Postillion bodice, with a small swallow-tail basque at the back, and with two points in front, and the Spanish veste style, are more becoming to the generality of figures. These forms are not novel; they have been introduced for some months, but as yet have not been succeeded by any other.

For muslin or any very light material, especially for evening wear, plain bodices, half-low and cut square at the top, are much worn. A white muslin chemisette, with narrow plaits, is worn inside. Young girls wear the *chemise Russe* trimmed with insertions and small tucks, with the graceful Swiss bodice in black silk. This bodice is low, with a point in front, and trimmed with pinked ruches: it has no sleeves, but only epaulets, the sleeves of the *chemise Russe* being full and long.

SLEEVES are all narrow, not tight to the arm, but about as loose as a gentleman's coat sleeve. For afternoon wear

many of the sleeves are left open as far as the elbow, so that the embroidered muslin or lace under-sleeves may be seen. All white under-sleeves should be cut in the same narrow form as the upper sleeves, otherwise they will cause a bulky appearance to the arm, which should be avoided.

THE SKIRTS of silk dresses are all gored; the fashion of ornamenting all the seams, up their entire length, is decidedly on the increase, but this should only be done when the skirt is gored, for the reason that when the seams are left their full breadth some of the trimming would be hidden when plaiting it up to the waist, and this is obviated when the skirt is gored and shaped to the figure.

THE SKIRTS of many taffetas dresses have lately been trimmed down each breadth. A very stylish one we saw was composed of green taffetas, and upon the seam of each breadth was laid a band of black ribbon velvet about two inches wide, with large white silk buttons at equal distances upon it. Round the edge of the skirt there was a plaited flounce of green silk piped with black; the black velvet upon the seams was carried as far as the top of the flounce at the back, but it was graduated at the sides and upon the two front breadths reached only as far as the knees, where they were finished off with frog buttons made of black and white silk. The generality of skirts are gored, and the effect should be as nearly the shape of a bell as possible.

Many new taffetas have been made lately with one breadth of a different color inserted in the front; for example, a black and white checked taffetas would have a breadth of Mexican blue taffetas inserted in the front, the checked taffetas being rounded off down the sides as a tunic, whilst the bottom of the skirt would be ornamented all round with a black and blue ruche. This is an excellent style for widening a narrow dress.

Many skirts are scalloped out round the bottom, in both small and large scallops, which are trimmed round with either ruches, braid, or gimp. In our opinion, it is better suited to a drawing-room than to a promenade dress.

GIMP is decidedly the most fashionable trimming for dresses; frequently it is employed as braid to form a design round the bottom of the skirt, above the hem; epaulets are made entirely of gimp with a jet fringe, jet beads being also introduced in the gimp network which forms the heading. This style of epaulets is newer than those which are made of the material of the dress, and trimmed to correspond with the rest. Swiss sashes are also made of gimp, likewise ornaments for the seams of skirts; skirts are generally finished off with tassels. When the Swiss sash is worn, made either of gimp, or of guipure lace over white silk, a small basque is also added to the back of the bodice; this is usually arranged with hollow plaits. Three or four rows of black taffetas ruches, about six inches apart, sewn round the skirt in a waved form; rows of black guipure insertion lined with white, or one row of thick silk girdle cord round the edge, are also different fashionable styles of trimming now in vogue for the skirts of dresses.

COLLARS AND CUFFS are more or less trimmed with lace according as the toilet is more or less dressy; those made of white linen are now finished off with an edge of fine narrow lace, sewn on without any fullness; these are for demi-toilet. For paying or receiving visits, embroidered muslin collars and sleeves are worn. The collars which are fastened in front with an embroidered muslin bow edged with Valenciennes lace, are still much in vogue, as are also the Anna of Austria collars formed with squares of Valenciennes and Mechlin lace, separated with strips of muslin stitched at each edge. The sleeves in every case match with the collar, and are cut with a seam to the elbow, so as to correspond with the form of the dress sleeve.

IN BLACK SILK MANTLES there are three forms which appear to be equally popular—the short loose paletot trim-

med with thick ruches of black silk. These are principally worn by very young girls. Then there are the half fitting jackets, which the French call *casagues* or *basquines*; these are cut to reach the knee in front, but are longer in proportion at the back. Much more care and skill are requisite to cut and make one of these *casagues* than is the case with the loose-fitting paletot, and unless they are well cut, they prove very unbecoming to the wearer. They are always made in rich black mantle silk, and should be cut so as to follow and define the lines of the figure without fitting it too closely. Black Maltese *fichus* are very generally worn over these *casagues*; these reach to the waist at the back where the point is rounded. When these *fichus* are worn, the *casagues* are generally trimmed round the sleeves with Maltese lace, but without the *fichu*, there is an infinite variety in the style of ornamentation. Small loops of black ribbon about an inch wide are arranged round the neck, down the outside of the sleeve, and all round the skirt, gimp with jet beads introduced, and a tagged fringe round the top of the sleeves, is also a very general ornament for them. Black silk ruches, and occasionally the stamped-out leather trimmings, are also to be seen upon these *casagues*.

The third form of black silk covering is the large circular mantle; some of these are made plain, and others with three box-plaits at the back.

BONNETS are decidedly worn much smaller in front, and are not disfigured by the heavy amount of ornaments over the forehead and on the top of the bonnet, so hideous and unbecoming last winter. Very light tulle mingled with either drooping lily of the valley, or light feathers, are now arranged under the rim; while the outside of the bonnet generally has the bouquet of flowers, feathers, or ribbons, placed so as to fall backward on the cape. Oats, barley, and rye, both green and of their natural shades, are very much used for trimming straw, and horse-hair bonnets, a light yellow, called Turkish corn, being the color most in favor for strings and capes.

When the MARIE STUART shape is thought too decided, a half-handkerchief of lace is frequently arranged so as to fall over with the point on to the forehead, which produces somewhat of the same effect as when the bonnet is made with a lowered, pointed front, which is the genuine Marie Stuart style. Horse-hair bonnets look very effective trimmed with black lace and fine straw fringe.

HEAD-DRESSES are worn rather lower in front than formerly, and the Marie Stuart form of cap is much sought after by those ladies who wear their hair either waved or in short ringlets. A very pretty head-dress is composed of cerise velvet ribbon, edged on each side with black lace; this is carried across the forehead with some buds of the cactus plant, intermingled with black lace leaves; while upon the back hair rests a cactus in full bloom. A head-dress composed of a half-handkerchief of black lace, with a bouquet of field flowers, and a ruche of plaid ribbon, has also had much success. Young ladies wear nets made of purple silk, with a coronet of purple crepe lisse round their heads; these are very becoming to dark and pale complexions, but for fair ones the same style is produced in sky-blue and in lilac.

THE GLOVES which are now usually worn (except at balls) are those which are known by the name of *gants de Suede*; they are made to cover the wrists. Nearly all gloves are stitched on the back with black or white.

BOOTS for out-door wear are made with gaiters composed of French satin, the small tips are formed with patent leather in the form of a heart, stitched with white silk. Bronze boots are considered the most distinguished; the heels should be narrow, but very high. Many ladies wear satin boots of the exact shade of color as their dress. For the country and watering-places boots made of Russia

leather, cut high in the leg, with a silk tassel to ornament the front, will be very popular.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SILK CLOAK FOR YOUNG MISS, somewhat in the boufrouse style.

FIGS. II. AND III.—FRONT AND BACK OF THE SCARF CLOAK, cut in a plain circle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Alpacas are very much worn by little girls. These dresses are trimmed with violet or blue ribbon, and are generally made with a large circular cape ornamented to correspond, and edged with a flounce of white muslin embroidery. Mohair frocks are ornamented with either wide colored mohair braids, or with silk. A brown and white checked mohair would be trimmed with two flounces of brown silk from three to four inches wide according to the size of the child; these would be plaited on, one round the edge of the skirt, the second three inches above the first. The bodice would be cut three-quarters high, be fastened at the back, and have a point both at the front and back of the waist; a berthe (square or round according to taste) would be arranged round the bodice, and be composed of a plain piece of mohair, edged round with a narrow plaited fringe of brown silk. A white muslin chemisette, with narrow tucks, and edged round the neck with Valenciennes lace, would complete this toilet.

French cashmere, or delaine frocks are trimmed with silk of a contrasting color; if the color of the delaine is gray, stone, or fawn, then either blue, green, or violet silk would be employed for ornamentation. The silk is arranged in a band round the bottom of the skirt, the upper edge of this band is scalloped, piped, and edged with narrow black gimp, or lace. There are two small pockets in front of the skirt, and a Swiss band made of blue silk is worn round the waist.

Children under seven years of age wear full Garibaldi shirts, or *chemises Russes*, in white cambric, foulard, or very fine alpaca, embroidered in white or black, with colored skirts.

For out-door toilets, little girls wear either round capes of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it, or paletots—these latter are made sometimes of black silk, ornamented with gimp, and sometimes also of the same material as the dress.

For a little boy seven years old, a loose jacket of gray Irish poplin, trimmed with steel buttons; white trousers cut straight, and coming down a little below the knee; collar and cuffs of plain stitched linen; a white straw hat, trimmed round the crown with a strip of leather, ornamented with steel buttons, and a black feather in front.

For a little boy eight or nine years old, jacket and trousers in light cloth, drab color, trimmed with braid of the same shade; the jacket opens on a white pique waistcoat; the trousers are straight and not very long, and they are trimmed up the leg with the braid pattern. Another costume for the same consists of a blouse in French merino, fastened round the waist with a leather band; trousers of the same material, full, and gathered in at the knee; Russian boots of soft leather, or drab gaiters for out-door wear; striped colored stockings and leather shoes for the house. Plain linen collar and cuffs, and black silk cravat. A black straw hat, with velvet round the crown, and a tuft of black and red feathers in front.

There is but little change in the form of hats. Very young children wear low-crowned hats, with brims turned up each side, and lined with colored silk. Those for children a few years older have high conical crowns and narrow flat brims, the center of the fronts being ornamented with a tuft of feathers, generally mixed—black with a bright color, such as scarlet.





LES MODES PARISIENNES.

OCTOBRE.

1853.

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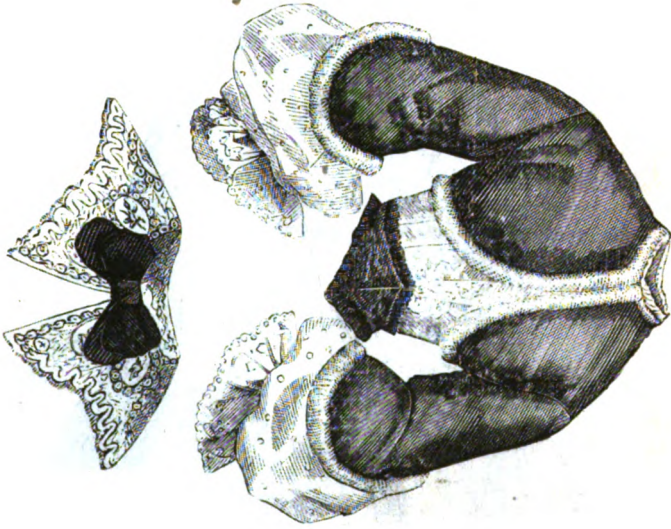
SPANISH OPERA HOOD



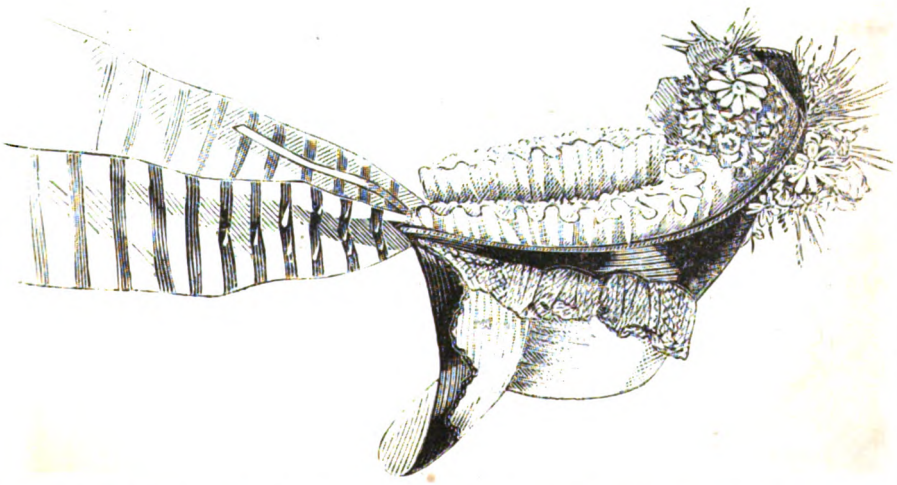
THE DOG OF "OUR" REGIMENT.



FALL BONNET.



JACKET, SLEEVES, AND COLLAR.



FALL BONNET.



COLLAR AND TIE.



NEW STYLE FOR CLOAK.



COLLAR.



WALKING DRESS FOR OCTOBER.

Julie

NAME FOR MARKING.



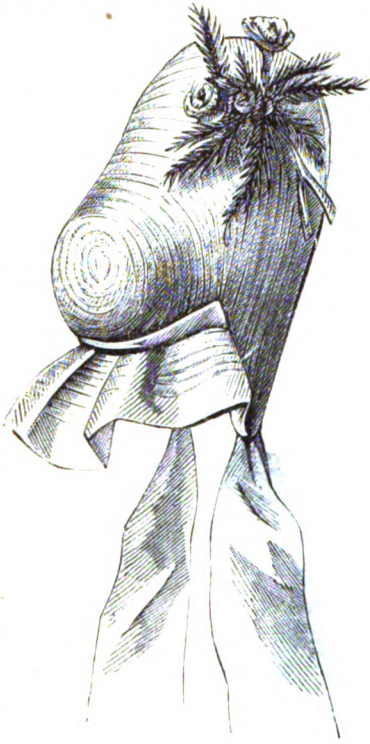
YOUNG MISSES' DRESS—CHILD'S DRESS.

Caroline

NAME FOR MARKING.



YOUNG LADY'S DRESS - CHILD'S DRESS.



STRAW BONNET.



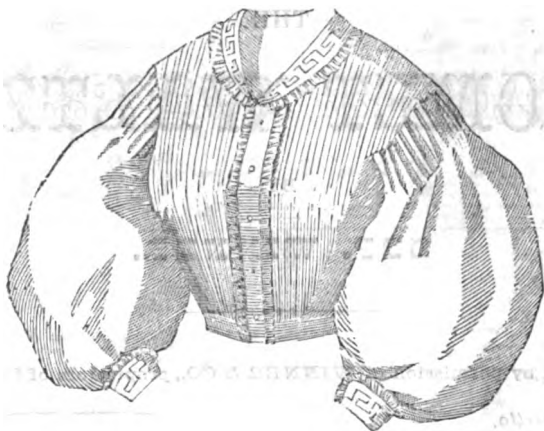
LACE CAPE.



CHILD'S DRESS.



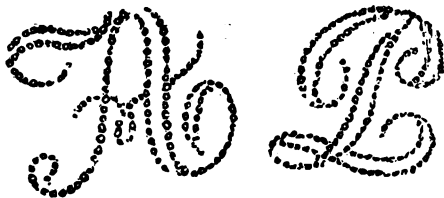
CLOAK.



MUSLIN BODY.



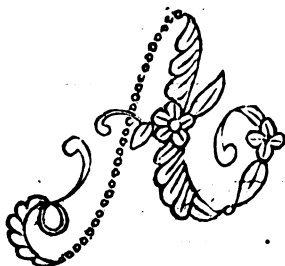
LETTERS FOR MARKING.



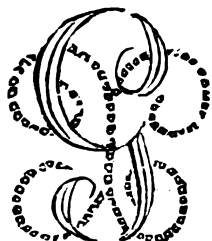
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INITIALS FOR MARKING.



LETTER FOR MARKING.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

THE
COMET WALTZ.

BY
SEP. WINNER.

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Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

cres.

p *cres - - cendo*

THE COMET WALTZ.

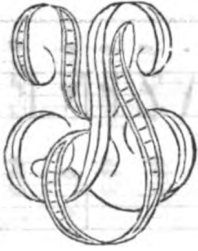
Musical notation for the first system. The treble clef staff contains a melody with a slur over the first two measures. The lyrics "cres - - cen - - do" are written below the treble staff, with "f" below the second measure. The bass clef staff contains a piano accompaniment of chords.

Musical notation for the second system. The treble clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and a dotted line with "Spc." above it. The bass clef staff has a slur over the first two measures. Both staves end with "D.C." and repeat signs.

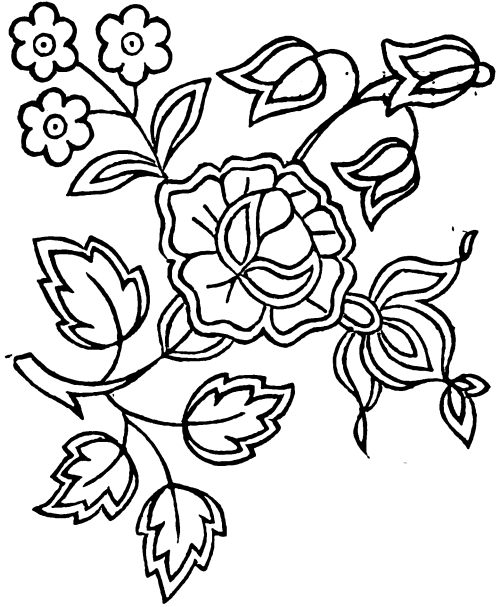
Musical notation for the third system, labeled "TRIO." in the treble clef. The treble clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and "mf" below the second measure. The bass clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and "Dolce p" below the first measure.

Musical notation for the fourth system. The treble clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and "f" below the second measure. The bass clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and "cres." below the second measure.

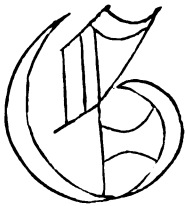
Musical notation for the fifth system. The treble clef staff has a slur over the first two measures and "f" below the first measure. The bass clef staff has a slur over the first two measures. Both staves end with "D.C." and repeat signs.



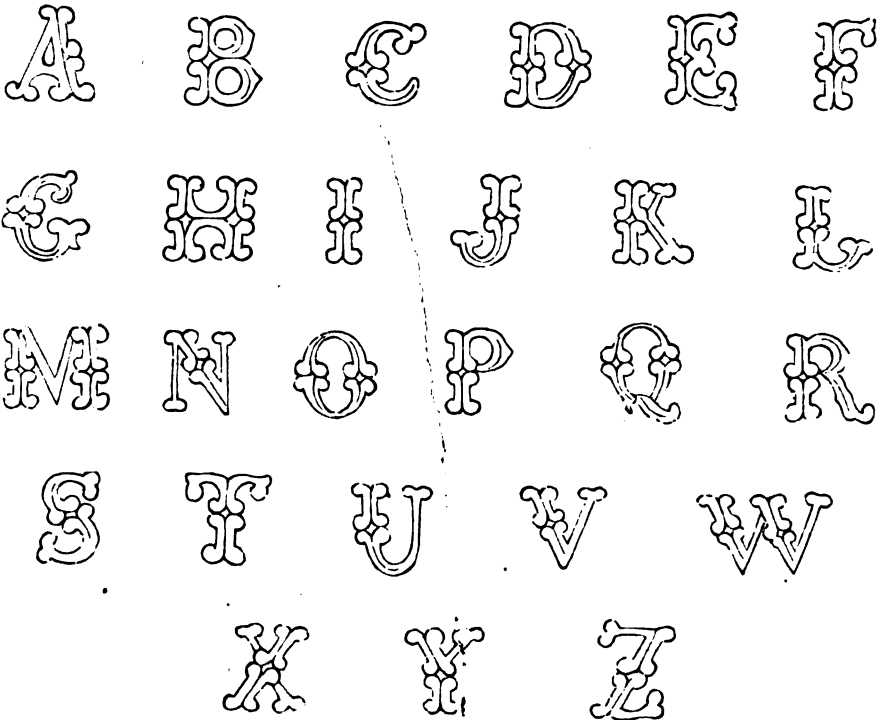
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EMBROIDERY.



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ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

UNCLE JOHN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Do you know, mother, I am half-afraid of our visitor?" said Minnie Henry, as she sat, in the firelight, talking over matters and things with her mother.

"How afraid, Minnie?"

"Oh! a beauty and an heiress will probably be so exacting, so full of airs and whims, and so condescending to poor little me!"

"I hope not, Minnie—yet—perhaps—No, no, I could not decline to receive her. She is so lonely and unprotected. Your father, had he lived, would have been her guardian, and the other executor of the will is Mr. Curtis, a bachelor, and boarding. She really must come here."

"Right from a fashionable boarding-school, too," groaned Minnie.

"We must make the best of it. Come, light the gas, and tell Maggie to have supper ready, they will be here soon. Order a cup of coffee for your uncle John; he is fond of it after a cold ride."

Lighting the gas, revealed, seated near the fire, a middle-aged lady, fair and pretty, dressed in light mourning, and a small, graceful girl of about seventeen, with a pretty face, that must have been the exact copy of her mother's in her young days.

The coffee was ready, the table set, and the ladies almost weary of waiting, when the travelers arrived. The first welcome was for the lady, and as Minnie took off the soft gray furs, cloak, and bonnet, she fairly started at the winning beauty of the young visitor's face. Soft hazel eyes, a shower of golden curls, and a complexion of dazzling brilliancy, all derived a new charm from the childlike modesty, the quiet, shy grace, and the frank sweetness of the young girl's expression and address. Standing near her, her traveling companion made a contrast that was almost painful in its oddity. With a tall figure and ungraceful stoop, he

had a strangely awkward manner, and quick, abrupt movements. His large features were well-formed, and his eyes, of a soft clear gray, were large, and full of intellect; but his forehead, naturally high, was exaggerated by a total absence of hair on the top of his head, the deficiency being atoned for by a thick crop of short gray curls behind and over the large ears.

"You have had a cold ride," said Mrs. Henry, kindly, as she kissed the stranger.

"But a very pleasant one," was the answer, in a sweet voice. "Dr. Henry was very kind, and told me so many pleasant facts and fictions to beguile the way, that I was heartily sorry when the train reached the depot."

Dr. Henry's eyes, resting with a pleasant look on the graceful little speaker, seemed thanking her; but he did not speak, except, after a pause, to say,

"Coffee, Harriet! Ah! you are spoiling me."

Minnie soon found that she had little reason to fear this new inmate of the quiet house. Graceful, winning, and beautiful, Aurelia Hazleton was childlike in her craving for love and sympathy, simple in her dress, regular in habit, and pre-eminently winning in face, voice, and manner. Every day brought forth some new charm to make her more lovable, and Mrs. Henry found herself gravely debating whether Minnie was much dearer to her than this caressing, graceful little stranger. The girls were, of course, fast friends.

"Minnie!" The voice came from a corner, where, on a low seat, Miss Aurelia was conning a German grammar.

"Eh, *bien*, Rella?" cried Minnie, after a long pause, waiting for Rella to speak.

"How kind it is of uncle John to bother about our German, when he comes home so tired! He is so good, Minnie!"

Minnie did not answer.

"His face is so true, his eyes look into yours with such a frank, clear steadiness, and his mouth seems made for gentle, loving words of wisdom. Ah! Minnie, how trustful and peaceful his heart must be!"

"Poor uncle John!" sighed Minnie.

"How poor, Minnie? His income is large, is it not?"

"Yes!"

"His practice large, and his charity boundless. He has home love here. How poor, Minnie?"

"It happened some years ago," said Minnie, "when he was young. At the time mother was married, her cousin came here to live. She was beautiful and talented, and she soon saw that uncle John bowed to both beauty and accomplishments. He was wealthy, and she ambitious, so she drew her chains closely around him. They were betrothed, when another match was presented, where the income was larger, the wooer handsomer, and the lady faithless. It did not sour him, nor make him other than himself; but mother says his voice took added gentleness into its tone; his eyes were more tender; and his face grew grave and still, instead of smiling in happy dreams of love. Ah, me! such a great heart blighted, for he loved her, Rella, as George Raymond loves you!"

"George Raymond! Minnie! It is not me!"

The tone was distressful, almost pleading.

"It is you, Rella. Surely you knew it."

"Never! I thought it was you he came to visit. I am sure it was not me!"

"Rella!" It was Mrs. Henry's voice that spoke now, and, looking up, they saw her in the doorway. She came from George Raymond, the millionaire, the *parti* of the winter, to offer his hand and heart to little Rella. With a grave reluctance, almost incredulity, she heard the offer declined.

"But, my child, have you considered?" she cried.

Only the repetition of the low-voiced, firm rejection was her answer.

Feeling it her duty to urge the point, and knowing her brother-in-law's influence over the girls, she carried the case to him. It was dusk in his office, else she would have read in his sudden pallor, his quick change of countenance how the news touched him. She was still there, when Rella, unconscious of her presence, entered.

"I have been speaking of Mr. Raymond, Rella," she said, drawing the young girl toward her. "Let him speak to you," and she left them together.

Rella stood timidly before the man whose lightest word she revered and trusted, her heart stilled with a sudden terror lest he should advise her to marry this unwelcome wooer. She felt that his advice would carry with it a weight that could come from no other influence, and she waited trembling for his mandate. In the half-light she could see that his face was bowed, in the stillness could hear his short, quick breath.

"Uncle John!" She spoke in a whisper. "Will you say I must go away?"

"I send you away, my darling, my love!" he said, in an impassioned tone, catching her to his breast. "Rella! my pet, my treasure!"—then abruptly turning from her, he said, "I am ill, dreaming. Leave me, I cannot talk to you now."

Wondering, half-frightened, yet with a glad, strange throbbing of her heart, the young girl left him. Alone in her own little room, she tried to think. Did he love her? He, so wise and noble, so true and good, and the natural humility of her gentle little heart shrunk abashed at the thought of her own littleness. For him to love her seemed too strange a dream of gladness, and she dared not trust her hope. Yet, with a loving woman's instinct, she knew that the tone of his voice, the clasp of his arms meant love, true, warm, impassioned love.

Days glided into weeks, and save that his tone was sadder, and his face paler, uncle John was unchanged. Never, by word or look, had he recalled his one unguarded burst of passion to Rella, and she was trying to think of it as a bewildering dream.

It was summer, and the family were living in a little country town for the season, when the recollection came back vividly. Uncle John lived still in town, but came out sometimes to dinner or tea. They were not expecting him, when one afternoon he came suddenly into the little parlor.

"I have come to bid you all a long farewell," he said, abruptly.

"Farewell!"

"I am going to California, to-morrow you will know why. Yet, no, I will tell you myself. You who trust me will believe my story; but to the world I am a common swindler!"

A fiery spot burned on his cheek as he spoke. "Nearly five years ago, I was persuaded by a friend to put some spare funds into the L— Saving Fund, trusting that all was right. Later, I was elected one of the board of managers, but engrossed in my professional duties, my position was merely a nominal one. The concern

has failed—I am beggared, and, worse still, it has failed dishonorably, and the directors have saved comfortable fortunes out of the pittances of trusting widows, laborers, invalids, who put their little fortunes in their keeping."

"But, John, was your whole fortune invested?"

"Only a very small part; but I am one of the directors. I sent for one of the committee of investigation and resigned all, to pay, in some small measure, the horrible debt."

"You must not go away."

"Mr. L——, one of the gentlemen most interested, has offered me a position in California, where my exertions may still save something from the wreck for those who trusted us. Thank heaven, there are two or three *honest* men in the company, who will try to do right, though their names are all banded with the swindlers who have escaped with the funds. I must go!"

"Not yet. Stay this one night," pleaded Mrs. Henry.

"I go too early to-morrow."

"Stay to tea then, I will hurry them. Come with me, Minnie!"

Alone with him! Rella saw the large, sad eyes fixed on her, as she slowly moved toward him. Something in the eager eyes, the painful pleading face touched him too deeply for words, but almost unconsciously he opened his arms. With a glad cry she sprang into them.

"No, no," he whispered, hoarsely, "do not tempt me to become worse still. Take your young face from my old one, Rella, it is not for me to crave such love as yours. Rella, Rella! you try me beyond my strength."

For she had drawn him down to a seat, and was softly, lovingly pillowing his head on her breast, kissing the broad brow reverently and tenderly.

"John," softly she whispered the name, "do not send me away! I am happiest here, here," and the sweet face drooped over his, while her voice fell lower as she said, "I am going with you, for I love you!"

The clearing of his name, publicly, the delight of succeeding in his mission, were both second in the after years of peaceful happiness to uncle John's fond recollection of his wife's trust and love in the darkest hour of his life.

LITTLE METTA.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

DARLING Metta! Angel baby!
Little spirit of the skies!
Ah! I know that thou art happy,
But my poor heart moans and cries:
Cries in vain for thy caresses,
For thy little dainty kisses,
For the clasping of thy fingers
That now gather Heavenly blisses.
Ah! I wake at night in anguish,
That I cannot hear thy breath

Breathing softly from my pillow,
Cherub Metta!—lost in death.
And all day I watch the sunlight
Sleeping over field and wood,
Wondering in my sad spirit
If the Lord be truly good:
That He led my tender darling
From my grieving, hungry sight,
Down into the vale of shadows,
Leaving me in life and light.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

MY image, once so dear to thee,
Has lost its magic power;
Thy love, which was to live for years,
Expired in an hour;
Another passion fills thy breast,
But transient will it be.
To feel the fervor of true love
Is not for such as thee.
I, in my heart, shall ne'er complain,
Nor thy lost love deplore;
I'm bless'd to think thou false didst prove
Ere yet I loved thee more.

'Tis true thy glances have grown cold,
Yet it gives me no pain;
I turn aside and gaze on thee
With scorn and calm disdain;
Like zephyrs soft which float throughout
The branches of a tree,
So through my heart is floating now
The memory of thee;
No outward sign shall ever tell
The struggles of my heart;
But, like two far and distant shores,
Our paths shall be apart.

COUNT TCHERKERNOFF.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE season at Newport was at its height. The Ocean House was crowded; every available hotel and possible resting-place overflowed with pleasure-seekers, and the spot bloomed with fashionables, like a summer garden filled with exotics.

There had not been so brilliant a crowd there, and such numberless gayeties for several years. Everybody with the slightest claim or wish to belong to society, hurried thither as if their hopes of future salvation depended upon that visit, and they were exceedingly anxious to make them secure.

New York, in particular, had sent out a flood of unequalled brilliancy, and the whole crowd rushed as eagerly in search of amusement as if they had kept Lent all winter, instead of bearing in their countenances the signs of late hours and the interminable German, which had worn the freshness out of so many faces that were youthful and blooming when the winter commenced.

It was a grand hop night—the very finest of the season. Every one felt that this was the culminating point of splendor and amusement. Match-makers, wise with the experience of years, warned their charges that this was the decisive evening; dangles after heiresses felt instinctively that this was the moment to draw in their nets, for from that night there would be a change; although the season might last indefinitely, it would not do to trust to chances, lest some unexpected breeze should blow the whole theory away like a flock of summer red-birds.

"I have not seen Col. Leslie come in," whispered Mrs. Doshamer to her cousin.

"He always is late," returned the young lady, in the same tone.

Mrs. Doshamer fluttered her fan somewhat restlessly, and looked uneasy through all the languid indifference skillfully veneered over everything like a natural impulse.

Juliet Ransom probably shared to a certain degree in the feeling; but Will Manners was whispering over her other shoulder, and though she knew that he was no catch for anybody, but must turn shark and feed upon an heiress;

for the life of her she could not help liking to listen to his tender speeches, all the more eloquent, perhaps, from the champagne dinner he had just left.

Mrs. Doshamer's face suddenly cleared—she was looking toward the door and saw the object of her meditations enter. She glanced warningly at Juliet. In spite of her occupation, the young lady was too well trained not to have noticed the new arrival, and withdrawn herself accordingly.

"Oh! Mr. Manners," said Mrs. Doshamer, sweetly, "if you would be so kind as to send old Mr. Wilson to me—I have a message for him. Positively, Juliet, dear, you must sit down—no more dancing yet—you will tire yourself completely out."

Will gave her a significant glance which made her color, and yet smile in spite of herself to see how transparent Mrs. Doshamer's artifice was to his eyes; but he took himself off immediately, too good-natured to spoil serious intentions—doing as he would have wished to be done by if there had been an heiress in the case.

He took a little revenge, however, by hunting up old Mr. Wilson and sending him in search of Mrs. Doshamer, certain that it would vex her beyond measure, and cause her to peril her soul by at least a score of pretty lies.

"Now, Juliet!" whispered Mrs. Doshamer. "I tell you to-night or never—no dallying—no flirting—if you don't secure him now, Kate Paulding will get him as sure as you live."

Up came the colonel—a fine, dashing man, who had made a great sensation in town the winter before—an Englishman, and said to be but one remove from a baronetcy.

Juliet was soon whirling through a waltz with his arm about her waist, and Mrs. Doshamer turned to look after her own flirtations, being by no means too old for such weaknesses, when retribution overtook her in the shape of her horror Wilson, and bored her for endless moments.

Chaperoning a young lady was by no means a natural vocation to Mrs. Doshamer, nor did she take to it kindly; but this time there was no help for it. Juliet was a relative of her husband's—he occasionally would have his own

way—and the winter before he had insisted upon Mrs. Doshamer introducing her into society—she yielded with as good a grace as possible.

The girl was exceedingly showy, made a reputation as a beauty, and Mrs. Doshamer, who had hated her because she expected to find her stupid, hated her now because she was admired.

There was nothing for it but to dispose of her without delay to the highest bidder. She had the credit of possessing a fortune, which was a great mistake; and when Col. Leslie made his appearance, Mrs. Doshamer added several ciphers to the amount before represented.

The great obstacle—the only reason Mrs. Doshamer felt certain why he had not proposed—was Kate Paulding, and of all the enmities she had ever nurtured, and they had been numerous, there was no human being she ever detested as she did Kate Paulding.

Kate was twenty-two—had been several seasons in society, and had a position which even Mrs. Doshamer could not dispute. She was quite wealthy, had brains enough to have stocked a dozen ordinary women, a fine, noble face, and really a heart under all the frivolity and selfishness her life had inevitably gathered over the surface.

She passed Mrs. Doshamer just as she had rid herself of old Wilson, and the lady observed that she was paler and more thoughtful than usual. She looked and saw Juliet leaning on the colonel's arm at a little distance—of course that accounted for it—Mrs. Doshamer triumphed in her soul.

"Why, Kate, dear," she said; "you look pale. Not well to-night?"

"I think so—only tired a little."

"Oh! my love, you are paying one of the penalties of having been long a belle. See that child Juliet, so fresh and happy—there is nothing like the bloom of a first season!"

"Nothing to be found at Dellues at all equal to it, at all events," returned Kate, composedly. "But, dear Mrs. Doshamer, if I stand the wear and tear of my brief career as well as you have done your many, many years of admiration, I shall be content."

Mrs. Doshamer fumed internally, but she knew, from dear experience, that to attempt a war of words with her enemy was worse than useless.

"I have not seen Emily to-night," she said.

"She is here—I came in with her."

"Poor Emily!" returned Mrs. Doshamer, with a sigh, knowing that Kate was much attached

to her, and would feel keenly where she was concerned.

"Don't say such dreadful words aloud," said Kate. "Remember her husband is your relative—people might take you literally, and think they had suddenly found themselves out of pocket."

Before Mrs. Doshamer found an answer, up came half a dozen men from whom Kate had escaped, besieging her to dance; but she refused.

"I wish you would give me your arm though," she said to Will Manners, "and take me out on the piazza—it is absolutely stifling here."

"Will you have the hand too?" he asked, laughingly, as he led her away.

"No; thank you, Will," she replied; and when they reached the piazza, she walked up and down for some time in silence. "Aren't you tired of this life?" she asked, suddenly.

"But what else is there?" he returned.

"Oh! don't ask me! How can I tell? If I were a man I would find out though."

"You would be like the rest of us, I fancy."

"Indeed I would not. I'd either be better or worse! Oh! Will, I am tired of all of you!"

"Thank you for my share of the compliment! I see you are blue to-night; come in and waltz it away."

"Dear me, my feelings don't lie in my heels!" she answered, in an irritated tone.

"If Mrs. Doshamer only heard you—she would declare you vulgar forthwith—to talk of feelings and say heels!"

"I have just put her to flight—don't recall her image! Dreadful woman! I have to keep constantly putting up a figurative umbrella to protect Emily Delancy from her tongue. I am quite tired out."

Will laughed heartily.

"What a jolly girl you are!" he exclaimed.

"I wish I was in love with you——"

"But you are not, and you have the good sense not to covet my dollars. I really like you, Will, not because you are my cousin, but for the sake of the days when we were play-mates; but you are ruining——"

"Oh! for your figurative umbrella!" interrupted Manners, laughing.

"There comes oceans of people," said Kate; "how tiresome!"

"As you can't extinguish them all, perhaps we had better walk on. They will think I am making love to you."

"I believe I am the only woman you respect enough not to talk such stupidity to," she replied, and on they walked.

An hour before, Kate Paulding had refused Col. Leslie. If Mrs. Doshamer could have known it, I am sure she would have strangled her in the ball-room; but Kate was free from the petty vanity which makes women betray such secrets.

The truth was, she had been a long time making up her mind, it had been a sort of turning point in her life.

She never had loved anybody; she was growing so old now that she believed she never should. It seemed right that she should marry, her friends impressed upon her the necessity; her uncle, who had been her guardian, had of late been more urgent than any one, and, thus besieged upon all sides, Kate had seriously contemplated the thing.

She looked about among her scores of admirers. Col. Leslie seemed the only one of whom she could think even for a moment—yet she did not love him. She never tried to delude herself or him with that belief; but he was a man of talent and position, and when, before spring came, he made her the offer of his hand, she hesitated. She could not accept him; she knew that, according to all ideas of worldly prudence, she had no reason to refuse, nor could she in honor trifle with his suspense.

She told him the truth frankly—he would not allow her to decide then—she was to wait till the summer. So it was decided; nobody knew anything of the matter, and each went on in the old way, for the colonel had numberless flirtations always upon his hands, and I cannot pretend that Kate was guiltless of sins of that nature.

As time went on, and she became more acquainted with his character, a vague doubt concerning Leslie rose in Kate's mind, which increased till it developed into certainty.

He might be no worse than half her admirers—probably most of them gambled, and had various small vices of which young ladies are supposed to think nothing—but Kate had lived too long in the world not to have acquired that unenviable knowledge, experience, and she had less charity for the colonel than she could have had for a younger man.

The truth was, she had grown tired of her rapid existence and did not know how to change it. If she married, she wished for a husband whom she could admire and respect, and whose influence might open a more extended field for her powers than the petty round of American fashionable life.

She had learned too painful a lesson from the fate of her friend Emily Mansfield, to believe it possible for her to reform a man addicted to

vice—she saw the once high-spirited girl degenerating into a passive, neglected wife. There was the other extreme adopted by many of her acquaintance, but that appeared worse. She was a woman and did not admire married flirts as men do.

The visit to Newport completed her decision. She heard the colonel abuse a servant when he supposed himself unheard, and saw him once beat a horse unmercifully; these things may appear trifles, but they were a great deal to a woman of Kate's keen perceptions and instinctive knowledge of character.

So that night, when Col. Leslie renewed the offer of his hand, she gave him a decided negative. He was much more irritated than grieved. If he had not borne the reputation of being a very wealthy man, she would have believed him chagrined at the loss of her fortune.

"Your decision is unalterable then?" he said, at last, when he had exhausted all sorts of entreaty and reproach.

"Entirely so," she replied.

"Is it to go abroad that I have been refused?" he asked, almost insolently.

Kate turned upon him with hot indignation.

"If you know me so little as to believe a question like that necessary, Col. Leslie, allow me to end this conversation."

She swept by him with her haughtiest air, and appallingly haughty she could be on occasion, and left him biting the ends of his moustache by way of relief to his vexation, probably more disappointed and crest-fallen than he had been in years.

Kate went to her own apartment before entering the ball-room, she needed to compose herself. She was more bitterly disappointed in the man than she could have believed possible, and angry with herself that she could have hesitated, even for an instant, in the beginning.

"I will try no more!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Bah! I have an utter contempt for myself! Trying to choose a husband—weighing and deciding whether he suits me! I might as well be a lay figure in a milliner's to fit bonnets on! Oh! I am sick of the whole world, and myself most of all! I wish I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry-bush."

With that reasonable desire in her mind, she went in search of her friend and descended to the ball-room.

She saw the colonel flirting desperately with Miss Ransom; but instead of the spite and rancor which Mrs. Doshamer fancied in her soul, she was saying to herself,

"Poor Juliet! She is worse off than I—she

is angling for a fortune! Let them say what they please, Will Manners and I know the truth. I really believe she has a little heart and naturalness at the bottom, if she were not obliged to strangle them—and I do think Will likes her, but he is a coward, too, and wants money! I dare say the colonel will propose—she'll marry him, of course—I only hope he won't beat her! That poor horse—I can hear the blows yet!"

She came in from her promenade with Will Manners looking a shade less weary and bored. He had made her laugh several times in spite of herself.

Somebody came up with whom she had promised to dance, and there was no retreat.

"Remember, I do it to get rid of you," said she; "don't come near me again."

The dandy only laughed—like the rest of his set he was well acquainted with Kate Paulding's oddities and saucy speeches—he was a little afraid of her too, on account of her being supposed to possess a large share of that, to his misty comprehension, mysterious quality called mind. But it made him noticeable and envied to be seen dancing with her, and if she did figuratively sit upon him and put his poor little stock of ideas completely to flight, he could console himself after with some sweet female who would never perceive the fact of their disappearance.

"Oh, Kate!" said Manners, going up to her; "there's a Russian count arrived—only think of it—and his name—Count Tcherkernozoff."

Kate went off in a spasm of laughter.

"Shall I introduce him?" said Will.

"Good heavens! no. It's like your impudence to ask; leave him to Mrs. Doshamer."

At that moment up rushed old Wilson, who always heard news before anybody else.

"Col. Leslie has proposed to Miss Ransom," he cried, breathlessly.

Manners turned upon him quite furiously.

"The champagne was too much for you," said he.

"No such thing," returned the bore. "I tell you I heard him myself. I was behind the window-curtain and could not get out."

Kate was divided between vexation and amusement at the conduct of her late lover; but when she looked at Manners she forgot herself—for an instant there was real feeling and genuine sorrow in his face. He caught her glance—back came the smile—he would not understand that look of sympathy.

He turned away, and soon Mrs. Doshamer passed beaming triumphantly upon Kate; Manners joined her train.

While he was gone, Kate found Emily and sat down by her. Looking about, she saw standing, at the other side of the room, a stranger, who was intently regarding her, and yet there was nothing of impertinent curiosity in the gaze.

It was a pale, reserved face, lighted up by fine gray eyes—not handsome, perhaps, but, what was better, intelligent and refined.

"Dear me!" thought Kate. "That man again—how strange! At last I shall discover who he is."

Just then Manners returned in extravagant spirits. No one but his cousin would have fancied that they were forced.

"Mrs. Doshamer declines the count," said he. "She don't believe in him at all."

"Don't mention that horrid creature's horrid name again," returned she. "Will, tell me who that man is standing by the pillar."

"Where?" And Manners, of course, looked in every direction but the right one before he found it. "Oh! there—why, that's the count!"

Kate's romance fell to the ground. She had thought him a poet, or at least an artist, who had strayed into the brilliant scene.

"Oh! it can't be," she said, eagerly.

"Indeed it is! Handsome, isn't he? I am going to be introduced—I like his looks. I shall bring him up before the evening is over—you can easily extinguish him if he proves an adventurer. I am sure if you appear pleased with him, Mrs. Doshamer will deny him utterly. The truth is, she made a dead set at him all the early part of the night, and he snubbed her."

Away went Manners, and Kate was immediately surrounded as usual. Dance any more she would not; but talk and listen, or appear to, she was obliged. Every now and then her eyes wandered toward that face in spite of herself—she felt vexed with her own interest in it. She saw Will introduced and conversing with him.

She wondered what Will meant by the suspicious about him.

"Do you know that Russian count with the remarkable name?" she asked one of her worshippers.

"No," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He arrived yesterday—nobody knows him—people don't seem quite to believe in him. Oh! there's your cousin talking with him! Dear me! he's bringing him this way—ah—ah—one wouldn't quite like to be introduced, you know."

"Then you had better take flight instantly," said Kate. "If you are anywhere within reach I shall certainly present you at once."

He fled, horrified at the bare idea of knowing

any one whom Mrs. Doshamer and her set disapproved; and Kate sat listening with as much good-breeding, as circumstances would permit, to the nonsense which a brother dandy was talking to her, affecting to bend his head and whisper as if on the most confidential terms.

Kate was too much vexed for composure at finding that her marvel turned out only a foreign count, whether real, or an adventurer, was a matter of equal indifference to her. She had often seen that face at the spring season of the opera—very often those clear gray eyes were turned in the direction of her box. She had made up her mind that it was no one she should ever meet; but it was pleasant to indulge in the idea that it was some man of genius who saw novel enough in her face to be interested in her; to have him suddenly transformed into a commonplace Russian with a doubtful title, was very provoking.

Up came Manners with the stranger; Kate would not even look toward him. Her cousin presented him, and they exchanged a few frigid monosyllables. It is ten to one that Kate would have snubbed him awfully, but, chancing to look up, she saw Mrs. Doshamer watching her with so much spite and malice that she was amused.

"She is raging," thought Kate. "I certainly will be civil to the man just to vex her—count or no count!"

She thawed immediately, and turned very amiably toward her new acquaintance. She danced with him in spite of her vow, and then they took several turns up and down the room.

By that time, Kate Paulding was a more astonished young woman than elegance and society would have approved of—quite shaken out of her ordinary listlessness and nonchalance.

The count—she could not trust herself to pronounce his name even to herself—really talked. They had insensibly glided away from the first commonplaces of an introduction, and though a ball-room is not a spot for any great degree of rational conversation, they had managed to glance upon a variety of subjects which always interested Kate, and upon which she found very few to converse with her.

"What a flirtation!" Will managed to get near enough to whisper. "Good heavens, Kate! fancy being Madame Cutyournoseoff! These Russians are dreadful creatures—take care! In a week he would say *kobak* to you, and that means, 'I'll cut your head off.'"

Kate saw that everybody was looking at her, and began to think she had been bestowing rather more time upon an utter stranger than was exactly wise, whoever he might be, and

she signified to Will that he was to find Emily and see if she was not ready to go up stairs.

"Are you going so early?" the count asked.

"Oh! yes; they have begun that doleful German—you will find them here till breakfast time!"

Emily came up on Manners' arm, and Kate followed them escorted by the Russian.

"My dear child!" whispered Mrs. Doshamer, as she passed, "how very imprudent you are! How can you *afficher* yourself a whole evening with a man whom nobody knows?"

"Better than doing it with a man too well known!" retorted Kate, glancing toward Harry Lee, one of Mrs. Doshamer's most devoted admirers, and as well known for his vices as his wealth.

On swept Kate with a gracious bend of the head, as if she had uttered the most agreeable thing in the world, and left Mrs. Doshamer to relieve her spleen by saying the most atrocious things about her imprudence to anybody who cared to listen.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Manners took Kate out for a ride, and they galloped for miles along the sea-shore in the highest possible spirits.

Suddenly, at a turn in the road, they came face to face with the Russian, mounted on a beautiful horse, and riding as well as if he had been a modern Centaur.

After an exchange of civilities, he asked permission to accompany them back; there was no possibility of refusing. Manners appeared rather to enjoy it, and, for the life of her, Kate could not feel displeased.

It was a charming morning altogether, and she quite forgot her scruples in his conversation. Manners was occupied with his own thoughts, and the two talked incessantly.

When they reached the hotel a group of loungers were on the piazza, and many wondering eyes turned toward Kate. For the first time, she recollected her imprudence, and felt vexed with Will for leading her into the scrape; but she chose to carry it off with her usual independence, and took leave of the Russian with one of her most bewitching smiles.

"Will," she said, as her cousin led her up stairs, "who on earth can that man be?"

"Count——"

"Now don't speak his name! But do you believe he is an adventurer?"

Will switched his pantaloons with his riding-whip.

"Frankly, it looks like it," said he. "I should be more inclined to think so if these people were not so certain of it."

"I ought not to know him," continued Kate.

"Who are you afraid of?" retorted Will. "The man is a gentleman—people's gossip can't hurt you—amuse yourself if you see fit."

"If I were a married woman——"

"Upon my word," interrupted Manners, "you quite shock me! I thought you detested a married flirt!"

"There is no question of flirting! I only meant to say that then I should have a right to take a stand, which, as a single woman, I cannot."

Manners only laughed at her scruples with his usual heedlessness.

"But does nobody know anything about him?"

"Nobody," replied Will. "He has taken one of the cottages all to himself; brought several fine horses and a servant as uncommunicative as he is. I tell you, adventurer or not, if he had only fallen a victim to the Doshamer's fascinations, she would have dragged him into society and made him the rage."

"He certainly is very agreeable," Kate acknowledged.

"Of course he is—not like me, you know—but very well, nevertheless."

"You abominable mass of vanity! But what shall I do, Will?"

"Be civil to him if only to spite Doshamer."

"I believe I shall," said Kate, as she entered her room.

Will passed down stairs, smiling and bowing amiably as he met Col. Leslie, though the hand that held the riding-whip trembled ominously.

Kate went into Emily Delancy's parlor, and there she found Mrs. Doshamer and Juliet Ransom.

"So you have been riding with that foreigner," Mrs. Doshamer began. "Upon my word, Kate, you are the most daring girl."

"What have I done?" she asked.

"Why they say the most dreadful things of him! He once kept a gambling house at Baden——"

"Did Harry Lee tell you that?" interrupted Kate.

"Young Mouthey is sure he recognized him," returned she.

"That creature's mouth will get him into difficulty yet," said Kate.

"Oh! it's all very well to turn the matter off with a witticism!" exclaimed Mrs. Doshamer.

"But, I assure you, people have made up their

minds not to tolerate him. He can get no foothold here."

She spoke as decisively as if she had been Fate in person. Mrs. Doshamer prided herself on her skill in crushing upstarts. Only a few seasons before, at Lebanon Springs, she had been the first to discover the false claims of a peripatetic widow; and the winter after, trampled on her unmercifully, when the little season of glory which the society-hunter had made for herself dissolved, and confusion overtook her plans in the shape of pecuniary ruin.

This time, Mrs. Doshamer was animated by a feeling of personal resentment, and there was little probability that the foreigner would escape her vigilance unscathed.

"I think with Col. Leslie," continued she, "that in all probability he is a spy!"

"How very dreadful!" said Kate. "But as I have no secrets to be found out I am not afraid."

"Mrs. Doshamer has just told me some pleasant news apropos to Col. Leslie," said Emily Delancy. "Kate, you must congratulate Miss Juliet upon the prospect of becoming my lady!"

Mrs. Doshamer looked exultant. Juliet was flushed and triumphant; but Kate saw the restless, uneasy expression through it all.

"I hope you will be very happy," said she, kissing her. "I heard of it last night. Why, the girls will all die of envy!"

"It is a position enough of them have angled after," said Mrs. Doshamer, significantly.

For Juliet's sake, Kate allowed the taunt to pass unnoticed.

Mrs. Doshamer discussed at length the numerous advantages of the alliance, and when she fancied that Kate was burning with rage, glided back to the subject of the foreigner in order completely to annihilate her.

"Such an unfortunate choice of name," said she; "Count Chuck-your-nose-off, as Mouthey calls him."

"Oh! Mouthey is capable of any vulgarity," returned Kate; "either original or a repetition of other people's!"

"This invasion of foreigners of whom one knows nothing is becoming terrible," pursued Mrs. Doshamer, too wise to observe the two-edged sword Kate had thrust at her. "New York society is tired of being cheated. Indeed, I think it would be a good idea if Americans were obliged to wear some token of their pedigree on their backs."

Kate laughed in unrestrained glee.

"How odd you would look with a saddle on your shoulders," said she; "and I should be obliged to carry a hat, and Harry Lee, in spite

of his sister the marchioness, an essence pedlar's box."

It was true. One of Mrs. Doshamer's maternal relatives had been an honest saddler, though she believed the fact unknown.

"If you call a wholesale leather dealer's establishment," she began, "a——"

"Oh! it smells of tan-bark all the same," interrupted Kate. "I assure you, in spite of my feelings, I always acknowledge the felt."

"I am ignorant of the occupations of most of your relatives," said Mrs. Doshamer, with great dignity; "but of my own I can speak confidently."

Kate's father had been for years before his death a judge of the supreme court. Her family was excellent, and the latter only a second cousin by marriage, so she could afford to smile.

"I only know," added Mrs. Doshamer, venomously, "that you will get yourself dreadfully talked about if you encourage that adventurer."

"Has anybody told you so, or do you speak from a personal determination?" asked Kate.

"No one can accuse me of ever being unkind," replied Mrs. Doshamer, in an injured tone. "What I have to say I tell you frankly and because I feel interested in you. The truth is, my dear, you ought to think seriously of marriage and stop indiscriminate flirtations."

"Postpone them till after that happy event, you mean," said Kate. "I know you like me, my dear friend; I fully appreciate your motives, but do leave me my liberty a little longer."

"I used to think Col. Leslie was devoted in his attentions to you——"

"I know you thought so," said Kate. "Never mind! Juliet, when you go to England do find an earl and send for me."

"Of course I will," replied she, a little uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken, and ready to indulge in her liking for Kate since she was no longer jealous of her; while Hvely Delancy struck eagerly into the talk, anxious to avoid any more sparring between Kate and Mrs. Doshamer.

That night, there was dancing and gayety as usual at one of the hotels, and Kate again found the Russian among her swarm of admirers.

He seemed perfectly unconscious of the gossip which had already spread so widely about him. The few people whose acquaintance he had made he treated with quiet politeness, and did not show the least desire to add to the number.

"I wonder if he is biding his time," thought Kate.

She remembered one of Mrs. Doshamer's speeches which really had considerable worldly

knowledge in it, probably borrowed from Harry Lee.

"He has just the manner of a finished adventurer—never pushing or vulgar. He thinks to awe people by his reserve into a belief that he is all he pretends to be."

Then to punish herself for having even remembered one of her enemy's sayings, Kate began to be cordial with him.

He danced with her once or twice; but when she was engaged, he made no effort to secure another partner, returning near her chair when she resumed her seat.

Later in the evening, Mrs. Doshamer came up with two or three of her allies.

"My warning has had no effect. I see," she said, glancing toward the count, who was conversing with Will Manners at a little distance.

"His coat sets well, at all events," drawled young Monthey, surveying the Russian through his glass.

"A coat doesn't make the man," said Mrs. Doshamer, sententiously.

"Oh, yes it does!" returned Kate, glancing at the Englishman.

"He has brought some superb horses," said some one.

"Now, Mrs. Doshamer!" exclaimed Kate, "can you resist the opportunity of having the use of them?"

"I will not tolerate that man," she replied; "others may do as they like, but my mind is made up."

"You are quite right," chorused the dandies.

"There he comes again," said Mrs. Doshamer, in pretended fright. "Somebody, ask me to dance, do, that I need not encounter him."

"Is that the latest mode of securing a partner?" asked Kate, but Mrs. Doshamer whirled away without answering.

"How ill-natured I am growing!" thought the girl. "Oh, dear! this life is ruinous to body and soul—I'd rather live in a Canadian forest. Only see my recreant colonel, watching if I observe his devotion to Juliet. Really, that man's face is positively dreadful!"

"Have you forgotten the dance you promised me?" asked some one suddenly.

She looked up and saw the count bending toward her.

"In spite of the admiration you receive," said he, "I doubt if a ball-room is your element."

"Not in the middle of July, at all events," she replied, rising to take his arm.

"Will you walk on the colonnade before our dance?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied, desperately, not

knowing what on earth to do with the man, and vexed with herself for the interest she felt.

"You have not been in Italy?" he asked, as they walked up and down in the moonlight.

"Oh! yes; I spent a year there."

"Pardon; but never having heard you speak of it, and your countrywomen usually——"

"Yes, I understand! I am so tired of hearing people rave about European travels that I never speak of mine, and I have no fancy for spasms of foreign ejaculations. If I talk English, I like to do it honestly."

He looked amused at her energy, and they fell into a pleasant conversation which had its usual effect upon Kate, she forgot her scruples and her suspicions.

They went back to the ball-room. Mrs. Doshamer was waltzing with Harry Lee, several of her set were on the floor at the same time. Kate and her partner floated off to the inspiring strains of the music. Mrs. Doshamer saw them—they were by far the best dancers in the room—her futile brain conceived on the instant a little plot for Kate's mortification.

She whispered to her friends. Every one of them ceased waltzing, and stood evidently waiting till the pair were tired.

"It may be a useful hint," said Mrs. Doshamer.

"Somebody ought to put him out of the room," added young Mouthey; but he showed no particular eagerness to be the one who should attempt the laudable feat.

There was no one dancing except a set of danglers upon the outskirts of society—people whom Mrs. Doshamer and her friends snubbed without the slightest mercy.

Kate soon perceived this. She saw Mrs. Doshamer and her party staring at her, and perfectly understood their amiable motives. Embarrassed and annoyed she did feel, but she would not allow them the gratification of discovering it.

She finished the waltz, and the count led her away.

"Quite an exhibition," said Mrs. Doshamer.

"And one as pitifully malicious as can well be imagined," retorted Kate.

Mrs. Doshamer had no answer prepared, and

thought it wiser to pass on. She and her set again took possession of the floor. Kate looked at the Russian to see if he noticed the insult. His face was perfectly calm, he was looking directly at her. If he had observed it, he must have possessed a command over his countenance that was wonderful.

"I am tired and must sit down," she said.

He was standing by her in earnest conversation, when he suddenly glanced toward the door—Kate saw his face change. She looked in that direction and perceived a man standing there—a dark, forbidding-looking person, who made a sign to the count.

"I must bid you good-night," he said, hurriedly. "I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow."

He darted off, and Kate saw him join the stranger. They passed out into the hall and disappeared.

Half the room had seen the occurrence, and all sorts of rumors were born on the instant.

Before the evening was over, it was currently reported that the Russian had been summoned by an exceedingly disreputable appearing man, probably a detective in plain clothes.

In the midst of the gossip and hubbub Kate took her departure, troubled, it must be confessed, and wondering if her pleasant acquaintance was to be broken up by some sudden exposure.

"It is all Will's fault," she said to herself, indignantly. "He had no business to introduce the man. Oh, dear me! he really is very agreeable! When have I talked so freely and listened so intently—to a perfect stranger at that? It was very imprudent."

She worked herself into quite a fever of self-reproach; but, in spite of all her efforts, she could not conceal from herself the fact that she was more interested in the man than she had ever been in any other. The very mystery attached to him increased the charm; and while mentally resolving to be very prudent henceforth, she was unconsciously forming all sorts of excuses for his sudden departure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

F A R A W A Y .

FAR away, far away.

Lo, the East lightens!
Farther still, through the gates of day,
Heavenly life brightens!

What though the tempest rise
And cover our vision?

Far away are cloudless skies
Spanning Elysian!

What though we shrink and quail

At sight of Death's river?
Trust in God, we yet shall hail
Peace and joy forever!

On the banks of Life's pure stream
Grow flowers undying;

Our earth life is but a dream—
We only wake when dying!

R. R. L.

THE OLD CHEST OF DRAWERS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"VERY strange indeed!" exclaimed the merchant, springing from his luxurious chair, "that is the third time I have had that dream."

"What dream?" queried his wife, who sat, or rather lounged, opposite, engaged with the last new romance. "It isn't possible that you have dreamed of the old chest up stairs again?"

"Yes, I have, my dear, it's really very vexatious. I believe I'll get somebody to break it in pieces."

"So I would, Harry, that's a bright thought. Do you know (I wouldn't tell you if you hadn't dreamed about it again, because it might seem silly), that Ettie and I had it drawn out into the room and made a regular search; but no secret spring could we find. You say your father spoke of one when he was living."

"Yes, I was a child, but have never forgotten. He was telling my mother about it; his father had the chest made, and, as he had a fondness for concealing papers, he had two or three secret springs made. Father knew where they were, and so did mother; but as I grew up and went away to school, and was much from home, I forgot all about it till that dream, several months ago. The dream has been twice repeated; this last time more vividly than the first, and I know there must be something in it."

"Perhaps a legacy," responded his wife.

"Anything but that," was the husband's reply. "My father died a poor man, though he had been worth his thousands, but speculation ruined him. As a general thing, I think nothing of dreams, but this repetition rather staggers me. Well, I believe I'll go down town, and send or bring up a man to take the old chest to pieces, or have it sold out of the house." So saying, Harry Colchester left the room, and his wife, after a moment of thought, returned to her reading.

Presently in came a pretty girl of sixteen, attired in a riding-habit. Her cheeks were tinged the color of a scarlet berry; her eyes were bright with health and exercise. The nodding black plumes of her jaunty little hat hung over the brim, forming a brilliant contrast with the clear bloom of the face beneath them.

"Well, dear, what did you do when the shower came up?" her mother asked, following her airy

motious with a look of pride. I was afraid you would get wet."

"No, not in the least," said the young girl, tossing her hat on the lounge, and throwing herself into the chair her father had just vacated. "I have such a romantic little episode to tell you. In the first place, Eugene and I rode six miles, scarcely drawing rein. The weather was lovely, and we should have gone farther but for the clouds and the distant muttering of thunder. So we turned to come back, and got along beautifully, till we had nearly reached the new road, almost two miles from the city. You know where it is—where papa put up those little cottages, a year or two ago. Well, just as we were congratulating ourselves that we should just escape the shower, down it came, and nothing for us to do but to find shelter in the first house we came to. Eugene said he didn't believe we should find room enough in it to turn round, and it does seem, outside, as if we could put the whole house in one of our parlors; but we had Hobson's choice or none—so I dismounted and knocked at the door, while Jean carried the horses to a shed not far off. And oh! mother, such a beautiful child came to the door! a little angel of a child, with heavenly eyes, and the sunniest curls I ever saw! Now don't laugh at me, for you know you like pretty children as well as I do."

"Bare feet and a soiled apron, tangled hair and a dirty face, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Colchester, listening, however, in an interested way.

"No, indeed! Clean and nice as it was possible to be; and so was everything there, though I am sure they must be very poor. The child told me to come in, and I entered what I suppose is their parlor—a bit of a place it was, too. A lady, small and delicate, a *real* lady, too, mamma, I know, for all you laugh, sat at a table, stitching some very fine work, and near her, on a sort of miserable chair, sat the thinnest, most fragile, spiritual creature I ever saw in my life. This woman, or child, for she had the face of a woman, and the form of a child, had a sort of rude little easel before her, and a few paints on the chair beside her—and oh! mother—such beautiful things as she can paint!

See, she did this in less than five minutes for me," and Ettie took a square bit of board from her pocket, on which was painted three violets, so true to nature that they seemed to hang forward from their slight tendrils and tremble as they were moved.

"It is very well done," said her mother.

"It puts me to the blush with my five quarters," said Ettie, looking over her mother's shoulder admiringly. "What a shame that such people should be so poor!—for they have moved in good society."

"How do you know that, my dear?"

"Because I learned, in the course of my conversation with the widow, that her husband was a minister, an Episcopal clergyman, and I saw his portrait. Oh! he must have been a splendid-looking man!"

"And what was the matter with this girl who draws and paints? Did you say she was sick?"

"A dreadful spine complaint; she has suffered with it for ten years, and yet she looks as sweet and patient as a saint. She is sixteen years old—only think, just my age, and yet not able, sometimes, to move hand or foot, and only to go out occasionally in warm weather, when she has to be wheeled in her chair. And she is so sweet in her manners, you can't think!—so are they all, quite refined, even to the little girl—and then, mamma, you know my weakness, they are all handsome."

"How are they supported?"

"Oh! that's what I'm going to tell you! The girl that Jean and I admire so much is their sister."

"Who in the world do you mean, child?" asked her mother, excitedly. "What girl that Jean admires?"

"I said Jean and I, mother," said Ettie, blushing scarlet as her mother fixed her dark eyes full upon her. "Why, we have often seen a young girl, Jean and I, walking through the streets at a certain hour, always alone, but so modest and pretty! Well, it seems she is a teacher in one of the public schools, and so supports the family, I suppose."

"Yes, but this is very strange," said Mrs. Colchester. "Did you ever speak to the girl? And how came you to know about it? Was she there?"

"No; but you see this invalid sister had drawn her portrait, oh! beautifully; and we—at least I knew it in a minute. The little girl said that was their dear Louise who took care of them all, and that she loved her dearly—dearly. You would be so pleased with the mother," Ettie continued, rapidly, as Mrs. Col-

chester resumed her book and seemed to be reading. "She is just the sweetest, most agreeable woman I have seen for a long time; but I am sure they are very poor!"

"Don't waste your sympathy upon people you don't know," said her mother, dryly.

"Well, I'm sure it's a very nice, respectable family," said Ettie, "one can't help seeing that; Jean did in a moment. There was nothing common, or untidy about their way of living."

"Then Eugene went in there!"

"Yes, after he had attended to the horses."

"And did he see the picture of this girl—this teacher?"

"Why, of course! I showed it to him."

"And did he take it away, too, as a keepsake?"

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Ettie.

"I didn't know," was the rejoinder.

"Of course he wouldn't do an improper thing like that; but we saw her coming home."

"Oh! you did?"

"Yes, poor thing! and the streets were wet and muddy, and she had on the thinnest boots, much worn, I could see. Her dress, too, looks so poor, though there is a decided air of gentility about it!"

"I wonder you didn't offer her your horse, and Eugene to escort her home."

"You are making fun of me now, mamma," said Ettie, a little hurt.

"Well, my dear, you make so much of this matter! No doubt the people are very nice people, quite honest, and all that; but they are not exactly what I should wish your associates to be."

"Who talked of their being my associates, mother?"

"By your rhapsodies, my dear, I thought you had fallen in love with the whole family; to say nothing of Eugene, who, it seems, admires the young schoolmistress."

"And so would you, mamma, if you saw her."

"I should do no such thing. I am not at all in the habit of associating with, or admiring the people, who live in Mr. Colchester's tenement houses. They may do very well, but they have their own circle, of course. I have mine. But come, don't let us quarrel about it. I dare say they are very good sort of people, unfortunate enough to have pretty faces—at least it may be unfortunate for some of them. It's a pity they are all girls. If they had a son and brother they might be a little more independent. It is time to dress for dinner."

"I say," said Jean, as the brother and sister

met a moment before they entered the dining-room, "don't mention anything to mother about that young lady, you know."

"Oh! Jean—before I thought—I told her all about it."

"Girl fashion!" muttered the young man, angrily.

"Oh! but, Jean—you must not——"

"Well, must not what?"

"Think anything of that poor girl—it will be wrong in you—for mamma never would recognize her, and——"

"Oh! fiddle-stick! what nonsense!" was the response. "Who said I thought anything of her, more than to admire her face very much? I'm sure she's worth a dozen of our acquaintances, just to look at, if nothing else, and I'll find a chance to say so to somebody before long. But come, we're keeping dinner." As they seated themselves, Mrs. Colchester asked her husband if he had spoken to anybody about the old chest of drawers.

"No; but he would attend to it on the morrow," he said.

In the large, and now dreary-looking school-room sat Louise Huntington. Tired and dispirited, her head leaning wearily upon one hand, her eyes gazing forward, the saddest expression in their hazel depths, and, depressing the curves of her sweet mouth, she sat there at her desk lost in thought. She was the under teacher, the drudge, the inferior—compelled to waste her splendid talents in the dreary routine of the infant spelling-class—paid an insignificant salary, and expected to aid the other teachers whose capacities were more ordinary, and whose dispositions more exacting.

To-day the sudden storm had stirred thoughts in her bosom that were not always welcome guests. It was in such a storm her father had died, and she could not help looking back to the bright and beautiful days of her childhood, in which she had known no care, only love and happiness from sun to sun. She saw the old parsonage many miles away in the quiet country; the rustic bridge; the orchards with their fruit; the little church of which her father had been the architect, and which he loved as if it had been something human. She felt the soft touch of his hand upon her temples, and started at the sight of two large salt drops upon the desk, that had rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

"Weak and foolish," she half-sobbed; "but sometimes how can I help it? I am wearing out my youth; I dare not tell of this dreadful lassitude that comes over me sometimes, this frightful pain in my side, for, if I did, I should

be compelled to rest—and then there would be other doctor's bills besides Janie's; and my place would be taken by another, perhaps some one healthier and stronger—and she might have added less conscientious. "Sometimes," she soliloquized, "I wish I had not bought that chair, it has embarrassed us—though heavens knows poor Janie has needed it for years."

The article in question was a large, neatly stuffed chair on rollers, that served for seat, bed, and carriage, a most convenient and luxurious thing; but which had cost more than was at first supposed when it was ordered. The failure to pay their rent for three weeks, had been the cause of threatening visits from the agent of their landlord, a man of unpleasant temper and bad morals, who incautiously avowed his admiration of the young teacher, and incurred thereby her intense dislike.

Sighing heavily, Louise, warned by the fading sunlight that the hour was late, slowly prepared to go home. With dismay, she saw that the streets and gutters were still as wet as they had been in the height of the storm, and remembered that her gaiters were thin and worn, not fit to venture even upon damp sidewalks. Picking her way along, she had not gone far before she met Eugene and Ettie Colchester, just returning from their ride. She could not mistake the look of admiration with which the brother and sister regarded her; but the flush of consciousness was changed to one of pride, as she heard the words "poor thing!" spoken in a voice of pity.

"Oh! yes, they are very sorry for me, I suppose—they can afford to be. How can they help noticing that I am poor?—that my dress is threadbare, my bonnet old-fashioned, and my shoes nearly worn out? Why is it that some have more than they need, while others must suffer continually from the stings of wounded pride? Is that young girl any better than I am? Oh! what makes me have such bitter thoughts? God forgive me! it is not what my father taught me;" and, suppressing the tears that were ready to flow, she strove to put on a smiling face as she neared her mother's door.

"After all, it's a cheerful little house," she whispered, bravely; but started at the coarse voice that sounded from within.

"I tell you, madam, I must have the rent tomorrow, or there'll be trouble. There are three parties waiting for these houses, and I shall begin to-morrow and just warn out every troublesome tenant."

"Don't answer him, mother!" exclaimed

Louise, bursting in upon the scene, "his insults shall fall harmless here. Sir," she said, resolutely, turning to the coarsely handsome man, "I have told you several times that I cannot pay the rent till my quarter is due. Now, sir, you can leave the house."

"And you will leave it, too, sooner than you imagine, Miss Insolence," returned the man, furious at her interposition. "I have given you more time than any other of the tenants. In fact, the rest pays up when the day comes, and don't presume on their gentility as you do." Saying this, he took his hat and left the house full of wrath. The present trouble had driven the recollection of the visit of the afternoon out of their minds. The widow was fearful—the little girl crying, and in the midst of it poor Janie had one of her severest paroxysms of pain.

"There is only one thing I can do," said Louise, hastily drinking her tea, "I will go and see the landlord myself. I have heard that he is a kind man."

"Oh! but your shoes are wet!" cried out little Rose, pointing to where they lay, soaked, beside the stove.

"Never mind!" murmured Louise, choking back her tears, "I shall soon get a new, thick pair."

"And me too, and mamma?"

"Yes, all of you!"

"And move into a better house than this ugly little thing—like our old one?"

"Perhaps so." The lips moved mechanically.

Ettie wanted a book that evening, which she remembered was in the parlor. On entering, she started to see sitting, at the farther end of the room, a figure whose face in the dim gas-light looked like marble. Nerving herself, she went toward her, and to her astonishment found it was the little teacher of whom she had heard that day.

"Excuse me. Did you wish to see any one?" she asked.

"Your servant said she would tell Mr. Colchester I was here."

"What a pity! some way it has been forgotten. Papa has been gone fifteen minutes or more."

"I am sorry." The quick tears would not be repressed, or the grieving of the lip.

"Can you leave your errand with me? Can I do anything for you?" asked Ettie, sweetly, her bright face clouded with the sorrow she saw, but could not comprehend. Louise could not speak.

"Oh! you are in trouble—I wish I could help

you"—and she sat down close to the suffering girl. Like a beautiful angel she seemed to the half-sick and discouraged Louise. She held out her hand, and carried the little hand that clasped hers to her lips. Then, struggling bravely with her feelings, she told her story.

"That Mr. Davis!" exclaimed Ettie, indignantly. "I wonder father will employ him. I never liked the man, but he is considered smart and honest, I believe. And now, if you will leave it, I will take your name, and state your call to my father as soon as he returns. I am sure it will all be right, for father will do anything for me, and I shall not need to beg very hard!"

"Oh! I thank you! I did not expect to find so kind a friend in you. But, believe me, I appreciate it—I have not always been denied the blessings of friendship like this. But when my father died, our only dependence was taken from us, and I have to work very hard. Such kindness seems doubly sweet to me at such a time as this."

"I do love you," said Ettie, impulsively, "and hope in time we may become better acquainted." Louise now rose to go. At the hall-door stood Eugene, an introduction could not be avoided.

"You are not going home alone?" he said, with a look of respectful admiration, for awakened hope and kindly sympathy had aroused the beauty in Louise's pale face—"there is no moon."

"Oh! indeed, I do not mind," said the teacher, confusedly; "I am not afraid!"

"I can't allow that," said the young man, in a grave, determined way, and, to Ettie's consternation, the door closed upon her brother and Louise.

"Dear, dear!" she cried, to herself, "this is worse and worse. What would mother say now? Have I been foolish?"

No, sweet girl—the tender word—the kindly act toward the weary, the unfortunate, call special blessings from the Master who rewardeth us according to our works.

Ettie did not see her father on the following day till near noon. Then he came accompanied by a cabinet-maker, and, to her queries, replied that he would see her immediately; that she was to go in her mother's room and remain there till he came down. Mrs. Colchester was busy with some bright embroidery.

"Somebody was here last night, Ellen was telling me," said her mother, after a long silence. "She forgot to tell Mr. Colchester, and don't know how the woman went away—

for it was a woman. I told Ellen that if ever she did such a careless thing again, I should instantly dismiss her. How can we tell but something was stolen?" Ettie was saved a reply by the return of her father. He came in with a strangely grave face.

"Well, have you broken up the chest?" asked his wife.

"Yes; that is, I had the back ripped off."

"And did you find anything?"

"Yes; a drawer of which the spring was rusted, and in it this paper." He handed it to his wife, who read it with much interest.

"Shall you pay it?" she asked, giving it back to him.

"Can you ask?" was his reply, in a tone almost of reproof.

"Why! it's a large sum; but, of course, it is but right, being the request of your father, and he dead!"

"Fifteen thousand dollars! Oh! I can spare it, I guess," said the merchant, cheerfully; "and if I could not, I should still strain every nerve to pay it."

Ettie looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Being as you're here, puss!" said her father, playfully, "you may read it. There! See how many silk dresses you have got to lose," and he tossed the yellow, time-worn packet over to her. As she read her eye lighted up. The letter was in the form of a request. It stated that, forty years before, the father of Harry Colchester had a business transaction with one Ellis G. Huntington, in which the said Huntington placed in his hands, for safe investment, the sum of ten thousand dollars, every cent of which was sunk in an unfortunate speculation; that for years he had been striving to pay the sum, or a part of it, back, but had never yet been able. Feeling that there was every prospect of his dying a poor man, he charged his son, if ever he should become prosperous, to return the money, with interest, to the family of the said Ellis G. Huntington, should he not be living, as he valued his father's blessing.

"Isn't it strange?" queried Ettie, as she smilingly gave back the paper, "the name of the young girl who called to see father, last night, was Huntington. Here I have it, Louise H. Huntington."

"And what did she want of me?"

"Why, that Davis has been insolent, and warned her out because she has been a little tardy with the rent; she says she can meet it easily at the end of her quarter. She is a

teacher, you know. Oh! if it should be her! I'm half-wild at the thought! She is such a sweet creature! Oh! father, it must be!"

"Well, well, puss, don't go into ecstasies. Just get on your bonnet and shawl, and we'll drive over there. I've heard two or three complaints of Davis. If he isn't careful he will find somebody in his place before long."

It was Wednesday afternoon, so there was no school. Louise sat in the cheerful little room busy with her needle, for she had no time even to rest on holidays. Mrs. Huntington spoke in answer to something her daughter had said.

"My darling, I know, though you do not speak of it, that you are not well. I have seen you put your hand to your side several times this afternoon, and your paleness alarms me. We must see to it; you shall not work yourself ill for us."

"Oh, mother! don't forbid me just now. After I am through with this term, then comes vacation, and who knows but by that time Providence may provide some other occupation for me less laborious. We will still trust in God."

"Here comes that pretty lady," cried the youngest child, while the invalid looked up from her drawing with a quick flush and smile. Another moment, Mr. Colchester and his daughter were seated in the little apartment, which could scarcely have accommodated another person. It was soon ascertained—a few questions made the matter clear. The widow's husband was Ellis G. Huntington. She had often heard him speak of the Colchesters, of New York, with whom he had been acquainted many years ago.

"Then, madam," said Ettie's father, while Ettie herself grew radiant, "I have a little business to transact with you;" and in a few words he told of the discovery he had made, and the money to which she was entitled. Was ever there such a household?

"Such a fortune!" Louise cried, smiling, while the grateful tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, mother!" said the little one, "shall we have everything we want, now?" While the invalid girl covered her thin, face with her hands and sobbed from excess of joy.

The money was invested in a well-stocked farm; and Louise, released from the drudgery of daily toil, grew light-hearted, and more and more beautiful.

It was not long before Eugene, having obtained the consent of his parents, gave Ettie the sister she had always longed for, from the first day she saw the minister's daughter.

THE ROSELAWN SCHOOL.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

“WANTED—By the committee of the Roselawn District, a young lady to take charge of the summer term of the Roselawn school. Good wages will be paid to one who can bring the requisite attainments to the work. Roselawn is situated in a most delightfully romantic part of the state; near a lake of some extent, and affords every facility for enjoyment usually found in a country place. The society is excellent. The church is scarcely a moment's walk from the school-house.

Address, for the next two weeks,
COMMITTEE, Roselawn, Vt.”

Miss Maude Arabella Whiting read the notice through with a beaming countenance. Then she read it aloud to her mother, in her best style of elocution. Mrs. Whiting scarcely appreciated it, though, buried as she was in an easy-chair and a novel.

“Isn't it charming?” asked Arabella.

“No; I am greatly disappointed!” returned Mrs. Whiting—“greatly! Why, after I'd studied the plot all out, and was positive that Paul De La Roche would wed the beautiful Alice Deane—here he is just on the point of eloping with that scheming Lady Duvenal!”

“Pshaw! mother. I had no reference to your novel. I was speaking of this school at Roselawn. It must be so poetical, and so romantic to teach school in the country, amid the singing of birds, and the rippling of crystal brooks.”

“Romantic, indeed! Why, cousin Margaret used to teach somewhere in the country, and she told me all about it. She said the children all had turned up noses and dirty faces; and the hens cackled all the time, and everybody had fried pork for dinner, and pork fried for supper.”

“Oh! well, that was in some vulgar place. But Roselawn! surely everything must be pure and sweet in a region with such a beautiful name! Oh! mamma, only give me your blessing, and I will try my fortune there! It will be something charming to tell Matilda when she comes home from the Springs!”

“Don't bother me, child. I am dying to find out about Paul and Lady Duvenal! You've put me out so that I've read this same page over twice.”

Arabella subsided into silence, but she kept

up a wonderful thinking. Inheriting a romantic disposition from her mother, she had sighed all her life long for adventure, but nothing ever happened to her more remarkable than tearing her flounces on the scrapers—and bumping her head against the banisters, once, when she fell down stairs.

Her life had been a strangely uneventful one, and at nineteen she was weary of existence, if one could judge by the die-away sonnets composed in the privacy of her chamber, and exhibited only to her dear friend, Matilda Grubb. Matilda was her confidante, and would act as her executor after her death; she purposed to publish her sonnets posthumously, and give the proceeds to the respectable poor.

Arabella was satisfied that she should die early, but that fact did not cause her to lose her sleep, or her appetite. She was fair, plump, and rosy; and an indifferent observer never would have mistrusted the fact that she so often spoke of to Matilda, that there was “a canker eating away at her heart-strings.”

The advertisement of the Roselawn school interested her deeply. Her mind was set on offering herself as the teacher.

She was wealthy—but that would make it all the more romantic. There would be something so much like a novel, in a rich heiress burying herself, and her beauty, in a little country village, for the good of the children—the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked darlings who would come, bringing her flowers, every morning.

Then she would meet with so many adventures! She could go fishing, and boating on the lake, and there would be pic-nics, and quiltings, and berrying excursions. And she would see the cows, and the oxen, and the sheep, and the goats, and all those sort of things, and live on fresh eggs, cream, and strawberries.

Mrs. Whiting was loath to consent to her daughter's project—but Arabella was pertinacious; and after a few days she yielded. Arabella wrote to the “Committee,” and received a note forthwith, telling her to be at Roselawn depot the ensuing Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Sawyer, the Committee, would meet her with his carriage.

Saturday morning, she bade her mother an

affecting farewell; and with Pet, her lap dog, and three immense trunks, was soon on her way to Roselawn. She reached there just before sundown. Amid the usual hurry, noise, and bustle, she was put off, and there she stood amongst her trunks and boxes, her lap dog in her arms, her parasol under her arm, her reticule in her hands, and her high-topped bonnet half-way off, and down her back.

The depot was a blackish building, about ten feet square, filled with boxes, rags, and rough-looking men, smoking, spitting, and talking politics.

Arabella wanted to scream at sight of them, but her dog screamed for her—so loudly as to draw all the attention of the company to his proprietress.

"Is Mr. Sawyer here?" she ventured to ask, in a trembling voice.

"I'm the chap!" said a tall, shock-headed man, in a blue roundabout, rising; "and now, who be you?"

"I am Miss Maude Arabella Whiting——"

"The new school marm? Why, land say! what have you brung your dog for? You don't calkerlate to keep school with him in yer lap, do ye?"

"Pet is my confidential companion, sir; it would have broken his heart to have been separated from me!"

"Wall, 'twouldn't 'a been no grate of a loss! Did you know that dogs is taxed a dollar a head? That's to help on the war, and, as I'm a peace man, I knocked my dog over!"

"Oh, Mr. Sawyer! how could you? Didn't it hurt him?"

"I 'spect it did, but that warn't my look out! He was dead as a herring when I picked him up. You'd better sarve your'n just so! I'll finish him, and welcome, for ye."

Arabella clasped Pet still closer, and regarded Mr. Sawyer with a look of horror.

"Oh! wall, jest as you say. Of course, I don't keer! 'Spose you've kept school afore?"

"No, sir; this is my first attempt."

"Hum! You don't look much as if you'd do to wallop Jenkins' boys; but then you've got reddish hair, which is a pretty shure sign of grit. Come, jump into the waggin. Where's your baggage?"

Arabella pointed it out.

"The land say!" ejaculated Mr. Sawyer, "what do you calkerlate to have in all them ere trunks? Most 'a brung yer bedding! Needn't 'a done that; we've got plenty of comfortableables in the fore room closet. What have you got into that are box?" indicating a guitar-

case; "it looks like a junk bottle with a long handle to it."

"That is my guitar."

"Gittar! land say! That's what my wife had in her head, last year. Stopped her nose up so that 'twas wuss than no nose at all! She took snuff for it. Yes, 'twas the gittar for sartin. Same kind, I'll bet. She won't be willing for ye to bring it into the house, but as you've got it boxed up, 'twan't be likely to do much hurt."

"Where is your carriage?" inquired Arabella, anxious to escape from the curious glances of the crowd about the depot, each one of whom had taken a complete inventory of everything about her person.

"Right here," pointing to a tall, antiquated horse cart, with a board across the sides for a seat—the whole concern painted a flaming red, with the wheels. "Climb right in over the wheel. The hoss is jest as stiddy as a sheep! Don't be afeard!"

"Goodness gracious!" cried Arabella, in dismay, "you don't expect me to get up there! Why, I couldn't do it to save my life!"

"Ho! you hain't used to climbing, I guess. Why, my darter, Bets, would go rite into that waggin without teobing a hand! Sam," to one of the erowd, "go in and bring out a shoe box."

Sam did as directed, and Arabella mounted the box, and from thence reached the wheel of the cart. She tumbled in with so much force as to dislodge poor Pet, (who brought up in a neighboring mud puddle,) and crushed in the brim of her bonnet till it bore a strong resemblance to an old-fashioned chaise top.

Sam rescued the dog, wiped him on a piece of newspaper, and restored him to his agonized mistress.

The trunks were already in; Mr. Sawyer seated himself up in front—cracked his whip—jerked out, "G'lang!" and off they went.

The ride was good exeroise to both mind and body. Arabella was obliged to exert herself to the utmost to keep from pitching out of the cart, and poor little Pet trembled like a poplar leaf, and groaned bitterly.

They drew up, at last, at Mr. Sawyer's front door. Mrs. Sawyer, a black-eyed, angular woman, came out to meet them.

"Deary me! is this the school marm? Why, she looks eggsactly like Polly Marion Scriggins. don't she, Eben? Polly Marion's a ter'ble trial to her poor ma!—so proud, and full of vanity! What's happened to yer bunnit? I do hate the sight of them ere kind of bunnits! they look like a hod with a flower garding into one end

of it! Whose dog is that are? Deary me! how ugly he is! Come in, do! Ben'll hist ye down. Here, Ben, come and hist the school marm down!"

Ben, a broad shouldered, handsome young fellow, in his shirt sleeves, advanced and performed the delicate operation, as politely as could have been expected under the circumstances.

"Where am I to board?" asked Arabella, settling herself in the best rocking-chair in a corner of the "fore room."

"Round! That's the fashion here. You'll stay with me a week, and then you'll go to Peavey's. I pity your condition when you git there! Peavey's folks is the awfulest nastiest folks on the footstool! Mrs. Peavey don't wash her hands nor face but once a week, and then she only scares um with water! She throws all her dish water and 'tater peelings out of the frunt door, and the hens is jest as much to hum in her setting-room as they be in the barn! Lawful hunt! there's that apple sass a biling all over onto the stove!"

And Mrs. Sawyer abruptly left the room.

We must pass over the interesting "Examination," through which our heroine passed before receiving her certificate of capability to teach. It is well worth chronicling, but space forbids.

Monday morning at nine o'clock school began.

There was a crowd of children, of all ages and sizes, around the door of the school-house, when Arabella came in sight of the edifice. It was a brownish, square building, destitute of glass in most of the windows; a stove-pipe stuck through the roof, from which the wind and the fingers of time had torn a greater portion of the shingles. It was delightfully situated on the shores of a frog pond, even now vocal with the long-drawn strains of the green-coated inhabitants.

"Here comes the school marm!" yelled the boys in chorus, as Arabella appeared—"that's she! Golly! see the ruffles on her gownd! She's got a red head! Bully for her!"

"Brother Sam he seed her over to the depot," said Tommy Taylor, "and he sed she had on the funniest thing on her head, and a lap dog and a patent Garrybalwin jackit over her shoulders!"

"What's that are she's got in her hand?" exclaimed Bill Jenkins, narrowly scrutinizing Arabella's portfolio. "It's got a look onto it jest like marm's chist of drawers! Whoever heerd of bringing a bureau to school?"

These, and a score of other like exclamations,

saluted Arabella as she came up the lane. She was duly horrified, of course, but she would not let the children perceive it. She intended to be as dignified and self-possessed as the most experienced veteran.

She entered the school-house, and they followed her, making more noise than a flock of sheep. Alas! for the blue eyes and rosy cheeks! Dirty faces abounded; evidently the price of molasses had not come up in Roselawn. Some of the little darlings sucked their thumbs, some chewed spruce gum, and a few were too much absorbed in looking at the "school marm," to keep their mouths employed in any other way than standing wide open.

"Come to order!" said Arabella, with dignity, rapping on the high desk.

"Come to what?" asked Bill Jenkins.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" returned the teacher.

Bill thrust out his lingual member, and took it between his thumb and finger, to the great amusement of the rest of the school.

Classifying, and ascertaining names and ages, occupied most of the forenoon.

"May I g'out?" asked Bill Jenkins, getting up in his seat.

"No, you may sit down," said Arabella, her patience fast giving out.

Bill seized his hat, and jumped out of the window without ceremony.

"Schoolmarm, Susan Grey spit on my dinner pail!" cried a small voice from the corner.

"And Allie Diggs eat up my turnover!" cried the aforesaid Susan Grey.

"May I leave my seat? I want some water!" yelled Simon Sykes.

"My nose bleeds! I want to g'out!" remarked little Tommy Taylor.

"Sarah Jane Stiles has got my ingy rubber, and is a rubbing her cheeks with it to make un red!" screamed Miss Patty Primweed.

Arabella was trying to get silence, when the door opened, and in walked a full-grown animal of the porcine species, grunting and snuffing.

Arabella screamed, and jumped for the desk, tucking up her skirts, and striking at the bristly quadruped with her parasol.

The children scampered from the house, but Arabella was afraid to get down and follow them, lest she should be attacked by his swine-ship, which she mistook for a white bear!

At length, Bill Jenkins appeared and drove him out, and Arabella got down and went home to dinner. That afternoon, Bill persisted in talking aloud, and whistling, when he felt like it. Arabella believed in governing by

love and kind words—so she tried her doctrine on Bill.

"William," she said, kindly, "you are a fine boy, and will make a good man. Won't you please to stop that very annoying noise?"

"No, I won't please!" remarked Bill, imitating her voice. "You've told two stories in one breath! You said I was a fine boy, and should make a good man! tain't so! by jinky, it hain't!" and with that he let fly an apple core at Arabella's head, which hit the mark, and broke her hair comb into twenty pieces.

Still, our heroine managed to keep her temper. She reasoned, and remonstrated, and Bill laughed, and whistled.

"I ain't a gwine to mind no such red-haired young chit as you be!" exclaimed he—"not by two chalks! I allers hated red-hair, specially when it went with a freckled face and a turned up nose!"

This was a little too much. Arabella red-dened—seized the poker from the stove, and gave Bill a blow that he had cause to remember many a day. He fled screaming from the house, and the other children snatched up their dinner pails and fled likewise.

Arabella sat down and cried, and then started for her boarding place. About half-way down the lane she encountered a cow. She flourished her parasol at her—apostrophized her with, "Scat—shoo! and get out!" but the animal was on her own business, and refused to be persuaded.

Arabella climbed the wall, where, perched on the top, she alternately wept and threw stones at the blockader. The missiles never came within a rod of the mark, and the cow fed on in peace.

The afternoon drew to a close—the sun was nearly down—Arabella was in despair! She should have to remain where she was all night!

Suddenly, she heard a footstep, and, glancing up, she saw Ben, Mr. Sawyer's hired man, coming down the road.

"Oh! Ben, Ben! save me!" she cried, rising, and holding out her hands. "Save me from that frightful animal!"

"What?—where?" ejaculated Ben, looking around him in amazement.

"That creature, there, with the antlers! Oh, me! I shall die!" and Ben, coming within possible range, she threw herself into his arms.

He blushed, and stammered, but he was committed, and could do no better than to carry Miss Whiting home. When he put her down in the rocking-chair in the sitting-room, she kissed him, calling him her deliverer, and very many other names of the same meaning.

Arabella went back to the city the next day. She was taken suddenly ill, she said; teaching did not agree with her.

But she did not forget Ben Thornton, and Ben remembered the kiss she had given him. It turned out just like all other stories—the lady married her hero, and the hero, in this case, was Ben Thornton.

THE OLD MAHOGANY CRADLE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The old mahogany cradle! so long! and so wide! and so deep!

How oft, in my sunny childhood, have I lain in its depths to sleep;

While the form and the face of a dear one kept watch and ward above,

And the touch of a foot on the rocker made music I learned to love.

The old mahogany cradle!—'twas discarded, oh! long ago;

The changes we mourn, our sighs, our tears, the insensate wood cannot know;

And yet 'mid the shifting scenes of life it has played no trifling part,

And the sight of that well-worn relic would carry a pang to my heart.

But she, the mother; ah, me! with what feelings of sorrow and pride

She'll think of the many hours she kept a patient watch by its side;

A watch o'er the tiny slumb'ers, who, in sickness, in pain, in health,
Were sure to receive from her loving heart a goodly share of its wealth.

She nurses the strong and vigorous arm, and the friendly helping hand

Which was ever ready to give support, and prompt at her command;

The cheering voice, and the winning smile; and the firm, but tender touch;

Oh, Death!—why hast thou left so little, and taken away so much?

As long as Love has no wish to die, and as long as Time shall last,

The faintest relic we treasure up will tell a tale of the past;

And oh! if the story be sad or sweet, we bend our hearts to hear.

For the lights of the present grow dim, when the ghosts of the past appear!

S U C C E S S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

"INTEGRITY! That's it!" said the old doctor to the boys, last night. "Integrity is success. I mean wholeness of purpose, not honesty according to the new-fashioned meaning of the term. Whether you want money, or fame, or love, a high place in hell or heaven—go at it with integrity, brain, heart, body, and you'll get it, boys."

It was a pithy sermon, and I give it to you, as I preach none of my own. It was true as terse, I think. It is the dogged purpose, the iron will that wins the race, while finer, impulsive natures lie shattered on the road-side. The tough earthen pitcher breaks the delicate vase, when they jostle in the stream, according to Esop, and floats secure into the sea.

Et puis? Well, I did not say what then. We are talking of this world. The doctor's sermon reminded me of a long-ago story, whose outlines I will hint to you—the story of a chum of mine at college.

By the way, since I began to prose to you about my recollections, I have been asked once or twice to let my readers look into my eyes, instead of through them: to tell my own story. In a word, to dissect the heart and memory of old John Page, and make a *ragout* of it for the discriminating public.

Not yet, my friends. A man's character runs a fair chance of being murdered in his obituary, or epitaph; there is no need that he should commit suicide by ripping it open himself, Japanese-fashion. Let me go on telling you how the world looked to me through my horn spectacles, and never heed if the eyes behind them are wet or dry. To my story.

In my time, the accommodations at the University of North Carolina were not spacious, the boarding-houses in the village of Chapel Hill were few, and many of the students, in imitation of the German *Burschen*, hired small cottages as sleeping apartments, and ate at the Commons. It was an accommodating plan for a full or light purse. The coast planter filled his chambers with negro pages—articles of *vertu*—drank his Chambertin for dinner; while the corn farmer's heir, on the upper floor, went to rest on his flock-bed, and paid a dime to have his boots blacked on Sundays, as at home.

Ralph Swan, my chum, and I entered into the plan with a perfect abandon; it exactly suited our lazy, thriftless ways. Ralph vowed it was as good as getting a wife and a house; better, as John Page wasn't to be eternal—no need of a divorce if he tired of him. My pocket-money being flush just then, and Ralph's still more ample, we swept Euclid and Thucydides into the Styx, while we devoted two precious months to fitting up our square cottage according to our own peculiar notions of taste and luxury. Ralph's taste was pure, fastidious—too fastidious not to be costly; consequently, our cottage, and its *entourage*, became the envy of all Chapel Hill. For me, I would have been content to cover the floors with rag-carpet, and toast my feet at a Franklin stove, provided the fire had been big enough to warm a dozen jolly faces about me. But I had the same admiring, tender love for Ralph that a man has for a woman, and I liked to see his picturesque face in a splendid setting. Not that Ralph was not manly, earnest, high-toned, generous; but there was about him that want of reticence, that poetic insight—keen sensitiveness—which a word would shock to laughter or to tears, which coarser men call woman-traits. Physically, an anomaly: long-limbed, ill-jointed, "gangling"—as our washer-woman called him—with a head and face that might have graced a Greek statue; intolerably lazy, until spurred by some master passion into a conquering enthusiasm; quizzical, extravagant, jealous, just the man whom young men would follow and ape—so long, that is, as they read Child Harold, and Lalla Rookh. As for women—well, women's tastes grow old sooner than men's. Do not cultivate the heroic styles, my young friend, if you want to master a woman's heart who is past the bread and butter age.

In the attic floor of our cottage was a small garret room, which we left unfurnished. A week or two after we had entered into possession, a man named Mark Saunders, a class-mate of ours, applied to us to hire the room. The fellow was miserably poor—as proud as poor; and I reckoned it a mark of his dogged persistence in economy that he should be willing, for so trifling a saving, to vex himself by the

contrast between his chamber and the other parts of the house. I hired it to him willingly. I liked the fellow; Ralph did not. He could not help the antipathy—natures so dissimilar must interdespise.

We had a wine party, Ralph and I, a few nights after Saunders came. Of course, we sent him a card; but he declined it, without apology. In a few days the same thing occurred again, but this time I met Saunders, the next morning, coming from the gate: he entered the cottage by a different door from ours. He stopped me.

"Page," he said, in his grave, stolid way, "I wish you would come up to my den," leading the way up the narrow ladder.

I followed, of course, mutely wondering. The "den" was bare, starved-looking enough. How a man, even without the habits of a gentleman, could fight life in it, was past my power to discern. A low wooden cot, a chair, a table propped up against the wall, that was all.

"See, Page, here is my cooking apparatus," displaying a coffee-pot and skillet. "Now, what do you think?" with an attempted smile, while I stood, uneasy and red. "I can give no parties—d'ye see? Hospitality which I cannot return is charity—only charity. I thought it better to show you at once, that you may understand my motive in refusing. You will not invite me in future? I trust you."

It was false pride, I thought, but said nothing.

"I am not a charity scholar," he said, walking slowly up and down, his hands folded behind him; "but I have barely money to pay my tuition, and I must work my way up."

"Ambitious, eh?" I caught at the word to turn off the embarrassment. "Some day, Saunders, you will cherish the old skillet and boiler as some of the tools with which you carved your way to fortune and fame."

"No," with the same unmoved iron face. "I do not aim high. I will be rich, I presume. A Richmond lawyer in good practice, nothing more."

No striking fire there, flint though the man's face were. So I left him, and went down to tell the secret to Ralph, in order to stop his eagerness to be kind to the stranger. The more conscious he was of his dislike to Saunders, the more remorsefully eager he became.

After that, although we never invited Mark, we beguiled him into our rooms every day, on one pretence or another, until he became, in his gruff, silent way, an *habitué* of them, and of our club-room. But who Saunders was, I could not

discover. Of course, I asked no questions. Whatever his past life had been, he had shaken it off completely. His vacations were passed in the den I had seen; no relative or friend ever came to claim him. Now and then he received letters—yellow, dirty, misspelled, directed by a woman—which he thrust into his pocket, his pale face growing paler. He was a slow, constant, laborious student, yet, in his grade, stood low. Dull, tutors and professors wrote him down.

I think, if he had any object of interest, outside of himself and his work, it was Ralph Swan. He used to turn his square, gray face to Ralph—in the debating room or class, as he would shake off his laziness, and show himself as he was, fresh, vigorous, brilliant—just with the same mingled awe and scorn with which a bull-dog might regard the graceful gambols of a greyhound. "The thing is wonderful!" as the mathematician said of *Paradise Lost*; "but of what use is it?" Sometimes, however, when Ralph, by a flash of intuition, would grasp the difficulty, and master it, over which Saunders had struggled in vain, his dogged face would gather a dull despair. One day, after some such mortification, he said to me, bitterly,

"What Ralph Swan wants, is back-bone; but, Page, back-bone will never take the place of brains." It was the nearest attempt at a joke I ever heard him make, and it was but a dreary gibe.

So our college days passed. I do not dwell on them; my story is but a hint. When commencement-day came, Ralph Swan graduated—one of those geniuses about whose fate, after college-days, Mitchell is so solicitous, as they never are heard of again. By a few rapid strokes—he *had* power—he made all the trivial prizes of the curriculum his; he was the man whom all delighted to honor, from old Dr. Northup to the black janitor chuckling over his handful of silver-pieces. Saunders, in his attic, who barely had gained his diploma, listened to the successful young rival's triumph, as friends and foes thronged in to the wine party he gave at parting, but listening with neither pleasure nor pain, I think, only with a simple, inflexible purpose to force perseverance into the place of talent.

We remained at the university: house-mates, and class-mates, again, in the law-school. Before the next two years had passed, the tortoise began to run side by side with the hare. Saunders had weighed himself thoroughly, tested his capacity on every side, before he chose his profession: and it was the one in which his plodding

industry, his absorbent memory, told best. After all, it is the knowledge of what we can do, rather than the power to do miracles, that ensures success. Ralph, studying law because it became a gentleman to understand it, played at fast and loose with his books, and, finally, went home to South Carolina, with his quick, subtle intellect sharpened, ready for a brilliant, effective practice as lawyer or politician. The cast of the dice is not more uncertain than such practice.

Thus it happened that we fell apart. Saunders, admitted to the bar in Virginia, opened an office in Richmond. I went to Heidelberg, and was absent two years. I knew that Ralph was practising, lounging away the time between Charleston, the plantation, and New Orleans. At last he wrote to me: a more live, brave letter than any I had ever received from him. His father was dead, the estate was bankrupt, his mother and two sisters were dependent on him. "I've done with fooling now," he wrote. "If there is any manly strength in me, it is time it was at work. To-morrow I start for Richmond, to begin my life's labor. I am unknown there; my old, idle life can be sloughed off, and left behind in Carolina, like a snake's dead skin."

This was in spring; in the ensuing winter I also came to Richmond to begin my work. When every tenth face I met was that of a relative, it was natural that I should allow a few days to elapse before I hunted out Ralph. I did hunt him out, at last: found him with his mother and sisters in a mean, little, two-story brick in the suburb. It was in the evening when I called; I do not think I ever shall forget that tea-table; the fair, mild face in its cap of delicate lace that sat at the head, whom Ralph named so proudly as "my mother;" the sister who looked like Ralph; and the sickly, lame sister, who evidently worshiped Ralph; and Ralph himself, more awkward, and cheerier, and lovable than ever, brimful, as I was myself, of old school-boy fun. How we went over the old jokes, until we forgot the ladies, and they forgot themselves, in their interest, "to think Ralph ever did such things."

"Do you mind old Proc?" and "Will you ever forget the day?" Ralph clapping me on the knee, and fairly shouting with ecstasy. What a child he was in some things! After we had become tolerably well acquainted, (it did not take long with this way of going on you may be sure,) his mother said in her timid way,

"Did you know, Mr. Page, that Ralph's case comes on to-morrow?"

"By George, yes, John, my first case! Think of that! None of your puny civil suits either, but the State of Virginia *vs.* David Scheffer, a murder trial, and I'm in the defence! Just a chance I got it, old boy; but it will be the making of me, if I gain it."

"Not chance, Ralph," said his mother. "One, who is better, oversaw it, my son."

"Yes, mother, I forgot. But I tell you, John," more seriously, "it is a good thing for me. Matters are tolerably hard with us, and if I succeed——" He looked around with a boyish smile at the beaming faces.

Then we entered into the merits of the case, discussing its probable event. I found Mrs. Swan and the girls as well informed as Ralph on it, and thoroughly convinced as to every part where "brother" could make a point.

"Who is opposed to you?" I asked.

"Hoyt, beside the prosecuting attorney; and Saunders—he does the grubbing, cramming work. You recollect Mark Saunders?"

"I nearly had forgotten him. How has he succeeded?"

"Well. He has a large business, as collector, principally; but it pays well. Mark will be rich. Makes no figure as a speaker, though. Would you believe it, he is a favorite in society, frequents the best houses in town, and, it is said, is soon to marry a relative of yours, Louisa Page?"

"She is a cousin; but I never saw her. Her taste cannot be very fastidious, I fancy."

"No."

I thought Ralph's face was pale, his eye uneasy, as he lingered on the subject. What was that old story of his boyish passion for Louisa Page?

He got up, and began walking about.

"I think," he said, with an attempt at carelessness, "she seems deeply attached to him. I have seen them together. What did you say, Ann?"

"Yes," said his placid sister, "I think you are right."

Ralph gulped down a long breath. "What any woman can fancy in that stolid animal is more than I can understand!"

"You are unjust, my son. The glory of a man, in a woman's eyes, is his strength, ability to master. A girl, like Louisa Page, must look up to her husband. There is power in the face you call stolid."

"Well, it may be so," sighed Ralph. "The better able a woman is to stand alone, the more she craves a master, I believe. Come, John, shall we adjourn for a smoke?"

Over our cigars I learned enough of Ralph's secret, unconsciously to him, to make me curious to know if it were true that Saunders had won the woman's heart. Ralph Swan loved like a poet, a fool, or a woman, with no thought of prudence, in spite of despair. It was a wound that would be long in healing. His nature was too single, too narrow, to fling off a love or a hate.

Suddenly I remembered that I had a card for a ball at a house where most probably I would meet Miss Page, and her *fiancee*, if such he were. As soon, therefore, as I left Ralph, I made my way down State street, and entered Mrs. —'s crowded rooms.

"Let me find you a partner," said that lady's husband. "You must show our Richmond beaux how the *Burschen waltz*."

"I have a cousin here, whom I have never happened to meet—Miss Page——"

A young lady standing near me turned with a quick smile, displaying a pair of flashing gray eyes, and holding out her hand, "I have heard of you, cousin John," blushing, not at my critical glance at the cold lines of her beauty, but at the remembrance of some one who had talked of me, I fancied.

I claimed the privilege of an old friend, accordingly, and remained at her side. I did not wonder that poor Ralph's blood heated at the thought of this woman. Pure, and bold in her purity, eccentric through her very simplicity, with an untutored head and a warm heart, a woman who needed a leader, and who, feeling her own want, would be quick to choose one, and illy-competent to judge. She was an heiress. Remembering Mark Saunders' history, I concluded, with man's usual lack of charity, that money would be his first requisite in a wife.

By way of testing the girl, I began to talk of the trial of the following day, in which Saunders was engaged; it was the current gossip just then, in Richmond. At the mere mention of his name, her cheek flushed, her eye kindled, though she grew silent, listening eagerly. Nothing is more incomprehensible to one man than the passion of a woman for another; in this case, I was irritated as well as perplexed. How this high-blooded young creature could have conjured a hero out of dull, ploddy Mark Saunders, and put him up, in all his stupid German phlegm to worship, was more than I could fathom. Yet the fact that she had done this, I did not doubt.

I spoke of Ralph; trying her on that point also. A shadow crossed her face.

"Ralph Swan," she said, with a dreamy look.

"We used to be playmates long ago, but that is all over now."

When I saw Saunders, (he came in before the evening was over and greeted me cordially.) I began to doubt if Mrs. Swan had not been right in her estimate of him. There was power in the shallow, heavy face. As I watched his tall, stalwart figure, slowly pacing up and down, with the girl's pale, regnant face upturned to his, there was not the disparity between them I had fancied. Poor Ralph! Women were a puzzle, after all; and so I went home, and to bed.

I attended the trial of David Scheffer, as you may suppose, faithfully: more interested, I acknowledge, in the counsel than the convict. Saunders occupied just the position in the bar that I would have guessed; slow, methodic, accurate; an infallible authority on points of precedent, unflinching as a bull-dog in prosecuting a delinquent creditor: his obstinate feet had a fair start on the road to fortune. Ralph, however, balked all my former anticipations; his nervous, weak haste was gone; he sat silent, keen, alert, until the moment for action came, and then it was ready; the subtle doubt, the clenching argument, sharp, ringing, decisive. "Cool and ready," muttered Judge C——, who had come in to see what metal was in his favorite. "Never saw more force, if it is not spasmodic."

Spasmodic or not, it gained the day. The trial lasted until late into the night. Ralph, conscious that the jurors knew it was his maiden speech, and were prepared for any youthful appeal to the passions, carefully eschewed all high coloring in his argument; mastered himself; and hence mastered his hearers.

At one o'clock the jury retired; the courtroom was still crowded, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. There had been a buzz of applause when Swan's speech was ended, that had flushed his face like a draught of new wine; but I noticed he sat alone now, in the short space of silence, his head leaning on his hand. Success rested on the fate of the next hour; bread, and hope, and happiness for the three anxious women waiting at home.

I had fancied, too, that a more bitter feeling gave poignant zest to his eloquence, as he glanced over at Saunders' immovable face. I went up to him and grasped his hand. Verily, for the two boyish men sitting, side by side, on the wooden bench that night, never was trial like unto this trial!

The jury entered at last; the foreman announced the verdict, "Not guilty." In the con-

fusion of adjournment crowds thronged about Swan pouring out congratulations. "There is nothing," says somebody, "so successful as success." Ralph, flushed, eager, shook hands, and invited everybody to a dinner at the Revere in honor of his triumph. Saunders waited for us at the door, his hand also outstretched. I think Ralph winced as he took it.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Swan," said he, in his gruff, honest way. "I do it sincerely." And I believe he did.

But Ralph did not ask him to his dinner next day, and went down street, his arm trembling a little as it leaned on mine, his face clammy.

"How glad my mother and the girls will be!" he said, at last. Some under thought hurt him. He spoke of it, pain always wrung some cry from him. "Do you know, John, I used to wish for triumphs like this only because——"

"I know, Ralph."

He glanced at me keenly. "I think," he said, after a pause, "I deserved her. Better than Saunders. I loved her better."

What could I say? He deserved her better; but is poetic justice rendered in this world? By women, too? Well is Justice painted as a woman, and blind.

"It is a late thing, this affair of Saunders' with her. She is infatuated, bewitched." And then he told me the whole story, in a broken, disjointed way, as we went down the street. I left him at his own door. I saw a light within, and one or two pale faces at the window, watching.

After that, I saw Saunders constantly. Our business brought us together, and I think he preferred me, for some reason, to any other companion, perhaps because I weighed him by juster scales, and never courted him.

Two or three months passed before the incident occurred of which I am going to tell you.

Standing in the club-room one evening, with a knot of young lawyers, watching Saunders and Hoyt play chess, Miss Page's name was mentioned. Guardedly, of course, with reference to the place and time, but still in a covert manner, as the *fiancées* of Saunders. I thought he grew restive, but did not discourage the *inuenendo*, until at last his name was openly coupled with hers. He looked up then, as if an opportunity had arrived which he had waited for.

"I wish this never to be repeated," he said, earnestly. "It is unjust to the lady. We are not betrothed, and never will be. Miss Page's position and mine are too widely different for me to aspire to such an honor."

There was no sham in the disclaimer; it was real, and meant to be effectual. Glances of surprise passed around the group, but no one spoke. Shortly after, Saunders rose and left the room with me.

"I am going to call on Miss Page," he said.

"Will you accompany me?"

We both were *habitués* of the house.

"Mark," I said, suddenly stopping, "you have opened the way for questions. Were you sincere in what you said to-night?"

"I was sincere. I want this matter set right."

We walked on in silence. What did it mean? I had not watched Saunders so long without learning his secret. He loved Louisa Page, it was not the heiress he coveted; loved her as men of his calibre only love, with a slow, morbid, jealous affection. Yet he seldom came near her; sat night after night watching her, far off, with a hungry look in his dull eyes. Did he despair of success? Mark Saunders never underrated his own powers; what he willed, that he accomplished. I think he saw my thoughts in my face, for he answered them. His voice told of smothered pain; how deep the pain was in this man's soul, however, no human eye could ever know.

"I will be frank with you, Page. I believe your cousin would marry me—you know me too well to call me vain? But I never shall marry. Not, at least, until I have passed the working-time of my life."

"You decide coolly," I said, with a covert sneer. "It costs you little effort, apparently."

"Does it?" he said, bitterly. "Be it so if you will. Stolid or stony, call me what you chose. I place but little stress on our difference in rank or birth; as to what Louisa Page would be to me as my wife, I do not permit myself to think. I dare not. It never can be."

"She has money," I said.

He did not perceive the sarcasm, went on quietly. "I am poor. With a wife and family, I should go through life clogged by heavier burdens than my strength could overcome. I want no millstones. I intend to be a rich man before I marry, to have the most lucrative practice in the state of Virginia."

I dropped his arm involuntarily. "A worthy aim! *Vive la succes!*" I cried.

We had reached the door, and went in. There she was, the lithe, delicate, gray-eyed creature, that this man was tearing out of his sordid heart, and flinging aside like a weed. One duty at least I owed to her and to Ralph: she should know his purpose, and before the night was over.

I went about my task with a half-concealed scorn of him that stung even his apathy. Yet I think he saw my aim, and was willing to be honest. Now when I look back at him coolly, I rather admire the cool persistence with which he set aside his love for his ambition. It was the strong trait in his character; and we granted, did we not, that integrity in character insures success? They played chess, Miss Page and Mark. He played badly. I think he thought he never would play with her again. Sitting beside them, I led the conversation on to Ralph Swan: the simple, wearing effort of his life to give bread-and-butter to his mother and sisters. I will not deny it was a paltry revenge that inspired me.

"It is well," I said, "that Ralph has no high ambitions like our friend, Mark. It might necessitate his making a holocaust of Mrs. Swan and the girls. His intentions in life are ignoble: a good son and brother, some day a husband, is all he hopes to be. So he does not have to say to any woman, like the man in the Scriptures, 'It is Corban by what thou mightest be profited by me.'"

"You talk enigmas, cousin John," said Louisa, looking up. "Has Mr. Saunders high ambition?" glancing at him with a blush. "They are manly, I know——" stopping abruptly.

Mark's face was impenetrable. He was willing she should know all. Of course he would detest me ever after. But what did I care?

"Come, Saunders," I said, "let Miss Page hear your programme of life which you sketched for me this evening. It is unique, in being honest; few men dare to be so candid; heroic, too, as it sacrifices—Iphigenia, whoever she may be. Come, plan it out again."

"I only," said Saunders, in the slow, resolute voice that kept down all emotion, "I only expressed my intention of dying on a higher stand-point than that where I was born. Higher, I mean, in reference to fortune and rank. To accomplish this, I will put aside every temptation that stands in my path, no matter how sharp the pain may be."

She was bending over the board, her cheek hot. Perhaps the truth had been suspected by her before.

"What temptations do you mean?" she said, in a low voice.

He hesitated.

"Come, out with all your heroism," I said; "let us know the amount you pay for the prize."

"Marriage, friendship, the comforts of a

home." There was a moment's pause. He did not look at her, nor did I.

"Come," she cried, gaily, after the silence grew heavy, "let us finish our game. It will soon be over now."

She laughed. Her face was colorless, and her lips twitched slightly, as with a spasm; but she stifled it down. Who can understand a woman's pride?

Saunders moved his men mechanically.

"The game is yours," I said to him, "if you sacrifice one piece."

"I see."

She looked at the board.

"It is your queen," she said, quietly, making her move.

Saunders sat irresolute.

"Only a woman, and the game is yours," I said.

Upon what trifles the fortune of a life hangs! I saw her eyes set on his fingers, as they moved across the board, her breast heaving convulsively.

He gave up the queen.

"The game is yours," she said, rising, and moving to the piano: and I never heard her play so brilliantly before.

Can you guess the remainder of my story? If you have lived long in the world, you know that hearts, as warm and true as Louisa Page's, have counted the world lost, have lain down by the road-side, in a bitter despair, and been awakened by a kiss of love more tender than that which they had lost.

Do not blame her if, roused to find her idol very clay, she found, after a long time, another idol, faulty, perhaps, yet living and warm.

Two years after that winter evening, I took dinner again with Ralph Swan. Still in the same mean little two-story brick. Ralph, as he walked home beside me, looked older, more careworn. Yet his eye had a deep, constant light, which it had not known in the days of wine parties, long ago.

The house was poorly furnished, crowded too, if you will. There was Mrs. Swan, and the sisters—still unmarried—and a busy, graceful housekeeper, in a print dress, young in and out, with rosy cheeks, and bright eyes. Not too busy about the dinner to take time to snatch up a baby, and meet Ralph with it at the door.

"Why, Lou!" he cries, kissing her, without the slightest regard to my feelings, and tossing up the baby.

I have a great regard for a young, happy wife; I can sympathize with any of my young

married chums, so far as that goes; but when it comes to those curious bundles of flannel and white muslin, with a pervading smell of sour milk, my raptures stop short,

So they began life, Ralph and Lou, together. With the clog of helpless burdens, poverty, (for her property was small, as Saunders knew,) and, to be candid, idle, thriftless habits—how did it end?

Three winters ago, just before the war broke out, I went down to Richmond, and met there Saunders, in the reading-room of the Spottswood—an old man, dry, hard in body, and harder in soul. Speculation, cunning, had sharpened every feature of his face; his step was stealthy, his eye furtive, counting the weaknesses in men's faces, with no moisture in it, caught from the broad sweet heavens. But his pocket was full; his was the "most lucrative practice in the State of Virginia."

We stood on the balcony, talking together for an hour or two.

"Look, Page," he said, pointing to a man in the crowd below, "do you recognize your old friend?" He spoke with a sneer; but I did not heed that—his every word was a sneer.

I left him, and followed the shabby-dressed figure that went shambling down the street. The gray head bent wearily, as if from the cares of long years.

"Ralph!" I called, as he stopped to speak to a beggar.

"Hallo!" he shouted, with the boyish clutch he would have given years ago.

I went home with him. Why, it was like being young again! There was a great, rambling house, full of children, and grandchildren, and lazy negroes. "Poor, shabby," Saunders would have called it, and he would have been right, at least from a worldly point of view.

"It is hard work scuffling along," Ralph said, with his old cheery laugh; "but the boys scratch enough for Lou and me. We sit in the chimney corner, and take our ease."

A bright glance of childlike sympathy shone in the young faces about the old man. "Lou," gray and wrinkled, with a sweet peace in her faded eyes, looked at him and smiled. The gathered affection of a life was in the look.

Later in the evening, when the family assembled around the fire—sturdy, honorable men, fair and true-faced women—the old couple sat in the midst, the center to which the warmest words and looks were bent. Ralph looked like a patriarch, whose gray hairs should go down with the sorrow of many to the grave.

"We have not been successful, Lou and I," he said, laying his shaking hand on mine. "We have never scraped any money together, nor will these youngsters. It isn't in the blood. But we have something to take with us into the life beyond, every one of us. And that's—true love."

THE VOW.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

You and I must part to-night,
Though my heart may break;
Not a tear has dimmed thine eye,
Not a word you speak;
And your lips are, cold as death,
Pressed upon my brow.
Speak again! lest I should breathe
Madness in my vow.

You and I must part, beloved,
No'er to meet again;
While you hear these words unmoved,
My tears fall like rain;
And I tremble in thy clasp,
This, the fondest, last—
All this wounded heart would clasp,
Fades into the past.

I will never be thy bride,
Though I die with pain
Born of woman's earnest pride!
Is my life in vain?

No. I gave thee woman's love,
All its strength and power!
Mother sweet, in Heaven above,
Pity me this hour!

But we part, we part, dear love—
How the night comes on!
Yet, I know, my feet will prove
Strong to walk alone;
Though the thorns may pierce them sore,
Reaching to the heart,
You and I must walk alone—
We must walk apart.

All the love that I have given,
From my full free heart,
Angels treasure up for Heaven,
While we dwell apart.
Raise thine eyes to mine once more,
Lift thy precious head,
Let this baptism soon be o'er—
Oh! my God! thou'rt dead!

THREE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"ADELAIDE MARSHALL," said my cousin, Marian Sewell, as she plunged the ivory point of her purple parasol into the golden flagon of one of the tulips which scattered the velvet carpet, "surely you, with your pride and high spirit, will no longer condescend to receive the attentions of a man whose family regard themselves disgraced at the suggestion of your entering it?"

"Mrs. Ingham and her daughters have positively declared that if Gilbert marries a woman with neither family, fortune, nor position, a country school ma'am—in short, that they will never receive her as a daughter or sister, and that he will, by that act, thoroughly estrange himself from them."

I sat very still, but I felt the blood burn up from my cheeks until the blushes touched my hair. There was also a gush of tears swelling and rising from my heart to my throat, but I swallowed it back, for I instinctively felt that the keen eyes of my cousin were on my face. She had paused to mark the effect of her words. They had stung and wounded to the core, but I shrank from the thought of any witness to the pain. She might have guessed the struggle which I made, as I sat there playing nervously with the corners of my handkerchief: but it was short, and I knew when I could trust myself.

I looked up dauntlessly into the fair, finely-cut face before me.

"Have you absolute proof, cousin Marian," I asked, "that Mrs. Ingham and her daughters did make these remarks, just as they have been reported to you?"

I wondered at my own voice, it was as quiet and steadily poised as though no emotion stirred beneath it. There was just a little incision in the tones which was not usual to them. That was all."

Marian Sewell looked at me with a mixture of bewilderment and surprise. She did not quite understand the self-command with which I answered.

"Of course it is true, Adelaide, or I should not have reported it to you. I have received my information through various channels, and these I am not at liberty to reveal. Still I can give you proof if you desire it."

And the answer and the tones had a shade less of emphasis and assurance.

"No; there is no need of that. I believe what you tell me is true." Something of the pain which was in my heart must have touched these last words.

"Well, Adelaide, what are you going to do?" asked my cousin, her indignation now somewhat qualified by curiosity. I could not think or decide with her bright, keen eyes upon me. So I rose up and walked back and forth through the great parlors, with my hands behind me, just as I was in the habit of doing in the brief interregnum between the morning and afternoon session in the little academy at Woburn, of which I was teacher.

And the sharp pain at my heart settled into a steady slow one, which began to be mastered by my indignation.

The stately mother, the fair, haughty sisters of Gilbert Ingham rose before my intense, fierce imagination, for I had never seen one of them. I fancied the scorn or the frigid contempt with which they would receive the "country mistress," if she ever crossed their threshold, even as the beloved and honored wife of their only son and brother. It stung through every fibre of my being to think of it. I would not allow myself to dwell upon Gilbert, for an instinct taught me too surely that there I was weak, that roused pride and wounded feeling, and what I sincerely believed true self-respect might play me traitor when they were confronted with a solemn resolution to leave him forever.

So I dwelt only on the shame and humiliation which I must endure, if I became a member of a family who considered themselves disgraced by the relationship! How fiercely my cheeks flushed at the thought, pacing to and fro the stately parlors of my uncle Algernon Sewell!

I fancied the daily pain and mortification that I must undergo; the constant knowledge, eating like a slow rust into all my happiness, that I was regarded as an unwelcome intruder by those toward whom I should occupy so close and sacred a relationship, and for whose sake I would, under different circumstances, make almost any sacrifice. But I remembered that now no mother's blessing would welcome me to the home of her son, no sister's smile would

reassure the timid heart of the young stranger, against whom pride would lock every door of their hearts; and the longer I mused over these pictures in my excited thoughts, the more I shrank from the idea of becoming the wife of Gilbert Ingham!

I am but doing justice to myself to state that the best and truest part of my nature had a voice in this decision. It seemed to me a wrong and ungenerous thing to come between Gilbert and those to whom he stood in such close and tender relations, and which no fault of theirs could wholly annul. I had not, for one moment, a doubt or a fear of him. They would never be able to swerve him one hair from the wife to whom he swore his first loyalty, his deepest allegiance. My trust and belief in the man had their foundations in a respect and reverence, which nothing that others might do or say could affect.

But to be his wife I must come a living barrier betwixt himself, and the mother, and the sisters, who, notwithstanding the folly and sin of their pride, loved him with an intense affection, which almost amounted to idolatry.

For my sake he must sacrifice his family. All the old and sweet memories, and associations of his beautiful, petted boyhood, of his bright, luxurious youth must, because of me, be buried in a past, which could only be recalled with pain. I have no right to inflict so much on that noble heart—the thought of it would blight the joy of my bridal home. I could not go into a family who had to give me only scorn and hatred.

No; Gilbert Ingham should not, for my sake, leave his mother and his sisters; the sacrifice should be mine. In a little while he would find some other woman wealthy, and after the social canons of his family, high-born, to whom they would give the welcome denied to me; and whom he could take to wife without rudely tearing away any of the fine tendrils of his early life. But here I put away the thought, it rose suddenly into a pang which I could not bear.

I was young then. I am older and see things clearer now, and that there was much which was wrong and false in this reasoning.

I had no right to put away the love of Gilbert Ingham, to elect my own life to so fearful a sacrifice, because of the false pride of his mother and sisters.

Their miserable social ambition had no right to come betwixt him and the woman of his election. My antecedents were as good as theirs. It was no fault of mine that my father had

failed in business, and left his widow and his daughter penniless; while Gilbert's had wrought his way, by energy and industry, from a retail merchant to a great capitalist, and placed his family in a palace on Fifth avenue, and surrounded them with all the splendor and luxury of wealth poured out lavishly.

But, as I said, I did not see things so clearly then, walking to and fro the great parlors, as I do now, and there mingled with my feelings of wounded pride a fine exaltation of sacrifice. For Gilbert's sake, in fact, I sternly resolved that I would put away what was dearer than life to me, and I came up to my cousin, sitting still where I had left her on the lounge, and watching me with some kind of sympathy or feeling, which at least prevented her from speaking.

"Marian," I said, quietly and steady, "I have made up my mind. I shall not disgrace the family of Gilbert Ingham; his mother and sisters shall not be ashamed of his wife."

"Well, you are a real brave girl," she said, kissing me; and yet I saw a little flash of triumph, for a moment, on her face. "You'll have plenty of chances to do a great deal better for yourself, my demure little cousin. You must go into society and let him feel what he's lost, and marry some man so far above the Inghams, that you can afford to look down on them."

"Don't, Marian, don't," I said, putting out my hands, for the light words hurt me like blows, and the great pain crept right out of my heart into my tones, and I could not keep it back."

Marian's voice had a tone of genuine sympathy now. "Why, I didn't suppose that you'd take it like this!" she said, slipping her arm around my waist. "Don't you know, Adelaide, that no man's worth feeling so badly about? You're not going to let him break your heart?"

"I guess not," trying to fashion a smile, which I felt must bear witness of its own mocking. "But, Marian, don't talk to me, please, about going into society and attempting to attract other men. Under any circumstances I could not do this, and now—you must spare me."

"Well, what are you going to do, you little drooping white lily?"

"I am going home to-morrow, or the next day, to mamma and to my school. I must put away all remembrance and suggestions of this life," and my heart added with a desolate cry, which, by a strong effort only, I kept from rising over my lips. "Would to God I had never entered it!"

Marian looked at me now with a mixture of expressions, in which surprise, alarm, and pity predominated. "You're not going to do any such thing, Adelaide. You're just going to stay here, this winter, and make a sensation in the best circles, which you certainly can with your grave, shy, sweet face, that is as pleasant to look upon as a fragrant moss-rose hiding itself under a spray of green leaves.

"The idea of your going and burying it up in that little academy of Woburn. We won't let you, that's settled."

"No, Marian." My voice sounded to me now like one from whose decision there is no appeal. "It will be useless, utterly, to attempt to swerve me here. Do not urge me. I shall go home."

"It's too bad!" Papa and mamma will be so disappointed!" commended my cousin. But I could not bear any more; so I rose up.

"I must go up stairs, Marian. You will excuse me. I want to be alone." And we kissed each other, from the old habit of caressing—perhaps from something deeper, this time—and then I left her. I remember the blank feeling of loss and desolation with which I sat down in my chamber, and looked for a moment over my life of the last six months, and off to the grim and dreary future before me.

I was in my twenty-third spring. I had been fatherless for five, and I had managed to support, during this time, my invalid mother, on the by no means very liberal salary which I received for teaching the village academy.

Algernon Sewell was my mother's only brother. He had gone to New York, in his youth, and obtained a situation as book-keeper in a flourishing mercantile establishment. He had energy and business capacity, and soon rose to a responsible and lucrative position. In a few years he was received into the firm, and married the daughter of its senior partner. Business always prospered with Algernon Sewell. When his father-in-law died, he left him a large fortune, and he at once stepped into his place.

I had known very little of my uncle's family during my youth; for my life had bloomed into womanhood very quietly under the pleasant little cottage roof at Woburn, which was all that my father left us, when his life went out so suddenly beneath the fever which harassing business anxieties had brought on him.

Of course, there could be little sympathy between the quiet home-life, and tastes, of my mother, and that of her fashionable sister-in-law, and her proud nieces. So a very intermittent correspondence only occurred betwixt the two families.

But the fourth summer following my father's death, Marian Sewell convalesced from a fever, which, for weeks, had held her beneath the white waving of the banner of the King of Death.

Her physician recommended an immediate removal into a quiet country home, and bracing mountain air.

Her father brought her to our cottage. She was the youngest of my uncle's five daughters, a handsome, accomplished girl; and her fashionable and thoroughly worldly life and atmosphere had not wholly perverted the many fine instincts and warm impulses of her nature. She remained with us three months. She came to understand the sweet and pleasant character of my mother—she grew very fond of me.

My relatives insisted that I should return to the city with my cousin, when they came for her. Mamma, feeling the rare opportunities which a winter in New York would afford me, joined her solicitations to theirs, and I left my school at Woburn in the autumn, for the stately "up town" home of my uncle, in New York.

Life opened new and radiant before me. No wonder the unaccustomed eyes of the little country school-teacher were dazzled for awhile!

My uncle and his family made me very welcome, and more than fulfilled the abundant promises which they had given mamma. I had, through them, the *entree* to what was considered the best society of New York. But my life had developed in too pure and healthful an atmosphere, my principles had been grounded on too strong a foundation of Christian teachings for me, not to discern how much there was which was false, and hollow, and selfish in this life.

I grew weary of its petty ambitions, its miserable frivolities, and sordid material aims; but my aunt, and their set, did not sympathize with me in these matters; and if I expressed, to the former, any of my sentiments, they smiled, self-complacently, and said there was a certain charming, subtle harmony betwixt my face and my puritanism.

I had been at my uncle's about three months, when I first met Gilbert Ingham. He was a man of different type from all others with whom I had been thrown in contact. I recognized this at once. He was a lawyer, a scholar enriched by the best culture, and, by years of travel, he was an accomplished gentleman—and, more than all this, a sincere Christian man, generous and cosmopolitan by nature and habit.

I had received, during my residence at my

uncle's, a degree and kind of flattering attention, which certainly surprised no one so much as myself.

But Gilbert Ingham was the only one who gratified the best and highest part of my nature.

His conversation ranged so far above the small compliments and flatteries of which I had been the subject—it lifted me into a clearer mental and moral atmosphere. It was full of information and suggestion. It touched on subjects which interested and stimulated me.

In a little while the young lawyer, who was half a dozen years my senior, became a frequent guest at our house.

I did not suspect, at the time, what I afterward discovered—no matter how—that, previous to his traveling in Europe some cordial relations had existed betwixt himself and my cousin Marian. She was then just returned from boarding-school, and the friendly intimacy never developed into anything more than an occasional correspondence during the first year of the gentleman's absence.

My cousin, however, probably retained some interest in her old friend—enough, at least, to pique her pride, when he returned, and did not renew his attentions. But Marian Sewell was not a woman after the heart of Gilbert Ingham.

At the end of five months after my introduction to him, he had told me that I was his; and if we were not formally engaged, it was because there was no need—each knew the heart of the other.

I remembered, afterward, that my uncle's family had been somewhat reticent concerning the intimacy betwixt Gilbert and myself. His family, his position, the man himself, would have been regarded as a great matrimonial prize for any of my cousins; but in my simplicity, and my small knowledge of the world in these matters, this idea never presented itself, and the kindness of my relatives to me was unabated.

It did, however, strike me that Marian had conceived something of a dislike to Gilbert, and it puzzled me; but I had not the data which I now possess, from which to draw inferences. So I concluded Marian could not appreciate or understand a man like him.

I had never met Gilbert's mother or sisters, for they had been in Washington most of the winter, and business had summoned him from the city a few days subsequent to their return.

My cousin had disclosed to me, the previous week, under promises of inviolable secrecy,

the pain and repugnance with which they had learned what woman was the choice of the idolized son and brother, for whom they had so inordinate an ambition.

I was sensitive and high-spirited, and the knowledge cost me a week of the bitterest pain.

Marian vehemently urged me to cancel at once the tacit engagement existing betwixt Gilbert and myself, and appealed to all which was weakest or best in my nature to make the sacrifice; and I did not suspect that mortified vanity, and a desire to triumph over the man whom her grace and beauty had never captivated, was the real motive—unconsciously, probably, to herself—which impelled her in the matter.

And there was no doubt that she was indignant with Gilbert's family for my sake—especially as their repugnance to his choice reflected upon her own—and that she most ardently desired I should marry some man for whom even the sisters of Gilbert Ingham could envy me.

The winds were full of the sweet spikenard of May, as they came into my open window, that morning, as I sat still in utter desolation of soul.

Then a thought flashed over me that Gilbert would be very likely to return that night, as he had been absent for a week, and was expected back in two days—and my own heart assured me how strong would be that attractive force which would draw him to my side.

Then a great longing came over me to get away, to be at home once more, with my weary, throbbing head in my mother's lap, and, amid her soft words, and tender sympathies, the surges of the great storm which threatened to break it should thunder over my heart.

A determination to leave my uncle's house that day took sudden possession of me. I remembered that it would not be difficult for me to get away, as the family were to pass the day with some friends out of town. I could take the afternoon train, and should not mind traveling alone for a day and a night. I could trust Tom, my uncle's coachman, to execute any of my orders, and accompany me to the depot.

And I was in that state of nervous desperation when one craves change and action above everything. I went right to work. In one hour my trunk was packed for my departure. Then I sat down and wrote a brief letter to Gilbert Ingham. There was no "heresy" about it. If the pain which was in my heart crept into each well-weighed line, I did not know it.

It was a letter, final, conclusive—giving him an unalterable farewell—telling him that my

regard (I would allow no tenderer word) was by no means abated, but that circumstances beyond my control, or his, made me take the step which I did. I was going home, and he must take my blessings, my "God-speed!" for all the aims and purposes of his life, for the last time. That I could never behold his face again.

When the letter was written, I folded it up. My heart failed me, and I could not read it over.

I left a brief note with John for my uncle and family, acknowledging all their kindness, apologizing for my surreptitious departure, but assuring them that circumstances made it imperative.

I knew that Marian would understand, and, perhaps, explain all which I left unsaid.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months had passed. The summer was filling its last days with smiles for the hills of Woburn. It had been, outwardly, a quiet summer for me; but, through all its days of greeting and rejoicing, I had carried a slow, steady pain at my heart, and, sometimes, the pain had arisen into such pangs, that I felt they had more than the bitterness of death.

With my head in my mother's lap, with her soft hands in the hair, that to her was beautiful, I had told her all which the reader knows, amid dry sobs which often shook my voice and my frame. What sweet healing was in her words of counsel and sympathy! She sustained my soul when it must have failed, if it had not been for her faith and courage!

Once—it was several days after my return, and she was arranging the cushions under my head, as I lay on the lounge, for I was ill, while I put up my lips and kissed her faded cheek, and whispered,

"Mamma, didn't I do just right in leaving as I did, and coming back to you?"

"You acted, my child, as youth would be apt to, I hope, and pray God that it will prove wisely. Perhaps my years and experience would have counseled you somewhat differently, for it is not best to always yield our rights to the wrong of others: but I have a feeling that it will come right at last, that God will do well for you. Take courage, my daughter!"

And I did, looking in my mother's face, hearing her words!

My uncle's family were quite aghast when they learned of my flight, for it was nothing else. Their letters were full of remonstrance,

and regret, and Marian's plainly showed that she repented, and reproached herself for much that she had said.

But it was too late for help then. In a little while my aunt was taken seriously ill, and the physician recommended an immediate change of climate.

Among the early days of July, my uncle and his family sailed for Europe.

And in the middle of August, with somewhat recovered health, I resumed the charge of the academy at Woburn.

Two motives influenced me in this: One was the pecuniary necessity; the other, an intense desire for absorbing employment.

I had not heard from Gilbert Ingham since I left New York.

It was, as I said, among the last days of summer, and in the second week of my term. The scholars had all gone, the face of the sweet day was turning toward the night, and its breath of spikenard and cassia filled the air. I had just crossed the threshold of the academy, and was turning to lock the door, when a voice, whose owner must have come silently round the corner of the school-house, said in my ear, "Adelaide!"

I knew it before I turned. The tones were made up of many and mixed feelings.

My heart throbbed as though the explosion of a cannon had shaken it. But I turned, and there was the potent, clear-cut face, the steady, dauntless eyes, the lips, whose smile was touched with tenderness and pity. He put out his arms "Adelaide, won't you say that you are glad to see me?"

How could I help it? I said, "Yes, Gilbert!" but faintly.

"Come in here." And he led me into the school-room, and steadied my steps, and seated me on a bench and fanned me with the palm-leaf which he found on my desk.

"Foolish little girl!" he said, looking in my face, with unutterable pity, unutterable tenderness.

"You don't know all, Gilbert."

"Yes, I do, everything. I have been with your mother for the last four hours. She knows all which I have come to say to you; and, Adelaide, with my knowledge of all which you had, three months ago, to grieve and wound you, I must still say, 'Foolish little girl!'"

My surprise at his having had an interview with my mother kept me silent a moment. But I was anxious to clear myself utterly in his eyes. "Ah, Gilbert!" I commenced.

His hand was laid softly over my lips. "List-

ten to me, Adelaide; I forestall all that you would say. And yet you did a great wrong to both of us. You owed to yourself and to me that which no selfishness, nor wrong which others might do, could annul. I grant that it was not only wounded pride, and just indignation, and womanly sensitiveness which induced your conduct. It was partly noble generosity and self-sacrifice for my sake; still it was an error—more of the head than of the heart, I do believe."

Listening to the calm, incisive, and dearly beloved tones, the light grew clearer. "I see now," I answered, after a little pause, "you are right; I was too rash."

My face was taken possession of here between two strong palms and kissed many times.

"That is all," said Gilbert, releasing my burning cheeks. "I should have written to you, but I feared it would be of no use from the tone of your letter, and that I could not influence your resolution until I could see you. I knew I could trust you, and because of Annie I could not come, so I waited in patience and hope."

"Why because of your sister Annie, Gilbert?"

"Did you not know? She was thrown from the carriage the day after my return to New York, and week before last she left us."

"Oh, Gilbert!" My shocked face did the rest.

"Yes, and on that bed of suffering, where I watched her by night and by day, life, and the things which make it of any worth, grew clearer to her. She made my broken-hearted mother and her two sisters promise to receive you in her stead to their home and hearts; and two days before she died, she left you her blessing, (for she had come to know you through the

hours which I passed talking of you during her illness;) and now, Adelaide, your sister and mine has gone where we must make haste to meet her!"

I bowed my head on the desk too overwhelmed to speak. In a little while it was lifted and laid on Gilbert's shoulder.

"I will not disguise the truth from you, Adelaide," said Gilbert. "My mother and my sisters felt their ambition keenly disappointed when they heard of my choice. They talked in their first heat as—women so often will—forgive me! Your cousin Marian, or her informants, considerably exaggerated the remarks of the various members of my family. But they have been bitterly afflicted, and they are humbled, and you will receive from them the welcome, and all the consideration, and delicate regard which is the right of my wife. Adelaide, for my sake, will you not forgive them?"

There was a little struggle—then I looked up in his face. "Yes, Gilbert, not for your sake, but for theirs!"

I was drawn close to his heart, and the words that he then said in that bare old school-room are the cassia and myrrh of my memory!

We went home while the sweet smiles of the day faded on the hills of Woburn!

My mother came to the door to meet us. Her face was shining with joy and tenderness.

"Oh, mother!" I said, putting my arms about her neck, and she felt what that meant.

"I knew he would come, my child—I knew all the time that he would come!" she said, with deep, grateful exultation in her tones.

"And I believe now that I must have felt this all the time also, mamma, though I never suspected it."

A SERENADE.

BY LIZZIE G. BEEBE.

The heather bells ring to the laugh of the fays,
Gay little fays with goblets of dew;
The fleecy clouds hang in a glitter of light,
With the moon peeping through, peeping through.

Awake thee, fair lady, awake from thy dreams,
While I sing to thee, softly and low,
No wild gloomy story of bloodshed and war,
No tale of the dim long-ago.

But listen, fair lady, ah! list thee and hear,
The song that I sing thee shall be
Of the moonlight and flowers, the luminous stars,
Of a heart that is beating for thee.

The moon-beams fall bright over moorland and heath,
Ah! brightly they float over me!

The roses blush red at the kiss of the breeze,
And a star trembles gladly to see

A star face, smiling back from the mist-covered earth,
A face from the face of the sea.

Oh! listen, fair lady, oh! list thee and hear,
There's a heart that is longing to be

Thy answering star. Oh! lady, smile down,
Smile down from thy casement on me!

Oh! turn not, dear lady, so haughty and proud,
From the heart that is beating for thee.

Laugh, louder laugh, ye gay little fays—
Shout, louder shout, in your glee!
Hope raises her wings, with a warble of song—
My lady smiles down upon me!

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XV.

BITTER as gall were the feelings of Oliver Cromwell as he left the hostelry that night. Deceived by the woman he loved, hunted down by the man he detested, marked out for destruction, body and soul—what was left for him? Anarchy, revenge, anything that brought fierce action with it. Though impetuous in his desires, this man was sullen when deeply angered. Thus, with fire and rage burning at his heart, he sat in the little room, still as a thunder-storm before it begins to rend its way out of the clouds.

The landlord looked at him with vague wonder; the stillness in which he sat made the man almost afraid. Cromwell remained, with his eyes fixed on the piece of gold that had flashed, like a star, through the window, and, after a whirl, fallen against the bottom of a tankard stained with drops of beer.

The landlord removed his gaze from that sullen face, and eyed the gold greedily. His plump fingers worked against his palms. The hunger of avarice stirred all his heavy features.

Cromwell lifted his eyes, and out of the burning passion came a gleam of contempt.

"Pick it up," he said.

"But—but it might not have been meant for me," faltered mine host, while his eager fingers crept toward the gold.

"Think you it was meant for me?"

"No, no; of course not! Gentlemen are above that!" cried the landlord, clutching the gold, and rubbing it gleefully between his palms, from which it was dropped into the leathern pouch at his side. "Besides, I have earned it by pounding my hands to a jelly on the door."

Cromwell arose heavily, and walked to the little partition door. Pressing his shoulders against it, he burst the bolt from its sockets, more from an impulse of fierce opposition than a wish to escape imprisonment, and walked out of the house. Away upon the dark moor he wandered, aimless, desolate, enraged. The moon was down now, and embankments of

black clouds buried up the stars. Earth and sky, both were dark to him.

All night long the unhappy man wandered on the moor, up and down, up and down, treading out his bitter anguish as a spirited horse races under the spur. At length, utterly exhausted, he fell upon the earth and dropped asleep.

It was daylight when he awoke; but no sun shone through the misty clouds, and a soft gloom lay around him. He arose and sat up, not dreamily, but with a hard, earnest sense of pain pervading his whole being. This man was naturally superstitious. His ideas of religion were hard as iron, and merciless as death; but, such as it was, this weary heart turned toward its rocky substitute for the All-loving, and he tried to pray.

The very effort to claim sympathy, even from his granite stand-point, had a merciful effect. We never really understand how terrible cruelty is, till that which we have, perhaps recklessly, dealt to others is visited on ourselves. In spite of himself, Cromwell was that hour aware of that keen retribution which is sure to follow along the track of a life like his. When he thought of Barbara Westburn, and how certainly she was lost to him, another sweet face would force itself upon him, pure and loving as hers, if not so beautiful—a face that had been lifted to his, in gentle faith, many and many a time, before he had been drawn away from his father's house to the more stately mansion of his cousin Hampden, because of its vicinity to Knowl-Ash. There his great strong soul had carried all its powerful life, and poured it forth heedless of the fair girl who was waiting for him with such mournful patience miles away.

Now, Cromwell thought of her with a throbb of pity. Had she suffered so when he left her and did not return? Was she breaking her heart over his disaffection, or could she have forgotten him altogether? Poor thing! Poor child! If disappointment shook his strong frame to its center, how would it affect this

frail creature? Cromwell was too proud for self-pity, but, in compassionating this gentle girl, his pride evaded itself and was soothed.

He arose and went back to his kinsman's house. The servants were all astir, and a breakfast-table was spread in the great hall. John Hampden was sitting at the head of this table, with a clouded brow; and two or three young kinsmen, who haunted the house as Cromwell had done, were conversing eagerly together at the other end. They all arose as Oliver came in, and gathered in a group around him. His face was of that ashen paleness which a coarse complexion takes when some great emotion blanches it. His eyes were deep-set and heavy as lead. He walked drearily, like one given up to despair.

"What has chanced? Where have you been? See, his surcoat is wet with dew, and he comes home with his hair uncombed!" said one of the young men.

Cromwell did not answer; but, taking John Hampden on one side, he addressed him, in a low voice,

"Kinsman, the king's minion is hunting me down."

"I know it," was Hampden's answer in return. "This morning an emissary of the duke was here, inquiring for you."

"Ha! What sort of a man was he? Slender, dark, with a beard like silk?"

"Yes, that answers for the man."

"Did he come alone?"

"Yes, so it appeared. But we had a shrewd suspicion that a stronger force lurked behind; indeed, he hinted as much."

"Hampden, I am weary of these things—wearied of my very life. There is a country, all wilderness, beyond sea, where man at least can enjoy the liberty of wild animals. A vessel lies in the Thames—so I am told—getting ready for this western continent. I will go out in her."

"What, you? You, Oliver, forsake Old England, because a few hot-brained men govern it for the time. Is it for strong men, who know how to wait and how to resist, thus to break down on the verge of a great struggle?"

"Do not argue with me!" cried Cromwell, passionately. "The very ground I tread on has become hateful to me. From my very soul I loathe a people that can be so mocked and deluded. In this new world a government will yet be built up in which man may attain his perfect growth."

"And you are resolved to go?"

"Yes, I am resolved."

"And alone?"

"No, I will take a wife with me."

"But, will the rector at Knowl-Ash consent to part with his daughter forever?"

Cromwell's lips closed hard, and his eyes gleamed through the leaden cloud that dulled them. He made no answer, but turned away.

"What man among you will go with me to America?" he said, advancing to the group of young men.

They turned upon him with astonishment. Had he invited them to join him in a trip to the moon, their surprise could not have been greater.

"To America?" said one. "Why, that is a wilderness, without civilization or government!"

"So much the better!" answered Cromwell.

"To that land we will carry what is useless to us here."

"What is that?"

"Our manhood—the eternal right, which every human being has, to possess his own person and property!"

Cromwell's enthusiasm all came back for a moment. He forgot Barbara Westburn in the great idea of his life. In a wild, eloquent outburst he argued with these ardent young men, and swept them away with him. Even Hampden, a cautious, though brave man, was so wrought upon, that he offered but vague opposition; and when Cromwell left the hall, four high-spirited young fellows had promised to sail with him for the new world.

There was no rest for the man after this. He mounted his horse and rode homeward, sometimes lingering on the road, and again spurring his steed till his iron hoofs rang out from the stones they spurned with a startling clang.

A few miles before he reached his father's house Cromwell found himself in a cross road. He had ridden past the corner, and then turned back, very slowly and with reluctance, as if he were performing some premeditated act in which his heart held no part. But the moment his horse reached the crossing his spurs were urged into its side, and he dashed up the highway at a break-neck speed. From that moment Cromwell flung aside all hesitation. His purpose was formed, his destiny marked out.

A stone dwelling, half-mansion, half-farm-house, stood back from the wayside. If not an imposing it was a comfortable building, and surrounded by grounds of considerable dimensions. The quaint old gables rose picture-quely from clustering forest trees, and a garden lay

to the south cultivated after the stiff manner of the times.

In this garden, standing within the shelter of a yew tree, clipped to the form of a peacock, Cromwell saw a lady, youthful, if not in her first girlish bloom, and with a gentle look of sadness on her young face, which the unhappy man read clearly as a reproach.

When he first saw her, Cromwell checked his horse and half-wheeled him round with a wild impulse to escape; but the iron of his nature was powerful with himself as with others, so he swept a half-circle, come up to the garden wall and dismounted. The lady had not heard him, but stood within the stiff shadow of the yew tree, lost in thought and dreaming, as women will when the heart is thrown back upon itself.

The gate fell from Cromwell's hand with a clang; his heavy footsteps smote the gravel walk. The lady looked up, pushed the soft ash-colored hair back from her forehead and regarded him with wild astonishment. It was Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell. What was he doing there after twelve months of unaccountable absence? Coming too with that stern face and hard step, like a drover returning to claim some forgotten lamb left to perish on the moors. The red blood flashed over her face, her blue eyes—meekly not darkly blue—dilated till they seemed almost black. She stepped a pace forward, paused, clasped her hands half in terror, half in thanksgiving, and stood motionless till he came up.

Without a word of greeting, and with the dark look still on his face, he drew close to her, reached forth his hands and tore her fingers apart, holding the trembling prisoners in his grasp. The lady uttered a little cry and began to tremble from head to foot. She was a pretty creature as his gaze drove the blood in scarlet waves to her face, and sent the lids soaring like white rose-leaves over her eyes, a pretty good little soul, who was sure to think his thoughts, speak his words, and love him kindly to the end.

This thought was husks and sawdust opposed to his memory of Barbara Westburn. He knew that no companionship could ever exist between him and the creature whose hands shook in his grasp; but in the stillness of his despair that night on the moor, he had resolved to gather up the broken fragments of his destiny and settle them here, and when Cromwell promised a thing to himself he performed it invariably. There was no tenderness in his deep-set eyes—no smile on his heavy lip when he saw the glow

on her face and felt her tremble. His voice too was harsh, though the words it syllabled should have found tender utterance.

"Sweetheart, look up, for I have come to ask a question which you must answer with your eyes looking into mine."

The white lids were lifted from her eyes shyly, and she glanced upward with a visible increase of trembling.

"Minion, do you love me?"

She struggled to free her hands from his grasp, a sob broke upon her lips. The question was uttered like a demand not an entreaty. He frightened her, and she would gladly have fled away.

"Tush, tush!" he said, impatiently. "Don't struggle, you are mine. I know that you love me, well enough, and have come to seek a wife here because of that."

She was very pale now, and her lips began to quiver piteously. His rude nature had no compassion on her delicacy, but dragged out the secret love she had hidden away so deeply in her soul, and opened it to the broad glare of day, as children tear water-lilies apart to search for the perfume.

"Come, come, this is folly, sweetheart, speak up like a brave little woman, and say if you will go across the ocean with me."

"I will go anywhere with you," answered that sweet womanly voice. "Only, why have you stayed away so long? It was a twelve-month last week since we have seen you."

"I have been away from home," was the curt answer.

"So it was said, and—and——"

"Well."

She clasped her hand suddenly, tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh, Oliver! they told me that you loved another!"

"And so I did!"

She gave a faint gasp, her hand lay cold as lead in his.

"Let me go in. I—I am faint."

"I won't let you go in, for you are only silly. Why should it trouble you because I loved another woman if I seek you in good faith now?"

The tears filled her eyes and flashed over her hot cheeks like rain-drops on a rose. There was pride in that meek heart, loving as it was.

"But it does trouble me. I ask but little, Oliver, and demand less; but if your heart is not all mine this is cruel—very, very cruel."

"As you will, sweet-heart, I do not wish to be cruel; but, remember, if you drive me away now I shall never come back!"

She lifted her eyes to his face and saw that he was in earnest; the timid heart shrank back in her bosom. With a sudden abandonment of pride, she held out the hands he had dropped, and cried out piteously,

"No—no, I will never drive you from me. What, save true love, could have brought you here?"

"Then it is settled," he answered, drawing her toward him, and pressing her face to his bosom; but he did not touch it with his lips, the last kiss of Barbara Westburn was too fresh upon them for that.

She felt this, and it chilled her. Poor thing! in her whole life she was doomed to such doubts as left her a lonely woman when closest to her husband's heart. But she loved him, and to be capable of loving is sometimes a greater bliss than to be loved, and feel an eternal apathy on your affections. The woman that can love unquestionably has secured the first pure element of happiness. Let her thank God and trust in Him for the rest.

"Now," said Cromwell, brushing his hand over the crimson forehead that lay upon his bosom, looking down upon her with something like tenderness, "let us consider what is to be done. Two months from now—so a friend in London informs me—a vessel sails from the mouth of the Thames. We must go in that. Can you be ready?"

"Yes, I can be ready!"

"That is brave! Now, sweetheart, let us go in. Thank heaven you have no father to heap blocks of ice in our way; as for the old lady, I suppose there is little dread from her."

"She will be very lonely," was the sorrowful answer. "I did not think of that!"

"All parents are lonely after a daughter leaves them, I suppose," answered the lover, indifferently. "Why should your mother be a peculiar object of compassion?"

"Because I am her only child, and she loves me so."

"Well, sweetheart, if you like to remain with her, it is not too late."

"Yes, it is too late."

"You feel it so?" he questioned, with a gleam of gratified vanity in his eyes. "Come, then, let us settle the matter with your mother, we have scant time for much formality."

Perhaps twenty minutes had passed since Cromwell entered that iron gate. This brief time had completed his destiny, so far as human affections are concerned. As for the young woman, it had lifted her from earth to heaven suddenly as a bird poises its wing. The very

breath upon her lips trembled with joy, it came like perfume from a heart that had just opened itself to a new joy, as daisies burst into pearly stars when the morning sun shines upon them.

They went into the house together. Half an hour after Cromwell came forth alone, and strode down to the gate with a clouded face and a heavy step, as he had passed through it on the great errand of his life.

As he rode off, a window in one of the gables opened softly and a white handkerchief fluttered out. Another man would have kissed his hand; but Cromwell only bent awkwardly on his saddle, and rode away thinking—alas! for him and the fair girl up in the gable—of Barbara Westburn, and that with intense bitterness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Duke of Buckingham, with all his household, had gone to London. After having brought trouble and commotion into the district, leaving a dozen enemies to the king where one had existed before, he swept his splendid course up to town, and broke in among his opponents there with all the haughty insolence of a man who could afford to set his foes at defiance.

The reason of this abrupt movement was some new misunderstanding with the French government, with whom this man had been especially obnoxious ever since his visit to Paris previous to King Charles' marriage. A request from the French court that Buckingham should not be allowed to return to France, had angered the king, and so exasperated his favorite, that his whole existence seemed staked upon forcing himself upon the French monarchy, and the beautiful queen whose preference had rendered him a subject of general gossip both in France, England, and Spain. News of this indignity, as he considered it, reached the haughty man in his country retreat. Rousing himself at once with a proclamation of war in his heart, he hurried up to court, carrying a retinue with him that might have been considered large even for a monarch.

On the night before his departure, young Randal and Bessie Westburn took leave of their quiet home at Knowl-Ash and rode sadly toward the castle. With the bright prospect of a court life before them, and their highest aspirations gratified, the parting with that gentle and good man had been very painful. At the last moment some sharp misgivings had seized upon the good pastor. His faith in the duke was unbounded, and the homage which filled his heart for the king was sacred almost as his religion.

But nature was strong in his bosom and aroused itself at the parting hour; alert and penetrating, vague ideas of danger, temptation, future misery swept through his mind. For the first time, something hollow and meretricious struck him in connection with the duke's mother. Was Lady Villiers a woman with whom an innocent, light-hearted girl like Bessie could be trusted? True, it was a great honor that had been done his child. What man in all England would refuse such advancement? But what if it ended in alienating him from this fair girl? What if the simplicity and beautiful goodness of her character should be impaired?

These thoughts broke the good man's rest, and sent him down pale with trouble on the morning of his children's departure; Barbara, too, the staid and queenly Barbara, had spent a night of painful anxiety. Brought up as she had been with a belief that the court of King Charles was everything pure and dignified, she could only feel vague doubts without the distinctness of purpose to put them into words. To protest against Bessie's good fortune would have seemed like intense selfishness; but the innocent heart in her bosom lay like lead, when she sat down to breakfast that morning, and knew that it was, perhaps, for the last time.

Bessie tried to be cheerful—poor child!—but the violet shadows under her eyes, and the quiver of her sweet mouth, told how restlessly she had spent the night. But Randal was full of high anticipations; a brilliant vista lay before him, great deeds of warfare, opportunities for many a glorious action danced before him from the distance. Still, warm-hearted and generous, he could not leave that peaceful home unmoved; suppressed sobs rose in his throat; his face flushed and turned pale if any one addressed him. That last breakfast was in truth a melancholy meal.

Before the dew was off the ground, a messenger from the castle rode up. It was the young stranger from London, who had met Randal and Bessie in the forest. He leaped from his horse with easy grace, and entered the house in eager haste. His black eyes sparkled like diamonds; a singular smile parted his lips; there was exultation in every look and gesture.

"I am sent," he said, casting a quick glance at Randal and Bessie, "to warn you that the ducal cortege is in motion. Mount your horse, young man, and meet my lord's train as it comes out of the forest. Such are his orders. As for this pretty demoiselle, my Lady Villiers will halt her chariot near the house; but she must be ready at the moment."

"I—I am ready," faltered the young girl, casting a glance of almost wild affection on her father, whose face saddened mournfully. The stranger turned his bright eyes from her to the father, muttering in an under breath,

"Poor fools! Poor fools!"

Barbara read his face, though she could not hear the words he uttered. Prompted by a sudden impulse, she stepped forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"Fair sir!" she said, with a pleading smile, "if you are one of the duke's people, as it seems, I pray you, being one older and wiser than they, watch over these dear ones. If harm comes to them, it will break more than one heart!"

The stranger fixed his keen eyes on the beautiful face uplifted to him with such gentle entreaty. A shade of deep sadness came into them, and he answered in a low, hoarse voice,

"Great heavens! Does she know what happiness it is to have so much to save?"

Barbara saw that her petition had taken effect, though his words sounded strangely to her.

"You will watch over them in this new life which they are entering. We know that the duke is kind."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the man, with a sneer in his voice.

Barbara was too earnest in behalf of her kinsfolks to observe the sneer, but went on:

"And my Lady Villiers, a most gracious lady."

"Yes, most gracious!" answered the man, with a sparkle in his eye.

"But my father's kinsman and this young creature—she is my only sister, fair sir—know but little of the world they are entering. It is like sending two wild birds from their nest. Oh! I beseech you, interpose between them and harm, should harm threaten them!"

"I will!" exclaimed the stranger, with startling fervor. "Depend on me, maiden, if harm threatens these young persons, I will rescue them from it if human effort can save them."

The pastor had drawn close to Bessie. He seemed to realize, for the first time, that she was going from under his roof out into a world full of evil things. His meek eyes were heavily bewildered; he looked from one to another as if actuated by a vague hope that some one would persuade his child to stay at home. The parting was far more painful than he had dreamed of. The stranger observed this, and, going up to him with a tenderness that was almost feminine, took his supine hand.

"Do not tremble, do not droop over this parting, my good friend. If but for your sake, I will watch over these young persons as if they were my own—more faithfully a thousand times. Can you trust me in this?"

The pastor lifted his soft dreamy eyes to that handsome face, and a look of tranquillity stole over his features.

"You are very kind, and God is merciful to send you here in this hour of our trial. I can trust you. Every day my soul shall carry a prayer to the foot of God's throne in your behalf, gentle sir. When I ask blessings on these dear children, they shall include the stranger that is within our gate."

The gentleman was greatly moved. Some sudden emotion swept over him, and, before he knew it, great tears flashed to his eyes, and broke upon the jetty lashes. But he impatiently dashed the drops away with a sweep of the hand, and turned, as if angry that his emotion should have been observed.

"Tush!" he exclaimed, walking to the open door, and looking out. "How childish this is!"

He turned again directly, glad that the crash of wheels and tramp of horses came up from the distance, giving him an excuse to move.

"Come, young gentleman," he said. "I see that my man has swung the portmanteau to the crouper of this fine chestnut, which seems to be waiting for his rider. Mount, and let us away, or the duke might think us wanting in respect. He is an exacting master, I can tell you."

Randal sprang to his feet, flung his arms around Barbara's neck, and covered her face with warm, brotherly kisses. Then he turned a bright face, covered with tears, upon his uncle, seized the hand tenderly held out to him, and, with a broken sob, dashed out of the house. The stranger followed him, mounted his own horse, and rode after the chestnut, which was going at full speed toward the approaching cavalcade.

After her cousin was gone, Bessie remained by her sister, chilled and silent. All her fine bird-like spirits had fled. The hair was pushed back from her face, her blue eyes were brimful of tears. Why was she going away? Was it not wicked to abandon that dear old father, and Barbara, to the home she was thus making solitary?

Her tender young heart was troubled with these thoughts. She was almost resolved to reject the splendid prospect that lay before her, and stay at home. What could the great world give her in exchange for the loved ones that

room contained? She arose and untied her hood.

"Barbara, I—I——"

While the words trembled at her heart, a traveling carriage lumbered out from the shelter of some forest trees, that concealed a bend of the highway, and turned toward the house.

"They are here!" said Barbara, dropping the syllables with pain from her white lips. "Oh! Bessie, my sister, my sister!"

The girls clung together in a passionate embrace. Thrills of sorrowful affection ran from heart to heart. The rain of their mutual tears mingled till every drop wrung from their anguish was mutual. Then Bessie tore herself from that gentle sister's arms, and crept to her father's bosom, as a bird shelters itself under friendly leaves when a storm sweeps over it. The rector said nothing; the great swell of his heart forbade that; but he bent down, and sweet, fatherly blessings fell like dew upon her forehead.

In this position Lady Villiers found them, as she came sweeping in from her carriage, her silken dress rustling like forest leaves, and her haughty face bright with patronizing smiles.

"Ah! this is very touching! Domestic affection is so beautiful!" she said, smoothing down the folds of her dress. "Come, come, my child, we must cut this scene short. It is a bad omen to leave home with flushed eyes. That is right. Trust her with me; there is an empty seat in the carriage, which shall be hers."

With this frothy address, the lady drew Bessie Westburn from the arms of her father out into the great out-door world, leaving sorrow and loneliness behind.

As the prancing horses, the heavy traveling carriages and lumbering baggage-wagons swept up the road, two sad-eyed and dejected figures were drawn from the shelter of that library out through the orchard and the ruins, seeking one more glance of the birdlings that had fled from their home nest. There they stood, by the old Druid font, till the last cloud of dust settled down to the green earth. Then, without a word, the father and daughter went slowly into the house, so heavy-hearted, that the library seemed like a tomb when they entered it.

The progress of that almost royal cavalcade was like a succession of triumphs, as it moved up to London through the downtrodden country, which, on every hand, was ready to revolt against the assumptions of a man who arrogated to himself all the pomp and homage which his royal master was often willing to dispense with. Couriers were sent on before to announce his approach to any town which lay upon the road,

and, even with hatred in their hearts, the people were forced to come out with their hollow adulation, which the wrong-headed man persisted in considering genuine.

Thus, like a conqueror, he entered London, and took possession of one of those grand old palaces which were scarcely second in splendor to Whitehall itself. For the time, Lady Villiers had apartments in the palace. Thus it was arranged that Bessie Westburn and Randal lived in the same house, and sometimes met.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONVOY of boats lay upon the Thames, draped in gold colors, and filled with richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who had assembled to escort the King and Queen of England on an excursion down the river. Some of the boats were already full, and lay upon their oars, mirrored in the water like pictures; some took little circuits in the stream, but always keeping two noble barges in sight which lay near the river stairs, their red cushions glowing in the sun, and the proud banner of Old England shaking itself to the breezes overhead. The first was the king's barge, waiting for the royal party to come down from Whitehall and possess it. The second, not less spacious, but cushioned with blue, from which came gleams and flashes of silver, bore the British flag also, but under it rustled another, emblazoned with the ducal arms of Buckingham, and mingling its azure with the red above so richly, that you almost marvelled which was the royal banner, and why it was that the barge of the master seemed so much quieter and more unassuming than that which was to convey his servant.

It was a glorious day. The broad sunshine had come out splendidly, and, for once, London threw off its veil of fog, and let the golden light flame through its streets with resplendent warmth. All along, the banks of the Thames were lined with people, eager to see the court in motion, while at a respectful distance lay common boats and wherries, hired by the city people, and ready to follow humbly in the wake of that glittering fleet when it should move.

All at once a commotion arose in the belt of human beings that stretched along the river. A flutter of expectation ran along the court barges, disturbing their occupants as summer wind ruffles a flower-garden. Men and women along the shore stood on tip-toe, gazing eagerly toward the city, and the commoner boats swarmed into motion like a hive of bees going out for honey.

The royal party was approaching. The carriages that had brought it from Whitehall were left behind, and it came forward like a thicket of wild blossoms drifting in the sunshine. This was the first indistinct aspect; but, directly, those who looked close could make out two prominent figures, walking side by side, which were recognized by a wild shout from shore and river. It was Charles I., walking by his queen, Henrietta Maria of France. Never, probably, since William the Conqueror stumbled so adroitly on the British shores, had a monarch of such refined and gentlemanly bearing presented himself before a people. The very pride of race, and honest conviction of power, which rendered him, or rather his reign, so unpopular with the masses, imparted a dignity to his bearing which was more than royal.

The woman by his side was proud too, and beautiful, if an exquisite complexion, bright, pleasant eyes, and a person full of grace can constitute beauty. She was scarcely faded from the first glory of her youth, and, though the vivacity of her look and manner bespoke something of the high spirit which had at first given her lord some trouble, it was toned down, by the sweet impulses of maternity, into what seemed only a wholesome capacity for enjoyment.

Before and behind the royal pair appeared the officers of the court, each bearing his insignia of office, and almost by his side came Buckingham, superbly dressed, and with half a dozen glittering orders falling from the jeweled collar that flamed like a broken rainbow on his breast. His duchess, a sullen little blonde, fading out of her insignificant youth into still less significant womanhood, walked directly behind the queen, to whom she was first lady-in-waiting. Close behind her, almost crowding to her side, came the Lady Villiers, always assuming, and just now more than usually arrogant. These were followed by a long train of courtiers, gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting, which belonged to the royal and ducal households.

In all his married life, indeed from the first hour that he saw the lady by his side, King Charles had given no thought of love—scarcely of admiration—to any other woman. Pure and fervent as his first devotion had been, it only grew more intense as time wore on. The blossoms that her girlish beauty called forth in his heart had ripened to rich fruit now. Charles seldom smiled, never as a habit, during his whole life. His eyes, so large, and mournfully dark, had always a sad expression in them; but when he came down close to the water, and led his wife a pace forward, that his subjects might see

her before she stepped into the boat, a proud glow spread over his features so eloquent of love that the people caught it up and answered with shouts.

But when the royal pair descended into the barge, and Buckingham stood conspicuous, with Lady Villiers crowding close to him, concealing his little duchess with her ample person, the dead silence that fell upon the crowd was only broken by murmurs of discontent, and even exclamations teeming with hatred.

Buckingham gave his haughty head a lift, and turned the defiant beauty of his face upon them. He was, indeed, a splendid creature, worthy of the hate he challenged. For a moment he stood, with the purple velvet of his dress glowing like ripe plums under the flash of his jeweled collar, and the white plume fluttering like imprisoned snow-flakes from the diamond aigrette on his cap. The self-sufficient man fairly looked down the murmurs of discontent in his neighborhood; then, lifting his cap, with a grace that was half mockery, stepped into his own boat, where his wife and mother had already taken their seats.

The person who appeared next, ready to enter the boat, was a young girl fresh as a flower, and beautiful as the rosiest dawn that ever blessed a June day. The golden mist of hair that curled and floated about her face, the deep blue eyes and mouth, breaking out into smiles—though she looked half frightened to death as a buzz of admiration greeted her—were all so girlish, that many a heart leaped toward her with unconscious admiration. She cast a half pleased, half timid glance at the crowd, flushed all over with pleasant shame, made a false step, and fell forward with a little wild cry.

A young man sprang out from a group of pages, and made a dash down the steps, crying out,

“Bessie, Bessie, are you hurt?”

But the duke had seen her peril, and, stretching out his arms, caught her as she fell, caught her so closely that she lay for a moment struggling on his bosom, with his wife looking on, before he set her down.

Bessie looked up, trembling like a leaf, and with her lovely face flushed scarlet. She saw Randal, stopped short on the steps, by a frown from the duke, and burst into tears.

There was nothing boyish about Randal's face then. He turned pale as marble, and flashed an angry glance at the duke. Poor fellow! He had learned to be a man in those few weeks, but no power on earth could teach him to cringe like a courtier.

The stranger who had come up with him from the country, saw revolt in his face, and, moving quietly down the steps, whispered,

“This is not the occasion. Go back to your post.”

There was authority in the voice, and, as I have said, Randal was no longer a boy. If he had seemed younger than his years at home, a little worldly experience had atoned for that, while, in capacity and personal appearance, no page of all the duke's household surpassed him.

“You see there is no harm done, save a few blushes, which the child can well spare,” continued his mentor; “and you are blocking up the way.”

Randal turned, reluctantly, and mounted the steps again. His young heart chafed at the fiat of separation which kept him aloof from the object of his love; for Randal had learned, among other things, how completely every hope of his life was centered around the young creature who had been his playmate from her cradle up. He saw a stream of people pass down into the boats, which he was forbidden to enter, and caught one secret, disappointed glance from Bessie. Then came a crash of music, followed by swaths of silver turned up by the oars as they broke water to the sunshine, and the duke's boat followed the royal barge, which was moving grandly out into the stream, with the fringes of its silken awning sweeping in the wind, and broad ripples of foamy sunshine flashing in its wake.

Another barge came up to the stairs, into which the pages crowded, all on a level; for those of the duke's household gave no precedence to the royal badges which others wore. As this boat went dashing after the royal party, the people gradually dropped away, and the gorgeous fleet moved down toward Greenwich.

The people were right; Buckingham did govern England. This very expedition which seemed only a passage of pleasure, arose from the suggestion of his rash impatience. An emissary had been, for some days, expected from France, one who would bring tidings which the duke thirsted for. His great personal vanity had been wounded to the core by the prohibition placed upon his visit to the French court. By this messenger he had sent insolent threats to the sister government—threats which, if disregarded, he resolved should end in war.

In his friendship, as in his love, Charles gave confidence without stint. He could see no faults in anything which had once secured his affec-

tion. The very unpopularity of his favorite only increased his royal favor. Next to his queen—nay, sometimes in opposition to her—Buckingham lay close to that noble heart; for it was noble in so much that its faults were those of education, which may well be forgiven, considering the horrible penalty which he paid for them.

It certainly was an unusual movement, but Charles had consented to take this excursion down the Thames, in order to meet the vessel which was expected from France, and thus save his favorite a few hours of suspense. To all the court it was merely a pleasure party which would end at Greenwich; but Buckingham seldom proposed anything without a double motive. Even then, his desire to enter France had warmed into a simple impulse of vanity, and permission to do as he pleased would doubtless have ended in total indifference on the subject; but his intense vanity was gratified by an opposition which proclaimed him to the whole world as a person so irresistible, that the Queen of France could not be trusted in his society. To his half-satiated thirst for power this contest had peculiar zest; though his heart, such as it was, had long since turned in a different direction.

So down the party rowed, flashing up silver from the bosom of the Thames with a hundred oars, breaking the sunshine with masses of rich coloring, and filling the air with the sweet, low hum of voices, which even propinquity to the royal barge could not entirely suppress.

But the duke's impatience met but slender reward—no ship, bearing from the French coast, appeared. But lying out in the river, with her sails set, and her prow turned oceanward, was an emigrant ship ready to lift its anchor for the new world.

As the royal fleet was nearing this ship, a wherry swept past, keeping close to the shore, till it came opposite the vessel. Then it gave a sudden turn and shot across the stream, crossing the bow of Buckingham's boat some ten yards in advance. When Bessie Westburn saw the wherry, she gave a little cry of surprise, and her eager face kindled with home memories.

Buckingham turned at the cry, glanced at her face, and then was led by her eager look to regard the wherry with keen interest. It contained five persons besides the oarsmen, four men and a woman. The duke's face gloomed black as midnight; he started up with a violence that made the boat dip to its edge, and called out for the oarsmen of the king's barge to stop.

Even with their royal master present, the men obeyed the favorite's voice, and lifted their oars from the water. Before Charles could ask the meaning of this, Buckingham swept up to his side, and, leaning over from his barge, cried out,

"Sire, sire! in yon boat is the malcontent of whom I told your grace. He is making for the ship before us, which is bound for America."

"Well," said Charles, in his kind, grave way, "had we not better let him go? The wilderness will be pleasanter than a prison, and quite as safe."

"But, sire, he will escape just punishment. I would not for my dukedom that this man escapes justice."

Without waiting for the king's answer, Buckingham beckoned one of the boats that held some of his people, and ordered them to pursue the wherry. Dash went the oars with a long sweeping pull, and the boat leaped through the water like a hawk stooping toward his prey. The men in the wherry observed this movement, and one of them snatched a pair of oars, and, bending his great strength upon them, urged his heavy craft fiercely toward the ship. They reached the black shadow which it cast on the water, and the wherry grated against its immovable side. A hoarse shout followed, then a rope-ladder fell over the side of the vessel, and was seized upon by a man below who sprang upon it like a cat. The frightened cry of a female left behind was broken by the rush of the pursuing boat, from which a young man leaped into the wherry, unsheathing his poniard as he sprang. With a bound upward, he cut the rope-ladder in twain just above the round grasped by the fugitive's hands, and uttered a wild cry of pain as the man fell back into the wherry, for in the fierce upturned face he recognized Oliver Cromwell. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPIRIT.

Blinded mourner, ever 'round thee,
In the evening, in the morn,
In her white immortal beauty,
Floats thy little Heaven-born.
Cloud asleep above the mountains,
Breeze upon the leafy lea,

Sunbeam glancing, birdling soaring,
None are freer now than she.

She shall be thy right hand angel,
Ever fluttering by thy side;
And in God's own chosen season
Thou shalt see her, glorified!

P. A. H.

SNOW-BIRD.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and I was on my way home from uncle Hugh's, where I had stopped the night before.

I was eighteen then, and had been in college six months; a long time it seemed to me, and also to my mother, judging from her letter; so that I was not sorry when I started home for a short vacation.

The clear cold air of the pleasant morning among the New England hills gave an exhilarating effect to my spirit, and, cantering along on uncle Hugh's pretty pony, the six miles that lay between there and my home did not seem long to me.

I had almost reached the homestead gate, when, looking up the walk, such a vision of loveliness met my eyes, in the shape of a young girl, that I involuntarily reined in my horse.

"Who is she?" was my first thought. I have no sister, no cousin, like her. "It must be Nettie Bird," I said at last, half-aloud; for I remembered then of my mother's having written of a young girl she had taken to live with her: a daughter of a very dear friend of hers, who had died, leaving the child an orphan.

There she stood, under the chestnut-tree, over her shoes in snow—there having been a storm, the night previous—her pretty merino dress gathered gracefully in her hands, and her dark, beautiful eyes upraised to a low bough of the tree, where a pretty snow-bird sat singing.

Her hair was dark and glossy, and fell in graceful ringlets over her fair neck and shoulders.

Altogether, what a pretty picture it made! The old chestnut-tree loaded with snow, the pretty little snow-bird in its branches, and the prettier snow-bird under the tree—while, from the latticed window further back, my mother's friendly face looked out.

I took all this in at a glance, and I rode up to the gate and dismounted.

"Good morning, snow-bird!" I said, as I tossed the bundle over the pony's neck, and opened the gate.

"Good-morning!" And the pretty eyes were turned on me for surprise.

"I am Graham Carleton," I said, coming forward and extending my hand.

"Oh! are you? I am glad to see you. And your mother will be so happy! She has been

expecting you. Hark! Hear that snow-bird's 'Chickadee' again! Isn't he a dear little thing?"

"Yes, *this* snow-bird is a dear little thing!" I echoed, pressing the hand tenderly that I still retained, as we went slowly up the walk.

And so it was I made love to snow-bird—as I always called her, as everybody called her after that—the first day of my return. And that day the tender passion took root in my heart, that grew and strengthened in all the after-years, that shall grow and strengthen so long as life shall last.

How short the three weeks of my vacation seemed!

"Some time," I said to snow-bird, when I took her hand at parting, "when I am a man, I shall want you to be my wife. So, promise to keep your heart for me through the years that shall intervene between this and your womanhood."

But no, she would not promise.

"Snow-bird, the woman, might not be like snow-bird, the child."

Were the words prophetic of the time five years after, when I returned to find my cousin, Dudley Ide, madly in love with her?

And she, I had every reason to believe, reciprocated the affection. She was seventeen then, and was even more beautiful than when a child. Her love would have been a priceless treasure to any man, and it almost maddened me to think another should win it, when I loved her so much.

Evening after evening found Dudley by her side. Sometimes they would walk in the garden, sometimes linger in the green-house; but oftener at the piano. Dudley was passionately fond of music, and she had a splendid voice. I remember, one night, at his request, she sang the liberty chaunt of France—sang it as I never heard it, save, in after-years, by Rachel.

With him, she was lively, sociable, and witty; with me, cold, reserved, and indifferent.

I heard it from Dudley's own lips that she was engaged to him. This it was that sent me wandering over Europe for the next two years. I wrote occasional letters home, but did not stop long enough in one place to receive any reply.

At last I settled down quietly in Florence, and then there came a letter from my mother.

"Come home, Graham," it said; "your snow-bird is dying."

"Your snow-bird!" The words thrilled my heart with a precious hope.

I reached my old home at last, and as I went slowly up the familiar path, my heart beat wildly with a thousand hopes and fears.

Snow-bird was not dead—but so fearfully pale and emaciated!

I clasped her to my heart, covering her lips with tender kisses, and telling her how I had loved her ever since that cold November morning I saw her standing in the snow, and then, almost in the same breath, asking her how it was she had broken her engagement with Dudley.

But she had never been engaged, she said. Then she told me the stories that he brought to her of my college life—stories of a young girl whom I had dishonored and betrayed.

I was too surprised to speak. Was Dudley Ide as false as that?

"And you believed him?" I said, turning to her.

"Forgive me, Graham, I did."

"And do you now?"

"No, indeed, no! I learned it was all a base falsehood soon after you left for Europe."

"And was it this that caused you to treat me with such indifference?"

"Yes; and because of your own to me. I loved you, Graham; I could not help it; and I was fearful lest I should betray it!"

"Poor snow-bird!" and I drew her to me.

The flush of health soon came to her cheek, and the light of the olden time to her eye.

So, when merry Christmas was ushered in, snow-bird came to me, looking radiant and beautiful, in white satin, and orange blossoms, and put her hand in mine. And we pronounced the vows that shall bind us together "Till death do us part."

Looking back, now, to that hour, I recall it as the happiest one of my life—the hour that gave to my keeping, to my love and protection through life, my own precious SNOW-BIRD!

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY NELLIE NORTON.

Eve bringeth to the earth her holy calm,
Night giveth sweet repose, and peaceful hours;
The bounteous skies, like angels dropping balm,
Send cool, soft dews to Summer's thirsty flowers.
The weary heart still claspeth its cherished dreams
Of rest for eyes that have no tears to weep,
And Hope breathes low, like the soft voice of streams:
For so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

The poor man, weary with the toils of day,
Crosses his sun-browned palms upon his breast,
Forgetful of the cares that pave life's way,
While gentle slumber seals his eyes to rest.

The play-worn child, like some sweet nestling dove,
Into its mother's arms doth nightly creep,
Sinks to its rest, haled with sheltering love—
And so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Eve's holy calm, night's hours of sweet repose,
Are dim foreshadowings of our final rest,
When the great drama of this life shall close,
And we shall wake among the radiant blest—
And wait and listen for the whispered: "Peace!"
That hushed to rest the Galilean deep—
And watch for Death to bring my soul release:
For so "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

SONG.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

When, by disease prostrated, low,
I lay all helpless in my woe,
Who watched o'er me with tender care,
Both day and night? My faithful Claire.

When fortune darkly on me frowned,
And griefs encompassed me around,
Who raised me up from black despair,
And gave me hope? My faithful Claire.

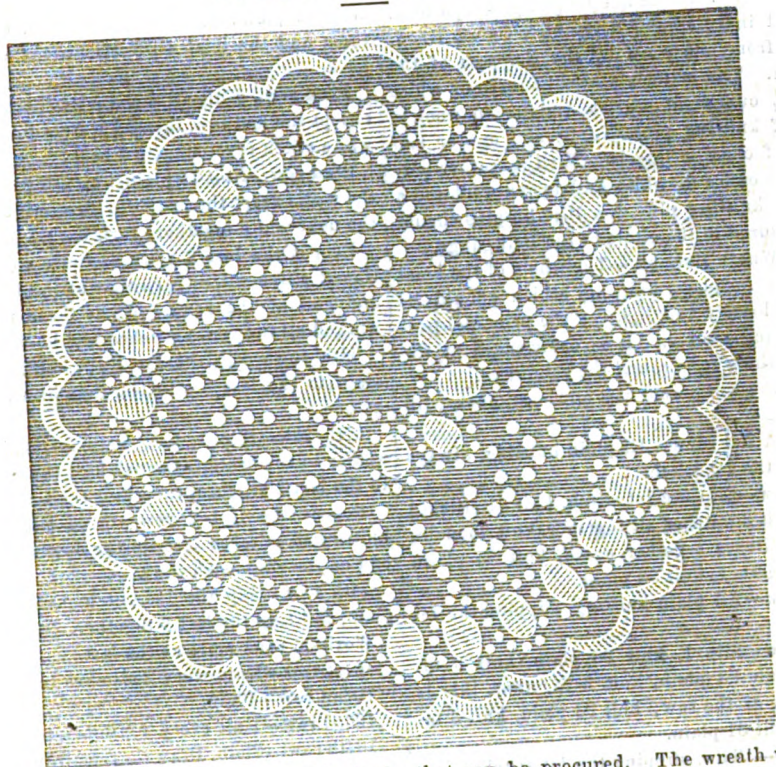
She's gentle as a maiden's sigh,
Sad with her lover's melody;

And lovely as affection's tear,
Shed o'er a world-deserted bier,
And is so deep in love with you,
She loves all here, and all afar,
Her great delight to do a deed,
To satisfy another's need.

Oh! nature, when she gave her birth,
An angel sent to bless the earth;
A promise of the good to be,
When death and sin have set us free.

PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE Penwiper is so useful an article, both for the service of the gentleman as well as the lady, forming a present so easily made and so generally acceptable, that pretty varieties are always in demand. That which we are now supplying is very simple, and a number of them, made in different colors of cloth or velvet, form a very suitable contribution for a charitable bazaar, in which portable articles are usually found very desirable; not as superseding those of greater beauty and importance, but as giving opportunities to those purchasers who, while they are happy to invest small sums, might not think it desirable to expend large ones. The little articles we are now giving may be made in cloth or velvet of any color. The large beads which form the center and the border are the white satin beads, which are not so liable to break as the pearl; and each of these is surrounded with a ring of the smallest steel beads that can be procured. The wreath which appears round the rosette in the center has the best effect in either steel or gold beads; but very small clear white also look extremely well. In working a number of these Penwipers for a bazaar, different colors both of cloth and velvet may be employed, and the color of the beads may also be varied, only taking care to avoid using those of a make that renders them liable to be easily broken. Thus, cut-glass beads of any color may be taken for the center and the border; and the small ones may be gold, steel, white, opaque, or clear green, amber, or turquoise. Three or four rounds of the same size as this ornamental top must be cut in black cloth, pinked at their edges, laid on another round of the same color as the top, and the whole fastened together with any slight ornament stitched on through the center of the Penwiper.

SPANISH OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, of a Spanish Opera Hood, taken from one worn by the Empress of the French. The materials are 2 ounces of white and 1½ ounces of scarlet Andalusian wool, a pair of knitting pins, No. 5; and one or two pairs of chenille tassels. For the feather border, one ounce of white Andalusian wool and a pair of knitting pins, No. 16; the pins should be measured in the circle of the Bell gauge.

THE WHITE BORDER.—The whole of the hood is made in plain knitting, which should be worked loosely and lightly; the principal part of it being double. It is commenced at the border which runs round the shoulders.

With the white wool cast on 263 stitches, with two pins.

1st and 2nd rows—All plain knitting, always slipping the 1st stitch.

3rd row—Slip the 1st stitch, knit 31 stitches plain, knit 3 stitches all together, knit 95 plain, knit 3 stitches together again, knit 95 plain, knit 3 together, knit 32 plain.

4th row—All plain knitting, slipping the 1st stitch.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 30 plain, knit 3 together, knit 93 plain, knit 3 together, this is the center of the row; knit 93 plain, knit 3 together, knit 31 plain.

6th row—Plain, slipping the 1st stitch.

Repeat the last 2 rows 6 times more, knitting one plain stitch less at the beginning and end of each row, and 2 stitches less on each side of the center; the 3 stitches knitted together should always be worked over those of the preceding row.

19th row—With the disengaged pin take off the first 24 stitches without knitting them, tie the scarlet wool into the last stitch, and with it and the pin which has the 24 stitches knit 3 together, then 19 plain, knit 3 together, knit 79 plain, knit 3 together; turn back, leaving 24 stitches on the other pin. The stitches left are for the side borders.

20th row—Knit all the scarlet stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

21st row—Knit 78 plain, knit 3 together in the center as before, knit the rest of the scarlet

stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

22nd row—Knit all the scarlet stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

23rd row—Knit 76 plain, knit 3 together, knit the rest, except the last two, then knit them and the next white together; turn back.

Repeat the last 2 rows 21 times more, knitting 2 stitches less each time at the beginning and end of the rows. When these rows are worked all the white stitches will be used.

66th row—Slip the 1st stitch, knit the rest plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit them together.

67th row—Slip 1, knit 30 plain, knit 3 together in the center as usual, knit the rest plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit them together.

Repeat the last 2 rows three times more, knitting 3 stitches less at the beginning and end of the rows each time.

74th row—Slip the 1st stitch, knit the rest plain, knitting the last 2 together.

Work 26 rows more as the last.

101st row—Knit every 2 stitches together.

102nd row—Plain.

103rd row—Knit every 2 stitches together.

104th row—Plain. Draw the remaining stitches together to fasten off.

THE LINING.—This is worked exactly the same as the part already made, with the exception that the white wool is used throughout. If it is worked separately, it must be commenced by casting on the 263 stitches; but the neatest way is to raise all the stitches which were first cast on, as this avoids sewing the two parts together. To raise the stitches, commence at the 1st row of the work, put the pin into the 1st stitch cast on, keep the wool at the back, and with the point of the pin bring the wool through in a loop, which raises one loop; put the pin into the next stitch, bring the wool through, and continue the same until there are 263 loops on the pin, then commence at the 1st row, repeat the whole of the direction, using white wool. When finished, the selvages of the two pieces should be sewed together across the front.

THE SECOND BORDER.—With the white wool cast on 121 stitches, loosely as before.

1st and 2nd rows—Plain knitting.

3rd row—Slip 1, knit 58 plain, knit 3 together, knit 57 plain, knit the last 2 stitches together.

4th row—Slip the 1st stitch, knit the rest plain to the last 2, then knit them together.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 56, knit 3 together, knit 55, knit 2 together.

6th row—The same as the 4th row.

7th row—Slip 1, knit 54, knit 3 together, knit 53, knit 2 together.

8th row—As the 4th row.

9th row—Slip 1, knit 52, knit 3 together, knit 51, knit 2 together.

10th row—As the 4th row.

Join on the scarlet wool, and repeat the last 2 rows 16 times more, knitting 2 stitches less each time, in all 32 scarlet rows.

Knit 20 rows plain, slipping the 1st stitch and knitting the last 2 together every row.

53rd row (of scarlet)—Knit every 2 stitches together.

54th row—Plain.

55th row—Knit every 2 stitches together, and draw the remaining stitches close together to fasten them off.

Sew the scarlet selvedge to the front of the hood, so that it may fall back, as in the engrav-

ing; the front is then finished with the following feather border, which can, if wished, be continued round the edge of the 2nd white border.

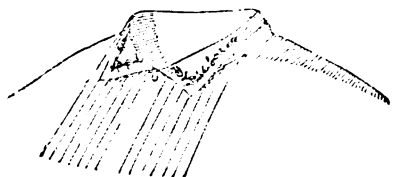
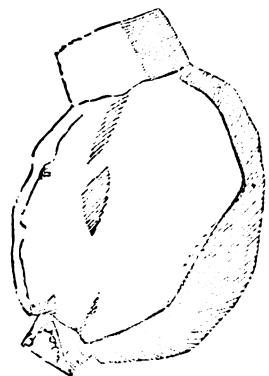
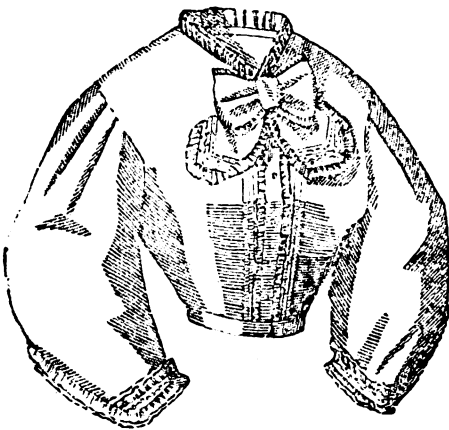
FEATHER BORDER.—With the white wool and No. 16 pins cast on 6 stitches.

1st row—Knit the 1st stitch plain, put the pin into the next stitch, pass the wool between the points of the pins from the front to the back, round the tops of the 1st and 2nd fingers to the front, pass the wool between the pins again, and round the fingers to the front as before; pass the wool between the pins again, which will make three turns of wool upon the right hand pin, two turns or loops of which are round the fingers; bring the three turns of wool through the stitch, and take it off the left pin to finish the stitch; take the fingers out of the loops and work the remaining 4 stitches the same.

2nd row—Knit the three turns of wool together as one stitch; repeat, knitting the last stitch plain.

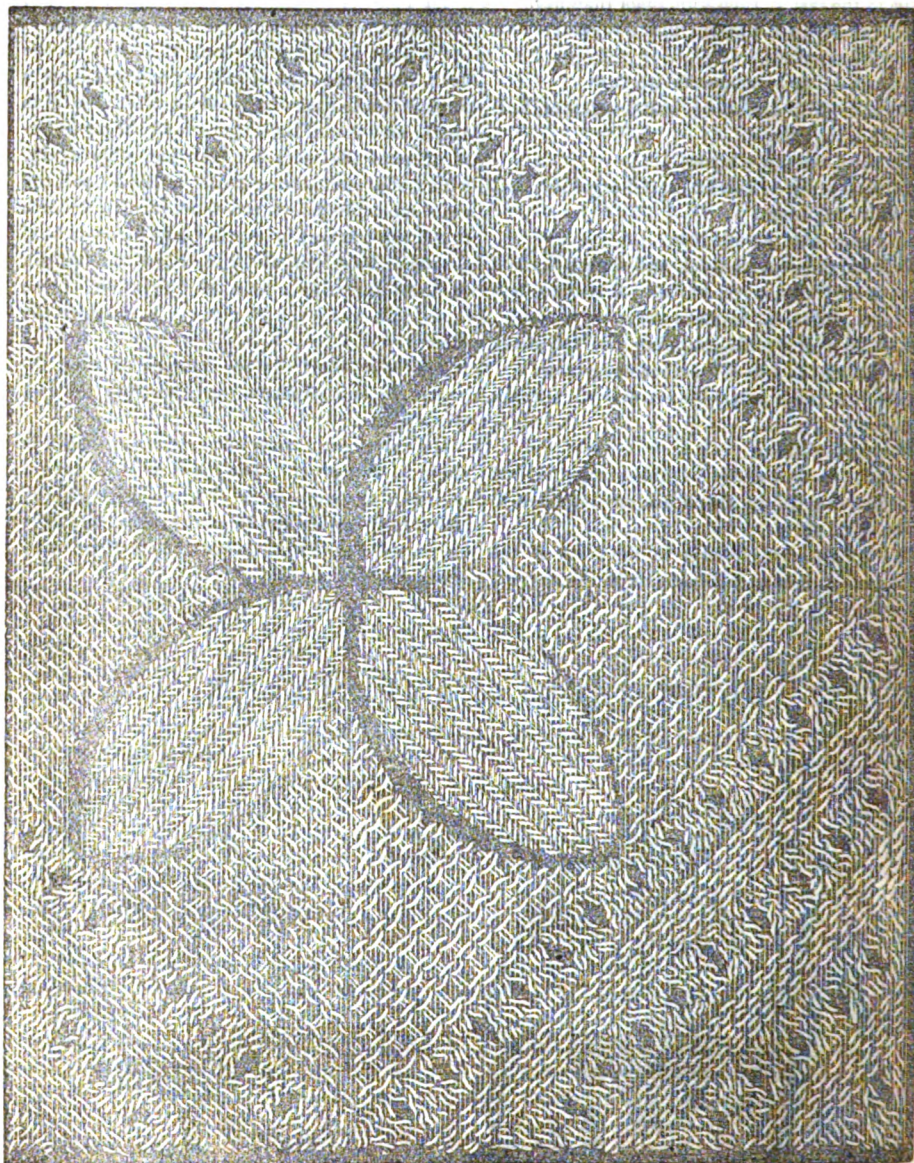
Repeat these 2 rows until sufficient length is made, and cast off. The loops of wool should be about three-quarters of an inch in length; and if they appear too long, the wool need only be passed round one finger. It is then to be sewed to the hood.

BODY, SLEEVE, AND COLLAR.



✓ KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



KNITTING A COUNTERPANE in small pieces, to be sewn together when a sufficient number have been completed, is a sort of work which grows in favor and interest as perfect facility is acquired, and each separate part being added to the last as soon as completed, the accumulation displays itself more and more advantageously. The pattern which we are now giving is in squares, four of which being joined together show four raised leaves, composing a sort of

flower in the center. The knitting is commenced in the following way:—

Take No. 8 knitting cotton, and cast on 1 loop. The next row, pass the cotton round the needle; knit 1 loop and purl 1 on the same loop before casting it off; you will now have 3 loops.

2nd row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3.

3rd row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 2, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 3, purl 3, knit 4.

4th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 3, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 3.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 4, purl 5, knit 5.

5th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 4, make 1, knit 7, make 1, knit 4.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 5, purl 7, knit 6.

6th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 5, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 5, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 5.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 6, purl 7, knit 7.

7th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 6, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 5, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 6.

Back row—Knit 7, purl 7, knit 8.

8th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 8, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 8.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 9, purl 5, knit 10.

9th row—Pass the cotton round the needle,

knit 10, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 10.

Back row—Pass the cotton once round the needle, knit 11, purl 8, knit 12.

10th row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 12, make 1, slip, knit, and bind, make 1, knit 12.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, knit 13, purl 1, knit to the end of the row.

11th row—Pass the cotton once round the needle, and knit the whole row.

Back row—Pass the cotton round the needle, and purl the whole row. This forms the half of the square; and there ought to be 31 loops upon the needle. From this time, instead of enlarging by passing the cotton round the needle, the square must be diminished by taking up two loops at the beginning and end of each front row.

12th row—Slip, knit, and bind, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together; continue to make and knit 2 together, ending the row with 2 together twice over.

Back row—Purl the whole row.

13th row—Purl the whole row, narrowing at each end.

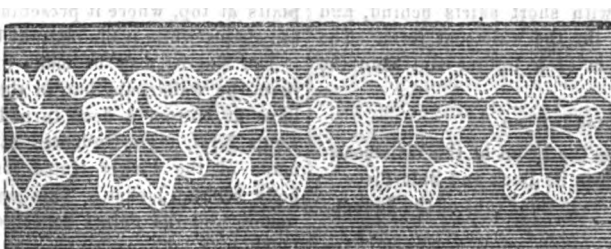
Back row—Knit the whole row.

14th row—Purl the whole row, narrowing at each end.

Back row—Knit the whole row. There will now appear two of the stripes or ribs, the one in the knitting having a row of holes, the other plain, but purred. The rest of the square is to be finished exactly in the same way, repeating the stripes until there are only three loops remaining, when the point must be cast off by slipping 1, knitting 2 together, and binding.

EDGING IN WAVY BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



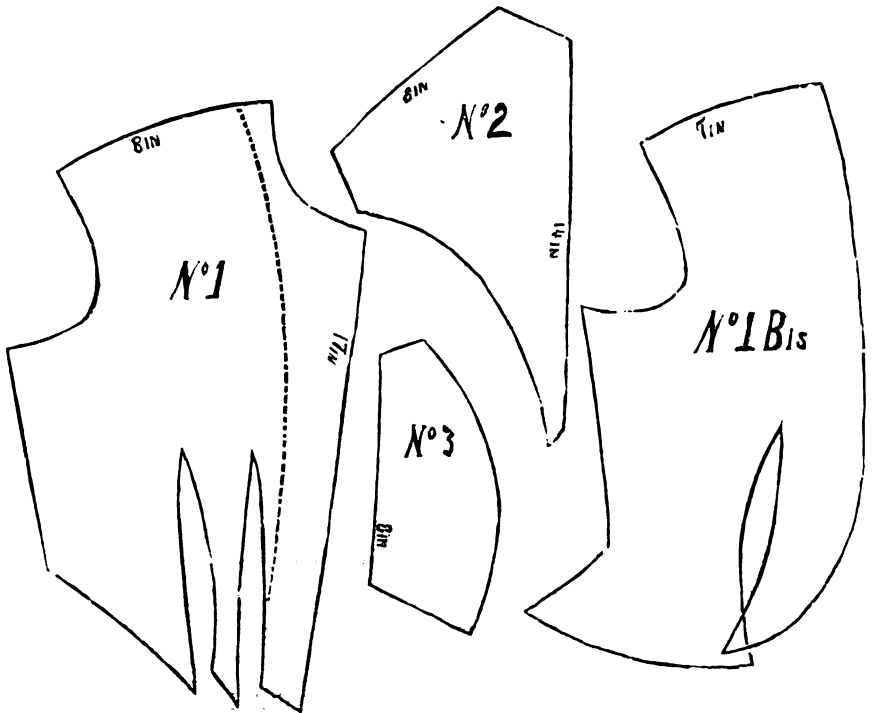
This simple little edging is formed by working seven stitches of *point de Bruxelles* on seven points of the braid, returning the thread through the loops of the stitches, drawing it up close in

the center, crossing the braid, and securing it with two or three stitches. Miss three points of the braid, work seven more points in the same way, repeating to the end; after which unite the points of the braid between each loop.

The proper cotton for the *point de Bruxelles* is No. 20 crochet. The same pattern looks very pretty formed of a loop of nine points of the braid with the English rosette lace-stitch worked in the center.

FIGARO BODY AND WAISTCOAT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, diagrams for a Figaro Body in front, with short skirts behind, and under it a body in the waistcoat form. The waistcoat is made of a lighter tint than the jacket.

DIAGRAM NO. 1.

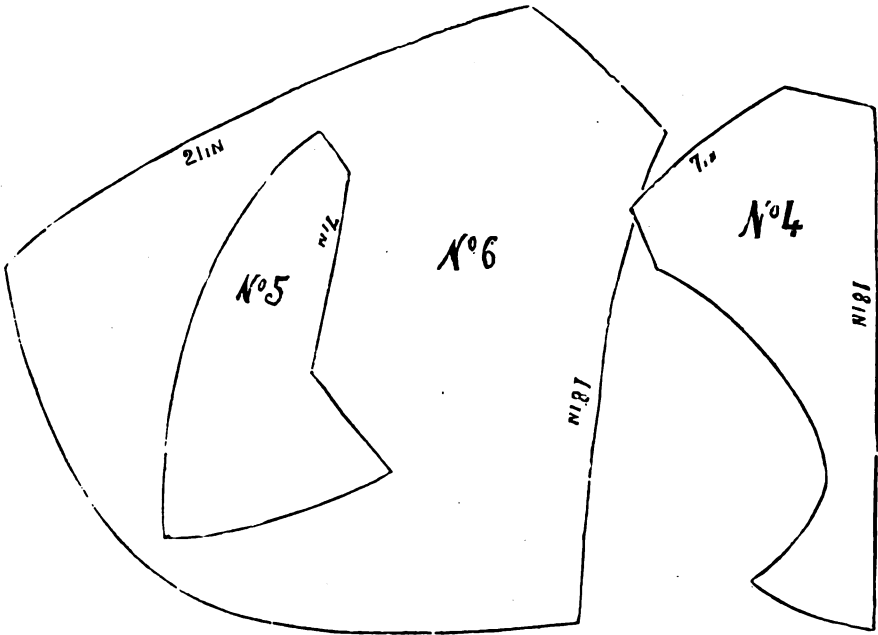
Pattern No. 1 is the Front of the Waistcoat.
Nos. 2 and 3 form its Back and Side-Piece.
Pattern No. 1 bis is the Front of the Jacket.

DIAGRAM NO. 2.

No. 4 is the Middle of its Back.
No. 5 its Side-Piece.

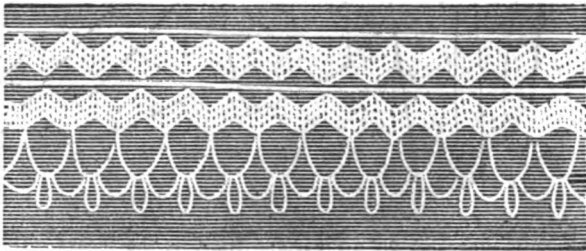
No. 6 is the Sleeve. It is gathered in large plaits at top, where it presents the *leg-of-mutton* shape, while it fits close at bottom.

The sleeves may be made of a lighter tint than the waistcoat; but in that case, it must have at bottom a deep turned-up cuff in the Louis XIII. style, indented at the edge, and made of the darker tinted material like the body of the jacket. This cuff must be six inches, and the points bordered with a narrow black lace. Then also on each of the plaits at the shoulder there must be a dark button set in lace.



EDGING IN WAVY BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

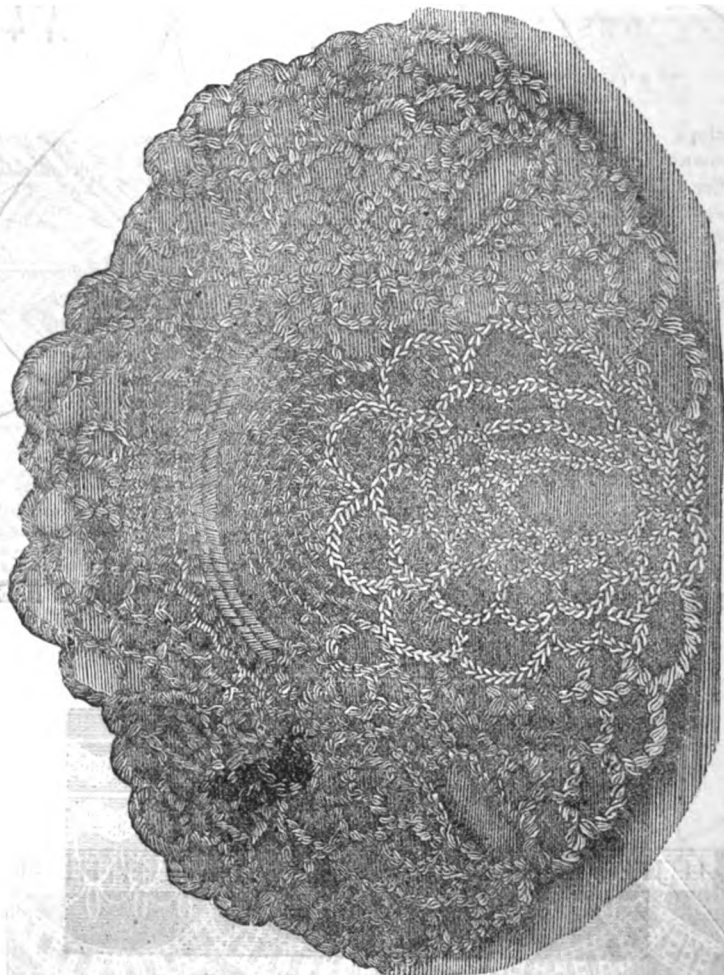


This little edging will be found useful for trimming many articles of the wardrobe; and it is especially suitable for children's dresses, being firm and durable. It is composed of a mixture of fancy braid and crochet. To commence, take a piece of wavy braid; double the length that will be required, on which work a row of *point de Bruxelles*, double the braid, making the points meet, and, with No. 40 crochet cotton, sew the points together, passing the thread down the middle line. Commence the

crochet with No. 16 of the same cotton, and make a chain of nine; loop into the point of the braid, and continue to the end. For the second row of crochet chain six; loop into the center of the last row; chain four, loop in again on to the same, and continue thus working to the end. This completes the crochet. The other edge of the braid is finished with another row of *point de Bruxelles*. Leaving out this last row, and repeating the crochet to match the other side, makes a pretty light insertion corresponding with the edging, the two being thus arranged for accompanying each other.

FLOWER-VASE MAT IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This mat is the production of the crochet-needle, the material being three distinct shades of Berlin wool of a bright green. The bottom of the mat is commenced in the center, and is done on a fine cord, going round and round, and enlarging as often as is necessary, until the required size is obtained. This part is done in the darkest shade of wool. The size of the round is then increased by rows of loops, each row being rather larger than the last, and of these there should be either four or five rows,

according to the size intended to be produced. The scalloped shells or leaves turn upward, and are worked separately, and sewn on. They are commenced by working a small leaf in crochet compact and firm, according to the shape which appears in the dark center of the one in the front of our engraving, commencing at the top, and consequently finishing at the bottom, at which place the rows of scallops are commenced, the first being attached, at each indentation, to the leaf already worked, and the others added

in enlarged loops. These being fastened at the points to the bottom of the mat, are turned upward, and being also fastened to each other on each side toward the top, form the rim, which is intended to lay upon and enclose the lower part of the flower-vase, which rests within the mat.

DESIGN FOR BERLIN WOOL.

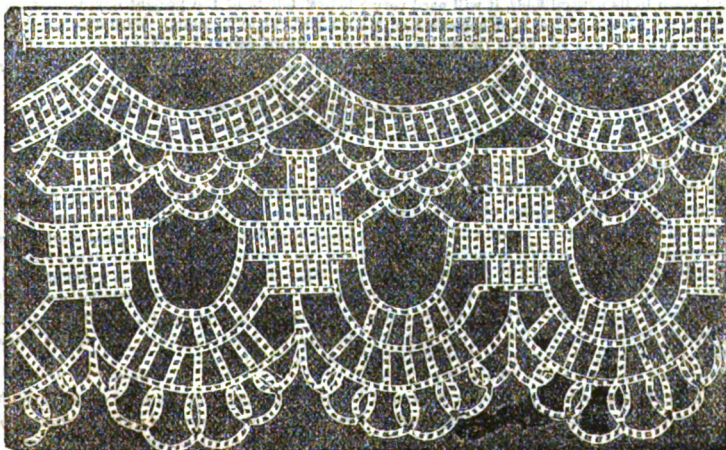
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pattern, which may be continued to any size, and may be worked either in double or single wool, is executed in seven shades of the same color, commencing with black and ending with white. It consists of long stitches made on four or six threads of the canvas, whichever is preferred, worked in a slanting direction, and the top portions of the points are filled in with smaller stitches, to make the design complete. Down the center of each pattern a long stitch of gold cord or fine chenille is put to hide the meeting of the two rows of stitches. Crochet silk or beads might here be very well introduced.



CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS FOR HORSEWOMEN.—Since the war broke out—we wonder if there is any connection between them—riding on horseback has become much more general with ladies. On this account, we think a few hints on the subject, jotted down at random, may be useful.

Mounting often appears, to the woman who has never attempted it, a most contemptible and trifling impediment in her course to the horse's back, and still more frequently does it appear when she has once essayed it and blundered—a thing of such vast magnitude that perfection in it is only to be attained through much labor and difficulty. Either extreme is wrong. If she goes about it in the right way, and the one who assists her understands his portion of the business, a woman may mount a horse for the first time in her life without a flaw being detected by the most critical in her manner of doing so, but that the assistant should perform his part faithfully is an essential condition of success.

In the first place—that condition assumed—it is necessary to be, at any rate, outwardly “unhasting, unresting;” to see a hurriedly nervous advance to, or a needlessly protracted pause by the horse's side, is not a pretty sight; besides, occasionally, it is disagreeable to the horse, and causes him to kick his near hind leg forward and grow captious with regard to his head being held. When a woman goes up to her horse, she should at once place her right hand on the near pommel with a firm grasp, if she be tall enough; but if not, putting it on the center of the saddle will do equally well—indeed, if she be at all doubtful as to the skill of the one who is going to mount her, we would, in any case, recommend the hand being placed on the saddle; she will not rise so straightly, and, consequently, not so elegantly; but, should her aid fail her in the least, she will recover her balance more speedily and be more likely to come down into the saddle than on to the ground.

The habit must be let drop the moment the position is taken up, and the left foot raised and placed on the hand of the groom; directly this is done the spring should be taken evenly, not with a jerk, for the whole movement should have the appearance of the lady putting her foot on a step and quietly walking up. If the habit has been allowed to fall down in its natural folds, it will need very little adjusting by the time its wearer is on horseback with her leg over the pommel, and the reins (if she has not taken them up before mounting) put properly in her hands. The groom will put the foot that has been placed on his hand into the stirrup, and the lady herself can then regulate its length by means of the stirrup-adjusting strap, without which no lady should ride.

It is so easy to take up the reins in the proper way, yet many who can ride pretty well even take them up improperly. Beginners should always learn with the double rein; not difficult to manage in itself, it will still appear so after using the single one, being a trifle more complicated. The lower or curb-rein must be divided by the little finger, and the upper or snaffle by the third; they must then be drawn by a downward movement evenly toward the right hip to the requisite length, the snaffle tighter than the curb. The loop of reins must be passed over the first finger and held firmly down by the thumb. When this is done, it will at once be seen how well adapted the arrangement is for the easy disposition of the reins and management of them and the horse, as they can either be allowed to slip

or be kept perfectly tight and steady with the greatest ease, and at a moment's notice.

The hold on the reins must be as light as firm; indeed, the firmer it is, generally the lighter. It is the rough or steady hand that is heavily-regardless of the horse's mouth, and that pulls awkwardly, and causes him to pull his “getting away,” very often when such was probably far from being the intention with which he started. The first and most important things for the beginner to learn are these few facts which we have mentioned, viz: the way to mount and how to hold the reins. The settling squarely into the saddle will not be accomplished until after two or three trials.

SHAPES OF CRINOLINE.—We cannot help remarking in every well-dressed crowd how evident it is that the shape of the crinoline is undergoing a gradual alteration. Instead of there being the slightest fullness about the hips as formerly, they are now worn as flat as possible, the same rule being observed down the front; all the fullness is thrown at the back, which is contrived by holding the crinoline extended by means of steel or elastic attached to the sides. For out-door wear the crinoline should be cut with a small train at the back, and for evening or indoor wear with a large one. Under-dresses of thin materials such as muslins, barges, etc., two petticoats should be worn over the crinoline, the first made of cambric muslin with a deep hem, a row of embroidery in satin-stitch, and with a few narrow tucks above. The second petticoat should be made of muslin, and have a deep flounce round the bottom; this should be quite plain in front, but full on and slightly train-shaped at the back. So desirable are many ladies of their skirts being flat in front that these petticoats which are made with several narrow flounces alternating with rows of insertions, have only one flounce, and one row of insertion round the front, the series of rows commencing only at the sides. All petticoats should be gored to follow the present style of skirts, and the band at the top which is very wide, should be boned in the same manner as a pair of stays, the back breadths being arranged to draw with a casing.

UNIFORMITY OF COLOR, such a remarkable feature in ladies' toilets of the present day, is now carried even to the pocket-handkerchief. With a mauve dress, the border of a white cambric pocket-handkerchief should be embroidered in mauve cotton, or it should have a mauve tige or vignette. The small muslin cravats frequently follow nette in each corner; if a blue dress, then a blue border this rule, many of the newest being worked in the same color as the dress with which they are worn.

“CHILDREN PLATING HORSES.”—This capital engraving is after one of Leslie's inimitable pictures. It will be remembered that Leslie, though he spent most of his life in London, was American born. His sister, Miss Leslie, author of “Mrs. Washington Potts,” is well-known to the reading public. In his peculiar walk he was unrivaled. His “Sancho Panza and the Duchess,” his “Uncle Toby,” the picture we have engraved, and others have an almost world-wide reputation.

RECENTLY, at one of the races which have taken place in France, the Empress wore a black horsehair bonnet, trimmed with a plaid ribbon and a plaid feather.

PETTICOAT AND CRINOLINE TRIMMINGS.—It is but a few years ago that even rich ladies were quite contented with simple white cambric or twill petticoats; and provided these were well starched, and ornamented with a hem headed by a few tucks, they troubled themselves but little on the subject. Gradually, and by slow degrees, the fashion was introduced of ornamenting these simple garments with what the French call "Broderie Anglaise," which is neither more nor less than the open embroidery, where the pattern is traced out in cotton, the center of flowers or leaves cut out, and the outline seamed over. This style of work, in a very short time, became universally popular; everybody managed to produce endless quantities of it; the Irish took it up enthusiastically, and turned out an astonishing number of yards; the art of making it was taught in all their schools; until, at last, machines were constructed, by means of which the same effect could be produced at a merely nominal cost. It then became so common that many people discarded it, and turned to satin-stitch embroidery for the ornamentation of their under garments in general, and for their petticoats in particular. At first, this was inserted between series of small tucks, and for two seasons no other style of trimming was general; then small flounces made their appearance upon petticoats, and the innovation was looked upon as fussy and unnecessary. But, in the present day, such a small amount of trimming would be considered ineffective and meagre-looking. Petticoats are now trimmed even more profusely than dresses, quite as much care and taste being displayed upon the former as upon the latter.

In the first instance, crinolines do not escape from this trimming mania. Many of them are made up with small, plaited-up, colored braid round the edge. At a bazaar which was held, lately, at the French Embassy, in London, and at which many tasteful articles of dress were offered to the public, much more elaborate crinolines were on sale. Some of the white cambric muslin covers, in which the rows of steel were enclosed, were trimmed in the spaces between the three last rounds with rows of mauve ribbon covered over with white tulle puffings. This style of crinoline is, of course, only appropriate for evening full dress wear. The petticoats above the crinoline are now all trimmed; plain simple ones are rarely to be seen. Those worn under muslin, Chambery gauze, and grenadine dresses, are made of either book or jaconet muslin, and have either one or three flounces round the bottom. If one flounce, it should be five or six inches deep, and be arranged in small box-plaits with a heading; if three flounces are preferred, then they should not exceed more than three inches in depth; these are also plaited up with a heading.

THE DOG OF "OUR" REGIMENT.—This is a graphic illustration, peculiarly appropriate to the time. Sometimes it is a cat, sometimes something else, which is the pet of the regiment. But nearly every regiment has a pet of some kind. And very few soldiers, we suspect, but have pets of another kind—sweethearts—at home. May they soon be able to return to them!

CLUBS FOR 1864.—Now is the time to begin getting up clubs for next year. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us that they could have had larger clubs, if they had only begun a little sooner. Do not make that mistake this year. Nobody will refuse to subscribe to "Peterson" if applied to soon enough.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Remember that the price of this Magazine is only two dollars, while others of the same rank are three dollars. That is, everything which a lady wants in a magazine, can be had in "Peterson" for *one-third less* than in any other first-class magazine. Tell this to persons you ask to subscribe.

BALMORALS, ETC.—Much as some of the English fashions have been laughed at and ridiculed by the Parisians, the fair critics are now adopting many of them. Balmoral boots, scarlet petticoats, striped woolen petticoats, scarlet stockings, are anything but uncommon sights in Paris. At Compiègne the guests have all been wearing high-heeled boots. These boots are made in various ways; of brown kid or morocco leather; also of gray morocco, buttoned up the front with steel buttons, the heels likewise bound with steel; also of black morocco and gilt buttons, with gilded heels. But more *recherche* than any of these are the boots made of Russia leather with gilt heels. With this style of boot a red and white petticoat is frequently worn, and the skirt of the dress is raised, when walking out, by the means of cords and rings, so as to form festoons over it. Now that the cold weather has nearly arrived, knitted vestes are frequently worn over the bodice; but if there is a skirt only, then the wadded and quilted taffetas bodices are resorted to. These are very comfortable and warm; they are made of some useful self-colored taffetas, and the sleeves are closed to the wrist. For wearing out a skirt, the bodice of which has become unfashionable, they will be found exceedingly useful.

FASTENINGS FOR SHAWLS.—Very beautiful fastenings for shawls and mantles are now made by the best Parisian jewelers; the form of the newest is long and rather wide, and they are almost always artistic. The most aristocratic ladies do not, at this season of the year, appear with diamonds, or any other precious stones, except at court receptions. For simple toilets they prefer artistic ornaments, which are called personal ornaments. One duchess will wear upon her finger a ring, which, to all appearance, is worth nothing, but in reality has cost twelve hundred francs, being an engraved stone of the time of Henry II.; another countess will fasten her shawl with malachite, cut as a cameo, representing either a member of her own family or a fancy portrait, something unique, which can only be seen upon herself. It does not suffice to have only plenty of money in the present day in order to be distinguished. The value of ornaments consists not so much in the material out of which they are made as in their artistic worth.

AN EXTRA COPY FOR A PREMIUM.—We shall renew, for next year only, the offer of this year, viz: a premium copy of "Peterson" to every person who shall send us a club. The club terms, remember, are three copies for \$5.00; five copies for \$7.50; or eight copies for \$10.00. Whoever will get up either of these clubs, will receive, either an extra copy gratis, or any other of our advertised premiums, as they may prefer.

"COUNT TCHERKERNOWOFF."—We begin, in this number, our fourth copy-righted novelet for the year. We think the other three among the very best we have ever printed, and the present one will not fall behind either of the others. Our arrangements for next year include, however, an even more brilliant array of similar first-class stories, the titles of which, with the names of the authors, will be announced in our November number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838—1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. 1 vol., 12 *nos.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—In the hey-day of youth, beauty and success, Fanny Kemble, as is well known, retired from the stage, and married an American gentleman of fortune. Her husband, though a citizen of Philadelphia, had large possessions in the South: and this book is a narrative of her residence on one of his plantations.

there. The author's repugnance to slavery, as an English woman of twenty years ago. Instead of being diminished, was increased by what she saw; and this although the estates which she visited were considered, in many respects, model ones; other rice and cotton plantations, in the vicinity, it seems, were very much worse ordered. It is probable that this diary, so long kept private, has now been put into print, in order to counteract the evil influences of the modern apologists of slavery in Great Britain. The journal was originally written for Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick, to whom it is now dedicated.

Lost and Saved. By the Hon. Mrs Norton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The descriptions of life among the aristocracy of England, with which this novel abounds, may be supposed to be correct, for Mrs. Norton is connected with some of the very highest noble families of Great Britain. In this respect, the story possesses a value, which is wanting in other delineations of the same social atmosphere; here, made by writers never having had a familiar entrance to its charmed circle. The members of that haughty caste do not appear, from this volume, however, to be essentially different from, or in any way superior to, the mass of humanity. The reader is sometimes inclined to ask if the portraits are not drawn from life, they are so graphic; and that of the marchioness, though a little overdone, is evidently intended for a real picture. The novel has had a great success in London, several editions having already been demanded. As a literary performance it is, however, only second-rate: it has power and passion, indeed, but little originality in plot.

Flowers for the Parlor Garden. By Edward Soreau Rand, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This beautiful volume is a popular treatise on flowers, plants, and trees; the best descriptions to be cultivated; and the proper methods of cultivation. Its chapters on window gardening, plants for window gardening, balcony gardening, the Wardian case and winter garden, hanging baskets and suitable plants, the Waltonian case, and the Aquarium and water plants, are invaluable to every lady who loves flowers, even if she is not the happy possessor, as few are, of a gardener and green-house. Nor are the chapters on out-door gardening, how to grow specimen plants, hardy annuals, etc., etc., less desirable. The work concludes with a chapter on spring flowers, and where to find them. The volume is beautifully printed on thick, cream-colored paper, and is embellished with numerous exquisite illustrations. Altogether, it is one of the most charming books, in every way, that has lately come under our notice.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By the author of "Boys at Chequasset." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This novel is the story of a young girl's first love, the scene being located in the New England states, and the actors moving in what may be called, socially, the middle ranks of life. It is a very excellent book of its kind, of the same class as "The Wide, Wide World," but less mawkish, in fact altogether superior. The life at "Cross Corners" is better depicted than that at "Mishamook," the author evidently being more at home in country than in town. The most original character in the story is Miss Battis, "the relic," as she calls herself. Glory McWhick, with her "Laws a me, seeh lots of good times in the world, and I ain't in 'em," is also a bit. This is one of our authors who paint from real life, and from whom, therefore, we hope much.

The Divorce and the Battle-Field; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Capt. George F. Noyes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book that will interest every one. It is written with spirit, is full of incident, and recalls events at which thousands of hearts will throb.

Romola. A Novel. By George Eliot. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a story of Italian life in the Middle Ages. When it was begun, the critics predicted that it would be a failure; but the critics have been mistaken for once. Miss Evans has shown that she is almost Sir Walter Scott's graphic power in depicting the past, while her fidelity to history is incomparably greater. Tito is one of the most wonderful bits of character painting in English literature. Savonarola is also forcibly drawn. The present edition is illustrated with engravings of unusual merit, after designs by F. Leynton, J. E. Millais, and G. D. Maurice.

Austin Elliot. By Henry Kingsley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This new novel, by the author of "Ravenshoe," is not up to either of Mr. Kingsley's former works. The falling off, in fact, is very great. The hero starts in life as a candidate for political honors in England, gets involved in a duel, is sent to Millbank in consequence, and so, losing caste, makes shipwreck of his career. The moral of the book is, of course, against duelling.

Skirmishing. By the author of "Who Breaks—Pays." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Follet, Foster & Co.—This is not so good as "Who Breaks—Pays." But the good old grand-mamma, with her strong common sense and Christian views, would reddeem a worse tale from being a failure.

My Good-for-Nothing Brother. By Wickliffe Lane. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—A novel of no very great mark; the best thing about it being its title. The story increases, however, in interest as it progresses. It is published in paper covers, price fifty cents.

The Drummer Boy. By the author of "Father Bricks-hopes." 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This is a story of the Burnside expedition, written principally for young people. It is exceedingly well done, and ought to be very popular.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN FOR OCTOBER.—We must recommend perfect cleanliness and order among the flower-beds, if it is desirable to maintain a creditable appearance. The more so, as, during this month, the leaves fall, and many plants have lived their time, and follow the natural course of decay. We are also likely to have some severe frosts toward the end of this month; and then it is all up with the geraniums, the salvias, and the dahlias, and, indeed, all the half-hardy plants that have made the borders look so gay during the season. Even many kinds of hardy plants will have their beauty spoiled, and should be cut down. Such plants as the Rudbeckias or American sun-flowers, the asters or starworts, the salidagos or golden rods, the phloxes, and other plants of like habit, will all want cutting down to the ground; and, if it is desired to increase, then the roots may be taken up out of the ground, and cut, with the spade, in as many pieces as required, and these pieces planted again. They will each make flowering plants next year. Dahlias, after the first frost, which will turn the leaves black, should be cut off close to the ground. The roots may then be taken up, turned upside down for a while, in order to drain the water from the remains of the stalk, and then stored away in a cellar, closet, or, indeed, anywhere where they will be safe from frost; but it is necessary to be sure that it is so, as a little frost will be fatal to them. They should not be kept too dry; but a close dampness, that is likely to breed mouldiness, will not do for them at all. Better than exposing them to it, would be to leave them in the ground, adding a covering of ash or leaves, the latter being preferable; but these must be covered with earth, or they will blow about, and keep the

garden in a perpetual litter. I have kept them very well in the following manner:—In a dry and well-drained spot, a hole was dug about two feet deep, and about the same in breadth and width; an inch or two of sand or ashes laid on the bottom of this hole; the roots then laid in loosely; some boards laid across, enough to cover the whole; and the earth heaped over them, so as to make a covering, at least a foot thick, all over the roots; a wisp of straw, with one end in the hole, the other projecting above the soil, will provide sufficient ventilation.

Every one who likes to make the most of his garden will, at this season, provide for the spring, by planting bulbs, provided there are not already sufficient of them. These are becoming very popular, and deservedly so; for nothing can exceed the lively and cheerful appearance they impart to a garden at a time of the year when they are sure to be appreciated:—that is, when the trees are yet bare of leaves, and vegetation has made but little progress, do these interesting as well as beautiful and most fragrant blossoms make themselves welcome. What can exceed the beauty and fragrance of a bed of hyacinths, or the gayety of a bed of early tulips—the cheerfulness of a bed of mixed crocuses, a cluster of scillas, a bank of snowdrops, or broad masses of narcissus? These certainly are charming additions to the flower-garden; and, as their time of flowering is not generally that of most other plants, every garden ought to contain a few of some sort or other. Any of them may be procured and planted during this month, and when other flowering plants have ceased to be ornamental, they should be removed; the ground dug or trenched; a little manure added, if possible, the more decomposed the better; and the bulbs planted immediately.

HYACINTHS.—Plant them either in a bed by themselves, or in masses of half a dozen or so, in a mixed border. About six inches deep, and six or eight inches apart, is a very good depth and distance to plant them.

TULIPS.—These may be procured cheaper by having a quantity. If planted in beds, it is not advisable to mix the early and late sorts; but, if in borders, clusters of late may alternate with the early, and prolong the flowering season till May. Plant about the same depth and distance as hyacinths.

NARCISSUS.—Of these there are the polyanthus, or many-flowered kinds, and the daffodils, which have but one flower on each stalk, the latter being generally the earliest; but the Roman is generally the first of all, and this is a many-flowered sort. So that is no guide to the time of flowering.

CROCUSES include all the shades of yellow, white, and blue; the cheapest and most showy are the common yellow, but the others have generally the largest flowers; they will all increase very fast when once in the ground, provided they have a fair chance. Plant about four or five inches deep, and the same distance apart.

SNOWDROPS.—Plant where they can remain for years, as they flower better when well established; put about twenty in cluster, four inches deep; the single are the most effective; the double are largest.

SCILLAS are very pretty in their rich blue and clear white flowers; a few should be planted in a shady spot, but where they will not be overgrown; plant from six to twelve in a cluster, and mark the spot carefully. There are other kinds of spring flowering bulbs, as crown imperials, irises, star of Bethlehem, etc., which are worth growing, but of which we have not space to treat just now. All the foregoing will thrive in any ordinary garden soil, or in any situation, with moderate care; some recommend placing a little sand under each bulb at the time of planting—it is said to assist them in starting fresh roots; they will require nothing further, beyond marking them carefully, until they flower in the spring, nor even then, unless the taller ones want tying up.

ORNAMENTAL WORK.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—For making red currants, take lumps of white resin, (the finely powdered makes globules, and spoils their clear appearance,) color with carmine, and melt slowly; be very careful not to heat too hot; take wire that is wound with green thread or floss-silk, and put on cotton very loosely; then dip in the melted resin. If the resin is not too hot, a sufficient quantity will adhere to form the fruit at once, and currants are more transparent if dipped but once. Remember they should be perfectly round, and hold them while hardening, so as to facilitate this form. When cold, take some fine bits of tea-green or black, put them on with mastic varnish, to imitate the blows, and then arrange them on a stem; add leaves, and they are finished.

White currants are made of white resin very slightly tinged with carmine.

If you wish to add green currants, in arranging a quantity of fruit in any form, make them same as white, only color the resin very slightly with French green.

Gooseberries are made same as currants, only larger, and more elongated in shape. Make them of clear white resin, cuticle made of white prepared wax, colored with verdigris. Before putting them in the wax, wind them, lengthwise, with spool cotton No. 30, to represent the white lines which you see in the natural fruit. M. L. X.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

MEATS.

The foundation of all good cookery consists in preparing the meat so as to render it tender in substance, without extracting from it those juices which constitute its true flavor; in doing this, the main point in the art of making those soups, sauces, and made-dishes of every sort, which now form so large a portion of every well-ordered dinner, as well, also, as in cooking many of the plain family joints—is *boiling*, or rather *stewing*, which ought always to be performed over a slow fire. The error, in fact, no error so common among our cooks as that of boiling meat over a strong fire, which renders large joints hard and partly tasteless; while, if simmered during nearly double the time, with less than half the quantity of fuel and water, and never allowed to "boil up," the meat, without being too much done, will be found both pliant to the tooth and savory to the palate.

For instance. The common and almost universal dish throughout France is a large piece of plainly-boiled fresh beef, from which the soup—or "*potage*," as it is there called—has been partly made. It is separately served up as "*bouilli*," accompanied by strong gravy, and minced vegetables, or stewed cabbage. Now this, as dressed in the French mode, is always delicate both in fibre and flavor; while, in the English manner of boiling it, it is generally hard and insipid.

To Stew.—This wholesome and economical mode of cookery is not so well understood, nor profited by, in England as on the Continent. So very small a quantity of fuel is wanted to sustain the gentle heat which it requires, that almost no should recommend it to the careful housekeeper; but, if properly attended to, meat stewed gently in close-shutting vessels is in every respect equal, if not superior, to that which is roasted; but it must be *simmered* only, and in the gentlest manner.

On the subject of *stewing meat* the following directions may be advantageously adopted:—"Take a piece of boiling-beef, with some fat to it, and a little seasoning, but without water, gravy, or liquid of any sort. Put it in an earthen

Jug closely covered, and place that within a large iron or tin pot filled with cold water, and lay it so near the fire as to keep a gentle simmer, without letting it boil. It will require several hours, according to the weight of the meat, which should be stewed until quite tender. It loses nothing, and will yield a large quantity of the richest gravy, as retaining the whole of its juice, and is decidedly the best mode of dressing that universal French dish—*boeuf bouilli*."

To roast in perfection is not only a most difficult, but a most essential branch of cookery, and can only be acquired by practice, though it consists in simply dressing the joint thoroughly, without drying up any portion of its juices. If this, however, be not strictly attended to, the meat will be spoiled, and the error cannot be rectified.

A brisk, but not too strong fire should be made up in good time, and care taken that it is sufficiently wide to take in the joint, leaving two or three inches to spare at each end, and that it is of equal strength throughout. The fat should be protected by covering it with paper, tied on with twine. The meat should not be put very near the fire at first, or the outside will become scorched, dry, and hard, while the inside will be underdone; but it should be put gradually nearer to the fire when about warmed through, or it will become soddened; and the screen should be placed behind it from the commencement. The more the meat is basted, the better it will be when dressed, and the cook should not be sparing of her trouble in this respect. She should remove the paper a short time before sending the joint to table, sprinkling it with salt, and dredging it lightly with flour, in order to give it a savory brown appearance; but salt should not be put to it before it is nearly dressed, as it would tend to draw out the gravy.

Meat which has been fresh killed will take a longer time to roast than that which has been kept any time; and in warm weather, twenty minutes less time should be allowed for the roasting of a good-sized joint than when the weather is cold. Time, distance, basting often, and a clear fire of a proper size for what is required, are the chief points that a good cook should attend to in roasting.

In preparing meat for roasting by smoke-jack, the cook must be careful that the spit be wiped before it is used, and also when withdrawn from the meat, or its mark will appear in a black stain. She must avoid running the spit through the prime parts. In some joints—as necks—it may enter two bones from the end, run up the back until it comes to nearly the other end, and the prime of the meat will not be pierced. Leaden skewers of different weights should be in readiness, for want of which unskillful servants are often at a loss at the time of spitting. The joints of all necks and loins should be nicked before they are dressed. A piece of writing-paper, cut as a frill, should be twisted round the bone at the knuckle of a leg or shoulder of lamb, mutton, or venison, when roasted, before it is sent to table.

After the cook has taken up the roast meat, she should pour the fat from the dripping-pan into a basin previously wetted with cold water. The next day she should scrape off the fine meat-jelly which will be found adhering to the under part, and put it into a suitable vessel for present use, as an assistant to gravies. The dripping should then be melted and strained. If required to be kept long, it should be strained into cold water, and taken off when cold in cakes, and these cakes laid in a dry place, between sheets of writing-paper.

So much depends upon the taste of parties, in the mode of over or under dressing, that it is difficult to say how long a joint of meat of a certain size should be roasted; but, presuming that a good fire is kept up, and that the meat is intended to be well done, a piece of beef—say of twelve to fifteen pounds weight—should, in winter, be

properly roasted in from three to three hours and a half. The common rule is, a quarter of an hour to each pound; but a thick joint—such, for instance, as a sirloin of beef or leg of mutton—will require rather more time than the ribs or shoulder; and meat that has been hung for some days requires less roasting than that which has been newly killed; mutton, somewhat less than beef; but veal, pork, and all sorts of white meat, should be so thoroughly roasted as not to show any appearance of red gravy.

Some cooks recommend a method of roasting joints of meat in a slow manner, before a large fire, and placing them at a much greater distance from the fire than in the common way, on the principle, as they say, "that it renders the meat more tender, and better retains the gravy." This, however, we cannot admit; for it does not retain more of the gravy, and it makes the flesh soft and insipid or flabby, instead of imparting to it that degree of crispness which is caused by the ordinary mode. It also has the further disadvantage of requiring twice the usual time, and occasioning double the expenditure of coals.

To Boil.—All meat for boiling should be entirely covered with cold water, and placed on a moderate fire, the scum being carefully taken off as it rises, which will be, in general, a few minutes before it boils. This should be done with great care, as, if neglected, the scum will sink and adhere to the joint, giving it a very disagreeable appearance. The kettle should be kept covered. We cannot too strongly urge upon a cook the great advantage of *gentle simmering* over the usual *fast boiling* of meat, by which the outside is hardened and deprived of its juices before the inside is half done.

Pickled or salted meat requires longer boiling than that which is fresh. A fish-plate, or some wooden skewer, should be put under a large joint to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the boiler.

To Broil.—A cinder-fire, or one partly made of coke and charcoal, clear of all appearance of smoke, is indispensable; and chops, steaks, or cutlets of all kinds—if intended to be eaten in their plain state—should be dressed after every other dish is ready, and sent up to table *last*, so as to secure their being *hot*: thus it may be observed that in "steak-dinners" the second course is always the best—as being dressed while the first is being eaten. The gridiron should be kept so clean as to be nearly polished, and should be always warmed before the meat is put upon it, as well as greased to prevent the steak from being burned. A fork should never be used in turning them, but a pair of steaktongs.

To Fry.—The principle of this art is "to scorch something solid in oil or fat." To do this it is necessary that the fat be in such condition as to scorch whatever is put into it; for if the substance fried does not *burn*, it must *soak* and become greasy. After the substance is immersed in the fat the pan may be removed a little off the fire, or otherwise the outside will become black before the inside is done.

When fried things are required to look particularly well, they should be done *twice* over with egg and crumb. Bread that is not stale enough to grate quite fine will not look well. The fat you fry in must always be boiling *hot* when the meat is put in, and kept so till finished; a small quantity never fries well.

Suet.—When a sirloin of beef, or a loin of veal or mutton, is brought in, part of the suet may be cut off for puddings, or to clarify. If there be more suet than will be used while fresh, throw it into pickle, made in the proportion of quarter of a pound of salt to a quart of cold water, and it will be good for any use when soaked in cold water a little.

If the weather permit, meat is much improved by lying a day before it is salted.

Boiling in a well-floured cloth will make meat *white*

Cloths for this purpose should be carefully washed, and boiled in clean water between each using, and not suffered to hang in a damp place, which would give a bad flavor to the meat. The same applies to tapes and pudding cloths. All kitchen utensils should be kept in the nicest order, and in a conspicuous part of the offices.

The more soups or broth are skimmed, the better and clearer they will be. In making these, as well as in boiling meat, particular care must be taken to take the scum off the moment before the water boils, otherwise the foulness will be dispersed over the meat.

Vegetables should never be dressed with meat, except carrots or parsnips with boiled beef.

Full-grown meats do not require so much dressing as young; not that they are sooner done, but they can be eaten with the gravy more in.

Hashes and Minces should never boil, as their doing so makes the meat hard. The gravy should be thoroughly made before the meat is put in.

Dripping, or Clarified Suet, will serve as well as butter for basting everything except fowls and game; for kitchen pies nothing else should be used.

Mutton-Dripping cannot, however, be used in cookery, as it is apt to communicate to everything a taste of tallow.

Seasoning.—The art of seasoning properly is a difficult one, which can only be acquired by experience. The cook tastes her preparations instead of employing the scales; and, where the quantities are indefinite, it is impossible to adjust the exact proportions of spice or other condiments which it will be necessary to add in order to give the proper flavor: the great art being so to blend the ingredients that one shall not predominate over the other.

In seasoning, though the quantities of each ingredient may be as accurately directed as possible, yet much must be left to the discretion of the person who uses them. The different tastes of people require more or less of the flavor of spices, salt, garlic, butter, etc., which can never be ordered by general rules.

To Make Bouilli.—Take a handsome piece of brisket of ten pounds weight; put it over the fire with a small quantity of water until the gravy is out; add a very large bunch of parsley, pepper, salt, and an onion. When the gravy is drawn, add two gallons of boiling water, and let it stew until perfectly tender; chop the parsley, and lay it on the top of the meat, thicken the gravy with vegetables and serve it up. The tops of the long ribs make good bouilli, simmered in a small quantity of water, and served on a bed of red cabbage, stewed separately, and flavored with a glass of vinegar. It also eats excellently, if, when simply boiled, it is served up smothered with onion sauce.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF LEATHER-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt is made very long and full at the bottom, and trimmed with a quilting of the same material. The front of the skirt is ornamented with a fine gimp, whilst a heavier gimp of a trefoil pattern extends part of the way up each side. The body is cut with a small basque in front and at the back, and with the sleeves is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of blue silk, ornamented with a white plume and lace.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK.—Opera cloak of white cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and black lace.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GOLDEN BROWN SILK, with a velvet trimming around the bottom. Round mantilla reaching to a little below the waist, and trimmed with black lace. Black lace hood.

FIG. IV.—BLACK SILK PALETOT, trimmed with gimp and buttons.

FIG. V.—CIRCULAR MANTLE OF BLACK SILK, lined with white quilted satin, and trimmed with a deep chenille fringe.

FIG. VI.—SENIORITA JACKET OF RICH BLUE CASHMERE, trimmed with swan's-down.

FIG. VII.—A MUSLIN OR CAMBRIC BODY, with a pelerine of black bordered by a fringe of lace. In front are two insertions edged with narrow lace. Sleeves gathered on both the upper and under sides, from top to bottom. The gathers are covered by an insertion of black lace. Wristbands of black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As we have remarked before, chine silks are decidedly the newest and most popular style; and the light mauve ground, with a pattern over it of a darker shade of the same color, appears to meet with the largest share of approval. The chintz chines also are in excellent taste, the many-colored designs, such as flowerets, spots, etc., being worked in delicate tints upon light grounds, form dressy toilets. These latter make up into charming dresses for young ladies. As there is a pattern over them, they do not require so large an amount of ornamentation as when the silk is self-colored, the thick silk girdle cord, or a narrow plaiting, or ruche of a darker shade than the ground of the dress will be found sufficient trimming for a young lady, but with the larger patterned chines so suitable for married ladies the case is different. They are much more elaborately ornamented. The black lace insertion over white ribbon, although by no means novel, is more employed than any other style of ornament. A light mauve chine, with a dark mauve flower over it, looks well trimmed with a two-inch box-plaiting of the same round the edge of the skirt; three inches above this plaiting pieces of the black insertion over white satin ribbon about a quarter of a yard in length and three inches wide, should be arranged at equal distances, not in perpendicular lines, but obliquely; these are edged at each side with black ribbon-velvet edged with white, the sleeves and bodice being ornamented to correspond, with similar trimming in smaller dimensions.

The fashion of scolloping the dress round the bottom of the skirt instead of hemming it, has become very popular, especially for poplins. For simple morning toilets, the scollops are either bound with braid or velvet of a darker shade than the dress, or sometimes with black silk or velvet; for more dressy occasions, a ruche, or a narrow box-plaiting is placed upon the scollops, and we have seen them also bound with silk, and ornamental buttons placed upon the scollops. With poplin dresses, paletots of the same are always worn; these are short, with a seam in the center of the back, and are cut to fall in to the figure without fitting it too closely; they are generally bound with velvet, or corded with silk—the gimp buttons down the front being very ornamental.

IN THE MAKE OF MORNING DRESSES there is nothing novel; many high bodices have been made lately with points; the waists in these cases are made longer, and the point at the back is rounded, and only simply corded. With points neither sashes nor waistbands are worn, but should the bodice be rounded then either waistbands and buckles, or wide long sashes tied in falling loops at the side, are adopted. The continued popularity of the postillion bodies and of the short basque, only two inches deep, which we have already described, make us think that we shall gradually get to the old basques of some years back.

We may here remark, for the benefit of amateur dress-makers, and for those who never manage to get their dresses to set high and neatly at the throat under the small linen collars, that a plan has been devised to accomplish this. Instead of cording round the top as heretofore, a small band, of the same material as the dress, is arranged in the same manner as the strap which attaches the collar

to a habit-shirt. This band being cut separately, and then joined on to the high bodice, will be found easier to fit neatly round the throat than when the bodice is simply corded round the top, and this arrangement also suits admirably with the strap of insertion edged with narrow Valenciennes, and with lace ends now so much in vogue, instead of a collar.

If a lady does not wish her shoulders to be seen, there are many tasteful inventions in fichus, lace coverings, etc. The prettiest of them is the Venetian veste, made of black lace: it has a round basque edged with lace; it is high at the back, and low and open in front, being fastened with colored ribbons. This Venetian veste is worn with all sorts of dresses, but more especially over light grenadine or crystalline gauze, both charming materials for evening wear. The pelerines made of guipure alternating with narrow cherry or sky-blue ribbon-velvet, are also much worn over silk dresses. Sleeves made of guipure also accompany the pelerine; these are sometimes looped up over the sleeve of the dress in the form of revers, the dress sleeve being very narrow, and cut with a seam to the elbow.

The newest low bodices are all composed of white tulle or white silk in the upper part of them. The most fashionable manner of making a black moire evening dress would be to make a low bodice first of white silk with two *bouillonnes* around the top of white tulle, and over this a black velvet or moire corset, the sleeve being formed entirely of white tulle. This imparts a very light appearance to a heavy evening dress.

MANTELS, ETC.—We have nothing to add to our last remarks on outer garments. The large cape, the small cape, or pelerine, the short paletot and the long jacket slightly drawn in at the waist, are still the favorite models. Every maker gives them a distinctive character by variety of trimming, and sometimes a new name, but they are in reality the same articles.

The black silk casaques, which partially fit the figure, continue to be very popular. Circular mantles have lately been introduced, and find great favor, as these half-fitting coverings are not found to be becoming to every figure. In Paris the scarf made in the same material as the dress is very fashionable. It is generally cut quite straight and not very long, but when it is preferred, in imitation of the Spanish mantilla, then it is composed of black silk and is trimmed with black lace.

BONNETS are not worn nearly so high as earlier in the season. The insides or caps of bonnets are now mostly made of colored crepe or tulle. It is a charming innovation for those ladies who possess a white skin.

THE MANNER OF DRESSING THE HAIR calls for much attention at the present day, and many are the inquiries addressed to us on this important subject. The styles are various, and some are so elaborate that it is difficult to explain them. For morning, the Grecian style is decidedly the most appropriate, as it is the most simple. The hair in this case is all drawn to the back, where it is fastened up in a large knot, the larger and more massive-looking the better. Bows or loops arranged over a cushion or hair frizette are more suitable to this style than a coil of plaits; three rows of narrow, black, or colored ribbon velvet are sometimes bound round the head as a fillet, and the hair at the back is covered with an invisible net. For evening wear, either the net is trimmed with some bright-colored velvet ribbon, or a *rucho* composed of ribbon or crepe is worn at the top of the head. This is arranged upon a piece of black ribbon wire covered over with black net; it should reach to the tips of the ears, and the ribbons at each end which tie it in at the left side should be about a yard long, the width of the ribbon not exceeding one inch and a half to two inches. The hair is also frequently worn with either

one or two long curls behind the ear, the front being waved. Nets made of the same color as the hair, and so fine in texture as to be really invisible, will be much worn, not over the whole head as formerly, which was found to wear out the hair in front, but over the bows and loops of hair, of which the back of the head-dress is composed, so as to keep the hair smooth under the round hat.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with narrow black velvet. Long black velvet sash.

FIG. II.—PARTY DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with two narrow ruffles. Over the low white plaited body is worn a pleasant body of light blue silk.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GRAY AND BLACK STRIPED DELAINE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is made with a veste and *Semaria* jacket, and trimmed with black velvet. Black straw hat, trimmed with gray velvet and plumes.

FIG. IV.—DRESS AND SASH OF BROWN ALPACA, BRAIDED IN BLACK.—Brown hat and plume.

FIG. V.—FRACK BODY FOR A GIRL to be made of black muslin with dead plaits separated by embroidered insertions. The top of the body is scalloped, and edged with an insertion and Valenciennes. An insertion, bordered on both sides by a row of Valenciennes, forms the wristband.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fashionable style of dressing little girls from five to ten years of age is exceedingly picturesque. A short, full, bright-colored skirt, composed of either silk or French delaine (more generally the latter), with a black velvet Swiss band, and a white bodice, gives a very becoming toilet to them. The body may be made of either clear muslin, with narrow tucks at the back, and with insertion down the front, or it may be composed of jaconet muslin, and embroidered down the shoulders and front with Russian embroidery. The sleeves are all made tight to the wrist, and round the throat there is a Valenciennes *rucho*, collars being inappropriate. Short necklaces are as popular for little girls as they are for grown-up people.

Another pretty dress has just been made, which, though rather elaborate for ordinary wear, may be useful as a suggestion. It was a silk of pink and white check, with pink strips of silk or ribbon coming down at regular distances from the waist as far as the top of the hem of the skirt. These ribbons were covered over with black lace guipure insertion, and finished off with wide rosettes of pink ribbon edged with narrow black guipure. The body was low, open in front, and ornamented on each side with braces, joined together near the top by a strip of pink silk; under this strip the body was quite open, and allowed the small plaited chemisette to appear. A pointed sash was worn with this dress, and finished at the back by a bow and long flowing ends of ribbon. The chemisette was half-low, cut square, and trimmed with an embroidered insertion and edging. The short sleeves were composed of a full puff of white muslin, trimmed the same as the chemisette. A rosette similar to those of the skirt, but rather smaller, was placed on each shoulder. This style of body is extremely graceful, and can be made in any sort of fancy material. The trimming on the skirt may be omitted if considered too elaborate.

The leather trimmings are very much the fashion for children's dresses; little boy's jackets, frocks, and trousers are trimmed with the strips of leather, on which are fixed, at regular distances, bright steel buttons, which have quite the appearance of round-headed brass nails; little girls also wear these somewhat strange trimmings on their frocks and caps.



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“SPEAK FOR IT.”

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.



LES MŒDES PARISIENNES
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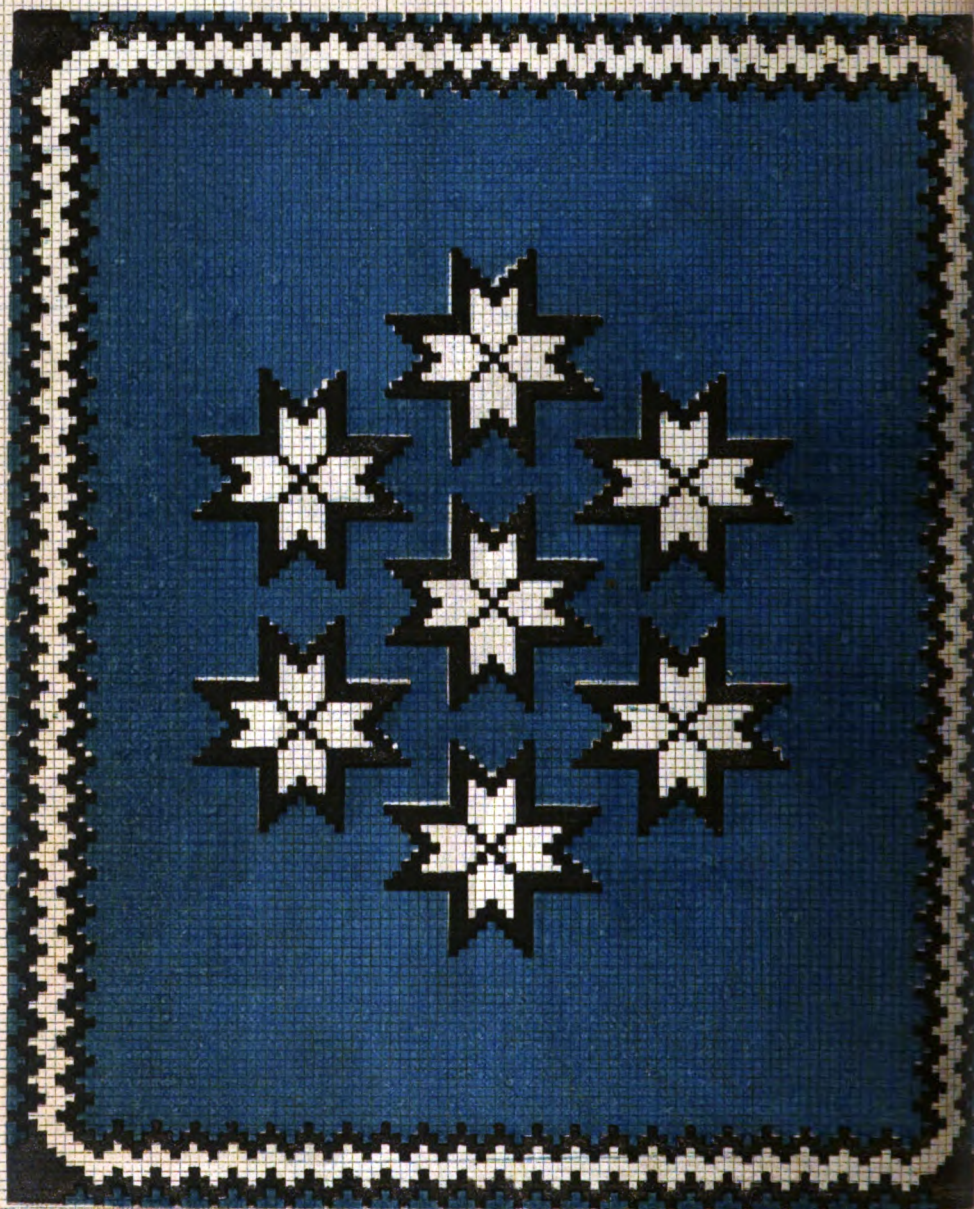
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LES MÔDES PARISIENNES.

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1860

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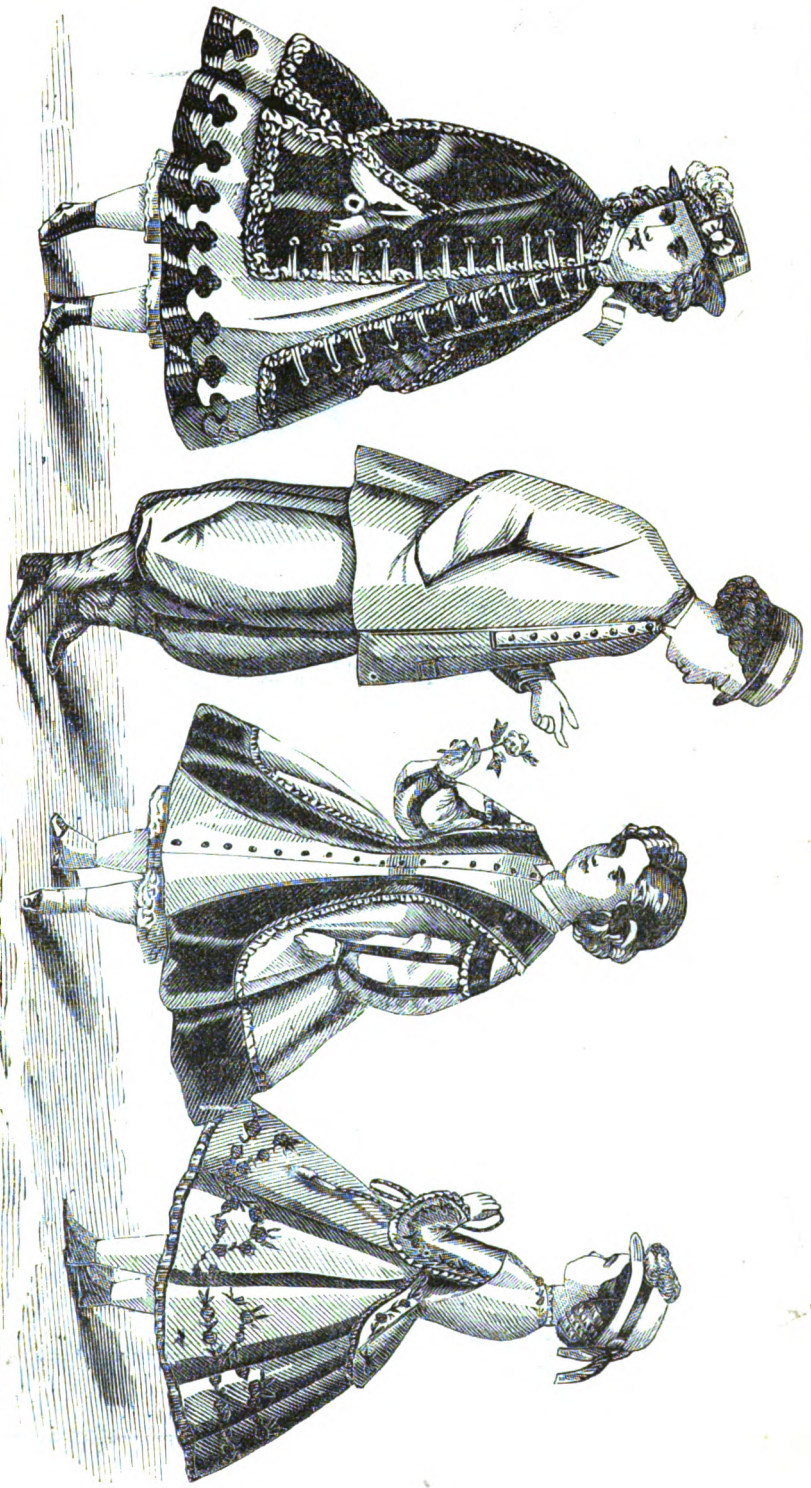


DESIGN FOR PIN-CUSHION COVER,

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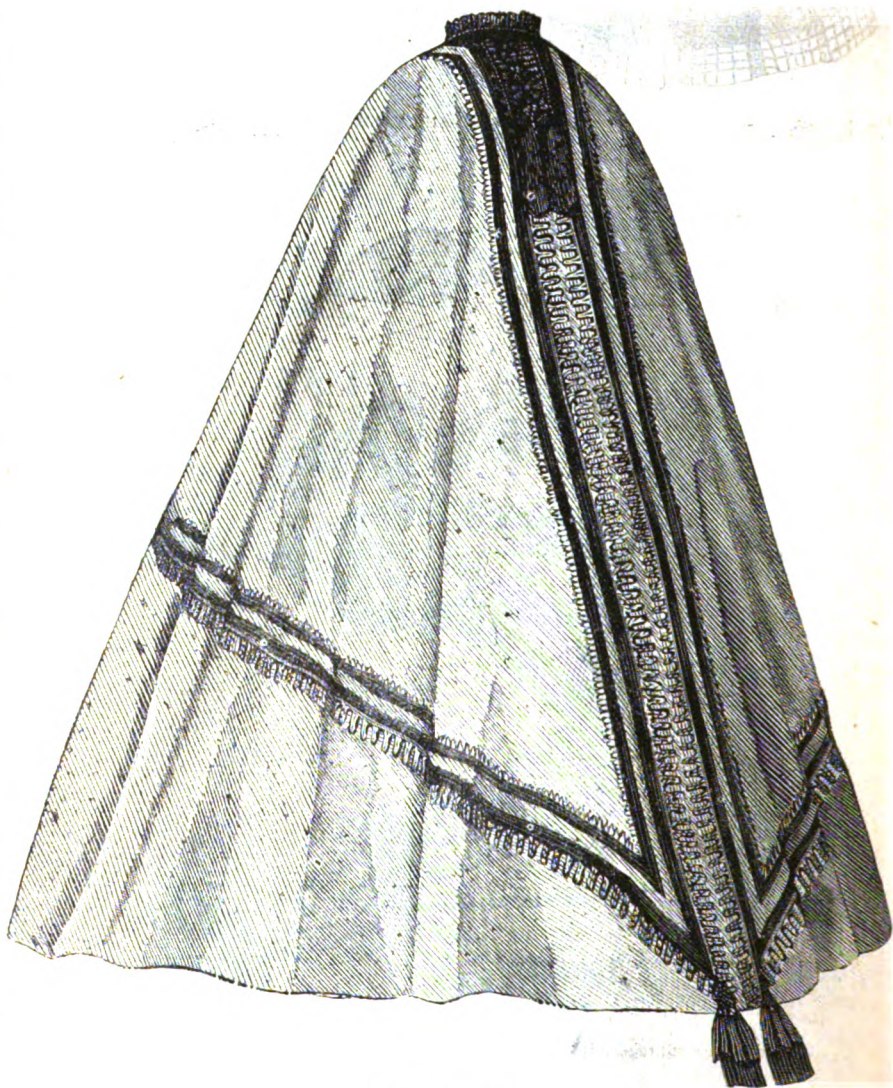
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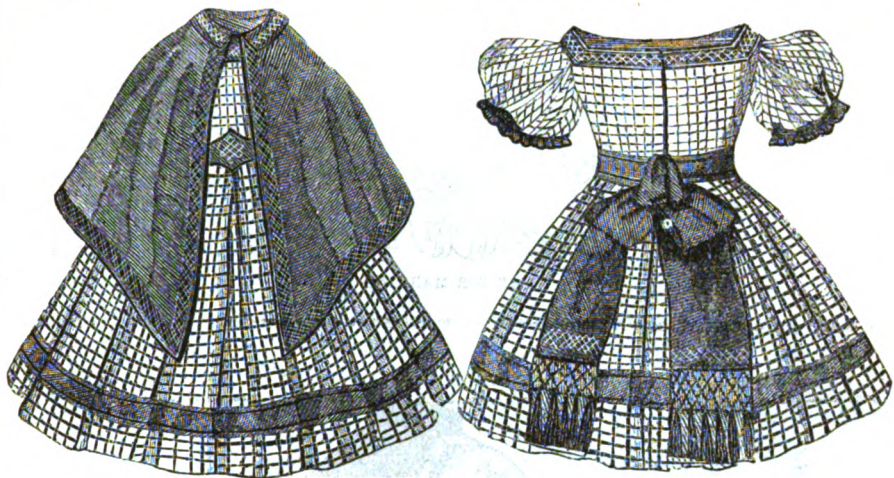
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



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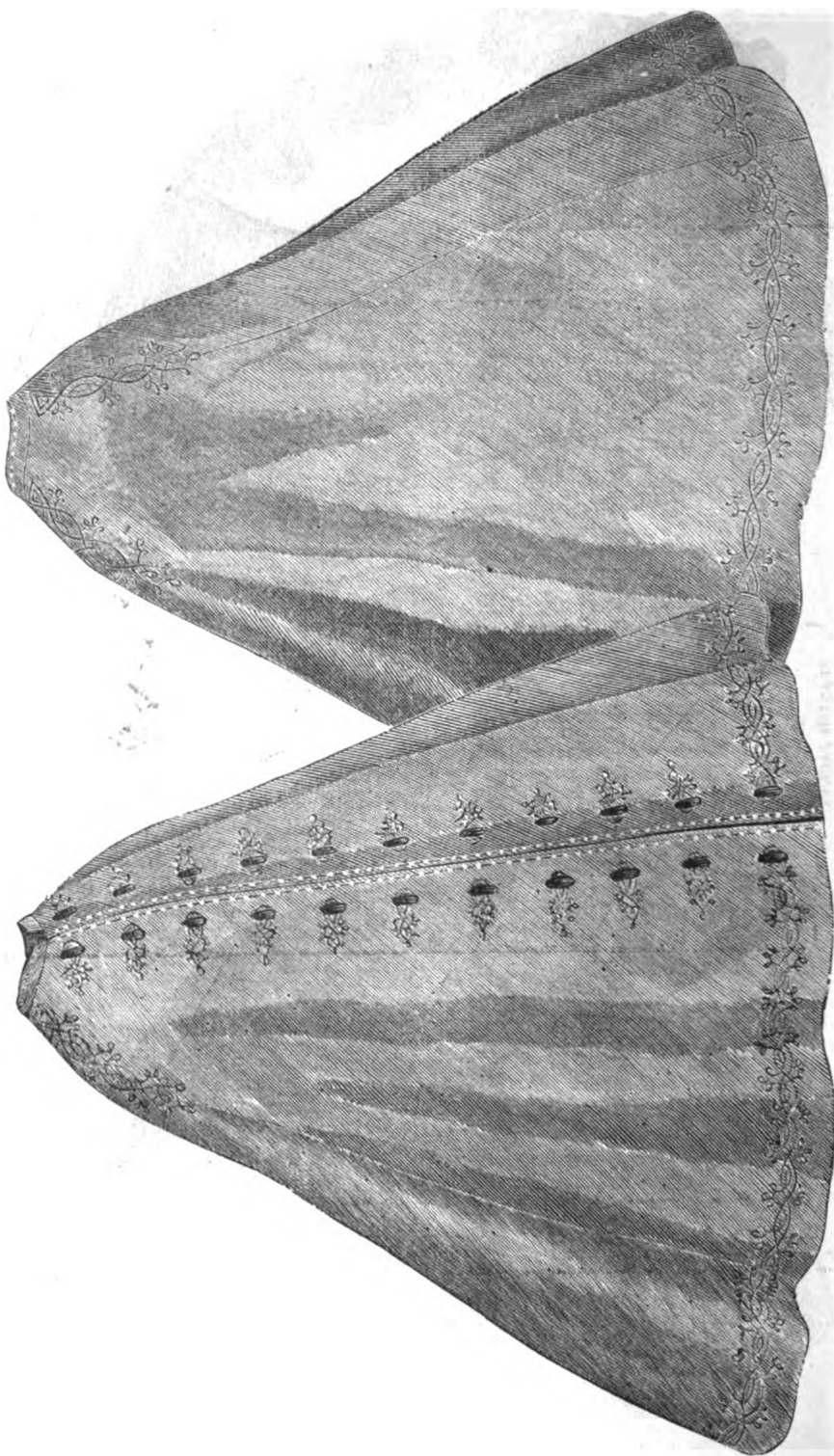
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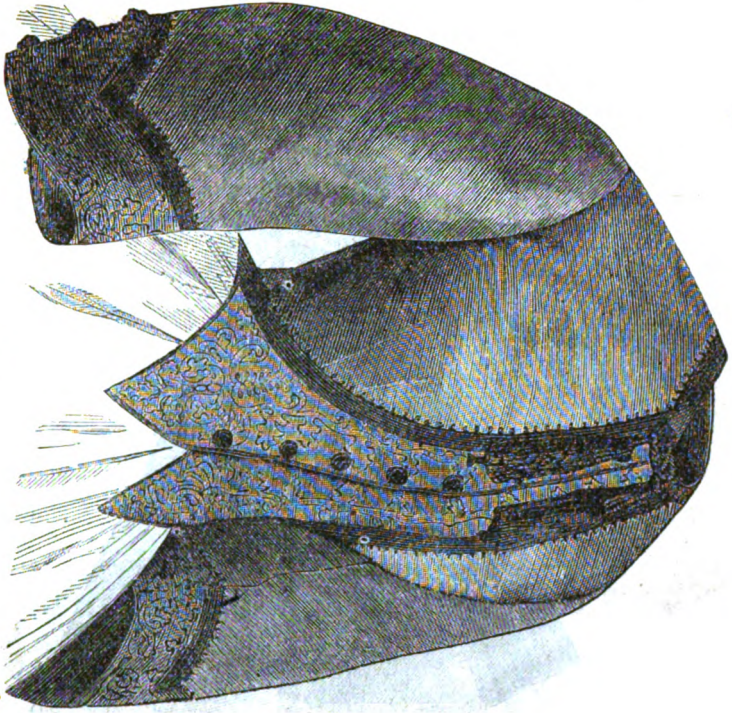
GIRL'S DRESS AND TALMA.



WALKING COAT.

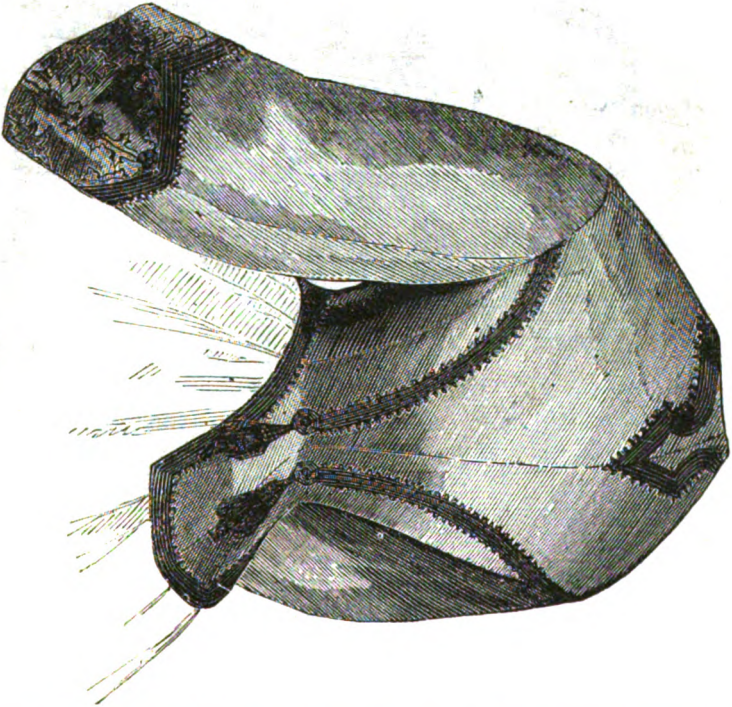


CLOAK PATTERN: FRONT AND BACK.

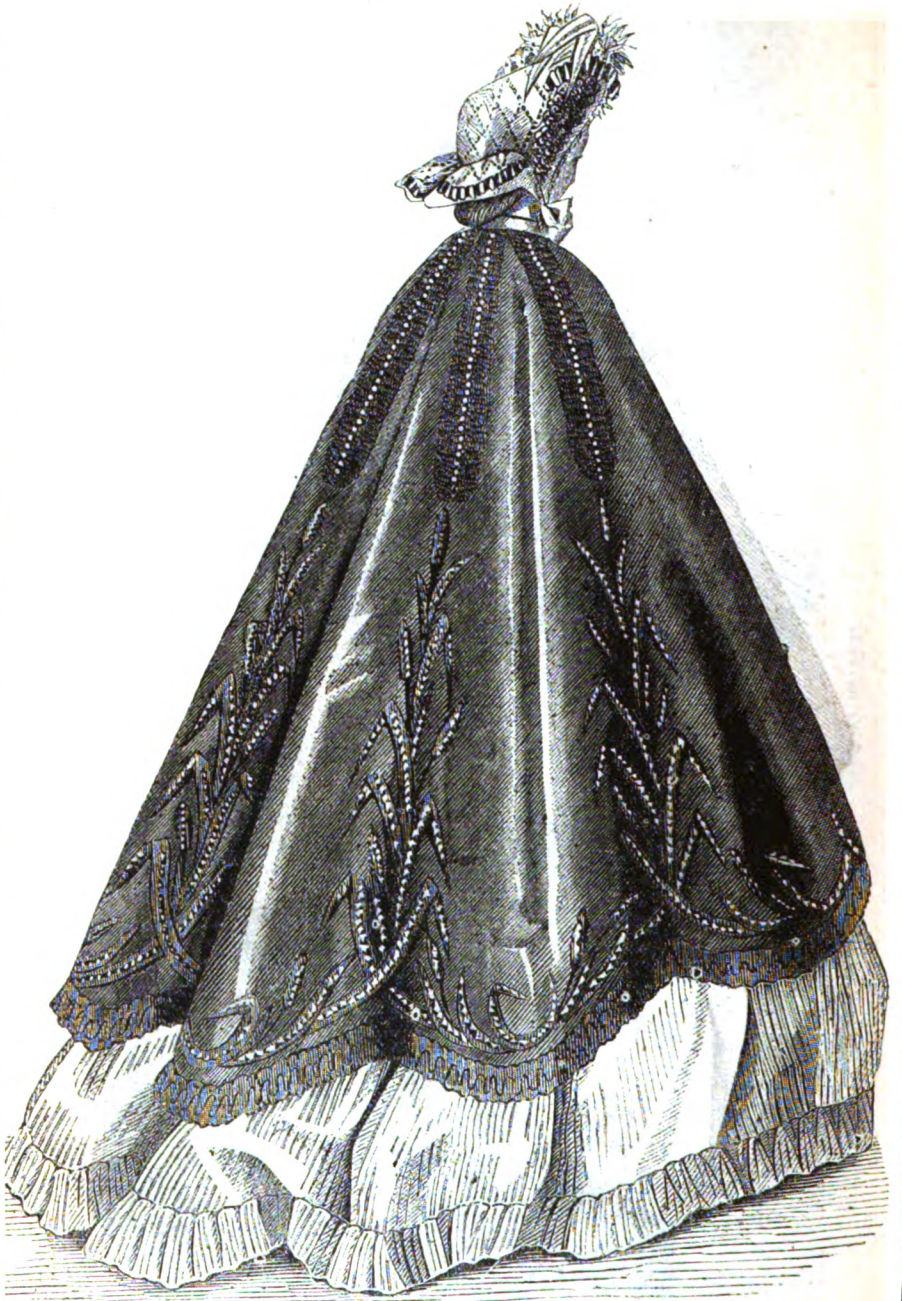


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SPANISH JACKET.



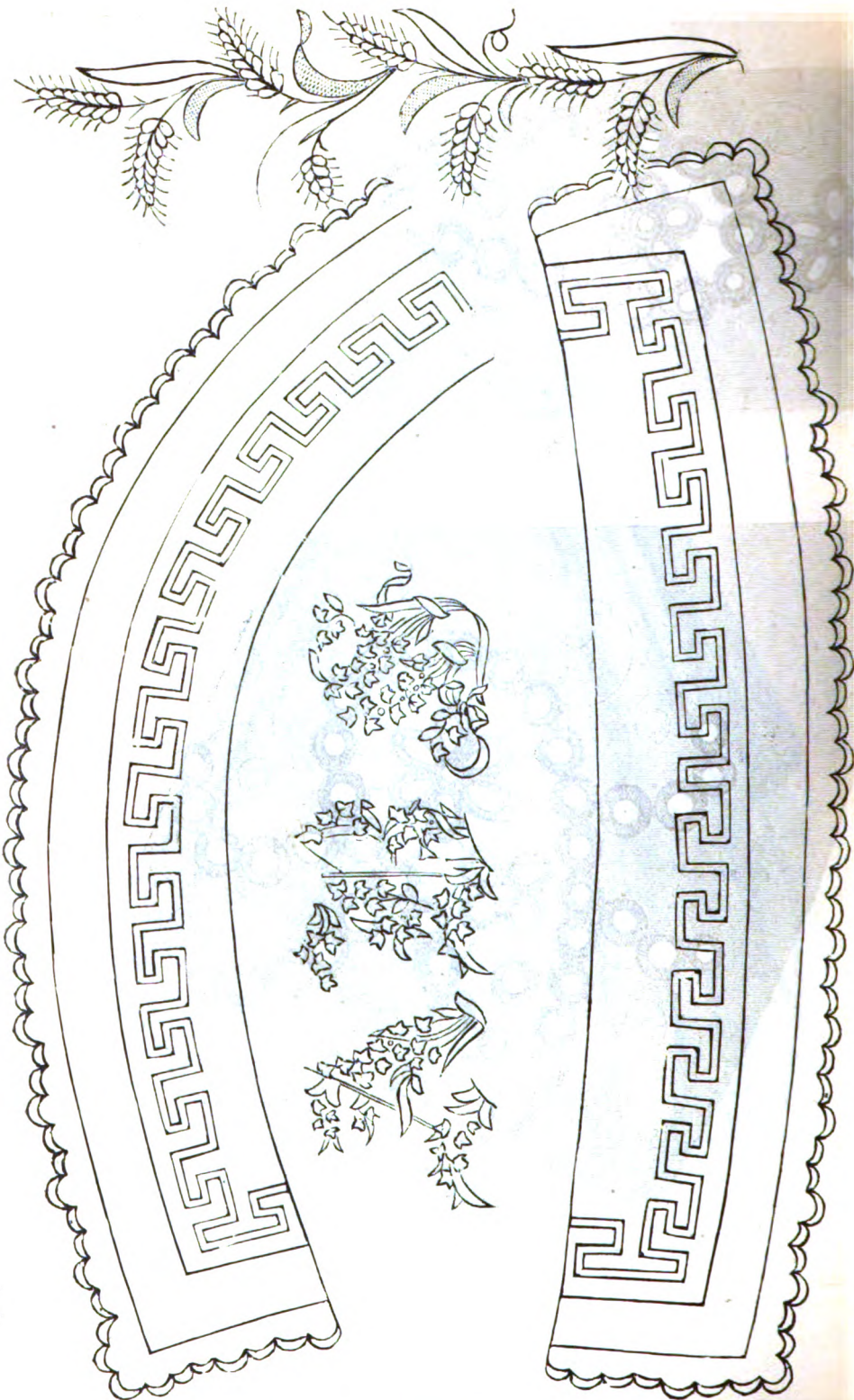
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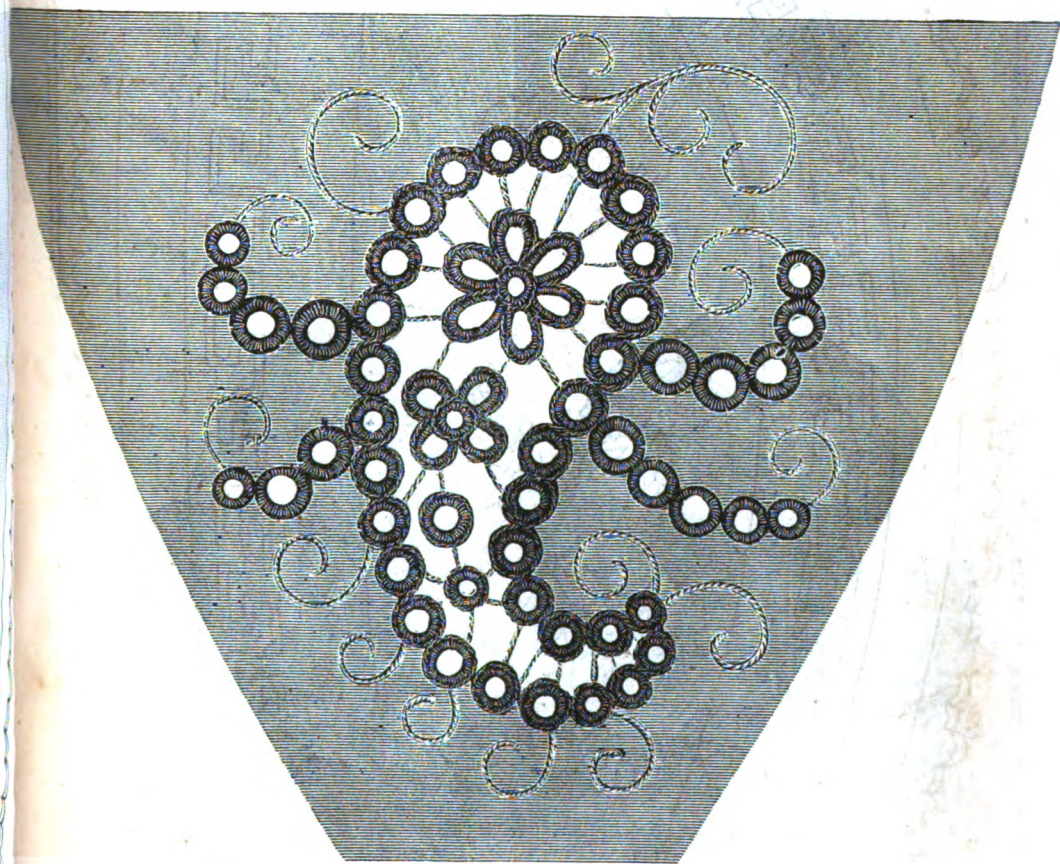
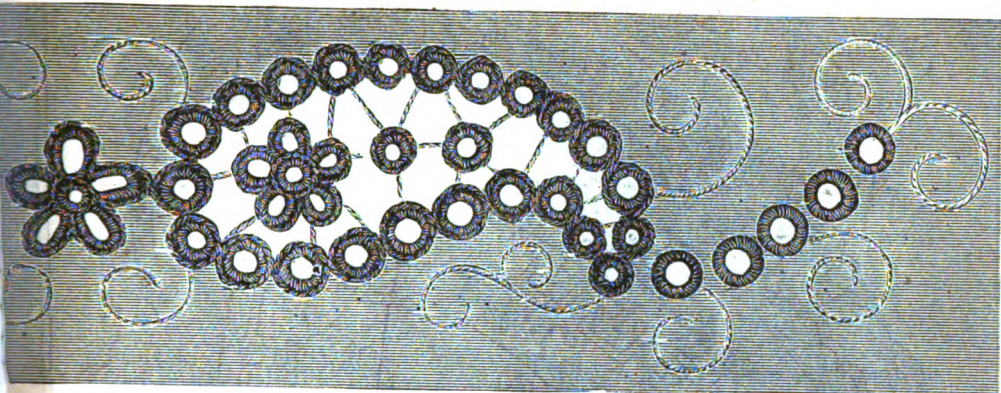


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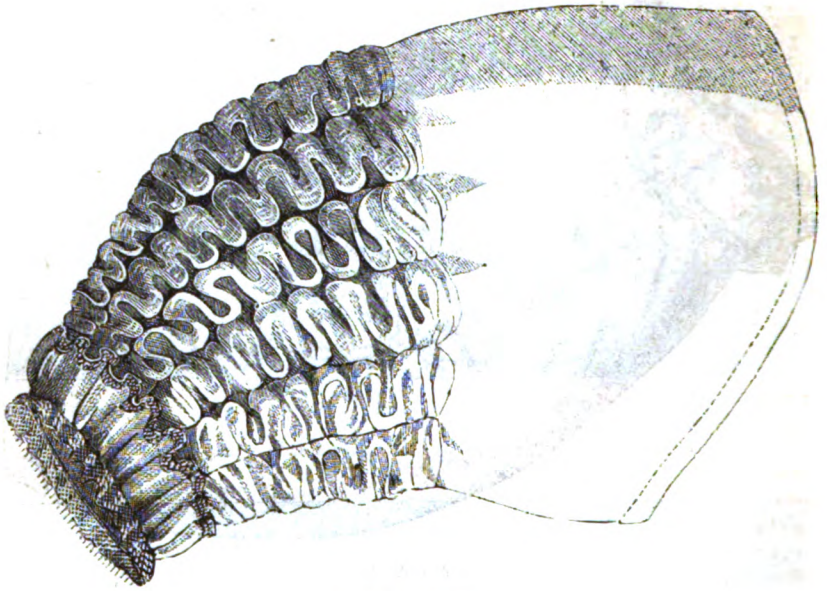


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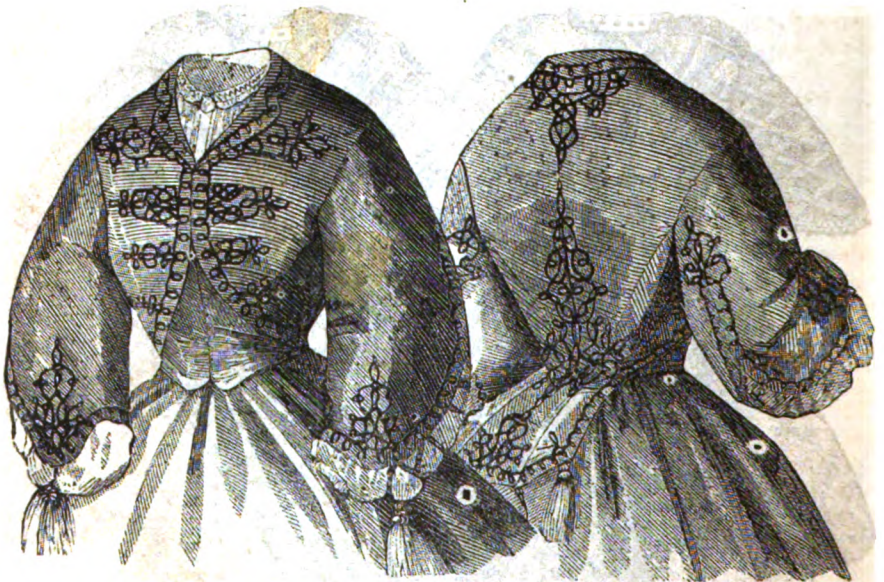




PATTERN FOR LADY'S SLIPPER.



UNDER-SLEEVE.



BRAIDED JACKET: FRONT AND BACK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

ENNUYEE.

BY ALBERT RUSSELL.

He was lying on the sofa, this languid giant, with his coat off, his handsome head pillowed on his arms crossed under it, and his slippers elevated on the arm of said sofa, on a level with his head. The day was one in early spring, and the bright coal fire that filled the room with its ruddy light, was not out of season nor place. I had been writing at a table near the window, being that most "put upon" of all mortals, reporter for a daily paper, but the light faded away, and the point of my pen threatening to meander into all sorts of vagaries in the dark, I threw it aside, and crossed the room to draw up a seat beside Charley. His tall, powerful figure looked like the model for a sleeping Hercules, as it lay in unconscious easy lines of grace on the crimson-covered sofa; his bold, handsome features, shaded by crisp, short curls of dark brown; his long, black eyelashes lying now on his cheek, were each and all perfect in their beauty, and I longed for the impulse that would throw the fire of action and resolution into this grand form and noble brain.

"Charley, old fellow!"

He opened his great brown eyes, and looked sleepily at me.

"Have you actually finished that everlasting frowning and pen scratching?" he asked, his ringing, clear tones shaded by the drawl of habit. "Why don't you take life easy, Al?"

"Because I can't! It is all very well for you, lord of countless money-bags, to lie half-asleep; but I must work there."

"Nonsense! As if all I own was not yours."

"To turn the question table. Why don't you quit this lazy, easy life, and do something?"

"There is nothing to do!" and he yawned and stretched his great lazy limbs, as if the mere act of breathing was a tiresome effort.

"Mind something!"

"What's the use? I've been everywhere, and actually passed a perfect martyrdom of stage-

coaches abroad, and railroads at home, been dragged from ruin to gallery, and from mountain top to valley, bored to death over paintings, stunned with foreign music, danced, sang, flirted, and lived at least three fast lives, and here I am at thirty, *blase*, sleepy, and philosophical, letting the world pitch ahead in its own absurd head-over-heels way, and bothering my mind about nothing and nobody."

"But, Charley——"

"Now don't, my dear boy. I know all you are going to say. I ought to be philanthropic, but it is easier to give a beggar five dollars than to poke into all the blind alleys in town to see if he is a deserving object; I ought to take an interest in politics, but I can't for my life find out the proper card to trump; I ought, in short, to be anything in the world but the lazy, useless, indolent sinner that I am; but also, in short, I can't, so there's the end of it."

I abandoned the field, as I always did, after such remonstrances, silenced, but not convinced. I did so love this dear cousin and friend, knew so well the fund of good undeveloped in his nature, that it grieved me to the heart to see his talents, education, and master intellect rusting in his inert frame. Yet I waited, not over patiently I confess, for the enthusiasm that would rouse all his dormant powers into action.

It came. It is a true story I am chronicling, and I write on to the end.

"Al, old boy!" he said to me, in his lazy, drawling tones, one short week later, "don't you want to go South in my company?"

"What?"

"You see those rogues there have got Sumter, and I've a notion I should like soldiering, so I have applied for a commission in cavalry, and, if you like, will make you my first lieutenant."

I was too much astonished to reply.

"Come," he said, taking my pen away, then, with an abrupt change, he suddenly bent down

and looked with his glorious eyes full of earnest feeling into my face, "Albert, I have awakened up at last. God willing, my strength, his gift, shall be given for this dear country weeping over its children's treason." He drew himself suddenly erect, "may my right arm wither at my side when it refuses to hold the old flag aloft."

The work of recruiting did not lag. We were very busy, and the recruits poured in fast, yet in all the drill, all the excitement, Charley's eyes never flashed again as they did in my dull little office when he invited me to join him. He was always at his post, gentlemanly, well-dressed, and lazy, taking all the difficulties of his new position with the same indifference that had characterized his whole life. His acquirement of his new routine of duty was as easy as his mastery of the accomplishments that made his life so graceful and fascinating; and his men, strange to say, fairly worshiped him. No crabbed officer of the corps was more rigid in his exaction of drill duty than this soft spoken Hercules; but his patience, his gentleness, and his care for the comfort of the boys were marvelous.

Never shall I forget his first battle. The company had been seven months in weary inaction, when we were called to service. We had been back, a reserve guard, and the men, seated in stern, grim silence, waited, waited for the summons to move. Charley and I, side by side, waited the word. One of the aids, riding rapidly by us, spoke a few hurried words to the captain of company C—Charley. Without a word, he motioned his men to follow, and at a snail's pace advanced on, on to the weak point in the column of infantry facing us. Hidden somewhat by the woods, obliged to ride cautiously and softly, we moved forward. Charley's eyes fixed in a blaze of light, looking steadily forward; Charley's lips set in a smile of strange beauty; Charley's pale face as stern, yet as

beautiful as an avenging angel's, these were my beacons to this march of death. At a snail clearing he stopped, waited till the men formed silently around him; then rising in his saddle, he raised his right hand, armed with the heavy sword, and in a voice clear, full, startling as a trumpet call, he gave the word, "Charge!"

I kept close beside him. In the wild scene of blood, the bitter carnage that followed, his tall figure, his clear voice, his sweeping strokes of his powerful arm, were all my guides, my terrors. "If he falls!" The fear haunted me. His horse was killed, but he rose unhurt to keep his place a-foot, the roused lion, the hero of that dreadful scene! Once, once only he faltered. We were passing over the spot where the infantry had stood till driven back, and the ground under our feet was strewn with the dead and dying. Charley was pressing onward, heedless of everything but the advancing enemy, when a man, lying across his path, raised one arm, and in a faint, dying voice, implored,

"For God's sake, captain, don't tread on me!"

He was a-foot, and stooped to raise the sufferer in his arms. The tears rained down his cheeks as the poor fellow's head fell back, dead. "Albert! Albert! I cannot bear this!" he cried, letting the body fall. In another moment he rallied and dashed forward again. One of the riderless horses went past him in a mad career of terror, and he was up and forward again.

Then I missed him. Through all the rest of that long day he was away from my side. In the night search, lantern in hand, I trod over the field searching, searching with trembling frame and a sick heart. The rays fell at last on the noble features, the tall, grand figure, the right arm that had so nobly upheld the country's flag in that day's perils. He lay still with the perfect features locked fast in the icy clasp of death.

MY BROTHER.

BY L. J. DUNLAP.

I stood within thy chamber. Sad and lone
 My footsteps echoed on the silent air.
 No clasping hand met mine, no word of love
 Greeted my ear. Alas! thou wert not there.
 Thy favorite pictures hung upon the walls;
 Each well-loved volume lay upon its shelf;
 Thy flute and music rested on their stand;
 All that was missing was thine own dear self!
 Alas! alas! thy couch was all unpressed,
 The heaped-up pillows knew no resting head.

The dust was on thy Bible. By that
 Memory-bethought her—thou wert with the dead!
 Gone ere thy prime. Dead ere the hand of fame
 Had laid one laurel-leaf upon thy brow.
 Stilled is the busy brain, the throbbing heart.
 Where are thy hopes, and dreams, my brother, now!
 I cannot look above. Father, my heart
 Is cold and heavy in my aching breast.
 Bend down, and softly in my earth-lulled ear
 Whisper, "He giveth his beloved rest."

MRS. WELLFORD'S LESSON.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

In an exceedingly comfortable and well-appointed room, being the second-story front of a spacious stone house in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue, a lady was curled up on a rest-inviting lounge, with a Bible in her hand, and a prayer-book, and Manual of Devotion beside her. She was tastefully and becomingly dressed—was, in the good old Scripture phrase, “pleasant to look upon”—and her appearance was more youthful than her years, for she had reached the meridian of thirty.

She was just reading: “The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful,” and here she paused and thought a little. She had lately been removed from the condition desired by Agur to the higher sphere of wealth and luxury; and thus far, at least, she had seen nothing of the deceitfulness of riches. She looked back upon the plain, brick house, the unpretending *menage* of two servants, and her one silk dress a year, without the slightest regret; and felt, perhaps, “more glad than thankful” that Mr. Wellford had invented that lucky machine, so highly appreciated by Congress, that it raised them at once to comparative wealth, and brought in an annual income that was continually increased by later inventions.

Ten years ago, when Miss Ellen Lampster, one of the six or eight belles of a country town, married Egbert Wellford, the young engineer, and settled down in the brick house aforesaid, she was pronounced by the old ladies to have “done very well for herself”—in which decision she fully concurred. Now, however, brick houses appeared in quite a different light—or rather, in no light at all, for they were thrown into the shade by brown stone fronts. And as Mrs. Ellen gazed around her pleasant dressing-room, that morning, and surveyed, with much satisfaction, the soft carpet of crushed roses, on a ground work of moss—the rich lace, and rose-colored silk of the toilet table and curtains—the pretty book-rack, with its inviting volumes—and all the comforts and luxuries collected there for her sole accommodation, she found it more and more difficult to realize “the deceitfulness of riches.”

In the midst of her reverie, a sound of car-

riage-wheels disturbed the aristocratic stillness of the street; and going hastily to the window, Mrs. Wellford made a veil of the lace drapery, and quietly enconcealed herself to watch the performances at the opposite house.

It was an English basement—not nearly as large as her own, but with an air of taste and lightness about it—a sort of something that reminded one of an oriole's nest. There were birds and flowers in the windows, and pretty tables and odd-looking chairs; nothing substantial, though—keeping house in such a domicile seemed very much like putting to sea in a scallop-shell.

The first thing that Mrs. Wellford saw was a very pretty “turn out”—two splendid bay horses, and a gentleman in front—and a piece of live ebony behind, who folded his arms complacently with every appearance of having his master to drive *him*. The gentleman threw him the reins and descended, just as the door of the basement-house opened, and a very sweet face, in a white drawn bonnet, beamed an answering smile to the one that gleamed from the dark moustache. The young lady, who had heavy waves of golden hair, and great, childish, blue eyes, looked about seventeen; but as she had been a wife and mother for some years past, it was reasonable to conclude that she was somewhat older.

Two little cherub faces were pressed against the glass of an upper window, calling out a farewell to “mamma”—and gracefully kissing the tips of her fingers in answer, the lady gave her hand to the handsome gentleman in waiting, and stepped lightly into the carriage. Another moment, and they were whirling rapidly off toward Central Park.

Quite an every day affair it seemed that a lady should take a quiet morning drive with a gentleman who owned such a fine establishment, even if he *didn't* happen to be her husband; but Mrs. Wellford thought differently, and her virtuous indignation vented itself very much in the following manner:

“How perfectly shameless that little Mrs. Beltable is! Going off, in broad daylight, with that wretched man whom every one knows to be one of the greatest *roues* in town! (She had

blamed her, the night before, for selecting the shades of evening for the same purpose; but when people are determined to find fault, it is impossible to please them.) Poor little children! to have such a mother as that! What will become of them, I wonder, left so much to that French nurse? My heart quite aches for them!" Mrs. Wellford had no children of her own, and she longed to fold the little, deserted Beltables to her sympathizing bosom. "Poor Mr. Beltable!" she continued; "I wonder if he has any idea of what is going on, while he is busy in his gloomy law-office?"

Her sympathy being, by this time, quite exhausted, she returned to the lounge and finished her devotions with the verse: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

The season was May; the trees were covered with a delicate tracery of leaves that cast flickering shadows on the pavement—and this, and the bright, balmy air, reminded Mrs. Wellford of her carriage. It was ordered without delay; and the lady sat indolently back on the well-cushioned seat, watching the stream of human life that poured down in the direction of Stewart's.

It seemed wonderful that all those magnificently-appareled ladies, like "the cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold," should want anything further in the way of shopping; but all condescended with each other upon having "positively nothing that was fit to be seen," and proceeded to look at some loves of lace shawls just opened that morning. Mrs. Wellford selected the most expensive—"love," to the tune of five hundred dollars—an exquisite lilac silk to wear with the shawl—and then went to Lawson's, to procure an airy head-piece in lieu of a bonnet. A sort of sea-foam arrangement was declared a perfect match for the silk and the lace; and in a species of ecstatic excitement at the idea of how well she would look in these new belongings, Mrs. Wellford ordered the coachman to drive to Central Park, and prepared to enjoy the delights of a little fresh air.

The well-trained horses were walking slowly along the nicely-graded walks, and Mrs. Wellford was reflecting on the stupidity of such an excursion all by oneself, with no one to impart a tinge of excitement to the scene—when a glimpse of two well known figures arrested her attention, and she drove around where she could watch their movements to the greatest advantage.

They had left the carriage some distance back in the road, and were walking in the Ramble—

Mrs. Beltable leaning on the arm of her handsome companion, and looking confidently up in his face; while he bent down to her with the look and manner that a man uses only toward the woman whom he loves. Mrs. Wellford figuratively gathered her skirts about her, and assured herself that, if she knew Mrs. Beltable, she would never speak to her again after what she had seen that morning. But in New York one never does know one's opposite or next door neighbor; and had it not been for her beauty and "goings on," as the servants phrased it, she would probably never have been aware of Mrs. Beltable's existence.

When Mrs. Wellford reached home, she found an invitation to a *fete champetre* at Mrs. Cloveville Bay's—a beautiful residence, with extensive grounds, just a pleasant drive from the city. Mrs. Cloveville Bay reposed on the very top of the upper crust, and an invitation from her was something worth having. It was an event that had not hitherto come to Mrs. Wellford; for, in spite of the carriage, and brown stone front, she yet lacked the magic stamp of fashion. She was going through the process, however; and Mrs. Bay's stylishly illegible note seemed to give the finishing touch.

There was never any lack of conversation even at a *te-te* dinner with Egbert; but on that afternoon, between Mrs. Cloveville Bay's attractions, and Mrs. Beltable's iniquities, Mrs. Wellford's volubility was quite wonderful.

"What *does* her husband think of it?" said she. "I feel *so* sorry for him, poor man!"

A slight smile hovered around Mr. Wellford's well-cut mouth, as he replied: "I do not think he deserves your pity. If his wife is imprudent, he has himself to blame for it. He is one of the greatest gamblers in town, and rarely spends an evening at home."

Mrs. Wellford was silent for a moment; but presently she exclaimed, "That makes no difference at all in *my* opinion! A wife has *her* duty to perform, whatever her husband's conduct may be. Nothing can excuse a woman's forgetting her self-respect so far as to permit a man to look at her as that man looks at Mrs. Beltable."

"There are not many wives like you, Nellie," said her husband, kissing her with all the warmth of ten years ago. "God bless you, darling!" and he was off almost before she could control the tears that were swimming in her eyes. If he only could spare a little more time from that engrossing business, how pleasant it would be!

Mrs. Wellford heaved a sigh of resignation,

as she unfolded the package containing her lilac silk and the love of a shawl, which had just been sent from Stewart's; and for the next few days, her thoughts were quite occupied with visits to the dress-maker. The whole suit, sea-foam bonnet and all, was so appropriate for the *fete champetre*, as a friend who dressed like a witch herself, and superintended the toilets of all her acquaintance, obligingly informed her.

Egbert could not go to the *fete*—how could he be expected to spend such precious hours as these, "from three until ten" in amusement? So, his wife went unattended, except by the friend who had a seat in her carriage, and who enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Cloveville Bay—that is, she and Mrs. Bay exchanged bits of pasteboard three times a year instead of once.

Every one pronounced Mrs. Cloveville Bay's grounds "a perfect fairy scene"—though where they obtained their knowledge of that sort of prospect deponent saith not. Mrs. Berkle, Mrs. Wellford's companion, informed that lady that "she was looking sweetly;" and it is painful to record that after this, the fair Ellen experienced a truly feminine pleasure in the unreddeemable ugliness of Mrs. Berkle. Mrs. Berkle, however, did not appear to be at all troubled by it, herself; she was one of those women who seem fully persuaded that there is an indescribable something about them that will overbalance any amount of ugliness, or other defects—and no one dared to gainsay it. She was of no particular age, neither young nor old; and she had an unlimited stock of confidence, which carried her undaunted through the most trying scenes. She was called "clever" and "witty;" but Mrs. Wellford sometimes thought she said very singular things—things that made her feel very much like blushing; but Mrs. Berkle declared that Americans were so dreadfully straight-laced and prudish, they really were afraid to exercise the English tongue. Mrs. Berkle had usually a train of admirers in her wake, some of them mere boys; and here again she expatiated on the delights of foreign society, where women were not laid on the shelf as soon as they were married, or elbowed out of the way by chits of girls.

Mrs. Wellford was soon separated from her versatile friend, who was here and there and everywhere at once, and, wandering dreamily in rather an unfrequented part of the grounds, she came upon an adventure.

In the first place, she came upon a turkey-gobbler—a feudish combination of feathers and

fury, whose chief pleasure in life seems to be frightening unsuspecting female pedestrians. The evilly-disposed fowl, who had wandered out of his proper sphere, bestowed a most wicked side-look upon the lady, and, raising himself up in a formidable manner, uttered a diabolical noise that was answered by a scream from Mrs. Wellford.

A gentleman came to the rescue, and the feathered biped retreated on the double quick. Mrs. Wellford thanked her defender in the most approved fashion, and they walked back together to a gayer part of the grounds. The gentleman was quite young, dressed in a faultless suit of black, with lemon-colored gloves; and there was nothing remarkable about him, except that he had a very intellectual head and mouth.

"Come, Philip, give an account of yourself," said Mrs. Bay, graciously, as they approached that lady, who was surrounded by a bevy of satellites. "Where have you been?"

"Rescuing a distressed damsel," was the laughing reply, "from the attack of a fearful monster."

"The 'distressed damsel,'" replied Mrs. Bay, "is Mrs. Wellford, with whom I beg to make you acquainted."

Mr. Philip Blakely bowed very low, and the color rose as brightly to Mrs. Wellford's cheek as though she had been a girl of sixteen. Mr. Blakely offered his arm, Mrs. Bay laughingly put her under his care, and the two were soon walking quietly through the grounds, and talking like old acquaintances. Mrs. Wellford, who found it very pleasant, timidly suggested that Mr. Blakely should deposit her with her friend, and bestow his attentions on the young ladies.

"I suppose you mean the unmarried ladies," returned Mr. Blakely, with happy emphasis. "If allowed to choose for myself, I shall remain where I am, as I prefer the society of married ladies—provided they are not fat, fair, and forty."

Mrs. Wellford passed a very pleasant afternoon and evening, and when they took their seats again in the carriage, Mrs. Berkle exclaimed,

"Why, I've scarcely laid eyes on you all day! Where have you been?"

Mrs. Wellford was slightly embarrassed, and her friend continued, with rather a loud laugh, "You'll do before long! What, with the *entree* at Mrs. Cloveville Bay's, and an attendant cavalier of your own, you'll pass muster anywhere! I advise you to beware, though, of Philip Blakely; he is an accomplished flirt."

Mrs. Wellford was as yet new to the ways of "society." It was with a heightened color, therefore, that she replied, "It appears to me that I have furnished no occasion for such remarks. I am perfectly willing to admit that I have enjoyed the society of Mr. Blakely, who appears to be a well-intentioned, innocent boy, nothing more. You seem to forget that I am a married woman, some years his senior."

"Not in looks," rejoined Mrs. Berkle, quickly. "I never saw you look so well as you do to-day. What a lovely dress that is! I heard Mrs. Cloveville Bay admiring it."

Mrs. Wellford reached her own door in a very good humor with herself and every one else.

"What sort of a time did you have, Nellie?" inquired Mr. Wellford, in rather a sleepy manner, somewhere in the neighborhood of twelve, P. M.

"Oh! delightful!" replied his wife, with enthusiasm. "I met such a nice boy there, Egbert! You really must see him!"

Mr. Wellford, as has already been intimated, was sleepy, and, knowing Mrs. Wellford's *penchant* for pretty children, he set down the boy in question as an attractive infant in short skirts and long curls, and soon forgot that, and all other remarks, in the land of dreams.

Mrs. Wellford began to be "gay." She went to *fetes*, and parties, and *matinees*—"entertained" frequently—and found, somewhat to her surprise, that her dancing days were *not* over. Perhaps, like many others, she did not imagine that those attentive partners had recollections and anticipations of champagne and oyster suppers. But there was one, at least, of the gay throng who was uninfluenced by any such considerations.

Society had taken to admiring Mrs. Wellford; and society, quite oblivious of the existence of a Mr. Wellford, had taken to coupling her name with that of Philip Blakely. Not that society looked upon this as anything "morally wrong"—merely an innocent flirtation between an idle young man, and an equally idle married woman; and Mr. Wellford was, of course, the last person to hear of the thoughts or sayings of society on this topic.

To be sure, one night of that succeeding winter, when Mrs. Wellford, exceedingly airy and youthful, in a cloud of blue gauze, was whirling around the room in the arms of Philip Blakely; and Mr. Wellford, who, by a sort of miracle, happened to be present, regarding the performance with rather a puzzled air, was accosted by an elderly gentleman with some remark on "the desperate love-making of those

two young people before folks." He did speak to his wife, and suggested that, perhaps, she had better not dance any more.

Mrs. Wellford's first feeling was one of embarrassment, her next of indignation. "No one but an old fogey would have made such a remark, and she should treat it as it deserved, by paying no attention to it. If they had been the only couple in the room who were waltzing, it would have been a different matter; but when they were kept in countenance by such a host of others, it was perfectly absurd. As long as waltzing was done in public, no harm could come of it."

This was a quotation from Mrs. Berkle; and Mr. Wellford, silenced, but not convinced, balanced his spoon on his coffee-cup, as he thought of various queer things that people would doubtless do if they were only "kept in countenance by a host of others."

Mrs. Wellford never went abroad "in full dress," without a particularly well-selected bouquet; not the gift of Mr. Wellford—he had no time for such things; but she seemed to know exactly where it came from. Of course, flowers for the flowers' sake were no object to her; she could order them from Bridgeman's, or Reid's, whenever she chose; but it was pleasant to be remembered.

Philip Blakely was unfortunately an exceedingly interesting person; rather unpretending, perhaps, and unnoticeable in appearance, until one caught the merry or reproachful look in his gray eyes, and the beautiful curve of the expressive mouth. He had a cleft chin, too, which is particularly dangerous—and a gentle, unobtrusive manner, which is worse than a rattle-snake, because the latter plainly declares its intentions beforehand. His father was a physician of high standing, and Philip was capable of attaining eminence in that or any other profession. But he was as indolent as a Louisianian, and preferred living on his father's reputation and money, dressing unexceptionably, and "leading captive silly women," who had nothing to do but to throw themselves under his chariot-wheels. Mrs. Wellford "took an interest in him," and talked to him about studying, and "making a name for himself;" in answer to which he talked of a pain in his chest, and sent her another bouquet.

She saw nothing improper in driving to the Central Park in her own carriage, with Philip Blakely beside her, and had almost forgotten Mrs. Beltable. There is no knowing how long she might have gone on, had she not come so near going off at a conversation she overheard,

one evening, between the said Philip, and a young lady, who, if Mrs. Berkle had had the managing of her, would have been arrayed in dimity, instead of tarleton, and locked in the arms of Morpheus, in place of the more questionable arms in which she was permitted to make the circuit of the ball-room. The last arms from which she had emerged were those of Mr. Philip Blakely, and, in virtue of this privilege, they were now enjoying an animated *tele-a-tele* in a retired nook, which they imagined no one had discovered but themselves.

The sound of her own name silenced Mrs. Wellford's scruples, and she listened in breathless attention. The young lady was reproaching the gentleman for fancied neglect.

"I suppose," she pouted, "that you are too much taken up with antiquated beauties, Mrs. Wellford for instance, to bestow much of your valuable time upon poor, little, insignificant me. I should think that married women would prefer staying at home, and attending to their husbands, than making fools of themselves in this way. When I am married, I mean to retire from the field and give others a chance."

Mr. Philip Blakely laughed quietly, and tried to soothe the indignant damsel with compliments. But she still pouted, and he continued, insinuatingly,

"Can I not pay an elderly lady"—his companion was sixteen and a half—"some little attention, without being misconstrued in this manner? It is the fashion, you know, to court married women, particularly when they have unexceptionable establishments, and unobtrusive husbands; but you must be convinced that my heart——"

Whatever disclosure was about to be made respecting that interesting portion of his anatomy was nipped in the bud by a half-scream from Miss Belle Rivers, who declared that she heard a rustling *very* near them. But Mrs. Wellford had made good her retreat, and all investigation was fruitless.

The next morning Mr. Philip Blakely was denied admittance to the drawing-room, where he was in the habit of lounging away some portion of every day; and, putting this and the rustling together, he arrived at the sage conclusion that it would be well to execute a half-formed purpose of visiting Europe. After his departure, his respectable papa, who had never been romantic in his life, and was now past the lawful age for it, received various epistles on his account, which he disposed of as he felt inclined.

It was harvest time, and Mrs. Wellford reaped

some unexpected crops. The first gleanings came in the shape of a note, from a cousin, Minerva Sagely—a very rich and very disagreeable relative of Mr. Wellford's, who had been married at sixteen—for her money—spent her time in a nursery-wrapper, with "Hall's Journal of Health" at her elbow, and departed most unceremoniously from lecture-rooms, and public places, at the slightest approach, on the part of the speaker, to what she considered forbidden subjects. Cousin Minerva was severely and awfully virtuous—there, certainly, was no danger of any man's approaching *her* with flirting intentions—and she always had the first stone ready to throw at some more attractive and less guarded sister.

The epistle in question was written with lemon-juice, and began by observing that no woman who had the slightest respect for herself, or her husband, (interlined twice,) would be guilty of the sin of flirting; and it ended by declining the pleasure of an expected visit from Mrs. Wellford.

This was no disappointment, as the erring lady was not partial to cousin Minerva; but it was a sort of shock, coming on the heels of the previous shock; and when Mr. Wellford came home to dinner, he found his wife curled up on the dressing-room lounge, with her face turned to the wall, crying bitterly.

Finally, with much penitence, and many sobs, she made known the cause of her distress, and Mr. Wellford proceeded to administer comfort by labeling cousin Minerva an old cat, Philip Blakely a young scamp, and Ellen Wellford a sort of persecuted angel. But this she knew she did not deserve, and, getting hysterically overcome by her husband's tender magnanimity, she clung so tightly about his neck as almost to put an end to his valuable life by strangulation. Finally she was persuaded to lay aside this bo-constrictor phase, which was touching, but uncomfortable, and apply cold water to her eyes and cheeks.

By way of changing the subject, Mr. Wellford said, pleasantly, "You must have had rather a passion for bouquets, last winter, Nellie. Here is a bill from Pierre Didot, florist, for three hundred dollars."

"I never dealt with any such person!" exclaimed Mrs. Wellford, in great bewilderment. "There must be a mistake."

Mr. Wellford called upon the worthy Pierre, who made up exquisite bouquets in a dingy little cellar in Canal street, and was assured that the flowers were regularly ordered by a very nice young gentleman, and sent to

madame's address. But the bill had been sent to the very nice young gentleman's father, who ordered it to be sent to Monsieur Wellford; and Monsieur Didot had no further interest in the affair, except to have the little account settled.

Mr. Wellford paid the bill, and returned to his wife, with a smile on his lips that was more expressive than words. The lady's mortification was complete when she learned the truth, and Mr. Wellford considered it a happy opportunity to urge a plan at which he had been hinting vaguely, without success, for some time past. This was a speedy removal into the country. He had had his eye on a desirable place all winter, (what a sly way men have of doing things!) and before Mrs. Wellford quite

knew what she was about, somebody else was in the brown-stone front, and she was in a country mansion, many miles away.

She never regretted the change, and she found plenty to do of the right sort of work, having had quite enough of the employment that Satan provides for idle hands; and Mr. Wellford discovered, just in time, that the best way of preventing outsiders from paying attention to his wife was to be very attentive to her himself.

One day, the little children in the basement house called "Mamma!" in vain—mamma never came; and now, Mrs. Wellford, at her devotions, prays, instead of reads, the eighteen-hundred-year-old petition: "Lead us not into temptation."

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

BY JAMES PARISH STELLE.

I FEEL that thou art near, mother,
When death abroad is spread;
Thy form seems with me, e'en among
The dying and the dead!
Thy voice comes to me with each breeze
Thy smile where sunlight gleams:
And through the night thy hand doth trace
Bright visions in my dreams.

Thou whisperest in mine ear, mother,
When sins my path beset;
And then I tear myself away,
Without the least regret.
Thy words, once spoken, ever kept,
Are priceless gems to me;
My peace on earth, my hope in Heaven—
I owe it all to thee.

This world is not so bad, mother,
As some pretend to say:
'Tis good enough for him who tries
To walk in virtue's way—
Who in his early days was taught,
Sin's beaten track to fear—
Who has a pious mother's words
Still living in his ear.

'Tis good enough for me, mother,
Though cold and drear at times.
For memory takes thee with me through
All trials and all climes.
Thy voice comes to me with each breeze,
Thy smile where sunlight gleams;
And through the night thy hand doth trace
Bright visions in my dreams.

THE CHEERFUL-HEARTED.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

With every shade of care away,
And every cup of sorrow—
Though dark and drear the earth to-day,
The sun will shine to-morrow.
Then stifle every plaintive sigh,
And banish all repining;
Though clouds are floating in the sky,
They hide a "silver lining."

Oh! think not earth's a dreary place,
Devoid of every merit!
For, oh! it wears a smiling face
To a contented spirit.
And think not life's the cheerless way
That some will daily make it;

For, oh! it bears a shining ray,
If all knew how to take it.
Then fling each weight of care away,
And every cup of sorrow—
The sun that's clouded in to-day,
Will beam again to-morrow.

Oh! bear in mind, when troubles rise,
And shades of care are given,
They're only "blessings in disguise,"
To lead us on to Heaven.
Then let us bear a cheerful heart,
When shadows gather o'er us—
For shades of night will soon depart,
And day will dawn before us.

COUNT TCHERKERNOFF.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER III.

MORE than two weeks had passed, but the attractions of Newport were by no means diminished. Even the most restless pleasure-seekers appeared content to linger as long as there was any possible excuse for doing so, and to counteract the beneficial effects of sea air and delightful weather, by every species of dissipation that could suggest itself to their languid imaginations.

Kate Paulding had been quite unwell for some time past; not confined to her bed, but still suffering enough to make the bustle and excitement unpleasant to her.

Always anxious to please her friend, Emily Delancy had taken a small cottage, near Hunneman's Hill, beyond the sights and sounds of which she had long been as weary as Kate was now; and Mr. Delancy being absent upon some expedition, the aim of which was best known to himself, they prepared to make themselves comfortable.

People would drive out to see them, that was Kate's only affliction; but, of course, an heiress could not be allowed to vegetate in complete retirement. Every man went to keep his own cause good, and the women—perhaps because the masculines did.

But Kate, for a time, remained obstinately invisible. Emily was forced to make excuses for her and deliver pathetic messages, until she declared that having charge of a beauty was the most onerous task that ever devolved upon the shoulders of one unfortunate woman.

Of course Will Manners saw his cousin every day; they were very much attached to each other, and those who were only acquainted with the hard, worldly side of his character, would have been astonished could they have sounded the depth of his regard for Kate.

The very first day he came he entered the pretty little parlor which was appropriated to his cousin's special use, and which Emily had made so picturesque by a thousand little feminine arts, exclaiming,

"Upon my word, you look very charming here, and, better than all, so cool."

"The reflection of your presence," returned Kate.

"Don't try to keep me," he said, "for I have left our poor Russian kicking his heels in solitude in the hall—Emily is nowhere to be found."

"She has gone out to drive," said Kate, rather hastily.

"I suppose you won't let him up?"

"I am to see no one, you remember," returned she, hesitating and coloring a little.

"But you might make an exception in his favor."

"Don't you think your intimacy with him a little unwise?" Kate asked.

"Not a bit! He may be a Russian spy; but he is certainly a gentleman, and, as for vices, he seems to have none. If he had, I don't think my morals are likely to be contaminated."

"I wish one knew——"

"Oh! nonsense; who cares! Drop him, if you like, when you leave here. Come, let me bring him up."

"I suppose you will have your own way, so I may as well have the merit of consenting," said Kate, glad to lay the responsibility upon his shoulders.

"Just as well," said Manners, and off he darted in search of his companion. Kate heard their steps and voices in the hall. She could not restrain the nervousness which made her hands tremble over the embroidery they held; but she felt vexed with herself for the weakness, and determined to make amends by being exceedingly dignified.

They came in—the Russian with his usual calm demeanor a little disturbed—mere acting, perhaps, but exceedingly well done. Kate received him with polite indifference, and listened coldly to his few words of regret at her indisposition.

"My cousin has taken possession of my castle," she said; "I shall consider you his guest, as I am forbidden to receive visitors."

"I trust Mr. Manners has not committed an indiscretion in bringing me up," he replied, with such perfect courtesy that Kate colored for her own quick speech.

"Not a bit," said Will; "she is dying for human society—she is very glad to see both of us."

"I fear you are too generous in allowing me

the pleasure of being included in your welcome," returned the count, with a reproachful look which quite made Kate forget her good resolutions.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, frankly. "Please sit down and don't pay any attention to my nervous ways; I am an invalid, you know, and must be indulged."

His face brightened immediately; and the result of Miss Kate's wise reflections was, that when Emily returned, they were both still there, Will lounging over a new novel in the window-seat, and the Russian talking to Kate, who appeared, for the time, to have forgotten her languor and distaste for society.

Manners clamored loudly for luncheon, and refused to leave the house till he had it, so the meal was served in Kate's boudoir; and while the four sat over it merry and content, at least half a dozen white lies were charged upon the souls of the poor servants, who were instructed to say to all visitors that Miss Paulding was too unwell to see any one, and Mrs. Delancy engaged in attending upon her.

Emily was pleased with the count herself, and although she had the same suspicions as Kate, she could not help enjoying the morning, all the more, perhaps, because no one would be the wiser.

Manners was in his gayest spirits, but when he could retreat to his book again he did; and as Emily went up to see her boy, Kate and the count were again left to entertain each other.

Sitting in the window with the book before his face, Will Manners was apparently absorbed in its contents; but he turned the pages at rare intervals, and at last allowed it to fall from his hand. He had just seen Col. Leslie and Juliet Ransom ride past; the only resource the volume afforded him after that, was the mutilating of it to so frightful a degree, while fancying that he had the gallant Englishman by the ears, that when Emily picked it up, the next day, she found it in a state past perusal.

It was not until Mrs. Delancy returned, a long while after, that Manners suggested the propriety of a departure; and the count looked like a man who considered himself defrauded of half his visit, although he uttered all sorts of smooth apologies for the frightful length of his stay.

"But I cannot tell when I may have this happiness again," he said. "At least, you will permit me to inquire daily after your health?"

"Oh!" said Will, before Kate could answer, "it is my duty to visit her every morning. I must bring some one with me to share the tedium, or she will reduce me to a skeleton."

"You see, count," said Mrs. Delancy, "it will be a charity to accompany the unfortunate victim to duty."

He bowed, but glanced toward Kate. It was perfectly apparent that he intended to have an invitation from her lips.

"You have promised to bring me to-morrow those poems we were speaking of," she said; "I cannot endure disappointment."

He took his leave looking perfectly satisfied.

"I suppose it isn't right," said Emily; "but, upon my word, I like the man—he is charming—what a pity they talk so about him!"

"I shall lie down awhile," said Kate; "I am very tired."

Emily covered her up on the sofa and left her to sleep quietly; but I am afraid slumber did not come very near. The music of that voice was ringing in her heart—the mournful light of those eyes looked into her own, and she lay there so lost that she was unconscious of her dream.

Poor Kate! it was hard that after passing through so many seasons unscathed, she should be in danger of yielding to a sentiment which, in all probability, would lead to unhappiness, both to herself and her friends. She had been too secure in her strength, and the most alarming sign was, that she did not at all understand the extent of her present weakness.

The next day, the count made his appearance with Manners. The same result ensued, with the addition that this time while Will watched from the windows for a presence which he would not have acknowledged, the Russian read to Kate the passionate measures of an Italian poet, and added to the fervor of the strains by the language of his eyes.

So on for the next day, and the next, until Kate looked for the visit as one of the regular occurrences of the morning, and would have been frightened had she heeded how completely all the hours that intervened were the emptiest voids, which no other companionship could fill.

Emily had grown so timid that she shrunk from rousing anybody's resentment, so she held her peace; although when she thought about the matter quietly, she considered that Manners was doing very wrong in placing Kate in such a position, and often made her mind up to tell them both so; but somehow, when the proper moment arrived, she never did it.

"Enjoy yourself to-day, let what will come to-morrow," was Manners' motto; and while under the influence of his presence, his friends were too much in the habit of yielding to his example.

"Kate looks so much better," he said to Emily; "but it would not do for her to be left entirely alone. She would get into one of her fits of depression and do herself a great deal of harm."

Emily could not dissent from either proposition. Just as she was gathering up her courage to say something concerning their visitor, Will changed the subject, and dashed off in a flood of nonsense and badinage that completely put the matter out of her head.

So matters went on, and as Kate still considered herself unfit to see people, there was no one to fill Emily's ears with fresh reports, and the effect of the old ones gradually died away.

Those were entirely very pleasant days, at least to two of the little party. In after years, Kate Paulding often looked back upon them, and even through the dimness of change and time, she could not deny that they were among the sunniest of her life—no trouble could blot out their recollection, or give her strength to cast the spell of their memory from her soul.

CHAPTER IV.

In the meantime, the reports concerning the young Russian gained ground rapidly and grew into actual statements of facts.

Mrs. Doshamer was among the most active of his foes, for his visits to Kate had become known and severely commented upon. Col. Leslie was very instrumental in finding out all that could be learned against the man, in order to vent his spite toward Kate and to gratify another enmity.

Of late, Will Manners had several times flirted outrageously with Juliet, and nobody could blame the martial Englishman for being angry. The poor girl was severely rated by her cousin, and amongst conflicting emotions she really was to be pitied. She was afraid of Mrs. Doshamer, she fully appreciated the inestimable advantages of her new position, and had no intention of endangering her future; but, in spite of it all, she could not help listening when Will Manners talked, and her poor, little stifled heart would occasionally sigh for a content and happiness which her prospects, with all their brilliancy, could never promise nor offer.

At last, Mrs. Doshamer gained admittance to the cottage, and burst like a thunder-gust upon the quiet inmates, stung to new fury by the improper actions of Juliet and Will, just after Manners and the count had made their daily visit.

"In the name of heaven, Emily Delancy!" she exclaimed, the instant she found herself in her presence, "what do you mean by such conduct? Why all Newport rings with the scandal. What will Tom say I should like to know? That abominable man here at all hours—I never was so astounded in my life!"

Emily could not bear the first shock. She rang the bell and sent an appealing message to Kate to preserve her from the doom before her. Before Mrs. Doshamer could again open her batteries Kate entered, looking so innocent and demure, so pretty withal from her recent quiet life, that Mrs. Doshamer felt her anger increase tenfold.

"Really," she began, "I see no signs of illness."

"No?" asked Kate. "I must procure a certificate from Dr. Peters—no one will believe me else."

"I have just been talking to Emily," pursued Mrs. Doshamer, "and I hope opened her eyes."

Kate turned and surveyed her friend with apparent surprise and delicious innocence.

"Don't hurry the operation," she could not resist saying. "I know when I was a child, nurse used to say it was very bad for the kittens."

"Kate, your levity shocks me!" exclaimed Mrs. Doshamer.

"My dear creature, I have not been so ill as you fancy! I am not a heroine recovering from the brink of the grave—called back by a Providential sleep, while Emily and Will hushed their breaths and watched me on their knees."

"I fancy," said she, "the kneeling part has been done by somebody else."

Kate looked unconscious.

"Now I came here to-day because I thought it my duty——"

"My sweet friend, how can we ever repay you for such a sacrifice? Perhaps the novelty of the act will console you. But, upon my word, it isn't nice of you to say such things to our faces—at least allow us to think you have been pining for our society."

"I believe you would jest upon the brink of a precipice!" cried Mrs. Doshamer, in a theatrical tone.

"How is Juliet?" asked Kate. "Why didn't she come with you?"

The lady pursed up her mouth.

"To tell the truth, I hesitated about bringing her."

"Oh! I should have been very glad to see her! I am much stronger now."

That determined unconsciousness overthrew

Mrs. Doshamer's small stock of patience, she plunged into an onslaught at once.

"I was not thinking of your health! She would run the risk of meeting here people whom neither I nor her affianced husband would permit her to know."

"Does that mean you, Emily?" Kate inquired.

"It means that foreign adventurer you allow to hang about you!" she cried, with vengeful emphasis.

"The point is made at last," said Kate. "I wonder you don't applaud, Emmy. Now who do you mean, dear Mrs. Doshamer?"

"That spy—that gambler—Count Chu——"

"Count Tcherkernozoff!" amended Kate. "It isn't a pretty name, is it? I dare say, though, it is only from a suggestion the sound gives our English ears—it may be quite another thing in Russian."

"Do you know who he is?"

"A very gentlemanly person——"

"News has just been received from New York which I hope will satisfy you in regard to him."

"I should like to be satisfied. Pray let me hear it."

"He was well known to the police there, and warned to leave the city."

Kate felt her cheeks glow with indignation.

"I believe it to be a base slander!" she said, "originated by a parcel of empty heads and a few malicious leaders."

"Among which you rank me, I suppose?"

"My dear, I could not insult you by putting you among the list I just mentioned."

"And I tell you it is true. I have seen the letter."

"I suppose Col. Leslie received it," said Kate.

"He did, and will act upon it! This fellow shall no longer be allowed to intrude into the presence of respectable people."

"If the worst be true," said Kate, defiantly, "it does not change your motive or that of your ally."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are furious because the count asked if Juliet were your daughter; and that Col. Leslie wishes to revenge himself on my cousin and me, because Juliet cannot resist flirting with Will upon every occasion."

Mrs. Doshamer grew livid with rage.

"I came here as a friend," she said, "and you repay my kindness with these insults."

"You came because you dislike me," returned Kate, "always have, and are not likely to get over the aversion unless I should catch the small-pox, or have to go out as a daily governess."

"You are the most——"

"My dear, when I first came out in society, you impressed upon me the fact that scenes are vulgar—let us be lady-like at least. Never mind what your motives were—the report is the thing of consequence—now, if you can, let me hear it quietly. Don't take the trouble to put in all sorts of side thrusts, because you can't hurt my feelings as you do Juliet's, and I can say sharper things than you. The foreign count is a person of little consequence, real or pretended. If he proves an adventurer I shall, of course, cease to receive him; but he was introduced to me, and until I know something tangible, it was my duty to treat him with all the courtesy due a gentleman."

Mrs. Doshamer was fain to quiet down and assume a more friendly tone; but she was bitterly disappointed in the manner in which her tidings had been received. She had hoped to see Kate wince some disappointment at least, but there she sat, collected and at her ease, speaking as she would have done of any indifferent stranger.

"People have gossiped about your receiving him," said Mrs. Doshamer.

"Any person is liable to be deceived," replied Kate. "I am sure there is hardly a winter that some adventurer does not get into society under false colors; the so called count has, at least, the merit of being a gentleman."

"But you must confess that both you and Emily have been a little unwise," persisted Mrs. Doshamer, though speaking in the most affectionate tone. "I know Tom Delancy well enough to be certain that he will be furious."

She wished to pain her by making her friend wretched; but before Emily could answer, Kate said,

"The count, when he did come, visited me. I do not think Mr. Delancy at all likely to interfere with my guests."

"But the people at his house——"

"Excuse me. If you are interested, let me tell you the state of the case. Before Mr. Delancy went away, he and I took this house between us. Pray set your mind at rest, Emily is not likely to suffer on my account."

"Oh! well, my dear; I am sure I am glad to see you carry it off so bravely!"

"If my friends could invent any reason for my being troubled by this news, they would be certain to do so. Unfortunately, the thing is impossible. I think the Russian a very agreeable man. If it is necessary to have brains in order to be a villain, few of my male acquaintance are likely to follow his example."

They talked for some time longer; then Mrs. Doshamer took her leave, thoroughly disappointed in every respect.

Before she was fairly out of the room several other visitors were shown in, so that the two friends had no opportunity to exchange a single word.

Emily watched Kate. She was perfectly self-possessed—in higher spirits than usual—a becoming tinge of color in her cheek. She had never seen her more gay; her laugh was frequent and joyous, and everybody went out forgiving her for having encouraged the foreigner, and inclined to doubt if she had done so, after all.

When the visitors were gone, Kate retreated to her room, and, once alone, she dropped the mask of pride and indifference.

It was a changed face that looked in the mirror—pale and worn, the lips compressed, and the eyes heavy with trouble. She had preserved her composure so long that the reaction was very painful.

"Can it be true?" she exclaimed. "Is that man a villain? Why, I shall have no faith in human nature henceforth. No, I do not believe it—I do not. Oh! Kate, Kate, what is it all to you? Have you come to this at last?"

Passionate tears of wounded pride and keen suffering were wrung from her eyes. She did not weep easily, and the violence of her sobs would have startled any one that had witnessed her pain.

She crept away to her bed, at last, and lay down. She could not see even Emily then. Perhaps, on the morrow that man would come. She could not meet him—could not trust herself in his presence. In spite of proof, if there were such in existence, she should believe his story, while those eyes were on her face.

CHAPTER V.

EMILY looked into her room, and saw her lying on the bed, apparently asleep. She was very anxious to see Manners, and ordered her carriage, hoping to meet him somewhere about the town.

But Manners was nowhere to be found. He had gone out on horseback, with a party, and probably would not return till near night. Emily saw nothing of the count; but everybody whom she met had something to say about the affair, till she grew nervous at the sound of his name.

She sat down in the hotel, determined to wait until Manners returned, enduring the gossip

and questions of the women with such patience as heaven would grant.

It was nearly dark when she saw Will ride up with the rest of the party. She saw him spring off his horse, and assist Juliet Ransom from her saddle, receiving for his officiousness a scowl black as night from Col. Leslie, to which he paid no more attention than a stone image would to the premonitions of a thunder-tempest.

As he passed through the hall, he saw Emily in the parlor and went in.

"How is Kate?" he asked.

"Quite well, but tired. She has had visitors all day. I have staid too long away from her; I must go back."

In the midst of her cruel anxiety she was forced to be perfectly calm, for there were many curious eyes upon them. She made her adieus to her friends, as quickly as possible, and took Manners' arm to go down to the carriage.

"For heaven's sake!" she whispered; "what is all this about the count?"

"Gently, gently!" said Will. "Don't let people guess you feel it."

They met many people they knew, but Will was so gay, that poor Emily could take refuge under his spirits. When they reached the carriage, he said,

"I will drive with you a little way, if you will set me down at my lodgings."

He sprang in, and they were off. Emily breathed again.

"What is it?" she repeated. "Tell me quick. Mrs. Doshamer says there is a letter from the police. Is it true?"

"Perfectly true," he replied, gravely.

Emily sank back in the carriage with a groan.

"What will Kate say?" she exclaimed.

"It is nothing to Kate any more than to anybody else."

"But, Will, I am afraid she liked him."

He was silent, pulling his moustache in an absent way.

"You did wrong to bring him so much."

"Woman-like, you must blame me," said he, good-naturedly. "I found the man pleasant; I warned Kate."

"Oh! is it true?"

"I saw the letter myself."

"Tell me all about it. My head was so confused that I could not understand half those women said. I don't wonder Kate says there is only one thing she hates worse than men—and that is women. Oh! my poor Kate!"

"Pray calm yourself; this agitation can do no good."

"I will; only tell me."

"It seems Leslie suspected him from the first, and finally he wrote to the chief of police of New York——"

"Well?"

"No, it isn't well; for——"

"Oh! Will, don't jest now; for Kate's sake, don't! What was the answer?"

"That a man calling himself by that remarkable name was last spring in New York, having no acquaintance, no letters, and was believed to be some sort of a spy."

"They say he was told to leave the city."

"That is an improvement upon the original version. The chief said he would write to the Russian ambassador, and send Leslie word."

"Then it is all true?"

"It looks so, at least."

"And the women say he has not paid his bills."

"So Edwards told me, just before I went out to ride."

"Will he be turned away?"

"I suppose so. Leslie swears he will post the letter up in the hall of the hotel. I hope he will."

"How savage you look!" cried Emily. "You don't want the poor fellow any more disgraced?"

"No," replied Manners, smoothing his face; "but I hope he will at least shoot that infernal Englishman."

"Oh! Will, how wicked!"

"I know it is, my sweet saint; but for this are we human."

"What shall I tell Kate?" said Emily, her thoughts recurring to the prominent feeling in her mind.

"Tell her nothing to-night. She will ask no questions."

"It can do no good to put it off."

"I believe all women love to croak," cried Manners. "In heaven's name! won't the story bear telling just as well to-morrow?"

"Oh! Will, you know I love her better than all the world, next to my boy! I would not willingly pain her for the world!"

"Indeed I know it. You are an angel. I was a brute to speak so! But you see I am worried."

"I know how you feel for her."

"Not so much about that," he returned.

"Emily, can you bear more bad news?"

"About him? Oh! what more?"

"No, no; nothing where he is concerned."

She grew deadly pale.

"Not for Kate? Oh! don't say it!"

He bowed his head, looking troubled.

"I must; for it is true."

Emily clasped her hands in uncontrollable anguish.

"Tell me; let me know the worst, for heaven's sake!"

"I have just had a letter from uncle Walters, Kate's guardian, you know. He was in trouble; he invested her fortune, along with the greater part of his own, believing that he should realize a large sum for both, and——"

"He has lost it!" Emily fairly shrieked.

"He fears that it is all gone. He wants me to break the news to Kate."

"It will kill her," cried Emily; "she is so proud! Oh! how these people will trample on her! That abominable Mary Doshamer will be the worst of all."

"Kate won't die," he returned; "she is not that sort of woman. She will do what I have always been too lazy to—go to work."

"Not while I am rich!" exclaimed Emily.

"Not while I live!"

"You know she would never live on anybody. That indomitable will of hers! I believe she might marry all the same; but that is what troubles me. She will not marry a rich man, for fear people should say she did it for his money—or rather, for fear that is the motive which really actuates her."

"So courted and idolized as she has been!" groaned Emily. "Oh! I do think I shall go mad!"

"You must be calm. I depend on you to help me."

"I will try. But I am so weak, such a poor, miserable creature! This last blow is too much!"

She drew down her veil and wept passionately. The tears relieved her, and she could speak again.

"Must I tell her?" she asked.

"No; I will do that," he answered. "But she will look to you for comfort and consolation; you are the only woman she loves and trusts."

"I will not fail her, indeed I will not! Oh! my beautiful Kate! Think of her poor—it is horrible!"

"There are worse things," he said.

"Yes, yes; God knows there are!" she cried, out of the misery of her own experience; then checked herself, lest she should betray the suffering which she did not reveal even to Kate.

"But it is so sad that it should come just now."

I tell you this news about the count will be a great blow to her."

"I do not believe it. She has known him but a short time."

Emily shook her head.

"Kate is not like most women," she said; "she has intellect and heart. I know her thoroughly. She has never opened her lips, but I am certain she feels toward this man as she never did toward any other."

"You believe she loves him?"

"I think she never even acknowledged it to her own heart—she has known him too short a time. But he has acquired a strange influence over her; I can see it in a thousand ways. He interests her, occupies her mind. You know what powers he has, how eloquently he talks. And he is so handsome, so polished!"

"This other misfortune will turn her thoughts from that trouble," replied Manners.

"Yes; but it will make it all the harder to bear."

"The worst feature in the case is that she will not make use of her advantages," he said. "I am sure that she would refuse a good match now, even if she liked the man. I would not tell her yet, but uncle Walters desires it. There is one wild hope left, and he wishes her permission to try it. Useless, I am certain; but he thinks it may succeed."

"Then she must know," returned Emily.

"Are you going to my house now?"

"No; I shall not tell her to-night; I will come in the morning. I must go back now; they will think I have eloped with you."

"Are you going to walk?"

"Yes; it is only a mile. Keep up your courage, Emily. Don't talk to her to-night; let her rest if she can."

"I will, I will!"

He stopped the carriage and sprang out, bidding her a hasty adieu. Emily watched him as long as he was in sight. When a turn in the road hid him from her eyes, she felt as if she had lost her last hope. Nobody could help Kate but him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ball-room was crowded; but, amid all the interest of the scene, people had by no means forgotten the great event of the day.

The Russian's name was upon every lip. Mrs. Doshamer and Col. Leslie had the pleasure of repeating the story until they grew tired. The colonel had the letter in his pocket, and showed it to all who chose to look at it.

"Suppose he was to come in?" suggested Mouthey.

"I should fasten the letter upon the wall," he answered.

"You would do perfectly right," said Mrs. Doshamer.

"He will not come," observed the colonel, shaking his head sapiently. "There is not the slightest hope."

"He is audacious enough for anything," said Mouthey.

"The truth is," said the colonel, "he has run away."

"Run away!" chorused a score of voices.

The colonel nodded his head up and down with the gravity of a Chinese mandarin.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Doshamer.

"This morning, Edwards told him, in plain terms, that he believed he was a swindler. My gentleman disappeared, and has not been seen since."

"Then he is gone," said Mrs. Doshamer.

"Why, his horses would certainly more than pay his bill," added young Mouthey, quite forgetting his drawl in the excitement.

"Yes. But his servant accompanied him, riding the second horse. The one left is an ordinary affair. He mounted his man on the good one for an evident purpose."

"It has ended just as I said it would," said the colonel, with much satisfaction.

"It is the most atrocious thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Mrs. Doshamer.

"I wonder what Miss Paulding will say now?" added the colonel.

Mrs. Doshamer touched his arm warningly. Will Manners was passing, and she dreaded a quarrel between the two men, for cowardice was not among Master Will's numerous failings.

The colonel stopped instantly, Manners passed quietly on, but he turned one quick, flashing glance on the Englishman, which showed that the words had been heard.

"Don't quarrel with him," pleaded Mrs. Doshamer.

"Not unless he seeks it," said the colonel, magnificently; "but I shall not shrink from the encounter. Look at that!" he exclaimed, in an altered tone.

Mrs. Doshamer saw Manners just leading Juliet on to the floor. She was speechless with rage.

"You told me that should not happen again," fumed the colonel.

"She promised me so this morning," gasped Mrs. Doshamer.

"He was hanging about her during the whole ride," pursued the irate colonel. "Is she trifling with me? Does she forget who I am?"

"She is a mere girl," said Mrs. Doshamer; "her fortune has made her petted and spoiled. She will cease these little flirtations when she is once married."

The colonel looked by no means satisfied.

"Atrocious idiot!" was Mrs. Doshamer's internal reflection. "Unparalleled fool! If she does lose this man I'll never speak to her again. She may beg, starve, but she shall not trouble me."

It was necessary, however, to soothe the colonel, and she added aloud,

"You must think nothing of it—I assure you it is mere folly. Perhaps she is a little provoked with your manner."

"Only last night I asked her to name a time for our marriage," he said.

"Only asked her? Oh, colonel! you a soldier, and not to know our sex better!" she cried. "Juliet will not be content with your asking—you must urge—plead—girls expect that."

"Have I your promise that we shall be married early in the autumn?"

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "I am going for a few weeks to our country-seat—you shall be married there."

He looked relieved.

"What a goose the man is!" thought Mrs. Doshamer. "If he was not blind as a bat, he might see she is dead in love with that worthless Manners; but only let her marry the colonel, he must take care of all that."

She caught Juliet's eye and made a little signal with her fan. The girl saw it and said to her partner,

"She is beckoning to me—we must stop."

"One turn more," pleaded Will. "They will not let you dance with me again to-night."

"I dare not; indeed I dare not."

"Not even one poor dance? Oh, Juliet! is this your regard for me?"

"You must not talk so!" she exclaimed; "indeed you must not."

"Then grant me this one little favor."

He bore her away while the colonel stood fuming beside the irate Mrs. Doshamer. Manners brought her up to them at last.

"I have returned her safe," he said, maliciously.

The colonel looked daggers, but used none, even in speech.

"Fool!" hissed Mrs. Doshamer in Juliet's ear. "Have you no sense—no decency—waltzing with another man? You'll lose him yet."

Poor Juliet was ready to cry, but she answered not a word.

"It is very warm here," she said, fanning herself and giving the colonel a penitent look.

"Let me take you on the piazza," said Manners, ever on the alert to seize the slightest advantage.

"You had better sit down and rest," said the colonel, majestically, "you look terribly fatigued."

"Unless she is particularly anxious to have consumption, I should advise her to keep in the house," said Mrs. Doshamer. "But Mr. Manners is always very original in his ideas."

"Thank you," said Will, bowing profoundly; "you flatter me, Mrs. Doshamer."

She rattled her fan nervously, thinking that, if it pleased heaven or any other power, to relieve her that once by getting Juliet Ransom safely married, not all the husbands in the universe should ever again shackle her with the care of a young lady.

"Look there!" cried young Mouthey. "I'll be hanged if there isn't Count Tcherkernozoff!"

The group started as if a bomb-shell had been thrown in their midst. There stood the count in the door-way, serene and composed as usual.

There was a breathless silence which crept all over the room. Everybody had been made acquainted with Col. Leslie's threat, and waited to see how he would conduct himself now that the proposed circumstances had arisen.

The colonel broke the spell—walked to the side of the room near the door—took the letter from his coat—unfolded it deliberately, and fastened it upon the wall with several tacks which he had put in his pocket for that special purpose.

In her agitation, Juliet Ransom caught Manners' arm.

"Oh! what will happen?" she gasped.

"We shall see when it comes," he replied.

"I am so frightened; I feel as if I should faint."

He was full of anxiety on the instant.

"Shall I take you out?" he asked.

"No, no; my cousin would be angry; let me sit down somewhere."

At that moment Mrs. Doshamer turned, remembering Juliet, even in the midst of her curiosity—there she stood trembling on Manners' arm.

"Unless Mr. Manners has undertaken the office of chaperon," she whispered, in an appealing voice; "you had better take my arm."

Juliet obeyed, shaking from head to foot, and so frightened that she would have excited pity

in any mind less selfish than that of her relative.

"Will they quarrel?" she repeated.

"No, you fool!" retorted Mrs. Doshamer. "The Russian spy will run, you may be certain."

Col. Leslie had completed his work—the letter hung smoothly on the wall. He stepped back and regarded it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I invite you all to read a letter which I received this morning from the chief of the New York police."

Everybody crowded up. The Russian had remained in the door-way, regarding the colonel with an expression of indifferent curiosity, as if utterly unaware of the meaning of his act.

When the throng pressed forward, he ad-

vanced slowly down the room—people stepped back to give him passage—he stood before the fatal document.

He read it slowly—not a muscle of his face changed—such exposure had, perhaps, lost their novelty to him.

With the same deliberation he moved toward the colonel, but, as he neared him, the proprietor of the hotel entered the room, followed by two police-officers.

One of them laid his hand on the count's shoulder, and spoke a few words inaudible to the eager and astonished listeners.

The Russian started back, his face convulsed with passion; for a second he seemed to meditate resistance, then his arms fell to his sides, and he allowed the officers to lead him quietly away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

UNREQUITED

BY EVA DREAMER.

Among the ruins of the past
Thought lingering weeps—a blight is cast
O'er the bright flowers hope planted last.

They died; but memory visits yet,
And oft, with tears of vain regret,
Bedews the flowers she can't forget.

And, lingering there, she sings again
A song of love, whose sad refrain
Is this: "I loved, but loved in vain!"

Oh! why will memory, mocking, sing
Of my heart's slighted offering?
Why harp upon one broken string?

Oh! why was not the love returned
That in my heart so brightly burned
For him who has my love-gift spurned?

No answer comes my heart to tell,
Wherefore o'er love the frost-blight fell;
But this I know—I loved too well!

Ernest, my idol, was to me
Dearer than light or life could be—
The rest is all a mystery.

He loves me not. I could have died
His life to bless; but, that denied,
What joy for me far from his side?

I know love's light can ne'er grow dim;
To-night it burns alone for him,
And in my heart I worship him.

Oh! in this life of mysteries,
How hard and stern are fate's decrees—
How seldom true hope's prophecies!

YEARNINGS.

BY MRS. H. M. L. WARNER.

CREEPING from out the darkness and the night,
Like the dim outline of a forest stream,
Weird, struggling phantoms reach my aching sight,
With the drear prestige of a midnight dream,
Gathering from fitting shades a deepening gloom,
Bringing the chilling dampness of the tomb.

From the deep stillness, this Plutonian dream
Brings me a burden, wet with burning tears,
Of gentle memories, touched with many a gleam
When pleasant voices reached mine eager ears,
Soft golden tresses clustered round a head
Too beautiful to moulder with the dead;

Of rosy, waxen-dimpled fingers, pressed
Close to my face, or toying with my hair;
My cheek and brow by pouting lips caressed,

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While sunshine nestled round a forehead fair;
Of soft eyes, darker than the deep night's gloom;
Of cheeks that rivaled the wild roses' bloom.

Oh! seraph prattler, 'mid celestial bowers,
As, hand in hand, you wander on alone,
Gathering from every spray sweet, thornless flowers,
Gazing in rapture on the sapphire throne!
Is there a memory woven with your bliss,
Of a sad mother's love, and parting kiss?

I come. Sweet cherubs, guide me; for the way
Is thorny, and my steps are faint and slow;
And from the beaten track I often stray,
As the dim phantom shadows come and go.
Weary my heart grows with this wasting strife,
Yearning to cross the stream, and enter life.

“BONNIBEL'S SUMMER IN TOWN.”

BY LESLIE WALTER, AUTHOR OF “DORA'S COLD,” ETC.

Poor papa came home from business, looking very tired and harassed, one night last spring, just as Grace, and Clara, and I had done settling about our summer bonnets. Mine was to be a miracle of white crepe, and lace, and rosebuds, because I am just from school, and madame said it must look girlish and innocent like me, which quite reconciled mamma to the price, she said, though I thought it a little exorbitant. Grace is tall and dark—she has splendid eyes every one says; Clara is short and fair, with the prettiest of plump shoulders, the whitest of dimpled arms—and your humble servant very different from both. So, three “styles,” as aunt Dashwood says, were to be consulted, and three separate and complete outfits bought, when we went out for our summer shopping, for which the bills—a pretty heap they were!—were sent in on the very night when papa came home so dispirited.

I heard him groaning over them in the library after tea, and ran in to see what was the matter. It looked very comfortable there, with the gas burning behind a pretty porcelain shade, and casting a mellow, brilliant light over the baize table with its convenient fittings, the tall glass doors and rich, dark woodwork, the handsome bindings of the books upon the shelves; the busts, and casts, and bronzes that made papa's library the most attractive place in the house to me, when I came home from school in the holidays. But I was afraid it was, sometimes, rather lonely for him, and, being at home now “for good,” I meant to make it a little more comfortable; so I stole softly in with his slippers in my hand, and stood in the great arched window between the thick curtains, till he should notice me.

He never saw me at all, but went on despairingly casting up accounts, and adding figures till I was quite distracted, with him, over our extravagance. The nursery up stairs had been converted into a sewing-room, and Miss Pinch, the daily dress-maker, who came to finish the undertakings of more fashionable modistes, had just put her thimble in her pocket and gone home, leaving our maid Bessie to clear away the results of our manifold labors: dresses *brodes*, and dresses *garnts*, dresses of muslin,

silk, and lace, of cambric, *barege* and *brilliant*, of tulle and tarletan, tissue and Valencia, *pique*, and Marseilles, morning-dresses, evening-dresses, dinner-dresses, bathing-dresses, riding-dresses, traveling-dresses—the whole appanage and panoply of a Flora McFlimsey, over whose satirized woes little Bonnibel Hastings, in poplin dress and linen collar, whose soul was in conjugating French verbs and embroidering silk aprons, used to laugh so heartily three years ago; but who now, as grown Miss Bonnibel, done with verbs and aprons, and ready to be launched into society, was deeply interested in the McFlimsey politics of dress and fashion, and could ill afford to smile at the sarcastic hits against follies she was learning to emulate.

My “fashionable fever,” however, came to a sudden end, this night, and after a prevalence of very few weeks duration. How I repented, in the shade of those thick green curtains, nobody will ever know, till I find the gray hair which I am sure my brown ones have somewhere among them, to show for it. Papa never dreamed, as he thrust his distracted fingers through his close black curls, in the vain attempt to realize where all his money went, that the newest and consequently tenderest conscience, among the fair squanderers, was responding to his muttered reproaches in the deepest penitence. Those airy vanities of veils, those delusive draperies of mantles, and shawls, those *robes are garnitures d'or*, costing their weight in gold a dozen times over, I am sure, those conspiracies of bonnets, those entrapping nets, those cobweb handkerchiefs, those daintily-tinted gloves, those thousand-and-one ingenious and elegant devices for ensnaring the hearts of women and the purses of men, (or *vice versa*) oh! how lighter than vanity did they seem in the balance when an injured parent reckoned up the bill!

Too late to escape, and too soon to be surprised standing there, I heard mamma's skirts rustle at the door, and sinking deeper into the shade of the dark draperies, saw her come in, with “affairs of state” written on her brow, and a family council imminently threatening in her aspect. Mamma is a pretty woman, if I say it, and I am proud of looking like her, though

I am sure she is handsomer than any of her daughters; her hair is as long, and thick, and even as mine; it falls like skeins of brown silk nearly to her knee when it is unfastened; her eyes are as bright as Grace's; her hand is as white as Clara's; she sings and dances better than any of us; she is universally admired abroad; she has her own way at home; she was the only child of indulgent and wealthy parents; she is my father's petted wife; she has never had a wish ungratified I have heard her say, but whether that is always best?

Poor papa pushed away his weary pile of papers and sighed as he handed her a chair. "I came to talk about the sea-side," she said, in her pretty voice; "the girls want to know where we are to go this summer. Grace and Clara that is, Bonnibel doesn't care much about it."

"Grace and Clara are a pair of selfish flirts," said my father, hastily; "but I did hope that dear little Bonnibel would be allowed to grow up under different influences."

"Now, Mr. Hastings, if you are going to be cross! Bonnibel is a very good child, but no better than her sisters; you like her best because she looks like you."

"Like yourself you mean," said papa. "She is your very picture, as you were on your eighteenth birthday, just as sweet, and fresh, and innocent. I wish I could keep *her* unspoiled and unworldly."

"Unlike me, I suppose," said my mother, petulantly. "But I did not come for compliments, Robert. I want to know where we are going this summer."

"Anywhere you please that I can spend half my income in three months, my only object—where you can wear all the dresses you have bought, and retain the society of Mrs. Browne, and Mrs. Smythe, and set—yours ditto—where there are promenades and ball-rooms for the display of Grace's fine figure, and crimson parlors and broad lights for Clara's fair shoulders and damask cheeks. Pah! I'm sick of the whole business! Let's offer our daughters at private sale!"

"Mr. Hastings, you are cynical and cross, and I shan't answer you. I came to discuss matters reasonably. What do you say to Saratoga?"

"Italian adventurers, French barbers, and Spanish mulattos, gamblers, spendthrifts, and clerks on leave, you want me to take my daughters into such society?"

"Saratoga is getting low, but the girls will go there, for a little while, unless you prefer Newport."

"More foreigners, billiard-markers, and fortune-hunters, valet-counts, and villainous refugees, pick-pockets, and profligates."

"Now I should like Lake George or Niagara."

"Especially as the same social advantages are to be obtained in both those retreats," said my father. "Very well, go where you please, only one thing, Annette, I must say, there must be some slight regard to economy. Last year my whole surplus, twice as large as this year's, went in the summer dissipation; there are now three helles instead of two, and I insist that little Bonnibel shall have her share with the rest."

"She shall, of course," said my mother, hastily.

"Look at the bills," my father groaned.

"Whatever she wants she shall have I am sure."

The tea-bell rang, the gay voices of the girls were heard in the hall, the conference was broken up, and I was left alone to my own reflections in the silent room. Guilty as I felt, with cheeks burning and heart beating with the consciousness of having been a listener, however unwillingly such, to conversation not intended for my ears. I was glad to have made, at any price, the discoveries of the last half-hour, and to feel that I had found a lesson in their revelations.

So we were not rich, after all, and these elegancies and luxuries which I had grown up to regard as the daily use of life, and accepted without a thought of their cost or care to any, were purchased at a price which I, at least, should never more desire to pay, the price of my dear father's happiness and peace. These were then the depressing causes that made him the sad and moody center of our gay circle—these were the secret agents that wove gray threads in his black hair, and stamped deep wrinkles on his broad brows. No wonder he staggered beneath the burden of our fine-lady gentility—no wonder the load of light vanities on the nursery sofas proved too heavy for his strength to bear—no wonder that our uselessness squandered more than his labor could obtain. How ignorant and careless we had been! I thought of Cleopatra lying languidly in her gilded galley, wafted by the softest winds, fanned by the sweetest odors, cradled in silken ease, and basking in luxurious light; while the watchful pilot at the helm, sleepless, unresting, overworn, trembled for the precious freight, lest, flagging one instant in his care, all this gay prosperity should sink like lead beneath the treacherous waters, never to be heard of more.

I knew but little of my sisters, and less of my home, my life for years had been passed away from both, in search of health among the fresh breezes of the sea-side, or in the pure country air, and latterly at school in the conventional seclusion and retirement of an excellent seminary, of whose remotest concerns I understood more than of anything connected with the new world into which I was now ushered. Politics and parties were divided by Maria Davenport's set, and Fanny Livingston's clique, we were learned in the distinctions of class, and the difference between New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia girls, we professed intimacy with the ancient Romans, and were fluent on the Punic wars, we detested Latin days, which were also the days of cold veal and bread-puddings, and we loved drawing-day, with its accompanying half-holiday, and plenty of pound cake for tea! Coming from the tranquil delights and wild disagreeables of this lot, whose pains and pleasures I had accepted as thoughtlessly and unconsciously as the rains and sunbeams of heaven, I was suddenly plunged into a dashing, hurrying, brilliant life, which dazzled my bewildered eyes like the shifting rays and changing colors of the rainbow, as illusions to the sight, as intangible to the grasp; and found much in the giddy present for which I had no precedent in the peaceful past. But I was sure that honor and conscience were still safe guides, that if temptation wore the prettiest form, duty must be the plainest, that a child's love, if it were dear to a parent's heart, should lighten the burdens of a parent's life. So that night, while the gay party in the drawing-room were discussing their plans for the summer campaign, I stole softly to my old place on my father's knee, and, putting aside the thick curls that clustered near my lips, whispered my request in his ear, "Let me stay at home with you, papa!"

He took me in his arms with fond affection, and looked into my face with eyes that I was sure were full of tears.

"With me, my dear? I shall not stay at home, I must go out of town to take you and your sisters."

"And leave your business?"

"Oh! yes, what does it matter?"

With a heavy sigh, he relapsed into his abstracted musing, and I wound my arms about his neck and silently leaned my head against his shoulder. The light laughter and the gay words floated in upon us quite unheeded, he was brooding over some secret, silent trouble, that claimed his thoughts and weighed upon

his spirits, and so was I—remorsefully wondering if, in my ignorance and inattention, I had added a pang to this engrossing pain, or given a fresh impetus to the burden that was rolling down upon him.

Presently he suddenly aroused himself, as if my question had remained unanswered all this time, and, stroking my hair back with a tender hand, turned his attention to it with an effort. "Business? What does my little girl know of business?"

"Nothing, papa, but I thought you had so much to do. Can you go away and leave it at any time?"

"My partner, Mr. Wylie, takes care of it for me; he never wants to go out of 'town.'"

"And is he honest and trusty, papa?" I asked, idly, wishing to divert his thoughts with indifferent conversation.

He looked at me with a sudden surprised glance, as if my question had startled him. "Certainly, I believe him to be a man of honor, but children are often the best judge of character, you shall see him and decide for yourself whether he is worthy of the trust I confide in him. You would like his wife, I think—a pale, sweet woman, in delicate health; your mamma is very fond of her."

A long silence followed, but I dreaded the musing mood, and broke it by a repetition of my request. "Don't take me to the Lakes with Grace and Clara, dear papa, let me stay at home and keep the house."

"Aunt Detsy is coming to do that—but what whim has seized you? I thought you would be wild to go, it will all be novelty and pleasure, for your first season, at least."

"It will be a greater novelty to me to stay at home," I truly averred, "and a greater pleasure. I love home, I love New York. I have seen so little of both for the last few years, it will all be new and pleasant, I can be much happier here than in those little crowded rooms I remember so well at the Springs. Please let me have my own way!—please indulge me for just this once! Indeed I would rather stay than do anything in the world!"

He hesitated, I pleaded, and gained my point at last, but he yielded the more slowly from a suspicion of the origin of my resolution, which I am sure my mother never shared. Her pretty face speedily cleared of the doubt and vexation that had at first flushed it at my willfulness, and she went gayly about her own preparations with, perhaps, a thought of the money saved by my withdrawal, and an occasional rallying remonstrance on my singular taste. Grace and

Clara were loud in their reproaches of my stupidity in preferring the seclusion of our closed and darkened house, deserted by all its gay habitués, to the crowded resorts and brilliant scenes, among which they were to spend their summer, and described these unknown pleasures in colors and terms intended to awaken my dormant ambition. In vain; I was resolute; not all the hairy refugees promised by Grace, not all the dancing dandies portrayed by Clara, could tempt me from my determination, and my father pressed me in his arms on the threshold, as they went, with a fondness that left me nothing to envy. "Dear child," he whispered, "don't think I do not understand and regret your sacrifice, or that I am selfish in accepting it, I do so more for your good than my own, heaven knows. If I can keep one heart so leal and loving unspotted from the world a little longer, it is not only that it may cheer and comfort mine. Good-by, and remember that I leave you to guard my honor and interests, you have earned the right."

As he left me on the steps, and unclasped my clinging arms from his neck, turning away to hide his wet eyelashes, a gentleman came by, taking off his hat gayly and gallantly to the ladies in the carriage, bending more quietly to my father and me. They called to him at once, and he lingered a few moments to answer their inquiries, while in the chorus of voices I comprehended that they were reproaching him for not accompanying them.

"It is early, I know, but it is getting hot and dusty in town already, and I want to have the first freshness of the watering-places before they are crowded with all sorts of people," said mamma; "but perhaps you are right in staying a little later, it will be easy enough for you to come at any time. We shall see you in a few days, I suppose?"

"I am afraid not. I believe it will no. be in my power to leave New York at all this summer, unless for a short trip at the end of the season."

The girls exclaimed in evident dismay and disappointment, and mamma still politely and smilingly rallied him on his cynical resolve.

"It does not depend upon a mere whim, I wish it did," he answered, pleasantly. "Something less romantic keeps me here. I believe ladies do not recognize the existence of so unfashionable a word, but I shall be obliged to pronounce it if I explain. I cannot leave my business."

"Not leave it!" cried Grace and Clara, bewildered; "and why?"

"I was absent all last year in Europe," he returned, in a very low tone, "and my partner was compelled to take the entire charge of everything during my stay. He is an old man, older than my father, whose clerk he was. It seems hard that he should be so closely confined and take no holiday, that he should have all the work and I all the pleasure; and as both of us cannot be away at once, I have proposed to remain while he indulges in a little needed rest and recreation this summer."

"Right! Westwood," said papa, laying his hand lightly on the young gentleman's shoulder, amid the chorus of deprecatory exclamations this answer provoked. "Don't heed them, I wish I had as much courage to do my duty."

"Miss Bonnibel seems to have chosen a similar fate," said he, turning suddenly toward me, with a quick, upward glance of his bright hazel eyes. I hesitated and colored, but the others answered for me.

"Another cynic," said mamma, gayly.

"She will have company in her seclusion, it seems," pouted Clara.

"She stays because she doesn't care for society," said Grace, more loudly.

"She stays because she loves her father," said papa, stooping to kiss me once more; and then the carriage rolled away, and they were gone, while my companion in captivity, gently observant of the tears which filled my eyes, lingered, cap in hand, to comfort me, by explaining how wisely I had chosen in joining the great society of the Can't-Get-Away Club.

"You will not find us extravagantly lively," he said; "but there are many amusements, after all, known only to that much pitied band, that I think you will enjoy. If you permit me, I think I can alleviate your solitude a little by pointing them out. I once passed a whole summer here very pleasantly, and I think it can be done again. You will allow me to call and explain my experiment?"

"I shall be very glad to see you," said I, truthfully, and looked after him, a little comforted, as he walked quickly away.

Aunt Betsy, my father's aunt, had come down from her eyrie, among the hills of the Hudson, to guard his domestic interests in the deserted house; and I, whose sickly childhood had been nursed into healthy youth, in the vigorous air of her Highland home, knew how great was the sacrifice she made for "her boy" in leaving its fresh beauty, through the torrid months of summer, for our close city walls. Brought up among the "Friends," she still retained their simple speech, and primitive tastes in color and style

of dress, looking, in our gay, luxurious house, with its gossamer inmates, like a quiet dove in a parrot's gaudy cage, or a bee among butterflies. But I had found, and proven, the warm, loyal heart beneath the strict folds of her muslin pinner, and knew well how firm and strong were the foundations of that sweet, loving character, on which our feebler natures rested with such trust.

For the first week we got on very well. It was so pleasant to reverse the ordinary rules of the house, and have nice, old-fashioned breakfasts in the cool, early morning; to dine at one, instead of six—I carving, with indifferent success, in papa's place; to have tea at dinner, and fruit at breakfast, and pie at supper; and indulge unchecked in all those school-girl tastes which Grace and Clara condemned as childish—for my will was law to aunt Betsy, and my whims were countless. But, after a time, our *tele-a-tele* grew tiresome. My fancy-work languished—though her knitting perseveringly grew—my practicing was vapid, the papers were stupid, the lonely morning walk was dull. I rose later and later, in hope of a reprimand; but aunty placidly waited breakfast till I came, or, if I lingered at the window, neglectful of its charms, calmly pursued her own.

"There's Mr. Westwood, as usual," I announced, peeping through the blinds to see the occupants of a neighboring up-town boarding-house go down to their business—my morning diversion.

"There has remarked it every day, for a week," aunt Betsy returned, serenely.

"Well," I said in defence, a little vexed, "it is worthy of remark, I think, that such a fashionable young gentleman stays in town, at this season, and attends to his business, while everybody else is out."

"Perchance he is more sensible than others," said the placid Friend.

I did not dislike this idea, nor the kindness of heart his own reluctantly given explanation had betrayed; for I had rather a prejudice in favor of Mr. Westwood. He had shown me more attention and politeness than most of Grace and Clara's gentlemen visitors, and was kind to me on the first night of my return, which happened to be one of mamma's reception evenings. Shy and awkward as a novice, from the conventual retirement of dear old Mrs. Hallam's seminary, I suddenly found myself in a place and among people to whom I felt an alien and a stranger. Dowagers in velvet lined the sofas—papas in white straight waist-

coats, and spotless broadcloth, filled the doorways, and stood by the mantels—gossamer beauties floated about the room, among them my sisters—and in close attendance appeared the band of young gentlemen, daintily gloved, exquisitely booted, polished, perfumed, perfectly attired. The handsomest, and most elegant of these, as I thought, to whom I saw many fair heads bent, many white hands eagerly outstretched, as he entered, left the brilliant groups by the tables, the gay clusters about the harp and piano, to come and talk to me—to me, in my school-girl net, plain-buttoned dress, and little collar—and brightened the dull evening wonderfully with his gentle courtesy and manly cordial kindness. Perhaps, when, afterward, promoted to the glories of a *toilette de promenade et de bal*, I had hoped to justify his politeness. But I saw him very seldom. A bow in the street, a glance between the responses at church, a few words interchanged in a crowded room, were all I could remember; for my sisters liked him too, and he could hardly spare time from their gay badinage to conquer my awkward timidity. I could hardly expect that he would keep his promise of calling; but I was ashamed to feel a little disappointment in finding it so completely forgotten.

As I was idling over my embroidery, a few hours after, I caught the sound of a discussion in the hall, and heard our English John forbidding entrance to some caller, on the ground that the family were "h'out of town."

"But Miss Bonnibel—" persisted the voice that I thought I recognized.

"H'out of town, sir," reiterated the persevering John.

"I thought she was to have remained," said Mr. Westwood. "I fancied I saw her yesterday, and so called again. Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir; 'h'out of town, sir," was the imperturbable answer, and the visitor turned reluctantly away.

My first impulse was to fly down the stairs and arrest his retiring steps; but, reflecting that this course of conduct was not in accordance with Mrs. Hallam's precepts of propriety, I waited until the hall was clear, and examined the card-receiver myself. The bit of paste-board on top bore Mr. Westwood's name—so did two others below it—and, with these proofs of his guilt in my hand, I summoned John to an audience.

"This gentleman has called here?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes, Miss."

"Then, why was not I inform'd of it?"

"Because you're h'out of town, Miss."

"What do you mean?" demanded I, mystified. But the servitor had drawn himself up to his full height, and, with his eyes severely fixed on mine, prepared to answer my question.

"When genteel families, or any members of 'em, is obliged, from economical motives or otherwise, to stay in town for the season," said John, impressively, "they locks the front door, fastens the shutters, and denies themselves to everybody. With people of your standing, Miss, it would be quite disgraceful to h'admit that you was in town. I couldn't consent to do it; it's quite impossible. You're not 'in,' Miss—you can't be 'in!'"

"Then you had better go away at once," said I, too much amused to be angry; "for I shall not only remain in town, but receive visitors, and keep the house open, as usual. If you can't survive the disgrace, you can escape it by leaving at once; but I won't have these falsehoods repeated. When this gentleman, or any other, calls, in future, show him to the morning-room, and tell him I shall be in New York all summer."

The blinds had, indeed, been fastened, under John's supervision, and the great house stared blank and silent, announcing plainly to everybody: "not at home, not at home!" as if a placard had been nailed to the wall. "But, I'm at home, at least," I said; "and so important a part of the family should not be ignored!" So I made it my care to restore it from the deserted state it kept. The curtains were soon fluttering gayly in the wind, the flowering plants again occupied the balcony, the windows were thrown open all over the house, giving glimpses of the beauty and luxury within, and, leaving aunt Betsy on guard over it, I went out for my "Constitutional."

Late in the afternoon, as I was sauntering down Broadway—though it is so unfashionable, and ungentleel, I love to walk Broadway. I love to watch the streams of hurrying people, the throng of moving vehicles; the sea of alien faces, the bustle, the energy, the vitality of that great thoroughfare, are all wonderful and delightful to me—somebody held me back from the trampling feet of a great white horse, at a little side-crossing, and, recovering from an incident by no means unusual, to thank my kind preserver, a bright face looked into mine, a cordial hand was held out for my own, and Mr. Westwood warmly welcomed me back to New York.

"I have not left it," said I, in explanation.

He looked puzzled, till I told him of John's supergentility; and then, laughingly announcing that he should "break the blockade", of that stern janitor at once, he went on his way. The same evening he appeared, enlivening our solitude wonderfully, and henceforth our acquaintance progressed rapidly. Fancy-work prospered once more; for he read aloud to aunt Betsy and me, while we stitched, and explained the politics in the paper till they were quite clear to our comprehension. When she placidly slept in her chair, he took up some dainty volume of modern poetry—Tennyson, Longfellow, Saxe, or Taylor—and my work dropped, unheeded, in my lap, while my heart beat time to the cadence of his voice. Practicing throve; for he sometimes listened to my crude performance on the piano, or to "Ever of Thee," "I'm talking in my Sleep," or "Over the Summer Sea," and such school-girl favorites, on the guitar. By degrees, he came to share my morning walks, and I his afternoon drives, and, with aunt Betsy as chaperone, we plunged into such innocent amusements as he declared were only truly enjoyed by the Can't-Get-Away Club.

The wonders of the city were as new to me, from long absence, as to any little rustic on her first visit to town, and Mr. Westwood, good-humoredly, introduced me to their acquaintance, and bore with my *naivete* and ignorance in a manner that I secretly thought very kind. He was unwearingly in gratifying my school-girl curiosity, and consulting my childish tastes, and, fashionable gentleman as he was, seemed to find real pleasure in these mild diversions, or in my pleasure in them. Grace and Clara would have been horrified, had they known that I spent long hours in Barnum's Museum—to which they had refused to accompany me, on the ground that it was vulgar, and only resorted to by school-boys—gazing delightedly at the fruits of the industrious show-man's labors, puzzled by the "What-is-it?"—awed by the "Mermaid"—enraptured by the "Happy Family"—and duly interested in the "Great Living Whale." Furnished with two-shilling tickets, we finished by beholding the "Play," and, as I issued from that fairy-land of dragons and princesses, my companion looked down into my flushed face with smiling scrutiny.

"Is there, in all this city," he said, "another young lady, who would dare, or desire, to be so easily and naturally pleased? I doubt it. Lord Melbourne said, you know, that, if one only had a genius for being entertained, the commonest subjects were food for his fancy. He declared that, when the play was poor, it was, at least,

better than nothing, and that it amused him to see the boiled lobsters in the shop-windows as he drove home. I think you must share his philosophy."

"But I have lived in New York so little," I explained, coloring under this undeserved praise. "and at such wide intervals, that I am really as rustic as you choose to consider me, and deserve no credit for being easily pleased with the wonders of the town."

He smiled.

"You must let me give you credit, at least, for a sweet temper, and a happy heart—and, with those, I believe, all places are pleasant."

Then there was the Dusseldorf Gallery, amid whose maze of pictures we used to linger for hours, and where the prettiest, in my untutored judgment, is a representation of a troop of merry water-elves, playing among pond-lilies, the exquisite design, and cool green tints of which struck my fancy at once, hidden as it was, in a corner, beneath more pretentious paintings. The theatres were still open, perhaps not so fashionably patronized as usual, but we cared little for that—the ever-wonderful Ravels at Niblo's, the gorgeous spectacles at Laura Keene's, and an occasional musical treat, by such stars as shone for a night or two across the darkness of deserted New York, or lingered, after the season was over, at the beautiful Academy of Music, received our earnest appreciation. Together we traversed Brady's gallery, criticised the portrait of the Prince, whom I would have given so much to see, grew familiar with the winding stair at Goupil's, and the little dark, mysterious room, where you go to view some celebrated picture, and are invited to put down your name, for "engraver's proofs, on India paper." Then we explored all the great hotels, as if I had been a traveling foreigner, took aunt Betsy on pleasure excursions, over to Staten Island, and up the Hudson, to visit her neglected home, and, finally, crossed over to Brooklyn, and went to Greenwood cemetery.

It was the sweetest and softest of summer days, the gay sunshine played on the marble steps and bright plate-glass of the houses we swiftly passed, and lay in flickering patches of gold on the neat pavements and black area railings. Long after we had entered the great gates and turned into the winding, silent roads, I found it hard to realize that we were in a "place of graves," even with those sad memorials on either hand. The turf was fresh and crisp from recent rain, the hedges were full of roses, the birds twittered and rustled in the

branches overhead—softly though, as if they feared to wake the sleepers beneath—the water-fowls glided over the glassy waters of the ponds, the willows drooped gracefully at the brink, the white fagades of marble temples gleamed fairy-like and fair from the background of the emerald banks in which they were set like pearls in green enamel; and in front of these lovely tombs tiny gardens, tended with exquisite neatness, and blooming with brilliant flowers, adorned each side of the stone pathway. I could not realize even in the intense stillness and solitude of the place, that its beauty was a tribute to death, and not an offering to life—that a gloom lay beneath this loveliness and a gladness beyond—that in this princely pleasure ground, a host of unseen inhabitants waited for their Lord.

We left aunt Betsy with tears on her wrinkled cheeks, musing beside the stone simply marked with the name of "Isaac T. Hopper," her friend, a Friend indeed, the friend of all—and wandered quietly down the shady alleys and among the glittering white shafts, up a little graveled pathway, and over a smooth hill covered with short, thick grass, and swept by a sweet summer wind—which commanded a beautiful panorama of the bay, the city, and the distant shores. The sails and steeples glanced snow-white in the sun, the sky was clearly, intensely blue, reflected in the dancing and rippling water that dazzled our eyes. Death was forgotten in the vivid, glowing beauty of the living world, I did not look back to the gloomy shades of the deep valley from which we had climbed, while my companion spoke, but forward into the bright and happy life before us, the sunny future his low voice described. He asked, I answered—yes, I was truly happy with my hand in his. His looks and words had long been growing familiar and dear—how could I tell the truth and not confess how often my thoughts reverted to them, how constantly my actions referred to them, how kindly and sweet was their influence upon my life, how deep was my dependence on his interest and affection? It sounded strangely to hear him entreat so earnestly for what it seemed almost his right to demand, for what had been more consciously and surely his with every pleasant passing day, and what it was my happiness to give as his to receive. Not more strangely, perhaps, than my own words would have sounded in my ears but a few short weeks before, yet it seemed natural and right that I should love him well and like him dearly, that his presence on that sunny hill should make me happier, and the

day brighter as his absence would cast a gloom over both, and that even in this city of death I felt no fear with him. It was long before we descended, passing a solitary artist, who sat sketching, absorbed in his work, and silent as the scene, unconscious of our vicinity as we had been of his, and impatient of the flitting shadows we cast upon his paper in passing by.

We paused in the small grassy meadow, thick sown with little hillocks, the "children's graveyard" of poor foreigners. French, German, Norwegian, and many more, I fancy, where the parents' love has raised more touching monuments to their memory than snowy mantle, or massive stone. Little glass frames cover many of these nameless graves, within which, sheltered from wind and rain, the baby's favorite toys are arranged with fanciful tenderness. A little leaden image of the Virgin and child, a crucifix, or a printed prayer, and wreaths of white immortelles at its head; a handful of withered flowers at its feet, with its best-loved playthings or clothes. Gaudy tin soldiers turning their vermilion coats to the full blaze of the sun; gayly dressed dolls with waxen cheeks unaltered in the storms that sweep over their flaxen heads, and the eyes staring complacently from the grass; little carts, and horses, and engines, and wooden cars, gorgeously painted toys that fell, perhaps, from the weak grasp of the baby hand when sickness relaxed its hold of all it loved in this world, and death took the nerveless fingers in his chilling clasp and led it away. Half-worn blue, and green, and scarlet shoes, plump and chubby with the shape of the feet they covered, and much turned-up at the toes, guarded some of these mounds with the sacredness of mementos; and in others, the frail barrier of glass was broken by some accident, and the rain had been weeping over the memorials within, staining and decaying their perishable ornaments. My own happiness was softened and sobered thinking of the poor mothers and sisters who had buried their treasures here, and my tears fell quietly as we turned away, these simple symbols of grief touched me more than the costly material and cunning workmanship of the magnificent monument to Charlotte Corda, guarded by its marble angels. The setting sun was coloring its carven roses with a faint pink glow when we left the place, and found aunt Betsy sitting in the twilight among the tombs.

The good Friend had been reading her Bible and meditating quietly all that summer afternoon, and her face was placid with the peace

of heaven. When Mr. Westwood, speaking very gently, told her of the promises we had made each other, I thought they seemed sacred in her sanction, and blessed by her tears. She looked at me with inexpressible fondness and pride, and wondered audibly over the womanliness of her "baby Bonnibel." So I wondered too secretly, and not less proudly—what had I done to win so true a heart?

I lost my morning walk next day, the time slipped by while I lay pondering over my new fortune; but in the afternoon Mr. Westwood came with his pretty carriage to drive us in the Park. He had written to my father, he said, and seemed in happy spirits and courageous as to the result. So had I, much puzzled how to word my request and its announcement, and deeply doubtful of the reception it would have among my sisters. But all trivial annoyances, or fears fled away like shadows before the rush of the soft wind past us, our swift motion, the gay crowds and equipages we met, the beauty of the day, the scene, the hour. Even aunt Betsy's faded cheeks were faintly tinged; and mine, observed Mr. Westwood, attentively considering them, "bloomed sweet as any rose."

"What nonsense!" I said.

A gay team dashed past us, and I recognized Mr. Wylie, driving a lady brilliantly handsome and showily dressed, quite unlike his pale and patient wife. "Papa's partner!" I cried, startled, and my companion looked after them a moment steadily before he answered.

"Yes, they are Wylie's horses, he has only lately bought them, and sports them every day. They are a magnificent pair, and cost heavily. Don't wonder he is proud of them, he must have a large private fortune to afford such expenses."

"No," said I, wondering, "he is poor. I have heard Mrs. Wylie say so. They live very plainly in — street; he has not been long a partner, and he was a clerk before."

Mr. Westwood grew thoughtful and said but little more; we turned homeward very early, and he left us at our own door excusing himself from returning to tea. My heart was beating fast with a vague pain and disappointment, but I did not doubt his kindness and affection, or his manner as he bade us good-night, though the evening was very long and lonely in the quiet house. Early in the morning he came up, pale and tired, and more hurried and eager than I had ever seen him.

"Bonnibel," he said, "your father's partner is a scoundrel. He has been cheating and plundering him for a long time, and is going to leave in this afternoon's steamer with his spoils. I

have long been puzzled and suspicious; your words gave me the clue, and I have spent every moment since in tracking and exposing his guilt. I have proof enough to stop him if you give me power to act. Will you trust me to do what ought to be done?"

"Yes, yes," said I, half laughing and half-crying, with pride in my new champion, and sorrow for poor papa. "But what can I do?"

"Put on your bonnet and come with me," said Mr. Westwood, with authority, and I gladly obeyed, and was introduced to a telegraph office, where I sent the despatch he dictated in my own name, and then returned home alone, leaving my escort in the company of a shrewd chief of police, whose keen eye as it met mine made me feel vaguely uncomfortable and guilty, as if I had done some dreadful deed and forgotten it, and whose compliments on my sense and discretion were well-earned by the close questioning I underwent at his hands. "Practical as pretty," he said to Mr. Westwood, who answered with cold courtesy, "We will return to our first subject, if you please."

How they spent that busy day in counting-rooms, docks, and quays, in offices, boats, carriages, and police-stations, I am afraid to say, because I could not make the story intelligible if I told it as I received it. But that my father's treacherous partner was secured, his flight prevented, his spoils restored, his many schemes of robbery detected and exposed, the falsified accounts that had so perplexed and cheated the head of the firm, corrected and explained, the defalcations which had so seriously embarrassed his business, proven and replaced, all

this I comprehended as well as to whom we owed it.

"Saved, Bonnibel!" cried Edwin Westwood, standing handsome and happy before me, "your father's fortune is safe!" and, in the fullness of her grateful heart, my father's daughter ventured to anticipate his decision, and thank his benefactor in her own way.

The next morning papa arrived, hurried and agitated by the news he had heard from home; but I think the announcement of his partner's capture, with which we received him, did not take all the load from his mind. His eyes continually wandered from the papers, which Mr. Westwood was perseveringly explaining, to his young friend's changing face and to mine, and, finally, he threw down the pen, with which he had been required to sign some legal document, and called me to him.

"I see," he said, "you want me to endorse all your proceedings, Edwin. Bonnibel, my baby, he has saved me my fortune and lost me you, and I have hardly the heart to thank him!"

So it happens that I had another *crêpe* bound, this spring, and a bridal *trousseau*, and went the round of the watering-places, this summer, not with a train of big trunks, and a gorgeous wardrobe, but traveling for pleasure, as we stayed at home, and finding little difference, with a "sweet temper, and a happy heart," between a summer at the sea-side, and a summer in town. So it happens that Edwin Westwood's ring is on my finger, and his name on my wedding-cards—that I rule in his heart, and keep his house.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

No more, oh! wonder-working sun, thy kiss
Shall warm the roses into life: no more,
Oh! summer days, thy rare and perfect bliss,
Within my ardent soul thou shalt outpour!

No more, with miracles of tufted bloom,
Impearled with dew, and tinged a thousand dyes,
The dawn comes regally from out the gloom,
And, in an instant, reddens all the skies!

Soft winds no longer sigh, o'er seas of June,
Their ardent whispers of a Southern clime,
And, underneath the splendors of the moon,
The night no longer chants her song sublime.

Dead, ah! the dawning of September's sun!
We strew her sepulchre with withered flowers,
And sigh to think our love could not have won
Respite from death, through all the sunny hours.

A fitful wail comes sadly on the breeze.

The streams are moaning dirges all the day;
Where Summer hung her banners on the trees,
Their bare arms wave and beckon us away.

Oh! happy days! oh! golden round of time!
That lapsed so fleetly through the obtrusive hours,
With song of bird and bees in perfect rhyme,
And sweetly marking all its way with flowers.

We sorrow for thy brightness, lost so soon,
Oh! matchless crown of this most perfect year;
For listless languors of the sultry noon,
And dreamy watchings under skies most clear.

The air is full of mourning; every gale
That whirls the faded leaves about our head,
Dies in the distance to a mournful wail—

And, with white lips, we whisper, "Summer's dead!"

ALBERT PLAINFIELD'S OBJURGATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

"If I held the pen of a 'ready writer,'" says my good friend, Mrs. Plainfield, in a late letter, "I would say something to our young ladies that would, as I think, slacken a little the pace of some of the fastest of them, and make them hang their heads awhile in wholesome contrition. I would tell them this little story; true, every word and every letter of it.

"My cousin Albert, coming in yesterday to sit awhile, said, 'I have been up to the cemetery, where John Harding is painting the enclosure of their lot, and I couldn't help thinking it was as good a place as any to be in.'

"'For a short time,' I said.

"'Or, for a long time. Best, for a long time. There are things here to make a fellow sick; especially if he has got sisters growing up. He don't know anything about what they are coming to, you know; so that anybody that has got sisters—any young man, I mean—would rather see them buried than not. Any of us would.

"'While I was up there, John's two cousins came up; the Hasewell and Stephens girl. They sat down there, a little way from where we were, and began to whisper and giggle; kept it up as long as I stayed, and I don't know how much longer; there by Mary's new grave, you know. I suppose it was because we were young men; I suppose if we had been young women, they would have behaved better.

"'And so it is all through society. Some—why a good many, of course—are as yet what we call innocent; are merely vulgar, coarse, as we say. I suppose that is all those girls are. But when a girl is that, she had better be dead, she has lost the fine edge called sensibility. She never had it to excess, perhaps; wasn't born with much of it. Her mother, before her, had little of it; and what she had was blunted dismally before the daughter was born.

"'There is a girl here and there, thank heaven! that really has, at womanhood, this fine edge. I myself have seen one or two such. At least, I think I have. I may be mistaken; but if I am, I don't want to find it out, for then I should have no faith in woman left. She's an angel if she keeps it till she dies, especially if she is beautiful and beleagnered by us clowns and libertines, as most beauties are.

"'There will be less and less marrying,' added he, after a thoughtful pause. 'It isn't safe to marry, so much has, in most cases, faded out before marriage, and she keeps on fading. She's all faded out in a little while, in body and soul. And another thing, we are getting Frenchified so fast, a man can get pretty much all the kisses he cares about if he isn't married.

"'What would you say if you saw a young girl belonging to a good family, one of the best in town, herself a good girl; that is, with no more of evil in her head than half our girls have, only she's gayer than many; what would you say if you saw her, when she met a fellow in his rooms, or at her home, throw her arms round him, say, 'How d'do, dear Bert?' and kiss him?—meaning no harm, of course; for she does it with half a dozen round, quick as any way. What would you say if you saw not only one do this, but several, good respectable young girls that everybody likes well enough?"

"'I should say I would be glad to go back to the stiffest days of New England Puritanism, when——'

"'Yes, I know; but we can't do that. We never return to anything. This is a so-called transition time. All times are transition times, of course; but some are so marked in manners and destiny as to give character a pretty dangerous, unsettled state for awhile; and this is one of them, when we have unmoored ourselves from the old innocence that had Prudery for its attendant, and not, by a good deal, reached the new, inborn, habitual innocence, that shall be graceful, free, safe, angelic, everywhere, and no Prudery anywhere near, either. No Prudery needed; because the sole instinct shall be one of innocence, womanliness; when we get to it'—sighing, wiping his perspiration. 'I'm afraid this will take some generations yet; and in each of these generations will be countless, absolutely countless lost ones. For, when a woman is spoiled, she is lost, even if she does, as we say, keep her virtue. She's spoiled, and isn't this horrible? I think it is. I would rather Cad and Suze would die any day than to live and be spoiled. I thought so when I was up there. And I thought if they were buried, I

wouldn't let any stone be placed over them, either. There should be some trees for the birds to sing in, but no epitaphs to draw the feet of unprincipled fellows, or giggling spoiled young girls near the turf that covered them.'

"So he ended, with a face indescribably sad. Oh! and I prayed so, over my baby—my little angel now—when I took her up out of her sleep! I made such resolutions for myself? I would keep my soul, my manners, so pure, I said; and, with the help of the good God, would bring my 'holy child' up to a holy girlhood, and through it to a holy womanhood! I longed

that others should be stirred as I had been. I talked with Charlie about it when he came home, and I cried just like a baby, I was so afraid for our angel Laura, and so sad for all the spoiled and the half-spoiled everywhere! I told Charlie I hoped he would preach about it next Sunday, in the pulpit, and he promised to. My eye fell on my 'Peterson,' the faithful itinerant, with so many parishes; and then I thought I would write this letter to you, thinking you would, perhaps, manage to get it, in some shape, in among its pages. Adieu.

I am yours, HATTY PLAINFIELD."

KILLED INSTANTLY.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

"KILLED INSTANTLY!"—the eager hands

Let fall the paper as if dead;
Beneath the sudden wildering stroke
Low bows that gently silvered head.

No hope in those relentless words;
No wound her magic touch might heal;
No fever, that from out his veins,
Her tender care might deftly steal.

No hope that round the "missing" clings,
Or "taken prisoner." Sharp and stern
Through all her being—heart, and brain—
Those dreary words all wildly burn.

Oh, sister! deep thy grief may flow
For such a brother—true as brave;
But life holds other hopes for thee;
Thy gladness dies not on a grave.

And thou, betrothed! A voiceless woe
Will walk this Summer by thy side;
Yet in the future's sunny plains
The shadow from thy soul may glide.

Ay! peace for these young grieving hearts,

Till Time shall bring them gentle glee:
The wounds on young flesh quickly heal.
But, mother, who shall comfort thee?

Some other love shall soothe the heart
That mourn beside thee for the dead,
But what shall bring again thy boy—
Oh, mother! with the stricken head?

What shall bring back again thy boy—
Thy life's proud light for twenty years!
What hope can glimmer from thy night
To weave a rainbow through thy tears?

Ah! fifty yellow Summer suns
Have ripened for thee life's best joys;
But little power has the gay earth
To cheer thee with her painted toys.

Yet God will cheer. A few fleet years
Blessed with the sweets of memory—
Then, on the palm-treed other shore,
Oh, mother! He shall comfort thee!

VIRTUE'S APPEAL.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

CAN it be that earth no longer
Triumphs in my Eden name?
Must the weak, as wills the stronger,
Pave the road to sin and shame?
Ah! beware: no rank or station,
Can by deed or aspiration,
Ever merit just laudation,
Founded on polluted fame!

Vice may strive my reign to sever,
And with Mammon rule the earth;
She may blast my charms, but never
Can recall it into birth!

He who gave to dust its being;
God, the great and good "All-seeing,"
By His wise and just decreeing,
Gave to me a priceless worth!

Who would rend my veil asunder?

Who imprint a deadly stain?
Who, through passion's impulse plunder,
What all time can ne'er regain?
Then beware! nor with vice dally,
But around my standard rally,
And I'll prove your faithful ally
To escape eternal pain!

Laud my blessings o'er creation,
(Tis the Christian's nobler part.)
Warning man, whate'er his station,
To avoid sin's fatal smart:
And I'll guard and guide you ever,
In the path death cannot sever,
Mortal! if you'll keep me ever
In the temple of your heart!

COMPENSATION.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"Humph! Those cousins of mine are coming out of the North, at last, to get their frozen blood warmed up a trifle down here, I suppose," quoth Genevieve Grainger, carefully separating, meantime, the yolks of twelve eggs from the whites.

"There, Chloe," to her dusky familiar—a daughter of Ham, with eyes of jet, woolly hair—a mass of kink and braid—and a mingled air of *diablerie* and shrewdness throughout—"take those, will you? and beat the yolks to a cream, and the whites until they stand alone."

Whisk, whisk, whisk, on the part of Chloe, with a gravity so intense as to be ludicrous.

"Yes," went on Miss Grainger, to herself, as she watched the whites changing into snowy foam, "I've made up my mind I shall despise them both, the girl and the young man. White-blooded blondes—New England Puritans—bah! Never mind! Raleigh Croome's coming too! Aunt Bella says that I'm so ignorant of the ways of society—who cares? not I!—that there must be some one else to entertain the precious two. So much the better. Raleigh's a fast friend of mine, and, with his help, I can endure them, I suppose."

Chloe having by this finished her task, Genevieve plunged into the mysteries of sponge-cake, and, after that, achieved pound-cake; no make believe, I can assure you, of saleratus and bad butter, but compounded of the whitest of sugar, and twelve eggs to the pound—a kind that comes out of the oven golden, solid, to melt in one's mouth with rich deliciousness, and compel you to pronounce it the queen of cakes!

These delicacies, and more, comprising pastries of wondrous fabrication, did Miss Genevieve Grainger, with her own slight, supple fingers, compound that morning; for the nearest town, X—, stood twenty miles away, and Squire Grainger's household—despite its troops of servants—when confectionery of a daintier sort was needed, were fain to depend upon the well-skilled digits of Genevieve for supplies.

Genevieve had gone through her task with an air somewhat disdainful, yet showing a thorough comprehension of the art culinary—tossing in, first this compound, then that, as if well-assured the result could not fail to be satisfactory.

Her only interruption, during the operation, came from Chloe, the kinky-haired, who, from time to time, ejaculated, with an admiring chuckle,

"Takes you, Miss Viva, dresso! Ain't no cakes nor pasty made in dese yere parts kin come up ter yours, tell *you*, ki! ki! ki!"

"Now, Chloe, listen to me," said the young lady, when she had finished. "Put all this trash in the oven, and see that it comes out done to a turn precisely; else," with a flash of imperious eyes, "I'll slap you hard, as I did when you scorched my Mechlin lace undersleeves." Relenting, "If you'll be careful, however, I'll give you a bunch of yellow ribbons I have up stairs. Remember now," and, with a warning gesture, the speaker vanished.

"Ki! ki!" chuckled Chloe, with difficulty suppressing a summersault. "Wish I was as shoah of some tings as I am of dem ere yaller rib'ns. Won't I cut a dash, Sunday! Make denigs on this yere plantation open der eyes some, I 'spect." Then, with the glitter in her eye changing to a soft mellow light, "Wish she'd ha gib'n me suthin' for little sis, though, arter all. De pore chile ain't hed nuffin putty for neber sech a while. Well," brightening up, "there's cump'ny comin'; mebbe they'll gimme suthin' I can fetch her," after which cheering reflection, the jettie-eyed addressed herself to obeying her mistress's injunction.

Genevieve Grainger lived with her uncle and aunt Grainger within sight of the blue flow of the Potomac—renowned in forthcoming history—and near enough to the Blue Ridge to catch, on clear sunny days, tempting shifting glimpses of their cloud-capped summits.

She, unlike many Virginians of similar pretensions, could trace her pedigree plainly from the Princess Pocahontas, and was stubbornly proud of such descent, which her *physique* certainly did not tend to disprove.

Her skin was clear bright olive, with tawny golden lights in it, her eyes dark, luminous globes, sometimes lambent, but, when occasion served, keenly brilliant, as the eye of an Indian chief when he parts the bushes, and seeks for the trail of his foe. Her hair, blacker than her eyes, and somewhat coarse in texture, fell, as

pleased it best, in large, wavy curls about an erect, disdainful head, while her gait, elastic, defiant, might have come direct from the grand Indian maiden from whom she so proudly claimed descent.

The room to which we follow her, possessed a mingling of the gorgeous and barbaric, which struck one as at once unique and primitive.

The bed, with its canopy of brilliant hued silk, would have caught the fancy of a Peruvian princess, but the rest of the surroundings were, for the most, *souvenirs* of the forest. Baskets of moss—toilet articles, skillfully fashioned out of acorns—and eggs of wild birds that she who plundered must have been fleet of foot, and strong of will—hung like trophies about the walls.

Also, at one end of the room, stood a white fawn, stuffed, that looked at you with wide, wild eyes as you came in. It, too, had a necklace of eggs, like huge pink pearls, hung around its neck. This had been Genevieve's sole pet. When it died, she had it stuffed, took it into her maiden bower, and petted nothing thereafter.

Genevieve, who had thrown herself negligently on the bed, suddenly started up, exclaiming, "They've come!" then sank back again, saying, "Aunt Bella can welcome them. They won't expect good manners from me. Besides, that girl will be tired, and go to her room, I know; and that young man can take care of himself; and Raleigh Croome will make himself at home, I'll warrant you!"

Though Genevieve soliloquized all this bravely enough, yet underneath she knew herself for an ignorant, uncultivated girl, who had refused to learn, and now desired time to gain self-possession to meet her guests, and set them at defiance, should they prove themselves supercilious.

By-and-by she arose and dressed herself. You might be sure the attire would be an individual one.

First an India muslin, sprinkled all over with embroidered knots of vivid scarlet. Then she drew from its box a silken scarf, also scarlet, large enough, when shaken loose, to envelope one, but so magically fine that you could draw it through a finger-ring. It wafted a faint, spicy scent through the room, and had a golden fringe at each end. This she wound about her head, in and out of her blue-black curls, and let the ends float on her shoulder. Lastly she slipped a bracelet, that had been her mother's, upon her arm—a curious ornament, made of gold and hair, with clasps of amber, pearl and amethysts, made in the shape of half-moons.

The bracelet was too large for her slender arm, so she slipped it past the elbow, and let it stay there.

As she went down stairs, through a door partly ajar, she caught a glimpse of her guest dressing.

Genevieve paused for a second, saw Wilhelmina Edwards—called Willie always—standing whitely fair in the room, cool and pure, with diaphanous draperies and creamy matting, fastening about her some floating robe of blue. Also there was wafted through the door a perfume as of fresh spring violets.

"Blue!" thought Vieve Grainger, passing quickly on. "That's right. At all events, if she'd worn red, or yellow, now—my colors—I'd have hated her. As for her dainty scents, I'll match them, never fear!"

So down into the garden where musk-roses grew. Vieve shook them over her, crushed the petals between her palms, and back into the house—Flora herself for fragrance.

En passant, influenced by some softer thought, she gathered a spray or so from a mist-bush, of that saffron pink that forms along the horizon at sunset, and set against the sprays a few flowers white and delicate, and a single moss-bud.

When she entered the parlor, her three guests, Willie Edwards, Grant Edwards—first cousin to Willie, cousin only by courtesy to her—and Raleigh Croome, were all assembled.

Willie and Grant Edwards were both blondes, "fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, having the dew of their youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives whom St. Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles, but angels!'"

Raleigh Croome was tall, dark, and splendid, with a dash of *hauteur* so dissolved in a gay, frank bearing as to be imperceptible, except on occasions.

"Cousin Willie, I'm very glad to see you," said Genevieve, all at once hospitable and graceful, and, bending an instant, she fastened the bouquet she had gathered in her cousin's bosom. She shook hands with Grant Edwards, bestowing upon him a similar greeting, and then took refuge with Raleigh Croome, who, usually gay and *nonchalant*, now sat in a corner, looking at engravings, and saying "naught to nobody."

"Raleigh," whispered Genevieve, "you're a God-send. How did you manage with those cousins of mine, and how shall I entertain them?"

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Genevieve,"

returned he; "for, 'pon my life, I'm tongue-tied."

Dinner relieved the perplexity of the two, and, that over, it was the long summer twilight.

Aunt Bella nodded in her chair, with a small black imp beside her to fan off irreverent flies from alighting on her plump, comely face. The squire rode about his plantation to see that all was safe for the night, and so the young people were left to their own devices.

"Suppose we walk on the piazza," proposed Genevieve.

"Agreed!" said Grant Edwards, who was slight, somewhat pale with severe study, but had nerves of steel, and a will of iron. "And you will walk with me, cousin Vieve," a gleam of audacity flashing athwart the azure eyes.

This arrangement concluded, Raleigh made his bow to Miss Grant, gave her his arm, and the two couples began to pace the piazza that extended around the entire house.

It was strange that Raleigh and Genevieve, who had been chatting volubly to one another, now, that partners were changed, had scarcely a word to say.

By this the moon had risen, silver-white, and Raleigh, looking down, saw beside him a fairy thing that floated along in a mist of blue, and the heart erst so brave beat fast. Yet Willie, with her dewy eyes, and still sweet face, was not a woman to be afraid of, surely.

Genevieve, whose odd toilet, wherein was mingled a touch of the *bizarre* and the barbaric, strangely heightened by this same moonlight, behaved no better. Some inward stress of emotion made her tremble so—though she clenched her teeth, and strove to keep it down—that she feared her companion might perceive her agitation.

If he did, he gave no sign; but when the party re-entered the parlor, the boyish face of Grant Edwards was white as the moonlight without, with eyes as azure flames, and closed, determined lips. Those of the Edwards' blood had never thus set their mouths without meaning—mischief.

Raleigh Croome—another kind of man, *sans doute*—was, on the contrary, flushed, embarrassed, and regarded Willie, from time to time, as a devout Romanist regards his favorite saint.

The fair sweetness of Willie's aspect remained unchanged, but a steady spot of crimson burned in either cheek.

What do you think of physiology, and the curious magnetism of temperament? Don't scoff, I pray you, but be humble in the pre-

sence of so great a mystery, and behold the force, strong, but occult, that underlies and moves society.

When these two men bid these two women good-night, at the foot of the stair-case, Grant Edwards took Genevieve's hand in a small, firm palm, and kissed it under cover.

Flashing eyes and a scornful mouth for response.

Raleigh Croome shook hands with "Miss Viva," bowed low to Willie, as if she were some grand princess, and he her slave, but stood aloof, though she glanced at him appealingly, and half raised her hand, as if she expected him to take it.

"Come to my room and try a smoke," invited Grant, "I want you to see what we get up North in the way of tobacco. I can offer you a famous collection of pipes."

"What, smoke—after—her," whispered Raleigh, in a tone of awe.

"After whom? Miss Grainger?"

"No."

"Oh, cousin Willie! Ho! ho! she a daring little girl, and pretty. I think, but— Well, good-night then, I most smoke *en solitaire*."

That night there broke a terrible storm, with dazzling lightnings flashing athwart the sky, a hurtle of thunder, and a rush of impetuous rain.

As Genevieve stood at her window, her being swaying in harmony to this passion of the elements, undisturbed by fear, there was a timid knock at the door followed by Willie Edwards.

"Oh! cousin Viva, may I be with you? It would kill me to be by myself in such a storm."

Vieve contemplated her guest with a mixture of disdain and admiration. A pretty sight, with her imploring eyes, hair in golden crinkles, and pink dainty feet peeping from under a lace-trimmed night-dress.

Obedying a sudden impulse, Vieve put her arms about Willie, and said briefly, "If you like it better, you shall sleep with me to-night, pretty cousin."

"Thank you, dear Genevieve," and Willie reassured, glanced about the room.

"Oh! what a queer, nice place," with a sudden shiver. "That white fawn, is it alive?"

"No, only stuffed."

Approaching and caressing the same tenderly.

"Pretty darling! How did it die, cousin?"

"Of gluttony, I fancy. It over-ate itself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Willie, disappointed, reminiscences of Marvel's poem, "the cruel huntsmen riding by have shot my fawn, and it will die," darting through her mind.

Admiration in her mien, the pretty creature pattered around the chamber, examined and questioned, finally knelt reverently, said her prayers, then curled herself in the bed and went to sleep—a dainty, innocent darling, with long lashes curving on a rose-tinted cheek.

Genevieve leaned out of the window, cast some wild hurried words to the storm—now abating—that I trust surely went up to God, then laid beside Willie, put an arm around her with a new pleasant consciousness of having some one to protect, and went to sleep also.

Both were equally innocent; but Willie long ago had found a Saviour; Genevieve held exploring, ignorant hands out into the darkness, but had not yet found God.

One word concerning these two.

Willie Edwards had been cradled in caresses from her birth, lived and grown in perpetual sunshine, fed on the sweetest sweets of love.

Genevieve had lost father and mother early, and her aunt and uncle Grainger could not give her what they had not. She came and went as she pleased; but as for good-night kiss, or any word of endearment, she might as well have been the solitary inhabitant of a desert. What wonder then that, missing this craving need in a child's life, she grew disdainful, harsh, and, shall I say it? wanting in the tender attributes of womanhood.

Lately she had felt her life lacked something. What she guessed but dimly. And when roaming through woods, free and careless, riding swiftly whither it pleased her, climbing where only wild-birds flew, sudden bursts of tears assailed her; she gazed at the falling drops in dismay, nor guessed their source in the fairest need of womanhood, that would no longer be ignored.

So it came to pass that Grant Edwards' kiss burnt into her hand, and she felt it all night long in her dreams.

When the two were risen next morning, Genevieve's toilet half-made, while Willie was sitting on the bed thinking of dressing, the first said, with crimson cheeks,

"Isn't Raleigh Croomer a splendid fellow, Willie?"

The latter looking down, "My cousin—Grant Edwards—is far handsomer. He's nice, and fair, and as clever as possible. Mr. Croomer is so——"

Genevieve deceitfully, "Well, I wouldn't talk so much about him, Willie dear. I've heard aunt Grainger remark that it's not proper for young ladies to talk too much about young gentlemen."

Willie sprang to her feet, turned to deepest rose, and, stamping a pearly foot, exclaimed,

"You wicked Genevieve Grainger. You know very well that you began first. I don't care one snap for Mr. Raleigh Croomer." After which the indignant dove darted from the room, to complete her toilet in her own apartment.

Genevieve laughing wickedly. "There's a specimen of Yankee spunk for you. I never thought I'd like you so well, cousin Willie!"

All that day a little shyness crept into Willie's manner toward Raleigh Croomer. Yet it was he who walked and talked with her, feeling in every fibre the dainty enchantment that lay in her demeanor; for, though timid, she had been too deeply loved always for bashfulness, and Willie was shy for the first time in her life.

Genevieve fell to Grant Edward, therefore, whose pleasure was saucy and self-evident. "You are my guest, and, therefore, I must be civil," was all that could be inferred from her manner.

That afternoon Genevieve declared should be consecrated to the river. So, going down to the shore, the four found twin boats fragile as shells waiting their pleasure—each large enough for two—no more.

"I will row, cousin Vieve," said Grant, springing into one, and placing Genevieve therein.

"May I have the honor of rowing you?" asked Raleigh, with bowed head and worshipful eyes of Willie.

So they pushed from shore, each boat taking the course that pleased it, best contented to part company with the other.

Raleigh and Willie floated on beneath a carmine sky. Did ye ever see a Virginia sunset? If not, ask some brother or friend who has soldiered it down there for awhile, and had its loveliness engraved on his heart by the hard contrasts of a soldier's life, to tell you how it seems.

So Raleigh and Willie floated on, she sitting in the prow in clear draperies of white, with downcast eyes and braids of shining gold.

Raleigh Croomer looked back at his life—no worse than that of most men, better than that of many, at all events; but how dingy and stained compared with this spotless saint—as he called her softly to himself—known mortally as Willie Edwards.

Oh! that he could have brought to her a fairer life! Could she, could she ever care for him?

Croomer, who had been awkward and embarrassed for him since his first sight of Willie,

unable longer to restrain the Southern ardor that had turned his blood to flame—the fire beneath being sacred—and bore down all before it, began and rehearsed to the pure-robed, shining-haired angel sitting in the prow, all that was passing in his mind.

A premature revelation, perhaps unwise you think. Ah! but love is inscrutable, and who shall dictate to it?

So well accustomed was Willie to being loved, that the strong, warm words of Raleigh Croome neither alarmed nor abashed her. It seemed natural and right that this man with his dark splendid beauty, slightly tintured with *haut-keur*, should bow humbly before her, and declare that to love her always should be the joy and duty of his life.

When he had finished Ms recital, and sat waiting breathless for the answer that should come, Willie let a pair of pure confiding eyes rest on his, as if she knew those flaming orbs held no danger for her, and answered,

"I don't quite understand all you have said to me, Mr. Croome. I only know that you think you are not as good as I—which is entirely untrue—and wish to be better, as I'm sure we all should." Then with single-hearted maidenly dignity: "You say, too, that you love me, and ask if I can return it ever. Yes, I love you better than any one else in the wide world."

If it occurs to you that all this seems rather odd and premature, turn to the Tempest and find what Miranda and Ferdinand said to one another upon their second interview. And who shall gainsay Shakspeare?

Meantime the scenes in the other boat bordered more on the racy and sparkling than on the tender order.

Genevieve, who sat with her scarlet scarf about her, *riante* and defiant, gave Grant Edwards nothing but cool monosyllables, or crisp retorts; finally leaned over the boat-side, dabbling in the cool, green water.

She wore the curious bracelet of hair and gold, with clasps of amber pearl and amethyst in the shape of half-moons. Before she knew it, it slipped from her arm, and, buoyed up by the hair, slowly sank down in the water.

"My bracelet that mother left me!"

A minute after, Grant had plunged into the water, risen breathless, laughing, and flung the bracelet dripping into its owner's lap.

Genevieve sat confounded, without a word of thanks.

At last subdued, scarcely daring to look at him, she murmured,

"Mr.—cousin Grant, you will surely take

cold. Please let me wrap my scarf about you. It will be a slight protection, at least."

"No. You hate me, you wouldn't care if I did take cold and die!"

"Oh! please," sighed Genevieve, quite overcome, and, rising, with gentle touches she wound the scarf about him, and sat down again with averted face, and cheeks whose vermilion put the western sky to shame.

You should have seen Grant Edwards' face—the eyes blue devils—nothing less.

The next day, the young gentleman sent down word that he was sick, thought he had taken "a chill last evening."

Aunt Bella, alarmed, sent up constant relays of servants, to inquire after the welfare of her guest, and received the unvarying answer, "About the same."

By-and-by, Genevieve, who had flitted about the house like an uneasy spirit—a very snap-dragon for crossness, infuriate with Raleigh and Willie, because absorbed in one another they thought of no one else—at length pounced upon Chloe, who had just returned from the invalid's room with a waiter of provision which he had resolutely refused to touch.

"How is Mr. Edwards?" demanded Genevieve.

Chloe shook her head, and glanced at her mistress with a gaze of mingled *diablerie* and cunning.

"Mighty bad I 'spects, Miss Viva: ain't eat nuffin this bressed day." Sighing mournfully and shaking her woolly head with an air of prophecy, "When folks gits taken this yere way, it's orful dang'rous, I tell you. Hope he'll git over it—do so! Sooner a 'sician's fotched, the better fur um, in my 'pinion."

Vieve surveyed the waiter Chloe carried with scornful, inquiring eyes.

A roast chicken, oyster *paté*, and incongruous conjunction! a bowl of gruel, rewarded her inspection.

"No wonder he eats nothing," murmured she, and, musing a moment, vanished.

Half an hour afterward there was a tap at Grant's door.

Did you guess, you scamp, who it was that asked admittance, that you infused an extra touch of lugubriousness into your—"Come in?"

Enter Genevieve with a tray.

"I think I have brought you something you can eat this time."

A groan from the shape that lay on the sofa enveloped in a dressing-gown. "Thankful to hear it, I'm sure. I should have died of inanition soon."

Vieve drew forward a table, placed thereon a dish of strawberries of the variety *Triomphe de Gand*, huge, scarlet, double lobed—slight fingers stained therewith, betraying to incisive eyes who had picked them—also a jug of cream, last a *serre china* shell, heaped with bunches of Malaga grapes, a dewy damask rose stuck glowing in the center.

"A feast for the gods," muttered Grant, and, righting himself, fell to.

Vieve looked on, imperious eyes softened, rich lips dimpled into a smile, until all had disappeared save the grapes.

"I have reserved these," said Grant, with the air of a Sultan, "that you might have the pleasure of feeding me with them. I don't like to exert myself too much at once, you know."

Vieve, compelled by some potent power, compelled; and fed the sufferer with countenance as grave and simple as that of a child.

If Grant could have restrained himself all would have gone well; but yielding to the impishness that had taken possession of him—he a scholar hitherto quiet and self-contained—he turned suddenly upon Genevieve with eyes so scintillating with power, and a smile of such audacious triumph, that she, barely conscious of what she was doing, dashed the grapes into his face and darted from the room.

In the meantime Willie, who never appeared more thoroughly lovely than when brought into contact with her inferiors, had made acquaintance with that odd-fish Chloe—who had from time to time tendered her various little services—and learned something of her history.

"I don't 'long to de squire," related Chloe. "He hires me from mother—who lives jes' on th' edge of de plantation with little sis—de nices chile yer eber see—ter wait on Miss Viva."

And Willie, out of her kind heart, had promised to braid an apron with pockets for "little sis;" and, when it was finished, Chloe should show her and Ral—at least Mr. Croome, the way to her mother's.

Chloe's eyes became saucers with delight, and she forthwith reported Willie to the servants as a "simon-pure lady, ef she did come from de Norf, whar dey libbed on pork an' 'lasses. Not so gran' an' dashin' as Miss Viva mebbe," but with sudden fire, "I'd go through fire an' water ef she axed me—would so!"

The day that witnessed this declaration, saw Raleigh and Willie on their way to take the completed apron to little sis, Chloe following behind, her braids adorned with the yellow ribbons bestowed by Genevieve.

By-and-by, after walking through the woods,

they came to a log-cabin standing on the edge of the plantation, just where iron tracks running past reminded one of the civilization that had run ahead so fast, it would not stop for Chloe, and the like.

The cabin was neat and clean, and had a small garden, in front, full of crimson poppies, white lilies, and flowers that, in a colder climate, would have been thought rare, but which grew here common as weeds.

Chloe, entering, presently brought mother and "little sis" to the door.

"Tain't no place fur a lady and gent'plum like you an' Mas'r Raleigh tu come in," had said Chloe, with humility.

So the mother, a woman jet-black, but with the chiseled regular features that proclaimed her a princess in her own land, stood courtesying in the door, thanking Raleigh and Willie for their coming.

"Little sis," being with much difficulty detached from her mother's skirts, proved a pretty child, much lighter than Chloe, or her mother, and having large sad eyes, such as you sometimes see in mulatto children.

"Little sis h'ain't no use o' one side," whispered Chloe to Willie, with humid eyes. "fled a 'tack o' 'ralysis oncet—did so."

"How sad!" murmured Willie, stooping, and kissing the child.

Raleigh, notwithstanding the force of tradition, did not look surprised at this, but regarded "little sis" as if, from henceforth, she must be invested with some magic charm.

Then Chloe, with mellow, admiring eyes, fastened on "little sis" the apron Willie had bought—a pretty little affair, daintily made, and braided by Willie herself. A king's gift could not have given more genuine pleasure.

Then Raleigh slipped a gold-piece into the mother's hand, bowed a gracious good-by, and led Willie back again through the woods.

That log-cabin, humble as it was, was henceforth deified in his eyes—it was connected with Willie.

That same evening, Grant Edwards had sufficiently recovered to make his appearance in the parlor—pale enough, perhaps, but with no other sign of illness about him.

Genevieve had thought to avoid him, but he found a place at her side, straightway, and she could not break away, from some invisible influence that held her like a spell.

So the days passed on, until, one evening, Grant Edwards decoyed Genevieve—an unwilling, rebellious captive—upon the piazza.

How he managed it—he must have had a deal

of Saxon will, for he had studied books, not women, all his life—I cannot tell. But he did so appeal to Genevieve's pity, so protest to her, and so piteously declare that he would die without her—hadn't her strawberries and grapes saved him from the fearful illness that threatened him?—that this wild, half-tamed maiden, ensnared, bewildered, at length curved her defiant head upon her wooer's breast, and murmured she would "try to like him."

The next evening at twilight, Willie and Raleigh sat together, he gay and brilliant, yet choosing his words with tenderest reverence, as if to give her the best he owned.

Vieve, none the less happy, if somewhat defiant and rebellious yet, sat beside Grant Edwards on the sofa, and let him trifle with her blue-black curls, and torment her, until she would declare that she "hated" him, and would surely leave him. Then there was an apology as audacious as the teasing, after which reconciliation and peace.

I think four such sincerely happy people had seldom been grouped together in the summer twilight, when suddenly, softly, phantom-like, a thing of snow flew in at the window.

The four stared at it, and saw a stainless dove that wheeled above the heads of Willie and her lover, Raleigh Croome,—wheeled in a circle thrice, cooing mournfully tenderly, then out again into the air of amber-gray.

Genevieve and Raleigh interchanged a glance, and you could see that the first suppressed a shriek.

Vieve, presently rising, went out on the piazza, where Grant Edwards, following, found her, pacing up and down, wringing her hands and weeping.

"Ah! God!" she sighed. "Heaven help Raleigh Croome! I know the legend of his house. Never comes that white dove to any of the Croomes, but as a sign of sudden woe or death."

Here Raleigh Croome appeared, very pale, but with no shadow of fear marring his splendid beauty, or daunting his brave bearing.

"Don't tell her," he said, with a tender solemn smile. "Whatever comes, my darling must not suffer!"

Then in again, gayer, more brilliant than ever, until Willie's laugh rang out like fairy-bells.

"I shall go to X—, to-day," said Raleigh, the next morning, at the breakfast-table.

Willie questioned him with her eyes, but smiled when he added, "I shall come back to-night."

She went with him to the door to say good-by.

Now, Raleigh Croome, looking back into his life, and remembering lips not altogether stainless that had met his own, had never dared to touch the sacred mouth of Willie. But to-day he took her in his arms, lavished kisses upon her lovely face, then went away, with worship in his eyes.

She watched him out of sight, then came back, hoping to find Genevieve, to whom she might rehearse the praises of her lover. But Genevieve, who, since last evening, had been strangely quiet, had hidden herself, and was not seen until —.

Raleigh Croome walked on through the woods, thinking to himself, "It's a trifle further, maybe, but I can reach the station as well by going past the cabin where Chloe's mother lives. I want to see over again how my darling looked kissing 'little sis.'"

So he walked on, whistling gayly, smiling debonairly, as became a happy lover, until the log-cabin came in sight, with its bright little garden in front, and just beyond, sitting in the sunlight, between the iron tracks, was "little sis."

She had plucked a lapful of the crimson poppies and white lilies, and was sticking them before her in the dust, so making a mimic garden.

God of heaven! Even as he looked, with a diabolical, ear-splitting shriek, the locomotive came in sight—an angry demon that would tear the child to shreds in its awful clutch.

Not a moment paused Raleigh Croome. He was young, brimming over with hope and happiness—life most precious with the thought of how he loved and was beloved—the child was of an alien race, a crippled child at that, who would "never be good for much," as dealers in that kind of ware could tell you.

Not a moment paused Raleigh Croome. He caught the child with an arm swift and strong as lightning, flung it to the mother, who, too late, had rushed out and now stood at the garden-gate—then would have cleared at a leap the iron boundary.

But the terrible dragon, vomiting fire and smoke, caught him, crushed him, threw him off mangled into the road; but left unmarred the noblest face, still wearing a brave, sweet smile. Surely God's angels bore his soul through the fairest gate of Paradise!

So Raleigh Croome died for a little child. Died to be spoken of always in a softened voice with words of reverent admiration.

And so mangled, but most beautiful still, they brought him home to Willie. Willie whom, if he had married, would have made him a fond

and faithful wife, but would have lived for him—met God.

So, Willie, who came to Virginia a soft, innocent darling, who had never known one touch of sorrow, went back a full-grown woman, strangely wise, to do faithfully her Master's work, but never to listen more to any word of love from any lover.

Genevieve Grainger married the scholar—Grant Edwards. A man so over-civilized that

he needed just such a rich full life to flow into his own—effective perhaps without it, but scant and barren.

Of her were born noble woman, and men whose silvery eloquence wrought great results for their country.

So Genevieve and her husband—she learning of him, growing always into a nobler womanhood—walk hand in hand nearer to God every day.

I TRUST IN THEE.

BY PLINY EARLE HARDY.

Down in my heart's still deeps,
Where love its vigils keeps,
With tireless eyes
Watching the waves that beat
On shores, where restless feet
Have pressed from blossoms sweet
Their rainbow dyes.

Down in those depths so still,
Beyond the winds and chill,
There is a spot
Where all the waves are bright,
And mirrored to the sight
Is Heaven's golden light,
And clouded not.

There is a shore whose bloom
Is never veiled in gloom,
And waves of light
Toss o'er the dewy strands
Their pearls 'mid golden sands,
Like foot-prints from the lands
Beyond our sight.

Whence come the gleams so bright
O'er green shores and cliffs white,
So fair to see?
Whence comes the silvery hue
O'er sands and pearly dew?
They come, dear heart, so true
Of trust in thee!

Thus, radiant light is born.
Like tints of blushing morn
O'er leaf and tree;
Thus, music tones awake
Like echoes o'er a lake,
And all their brightness take
From trust in thee!

What though the other shores,
Sad voices wander o'er
Of wind and sea,
Though there fall briny tears?
One shore e'er bright appears,
For, through the blessed years,
I trust in thee!

“IN MEMORIAM.”

BY MRS. F. M. CHESBRO.

SUMMER airs are dying,
All its roses fading—
Summer light is shading
Into Autumn gloom;
Over all the landscape
Rests a deepening shade;
Tinted leaves are fluttering
Through the copse, and glade,
And a hazy beauty
Lies on land, and sea:
Autumn's wailing voices
Are echoing plaintively.

With these fading glories,
A richly-gifted soul
Is passing gently onward
To its final goal.
Every breath of Summer,
Bird, and bee, and flower,

To her soul were dearer
Than a princely dowry;
The purple tints of evening,
The twilight's hushed repose,
Were types of her life's mission
Hastening to its close.

Her days passed on in beauty,
Her young life flitted past,
Leaving bright lines of glory
Trailing along her path.
With the dying year she passes
Away from our rapt sight,
A new-born life awaits her
Amid celestial light.
Now, over sea and meadow,
On woodland, and on glen,
There rests a deeper glory,
For the love she bore to them.

THE "CARTE DE VISITE."

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"Now, Charley, you will take me to Saratoga, won't you?" and Miss Katie brought the full battery of her large dark eyes and smiling lips to bear upon my soft heart. What could I do? I was the—ahem!—certain-aged bachelor brother of the prettiest, wiresomest, coaxingest (I can't be bothered about grammar now) little pet of a sister who ever wheedled a loving protector into extravagance and idleness. We were all alone in the world, this dark-eyed sister of mine and myself, and when my mother died, and I, in the vigor of young manhood, looked on the baby sister, toddling about the large, empty house, I vowed to be to her, parent, guardian, and companion. So we had lived our quiet life together, with no thought of other love to win the brother from his self-imposed allegiance. With wealth enough for every comfort, and many luxuries, my time was sufficiently free for many trips of pleasure with my pet. So I said,

"Saratoga let it be, Kitty."

"Now, don't call me Kitty; I am eighteen today, and Kitty is so terribly childish."

"Katharine, then."

"No, Kate; Katie, when we are alone. Will you go next week, when the Hartleys are there?"

"Can you be ready?"

"I am all ready," she said, with a little triumphant laugh. "I knew that I could coax you to go; so all my finery is in full——"

"Flirting order?"

Of course, she boxed my ears, and, equally of course, kissed me, declaring I was the dearest brother on earth, and if she *did* flirt, which she by no means admitted, she was sure, *sure*, she should never see the man for whose love she would leave Charley.

So to Saratoga we went! I was writing our names in the register, when the clerk handed me a letter, sealed neatly, directed, in a dainty, clear hand, to

"CHARLES G. SMITH, Esq.,

— House,

Saratoga, N. Y.

Politeness of C. M."

Just as my finger was on the seal, my old friend, Herman Hartley, called to me to come

attend to the trunks. So I thrust the letter into my pocket, and followed him out to the porch. He was engaged in a laughing discussion with Katie, respecting the allowance of baggage permitted at a watering-place, and something in the bright young faces and merry voices struck a sudden pang to my heart. Standing together, as I had seen them hundreds of times before, for the first time the prophetic significance, so apparent to loving mothers and scheming aunts, struck on my blind eyes. So young, so joyous, bright, animated, congenial old play-mates and friends now! Ah me! how fast the thoughts rushed through my mind—lovers! Musing, in the confusion of "getting to rights;" watching jealously, for the first time, her bright face, and his protecting care, I forgot the letter in that long afternoon of dread and jealousy. It was late in the evening, Kate had long ago bid me good-night, and was probably fast asleep, when I remembered the unopened missive. I was alone in my room, and, before I broke the seal, I scanned curiously the smooth, thick white envelope, the clear-cut seal, with the letter E sharply defined on its surface, the neat, pretty hand-writing, and wondered who could have written to me. C. M., too. Who was C. M.?

As I broke the seal, a *carte de visite* fell, face down, upon the table, where it lay, while I read:—

"DEAR CHARLIE—I have only time for one line, for uncle Clarence is waiting for my letter. He is passing through Saratoga, and will leave this for you in case he precedes you. Write, and let us know exactly when to meet you. I enclose the promised photograph.

Lovingly,

BESSIE."

Lucky Charlie! As I turned the card, a sweet face looked from the surface at me. Large eyes, full of soft, loving earnestness, a mouth at once firm and gentle, heavy braids of dark hair, shading a face whose oval was perfect—this was the "Bessie" which did *not* belong to me. In the silence around me, in the lonely hour, the face seemed sent to comfort my poor sore heart, and I sat gazing into the depths of those earnest eyes till the aching pang of jealousy that had

torn me through the afternoon, was stilled and soothed. There was a magnetism in the pictured face turned so confidingly to mine, and I dropped asleep with it before me; slept to endow the still face with life, to find in my dreams those wistful eyes seeking mine, that sweet mouth finding loving words for me; woke to realize that I was a miserable old bachelor, whose pet-sister was being won away, and who was falling in love with the Bessie of some more favored man of the name of Smith.

Every day I consulted the register, to find the arrival of my namesake; but every evening I could draw out my picture and study anew the lovely face. Autumn drew on, and we returned home, but the letter I left for Mr. Smith, at Saratoga, never was answered. Nobody claimed my Bessie.

Somebody, however, did claim Katie, who, half laughing, half crying, admitted that Charlie held a second place in her heart to a certain tall, handsome Herman, whose frank, noble nature had won her pure, girlish love. So there was a wedding, and I stood alone in the world, *first* in no heart but my own selfish one.

Don't laugh at me, but think of my heart suddenly bereft of its love of years, and vaguely longing for an answering love to meet its own yearning tenderness, when I confess that I was loving an ideal woman. Lavishing, in day-dreams and night-visions, a world of schemes and tenderness on the Bessie whose sweet face was becoming my load-star, I tried to find her. The letter bore no date, no post-mark; so I could only wait to see the face that I loved, hope to find the nature as lovely as the picture.

Of course, I found her, or I should not write this. I was again at Saratoga, two years later, Katie and Herman with me, when I found her.

"Charlie," Katie said, one evening, as she stood, in her old, loving way, by my chair, "who do you think is here? Lizzie Leonard, my dear old playmate at school. You remember her?"

"Slightly: a pretty, quiet little girl."

"A tall, stately woman, with soft dark eyes, and a voice of music. Ah! she is lovely, Charlie; guard your heart."

"Why should I?" I said, dolefully. "You didn't."

She colored, as she nestled down beside me, whispering,

"It was too bad, Charlie, but I could not help it."

"My dear brother Charlie—Lizzie!"

Katie's voice still in my ears, I bowed to Miss Leonard—my Bessie.

Not a whisper of the photograph escaped me, as I paid my respects to Katie's friend. How to win her to answer my love, was my constant thought, and my days were one long struggle to gain a smile from her.

I had forgotten my rival, forgotten everything but my passionate love for her, as day by day showed me her gentle, noble nature, her warm heart, her fine mind, her winning grace. One month of courting, and I heard from her lips the answer to my suit. She loved me!

I held her in my arms, and as I won the coveted words from her lips, I cried out, in my joy, the name of my ideal love, my true passion,

"Bessie, dear Bessie!"

She drew back from me, with a white face, and quivering lip.

"Who taught you that name?" she said, quickly. "Oh! Charlie, Charlie!"

And she threw herself on a sofa, sobbing passionately.

I stood confounded. All the bitter jealousy I had thought at rest forever rose in my mind, and, taking from my breast the picture and letter, I laid them beside her, explaining, in a few words, how they came into my possession, and left her.

Second in her heart, too! Second to some lost love, some former affection!

All the dreams of the past two years were tearing at my heart-strings, as I paced up and down the long piazza, brooding over my misery.

She came at last! I had expected some words of memory, some apology, and then a parting. But she said, softly,

"Charlie, stop walking a moment, and let me explain this to you. Your name was what first attracted me to you," she said, as I complied with her request, "because it is the name of my dear brother. My father was my mother's second husband—her first one was Charlie's father. I loved him as Katie loves you," her tears were falling fast, but my arm was round her now, "and he was killed, two years ago, when on his way from Boston to Saratoga to meet us. In our bitter sorrow, I had forgotten this letter, sent to meet him. No one else ever called me Bessie, and your tender voice, tonight, sounding his pet name for me brought back too suddenly the memory of his love for me. You must think of how Katie would grieve for you, to understand me, Charlie."

So I won a *first* place in one heart, and wedded the fair original of the "CARTE DE VISITE."

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 298.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"My lord, I beseech you, set this man free!"

The Duke of Buckingham looked into Bessie Westburn's face and smiled. He was not thinking of the object she was pleading for, but of the exquisite beauty which this heart-cloquence gave to her face.

"Power is sweet," he thought, "when it brings such suppliants as this to crave favors."

Bessie was encouraged, by the expression of his face, to renew her pleading.

"You will set him free, my lord——"

"Nay, sweet one, it is a grave request you make. This man is a dangerous malcontent, and has set the whole district in which he lives in a ferment of sedition. How can you, so gentle and so loyal, plead for a man of his rudo stamp?"

"He was our neighbor; he—he——"

"Oh! I remember—one does not forget these things easily—but I always thought it was your sister. Is it love for this churl that brings you hither?"

The duke spoke sternly, and with a sudden bitter rush of jealousy tinging his words.

The color left Bessie's face, and her proud lip curled as no one would have fancied it would curl who had only seen her under the fresh apple-blossoms.

"Love, my lord? No, I have no love for Oliver Cromwell, though he is something more than a churl, and worthy of a better fate than you have given him. He is a man to lead other men, not to herd among felons in a common prison."

"Your praise, fair one, gives another excellent reason why his imprisonment should continue."

"My lord duke," said Bessie, drawing up her person, and speaking proudly, "is my respect for any person an offence in your eyes?"

"Everything is an offence, sweet maiden, which draws one single thought from Buckingham."

"My lord!"

The girl's eyes flashed, and her cheek grew hot. "My lord, I do not understand you."

Buckingham arose, pushed aside the table that stood between him and Bessie, and came close to her, so close, that she felt his hot breath on her face.

"It is time you did understand me, pretty one," he said, attempting to circle her waist with his arm. "But country breeding has rendered you slow of comprehension. Bessie, did you never suspect that Buckingham loved you?"

Bessie lifted her blue eyes to his face, shrinking away as the glance was prolonged.

"Suspect you—you love me? My lord duke, is your duchess dead?"

The duke laughed.

"No, by my soul! nor likely to be! I have not found females so accommodating as that!"

"They will not die to please you, or love to please you—how unreasonable!" cried Bessie, firing up in her insulted pride, and turning upon him with eyes brighter than all the diamonds his wife ever wore.

The color on Buckingham's cheek lost something of its richness, his eyes filled with astonishment.

"Why, minion, beautiful witch, what does this mean? You are not angry because Buckingham loves you!"

"I am angry because Buckingham insults me!" was her sharp retort.

"Faith, child, if anger makes your beauty so resplendent, I, for one, will not grieve if it lasts forever!"

Bessie turned away from him in haughty disdain, her lips began to quiver, and there was a struggle beneath the snow of her white throat.

"I come to ask a favor," she said, "and your answer is an outrage."

"An outrage! St. George! but this is good!" cried the duke, with a gay laugh. "I wonder if there is another woman in England who would so resent Villiers' admiration! Pretty minion, have you yet to learn that where Buckingham loves, he confers honor?"

Bessie stood still, the quiver in her lips had hardened into a disdainful curve, her eyes were full of scorn.

"My country breeding forbids me to think so," she said, gravely; "and that which I have learned in London urges me to withdraw."

"Now, by my dukedom, this is braving me! Why, girl, have you never thought what peril there is in thwarting Buckingham?"

"There may be peril, and—and——"

The duke interrupted her.

"Nay, there is peril. With this hand, girl, I can lavish favors that even the king dare not venture upon, or I can dispense ruin such as he would hesitate to bring down on his worst enemies! Remember, I have the fortunes of your cousin in my control."

The scarlet grew hot in Bessie's cheek, but her blue eyes sunk slowly under the white lids that drooped beneath the duke's eager glances.

"I know, I know," she said. "You have been kind to him, and I was very grateful."

"For your sake it was, for your sake, my pretty termagant, that I placed him near my own person, where he will go with me to the wars."

"The wars, my lord? Is there to be a war, then?"

"Yes. I do not mind telling you, though it is a state-secret. War is declared with France. I shall myself take the field, and that right soon. The French cabinet has braved me. All women are not so ready to fling back hate for love, Bessie. Her majesty of France will not deem an interview with Buckingham bought too dearly at the price of a three years' war."

Bessie stood before him, pale and thoughtful. It had been her dearest wish that Randal should distinguish himself in war, and link his name to some glorious act which should live in the gratitude of his country; but now, that the opportunity was before her, terror and sudden dread swept the anger which had just burned in her heart all away. Randal would leave her, Randal would be cast into danger. She knew how brave he was, how recklessly he would fight when fighting was to be done. Her imagination sprang into vivid action. She saw him wounded, dead, upon the battle-field, with the slain piled in ghostly heaps around him. The thought took away her breath. She forgot the insult that man had cast on her pure womanhood in the great terror of this new idea.

"You will be good to him," she said, drawing close to Buckingham, and lifting her sweet face to his: "you will not urge him into danger?"

The keen intellect of the duke was blinded

by his vanity, and he took her sudden change as a concession. Perhaps it did not quite please him; for he was a man who loved difficulties, and the audacious pride of the little country girl had stimulated this spirit of adventure in him.

"Never fear," he said; "we will bring him back safe and famous. As for this churl, Cromwell, if you swear that he is not an old sweetheart, I will, perhaps, set him free."

Bessie started. She had forgotten Cromwell also.

"But," continued the duke, "you must be a hostage for his good behavior; remember that."

"Before she could answer, Broadbent, the courier, who now held his post as page in the ducal household, entered the room.

"My lord, the king desires your presence at Whitehall, before he dismisses the French envoys."

The young man cast a quick glance from Buckingham to the young girl as he spoke. It was enough to make him acquainted with the nature of the interview that had taken place.

Buckingham took his cap and went indolently from the room. It was his insolent habit to meet any royal command as if granting a favor. At times it was impossible for that man to forget that he was not absolutely king of England, and Charles his servitor.

The moment they were alone, Broadbent turned sharply on Bessie. His dark eyes searched her through and through; there was both anxiety and sarcasm on his face.

"What brought you here, maiden?" he demanded. "And what has yonder duke been saying to you?"

Bessie looked at him a moment; then drew close to his side, and laid a hand on his arm.

"There is to be a war with France, and he is going."

"He! Who?"

"Randal, my—my cousin," she answered, in a frightened whisper. "What if they kill him?"

"Then it is not for the duke you fear?"

"For him? No. It would be useless; all England cares for him."

"All England curses him," cried the page, "as—as ungrateful nations will."

The man had checked himself suddenly, just as some biting anathema was burning on his lips, and had no power to quench it in the commonplace words that ended his speech. Never was more bitter hate expressed in a human voice. Bessie felt it thrill through and through her. Then she remembered, with blushes of

hot shame, the insulting love the duke had proffered her, and met the man's gaze with something of his own spirit in her eyes.

"If you have looked at him in this fashion, girl, and he understands its meaning as I do, this cousin Randal's life isn't worth a broken lance."

"What do you mean?" faltered Bessie.

"Why, only that the duke has a touch of King David in his nature. When he is jealous of a man, he puts him in the front ranks."

Bessie gave a little cry, and looked frantically around.

"What did I say? Have I done this? Will he kill him to punish me?" she exclaimed, clinging to Broadbent's arm in wild dismay.

The page looked upon her with a sort of wonder. A strange quiver of sympathy passed over his face, and, as if unconsciously, he cast an arm around Bessie's form and drew her close to him. The young girl did not blush or shrink away, but clung to him, and, laying her head on his bosom, began to cry.

"Have I killed him, have I killed him?" she sobbed. "Oh! that we had never come to this wicked, wicked court! How happy we were at home! But I would not be content. Why didn't we listen to Barbara, who clings to the home-nest, hiding her wounds? Why did I join Randal in his thirst for fighting? It will be his death—it will be his death!"

"Be comforted, be comforted!" whispered the page, smoothing back her hair with his delicate hand, and laying his cheek down to hers. "I also am going to the wars. My place is close to the duke's person."

"And you will watch over Randal? You—you will protect him, and keep him back when he is too brave?" she cried, in breathless eagerness. "You will save him; for, remember, if he dies, I shall feel the wound that kills him, that moment, and die too."

The passionate pleading in the girl's face was enough to touch any heart. The page gathered her closer in his arms, with a sympathy that was almost feminine.

"Then you love this cousin Randal?"

"Love him!" cried Bessie, starting up, and shaking the golden mist of hair back from her face. "Love him? No human being ever loved another as I love him!"

"And he?"

Bessie smiled, nay, almost laughed.

"Did you think I could speak in that way if he did not love me, if he hadn't told me so a hundred times? Why, he has worshiped me ever since I was a little thing so high."

"But this may be only home love with you both."

"Home love? Well, isn't that the holiest and sweetest love that human beings can know?"

"I cannot tell," said the page, mournfully. "Such love never came in my way."

"Indeed! I am so sorry for you," answered Bessie, touched with deep sympathy; "for home love is a very, very precious thing! One is so content with it, but in the world, and among strangers, it begins to trouble one so. When I saw Randal among all the beautiful court ladies, and began to comprehend how much handsomer and nobler he was than other men—I beg your pardon, but—but he is very handsome, you know—well, when I saw this, and how much these grand ladies, with titles to their names, admired him, it was a great trouble. I used to get almost wild."

"Then he neglected you?"

"No, it wasn't exactly that. But I felt like a poor little bird that had got out of the nest too soon, and couldn't keep up with my mate that was flying about with a strong wing. But after awhile he got a chance to speak to me; for, somehow, this household etiquette had kept us apart. He had been restless, just like myself, and the home love, as you call it, had grown strong in his heart too. He couldn't bear to see any of the pages look at me, and as for the duke—"

"Well, what of the duke?"

"Put down your head a little. Well, Randal hates the duke because he looks at me so. What if he had seen him just now?"

Broadbent's eyes flashed, as if some pleasant idea had suddenly possessed him.

"So he, too, hates the duke," he murmured, half to himself.

"But, no, no—it is not for him."

The man fell into thought, while Bessie was looking at him. He was evidently calculating some chance in his mind, which ended in an impulse of seeming generosity; for his face brightened at last, and he said, very gently, to the young girl,

"Do not mention this interview with the duke to any one; it would only lead to harm."

"Not to Randal?"

"With him it might bring bloodshed!"

Bessie turned white as snow.

"Oh, me! this comes of living at court. I never kept a secret from Randal in my life."

"My child," answered Broadbent, "it is the curse of this life that secrets that poison love will spring up between true hearts. Keep this

for the present, at least. Your cousin is generous, hot-tempered, and head-strong. Do not kindle these qualities into revenge."

"I never will. It was to save him the humiliation of asking a boon of the duke that I came hither. It grieves him that Cromwell, who, in some sort, has been treated harshly by our family, should have been made a prisoner by his hands. It seems like deliberate persecution."

"You have not succeeded in freeing him?"

"I scarcely know. The duke promised to free him, at least I think so; but my mind was in such confusion, and I was so angry, that nothing seems real."

"It amounts to little then," answered the man. "The duke will probably forget the whole subject, unless you remind him."

"That I will never do!" cried Bessie, flushing red with angry shame. "I would venture to plead with her majesty first."

A noise in the ante-room disturbed the two people, and they both withdrew.

As Broadbent passed down a corridor leading to his own apartment, he met the young man who had followed him from Wolf's-Crag, a reserved and singular person, who took no share in the gay life into which he had fallen, and scarcely seemed to heed any person or thing that was not connected with his new friend. The name by which Broadbent addressed him was not that which he had borne in Somerset's household; and, though he acted in some sort as a dependant, it seemed to be the devotion of profound love, not that which springs from vassalage.

"Fenton," said the page, "have you seen young Randal anywhere about the palace this morning? He has, I believe, access to the prisoner Cromwell; I wish to see this man."

"It can be accomplished," answered Fenton, whose face had lighted up when Broadbent addressed him; "but the young man has hopes of procuring his release."

"That will not be at once. But come with me to my room, I have news for you."

"News? Does it free us from this life?" exclaimed Fenton, with sudden animation.

"It opens a way to our object, at least; but come in."

They had reached the apartment usually occupied by the page, who entered it and locked the door.

"Now we are alone, Fenton, and can speak with a full breath. War is proclaimed with France: Buckingham will head the army. Our opportunity is coming."

Fenton looked surprised, his countenance changed, and he labored under some unusual excitement.

"But how can that help us? You will not go."

"Not go? Yes, I will, my place is near his person; my great hope lies in this."

"But there will be action—fighting."

"Well, I have killed men before."

Fenton turned white and shrank within himself, as if the declaration chilled him with horror.

"Besides," said Broadbent, smiling, "will not you be with me?"

"Is there need of asking that question?" answered Fenton, as if wounded by the thought.

"No, no, I have tried you often and well, good Fenton. If there is a man on earth I dare trust, it is you."

Fenton lifted his dark face. The eyes were resplendent with a sudden glow of happiness. Broadbent held out his hand, there was no flush on his face. Indeed, his look was more than usually sad.

"I believe you love me, my good friend—my most faithful servant."

"Love you!" exclaimed Fenton, in a low voice, while a visible thrill ran through his frame. "Love you, my—my master? Am I not your slave—your hound—anything that you choose to make me—I, a gentleman born and bred? If I had not loved you as servant never loved master, what could have brought me here? What else would keep me here?"

"I know it all," answered Broadbent, mournfully, "from the very ranks of the army—a prosperous army—where promotion was certain, you came to accept this humble lot. But I am not ungrateful; I feel all you have given up for me—all you are doing for me. This is but a poor return, I know, for such devotion: but now my life is given up to one idea, and is dead, worse than dead, to anything else. How it is to be accomplished I do not know, but vigilant hate is all-powerful."

"And so is vigilant love!" answered Fenton.

Broadbent looked at him earnestly a moment, then shook his head.

"If you or I seek general ruin, and that alone, love and hate are alike powerful. I tell you, Fenton, when I have seen this man in the dust—in the mean dirt—an abject beggar, I do not care what comes to me, or you, or the whole world. They may upheave the foundations of my home, and bury us all under the crushing stone and welcome."

"And has this one desire consumed your whole being? Is nothing left?"

"Nothing left! How should there be? Why, Fenton, I have tried life in all its phases—tried it so thoroughly that no one thing remains to excite ambition or even curiosity."

"Ah! how hopeless you make my future."

"Fenton—Fenton, the object you seek has no reality. It is ashes—dust—husks—anything without substance. If you love me, my friend, forget everything but the grand wish that is burning up my heart. Stay by me."

"I will—I will."

"Help me to grasp and gather up my revenge!"

"I will—I will!"

"And when it is complete?"

"Ay! then—then——"

Fenton's eyes grew eager, his clasped hands were half-uplifted.

"Then," answered Broadbent, with a look of grave compassion, "we will share the ashes between us."

CHAPTER XIX.

It was soon a known fact in the court that war had been declared against France. The pretext was trivial, the true reason—Buckingham's wounded vanity—kept in the background. But nations have a sure intelligence, and the people of England knew well that the war for which they were called upon to give life and money, was a caprice of the favorite, nothing more, and Buckingham's unpopularity grew and deepened into terrible hate. But the reckless man cared nothing for that, his power was almost supreme. He had no fear of change in the king, for in his affections Charles was unchangeable. Not even the great love which he lavished on his wife diminished, in the slightest degree, the brotherhood in which he and the favorite had been united from their early youth up. It had not always been so. Those who mounted to the bad position of favorites under James, held power under a frail tenure—Somerset and his wife had been a proof of this; but Charles inherited his kingly qualities from the regal Stuarts. After over-leaping one generation, these qualities shone forth with the grace of chivalry. His faults were those of education. In his character he was a grand, good man, and every inch a king.

Buckingham was shrewd as he was haughty. With a man like Charles he knew well that no popular hate could depose him, so he defied the people, whose detestation soon widened and spread to the king and his foreign wife.

Before the declaration of war the English

people had been restive under their taxes, now they become more and more excited. The great democratic spirit which afterward swept the country like a tornado, strengthened itself throughout all the length and breadth of the land.

But with sovereign contempt of the people, that were even then upheaving in ruinous masses, the duke gathered up his army, wrung supplies from reluctant givers, and prepared to invade the country that had dared to expel him from its shores.

Most men would have found an enterprise like this sufficient to exhaust all his energies and occupy his thoughts; but Buckingham never forgot himself in his aspirations for military or political power—never sunk the courtier in the statesman or the soldier. Had he done so, greater success would, probably, have followed him. But at all times the gossip scandal and intrigues of a court were of more interest to him than the great political and military tragedy of which he was so thoughtfully playing the first act; amid all the din and bustle of his preparations he had not forgotten Bessie Westburn. The freshness of her beauty, and the sweet simplicity of a character that possessed so many bright qualities, which only lacked development, had made a profound impression on him. She was, for the time, his caprice, and the shy reserve that had come over her of late, followed by her saucy defiance in the interview we have described, only made his pursuit of the young girl more ardent.

One day, it was just before the troops embarked for France, Broadbent was passing through the corridor which led to the suit of apartments occupied by Lady Villiers. A door which opened into one of her lower chambers was slightly ajar, and he heard Bessie Westburn's voice, rising clear and loud, in such bitter rage as he had never witnessed in her before. Then he heard another voice which he knew well, a laughing, half angry voice, which seemed to drive Bessie wild. Then the door opened, and Buckingham came out of the room with a baffled look and an angry flush on his brow. He was too much excited to heed the page, but passed up the corridor with a rapid step, grasping his cap fiercely with one hand. His footsteps had scarcely died away when another voice was heard in the lower room, and Broadbent saw through the door, which was now half-open, Lady Villiers, who stood over the chair into which Bessie had fallen, sobbing in the bitterness of her humiliation. When Lady Villiers spoke, she started up quickly and

shook the hair back from her face, which was glowing like a wet rose.

"Oh, my lady! oh, madam! You have come to protect me! My father and Barbara placed me under your care; you will not let him say these things to me again."

Lady Villiers looked at her with a quiet scrutiny that had something of unbelief in it. She was not a woman to believe in the goodness of a fellow-creature when evil could be made probable.

"Whom are you speaking of?" she inquired, a little severely. "No one has access to this room who would dare to annoy you. What is it you complain of?"

"I complain of the duke, your son, madam. I am a gentlewoman like yourself, and he has dared to insult me, in your apartments, too, where the meanest thing should be sacred."

"Dared, dared! Surely, minion, you are not speaking of my son, the Duke of Buckingham."

Bessie flashed a glance at the woman through her tears.

"Yes, my lady, I did speak of your son, the duke."

"And in what may his grace have offended?" said my lady, with a cold sneer. "In a case so momentous it is well to understand clearly."

Bessie ceased to weep, her blue eyes opened wide with astonishment, spite of the tears that still trembled in them.

"My lady, the duke has allowed himself to forget that I—otherwise a poor, helpless girl—am under your protection."

"How, pray? I am all curiosity to know in what it is possible for the duke to offend you?"

Bessie held her breath. There was something in Lady Villiers' face that repulsed her.

"Will you speak clearly?" continued the lady.

"Yes, madam, if I must. The duke forgets that he is married."

"I wish that were possible," muttered Lady Villiers.

"He has sought to dishonor himself and degrade me."

"Degrade you! Indeed, I cannot quite see how."

"My lady," said Bessie, after a moment's serious study of Lady Villiers' face. "You will not understand me, and I shall only anger you by explaining. Permit me to withdraw."

Before Lady Villiers could answer, Bessie had passed her with the air of a princess, and, making a profound obeisance, past out into the corridor. She saw Broadbent, who had drawn back into the embrasure of a window.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "go with me."

"Where, Bessie?—where?"

"To the queen. There is no safety for me here. That woman is a bad counterpart of her son."

"To the queen?" said Broadbent. "No, I cannot go there, it would be madness."

"You are afraid. You—"

"No, not that; but my place is near the duke; every hope I have on earth lies close to him. If I went with you to Whitehall on this errand, it would scarcely help you, but ruin me and others. I cannot go."

"You are no friend of mine."

"I am the truest and most faithful friend you ever had, or ever will have."

"And refuse me this small favor?"

"I must; but it is that you may be avenged. This man shall never annoy you again, I promise that."

"No, he never shall," answered Bessie, with a proud lift of the head. "If there is no other means of safety, I will go home to Knowl-Ash alone, and on foot. Oh! if I but dared to tell Randal!"

"But you will not—death would follow."

"No, I dare not do that. You were kind to warn me in time."

"You are a brave girl," said the page; "and while I am near, no power, not even his, shall harm you."

"But have you the power? If you offend the duke, he has but to write an order, and you are shut up in prison."

"Still you are safe. I would not give him time."

"But this lady will not protect me; I saw it in her eyes. She was determined not to believe anything I said."

"No, she will not protect you. I never thought of that. Your own idea was the best. Go at once to Henrietta Maria. She is a true woman, and understands this shallow duke as her husband never will."

"Oh! if Randal were here, he might go with me, you know, and wait, while I obtained an interview with her majesty."

"It would be dangerous. Go alone. You will be recognized as one of Lady Villiers' ladies, and admitted. Believe me, child, it is better thus."

"Yes, I will go," answered Bessie, catching her breath at the thought. "Who would have believed it of that woman?"

"I would!" answered the page, with emphasis.

"And she, always so kind and gracious till now——"

"Serpents are much quieter than birds; we only hear a rustle of leaves before they spring."

"This court is a terrible place. Why did they let me come?"

"Because your father and sister were innocent and blind as yourself. But, hark! that is his step."

Bessie listened breathlessly, gathered up her dress, and fled down the corridor so lightly that you could hear nothing but the rustle of her dress. She came to a cross passage, and paused for a moment, listening. No one was in pursuit. For the moment she was safe; but how long could she remain so? Yes, she must go. It was a perilous step; but in what else could she find safety?"

In the court of the palace a company of troops were parading; for Buckingham made a great show of his men, as they were mustered, and loved to have a din of arms about his dwelling from morning till night. Randal was the officer in command. He had been promoted generously, and was gratefully proud of his position.

He saw Bessie come into the court, and could not rebuke his men when they forgot their duty while gazing upon her. She came forth like a princess, in her rustling blue dress, black mantle, and white felt hat, from which a long blue feather streamed sumptuously. She had come forth, holding a mask before her face, but, seeing Randal, dropped it, unconsciously, leaving all the rich coloring of her eyes and face exposed, just as she was exposing her heart. Poor girl!

Randal left his men and came up to her, with the feather of his broad hat—afterward known as the cavalier's hat—sweeping the ground; for he gloried in doing homage to his lady-love, while his troopers were admiring her beauty from a distance.

"Did the braying of our trumpets bring you out, my queen?" said the young man, surveying her with warm admiration. "I looked up to all the windows, hoping to see you looking forth. See, I have donned the scarf you sent me, for the first time to-day. It is marvelously beautiful. From this time forth, scarlet and gold is my color."

Bessie glanced down at the crimson scarf that bound his buff coat to the waist, and smiled to see how becoming it was. Randal had grown tall and manly. He looked an officer of the king's army, every inch; better than that, he looked what he was—a perfect gentleman.

"You seem sad, Bessie. What is the matter? Upon my word, I think your eyes are filling with tears. Why do you look so mournfully upon me?"

"You are dressed for the war, Randal. Oh! what will become of me, if you never come back?"

"But I shall come back. Soldiers, who face the enemy, always do; at any rate, almost always. I thought you would be pleased, darling," he whispered, in a low, fond voice, "to see me in the king's colors."

"And so I am. Randal, only—only——"

She broke down here, and held up her mask, that no stranger might see how passionately the tears swelled up from her bosom. Her nerves had been greatly shaken, that day, and she would have given the world to throw herself into Randal's arms, and tell him everything. But she remembered Broadbent's caution, and smothered back her secret. But, with her frank nature, it was a hard struggle.

"Don't, Bessie, don't cry! It will make me hate these things, if you go on so," pleaded Randal. "Just now I was the happiest fellow in the world; but now you have thrown the heart back into my bosom like a lump of lead."

Bessie let down her mask, and smiled upon him through her tears.

"I did not mean to make you sad, Randal, you must know that. But it came so unexpected on me to find you here, commanding so many brave men, and looking so like a veteran officer. I only wish father could see you, and Barbara. It would be a proud sight for them."

"Wait till the war is over, when I come back with a dozen French banners captured by my own hand. One's friends should never be proud of what a man is going to do, but of the deeds he has done."

"But you will do great deeds?"

"I will try, if it is only that you may know it," was his modest answer. "But, Bessie, you are looking for something. What is it?"

"A sedan-chair. They told me that one was standing in the court."

"And so there is. I ordered it out of the way, that my troops might have room. Come with me, and I will show you where it is."

Bessie took her lover's arm, and crossed the court with him. In their progress they met the duke, coming out of his wing of the building, followed, as usual, by a train of young nobles. Bessie started, blushed vividly, and put up her mask, but not till Buckingham had recognized her. He frowned darkly, and then she began to comprehend how great a tyrant

he could be. She trembled like a child who has been playing, as he thinks, with a pet dog, and suddenly discovers, by some hungry instinct of the animal, that it is a wolf.

"Make haste!" she whispered. "He may be going to the palace."

Randal hurried her across the court, and placed her in the sedan-chair, whose bearers were loitering in a passage of the building.

"Oh! Randal, I wish you were going with me," whispered the frightened girl, leaning from the window. The color had left her face, and she looked forth from her gilded prison like a freshly caught bird in its cage.

"But I cannot leave my men, sweet one. Why, how pale you are! What orders shall I give?"

She did not answer him, but motioned with her hand that the bearers should move on; they had already received their orders from Broadbent. Bessie had been at Whitehall many a time, and its regal magnificence was familiar to her. But now the very sight of its walls made her faint and checked the breath on her lips. She was brave and rash, but sensitive as a flower. It was not strange that she quivered beneath the weight of humiliation that made her errand there a painful one.

As Broadbent had predicted, she found no difficulty in gaining access to the queen's apartments. The household of Lady Villiers was privileged even in the royal palace; indeed her will, when matched against that of the queen, usually predominated, either by her own craft, or the influence of her son.

Henrietta Maria was in her own private room with two or three of her ladies who stood highest in her favor. One of her pretty children had just been brought in, and she was lifting it to her lap when the servant informed her that a lady-in-waiting from Lady Villiers desired an audience.

The queen made a little gesture of impatience, and attempted to set down the child. But the little prince made a vigorous resistance, and, rather than force his will, she submitted to be seen in this unregal condition.

It was a beautiful picture that met Bessie Westburn's eye when she entered their presence. In his fear of being dethroned from his mother's lap, the child had seized upon a rope of great pearls that fell from her neck, and, twisting them around his chubby hand, held them tightly while he turned his eager face on the stranger in laughing defiance. His mother, a prisoner in spite of herself, and rosy from the loving contest, had a smile upon her laudsome face,

while her beautiful lips were of a rich crimson from the impetuous kisses with which the rogue had attempted to bribe her. Thus, with her bright brown hair, which clustered in short curls all around her face in lovely disorder, and her dress, of amber silk, sweeping in heavy folds from the pale blue under-skirt, she presented a picture of womanly grace that might have won admiration far less impulsive than that which beamed through the anxiety in Bessie Westburn's eyes from the moment she entered the room.

"You can approach," said Henrietta, in her rich, joyous voice; "that is, if this young rebel, who has taken the queen of England prisoner, will permit."

Bessie crossed the room, quickly—sunk on her knees at the queen's feet, and pressed her lips to the hand which was graciously held forth.

"Your grace—your grace, may I speak with you alone?"

The queen flashed a meaning glance at her ladies, which had a glow of sarcasm in it.

"The queen of England must not presume to refuse anything to a messenger from my Lady Villiers," she said, in a voice so changed from its first sweet tones that Bessie half-rose from her knees in sudden terror.

The queen saw her emotion, and bent a kinder look upon her.

"Ladies," she said, addressing her attendants, "you can withdraw. This pretty maiden has not yet caught the Villiers audacity, or we might have been commanded to grant a private audience."

The ladies-in-waiting left the room. One of them lingered behind and offered to carry the young prince to his nurse.

"No, no," said the queen, kissing the child with restored good-humor, "let him remain. He will betray none of my Lady Villiers' secrets."

The attendant followed her companions; and then Henrietta Maria bent her fine eyes with calm gravity on the trembling girl.

"Have you a message to deliver, or is it of yourself you would speak?"

"It is of myself, oh! your grace! Good, kind lady, it is of myself I would speak. My Lady Villiers refused to listen—she would not believe in my trouble, so I come here."

Bessie trembled like a reed. Her beautiful face—frank and innocent as that of the child who was gazing upon her with his great wondering eyes—was eloquent with truth—a thousand kind and womanly sympathies crowded the anger from Henrietta's heart.

"You did well," she said. "If my Lady Villiers refused her sympathy, it must have been to something good and just. Speak out, child, the queen listens."

Bessie's blue eyes filled with tears, but with a shake of the head she scattered them over the damask of her cheeks and set her heart free.

"Oh! my queen, my good, gracious queen! It may not seem much to you, but my heart is breaking with this fear and dread of the duke!"

"The duke?"

"Yes, your grace. He came to my father's house—we lived inland—my father is a clergyman of the true church, and, next to his God, loves the king. I was happy there—I and Randal, my cousin Randal, who is now in the duke's army—and my sister Barbara. We were all happy as the day is long, till *he* came down with his horses, and carriages, and outriders,

and—and—oh! your grace, it turned our heads. We thought him so grand and noble. When my lady offered to bring me to court, and when the duke promised to take Randal, I thought heaven had opened to us. But—but——"

Bessie's face, that was pale when she came in, had gradually grown hot and red, till one scarlet wave of shame swept over it.

"I cannot speak aloud," she said, turning from the royal child as if he could understand her.

The queen bowed her head, and Bessie went on in a low, hesitating voice, broken with sobs. The color deepened in Henrietta's cheek, her eye brightened with noble resentment.

"Charles shall hear this!" she exclaimed, rising with the child still in her arms. "Come with me to the king."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO A LADY.

BY GEORGE H. BOOTH.

Oh! this world would be so dreary,
Dreary, Mary, without thee,
All life's joys would fail to blossom,
Sandy desert it would be:
Flowers bloom to deck my pathway,
Rainbows gild the morning clouds,
And thy smiles are ever near me,
To dispel all gloomy shrouds.

Angels hover 'round, above thee,
Bright from Heaven's peaceful shore,
Singing strains of Heavenly music,
Bid thee joy forevermore.

Yes, I hear remembered swellings
In the zephyr's evening air,
When I think of one so lovely,
Vesta good, and Venus fair.

Thou, my guiding star when wand'ring,
Shin'st the brightest in the sky,
And my eyes are bent upon thee,
Wishing thou wert ever nigh.
When I rest, in realms of dream-land,
Far from worldly scenes of yore,
Still I see an angel Mary,
Just the same as oft before.

Nature framed and called thee pretty,
Finite man has called thee grand,
I have dared to call thee lovely,
And through bliss would seek thy hand.
Happy man when rightly blessed,
Happy woman, true and free,
Each were made to help the other,
Thou for me, and I for thee.

AT REST.

BY BELLA D. M'ALLISTER.

A SCULPTURED urn
Of marble, cold and white,
A wreath of snowy roses twining round,
Each leaflet gilded by the soft sunlight.

A weeping willow,
With branches long and green,
Drooped downward, trailing o'er the mound
Heavy with shining dew, a silvery sheen.

Starred with violets,
Like topazes set in the emerald sod.
I drew aside the clustering perfumed vines
To seek the name of one gone up to God.

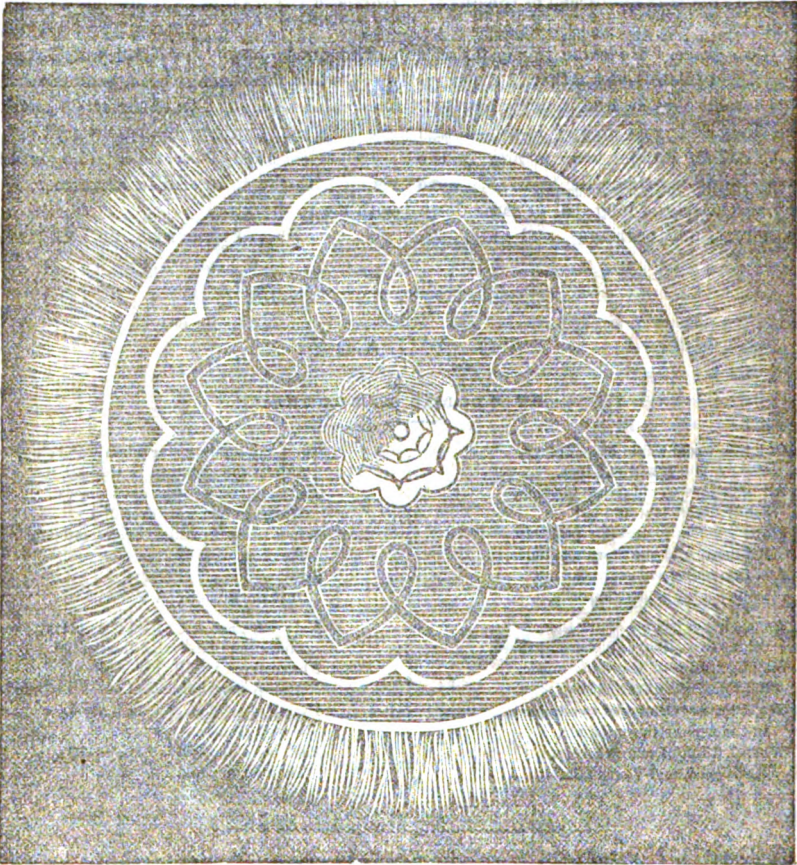
Beneath the name,
In letters, gilded letters, finely-cut and deep,
"I am, in Jesus, now at last at rest,"
Oh! blessed, blessed sleep!

Oh, perfect rest!
For such an holy rest who does not sigh?
Who lengthen not for that blest time to come,
When they in Jesus too at rest shall lie?

Eternal rest!
How peaceful thou! religious, calm, and sweet;
Oh! offer up thy prayer that, when thou diest,
Thou may'st, in Jesus, gently fall asleep!

PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

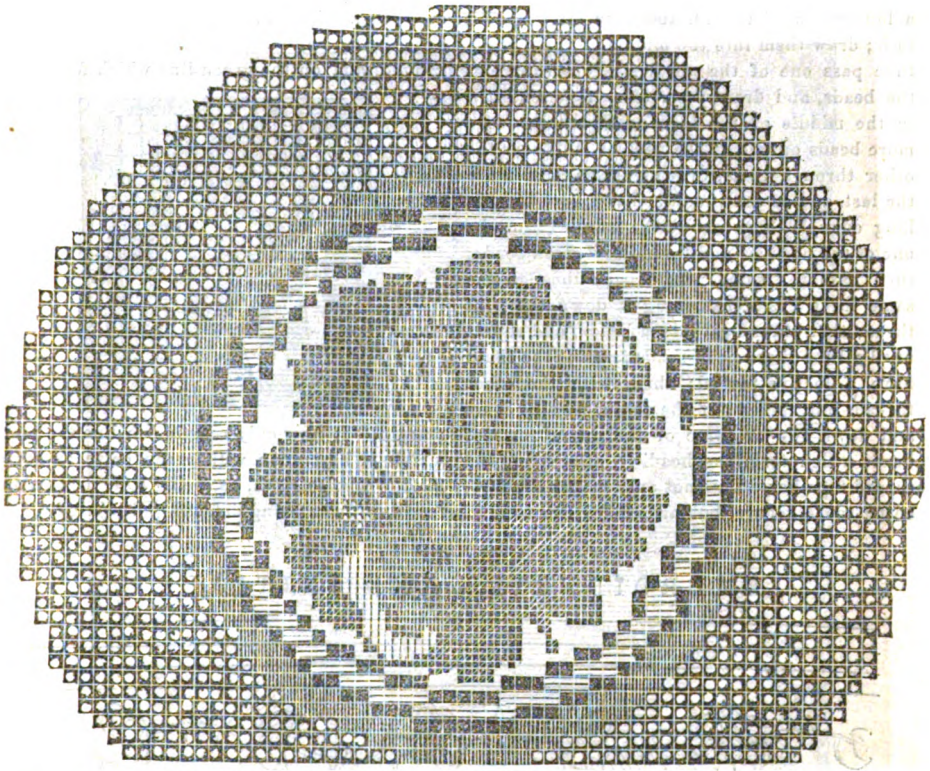


THE materials for this Penwiper are as follows:—One piece of scarlet cloth six inches square, one quarter of a yard of fringe (black or scarlet), four circles of black cloth for the inside, and one circle of thin leather or kid for the bottom, an ornamental button or proper Penwiper ornament for the middle, and to keep the pieces together, also half a yard of gold braid, and half a yard of black silk ditto. Trace the pattern on thin paper; tack it on the square of scarlet cloth; stitch the braid on over it, making the outer line of pattern gold, the inner black silk braid; then pull the paper

away. Draw a circle on the scarlet cloth with compasses and white chalk; run the fringe on this line; draw another, a little beyond, and cut round this one; draw the four pieces of black cloth in circles the size of the inner round; notch them round with sharp scissors; cut the circle of kid the size of the outer round; bind it with scarlet ribbon; then cut a small hole in the center of all the pieces to draw the hank of the button or the screw of the ornament through; if a button, a strong needle and thread will draw it through and fasten it. The whole makes a very pretty Penwiper.

BUTTERFLY-MAT, IN BERLIN WOOL AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

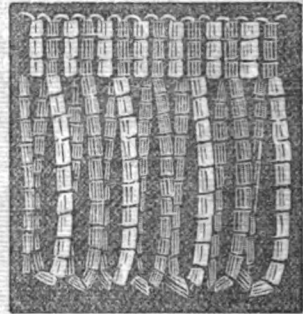


THIS mat is to be worked on very fine canvas, and on single threads. The outline of the butterfly is black as well as the body. The upper wings are red, the edges being tipped with yellow, done in floss silk. The lower wings are to be worked in a dull orange, tipped with red, the latter also in floss silk. The two spots on the upper wing, and the one nearest the body on the lower wing, are all to be in black. The other spot on the lower wing is to be of bright French blue, in floss silk. The three lines which form the round of which the butterfly is the center, are black, orange, and then black again. The ground within the black line all round the butterfly is to be white. The vine leaf upon which the butterfly is resting, is worked in three shades of bright green. When all this has been done, a small piece of muslin must be tacked over it to keep the colors fresh

and bright while the rest of the work is being completed. Two rows on double threads are now to be worked all round in green wool, and all the space between this outer circle and the inner one is to be filled up with clear white beads; not the very smallest of the seed beads, but one of a size that will just cover the canvas, taking two threads to each stitch. This is best done with fine silk, taking up a single bead each time, and passing the needle to the cross corner of the canvas, leaving the bead on in a slanting direction. When the work is in this state it must be cut round about three-quarters of an inch from the outer circle, and the rough edge tacked over with many stitches, but with fine thread. Then cut a true circle in paste-board, the proper size for the mat, and stretch the work upon it, fastening it behind by means of strong thread, carrying the stitches all round

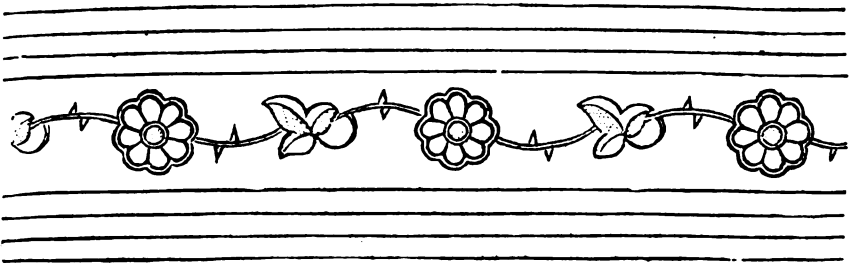
the back, from one side to the other, until the canvas is firmly and securely stretched and fastened down upon the pasteboard. The mat being now ready for its bead bordering, the latter is to be made in the following way:— Take some O. P. beads of the same colored green as the center on which the butterfly rests; thread two needles, one at each end of a long piece of thread, and take six beads on to it; draw them into the middle of the thread; then pass one of the needles through three of the beads, and draw them close together, still in the middle of the thread; then take three more beads on one of the needles, and pass the other through them, drawing them close up to the last, and so continue until you have a chain long enough to go round the mat. Then take one of the needles, and thread seventeen beads; then pass the same needle back through the same three beads, returning it down the next three; then thread seventeen beads, and repeat until all the three head beads forming the chain have a loop attached; then, with the other thread, join the end of the chain, passing it up and down two or three of the upper rows of beads which form the heading, after tying the thread together. This not only makes the fastening more secure, but also hides the ends of

the thread. Whenever it is necessary to join the string, it must first be securely tied, and then each end may be passed through four or five of the adjoining beads before the useless part is cut off. The knot, going into the center of the bead prevents it from being any blemish. The fringe being thus made, it must be sewn on to the mat by means of one firm stitch after each bead, taking in the thread of the heading. This is to be done close to the white bead ground, and on the green line which forms the

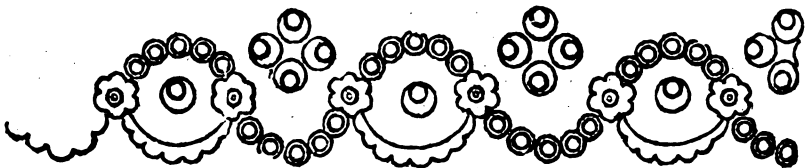


margin. It now only remains to line the mat, which is best done with green baize or some kind of woolen cloth, as, being soft, it prevents furniture from being defaced and injured.

EMBROIDERIES AND INITIALS.



INSERTION.



INSERTION.



INITIALS.

SCARLET AND WHITE ANTI-MACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



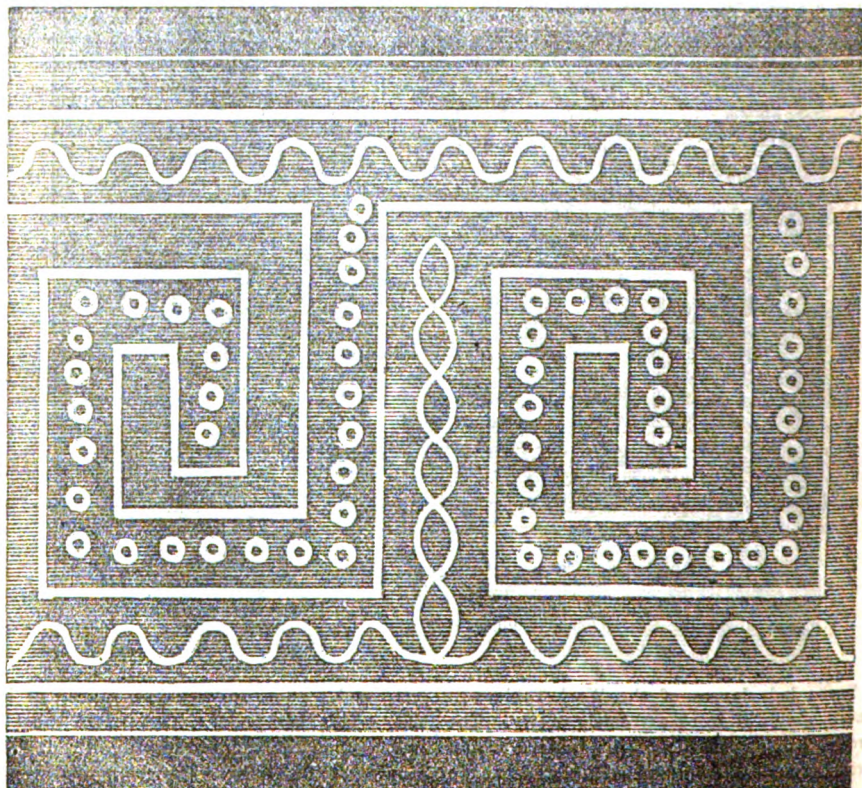
Young lady lovers of the Work-Table will find this style of work extremely pretty. The ground being scarlet and the pattern white, produces a very lively and striking effect. In executing this piece of needlework, the first thing is to procure a square of *mousseline de laine*, and a square of cambric muslin of like size. This being done, the design must be traced upon the cambric muslin all round, beginning at the corner. The group of flowers is also to be scattered over the center of the Antimacassar at regular distances. In preparing

the pattern, the best way is to do it on a large sheet of paper, the proper size, so that there may be no mistake in the work after its commencement. Having thus arranged the pattern the full size, it must be traced on the square of cambric muslin, and when this is done, it must be tacked on to the square of *mousseline de laine* in cross lines of stitches, with fine cotton, without the least wrinkling or slipping about. After this, everything is quite plain and easy. The pattern is to be traced out in No. 24 perfectionne cotton, taking care that the stitches always go through the two materials. Then chain-stitch the sprigs all round with the same maker's cotton, No. 10; then, with the exception of the edges of the petals of the flowers, which must be in raised

button-hole stitch, as shown in the pattern, work a raised spot in the center of the flowers. The border-scallop is to be worked in raised button-hole stitch, the part between the two rows being left in the white cambric muslin. We have not yet mentioned the clusters of spots which form a part of one of the flowers in the group. Before these are worked, the superfluous cambric muslin must all be cut out, leaving the scarlet ground with the sprigs resting upon it. When this has been done, the spots are to be put in by working them each way in embroidery stitch, to give them a raised appearance. Worked in this way, they are much closer than when the muslin has to be afterward cut out from among them, which is difficult to do.

TABLE-COVER BORDER IN BRAID AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

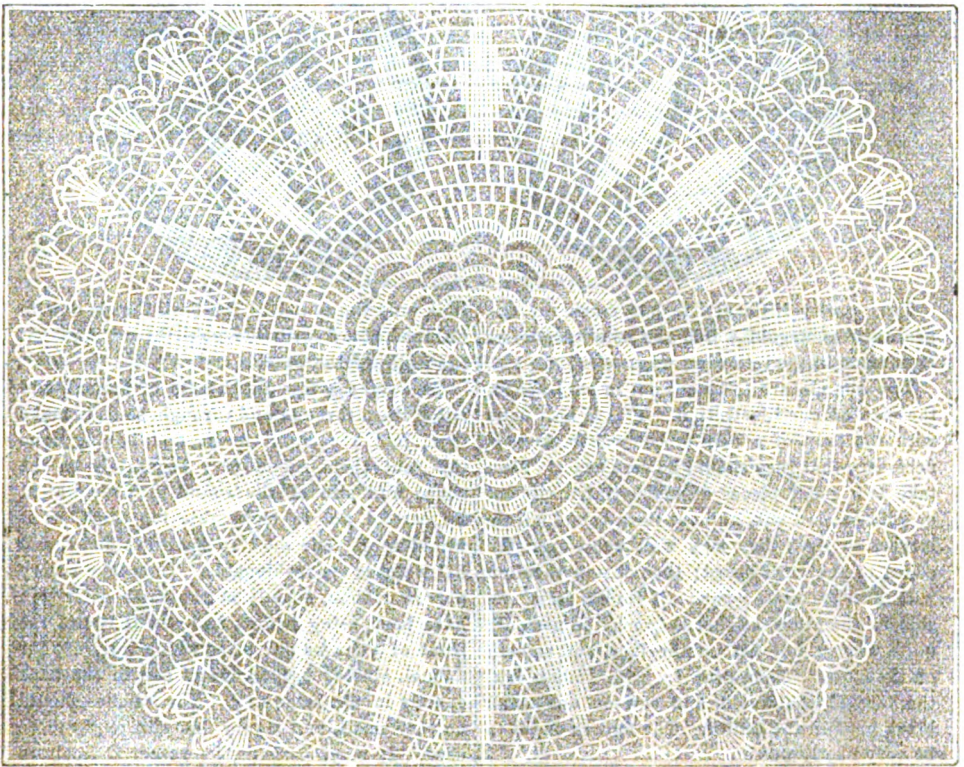


This border has a very pretty effect worked on a ribbon velvet, and laid on to the edge of a cloth table-cover. Supposing the color to be crimson, the braid which forms the Grecian

part of the pattern should be a rich maize, and that which is introduced between its divisions intertwining in a rich, deep blue. The spots in the spaces of the Grecian pattern are beads which may be either black or steel. If intended for a round table, the top should be cut to fit it as exactly as possible, and this border sewn round with a silk cord at its upper edge. In this way, when slipped over the table, it will have the border hanging down, which, with a handsome fringe at its lower edge, has a very superior appearance. When the table-cover is square, the join of the ribbon velvet at the corner must be made and worked over in turning the pattern.

CROCHET MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

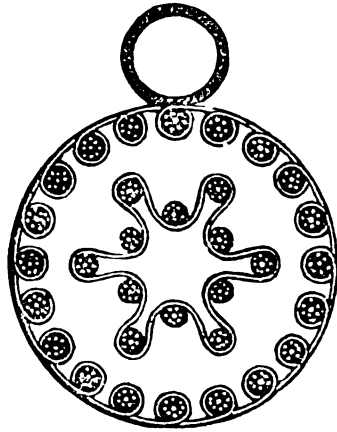


These pretty mats are very useful for many purposes. Consulting the illustration will greatly simplify the work. Commence by making a chain of twenty loops, join to form the circle, and then work round with simple crochet (that is, not putting the thread over the needle.) *Second Row.*—Work twenty stitches of single crochet (the thread once over the needle), with one chain between each stitch; working in every stitch of the center ring. *Third Row.*—Six chain, two simple crochet; repeat all round, forming twenty double loops. *Fourth Row.*—Five chain all round, hooked into the double loops. *Fifth Row.*—Five chain hooked into every one of the last scallops. This row is the first thick row in the illustration. This is made thick by button-holing round with the crochet needle. The next three rows are exactly the same, only increasing the length of the chain in each division, in each row. As the center of the mat is the only part requiring especial explanation, being a varia-

tion from the usual crochet, we have endeavored to make it plain; but for the remainder it will only be necessary to consult the illustration, which is so beautifully clear, and so correctly engraved, that it is scarcely possible to make a mistake.

THE WATCH PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty little article has much the appearance of a gold watch set with turquoise. It is made in the following way:—

Two rounds are to be cut out in card-board, the size of our illustration. This is best done with the help of a pair of compasses, as it is necessary that they should be very exact. Then take two small pieces of maize-tinted ribbon, or gold-colored silk, and cut them round a little larger, so that they may well wrap over the edges of the card-board; then fasten them on with stitches at the back all round, from one side to the other, so that they may be not only quite secure, but flat on the face, and smooth on the edges. Then draw in, with Indian ink, the face of the watch, and sew on one small black bead in the center. The figures ought to be very neatly put in.

When the two rounds of card-board have been thus covered, and the face of the watch drawn in, the turquoise beads are next to be arranged round the edges of both, as well as in the central ornament at the back. Then a gold thread is to be taken and carried neatly in and out, according to the pattern, round these clusters of turquoise. The best way of securing the ends is to make a hole with a needle just under one of the sets of beads, and putting the ends through to fasten them down on the wrong side. Let it be understood that

it is only the center of the back that is now to be finished off with the gold thread, and not the edges of the watch.

Then take a few thicknesses of flannel, and stitch them through and through, so as to make them into a compact form; and, having done this, cut them round very accurately to the shape and size of the round of your watch. Be careful not to make this too thick, as it would spoil your work to have it clumsy, and flat watches are fashionable. Then take a very narrow ribbon, exactly of the same color you have been using before, and sew it round the front of your watch; after which put in your flannel, already prepared, and sew in the back exactly in the same way. The stitches should be very small, and a very fine silk ought to be used. It may, perhaps, be rather difficult to procure a good ribbon sufficiently narrow for the edge, as it ought to be rather less than a quarter of an inch in width, but it does quite as well to fold one in two, which makes it stronger.

When the watch Pin-Cushion is thus formed, it only remains to finish it off with what appears to be the gold setting of the turquoise. For this purpose the gold thread must be taken and carefully carried all round the little clusters of beads, and on from one cluster to another, covering the stitches round the edge.

The beads in our pattern are very small, and of a bright turquoise color; but if there should be any difficulty in procuring them of the same size, and some a little larger are taken instead, then it will be better to use only five, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of the effect.

It now only remains to take a wire button, and the size of the ring of the watch when they

meet, with a needle and the maize-colored silk, and, without breaking off, sewing the ring on to the top of the watch, having before taken care that the joint of the ribbon which forms the edge shall come in the same place. We can assure our young lady readers that this is one of the prettiest pin-cushions ever invented, and quite easy to make.

LADY'S SLIPPER IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN front of the number is given a pattern (toe and side) of this slipper. The slipper is designed for a mourning toilet, to be worked on purple velvet or satin. The palms are of white silk. Cut them neatly, scolloping the edges, then tack them upon the slipper, and work the eyelets around the eyes with fine black embroi-

dery silk in button-hole stitch, being careful to cover all the edges of the silk palm. The rose or star pattern in the palms are done in the same stitch as are the branches at the sides. The tendrils are of gold thread or fine bullion, also the bar crossing the palms. We give the toe, full-size, and one-half of the design for the heel.

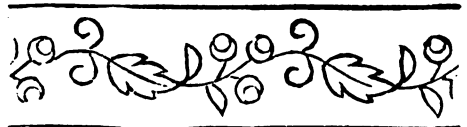
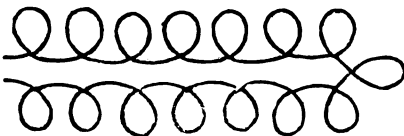
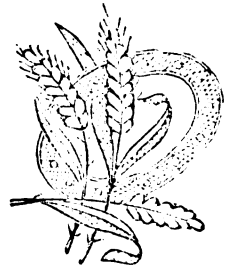
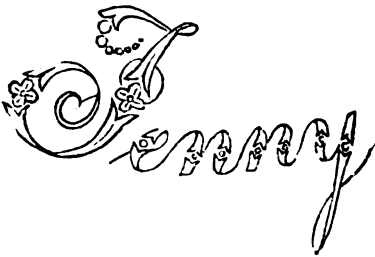
PIN-CUSHION COVER: IN BERLIN WORK AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number is given a design, printed in colors, for a Pin-Cushion Cover: the blue parts, as well as the black, to be done

in Berlin work, and the white spaces in the stars and border, to be done in opaque white beads.

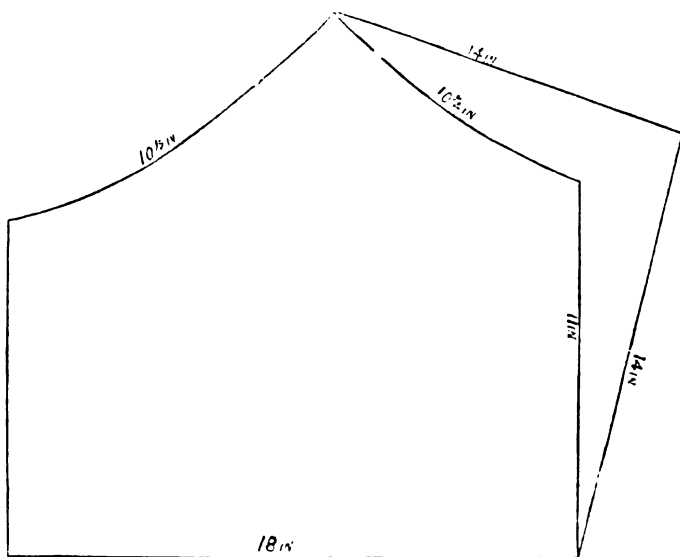
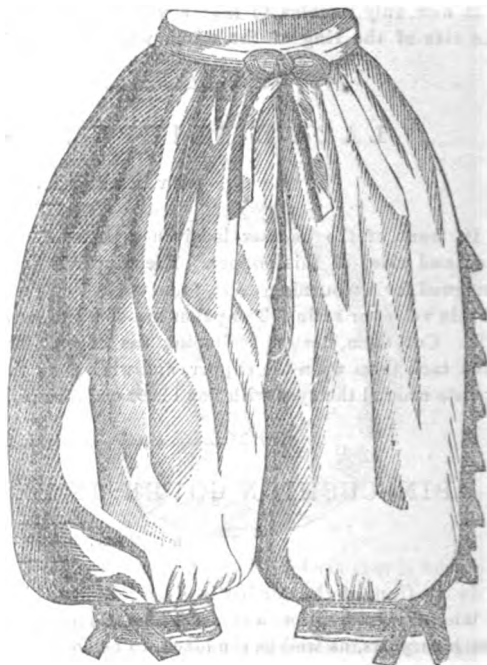
EMBROIDERIES, BRAIDING, ETC., ETC.



LITTLE GIRL'S FANCY KNICKERBOCKERS.

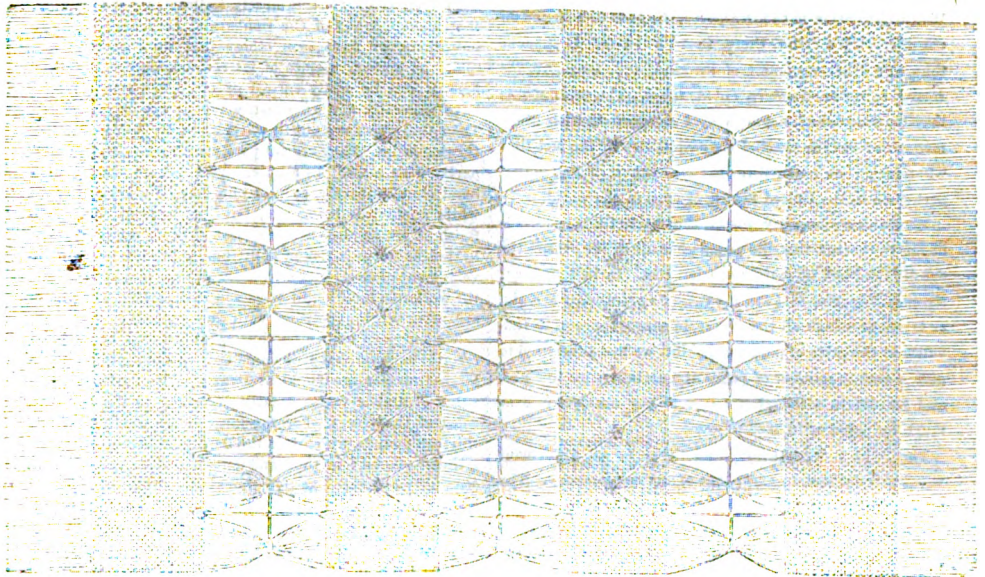
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a pattern and diagram for a little girl's Fancy Knickerbocker. The materials for one pair are $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of longcloth; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of insertion; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon for running in the insertion, which goes round the knee portion and down each side of the leg. Through this insertion at the side ribbon is run, to hang in falling bows; and round the knee serves the purpose of confining the Knickerbockers to the legs, where it terminates in a prettily-tied bow. The Knickerbockers fasten behind, and are gathered into a band measuring from twenty-three to twenty-five inches in length, according to the size of the child. Our pattern is cut for a little girl from five to seven years of age. The Knickerbockers may be closed at both seams, and the same arrangement carried out as with little girls' drawers—that is, with a band in front and a band behind, these bands being buttoned on to the stays. In this case a small opening must be left at each side just above the insertion. We can strongly recommend these little articles for winter wear. Made in scarlet flannel, and worn over the ordinary drawers (but only out-of-doors), they are exceedingly comfortable.

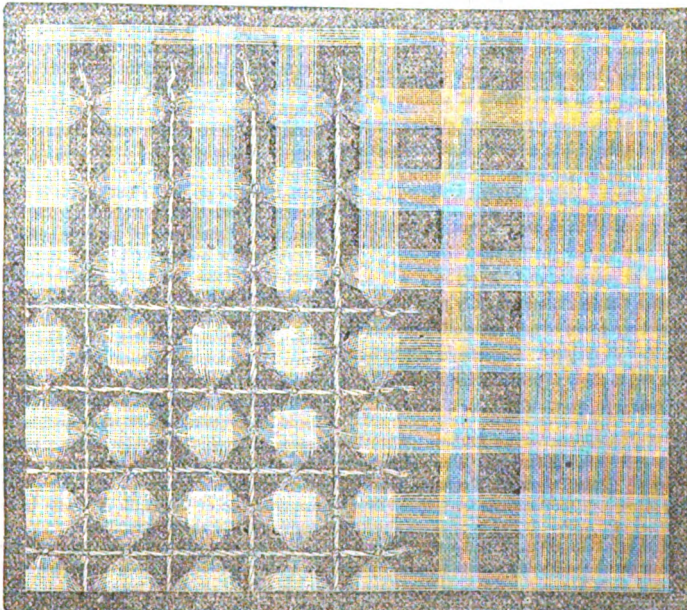


DESIGNS FOR TIDIES, OR CAKE DOYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give above and below two new and pretty designs for Tidies, or Cake Doyleys; and after a style that is very easy to make. Take coarse linen, draw the threads, and cat-stitch as seen in the engravings, and you have these tasteful Tidies, or Cake Doyleys.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1864. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1864 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times*. The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now the largest circulation of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

We think we may say, justly, that part of this success is owing to the fact that the promises made in our Prospectus are always kept, no matter at what cost. In 1863, *this was the only Magazine that did not raise its price either to clubs, or to agents*, which all the others, in consequence of the advance in the price of paper, *did*. But we had advertised to give a certain number of pages at a certain price to clubs, and we did it, although we had to pay nearly twice as much for paper as in 1862.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson never descends to be a merely advertising medium for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.*"

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1864, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

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!*

"ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE."—The Elkhorn (Wis.) Independent says:—"It is an old adage, 'What everybody says must be true.' Then Peterson's Magazine must be the best among American publications for ladies. Every year adds to its host of friends. It has become an absolute indispensable to every lady of taste and cultivation. A more acceptable present could not be made to a lady than a receipt from the publisher for a year's subscription to Peterson's Magazine. Who takes the hint?"

AMBER AND AMBER COMBS.—A lady writes to ask us if there are amber combs. The articles sold as such, she has been told, she says, are merely imitations. We answer, that, though many of the combs sold for amber ones are imitations, we have seen others that were undoubtedly real. As amber, in spite of its resinous nature, is rather firm, it can be easily turned or cut. The rough pieces have generally a worn crust, which is cut or rasped off. Then the pieces are put in water and conveyed wet to the turning-lathe. They are cut partly with steel implements, partly with glass. As a rule, several pieces are taken in hand simultaneously, so that one may be allowed to cool while another is being cut; for, if it were attempted to finish off every piece at once, most of them would grow so heated as to run a risk of splitting. At times, too, the development of electricity during the process is so strong that the workmen have slight shocks in their wrists. The pieces are, after turning, polished with lime or chalk.

Not only can amber be thus manufactured, but it is an error to suppose that it is found only in small pieces. The largest masses are found at Danzig or Königsberg. The value of amber varies greatly, according to the size and color of the pieces. For the large lump, weighing about thirteen pounds, which is in the Berlin Cabinet of Minerals, a trader offered four thousand dollars, and its value is consequently estimated at five thousand. Pieces of a pound weight bring from fifty to sixty dollars; five to the pound, fifteen to twenty dollars; fifty to the pound, three to four dollars; and so on. Amber is found along the entire north-eastern coast of Europe, from the Ural to the mouth of the Rhine, but the largest quantities are obtained in Prussia and Pomerania. It lies in the loose strata of alluvial soil, and is procured partly by excavation, partly by picking up on the sea-shore. The largest amber mines are on the Samland coast, near Königsberg, and extend for a distance of fifteen miles. The excavations and fisheries for amber have been carried on during the last three centuries. The mines furnish the most valuable colored pieces, the fisheries small clear masses, which are found in a large quantity. From time to time, however, large and fine lumps of amber are found at many other places in North Germany. That amber comes from the peat-beds in these regions is a mistake. Similar looking masses of resin are found in peat, but they differ very greatly from amber. Still, there is no doubt but that it is a petrified resin, the clouded pieces coming from the roots, the bright from the branches, of some tree of the pine genus.

The yellow amber of Danzig is manufactured to the amount of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year. Immense quantities are exported to Turkey, where it is used for pipes and other ornaments, and consumed in Mohammedan worship at Mecca. Amber was probably much worn in Shakespeare's time, for he mentions amber bracelets, beads, and necklaces. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with amber is that it is sometimes found to contain insects of a species no longer extant; leaves and other vegetable matter have also been found preserved in amber. The specimens containing these curiosities are highly esteemed. "Admire," says Claudian, "the magnificence of the tomb of a vile insect. No sovereign could boast of one so splendid."

Very great medicinal properties were formerly attributed to amber, but it has been despised of this reputation by the march of science. Its real popularity lies, partly in its pleasant yellow color, partly in the fine polish it assumes,

and partly in the peculiar resinous lustre which clear pieces display. The transparent lumps vary from pale yellow to a hyacinth red, resembling the colors of wine. The Romans made this comparison, for they consider amber of the color of the celebrated Falernian wine the most costly. At the present day clouded amber is considered more valuable than the transparent, and the favorite tinge is the milk-white.

A NEW COLOR.—At last we are to have a new color, and we have not the least doubt but that it will be warmly welcomed, for who is not tired of the *cair* (leather) color with which every article of ladies' outer garments appears to have been dyed during the late spring and summer. It has met our eye in all crowded assemblages in fifty different shades, and we have heard it called by more than a dozen different names. It has long been known by "the new color" leather, coffee, hazel brown, tiger, a golden brown, cigar, *havane*, etc., etc.; and although we do not think that any one of its divers names exactly corresponds with the shade, yet we all recognize it when we see it. One of the great advantages it possesses is, that it is a durable color, and not being a delicate one, it does not soil quickly; it also looks well when trimmed with black, which is ever the most distinguished of all trimmings. This fact has most probably been remarked by silk manufacturers, for many of the newest silks have golden leather-colored grounds with black spots upon them. But the leather-color has had its day and a very long one too, and the *tourterelle* (turtle-dove) shade is to reign in its stead. It is lighter than the *cair*, and many would reject it as being Quakerish, but, for all that, a great success is prophesied for it. Only the other day we saw a dress made with it, destined for the traveling costume of a very youthful and wealthy bride. Dress, circular cape trimmed with chenille fringe of the same color, boots, gloves, and parasol, were all of the *tourterelle* shade, and a very ladylike and distinguished toilet it formed.

✓ **ELABORATELY ARRANGED** heads of hair are fashionable for evening; and, in addition, a rose or a butterfly is placed in the center of the forehead, with the hair clustering around and above it. The ornament, be it flower, fly, or bird, should be fastened in such a manner as to present the appearance of being embedded in the hair. Natural butterflies have been much-coveted ornaments in Paris during the last six months, consequently these have attained to fabulous prices, twenty-five dollars being frequently paid for one of them.

DRESSING JACKETS are very popular made of white jacenet, percale, or brillante, and trimmed with bands of self-colored cambrie; these bands should not be more than one inch and a half wide, and should be edged with narrow white braid at each side. The bands should be placed down the fronts and around the bottom of the jacket and sleeves. As trimmings they have much to recommend them, as they do not require to be removed when the jacket is consigned to the washerwoman's hands.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.—"If the ladies want a fashionable magazine," says the *Keosauqua* (Iowa) News, "which is always up to time, Peterson is the one. You can get the latest fashions from two to three weeks sooner in this book than in any other."

WIFE OR SWEETHEART.—Says the *Monticello* (Ind.) Herald:—"If there is a cloud on your wife's brow, or you have had a difficulty with your sweetheart, and wish to avoid a like calamity in future, subscribe for Peterson." Wise words!

SHAPES OF PETTICOATS AGAIN.—We have had many letters of late from our readers and subscribers on the subject of the shape of petticoats, inquiring whether the breadths should be gored, or whether the seams should be left intact. What we said last month, we now repeat: the greater number of dress-makers are goring the skirts of dresses, with the object of diminishing the quantity of gathers about the hips, and making the figure as flat at the waist as possible. Now, this object can be more easily attained if the petticoats are gored likewise, and those who object to the gored breadths as being liable to be pulled out of shape at the wash, can overcome the difficulty by inserting a piping when sewing up the breadths. This piping or cording will sustain and strengthen the seams, and effectually prevent any loss of shape at the wash. The cagecrinoline should be covered mid-way with the same color as the petticoat which is worn above it; if white, a white cover or case should be worn, and if buff, then a buff case, as the sight which so frequently meets the eye at the present day, when the skirt is raised to cross a muddy street, of a white petticoat with a red one underneath, is not a pleasing one. The stockings should match, as nearly as possible, both in color and style with the petticoat, as harmony in the toilet, even in its minutest details, is now more than ever considered.

AN EXTRA COPY FOR A PREMIUM.—We shall renew, for next year only, the offer of this year, viz: a premium copy of "Peterson" to every person who shall send us a club. The club terms, remember, are three copies for \$5.00; five copies for \$7.50; or eight copies for \$10.00. Whoever will get up either of these clubs, at these rates, will receive, either an extra copy gratis, or any other of our advertised premiums, as they may prefer.

GLOVES.—Many ladies wear gloves which match precisely with the color of their dress. The Empress of the French (always a great authority in matters pertaining to the toilet) is generally to be seen with apricot-colored kid gloves. The newest style in Paris, and the one most generally adopted, is a light glove with the three lines down the back stitched in black, the remainder of the glove being sewn with silk to match the kid.

✓ **THE RETURN OF THE "MISSING."**—This engraving tells its own story. The husband, a volunteer, has been returned "missing," after one of the terrible battles of this war; weeks and months have passed without his being heard from; everybody believes him dead; and his wife has sunk into comparative poverty; when, suddenly, he comes back, having been wounded and a prisoner, and escaped.

IN REMITTING, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the name of your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a draft, deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be had, send U. S. notes, or notes of solvent banks. Pay the postage on your letter. The U. S. postage currency, but no other, taken for fractions of a dollar.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Remember that the price of this Magazine is only two dollars, while others of the same rank are three dollars. That is, everything which a lady wants in a magazine, can be had in "Peterson" for one-third less than in any other first-class magazine. Tell this to persons you ask to subscribe.

CHEAPEST OF ALL.—The *Sidney* (O.) Democrat says:—"Peterson's is unquestionably the cheapest Magazine in the country." And so say all our exchanges.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Young Parson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.—This can hardly be called a novel, though it is as fascinating as the best novel. It is a humorous narrative of the life of a young parson during the first few years of his ministry. The authorship is anonymous; but from intrinsic evidence, we venture a guess that the writer is a clergyman, of the Presbyterian connection, who has, or had, a charge in one of the southern counties of Pennsylvania, probably York or Cumberland; the local color can hardly be mistaken. The book is brimful of fun. The author has a sense of the ludicrous scarcely inferior to that displayed in "The Pickwick Papers." One laughable scene succeeds another; yet nowhere is good taste offended. Nor is there anything, in the volume, derogating, in the least, from the character of a Christian minister. The writer never forgets his high vocation. The influence of the work, therefore, is far going; and the more so because of the richness and truth of its sketches, their Pre-Raphaelite fidelity to human nature. A more original book has not appeared for years. There is in it, in its numerous characters, enough stock in trade for half a dozen novels. It is evidently the work of a full mind; a first book, written in the maturity of a man's powers; and hence its freshness. As a faithful daguerre-type of certain phases of Pennsylvania rural life, it stands without a rival in American literature.

Victor Hugo. By a witness of his life (*Madame Henri*). Translated from the original French. By Charles Edwin Wilbur. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Carleton.—Every one who has read "Les Misérables," ought to read this biography. In perusing it, we are surprised to find how much of the novel ceases to be fictitious; for Marius was a free variation of Victor Hugo himself; the garden of Cosette is the very spot where the author courted his child wife; in an old school-mate of the Pension Cordier, Victor Hugo becomes closely acquainted with a galley slave; in short, "Les Misérables" is part of the life of the author, and can hardly be understood without his memoir, its complement. The translation is by the same hand that translated "Les Misérables." The biography, apart even from its connection with the fiction, is one of great interest. Its sketches of the childhood of Hugo, spent between Naples, Spain, and Paris, are especially delightful. The volume is published in octavo to match Carleton's fine edition of the novel.

The Amber Gods, and Other Stories. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The admirers of Miss Prescott's stories have now an opportunity of securing them for the library or center-table. This very elegant volume contains "The Amber Gods," "In A Cellar," "Knitting Sale-Socks," "Circumstance," "Desert Lands," "Midsummer and May," and "The South Breaker." The book is dedicated as follows: "TO R. S. S. I consecrate to you, in whom my future lies, these Memorials of a Past that you have so endeared. H. E. P." In many respects, Miss Prescott is one of our most remarkable writers; her descriptive powers, especially as seen in "The South Breaker," are wonderful.

Hospital Transports. A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia, in the Summer of 1862. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This little volume has been prepared under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission. Most of the letters were written by Frederick Law Olmsted, Secretary of the Commission; the Rev. Mr. Knapp, Chief Relief Agent, and several ladies who are co-workers in the enterprise. We cordially endorse the assertion of the publishers, that the volume, "by the thrilling and pathetic character of its contents, will impress more deeply on the public attention the importance of the work," which the Sanitary Commission is accomplishing.

Live B Down. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Jefferson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Jefferson is favorably known to American readers as the author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," a novel reprinted by the Harpers a year or two ago. The present fiction is much better, however, than even its predecessors; and is, in reality, one of the very best novels of its kind that has appeared lately. The description of society in "The Light Lands," fifty years ago, is graphic and full of interest. We should have liked the novel better, however, if the "rationalist" part of the plot had been omitted; and all had been like the earlier chapters, through which a happy love-story ripples so pleasantly.

Philip Von Arverville. A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts. By Henry Taylor. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This drama first appeared more than twenty years ago, when it took rank, at once, as a standard contribution to English literature. It has since passed through numerous editions, and been translated into German by Professor Helmann. The present edition is in "blue and gold," to match Ticknor & Fields' popular series under that title. The play was never intended to be acted; its great length, indeed, would forbid this; but it is full of genius, and just fitted for the closet.

Husband and Wife; or, The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. By the author of "The Parents' Guide," &c. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This volume treats of a subject which has been too much ignored. Every woman, especially every mother, should give it a careful reading. We are not prepared to endorse all its suggestions; there are indications in it of hasty generalization, we think; but it is full, nevertheless, of valuable information, and, if read discriminatingly, cannot fail to be of great service.

Shoulder Straps. A Novel of New York and the Army. In 2. By Henry Morford. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mr. Morford has already made a reputation as a first-class American feuilletonist. But in this novel, we think, he has excelled all his former feats. The book is exceedingly racy; hits right and left; is a faithful picture of many phases of the war; and involves a story of great interest. Many public characters appear under their own name. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Squire Trevelyan's Hair. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new copyright novel, by the popular author of "East Lynne." That wonderful faculty of awakening and retaining the reader's interest, which characterizes all Mrs. Wood's novels, appears in its full force in "Squire Trevelyan's Hair." The book should have an immense sale.

The Light and Dark of the Rebellion. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs.—Quite a vivacious book, and evidently from a first-rate hand. We suspect some persons high in position at Washington, to be the anonymous author. There is more or less personal characterization, which gives spice to the pages, and relieves the rhetoric. The book is very handsomely printed.

PARLOE AMUSEMENTS.

THE ANIMAL CLUB.—In this game, two of the party must be elected to fill the offices of president and vice-president; the rest each choose the name of some animal, bird, or insect, which they will represent. The president then relates an anecdote, or recites a piece of poetry slowly. At the occurrence of any word, the initial letter of which is the same as that of any animal in the club, the cry peculiar to that animal must be repeated by the person who represents it. For instance, if a dog, a cuckoo, and a bee, are word

commencing with a D, the dog must bark; at a C, a cuckoo must be heard; at a B, the bee must buzz. The vice-president must be on the watch for any omission. When one occurs, he is at liberty to ask the delinquent six questions concerning the animal he represents, and for as many as he fails to answer correctly, a forfeit can be demanded, but if he answers all, he takes the vice-president's place.

SMUGGLERS.—Here, one personates an officer, and the rest are called smugglers, standing in one corner, which is called their harbor. They all run out at the cry of "Look out!" and endeavor to reach the other end of the room before the officer can catch them. Whoever is caught must be officer in the next attempt.

HORTICULTURAL.

WINDOW-GARDENING.—Bulbs, such as are imported annually from Holland, at this time of the year are invaluable for window-culture. It is advisable to obtain them early, for the reason that they should not be kept exposed above ground long after they arrive, and early purchasers have the best choice. ♦ Judicious selection is of the utmost importance in producing satisfactory results. The best is in the time of flowering, which ranges from December to May; and if it is desired to have a succession during the whole of that time, a selection of a dozen or so of each sort, as they are arranged below, will do, by following the accompanying directions. It is, however, a practice with many, to have such as flower all at one time, and produce a grand, massive display all at once. This plan certainly has its advantages, in requiring less time to manage it; for the bulbs, being potted at the time of purchase, are covered and left to within a short time of flowering. In the other case, they are withdrawn as required. Nearly all bulbs may be grown in a soil composed of two parts barn to one of very rotten dung; a little sand under each bulb is advantageous. The pots should be properly drained. After potting, place them on a well-drained spot, and cover with light soil to the depth of three or four inches over the bulbs. They may be left till within a fortnight or three weeks of the time they are wanted in bloom. The only care then necessary is to guard against exposing them to any sudden increase of temperature, which is apt to destroy the buds, or, as gardeners express it, they go blind. Winter aconites, place half a dozen round a four-inch pot, and cover about an inch. Van Thol tulips, ditto. Snow-drops, about a dozen in the same sized pot; these flower best after the first year, and may be kept on, from year to year, in the same pots. Roman narcissus, put three or four in a six-inch pot; these also flower, year after year, in the same pots, if the bulb is properly matured after flowering. Crocuses, put about six in a four-inch pot. Soleil d'Or narcissus, see Roman ditto. Hyacinths, other tulips and narcissus, follow in succession. Give plenty of room in potting later sorts.

FIRESIDE MAGIC.

"HOLD IT FAST."—You commence by asking the most athletic person in company whether he is nervous; he will most probably answer in the negative; you then ask if he thinks he can hold a card tightly. If he answer, "No," ask the question of some one else, till you obtain an answer in the affirmative. You then desire the party to stand in the middle of the room, and, holding up the pack of cards, you show him the bottom card, and request him to proclaim what card it is; he will say it is the knave of hearts; you then tell him to hold the card tightly at the bottom, and look to the ceiling. While he is looking up, you ask him if he recollects his card; if he say, "Yes," desire him to draw it away, and ask him what it is. He will, of course,

answer, "The knave of hearts." Tell him he has made a mistake, for if he look at his card, he will find it to be the knave of spades, which will be the case. You then give him the remainder of the pack, telling him that, if he look over it, he will find the knave of hearts in quite a different situation.

This feat, though it excites much admiration, is very simple. You procure an extra knave of hearts, and cut it in half, keeping the upper part, and throwing away the lower. When commencing your feat, get the knave of spades to the bottom of the pack, and lay over the upper part of it, unperceived, your half knave of hearts; and, under pretence of holding the pack very tight, throw your thumb across the middle of the knave, so that the joining may not be perceived; for the legs of these two knaves are so much alike that there is no danger of detection. You, of course, give him the legs of the knave of spades to hold, and, when he has drawn the card away, hold your hand so that the faces of the cards will be turned toward the floor, and take an opportunity of removing the half knave; you may vary the feat by having a half knave of spades.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

MEATS.

Breast of Mutton.—The brisket changes first in the breast; and if it is to be kept, it is best to rub it with a little salt, should the weather be hot. Cut off the superfluous fat, joint it well, and roast, and serve it with stewed cucumbers; or to eat cold, sprinkle it well with chopped parsley, while roasting. *Or*—Bone it, take off a good deal of the fat, and cover it with crumbs of bread, herbs, and seasoning; then roll and boil till tender; serve with tomato-sauce or sorrel. *Or*—Stew it with all the usual kinds of vegetables and a little curry powder. *Or*—Cut off the fat, and half-boil it; take out the bones, and beat the breast flat; season it with pepper and salt; brush it over with the yolk of an egg, and strew over it minced parsley and green onions, mixed with crumbs of bread; baste it well with fresh butter, and broil it in a Dutch oven. Serve with stewed cucumber or sauce Robert.

Filet of Veal Roasted.—Take a leg of veal, cut off the knuckle sufficiently above the joint to make a handsome filet. Take out the bone, fill up the space with stuffing, and also put a good layer under the fat. Truss it of a good shape by drawing the fat round, and tie it up with a tape. Paper it, put it a good distance from the fire, as the meat is very solid, and must be so thoroughly done as not to leave the least appearance of red gravy; serve it with melted butter poured over, and gravy round. Ham or bacon should be served with it, and fresh cucumbers if in season. In Paris, a *longe de veau* is cut somewhat in the shape of a haunch of mutton, with the filet and part of the loin joined together.

Mutton-Chops should be taken from the loin, from half to three-quarters of an inch thick. They should not be put on the gridiron until everything else is ready to be served; have a clear cinder fire to broil them: if the fat falling from them should cause a blaze, remove the gridiron for a moment, and strew a handful of salt over the fire. They should be kept continually turned; the greater part of the chine-bones should be chopped off; cut off a good deal of the fat, but do not pepper or flour the chops; and serve them one at a time, immediately they are done.

VEGETABLES.

The fresher all green vegetables are used after being taken from the ground the better; and therefore nothing

can be comparable to cutting them from your own garden; but, when purchased in the market, care should be taken that those of the cabbage tribe should appear crisp and vividly green; not too small, nor yet overgrown in size.

When about to be used, the outer leaves should be stripped, the stalks cut short, and the vegetables immersed for an hour or two in cold water into which should be put a handful of salt, for the purpose of thoroughly cleansing it from slugs, and those insects with which the leaves are commonly infested. All green vegetables should be put into boiling water. Never boil any species of greens with meat. Boil them in plenty of pure water, with salt, to which a little vinegar may be added with advantage; do not cover the saucepan, but keep up a steady fire, so that they shall not be allowed to stop boiling until thoroughly done; drain them instantly, for if overboiled they lose their flavor and become insipid; they should be well done, for, if that be neglected for the purpose of preserving their crispness, they will be rendered indigestible.

Hard water spoils the color of such vegetables as should be green, but a very small bit of soda or carbonate of ammonia will soften it, and even improve their brightness. The practice of putting pearl-ash in the pot, to improve their color, should be strictly forbidden, as it imparts an unpleasant flavor; as will also soda if not cautiously used.

Potatoes require no attention for the preservation of their color, but their flavor will be spoiled if their dressing be not attended to, which although of the most simple nature, is frequently ill performed. The best mode of doing it is to sort the potatoes, and choose them of an equal size; wash them with a scrubbing-brush, and put them into cold water sufficient to cover them, and no more. About ten minutes after the water has come to a boil, take out the half of it, and replace with cold water, to check it; the reason assigned for which is, "that the cold water sends the heat from the surface to the heart, and makes the potatoes mealy." Then throw in a large handful of salt, leave the pot uncovered, and let it remain upon the fire to simmer until the potatoes are done; this is the moment to be watched for, if overboiled, they will become waxy. The cook should, therefore, occasionally try them, by piercing them to the heart with a fork, and, when they are tender, the pot should be instantly taken off the fire, and the potatoes passed through a colander to drain; which being done, and the water thrown out, they should then be replaced upon a folded flannel, in the same pot, with a cloth put over them and the lid only half open; they should be left by the side of the fire to keep hot and to cause the evaporation of the steam. When served, they should be wrapped in a warmed cotton napkin. If of moderate size they will take about half an hour boiling, to which ten minutes must be added for evaporation ere they can be sent to table. An iron pot is the best vessel for boiling potatoes in, since, after the water has been poured off, it retains sufficient heat to dry them thoroughly.

Mushrooms.—Cooks should be perfectly acquainted with the different sorts of things called by this name by ignorant people, as the death of many persons has been occasioned by carelessly using the poisonous kinds. The eatable mushrooms at first appear very small and of a round form, on a little stalk. They grow very fast, and the upper part and stalk are white. As the size increases, the under part gradually opens, and shows a fringed fur of a very fine salmon color, which continues more or less till the mushroom has gained some size, and then turns to a dark brown. These marks should be attended to, and likewise whether the skin can be easily parted from the edges and middle. Those that have a white or yellow fur should be carefully avoided, though many of them have the same smell, but not so strong, as the right sort.

To Stew.—The large buttons are best for this purpose, and the small flaps while the fur is still red. Rub the buttons with salt and a bit of flannel; cut out the fur, and take off the skin from the others; put them into a stewpan with a little lemon-juice, pepper, salt and a small piece of fresh butter, and let the whole simmer slowly till done; then put a small bit of butter and flour, with two spoonfuls of cream; give them one boil, and serve with sippets of bread.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Take two or three straight cucumbers, cut off one end, then take out the seeds, lay them in vinegar and water, and pepper and salt; have some good farce, and fill each cucumber with it; dry your cucumbers well out of the vinegar first, then dry them in a clean rubber; then fry them, if for brown; if for white, not; take them out of the butter, and put them to stew in some good stock; with one onion, a fagot of herbs, a slice of lean ham, until tender; thicken the liquor, and pass through a tammy; season with a little drop of vinegar, lemon-juice, sugar, salt, and white pepper, glaze the cucumbers several times to be a light brown.

To Boil Cauliflowers.—Trim them neatly, let them soak at least an hour in cold water, put them into boiling water, in which a handful of salt has been thrown, let it boil, occasionally skimming the water. If the cauliflower is small, it will only take fifteen minutes; if large, twenty minutes may be allowed; do not let them remain after they are done, but take them up, and serve immediately. If the cauliflowers are to be preserved white, they ought to be boiled in milk and water, or a little flour should be put into the water in which they are boiled, and melted butter should be sent to table with them.

Tomatoes Stewed.—A few tomatoes, when simply stewed in a little gravy, seasoned only with salt, or mixed with a little celery, are a very pleasant vegetable; if not very small, three or four will be sufficient for a moderate party.

MARMALADE, JELLY, ETC.

Apple Jelly.—Cut six dozen of sound rennet apples in quarters, take out all the pips, put them into a sugar-pan, just cover them with cold water, and place over the fire; let boil till the apples become quite pulpy, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which afterward pass through a new and very clean jelly-bag. To every pint of liquor have one pound of sugar, whilst hot mix in the liquor from the apple with a very clean skimmer. To prevent it boiling over keep it skimmed, lift the skimmer occasionally from the pan, and when the jelly falls from it in thin sheets take it up, and fill the pots. The smaller pots are the best adapted for jellies.

Crab Apples.—Get a quantity of the common crab-apple, cut them (peel and all) in slices, fill your preserving-pan with them, and just cover them with spring water. Let them boil until the fruit is almost in a mash. Strain the liquor through a flannel bag. Allow it to stand for a couple of hours, that the sediment may get to the bottom. Then run it through a piece of fine muslin, and to every pint of juice put a pound of preserving sugar; the peel and juice of a lemon in the proportion of one to every two quarts. Let it boil for an hour over a clear fire, when it can be placed in pots. When cold it will be as stiff as possible; and if not, by boiling it a second time it will become so.

Quince Marmalade.—Pare and quarter the fruit, put it in layers in a stone jar with sugar sprinkled between each; add a teacupful of water, and bake it in a cool oven. Have a quantity of sugar equal in weight to the fruit; allow one quart of water to every four pounds; boil the sugar and water together, skimming it well. When the quinces are soft add them, with a quart of the juice which will be found in the jar; boil them in the syrup, beating it with a spoon until the marmalade is quite smooth.

To Stew Pears.—As the pears are peeled put them at once into the water in the stewpan, to prevent their turning black. To eight pears, add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar and a dozen cloves. Cover close. Let the pears stew slowly for eight hours, then put them by in the stewpan, closely covered up, and the next day they will be found to have the bright red color which they should have. Wine may be added to taste.

Compound of Pears.—Take six large pears, pare them, and take out the cores. To a pound of loaf-sugar put a pint of water into a stewpan, with the rind of one lemon, cut thin, and a drachm of cochineal pounded and tied up in a piece of muslin; boil and skim it, and then put in the pears; let them boil until they are clear and red, and when sufficiently done put in the juice of three lemons; then put into a jar and cover down.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CLOAK AND WALKING DRESS.—The cloak of purple velvet, trimmed with cord.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF FIGURED SILK, trimmed with rich lace.

FIG. III.—RIDING DRESS OF DARK GREEN CLOTH.—The body is made with a postillion skirt at the back, and is open in front, over a white chemisette. Sleeves quite plain, and only sufficiently large at the hand to admit of a very narrow under-sleeve. Gray felt hat, with a gray veil, and trimmed with a black plume and black velvet ribbon.

FIG. IV.—CLOAK OF BLACK SILK, richly embroidered in a reed pattern in silk and jet beads, and trimmed with narrow black gulpure.

FIG. V.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET, deeper at the back than in front, and quite full on the shoulders. It is trimmed with gimp and a wide black lace.

FIG. VI.—BACK AND FRONT VIEWS OF A TALMA in dark-gray cloth, braided in black.

FIG. VII.—RAPHAEL BODY, low and square across. Waist round. It is trimmed with black bands between two ruches. A vandyked jockey similarly trimmed. Sleeve oval, that is to say, narrowest at the shoulder and the wrist. Same trimming. Black silk tassels.

FIG. VIII. and IX.—LONJUMEAU BODY, (Back and Front View.)—Silk jacket ornamented with braid and galloons. This jacket has a collar and lapels. The Zouave sleeve is fastened at bottom by a lace and tassels. Four tassels on the short skirt behind. This body is accompanied by a silk waistcoat of a color contrasting with that of the toilet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The silks this autumn are so enormously expensive, that only those with well-filled purses will have the courage to buy them. Fifty cents a yard is the advance on most silks, on some even more. But merinos, poplins, alpaca, and many other woollen materials, now come of such fine quality, and in such exquisite shades, that they really leave but little to be desired in the way of silks. A good black silk is an invaluable addition to any lady's wardrobe; but few of us are willing to pay two dollars and a quarter a yard, for what we used to obtain for one dollar and three-quarters—and so on through the whole scale of prices.

IN THE MAKE OF ORDINARY DRESSES there is absolutely nothing new to chronicle; all efforts seem to be directed to the trimming of the skirts. The most fashionable style is decidedly the gored skirt, with trimming upon each breadth. Sometimes it consists of a simple cording, either a precise match or a decided contrast in color to the material; sometimes black lace, lined with white, placed in zig-zags up the seams; while others have wide box-platings, of a contrasting color, upon each breadth. As for the trim-

mings, which are arranged round the bottom of skirts, there is no end to the variety—no two dress-makers trim in the same style. The newest are the chenille fringes, which are difficult to obtain, and when obtained are very costly. The box-plaited flounces are decidedly the most popular. The ready-made skirts of mohair or alpaca, of an undecided cloudy shade, are mostly arranged with three narrow flounces, bound at each side with bright blue, mauve, or green silk. They are plaited on with a heading, and the roll which conceals the stitching is of the same color as the binding. *Moire antiques* are likewise trimmed with box-plaited black or white lace flounces. In these cases the flounces are narrow rather than wide, and are arranged with the plaits wide apart, so that the pattern of the lace may be seen. The other trimmings are various, as we said before: ruches placed in the form of the three sides of a square; black lace over white silk, placed in festoons, fastened together with a bow and long ends, all described by the trimming, which is laid flat on the skirt; lozenges, in either black velvet or silk; interlaced rings, made of ruches of two colors, placed at each breadth; rows of black lace flowers and leaves; the silk girdle-cord twirled or festooned: these, and a variety of other ornaments, are all used for the skirts of dresses.

BUT TYRANNY IN FASHION exists no longer; a lady can dress herself according to her own individual taste; she can choose her colors to suit her complexion and the shade of her hair; her dress can be cut in accordance with the style of her figure, and provided her toilet is selected with taste, she will be found fashionable.

If we were asked how bodices are made, we should find the question difficult to answer categorically, for they are made to suit the style and requirements of the figure, so that at no period have taste and judgment necessary to make a good selection been so requisite as they are at the present moment. Pretty slight figures do well to adopt the sash, especially if it be a long one, for the wide sashes shorten the figure. Short, dumpy figures should, on the contrary, adopt the bodice with the lacers' basque at the back, and with two small points in the front. Young married ladies adopt the *chemise Russe* in white foulard, embroidered with silk and finished off with the hussar sash, which is never than the Swiss band.

Many ladies, as if tired with the excess of trimming lately disposed over all their dresses, wear now no trimming at all, their dresses being made quite plain, but with an immense train, the skirts and bodices being entirely unornamented. This has a particularly good effect with glace silks, which are again coming into fashion, pearl-gray shot with lilac being the greatest novelty.

THE GENERAL STYLE OF CUTTING BOTH MORNING AND DRESSING-GOWNS is now in one piece; that is to say, the front breadths and the front of the bodice are not cut at the waist and then joined together, but are cut each side in one length and sloped out so as to fall into the figure; it is an exceedingly graceful form, but one which requires all the petticoats that are worn underneath it to be gored. A row of buttons is generally sewn all down the front, and occasionally down the gores. White cashmere morning-dresses bound with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet buttons, are now very popular. Sometimes black lace insertion is used, but this is not appropriate.

TARTANS are very popular for dresses. The dress is cut in the Gabrielle form (the bodice and skirt in one piece in front), with a paletot or circular cape to match; the Rob Roy and the Forty-second being the favorite plaids.

TALMAS, CIRCULARS, PALEROS, of every style are worn. In fact, almost anything in the way of a covering for the shoulders is fashionable.

THE PALETOT has undergone some modification; instead of the fronts being cut straight, they slant gradually as

they descend, being joined only at the throat where they are fastened. They are now cut as nearly as possible to fall in to the waist without being quite tight. Tassels and gimp ornaments are much employed for ornamenting these paleots. The material of which they are made is usually the same as the dress, and they are trimmed round to correspond with the skirt.

For autumn wear the black silk circular cape will be very popular; it is made of gros grain or gros royal, and should be cut to fall some four inches below the waist. The best trimming for it, when it is destined for a married lady, is two rows of deep black lace. The first row of black lace is sewn on round the edge of the cape, and is headed with a thick black silk ruche; the second row is first joined to a piece of black Brussels net the same depth as the lace, and this is joined also on to the cloak underneath the first row, the two rows of lace hanging separate from each other. A black silk ruche is arranged up the front and round the throat. This forms a very elegant and at the same time is a simply made autumnal covering. But the lace should be deep, otherwise the effect will not be good.

BONNETS do not stand quite as high as formerly, and although the *decided* Marie Stuart shape is not very much worn, still in its modified style it is very popular. These bonnets are not so very large, are more flat or square across the top than those which have been worn. The colored crepe caps are now much more general than the white tulle ones, and in many cases they prove more becoming. White tulle veils ruffled all round with white, or with a colored ribbon inside the hem, are worn over the face; these do not set closely to it like a mask as formerly, but hang from it rather more loosely.

IN COLLARS AND CUFFS an improvement has been introduced by trimming the plain stitched linen with Maltese lace insertion and edgings. Under-sleeves are now cut in the same shape as those of dresses, and made with very deep cuffs, no longer turned back, but straight. These cuffs often consist of alternate bands of stitched linen and insertions of Maltese lace; a deep lace is carried round the edge of the wrist, and turns up on one side the length of six or seven inches, to correspond with the trimming of the sleeves of the dress. The under-sleeve is often also open half-way, the opening being edged with a band of stitched linen and a fall of Maltese lace. When this is not the case, and the wrist is narrower, a few puffings of muslin are made in the lower part of the sleeve. The collars are straight, and made in the same style.

THE COL CAVALIER is still much worn; it is straight at the back, and the corners are turned back in front; the sleeves are made to match, with a double point, which is also turned back.

CHEMISETTES, which are so much worn just now, are made in cambric, with narrow fluted pleats, divided by insertions of lace or embroidery, with a narrow edge round the neck; they are often rather under-bodies than chemisettes, coming down as far as the waist, and with the sleeves made on to them.

COLORED COLLARS and sleeves are popular; these are made either of self-colored cambric, such as mauve, or with a white ground spotted and striped with a gay color. The collar is worn in two ways, either very narrow and straight round the throat, or turned down with points in front—the wristbands either falling upon the hands as a gentleman's cuff, or turned back from four to five inches deep. These are either fastened with round linen buttons, or with three large silver or gold studs, the initials being engraved on them. The black ribbon velvet which secures the locket and is tied at the back, is worn wider than formerly. For afternoon wear white muslin under-sleeves are cut almost close to the arm and left open at the wrist; they are ornamented with application of cambric, which is

stitched on in a pattern around Valenciennes insertions. A fall of Valenciennes lace falls on to the wrist and is carried up as far as the elbow at the outside of the arm.

MORNING CAPS are made of a round shape, with a trimming of lace or blonde all round, and a few bows of ribbon. The newest style is that known as the *Catalane*. The back piece is square, and falls loosely behind; it is only joined at the top to the front. The front piece is rounded off on each side of the face, and trimmed as usual; a ribbon is sewn on under this front piece and tied behind the head; the hair shows a little between the front and back piece. The latter resembles the veil worn by Italian women; it is generally made of net, and trimmed round with lace.

FOR MORNING WEAR, the nets which are so generally worn are all trimmed with a bow at the top of the head. This is an improvement upon the elastic which, when visible, was not a pretty object to contemplate; the informal law now completely conceals the elastic. The loops should run along the top, and the ribbon should be of the same color as the net, and not wide.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OLD.—Frock of Irish poplin, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt by a row of black velvet cut in trefoil leaves. The body is square, low, and without shoulder-pieces. It also has a berthie cut to match the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves is short, and composed of three jockeys ornamented at the edge by small pinkings. It may, if desired, be made with an elbow, and have the edges trimmed with pinkings. A Polish cloak, velvet trimmed with gray astrakhan. Heavy III. hat, of black velvet, a velvet band of the same, and a plume of feathers in front.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A BOY.—The suit is made of gray cloth. Knickerbocker pantaloons, and loose sacque. Black patent-leather boots with soft leather tops.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GREEN POPLIN, TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET.—This dress, by being lined to make it warm, may be used as an out-door dress. It opens in front, and is trimmed with black velvet buttons.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The material is of blue cashmere, embroidered in silk of a shade darker than the dress. The body is made with a postillion skirt at the back, and with the sleeves is embroidered to correspond with the dress, and is finished with a quilting of blue ribbon. This body can be warmly wadded, so as to make a suitable out-door dress till quite late. White felt hat, trimmed with a blue plume and velvet ribbon.

FIG. V. and VI.—FRONT AND BACK VIEW of a black and white plaid dress for a little girl.—The trimming is of blue silk braided in black, and the mantle is of blue poplin.

FIG. VII. and VIII.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW of a Scotch dress for a little boy. The dress is of a green and scarlet plaid, and the scarf may be of the same material and color, or of plain scarlet cashmere.

FIG. IX.—DRESS OF SCARLET CASHMERE for a little girl, braided in white.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have not seen anything very new in the way of *Dresses for Children* this month. Low bodies, pointed *à la Suisse*, are the prettiest for little girls. In Paris, they always wear chemisettes and sleeves of white cambric inside their frocks. The skirts are short and full, and trimmed much in the manner as ladies' dresses. Little girls wear either the *paletot* or the round cape; little boys, open jackets and Knickerbockers, unless the Scotch or Russian dress is preferred. The Russian dress consists of a sort of long jacket, with a waistcoat and full trousers gathered at the knee. High boots in black kid are worn with it. The Prince Imperial is often seen in this costume.



Engraved & Coloured by H. Mason Brothers.

THE INTERRUPTED READING.

Engraved expressly for Digitized by Google



THE MOUNTAIN STATE

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

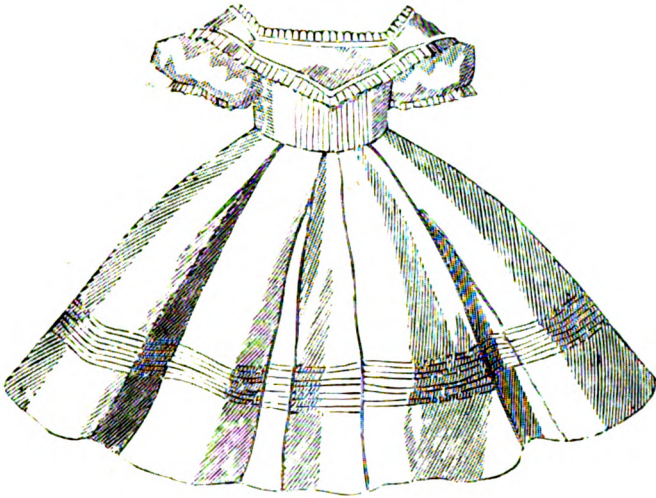
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"BITTER COLD:" CHRISTMAS EVE.



CHILD'S DRESS.



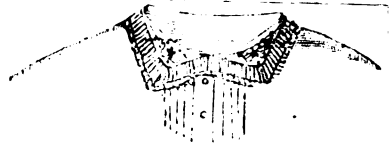
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



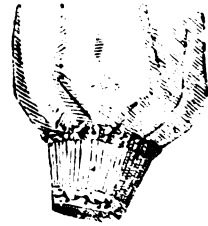
HEAD-DRESS.



LADY'S CAP.



COLLAR.



SLEEVE TO MATCH COLLAR.



YOUNG LADY'S DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.



HEAD-DRESS OF FLOWERS AND LACE.



CHENILLE HEAD-DRESS.



HOUSE DRESS.



EDGING.



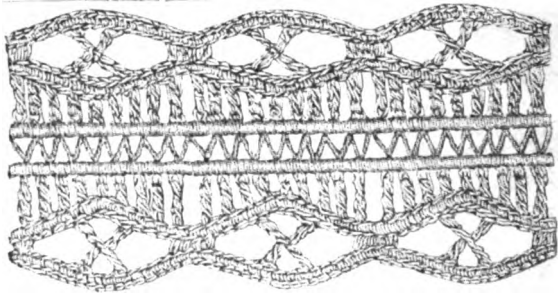
MORNING DRESS.



SPRIGS IN EMBROIDERY.



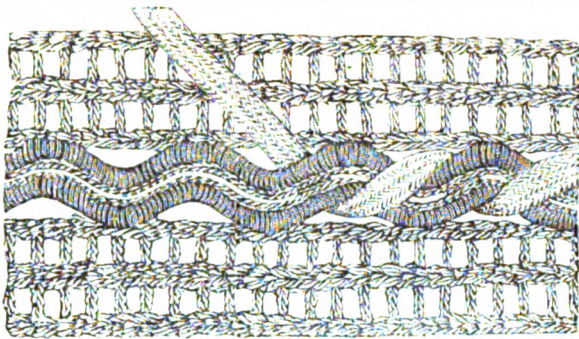
BLACK VELVET MANTLE.



CROCHET INSERTION FOR PETTICOATS.



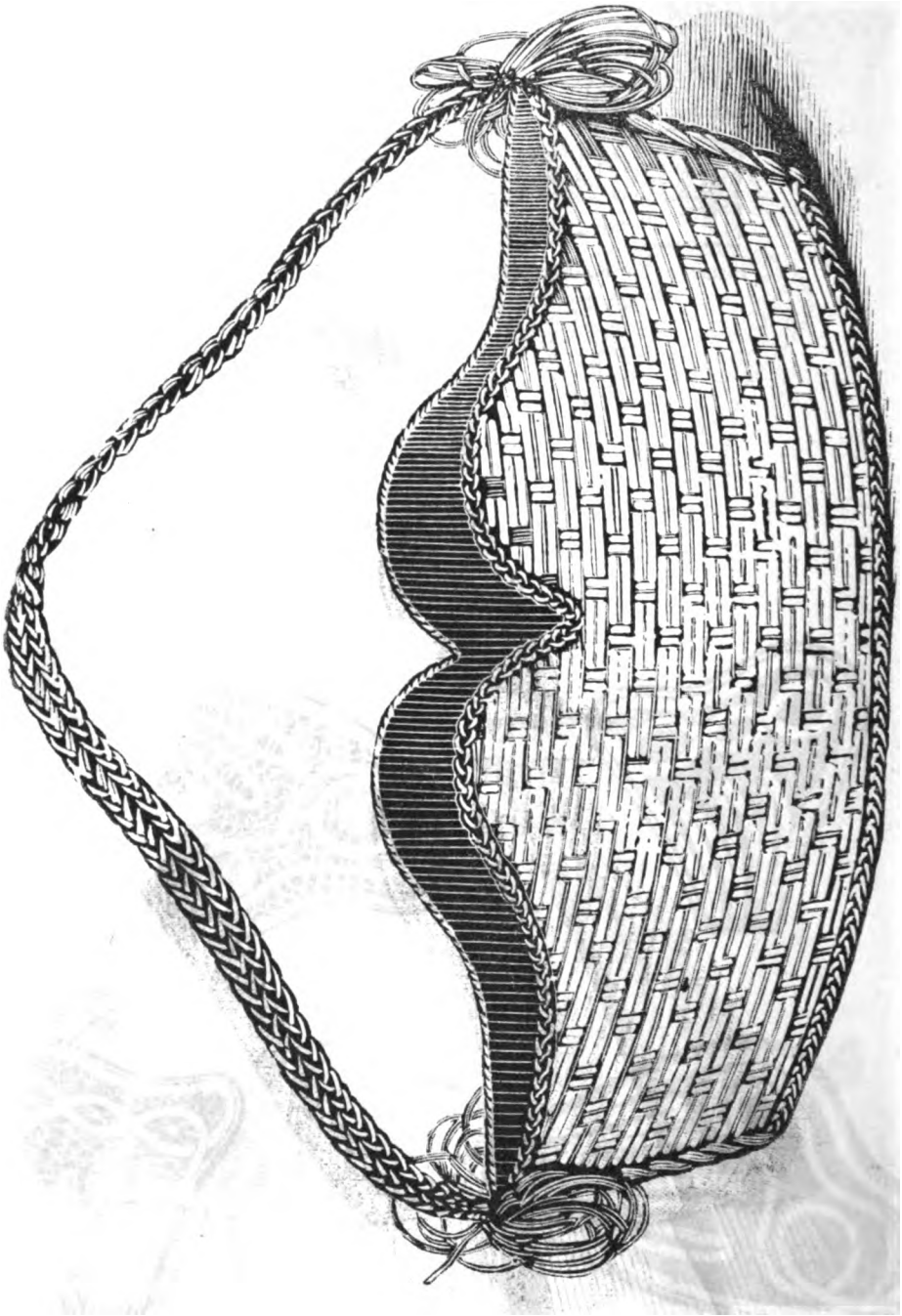
BLACK SILK CLOAK.



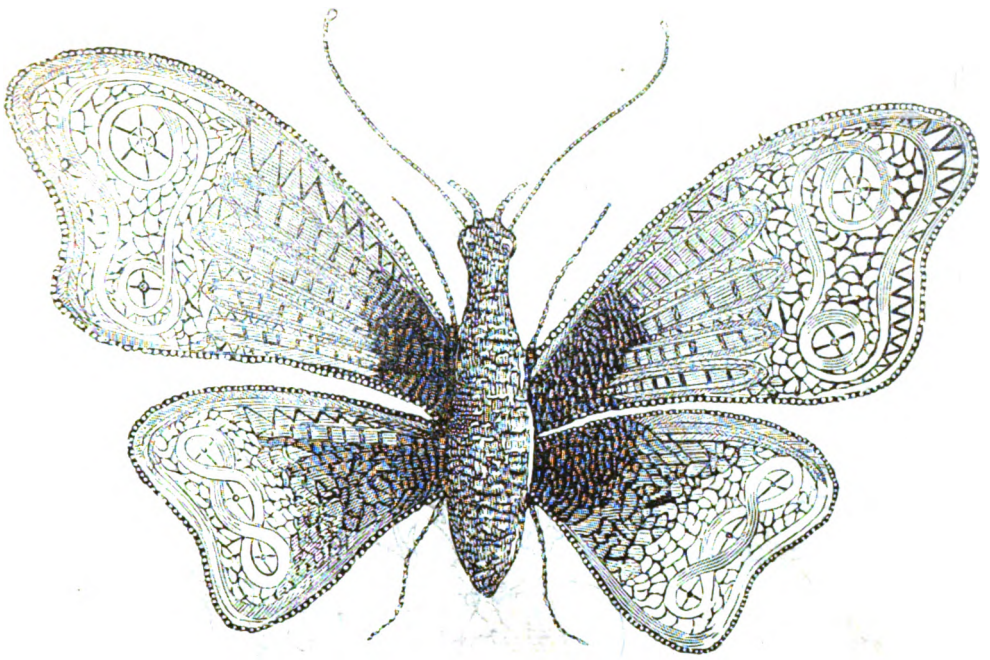
INSERTION IN BRAID AND CROCHET, WORKED THE SHORT WAY.



BLACK CLOTH PALETOT.



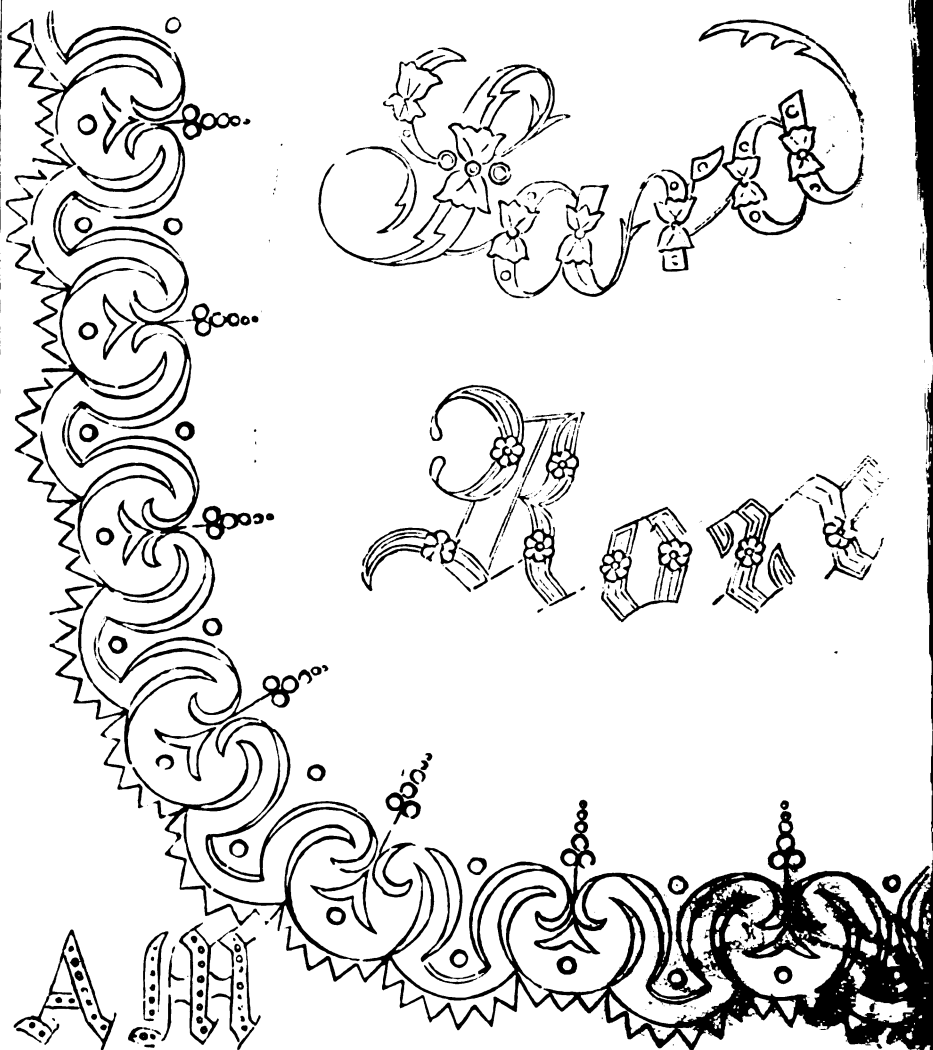
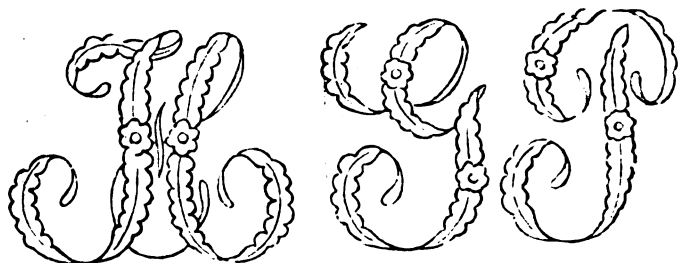
BASKET IN BOBBIN WORK.



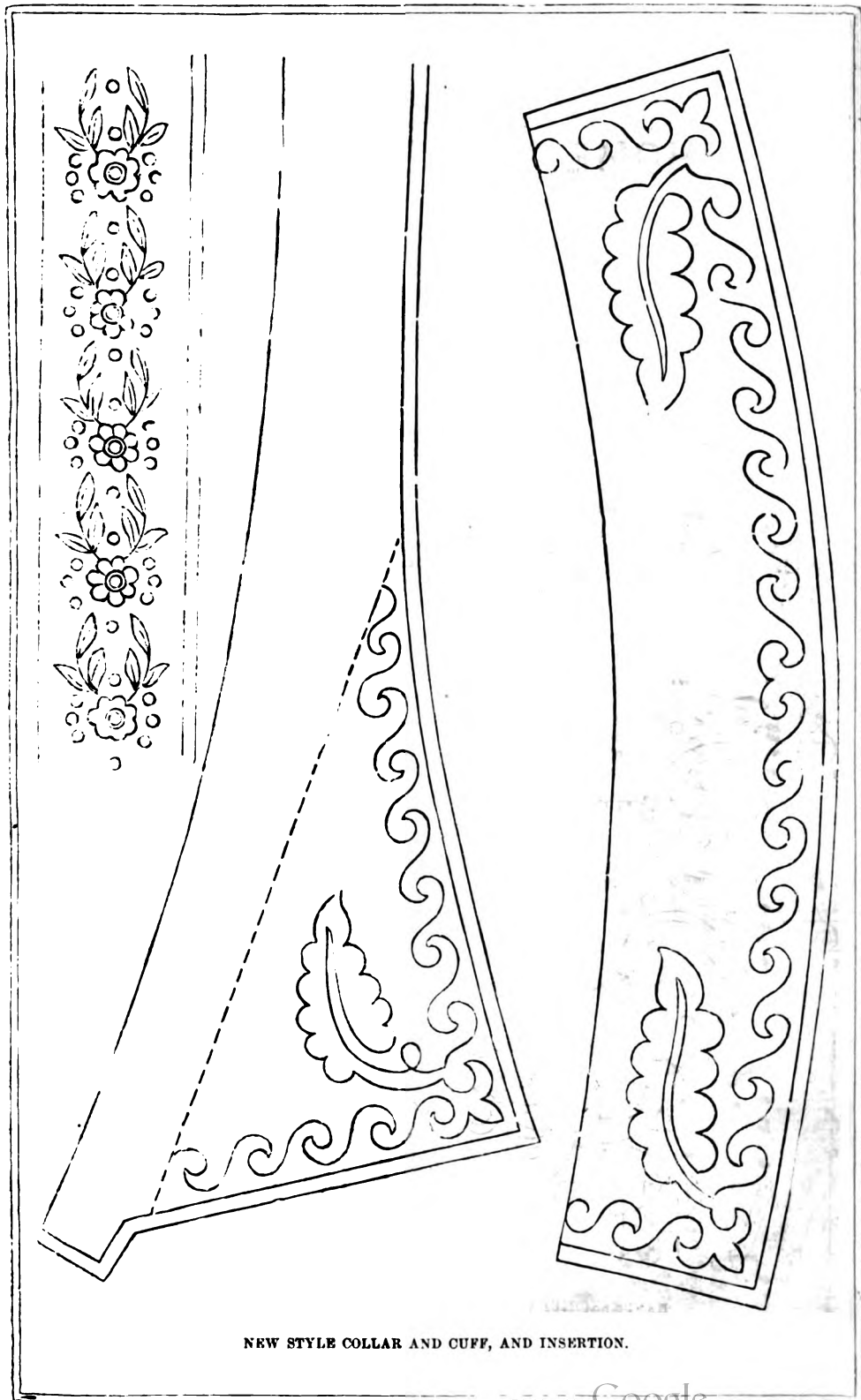
BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESS.



SECTIONS OF WINGS FOR BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESS.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER, INITIALS, AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.



NEW STYLE COLLAR AND CUFF, AND INSERTION.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

WITH VARIATIONS.

COMPOSED FOR THE GUITAR

BY ROLLIN A. SMITH.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

VAR. 







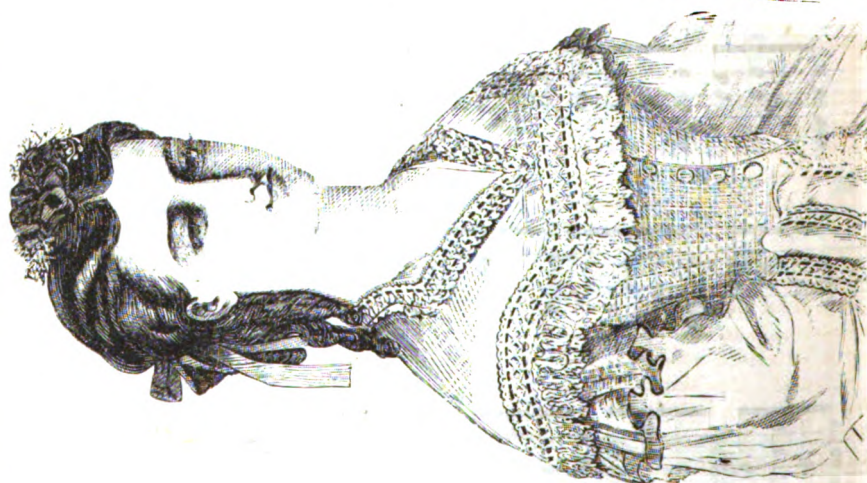
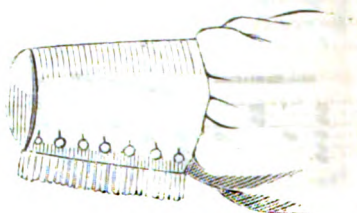
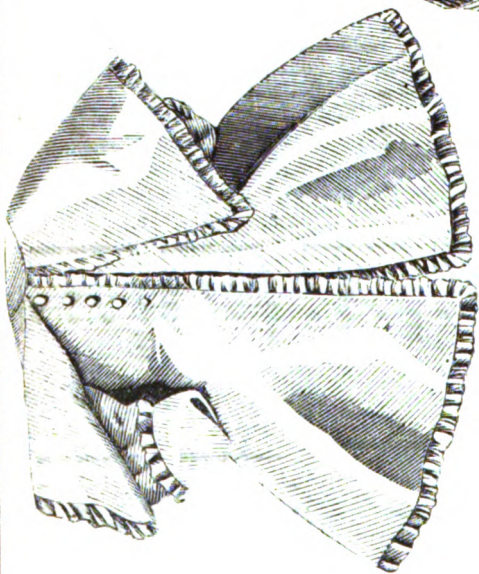








* POUCE.—The thumb of the right hand must be passed lightly over all of the strings.



HEAD-DRESS, SPANISH JACKET, CHILD'S COAT, SLEEVE FOR EVENING DRESS, AND UNDER-SLEEVE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1863.

No. 6.

SHADOWING THE FUTURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I DON'T know any such person," said Mr. Harwood. He spoke with emphasis; yet without apparent feeling. "I know no Mr. Stanton."

Slowly, looking back twice ere she reached the door, the servant retired. There was but slight change in Mr. Harwood when alone. His head dropped a little; his eyes were abstracted; a cruel hardness settled about his lips.

Meantime, the servant had returned to the parlor where a visitor was waiting. This visitor was a young man, rather poorly dressed. He had a thin face, pale about the womanly soft lips and fine forehead, but fever-flushed on the cheeks. His eyes were dark, large, and bright, but very sad. He rose, with an eager, expectant manner, as the servant came in.

"Mr. Harwood says——"

"What did he say?" The young man's voice was unsteady.

"That he doesn't know you, Mr. Stanton."

The young man dropped into a chair. The servant stood passive before him, her countenance touched by pity and regret.

"You must take him a message, then," said the visitor, lifting his eyes to the servant's face. She did not answer.

"Will you repeat what I say, word for word?"

"If he will hear me."

"Go to him and say that Emily is dying."

The girl started and clasped her hands.

"Dying!" she ejaculated. Then turned and fled from the room.

Mr. Harwood was sitting where we left him, the cruel hardness still upon his lips.

"Oh, sir! Mr. Stanton says——"

"Silence!" He turned almost fiercely on the servant. Her look of distress, as she stood wringing her hands, eager, almost trembling, did not move him.

"If you dare utter that name to me again, I'll send you from the house!" In his exas-

peration, Mr. Harwood rose and drew his large frame to its full height.

"Emily is dying!" said the girl.

"Off with you—huzzy!" He advanced a step or two, threateningly, blind with sudden rage.

"In your extremity, may God be more merciful!" said the servant, rousing herself to this rebuke. And she left the room.

"What answer?" eagerly demanded the young man, as the girl re-entered the parlor. She shook her head, saying, "He is without pity!"

"Did you say Emily was dying?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He drove me from the room."

"May God have mercy upon us!" ejaculated the visitor, clasping his hands, and looking upward. His face was like ashes. The bitterness of despair was in his eyes. He said no more, but went out.

Emily dying! Mr. Harwood had heard without really comprehending all this announcement conveyed. The servant's solemn rebuke surprised him. Alone, once more, the blinding mist of passion began to disperse, and the meaning of what had just been spoken, came into distinct perception. Emily dying! Emily, his only daughter, whom angry self-will had banished because of a marriage he did not approve; and dogged pride kept now, for over three years, in banishment from the old love and the old home. Emily dying!

He stood very still—indeed, quite motionless—in the spot where the servant had left him, the red signs of passion gradually fading off from cheeks and forehead.

"Dying!" He spoke the word in a low, half-doubting, husky voice.

"Dying!" He repeated the word after a little while, now with a perceptible tremor, and in evident painful surprise.

A wave of feeling swept over his face. His

hands and arms moved uneasily. He took a quick step forward toward the door through which the servant had passed; then checked himself and remained irresolute.

"Jane!" called Mr. Harwood, at last, in a sharp, eager voice.

The girl came slowly out of the parlor.

"Has he gone?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir."

"Go quickly to the door and call him back. If Emily is——"

Jane did not wait for him to finish the sentence, but ran along the hall to the street door, and, opening it, went out. She was gone for several minutes; then came back with disappointment on her face.

"I couldn't see him anywhere, sir. He was gone clear out of sight. Oh, dear! I wish you hadn't been so hard on him! Poor Mrs. Stanton! She may be dead before we can find her."

"Do you know where they live?" asked Mr. Harwood, coming half-way down stairs.

"No, sir. He didn't say."

"Can't you find out?" Mr. Harwood manifested considerable agitation.

"I have no way of finding out, sir. Oh, dear! If you'd only listened to me! Poor, poor Mrs. Stanton! She'll die all alone." The girl stood wringing her hands and weeping.

Mr. Harwood went to his room, conscience-smitten, and with the old, long obstructed love for his child flooding back upon his soul. Dying! The word was constantly repeating itself in his mind. It seemed echoing in his ears from every corner of the apartment. Dying! How sharply the tooth of remorse began biting into his heart! She was of delicate organization, like her mother, who had long ago been hidden from him in the grave; and, therefore, in danger of fatal disease under hardship, privation, and such mental suffering as must have followed her cruel banishment.

Night passed, and the morning came. But Mr. Harwood had no clue by which he might find his daughter. For three years, he had kept every avenue of intelligence in regard to his son-in-law, and daughter, obstructed. They had, many times, sought to approach him—many times implored his forgiveness—but he had turned from his daughter always in anger, and from her husband in scorn. A whole year had elapsed without intelligence, and now word had come that Emily was dying. But where was she? Pity and forgiveness were in his heart, but he could not go to her.

It was all in vain that Mr. Harwood set inquiries on foot immediately on going out. The

day advanced to noon, and still no clue was found. At three o'clock the afternoon paper came in. As he opened it, his eyes fell upon the deaths. The first notice was in these brief words:—"Emily, wife of Henry Stanton, aged twenty-three." This, and no more! Mr. Harwood did not start, nor groan, nor, indeed, make any external sign. But a barbed arrow struck through his heart, fixing itself beyond any surgeon's skill to extract. He was still holding the paper in his hand, when a woman, having the appearance of an Irish domestic, entered, and gave him a letter. She looked at him in a strange, repulsive manner.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Read it!" she answered, abruptly.

He tore open the soiled envelope and read:

"Your daughter lies dead at my house, No. — Elm street. Will you have her buried, or shall it be done by the Guardians of the Poor?"

MARY WORMLEY."

"Is there any answer, sir?" Mr. Harwood sat so long, with his eyes on the letter, that the servant grew impatient. Her question brought him heavily against the sharp pricks.

"Where is Elm street?" he asked. His nearest friend would scarcely have recognized his voice. The question was answered.

"I will see to it," he said, and the servant went away.

The hands of pitying strangers had laid the limbs decently, and clothed in scant burial garments the wasted, but still beautiful remains of "Emily, wife of Henry Stanton." The room in which the body lay was in the third story of a poorly-kept boarding-house. The furniture consisted of a low iron bedstead and thin mattress, two old chairs, once in some kitchen, a small, square red pine table, which served both as table and wash-hand stand, and a single strip of rag carpet on the floor. The walls were dingy and bare. Through one small, uncurtained window, with two or three of the panes broken and patched with paper, came the insufficient light.

The waxen face of the dead was uncovered. Bending over it was the young husband, his face almost as pale and wasted as that upon which his eyes were fixed. Some one entered the room, but the mourner neither turned nor moved. A man's feet crossed the floor; a man stood beside him: a man's voice sobbed out in a sudden paroxysm of grief. Then he started, rose quickly, and looked upon the intruder; and, as he looked, his weak, quivering mouth grew firm and strong—fire flashed in his dull

eyes—hot blood stained his cheeks. He drew himself up in a wild fervor of angry rejection—of bitter scorn.

“It is too late, sir!” he said—not loudly, but in a cutting undertone. “She asked for you last night. And, for her sake, I put away pride; I stifled the abhorrence I felt for one so meanly cruel, and went to you with her message, which you refused to hear. When I came back with your savage answer—no Christian could have said it—she cried out with such a bitter cry, that I knew her heart had broken under this last cruel stroke from her father’s hand. You might have saved her, but you did not. Nay, worse, you pushed her over the precipice on the edge of which she hung trembling, with arms stretched to you for succor! ‘If my mother had lived.’ Oh! how often she said that. ‘If my mother had lived!’” The speaker’s voice changed to a mournful cadence. “When mother was dying, I heard her say to father, Treat my child tenderly. Don’t be hard with her in anything. He’s forgotten all that. Sir, it was murder! The blood of that dead daughter is on your garments, never to be washed out. I say it, because I know! She loved you, though you cast her off; and for three long years her cry has been toward you. At last you have listened to her cry; at last you have come. But, she is dead; killed by her father’s hand! And now, sir, will you go away? You can’t do her any good.” The young man softened his voice. “Your presence hurts and angers me. Leave me with my dead. It won’t be long. I loved her, if you didn’t. I would have given my life to save her; nay, have given my life in the vain effort.”

His manner changed. He was like one who wandered in his mind. Nay, he did wander,

soon losing himself; and Mr. Harwood was alone with his dead child, and her crazed husband.

He had never meant that it should come to this. Oh, no! Anger, pride, and a false judgment of the case had hardened him toward the offenders. He would punish them long and severely; and he had lengthened the period, because an innate love of power, which is always cruel, had found delight in punishment. Many times he had relented; but always the cruel element in his nature prevailed over the tender, and he held his child away from him, that she might suffer for her sin against him a little longer. All advances from her and her husband inspired him with sudden anger. He meant to abide his own time, and to be gracious without solicitation. But he had waited too long. To-day is ours for good acts, for kindness, for forgiveness. It is dangerous to trust in to-morrow. They are sure to disappoint us.

What availed it that Mr. Harwood, stricken with sorrow, with shame, and repentance, took home the body of his dead child; had it clothed in finest linen, placed in a silver-mounted coffin, and buried in the family vault beside the mother’s mouldering ashes? What availed it that he ministered, in all possible ways, to the physical comfort of a poor wrecked being, whose mind, thrown from its balance by the closing tragedy of his brief wedded life, never regained its equipoise? He had made for himself haunting and accusing memories that would not sleep. He had shadowed every day of his future life. He had cursed himself with a curse that no exorcism could remove. Blind with passion and pride, he had trampled on quivering hearts, crushing the life out in pain and sorrow with every stroke of his iron heel; and now that he repented of this wrong, it was too late!

LINES.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

’Tis hard to bid adieu to those who gave
Life, light, and happiness, and youthful joys;
To mark them gliding swiftly to the grave,
And see the clouds of death hang o’er their eyes.
The child will weep e’en when some favorite dies—
A bird—a flower—which it may rear again;
But when the spirit of a parent flies—
Whose love in future we will seek in vain—
How dark our sorrow, and how deep our pain!

Then, in our sorrow, will we cry,
“Where is thine aid, Philosophy?”
Oh! let the m’oly sophist preach
A resignation in despair;
He cannot do what he will teach,

But must a mortal’s misery share,
Were he an equal loss to bear.

We are but frail—we are but clay—
Weak mortals of a little day;
Nor can we mark those hopes decay,
That all our early youth has nourish’d,
Without a wish to call once more,
The times when they so gayly flourish’d—
Times that we vainly ponder o’er.
Is there a rose that never faded—
A blossom that no cloud has shaded?
Show me their climate on the earth,
And all my grief shall turn to mirth!

A YOUNGER SISTER.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

I.

I OWE an apology in the outset, perhaps, for introducing you to such very plain society. Magazine readers, now-a-day, are so familiar with the avenue and palaces, that they will despise my heroine for not belonging to that neighborhood. I know myself that, through a long course of English novels, I have grown to be so at home with lords and ladies, that I look down immensely on rich merchants, bankers, and other members of the *bourgeois* class. They may be very respectable people, but I feel that they are not "my kind." However, the truth must be told. The Bowen family, with whom I propose that you should spend a little time, did in no way pertain to the world of splendor and fashion. True denizens of the city, they owned no country-place, and only left New York occasionally during the warmest weather for a few weeks in some rural district. Their house, spacious and handsome, but without modern adornments, stood in a quiet, well-built street, and was furnished comfortably, but without ostentation. Thus they had plenty of heavy, old-fashioned silver, and a wealth of snowy napery; the parlor carpets were only Brussels, and the chairs mahogany and hair-cloth. There was a fine piano, and an excellent library, but no great mirrors or costly knick-knacks. Their table was abundantly supplied with good fare, well-cooked and neatly served; but there were no French dishes and no wines upon it. It may mitigate a little the horrors of such barbarism to know that it existed some ten or fifteen years ago.

There was a regular tribe of the Bowens—five boys, and as many girls, of ages anywhere between five and twenty-five. Emily, the eldest daughter, was a graceful young woman of twenty; not quite handsome, but stylish, agreeable, and exceedingly intelligent. She had improved her mind by extensive reading of a solid order; she dressed well, danced well, sewed well, and played well to admiration. All her possessions were kept with perfect neatness, her hair always parted straight from the middle of her nose, her collars were put on with mathematical exactness. If she had a fault, this estimable person, it was, perhaps, a consciousness of

her excellences, a little intolerance toward the shortcomings of other people. John, the oldest brother, was her friend and companion. From the other members of the fraternity she held herself aloof, regarding and treating them as children—children to be well cared for, kindly used, but not admitted to equality.

The twins, Mary and Alicia, who always went together, cared very little for this exclusiveness; but poor sixteen-years Theresa had a hard time of it. Too old to play with the little ones, shut out from the twins' important conferences about their beaux and muslins, and snubbed by Emily, I am compelled to admit, whenever she ventured to express an independent notion, she felt her *role*, at this period, a most unpleasant one. But Theresa had endowments that would render her comfortable by-and-by, at any rate. A roly-poly figure, soft and round, with the plumpest arms and neck; raven-black hair and brows and lashes; large eyes of the intensest blue, dark and clear, and fathoms deep; the prettiest little nose, the prettiest teeth, the most bewitching dimple in her left cheek, and then—her smile! Do you remember Madame Anna Thillon's? Theresa's was exactly like it.

It was a lovely afternoon in May, and the little lady had sallied forth on a shopping expedition, accompanied by Alicia, whom she had coaxed into the excursion. Theresa's expenditures were not usually enormous, but she made her shopping hold out by great fastidiousness in choice of colors, width of ribbons, and so on. On her return, she burst into the back parlor, with an air of unusual excitement.

"Whom *do* you think we've met?" she cried. "Nobody less than Henry Howard! He has come back from France at last, and he's grown, oh! so handsome! He has a beautiful brown moustache, and such a distinguished look! Quite like a foreigner!"

"Pooh!" said Emily, who had a supreme contempt for dandyism, and, in particular, for the graces which our young countrymen are apt to bring with them from across the sea. "To think of a child of your age running on in that fashion! What do you know about a 'distinguished' look?"

"Well, you can see with your own eyes when he comes here," returned Theresa. "Mr. Brower was with him, and it was him that I saw at first; and I thought I'd cut him because he hadn't seen us for so long, that he would be sure to stop and talk; and we didn't wish for any of his delectable conversation——"

"Just hear her!" said Emily, with a face of comical distress. "You little mite, what are you thinking of? To 'cut' a sensible young man like Mr. Brower! As if he would mind it, if you did."

"I didn't want him to mind. We were just coming out of Tiffany's——"

"In—deed! And what took you there? I should like to know. Went to spend the sixpence mamma gave you yesterday, I suppose? I should really be glad to see how you disbursed."

"Now, Emily, do stop teasing. We were just coming out, as I said, when I espied Mr. Brower. 'Alicia,' said I, 'look straight at the other side of the street; there's somebody coming that I don't want to speak to.' So I marched along, very unconscious; but Alicia, fortunately, had looked ahead, just to see who it was that she *wasn't* to see—and there was Henry Howard!"

"I hope neither of you fainted?" said Emily.

"And Alicia, the first I knew, was saying, 'How do you do, Mr. Brower?' I was so provoked at her! And then I saw Henry, and was so glad that we had stopped! We shook hands, and had quite a little talk, and he's coming here to call before he leaves town."

"All of which is very interesting," was Emily's comment. "Isn't there any more of it?"

"Yes, there is," said Theresa. "But I've half a mind not to tell you; you are so very satirical to-day. Jeannette came with him. She is staying at Mr. Brower's, and wants you to come and see her."

It was Emily's turn to be excited now, for Jeannette Howard was her dearest friend. She hurried up stairs to dress, declaring that John must go with her, directly after tea, to pay the visit.

II.

MISS HOWARD accompanied Emily home for a stay of several days, and it was only natural that an attentive brother should call the next evening to see how she was doing. If any one had considered Theresa of sufficient consequence to notice her demeanor, they would have observed a very marked flutter and confusion as the gentleman was shown in. And I happen to know that she spent an unusual time before the mirror that afternoon, being in a state of

perfect perplexity as to which became her best, the cherry ribbons or the mazarine, the coral pin and ear-rings, or the blue enamel. Well was it for her that Emily did not suspect her deliberations nor their cause!

As for Mr. Howard, even the elder sister's exacting taste was obliged to admit him handsome; Theresa had shown good judgment in so pronouncing him. "Not just my style," she thought; "not pale enough or intellectual enough, and rather too carefully dressed, but still a very creditable personage. Jeannette may well be proud of her brother."

Evenings at the BOWENS were pleasant. You know how it is in some families; things always go off well. Their parties are never stiff; people talk and feel at home instead of sitting up rigid as ramrods, uttering a few frozen syllables at intervals. Their refreshments are always well-served, everything comes in its proper course and nobody is neglected. People stay late, and go away wishing it were early. And some one else with perhaps a better house, just as hospitable intentions, every means of appliance of enjoyment, fails entirely. The BOWENS had in perfection this gift of making time pass agreeably to their guests, and the guests were numerous in consequence. Almost any evening brought little companies of two or three to pass an hour with them, and the hour was apt to lengthen itself indefinitely. Cards were in order on these occasions, and dancing eminently so; the billiard-table was sometimes adjourned to, music was often called for; there was no lack of entertainment. This evening Mr. Howard had scarcely time to pay his respects to the various members of the family, when a ring at the door announced fresh visitors—Miss Layton and her cousin. Miss Layton, a pretty, lively girl; the cousin a young man, nothing in particular. Conversation went on pleasantly awhile.

"I wonder if any one would like to dance?" said Emily, a little aside to Miss Howard. "We are just a set."

"Arn't you mistaken? Some one will have to sit down."

"Oh! but I shall play for you, of course!"

"That leaves one over."

"You mean Theresa; that is easily arranged. I wish," said she, crossing to the corner where the younger sister was ensconced, "that you would find mamma; she must have gone into the basement, I think. Ask her if she will send Patrick to the confectioner's for some ice-cream; I have cake enough in the closet."

When Theresa returned everything was arranged. Emily was at the piano playing the

Norma quadrilles—in those days of long-ago people would not dance to anything but the Norma music—and eight young people were going through the pretty figures of the Basket cotillion. That was ages before the Lancers or the German. Theresa looked on admiringly; dancing was a perfect passion with her, and on school-afternoons, and at the weekly practicing balls, she had never any lack of partners; but here at home, with so many older people present, she expected no other part than that of spectator.

One person, however, had not considered this arrangement quite as perfect as Emily imagined it! Though he had no intention of letting his sentiments appear.

“Do ask little Theresa next time,” said Miss Howard to her brother, when the set was over.

“Theresa—which is she?” returned that gentleman, with a hypocritical pretence of not remembering among so many.

“Why, don’t you know? The charming little thing you were so struck with yesterday. It is too bad not to give the child her share of enjoyment. Now don’t put on a martyred air; it can’t be such a penance; only a single cotillion.”

The flash of delight in Theresa’s deep eyes, when he asked her, might have repaid a kind-hearted person for a more painful sacrifice. She stood up in a state of exaltation quite beyond me to describe. Every one smiled with pleasure in watching her movements; she did not dance, she floated rather, and then she looked so thoroughly happy. Only one person, however, appreciated her; Mr. Layton, just out of his minority, was obliged, in self-defence, to despise all bread-and-butter Misses, while brothers and sisters, who mainly composed the rest of the company, are not apt to rave over one of the family. Mr. Howard, it may safely be asserted, felt all the charm of that baby roundness and those luminous smiles.

Presently there was a pause. Emily left the piano and disappeared in the closet between the folding-doors; I told you it was an old-fashioned house. And very soon thereafter Nora, the parlor maid, emerged from the same locality, bearing a salver with the ice-cream and a basket of plum-cake.

Mr. Howard enjoyed his refrigerating saucerful in Theresa’s neighborhood; she had numerous questions to ask concerning Paris, and he was very kind in satisfying her curiosity. Court-balls, the opera, the *Jardin des Plantes*, etc., were animatedly discussed. Theresa had the true Manhattanese faith, that, whatever excellence existed anywhere in the world, New York

could show its counterpart. She made honorable mention of Palmo’s, (that early opera-house, almost forgotten,) and sounded the praises of the Washington Parade Ground and Union Park.

“But I like St. John’s the best,” she said; “it is private property, you know, and you don’t meet many people, but it is delightful. There is such a pretty fountain.”

“Yes, fountains are abundant now, thanks to the beneficent genius of Croton.”

“And there are beautiful fan-tail pigeons, and Cisco always gives me flowers.”

“So you walk there often of a morning,” said Mr. Howard, carelessly.

“Not in the morning, because I have to practice, and Miss Chaubert, our French teacher, is here. But almost any pleasant afternoon I go there with my sisters, or Kitty Cameron. It is almost like being in the country”—and she proceeded to dilate on the spring-time beauties of the Park. Perhaps Mr. Howard grew weary of these childish raptures, or perhaps he feared that to devote more time to them would excite remark; at any rate, he left them presently for Emily’s conversation. Theresa saw him go with regret, but she never dreamed of any artifice to detain him; to have been noticed so long was more honor than she could possibly have anticipated. Emily received his coming as simply her due; the young lady of the house, a gentleman’s attention was her perquisite. And Mr. Howard had that way which some men will have, right or wrong. While he was talking with you, *you* seemed to be the one important object; your preferences were the things that most interested him. Now Emily had plenty of opinions; she was by no means one of those dull individuals who pass through life without taking the trouble to think about the various things they see; and she expressed the results of her observation fluently and well. Mr. Howard found her very agreeable.

When the evening was over and the guests were gone, the girls lingered a few minutes to chat about matters before separating to their respective rooms.

“How well your brother talks!” said Emily, to her friend, “and what a rich experience of life he has had. Three years in Europe are an education.”

“I don’t know,” returned Jeannette, “he has come home terribly *blase*; he is looking for a sensation, he tells me.”

“Poor youth! Heaven speed his quest,” said Emily, laughing.

“I don’t think there will be any need of Providential interference. He was wonderfully

smitten with Theresa yesterday; could talk of nothing else when he came in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Emily, as her little sister left the room in a state of overwhelming blushes, "don't put such things into the child's head!"

"I don't believe you know how attractive she is to a stranger," continued Miss Howard, as they went up stairs together.

"Oh! yes I do! She is noticed a great deal everywhere we go. I think her the best-looking of our family, though Mary and Alicia are pretty girls as you will often see. But there's something about Theresa quite bewitching—unless my sisterly partiality misleads me."

If Theresa could only have heard this! But older sisters are always so fearful of awakening vanity in a youthful mind. "And she's a good child, too," Emily went on, "as you need ask to see. The soul of good-temper and cheerful as sunshine." Miss Jeannette said nothing, but quietly stowed away this favorable verdict in her memory.

"Blase!" thought Emily, reverting to Henry Howard. "That must be affectation. Suppose I were to help him to that interest in life he is so anxious for?" And glancing up at the mirror she saw an exquisite shape, surmounted by a graceful head and animated face. "It might not be difficult to do," was her conclusion.

III.

Theresa had a number of companions in her excursion to the Park next day. She praised its beauties so warmly to Miss Howard, that that young lady declared herself tempted to explore them; Emily joined in, of course, and the twins followed at sufficient distance to seem a separate party. The first thing they came upon on entering the little nook of greenery and shadow was Mr. Howard.

"You here, Henry!" exclaimed his sister, in amazement. "What could possibly have brought you?"

"The day is so warm and summer-like that it made me long for a bit of the country," he replied. "You come here often, do you not, Miss Bowen?" he asked, attaching himself at once to Emily.

"Not often—occasionally I like it."

"Ah! I had thought I understood from Miss Theresa that you frequently accompanied her."

Emily received this little statement with smiling complaisance. It was really amusing, she said to herself, the idea of the young man being at the pains to borrow a key among his friends, and sit there waiting on the chance of her ap-

pearance. Such a very remote chance, too, for she hardly ever came. She must have made quite an impression last evening; but then she always looked well in her blue silk; and she felt a renewed liking for that favorite dress. Such conspicuous gallantry merited good-will, at all events, and she was very amiable to her companion. Two or three hours passed swiftly by. Theresa was quite the cicerone and showed off the lions of the place. She introduced Mr. Howard to Cisco's notice, and that ancient worthy treated him with distinguished civility. They had some amicable disputes about the comparative merits of Hyde Park and St. John's, Theresa accusing him of want of patriotism, and he closing the discussion by saying, in an undertone, that St. John's had *one* ornament which no foreign park could equal. The look which accompanied the statement and elucidated it sent a vivid hue into Theresa's cheeks, and quieted her chattering little tongue for full five minutes.

But all this was by-play; most of his time was given to Emily. She was a young lady with whom men did not talk soft nonsense; she required to be treated as a rational being; yet she was not averse to a mixture of judicious compliment. This Mr. Howard knew how to offer with taste and delicacy.

It was growing late when they left the Park; of course he must see the ladies home. Then he was invited in to tea, a courtesy which he gratefully accepted. And after tea a party was made up to Niblo's, where admiring lognettes turned to it from all quarters of the house.

Some weeks went by. Miss Howard returned home; her brother established himself in some dark den down-town, and began to study under a famous doctor of law. Almost his only relaxation, might one believe his own account, was the society of his friends in Eighth street. Of that resource he certainly took the benefit. He discovered that his voice and Emily's harmonized delightfully, and they sang duets night after night. He kept himself informed of any amusements worth going to, and often persuaded the ladies to accompany him.

"What brings that young man here so much?" asked Mr. Bowen of his wife, one evening.

"Nothing, I suppose, except that it is pleasant for him. Emily is a great friend of Miss Howard, you know."

"Young men are not so very attentive to their sister's friends unless they wish to make them their own, as well. At least they weren't in my day."

"Human nature has not changed much since,

I presume," said Mrs. Bowen, smiling, "but I hardly think it is anything more than friendship. I hope not for his own sake, for I like the young man, and I am sure Emily does not care for him in that way."

Ah! kind mother, if you had but looked a trifle lower! If you had even once thought of Theresa being anything but a little girl, surely you would have seen cause for suspicion. In the flitting color of her cheek when the bell rang of an evening; in her downcast glance when Mr. Howard talked to her; in the sweet, shy manner with which she met him. The twins had noticed these last symptoms and set them down as "flirting," laughing to each other at the child's precocity.

Emily herself was exceedingly content with the state of affairs. She had a theory, often broached in that limited circle within which her sentiments were freely expressed, that people held absurd ideas about love and friendship. It seemed to be settled that if a man liked a girl and liked to talk with her he must be in love and intending marriage. A pleasant friendship, she insisted, was quite as possible between man and woman as between two men. This view of hers was always combated. "It ought to be so, perhaps," was admitted, "but it never is. There is sure to be a misunderstanding; on one side or the other feelings will become too much involved." Now her wisdom was proven, to herself, at any rate; here was Mr. Howard, handsome, intelligent, accomplished; just like a brother to her. Well, not a brother quite; say a cousin, rather. She liked him exceedingly, but she wasn't the least bit in love with him. Just in the beginning of their acquaintance she had imagined something a little peculiar in his manner; but if it were so, he had seen how calm her sentiments remained, and had repressed all appearance of anything warmer than friendly regard. If in his secret heart he still cherished a dearer hope—she had nothing to do with that. Nor had she any warrant for suspecting it. Within these understood limits Mr. Howard was her especial property. He paid no attention to any other lady, not even her own sisters—except, indeed, Theresa, toward whom he was always very polite, and even a little gallant. But that was only because she was the youngest and likely to be overlooked.

But Emily's acquaintances did not alter their views to suit her practice. When the Greys found him there on Monday evening, and the Westervelts on Wednesday; when he was seen with them at concerts, and walked with them to church—people naturally compared notes.

Emily received sundry jesting hints and insinuations; but, strong in conscious integrity, she pursued the even tenor of her way. One day, however, when Miss Vesey, a rather intimate friend of hers, rallied her on the subject, she felt it needful to explain the matter.

"Mr. Howard and I," she said, "are friends, and nothing more. We have many tastes in common, and enjoy each other's society, but that is absolutely all."

"We know very well what that sort of friendship means between a young lady and a gentleman," said Miss Vesey, laughing.

"You have no right to speak so, Marian. It is very strange if you cannot believe my word."

"I don't doubt it in the least. I only say that it is a capital beginning. Harmony of taste, liking to be together, what better foundation could there be?"

Emily reiterated her plain, unvarnished tale, but all was received in the same spirit, and she desisted, with a little show of dignified displeasure. She walked home, indignant with all the world. Why could not people mind their own affairs, and not concern themselves with hers? Marian Vesey, too, who ought to have more sense! Still, these continued attacks weakened somewhat her faith in her own position. If everybody looked at things in such a light, it was, maybe, foolish to defy opinion. The time was out of joint, certainly; but, perhaps, she was not the one to set it right. It was very disagreeable to be talked to in this impertinent way; and if ever, from any cause, the intimacy ended, unpleasant conjectures might be made. But, how to withdraw? That was the question. How cut short an intercourse so cordial and unreserved, without wounding Mr. Howard's feelings? And suppose it just possible that these people were right, and he *did* have something more than friendship for her? Oh! it was very vexatious!

What a light suddenly illumined her perplexities!

She felt too tired to go up stairs at once, and opened the back parlor door, intending to rest awhile, when a wonderful sight saluted her. Theresa stood by the window, the light falling full on her face radiant with happy emotion, and by her side, holding both her hands in his, looking at her as if his whole soul were in the gaze, was Henry Howard!

Emily remained one moment as if petrified; then she softly closed the door on the lovers. Neither had perceived her. She sat down on the lowest stair to recover breath; her mind was in a whirl; surprise—and another emotion

that was not pleasure. She had imagined herself all the time to be his only object, and this revelation was astounding. But hers was not a weak nature.

"Good heaven!" she said to herself, "why do I feel thus? I did not want to marry him—I did not think of it. Why am I sorry if Theresa does? Can I be so selfish as that? Wishing to deprive my sister of what I would not take myself! Let us have no more of this!" She rose, and went in search of Mrs. Bowen.

"Mamma," she said, "I found a charming tableau in the parlor just now."

"Yes, the dear child!" said the mother. "It was *such* a surprise, Emily. Mr. Howard saw your father at the office. If I had thought of any of the girls, it would have been you, my dear. Theresa! Why, I had forgotten that she was not still in pantalettes! I'm afraid she won't know how to make a proper answer—won't have the least idea of what she is saying!"

"Don't be alarmed for that, mamma," returned Emily, smiling. "I saw her just now, you know, and can assure you she acquitted herself most creditably, considering that she is only a YOUNGER SISTER!"

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

SWEET friend, thou hast faded,
As fade the frail flow'rs,
When Autumn's invaded
These valleys of ours.
No rose that we cherished
With care on its bough,
Drooped, faded, and perished
As quickly as thou.
Thine eye lost its brightness,
Thy cheek lost its bloom;
Thy form lost its lightness,
And soon, in the tomb,
With clay for thy pillow,
And turf for thy breast,
Beneath the dark willow,
They laid thee to rest.
The cold winds were sighing
Their requiems 'round,
And leaves, red and dying,
Were strewn on the ground.
Each sweet-scented blossom,
That oped with a smile,
And shone on the bosom
Of Summer awhile,

Had changed to a paleness
That June never gave,
And drooped with its frailness,
To die on thy grave.
All Nature seems blended
With sorrow and gloom,
Since thou hast descended
To rest in thy tomb;
Her zephyrs are sighing,
Her roses are shed
For Emily, lying
In peace with the dead.

But why should our bosoms
With sorrow be riven,
For one of earth's blossoms,
Transplanted in Heaven?
The saints gather 'round her,
In garments of white,
And Jesus has crowned her
An "angel of light."
Oh! there we shall meet her,
When life's dreams are o'er,
And joyfully greet her
With love-words once more!

SONS OF FREEDOM'S BIRTH.

BY LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

FREEDOM'S sons, while ye inherit
Priceless gifts, bequeathed in blood,
Purchased by yon heroes valiant,
Crimsoned in war's gory flood—
Yet remember, you may gather
From their deeds but empty fame,
If their undegenerate spirit
Burns not in your breast the same.
Hero fathers! brave deliverers!
In our helplessness to save,
They their mighty arm uplifted,
On the land and o'er the wave!

England's arm of war was broken,
Sundered the oppressor's chain;
Softly let their names be spoken,
Golden letters write their fame!
Washington, the great immortal,
Patriot parent, good as wise,
Looking down from Heaven's portal,
From his throne amid the skies—
Bids us sing, in glowing numbers,
Of the Sons of Freedom's Birth—
And to wake the world from slumbers,
Hymning their undying worth!

A GOOD MATCH.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Your blue muslin, Hattie, and make those pretty rolls under your net. The present style of hair suits your face to perfection."

"A rat, two mice, a waterfall, and a pork-pie hat?"

"Yes; and, Hattie, the blue net with the heavy tassels."

"You are very particular, this evening."

Hattie stopped at the door, looking at her aunt with a sort of questioning expression. Mrs. Hall bore the look for a moment with composure, but, under its steady pertinacity, she crimsoned and grew fidgetty, till a little embarrassed laugh broke the silence.

"How you stare, Hattie!"

"Aunt Kate," and the young girl's face grew crimson, "you are not going to show me off again?"

"Now, Hattie, what a queer child you are! Most girls would feel grateful for such pains as I take with you. I am sure, last winter I spared no pains to——"

"Get me off your hands! There, don't be angry. I know the kindness of your motives; but, auntie dear, it is pains wasted. I can't be fascinating to order."

There was another pause in the conversation. Hattie stood in the doorway, her wrapper falling off her white, dimpled shoulders, her pretty face flushed, and her blue eyes half laughing, half angry. Suddenly she jerked out the question,

"Who is it now, aunt Kate?"

"There, Hattie, do come round. That's a good girl. Your uncle is going to bring his partner's nephew out to spend a few weeks at T——. It is a splendid match. His uncle has the care of his property, and says it is enormous. He is an adopted son of Greaves, the millionaire, who left him all his property. They say he is very liberal to his mother, and has started all his brothers in business. Now, Hattie!"

The appealing pathos of her tone was too much for Hattie's gravity. She burst into a fit of hearty laughter, and ran off to perform her task of dressing for conquest.

Even aunt Kate was satisfied with the result. The blue muslin, cut in the most fashionable style, with its peasant waist of azure silk,

showed the white round arms and shoulders, and defined the delicate, tapering waist: the fair soft hair, rolled back in waving profusion, was gathered into a blue silk net, drooping low on the neck, its curling masses threatening to burst the pretty barrier.

Bent upon being a "good girl," she greeted the tall, stately visitor with finished courtesy, conversed of all the winter's amusements, talked ball and opera, ballet and concert, as if the warbling trees were not whispering an invitation to nature's music, and she were not longing to obey the summons. She sang Verdi's last agonizing yells till she was crimson with the exertion, and she fanned herself gracefully, as she acknowledged Milton Greaves' compliments; but, in her own room, she tore off her net, and paced the room angrily, with her fair hair floating around her shoulders.

"Haven't I said I wouldn't do it?" she said, stamping her little foot. "And here I am in the traces, working as meekly as auntie could desire, to secure this 'good match.' I won't! I won't do it! Come in!" for a quick rap interrupted her passionate soliloquy.

"My dear," said aunt Kate, coming in softly, "I came to tell you you needn't wear your best wrapper in the morning. He's engaged!"

"Engaged! How delightful!"

"I am glad you think so," said her aunt, ruefully.

"Then I may do just as I please?"

"I suppose so. There is no profit in wasting one's ammunition. And to think how lovely he looked, to-night, and how splendidly you sang the air from *Traviata*! And he is engaged to Miss Nellie Martin."

"Never mind, auntie; there is as good fish in the sea as ever were caught!"

"Hattie! how vulgar!"

"That's the principle, auntie, in homely language."

And, peeping over Milton Greaves' shoulders, as he writes to his brother, you may read,

"And you may tell Nellie, George, that she is still first in my affections; my allegiance stood the threatened shock. Fancy this lovely rural retreat inhabited by two ultra fashionable ladies, 'got up' in the latest style of crinoline,

flounce, and fashion, discoursing the opera and ball-room, and flourishing up and down the scales of Verdi's atrocities. The formidable niece is pretty, as my uncle said, but rather too marked in her attentions to your loving brother, etc., etc."

Fancy the gentleman's astonishment, the next day, when the breakfast-table party met him. Mrs. Hall, cool and comfortable in her white wrapper, and hair screwed up in pins; and Hattie, with a pretty chintz dress, and floating curls, sublimely composed under his most complimentary speeches. The soft blue eyes, that drooped so languidly last evening, now flashed a merry answer to his soft speeches, till he found himself at ease with the naturally graceful niece of his host.

"Do you garden, Mr. Greaves?"

"Sometimes."

"I am going to take advantage of this cloudy day to do a week's work in the garden. Uncle is going to town; auntie is deep in preserving duties; so, if you are not afraid of soiling your wristbands, you may come help me tie up rose-bushes, and set pinks."

If he was afraid of his wristbands, she was utterly regardless of her little white hands. Into the dark mould, scratched by the thorns, lifting the heavy spade, or down to the trowel depth, she worked at her task till completed.

"How very kind you have been!" she said, at last, standing up before him. "This would have taken me all day alone. Come to the pump to wash our fingers, and then I will show you the place. Are you interested in cows and pigs?"

"Deeply!" he said, with a kind of ludicrous solemnity.

"We've a beautiful stock," she said, as they walked on. "It is one of uncle's hobbies. And then you shall see Lightning."

"A horse?"

"Mine! I once captivated the heart of a sea-captain, who wanted to adopt me when I was about ten years old. Auntie not consenting, he has done the next best thing, by giving me the most extravagant presents, generally brought from abroad. He procured this horse when but a foal, and presented it to me, certain of its being a pure Arabian. There!" and she pointed across a field. "Do you see him? The black one."

Even her enthusiasm was satisfied at his unsparing admiration.

"Is he not a beauty? Fleet as the wind, spirited and haughty, he is loving to me, and as gentle as a lamb. Now see!"

She gave a clear, musical whistle of four or five notes.

Lightning stopped eating. Arching his neck, he bent his delicate head to listen. Again the whistle, and then, with long, elastic strides, he cleared the field, leaped an intervening fence, swept across another meadow, and stood beside his little mistress.

Milton caressed and petted him, but his head rested against Hattie, his eyes were for her only, till, obedient to a signal, he knelt like a dog before her.

"He will not be satisfied, now, unless he carries me," she said, blushing. "But he will walk."

She was on his back, one little white hand nestling in his long mane, as she spoke; but she kept him at a walking pace, as she did the honors of the farm.

They were sauntering up the walk to the house, she still seated on Lightning's back, he sauntering beside her, when a cry of pain, a long, wailing cry, broke the hum of busy life around them. Lightning stopped, as they listened. Again the cry, and, with a kindling eye, and flushed cheek, Hattie pointed to the men running across the fields.

A low whistle started her horse off with a speed worthy of his name. Milton stood aghast. Without bridle or saddle, she seemed to him rushing to destruction. The long, elastic strides of the horse soon distanced the men running to the spot, and Milton saw the young girl spring down and kneel on the ground. Another moment, and she stood erect, with something in her arms. The docile animal knelt again, and she was in her old seat, one arm holding a child, one hand nestling again in Lightning's mane. Slowly she came on, the men crowding around her, but her steed bearing her as softly as if he understood the necessity for gentleness. Again and again the cry of pain broke from the child, but the golden head bent over the little form, and soothed the sufferer.

Mrs. Hall met the procession as it neared the house.

"Willie Neal, the gardener's little boy," said Hattie, hurriedly, as she saw her aunt. "The children were all playing in the hay, and one of the big boys jumped on Willie's shoulder. Take him, auntie, I'm off for the doctor."

And, putting the child carefully in the arms "auntie" held out, she gave her whistle, and was off again down the road, her curls flying out under her broad hat, and both hands hidden in the hair of Lightning's mane.

"Where has she gone?" cried Milton.

"To the village. You may well stare, Mr. Greaves, but the people here know Hattie well, and it is useless to try to keep her within bounds in the country. She is a perfect farmer's girl."

"But the danger! That horse is so fleet!"

"There is no danger. Hattie was but ten years old, when Captain Willis gave her Lightning, then a foal; they are old play-fellows. Hush! Willie dear; there's a good little man." And, having reached the house, she made an apology, and left her guest, to provide for her little patient.

Milton paced up and down the piazza, watching for the return of the Arabian and his little rider. The morning's clouds gathered thickly, and a drenching rain began to fall. Everything was thoroughly saturated, before, far down the road, he saw the black speck. Larger and larger it grew, till the brave horse swept up the avenue to deposit its half-drowned rider.

"James! James!"

The call brought the stable-boy, who, heedless of the rain, as his young mistress, stood patiently to hear her directions for her pet's comfort. Not till he was led away did she heed Milton's entreaties to come in. The wide hat drooped mournfully, the curls hung in long, wet strings, from the chintz dress, the water poured in little streams; but the blue eyes were unclouded, and the little mouth smiling.

"How is Willie?"

"Better. Your aunt has doctored him."

"Dr. Lewis will be here as fast as his horse can bring him. He wanted me to come in his gig, like a lady, but I preferred to travel by Lightning, like——"

"A tomboy!" cried Mrs. Hall, from the window. "Come in, you wet torment, and dress yourself for dinner."

"Blue dress, auntie, and net?" whispered Hattie, saucily, as she passed her aunt. "Our good match is pretty thoroughly disenchanted by this time."

Such a merry afternoon and evening! Willie's

wounds were dressed, and the rogue's mother sent to him. The pouring rain kept home-folks within doors, and Milton undertook, by Mrs. Hall's request, to keep Hattie quiet.

The blue muslin came down again, without the silk waist, and the soft curls fell unbound over the round shoulders; but Verdi was put aside for Scotch melodies, and Flotow, while Milton's clear voice chimed with Hattie's, as the words gained new power from her heart tones, and the twilight found them sentimental over "Auld Robin Grey."

"Going home?" Hattie's voice fell a whole octave, as she paced up and down the piazza.

"I have been here six weeks now, and—and ought to go home."

"No more rides, no drives, no walks, except in solemn state or loneliness!" said Hattie, dolefully.

"Shall you miss me, then?"

"Of course!" The answer was half pettish.

"Give me permission to return, then," and he took her hand in his; "to return as—a suitor for this hand."

"You forget yourself strangely," she said, haughtily withdrawing her hand. "Miss Martin might question your right to make the proposal."

"Miss Martin? I don't understand. Nellie Martin is engaged to my brother, but how this affects me, I——"

"Your brother? Then you were not engaged all this time?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Oh! aunt Kate!" whispered Hattie, and then her merry laugh rang out, to Milton's extreme discomfiture and astonishment.

Days after, when, still a guest, Milton had won the promise he coveted, he told Hattie his first impression, and she sang,

"The rats and the mice, they made such a strife—
He was frightened half to death at the thought of such a wife!"

And he answered,

"But he rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
And saw a young lady jump on a black horse,
With her hair down in ringlets, and every-day clothes—
He finds she makes music wherever she goes!"

TO A POET.

WERE I a poet, I should wreath your name
With bright-hued fancies; tiniest buds of thought
Should blossom into sweetest song, enwrought
With, here and there, the laurel-leaves of fame.
And on your brow I'd set a fadeless crown
Of star-bright blossoms, spilling odors sweet
And rife with beauty. Fame should at your feet,
Your willing slave, crouch like a ma-tiff down,
Alas! the Muses hold me but in scorn—
So must my offering be of humbler worth;

Each kindly wish that in my heart has birth,
Tined with bright smiles—these shall the wreath adorn!
The gift of poesy, that brings its pain,
Its rapture, its delight—the haunting voice,
The witching spell are thine—and I rejoice
That thus thine ear can catch its melting strain.
And I am proud, indeed, to call thee friend,
And glad that I may bring my meed of praise,
That God may guide thee through the coming days,
My fervent prayer shall each day ascend. M. W.

COUNT TCHERKERNOFF.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 355.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning, Emily sat in the breakfast-room which looked out on the beach, anxiously waiting for Manners' appearance.

It was a beautiful day—the sky stretched out blue and cloudless, except for the fleecy summer clouds that floated about the horizon—the sea rippled upon the sand with a plaintive murmur, that would have been nothing to a mind at rest, but to Emily it sounded so mournful that she grew absolutely impatient by its musical monotony.

She had been with Kate for a short time after her return on the previous evening, but the conversation had soon flagged in a way very unusual between them; Emily was oppressed by the secret she had learned, and Kate was too restless under a thousand unaccustomed thoughts to fix her attention upon any subject.

Mrs. Delancy was enduring Kate's troubles with all the sympathy of true friendship, and she sat that morning so overwhelmed by these added misfortunes, that she could catch no hold of a hope wherewith to solace her anxiety.

At last she saw Manners riding up to the house, and went out into the porch to meet him.

"How is Kate?" he asked, as he dismounted and ascended the steps.

"She has not been down," Emily replied; "she almost always takes her breakfast alone, and I have not had the courage yet to go in and see her. Shall I send up word you are here?"

"Yes, please. Have you breakfasted?"

Emily colored and hesitated.

"I really believe you don't know," he said, smiling.

It was the truth, she did not. She was conscious that she had been sitting at the table, but whether she had eaten a morsel was beyond her power to tell.

"We will take it for granted you have not," said Will; "I hope you will try again and offer me a cup of chocolate."

Emily sent a message up to Kate, and accompanied Manners into the breakfast-room. She ordered fresh chocolate, and, when it was pre-

pared, they seated themselves at the table. Until then, the servants had been going in and out, so that they could only exchange the most commonplace remarks—it seemed to Emily that they would never be alone.

"Any news?" she asked, when the door closed behind the last domestic.

"None of any consequence," he replied, drinking his chocolate hastily.

"I dreaded to see the day break," said Emily; "I don't think I closed my eyes during the whole night."

"You are a remarkable woman!" exclaimed Manners. "You really feel for other people's misfortunes."

"I hope I am human——"

"Excuse me. If you were, you would be as selfish as humanity in general. I feel in a moralizing frame of mind this morning, you perceive; an early ride always produces it."

"If I did not know you so well," returned Emily, "I should think you perfectly indifferent to Kate. Why are you so much afraid of ever showing any feeling, Will?"

"Because feelings are something people can get hold of—mental bell-pulls that they twitch unmercifully if you show them where they hang. I don't like all the world ringing at the door of my heart, and trampling over every respectable thought that may chance to lie in the vestibule."

Emily laughed in spite of herself at the oddity of the comparison. Indeed, like most people who have suffered much, she had passed beyond the season when tears come easily, and learned to smile with silent bitterness at so many things which, in her girlish days, would have scorched her cheeks with burning drops.

Before they could say anything more, a servant entered—Miss Paulding desired her cousin to walk up stairs.

Emily turned pale again.

"How can you ever tell her?" she exclaimed.

"Just as I could sit down and have my arm cut off," returned Will, rising from his seat with very much the air a man might have when going forth to that pleasant operation.

"Your early visit has made her suspect bad

news of some sort," said Emily. "I am glad she did not come down—oh! what a coward I am!"

"Only in the anticipation of evils," answered Manners; "you are a real heroine when the moment to act arrives."

She shook her head—that might have once been true—but she was greatly altered now. Illness and suffering had broken her spirit very much; although in supporting quietly the unhappiness of her destiny, she was actuated more by a keen sense of duty than many of those who deemed her submission weakness, would have conceived.

"I am going to see Harry," she said. "If you want me, I shall be out on the lawn with him."

Manners left the room. She listened to his step in the hall. She could hardly have been more shocked and bewildered if it had been the tread of those carrying Kate's coffin up the stairs, instead of that death-blow to all her hopes and her future.

She broke from her dismal reflections at length, and went away to seek consolation in the society of her child—the poor creature had learned to depend upon the instincts of maternal affection as the only joy and portion left her in life.

Manners knocked at the door of the boudoir and opened it.

Kate was sitting in an easy-chair by the window, calm enough to all outward appearance; but the dark rings about her eyes, and the unaccustomed pallor of her complexion, betrayed the sleepless night she had spent.

"Good-morning," said Manners. "Have I disturbed you?"

"Not in the least," she replied; "I felt certain you would be here."

He took a seat near her; before he could broach the subject of his errand, she added quickly,

"You must have bad news for me, or you would not be such an early visitor."

It was not her way to avoid trouble, or put it out of sight to the last moment. If it menaced her, she wanted to look it full in the face and comprehend its proportions at the first glance.

"Tell me," she said; "you know my character—suspense will be worse for me than any bad tidings you can bring."

He saw that she was thinking of the Russian—the trouble in which he had fallen could wait for the present—that was a matter only between her own heart and her; but the other evil he had to communicate was tangible and required to be met at once.

"I have come to bring you bad news," he said; "I thought it better that you should know the worst at once."

He saw the color come and go in her face. She was struggling with all the force of her resolute nature to keep back any sign of agitation; he was too generous not to end her suspense at once.

"It is trouble of a kind that you do not expect," he said; "it comes through uncle Walters."

"He is not ill—not——"

"No, no; but he has met with a great disaster in business."

An expression of relief passed over her face.

"He has my fortune in his hands," she said. "If he needs money, why does he not use that? He has not waited, I hope, to ask."

"That is precisely the trouble. He invested your property together with the greater part of his own, and the scheme proved a failure."

She hardly understood the extent of the misfortune which his words were meant to express.

"But I suppose he will recover himself—he has such business talent."

"Kate, I have not spoken clearly enough," said Will. "Uncle Walters believes himself ruined. It pains him most of all to think that you are involved in his downfall."

"You mean that my fortune is lost?"

"I fear that nothing more than the merest pittance can be saved from the wreck. I can't sympathize with you—I don't know what to say——"

She put up her hand to enjoin silence, and then pressed it against her forehead. Well as he knew her, Manners could not decide how she would act under the pressure of such misfortune; he waited with a strange feeling of curiosity under all his pain.

"Then I am poor!" were her first words.

"But I have health, youth, and energy—I shall endure it. But poor uncle Walters—what a dreadful blow to him! What can I do for him? How can I comfort him?"

The news had roused her from the passive misery she had been enduring, and the shock did her good.

"He feels more than all the fact of having ruined you," said Will; "he made the investment without your permission——"

"Nonsense! There was a general permission for him to do as he thought proper with my money—he did quite right. Poor old uncle! I dare say he had schemes of doubling my capital—how sorry I am for him!"

"You don't appear to think of yourself," said Manners.

"I have not had time yet," she replied; "I am selfish enough in all conscience, but I am not quite a monster!"

"Not quite," said Will, with a smile.

"Don't imagine I mean to set up for a heroine!" she exclaimed. "Of course, I shall feel it very much—I haven't sounded the depth of it yet. I wonder if I shall have to teach or sew?"

"You might do better."

"What do you mean? I am sure I could neither write books nor paint pictures—I shall be sadly commonplace when the lustre of wealth is gone."

"I am not certain but you might do either; but I was not thinking of those things."

"What did you mean?"

"You certainly had offers enough to satisfy any reasonable girl—you might marry——"

"Don't go any farther! Sell myself, become a living lie, peril body and soul!" she exclaimed, passionately. "For shame, Will Manners! How dare you propose such things to me."

"Don't annihilate me quite! I did not intend you absolutely to sell yourself for your weight in gold; but if you liked any man—if you could be happy with him——"

"There is no such man," she interrupted, hastily; "you needn't trouble yourself to go on, Will."

He comprehended the thoughts which flashed through her mind; he saw the sickly whiteness of disappointed hope that gathered about her mouth, and the cruel anxiety which troubled her eyes.

"I must tell you all the features of the case," he said; "here is uncle Walters' letter."

"Not just now," she returned; "leave it for me to read by and-by! I know how he has suffered; I can't hear it this morning."

"I wished to tell you of one hope he has," continued Will.

"Is there any?"

"He thinks so. It may be the reed to which he clings for mental support—I half-fear so."

He explained in a few words the project by which Mr. Walters hoped to retrieve their mutual losses.

"But that will require money," said Kate.

"Yes; otherwise he must fail, and then everything is gone."

"Can he raise it?"

"There is the difficulty—his strait must be suspected."

"Besides," said Kate, "if he borrowed it and

then failed, he would be called dishonest—he could not repay it. No, no; he is my mother's brother, his name must not be disgraced!"

"He may find some friend who can assist him."

"He has no right to involve anybody," returned Kate; "I will not hear of it where I am concerned. The little saved let him use as he thinks fit. What he does will be for the best—but no borrowing—no entanglements."

"What a brave woman you are!" cried Will, roused into wondering admiration.

She smiled rather wearily.

"Because I can bear material evils," she said, contemptuously. "I believe I shrink from mental suffering like the most miserable coward!"

"How can you know? What suffering have you ever had?"

She twisted her fingers in an irritated way.

"None, of course; I meant that I should be a coward if it came. What else could my words signify?"

She flashed a dark glance at him, which warned him that the secrets of her mind would be kept to the last gasp. If she suffered, it would be in silence. She would crush her heart under its pain sooner than make one sign which should betray her weakness to any human being.

"Nothing else, naturally," replied Manners, quietly.

She appeared satisfied that he had suspected nothing from her words, and her thoughts went away from the trouble which had come upon her, to dwell on the doubts and anxieties which had left her sleepless through the long hours of the night.

She longed to question Manners, but had not the courage to approach the subject. When he entered, her first thought was that he had come to verify her suspicions concerning the count; but he appeared to have forgotten him utterly, to have no idea that anything concerning him could be of more interest to her than the affairs of any common stranger.

Suddenly another idea woke and stung her with its shame. He might believe that she was interested in him, and hesitated to speak for fear of giving her pain. That reflection was unendurable! She must question him—must be calm and indifferent while listening to the truth, no matter at what cost, or how shocking it might be.

She tried to frame some casual inquiry—she could not find a single word that would not reveal her suffering.

"Shall you write to uncle Walters?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she replied, impatiently; "I will

write to-day—you must also—tell him I do not care, except for him.”

“It is too early to decide upon any plan——”

“Don’t talk about plans!” she cried. “Excuse me, Will; I am nervous and irritable.”

“You will stay quietly here with Emily till the matter is settled.”

“Of course—never mind all that! I have had my breakfast—I am not going to starve to-day.” She caught her breath and added, “Will, did you——”

She could go no farther. She felt as if the sentence must end in a shriek if continued.

“What were you going to ask?”

“Nothing,” she said. “I have forgotten—it was of no consequence.”

“Emily is very anxious about you,” he said.

“Poor Emily! I have not seen her this morning—I suppose she was afraid to meet me—I will go to her.”

“She is busy with the boy; I dare say she will be up soon.”

Kate sank back in her chair from which she had half-risen.

She must speak—she must know the worst—she should lose her senses if she could not end that suspense.

“Was there a hop last night?” she asked.

“Yes.”

He would not assist her—she felt irritated beyond endurance.

“Mrs. Doshamer was here yesterday,” she began.

“Yes, Emily told me so—tiresome old cat!”

“You have heard what she said?”

“About the Russian, you mean?”

Kate bowed her head—she could not speak—but she managed to play with some flowers in the window, she would not give way.

It was a fine study of character to watch the proud woman; she bore the ordeal as few of her sex could have done.

“Oh! she was in a state of high delight!” Manners went on; “she exults in other people’s misfortunes. They——”

A knock at the door interrupted him; Kate fairly sprang out of her chair with impatience.

“Come in,” said Will.

It was one of the servants with a message for him. Some one down stairs wished to see him instantly.

“Let the person wait,” said Kate.

“I will come back immediately,” he replied; “I have oceans of things to tell you since you have introduced the subject.”

He rose and left the room, and Kate rushed up

and down the floor, fairly insane with anxiety and suffering.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE time of Manners’ absence appeared interminable. She caught the bell-pull once or twice in her hand to ring and summon him, then allowed it to drop, and turned away.

He might come in suddenly and find her in that state of agitation. She must sit down—must quiet herself.

She threw herself in a chair; her face was half-turned away from the door. A step in the passage—a quick knock—he had come at last!

She tried to bid him enter—the words died in a husky whisper. She could only keep a desperate grasp upon her reeling faculties, and sit there, still and cold, awaiting the revelation which was to torture her heart.

The door opened, a voice said,

“Mrs. Delancy gave me permission to come in.”

Kate turned. It was not her cousin, but the young Russian who stood before her.

She gave one gasp and sat staring at him, utterly incapable of speech or motion under the shock.

“May I enter?” he asked.

She managed to bow—she could not yet trust her voice.

How was he to be treated? What did this visit mean? Had he come to explain the mystery which surrounded him, or to blind her eyes again, and by some specious argument make her once more forget all her suspicions and the tales she had heard.

“I left your cousin down stairs,” he said, taking a seat near her. “You ought to be out this fine morning—you look pale from so much confinement—it must be bad for you.”

He spoke hesitatingly; there was a constraint in his manner unlike his usual polished ease. Kate had no strength just then to waste in words, so they sat in silence for some moments.

“I did not mean to be so stupid,” he said, suddenly, looking in her face with one of those beaming smiles which had thrilled her soul only too often.

Kate’s head began to whirl—she was nearly stifled between emotion and anger at herself for feeling it.

“I came to tell you something,” he went on.

“Will you have patience to listen?”

She must speak now, and it should be done firmly.

“Go on,” she said, and repressed agitation made the tone icy and forbidding.

"I am almost a stranger to you," he said, quickly. "It sounds like presumption to address you as I must; but remember that I had seemed to know you for months before I made your acquaintance, and so pardon me. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I love you! I cannot go away with this secret in my heart—it has been upon my lips a thousand times—I must speak now. I know it seems bold, mad, but let me tell you the whole—you freeze me with your icy manner."

He looked at her with his face pale and troubled; she could preserve her statue-like composure no longer. She began to tremble violently from head to foot, and her great eyes grew purple with excitement.

"I came to America late last autumn," he went on hurriedly. "I was lonely and disheartened; my mother had died suddenly a few months before, and she was the only person I had to love. I lived in New York in complete retirement—I had no letters—I made no acquaintances—I only wished to indulge my morbid feelings in solitude, and escape from every person who had ever known me. I saw you drive past one day—do not think it foolish or insane—I felt that I had met my destiny. I haunted your footsteps after that—I knew that you often saw me—I was romantic enough to believe that you sometimes thought of me. I learned that you were coming here—I followed—you know the rest. Since then I have only lived in your presence! Tell me that you are not angry—that you are not indifferent—that I may still hope."

She forgot her suspicions, forgot the reports which had blackened his character, and sat listening in a delicious bewilderment to his passionate words.

"Answer me," he said; "tell me that time and devotion may teach you to return my affection. Oh! lady, lady, do speak to me!"

He caught her hand and covered it with burning kisses.

"You frighten me," she said, brokenly; "I have known you so short a time—it seems so unwomanly—I cannot forgive myself——"

"You mean that you are not indifferent to me?" he cried. "Oh! only say that and I will be silent! I will wait months, years, but let me have the hope of finding my happiness at last!"

She sank back and covered her face with her hands. He gently withdrew them and held the slender fingers in his own.

"Look at me," he pleaded; "give me one moment's rest and joy! I have not deceived myself—you do care for me."

"I don't know myself any longer," she cried out; "I seem to be living in a dream."

"Let it become a blessed reality!" he said. "Promise to be my wife; let your heart speak. Oh! it will plead for me, it must!"

He drew her head upon his shoulder; she did not resist, but lay there, sobbing like a tired child, utterly prostrated by watching and excitement. He whispered soothing words in her ear—called her by every endearing name that love could suggest, and she listened, forgetful of the whole world, the future, all which lay outside that little room, while those thrilling tones echoed through her heart.

Suddenly a thought roused her, like the stab of a dagger, from her bewildering dream. No remembrance of his unworthiness—that could not intrude yet—but the tidings Manners had brought.

"They tell me I am poor!" she exclaimed; "I have no right to marry any man."

"Do you think I want your money? Can you wrong me by such a doubt? Could we not be happy in a desert if we had our love to brighten it? If it is gone, do not think of it. Surely, if you love me, you would not allow your pride to stand between us."

"I think I have none left," she murmured, unconsciously.

He caught the words and strained her closer to his heart.

"My darling, oh! my darling! Your destiny shall be what you choose to make it! If rank and power can gratify you, they shall be yours—if wealth can purchase you happiness, it shall be found."

His words brought back the recollection of all her past fears; she must speak—not that they were in her heart now—but she must let him know how unworthily she had doubted him.

"I must tell you!" she exclaimed. "They said you were an impostor—an adventurer—sometimes I half believed the stories when you were gone. Only yesterday I heard——"

"I know the story, little one; it would have been strange if you had not doubted—my behavior has been ridiculous."

He drew his arms away and stood before her, pale and grave.

"Have you any doubts now?"

"Not while I look in your face!" she exclaimed.

"Suppose they were true—if I were not——"

"No, no!" she interrupted. "You are not false, you are not base!"

"Not that; but suppose I am not rich, not

titled, what would that have to do with your love?"

"Nothing," she answered. "You may be poor as I am, I shall love you still; but your honor—your good name!"

He drew her toward him once more—held her close to his heart for an instant—then released her and moved away.

She heard the door open—heard him call,

"Constantine, come here!"

She had fallen back in her chair. Some one entered with him—she recognized the Russian ambassador.

"This is my cousin," she heard the count say. "Constantine, will you tell this young lady who I really am?"

"The most atrocious, romantic, good-for-nothing young Don Quixote that ever lived!" exclaimed the ambassador, pushing him aside without the slightest ceremony and going up to Kate. "My dear Miss Paulding, I am so happy to see you again. You stole my heart last winter, you know; I am charmed to renew my acquaintance with you."

Woman of society and finished lady as she was, the only words Kate Paulding could speak were:

"How came you here?"

"No wonder you ask; I feel as if I had fallen from the clouds! I heard of this creature's annoyances, brought on by his own folly, and hurried here to give him a fine scolding for his behavior. Would you believe it, I did not even know he was in America. I found him in the hands of the police—only fancy it! He is a pretty inmate for a respectable dwelling; by this time he would have been in the New York Tombs if I had not reached here last night."

Kate was nearer the verge of hysterics than she had ever been in her life, but the count interposed in time to keep her from going over.

"It is all true," he said; but I will try to explain the matter a little more clearly than Constantine has done. If that is the lucid style in which he settles diplomatic affairs, he must be an invaluable ambassador."

"Oh! the facts are there," returned the minister, gayly. "You are a jail-bird; there is no use in denying it!"

"You are bewildering Miss Paulding utterly," said the count. "She is in doubt yet whether you have not come to apprehend me."

"So I have—and shall take her as chief witness. Your career is ended, sir. I believe your destiny will be settled in this room."

The color rushed back in a torrent to Kate's cheeks, and the count went on with his explanations.

"Last spring I discovered that one of my servants was dishonest. I discharged him, and, it seems, he passed himself off for me, committed several heavy forgeries, and disappeared. The police learned that a person bearing that name was here, supposed it to be the forger, sent on and arrested me last night. Constantine arrived just as they were taking me away, and, of course, the matter was settled."

"But you did not pay your hotel bills," said the ambassador; "you know you did not."

"I foolishly disposed of a large sum," said the count, "and left myself out of pocket. I drew a check on my banker, but the letter was miscarried; so I was forced to appear in a very unenviable light in every way."

"That is not all," added the ambassador. "Don't stumble; make a clear breast of it; Miss Paulding shall sentence you after."

"The name I bear here——"

"Count Tcherkernozoff!" fairly shrieked his cousin, going into convulsions of laughter.

"I wished my voyage to remain a secret," said the count. "I chose that whimsical name, and when my servant went to obtain the passport, he saw fit to add the title."

"From these follies have arisen all his troubles," said the minister. "I hope you have had enough of masquerading for this time. Miss Paulding, allow me to present my cousin, Count Oscar Orloff—his first appearance, this season, in his original character."

His gayety carried off Kate's confusion better than anything else could have done, and just then Will Manners put his head in at the door.

"Is the prisoner ready?" he demanded.

"Give him time for a last prayer," said the minister. "I think one fair judge here is tolerably decided."

Kate sprang forward, and hid her face on her cousin's shoulder.

"Did you know?" she asked.

He laughed consciously.

"Well, yes. Orloff did give me a suspicion of the facts some weeks since, as I was your cousin. I told him the matter might as well rest; you could learn his real name at any time. He did not know what people were saying about him, and I thought it made no difference. Besides, I wanted to prove to you that you had more heart than you believed, and could not help loving a man, although he was slandered."

"All a base plot!" said the minister. "They shall be punished hereafter, Miss Paulding. Count, finish your confessions."

He drew Manners out of the room with him,

considerately leaving Kate a little opportunity to recover herself.

The lovers sat there for a long time, too much engrossed in their conversation to heed the flight of time.

The count managed to talk fast enough in that hour to make her tolerably familiar with the leading events of his life. She had no reason to plead that she knew so little of him after that.

"Oh! Kate," he said, "we will be happy now."

"Let us try to be worthy of it," she answered, seriously. "I am ashamed of my past follies. Will you teach me to outlive them?"

Never mind how he answered. It was a very convincing argument, and admitted of no dispute.

"Good people!" said Manners' voice outside. "We other poor mortals have human appetites. Kate, are you aware that you are starving a Russian ambassador in the coolest possible manner? Count Tcherkernozoff, will it please you to come down stairs?"

Down they went; but before anything rational could be done, Emily was forced to carry Kate off for a few moments, squeeze and cry over her a little, and then return to the company tolerably composed.

After a time, the gentlemen rode back to the town; they were to return that evening. The ambassador apologized for dragging the count away; but there was a little business to settle, and his stay must be short.

All the afternoon Kate lay on the sofa, and Emily hovered about her, happy as a bird over its fledgling. They did not talk much—startling events had rushed upon them with too much rapidity to render conversation easy—but it was pleasure enough to rest there quietly, feeling that the clouds had cleared away, and the sun came out the brighter for the passing gloom.

Back to Newport drove our three friends. The first person they saw on the steps of the hotel was Col. Leslie. The fact of the ambassador's arrival, and the release of the count, were still only vague rumors, which most people refused to credit.

When the crowd saw the three drive up, there was a general excitement and confusion.

The blankest and the palest face that one could see was worn by the gallant English colonel. He looked from one side to the other, as if he would gladly have made his escape; but that was impossible.

The ambassador ascended the steps, leaning

on the count's arm. Several persons who knew the minister crowded about him. He introduced his cousin, and explained briefly the state of the case.

The story spread like wild-fire. In an hour it was known from one end of New York to the other, but by that time there were other revelations to be chronicled likewise.

Mrs. Doshamer had seen the carriage drive up. With a group of other ladies, she crowded as near as possible, unable to understand the thing at all.

"I suppose he is a state-prisoner," said she. "I dare say he has committed fearful crimes in Russia, and will be taken there for trial."

At that instant, up rushed old Wilson, with a statement of the facts.

Mrs. Doshamer nearly choked in her rage, but she crowded nearer with the others to witness what would follow.

The count stopped directly before Col. Leslie.

"The malice you have shown would deserve punishment," he said, "if a gentleman would not disgrace himself by shooting you. I recognized you from the first, but forbore to expose you, hoping that you had reformed. You do belong to the Leslie family, it is true, but not legally. You were broken and driven out of the army for swindling, and cheating at cards; you are a fortune-hunter, and a gambler. Now leave this place, and do not return."

The Englishman stood aghast, tried to bluster; but it was all in vain. The count drew a paper from his pocket and showed it to him, quietly grasped him by the coat collar, and, in spite of the colonel's struggles, landed him at the foot of the steps in the most unceremonious manner, with a variety of smarts on different portions of his person not necessary to particularize.

The confusion baffles description. In the midst of it Mrs. Doshamer escaped to her room. She found Juliet—who had just heard the story—overwhelmed her with abuse, and left her almost fainting in her chair.

The poor girl was roused by a voice she knew only too well. She started up, exclaiming,

"Oh! Will, Will, what shall I do?"

He made her sit down. A long conversation followed, interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Doshamer, who fairly drove Manners out of the room.

The next morning, Newport woke to another excitement. Will Manners had eloped with Juliet.

I am glad to leave them all happy, to settle even the least matter satisfactorily.

Mr. Walters received the aid he needed, though it was years before Kate accidentally learned from whom it came. Of course, my readers can guess at once.

The old gentleman's schemes prospered, and both his fortune and that of Kate were nearly doubled. She persuaded him to make a new will in place of the one which had been in her favor, and Manners was declared his heir, on condition that he grew steady, and practiced his profession as a lawyer, which followed in due course.

Kate settled a handsome sum on her new cousin, and the pair began life with more hopes of happiness than they had any right to expect.

Tom Delancy broke his neck, riding a steeple-chase, and poor Emily breathed freely again, finding happiness enough in her son to atone for her past sufferings.

Our friend, Mrs. Doshamer, was a long time recovering from the effects of her mistake; but she got over it at last, and took Juliet into favor when she found how rich she had grown. It was a great blow to her, however, when Kate's marriage was announced, and to this day she refuses to suspect people because they have a mystery, or possess doubtful names, remembering always the end of the little romance of COUNT TCHERKERNOZOFF.

EVANGELINE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

In a dim old forest, by the beauteous Rhine,
'Neath the dewy grasses, where a dark-leaved vine
O'er a white cross climbeth, lies Evangeline.

Once those eyes of beauty, like the stars of night,
Shone upon my lone heart like a dream of light.
Ah me! now they no more bless my waiting sight!

Once those little fair hands lay within my own,
Whispered vows did mingle with the Rhine's low moan;
Now they're meekly folded 'neath a burial stone.

Every eye that cometh lends my wearied feet
Where the forest bendeth o'er the waters fleet,
Where a white cross gleameth in a dim retreat.

Oh! the tears and wailing! Oh! the words of woe!
With the moon down-gazing, and the waves aglow—
Kneeling by a lone grave, where the waters flow!

All the solemn night-tide, all the dim hours long,
Flow the star-lit waters, chanting low along;
But the sleeping maiden heareth not the song.

Oh! a dream of beauty came upon my sight,
In the lonely watches by the grave, last night—
For I saw the City, saw the Gates of Light!

Thou, my soul's Evangel—thou, my sainted one,
Thou didst stand transfigured, shining as the sun,
At the crystal portals, saying to me, "Come!"

Oh! my heart leaped upward! But I waked to see,
Through the boughs, the stars gaze downward, pityingly,
And the dream of beauty came not back to me!

Oh! I'm weary waiting at the gates of Time,
I am weary watching by the glittering Rhine—
By thy cross of marble, oh, Evangeline!

FAREWELL.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

On! word so full of tears, so full of sighs,
What tongue can picture all the grief
Thou bring'st to human souls, whose wet, sad eyes
Strive but in vain to yield some poor relief.
Only a word—yet in its mournful tone
Seems gathered a full life. The heart
Throbs faster—hands clasp—a stifled groan—
One kiss—one look of love—then part.

Closed is affection's feast, ended for aye
The earthly friendship, which beguiled
Our souls as with a spell. And must we say
Farewell, and, draped in woe the while,
Grieve on in hopeless pain, to meet no more
With leaden hours, and cheerless days,
The only heritage till life is o'er?
Alas! how solemn are God's ways!

This calm is but the calmness of despair.
We strain the aching eyes, and yearn,
With agony unbreathed, and quickly, where
Fond memory has built her urn;
We bring the words, and looks, and smiles, now gone,
Our hearts made glad in days of old,
As hoarded gems; but soon the vision's flown—
The dross is here. Where is the gold?

Heart wait, and know God rules. We shall yet meet,
No more to part. In the good land
That's coming, life and love are long and sweet,
And there is given no parting hand.
Wait and be good. Smile through these tears, and know,
Though bitter is the grief, ye shall
Come where the waves of anguish never flow,
To breathe no more the word, "Farewell!"

THE COURTSHIP OF WILL WOODHOUSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

MR. WILLIAM WOODHOUSE was naturally a very timid man. Not that he was lacking in moral, or physical courage, but he was afraid of the women. On all other occasions he was usually equal to the emergency, be it whatever it might; but place him *tele-a-tele* with a woman, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, he was done for.

His mother had long ago settled down to the uncomfortable conviction that William would never marry; and the girls had arrived at the same conclusion: it had become quite the thing to say, in making comparisons, "As great a fool as Will Woodhouse!"

For—take note, bashful young gentlemen—however much ladies may admire modesty in the other sex, they invariably despise a man who has not heart enough to say to the girl of his choice, "I love you."

Will admired all the girls in his way, but he looked upon them very much as sensible people do upon a hornets' nest, as a curious piece of architecture, but not safe to be familiar with.

So he kept his distance, and in the meantime arrived at the mature age of twenty-three. Then he met, for the first time, at a picnic party, Adelaide Browne. We believe people with the stoniest hearts fall in love at pic-nics, and from that hour poor Will had no comfort of his life. Sleeping, or waking, his dreams were full of the beautiful Miss Browne. Surely there never was another of the numerous Browne family like her! Blue eyes, white muslin dress, with knots of pink ribbon—brown hair, red lips, pearly teeth, snowy hands—all danced together in a miscellaneous "all hands round," before his distorted vision.

Adelaide, all unconscious of the trouble she had caused, went her way, breaking the hearts of most of the young gentlemen in Highbridge, and trying hard to fracture the few that remained whole.

She was visiting her aunt Hooper, and it is an undeniable fact that ladies always take best where they are not known. This is no libel on the sex—no indeed! for with gentlemen this truth is still more applicable.

Mrs. Hooper was a widow lady of no small personal attractions in her own estimation, and if she was not so young as she might have been,

she thought she was, and behaved accordingly. She still affected short sleeves, and profuse ringlets of glossiest black—though envious individuals persisted in it that her curls were made at the hair-dresser's. These same persons, also, believed that she was anxious to supply the place of the dear deceased as soon as possible!

For a week after meeting with Adelaide, Will bore up bravely. The second meeting destroyed all the stock of composure he had been hoarding up. He took desperately to the Mus-es, and walked the whole night away to the infinite destruction of shoe-leather, and the infinite disgust of his practical papa.

He met Adelaide, now, quite frequently. Highbridge was very gay. There was a singing-school, a lyceum, a "society," and then the young folks got up excursions to the surrounding hills—for it was yet early autumn, and nature was in her robes of state.

There was an excursion to Mount Gibbo, one fine day, and there Will had the ecstatic pleasure of treading on Adelaide's dress, thereby throwing her headlong into a pile of brush, and while Laura Blake picked her up and helped her pin on her flounces, he stood by frightened half out of his wits, and momentarily expecting the mountain to open and swallow him up.

From that time he pined rapidly. His appetite was a thing of the past. His mother thought him in a quick decline, and dosed him with hoarhound and Dr. Perkins' patent pacific pills. He grew worse and worse.

At last, thinking himself near his end, he confessed to his mother. She was thunder-struck, at first; but afterward, like a sensible woman, she advised him to put on his "tother clothes," and go right over and lay the case before Miss Browne. It couldn't kill him, she said, and then if she refused him—why, there was as good fish in the sea, etc.

Will took three days to consider, and at the end of the time his mind was made up. He swallowed a double dose of blackberry cordial, donned his flame-colored vest, and black and blue plaids—brushed his hair till it shone like ebony, covered his head with his father's ten dollar beaver, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Hooper's.

Not that he intended to ask Adelaide—but

Mrs. Hooper. If he could only get the aunt won over to his cause, and employ her to state the condition of his heart to her niece, he should be happy. He felt assured that he never could live through confessing himself to Adelaide; and, if he did, and she should say no—he was satisfied he should faint away right on the spot!

As good fortune would have it, he found Mrs. Hooper alone, in her best gown and her best humor. She was charmed to see him, and treated him to nuts and cider, and a seat on the sofa so near herself, that poor Will was at his wits' end to frame the first word of his errand.

They talked of the weather and the crops till the clock struck ten. The widow tried to make him think it was only nine: but he was not so far gone but that he could still count. He felt that the terrible moment could be no longer delayed. He must make a beginning.

"Mrs. Hooper," said he, "I came over this evening——" he hesitated.

"Yes, Will," said she, encouragingly.

"I came over——"

"Yes, I know you did," still more encouragingly.

"I came over to ask a great favor of you!"

"Well, you couldn't have come to anybody that would be readier to do you a kindness, William."

"Thank you." The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops. "But this is a very delicate business, very! I come to ask you to—to——"

"Go on. Don't be afraid. I am listening."

"The fact of it is, I'm in love!" desperately; "there! I've done it!"

"Mercy me! Why, William! and I never mistrusted it—never! Well, of all things!" And the widow edged a little closer, and put her fat hand in William's.

"Yes, I'm in love, and I come to ask you if you would——"

"Will I? To be sure I will! How could you think otherwise? I have always thought so much of you! But it is so sudden! What will folks say?"

"Deuced if I care!" cried Will, elated at the prospect before him; "it's nobody's business! Am I to be wretched on account of what people will say? Don't hug me so, Mrs. Hooper—I beg—I—I ain't used to it; and—and, what was that noise?"

"The mice, I guess. Dear William, how glad I am you told me!"

"And you'll ask Adelaide, and make it all right with her?"

"Adelaide? Oh! she'll have no earthly objections! Of course not!"

"Are you sure? If I was only certain of it! Oh! Mrs. Hooper, I loved her the moment I set eyes on her!"

"Her? Who?"

"Why, your niece, Adelaide Browne. She is the only woman on earth that I could ever be happy with! I shall die if I don't get her!"

Mrs. Hooper turned purple. She caught up the poker and flew at our hero like a maniac. He made for the door, she following close.

"I'll show you how to insult a respectable woman!" she cried, "I'll show you how to steal the affections of a guileless heart, and then prove false!" each "showing" accompanied by a thump from the poker.

Will had at last succeeded in putting the door between him and his antagonist, and, in frantic haste, he dived down over the steps, and at the bottom reeled full into the arms of Adelaide Browne herself, who was just returning from a friend's.

"Don't let her get at me!" he cried; "I'd rather die than she should hug me again! It's you I love, not her, and she's madder than a hatter!"

It was not a very elegant proposal, but Miss Browne's self-possession insured Will's everlasting weal. She accepted him on the spot, for she had liked him all along, and nothing had stood between them but his abominable bashfulness.

Will is a happy husband and father now, but even to this day the sight of a widow will make him tremble; they are so intimately associated, in his mind, with pokers.

THE BIRD IN THE RAIN.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

A LITTLE bird sings out in the storm,
Though dark the day and dreary,
His song comes in through the wind and rain,
And is never, never weary.

So, let us sing, though the rain-drops fall
Into our lives all drearful,
With lips that shall not murmuring know,
And hearts that will be cheerful.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

I AM not superstitious; understand that before I begin. When a man's life, inner and outer, has been choked down for thirty-five years into the dog-eared leaves of a law-book, you will find few grains of credulity or fancy in his nature. Besides, I don't think there ever were any in mine. Only the highest and lowest orders of intellect dare confess a belief in truths that underlie a science of common sense, and I belong to the massed middle mind of the world, to whom common sense is the highest natural good. Yet I have observed that almost every man, if you catch him in the right humor, has some odd experience to relate which trenches on the supernatural. He sneers at it, as he tells you, yet secretly believes it. You bring up a parallel case, and he flouts it with an easy explanation. "Stuff! pah! Do you think he credits such old women's tales? That little matter he just spoke of was a mere nothing, of course; yet it *was* curious, eh?" More; I do confess that among the civil suits and criminal cases that have made up the dull routine of my own life, there have been one or two such odd incidents, for which no natural hypothesis will account. I purpose to give you the facts of one of them, assuring you that they are facts. Whatever may seem to you incredible in the story is the most true. I offer no explanation of the mystery; never explained it to myself; all that I know is, that it actually occurred just as I tell it to you. The names are necessarily altered.

In 1820, I employed about my office in Richmond, a boy named Tom Sanders: an ugly, short, Dutch-built fellow, whose only recommendation as to looks was a certain straightforward honesty in his face. I liked Tom; kept him as errand-boy for two or three years; his steady, solid-going habit gained trust and respect insensibly; whatever he had to do, whether it were to sort the papers, or eat his dinner, was sure to be slowly and thoroughly gone through with true German phlegm. One other German trait Tom had strongly developed; a quiet pertinacity in getting on and making money. He hoarded every minute of his off-hours from work, just as he hoarded his pittance of wages; tried to study in these spare

minutes to become a gymnast; cleaned his worn clothes with the same dogged persistence in every way to make the most of himself. I foresaw my office-boy would grow, as a majority of his nation do, into a just, honest citizen, solid in pocket and integrity. Well, I had a fancy for Tom, as I said; and then it is human nature to help the successful. So, one spring morning, I took him out of the outer office, inside, and entered him as one of my regular law-students, finding he had scraped into his slow brain almost enough of Latin and English requisite for a beginner. He read with me for five years, learning slowly; but there were no leaks in his brain; once in, an idea stayed there. How he lived I hardly know: he would accept no help. Flint, one of his fellow-students, told me he taught in the vacations, cooked for himself; starvation diet, Flint averred. Yet, beggarly as his situation was, and resolute as he continued in rejecting aid, even Pine, my black fellow, sneered at Mars' Sanders' love of a dollar. A trait not easily forgiven by Virginia negroes, or Virginia masters; so it happened that with all Sanders' sterling integrity, and warm, though slow feelings, he was unpopular with his fellow-students, a favorite with no one but myself. Some time in September, 1825, I received a letter from a friend in Randolph county, in which he incidentally mentioned that there was a good opening for a lawyer in that region. I called Flint out of the ante-room, and, reminding him that he would be admitted next term, proposed he should go out to Randolph and settle, stating that the region was a growing one, and that his practice would increase with the population. Flint stood aghast. "The Cheat country!" he ejaculated.

I tried not to smile, glancing at his diamond shirt-buttons and white hands.

"Rather rough, the mountaineers," I said. "You've been there?"

"Yes," he replied, dryly. "I went down, sir, with Judge Clapp as grand-juror, last fall."

There was a pause. At last Flint broke out briskly,

"Fact is, Mr. Page, I am grateful to you for the plan. Fine opening, none better, I know—slow, but sure. But I'd like to look around me

first, and I would like to give Tom Sanders a chance. Why not throw this in his way? The poor fellow can't afford to wait long for briefs, and those Cheat river folks will suit him better than——"

"You; and he will suit them better," I interposed. "You're quite right, Flint. I wonder I did not think of it sooner. Only a thorough man could make his way out yonder, and Tom is that in muscle and brain both. Send him in here."

Flint laughed good-humoredly, too much rejoiced to escape banishment to care for reproof. He stopped on his way to the door.

"It's not altogether selfishness on my part, Mr. Page. I do want Sanders to get on. He wants to marry old Jake Adams' daughter, and he'll never do it until he can play brag with the old hound with more dollars than he's likely to make here."

Tom Sanders in love! I could not comprehend it.

"She will be rich?" I asked. "An only child, is she not?"

"Yes, sir. Tom'll make a good thing out of it at Adams' death; but he'll hold on these twenty years. I think Tom likes the girl for herself though. These quiet people are mostly in earnest."

"Very well. Send him in."

Sanders, I knew, had occupied a room in Adams' house, and it was there he had made the girl's acquaintance, perhaps. Old Adams was one of the most disreputable men, free from the penitentiary, in Richmond: miserly, a scoffer at everything good and pure, a slave-raiser, with a suspicion of having once been a slave-driver. He lived in a dilapidated old house at Rockets, a village a mile or so out of town, owned some bank-stock, and hired out some forty negroes. His daughter I had seen once, a thin, sorrowful-looking girl, who would have been pretty if she had not been half-starved.

When I proposed the Randolph country plan to Sanders, he asked a week for consideration, at the end of which time he gravely accepted it after many cautious queries. In November he would be admitted, and purposed to start for the Cheat country immediately. These preliminaries settled, I ventured to allude to his marriage, hoping that my influence might remove any obstacle. I sincerely wished Tom well, and would have done much to aid him. The fellow's broad jaws grew pale as I spoke of it. It is not easy for men like him to talk of such things. Yet, I think, the ice once broken, he was glad of sympathy.

"I thank you," he said, with a grave nod. "But I've little hope of bringing it about, now. Her father's against it, and she won't disobey him. She's a good girl, Jane."

"And if you marry now, you would lose all chance of the money."

He looked up hotly, seemed about to speak angrily, but checked himself. "Mr. Page," he then said, earnestly. "I like money, that's true. But a wife's a wife: and another thing, Adams' money might rot with him if I had Jane. But she won't disobey him. It's not easy," he said, after a pause, "to see her going to the grave faster than he is, between starvation and ill-usage."

I offered gently to use my powers of inducement with the old man.

"It would do more harm than good," he said. "He'll never consent, he can make nothing by the transaction."

"He's a hard master with his servants, I have heard?" I said.

"Yes, and a harder father. But I'll pay him back yet. I've a fancy I'll marry Jane before I go to the Cheat," he said, half to himself, the remembrance of some outrage on the old man's part making his face dark. We did not continue the subject, as I found I could not help him.

Two weeks after, I went down to Charleston, a little town on the Kanawha. Meanwhile, although Tom, I knew, was busily preparing for his examination and removal, I heard no more of the Adams's, father or daughter. I wish you to observe the statement I now make, as it is essential to the understanding of that part of my story which is mysterious, the fact that, indeed, makes it inexplicable. Charleston, the town where the court was held which I for the first time attended, could even now, with the facilities of railroad communication, not be reached from Richmond in a period of less than ten days; then, it was a journey of about three weeks. Telegraphs were unknown. The two points were, then, so far as *immediate* connection is concerned, as widely separate as the poles. I went alone; not even attended by a body servant. No theory of explanation of what there transpired will suffice, then, which rests on the idea of a cognizance of parties in Charleston of events occurring in Richmond. Such cognizance being manifestly impossible.

I designed remaining in Charleston about a week. As is usual in Virginia, the session of court was the signal for even more unlimited hospitality than usual. I, with Judge Hepburn, and two other members of the Western

bar, were the guests of one of the planters—a cousin of mine, in fact, Col. Page. I met Hepburn (judge of the United States court then) for the first time. He was a Louisianian by birth, driven by some strange chance into Western Virginia a few years before. The other lawyers, younger men, denominated him a dry old chip, and grew silent over their wine when he was present. One of your men who are born lawyers; a brain full of forms and precedents unlimited; a small, sharp eye; a leathery face; a cool, sarcastic tongue; dressed like a Quaker, and as silent and watchful as one. Rollicking Col. Page, our host, lost the point out of his best stories when the judge was present, and let them fall flat and tasteless; and if the young people were carrying on a sly flirtation in the drawing-room, they grew shy and grave when he came in; his very cold gravity conveyed somehow the impression of a sneer. The character of the man contributed to make the incident I relate more remarkable.

Finding that he had been tied down closely to business for several years, and that he had never visited Richmond, I persuaded him to return with me for the purpose of recreation, to which he finally consented. Some two or three days before the time appointed for our departure, Col. Page requested me to look into the details of an interminable law-suit he had kept for years as a hobby. He brought the papers to the library in the evening of a dull, rainy day. Judge Hepburn lounged in presently, and, after listening for a time, took up a newspaper, and dozed over it, rousing now and then to help himself to a glass of wine from the table. At last, tired of our monotonous voices, he leaned back in his arm-chair, and fell asleep altogether, snoring occasionally so as to provoke a smile from Page, and a quizzical glance to the open, bony mouth and yellow face, to which sleep certainly lent no charms. We worked on at the papers for an hour, too busy to heed the uneasy breathing of the sleeper, until Page, turning, exclaimed,

"Hepburn's asleep with his eyes open! Nightmare, I believe. Here! judge, wake up!" shaking him tolerably roughly.

The man's eyes were stretched open with the peculiar glassy stare of a somnambulist; big drops of sweat had started out over his forehead: and when, after repeated shakings, he woke, it was with a violent fit of trembling and chattering of his teeth. Page glanced significantly at the empty decanter, and then at Hepburn, whose whole appearance had altered as

if under the influence of some powerful excitement.

"The night's foul fiend' has got a grip of you, eh, judge? Take some water."

Hepburn poured the water in his hand, and wet his face. "It was horrible!" he muttered.

"Bad dreams, hey?" said Page, turning to the table again, while the judge sat down, trying to bring himself back to his customary quiet. Looking up, after awhile, and catching my eye, he got up and shook himself, as if ashamed of the agitation he could not throw off. The man was totally unlike himself.

"I tell you," he said, with a nervous laugh, "if that was a dream, God preserve me from reality! I cannot convince myself that what I saw did not actually occur, at the instant just past. I act like an idiot. Look, how my hand shakes!" He sneered at himself in the old way. "One would think I believed in our old nurse's tale, that the gift of second sight lay in our family, and that I had seen a vision."

We passed it off with a jest, seeing how annoyed he was that we had seen his agitation; but an hour after, Page asked, carelessly,

"What was your dream, by the way, judge?"

I thought the other was glad to tell it. He found himself, he said, on a muddy road leading by a canal, a place he never had seen before, yet which he could not but feel existed somewhere. A man going before him was the only object in view—a most diabolically faced old wretch, whom he would hang, he added, with a laugh, on no evidence but his jaw and eyes. A heavy rain began to fall. Besides this, there was a vague, unclean odor from the mud-banks of the canal. The old man stopped, apparently waiting for some one, and was presently joined by a woman, whose face was hidden, but whose figure and step showed her to be lithe and young. While they talked together, a young, stout-built man came softly up from behind a heap of lumber, armed with a knife.

Page and I could not but smile at the earnestness with which the man told the story. Its reality had taken strange hold of him. Even yet, in his secret heart, he believed it, laugh as he might.

"He killed him," he went on, shuddering. "I saw him strike the old man, here, under the fifth rib, from behind. The woman hid her face till it was done. The man touched her when the other was dead, pulled her shawl, and said, 'Now you're free.' It was horrible! The blood stained everything; her dress was spotted; some of the drops reached me." He looked involuntarily down at his coat.

"Well?" said Col. Page, hiding a smile.

"They took off the old man's coat and jacket, and rolled it in a bundle, with his pocket-book, the woman's shawl, and the coat of the murderer, after trying to wash the stains out of it. The body they threw into the canal. I saw them go along the road, seeing, as I went, how soon the rain effaced all marks from the clay, carrying off the blood. About half a mile back from the canal stood an old mill, partly torn down. They buried the bundle of clothes in there—hid it under a board of the floor, nailing the floor down again. Part of a sign hung on the mill I noticed. *Bryson Brothers* was on it—the remainder broken off."

I started. Such a mill, with its broken sign, stood on the canal road, near Richmond.

"Did you say you never were east of the Blue Ridge, judge?" I asked.

"Never," said Page. "I can answer for him. Known him, man and boy, in Louisiana and here, these fifty years."

I said nothing of the odd coincidence, but it fastened the judge's dream on my mind. I glanced at my watch: it was past eleven. Afterward I remembered the time; the day was the thirtieth of October.

Three days after this, Judge Hepburn started with me to Richmond, taking the journey leisurely, as it was an open month for both of us. Crossing the Ohio, we spent a week loitering, gunning, and fishing, so that it was about ten days before we arrived at Wheeling, and put up at the Virginia House.

"John Page, of Richmond?" said the clerk, inquiringly. "A gentleman here, sir, asking if you've arrived. In No. 46; name of Flint. Leaves in the evening boat. Sam, see if No. 46 has gone."

I followed Sam hastily, a little excited. What could have driven Flint in search of me? Letters were carried irregularly, then, and if any sudden emergency had arisen, Flint had probably thought it surer to come than to write. I found him leaving his room.

"This is luck," he said, eagerly. "I was just starting for Charleston, and would have missed you. Come in."

"What has happened?" I asked, as he shut the door. "What is wrong?"

"The matter's bad enough, Mr. Page," he said, drawing a chair for me to the fire. "Old Jake Adams is dead."

I drew a long breath—of relief—I am sorry to say. "Is that it?"

"Not all," he said, with a half-smile. "No mourners for that death but Jake himself, I

fear. But he was murdered," growing grave again.

The horrible truth struck me as he spoke. "Go on," I said, gulping down the fear. "Who is accused?"

"Tom Sanders," said Flint, wiping his forehead.

"Before God, George Flint, he never did it!" I sprang to my feet.

"I do not believe he did," said Flint. (The boy had grown thinner since I saw him; he was a good-hearted fellow, Flint.) As I paced the floor, he entered into details. Sanders was not arrested as yet, though secretly watched: did not know, in fact, how heavily suspicion rested on him. Flint, being entrusted with the facts, had set off instantly in search of me, as Tom's friend, and being the person most likely to sift the matter thoroughly. His story was briefly as follows:

Tom Sanders and himself had passed their examination successfully, and been admitted to the bar. Sanders, as the time drew near for his departure to the Cheat, became visibly irritable and moody. One or two quarrels had taken place, between him and old Adams, in consequence of the cruelty which the old man practiced on his daughter. Sanders, after one of these quarrels, had been heard to threaten that he would be revenged, that it was better the old brute should go to his own place, than live to torture the girl—words which might have been uttered in the heat of passion, but to which the subsequent event gave terrible significance. Two days after this threat, Adams was missing. It was supposed that he had gone down the country unexpectedly, and no search was made. The Sunday following his body was discovered in the canal, bearing a wound made by a knife under the fifth rib. The police were set to work, and suspicion, as I said, was slowly fastening on Sanders.

"He never did it!" I repeated, pacing the floor. "I'd risk my life on that boy's integrity. What is he doing, Flint?"

"That is another thing against him, sir. He is making arrangements for marrying the girl immediately. He says she is helpless, friendless—that he is her natural protector. True enough; yet it looks suspicious to the police. Unfortunately, too, you know, he lodged in Adams' house, so cannot prove an *alibi*. He says the old man went out after dark, and never returned."

A long silence followed. What drove the judge's dream into my head just then?

"Flint," I said, "where was the body found?"

"In the canal."

"Where was Adams last seen?"

"I forgot to mention that. On the canal-road, just after dark. Two men passed him. Tom's story and theirs agree in that point."

"What night was that?"

"The thirtieth of October."

I restrained an exclamation with difficulty, but I did restrain it.

We started for Richmond that night, going post. Judge Hepburn was too used to the exigencies of a lawyer's life to be surprised or disturbed. It was late when we reached Richmond, on a Saturday evening. Committing my guest to my housekeeper's care, I drove immediately to the magistrate in whose hands the proofs against Sanders lay.

"I have waited for you anxiously, Mr. Page," he said, after giving the details more formally than Flint had done. "I do not see how I can longer defer giving young Sanders into custody. Fortunately he has made no attempt to escape; is ignorant, I believe, that suspicion rests on him. The proofs are strong, Mr. Page."

"Not to me," I answered. "Take care what you do. You throw a stigma on the man that may ruin his life. Defer the arrest until Monday noon. I have a clue, I think."

The magistrate was curious, but I kept my clue to myself.

"By Monday morning you will have the guilty party in your power," I said, confidently; "and that party will not be Sanders."

How little confidence I felt! My clue, I am almost ashamed to acknowledge, was Judge Hepburn's dream. What a broken straw that was, men can understand who despise all superstition as I did!

It was a wretched night. I had not known how deeply I was attached to Tom: one minute, my hopes strengthening belief, I would persuade myself that, by means of this supernatural aid, the true murderers might be discovered; the next, I cursed my own folly at such hope. Again, did not the evidence of the dream even point against Sanders? A short, stout man, he described the murderer. I offer no apology for the importance I attached to this dream. I believe, under the circumstances, and the same excited feelings, any man would have done the same.

I left my room early on Sunday morning, a day heavy with the fate of poor Tom. I had planned my work carefully during the night. My first care was to call Pine, my valet, and question him as to the whereabouts of the slaves owned by Adams. All, he informed me, but two

employed by his daughter, were in one of the slave houses, ready for hire, their term of service with the planter who employed them having expired.

"Did Adams keep any of the servants in the house?" I asked.

"Only Sue, mas'r," he said. "Her's wife to white Joe down't Grimsby's." (White Joe was a light mulatto, employed at a restaurant in town, a hardened villain, I knew.)

"Adams' people weren't fond of him, Pine?" He shrugged a violent dissent. "Drefful wretch, Mas'r John! Good riddance, I guess."

"Where does white Joe, as you call him, stay now?" I asked.

"Goes out mos'ly to see Sue on Sundays, sah."

I dispatched Pine with a note to Sanders. He came, delighted to see me again, showing more feeling than I thought was in the fellow's nature, looking happier, more cheerful than ever before. He could not be expected to mourn for old Adams' death, and the future was bright before him. No suspicion of the dreadful doubt hanging over him had dawned on him. I kept him to breakfast, walked out with him, did all I could to show how entirely I trusted and respected him. Trifles all, yet I could note how even Flint shrunk vaguely from him doubtfully. The reputation he had for love of money told against him now.

"After all," I overheard Flint say to one of the men in the secret, "it is a good thing for Sanders; and he might have thought Adams only like vermin well out of the way—God knows!"

It was a cold, clear morning. As the time drew near for the final trial, I became nervous as a woman; however, I did not hesitate in my plan. Judge Hepburn had not yet risen, breakfasted in his room with Louisianian indolence. When he sauntered slowly down, Sanders was gone, to return in the evening.

"For church?" said the judge, yawning. Life and death came before the "assembling of ourselves together" in my creed.

"What say you to a drive?" I suggested.

Hepburn's eyes brightened, and in a half an hour we were bowling away into the country, the high back of the gig preventing my companion from perceiving how closely we were followed by three horsemen—Flint and two detectives from the police force.

It was a pleasant enough drive. The judge was talkative, for a wonder—and, being so, did not notice how difficult it was for me to command my laugh or reply at the right time. We

passed down the hill and reached the canal at last, creeping slow between muddy banks. Would he recognize it? I glanced at him askance.

"A disagreeable road," he said, indifferently. "Would not the other be pleasanter?"

"Let us try it a little way," I forced myself to say. There was no recognition in his face. The same story went on for another mile of the famous New Orleans Grimes suit. I never hear it named since without a recurrence of the dreary disappointment with which I listened that day.

At last, however, there was a sudden pause in his narration, a quick, uncertain glance on the stubble-fields, the yellow, slimy stream, and the dull road.

"What is it?" I demanded, eagerly. "Nothing," he replied, rallying, and went on, "Scoresby Grimes, as I said——"

But before long, he stopped again unasily, and remained silent. I did not speak, but drove on more quickly. I saw the doubt gather on his face, blank amazement, something akin to terror.

At last he caught my hand.

"In God's name, what is this? This is the place of my dream. The old man was murdered there," pointing to a shelving part of the bank, which was, as I had been told by the police, the place where Adams had been murdered.

I thrust the reins into his hands. "Go on—the mill! There's a life on this!"

He might have thought me mad, only his own senses were bewildered. "There the woman met him," he continued, "they stood here—the young man came from yonder pile of lumber. He dropped his hat. It fell in that pile of gypsun weeds." He pointed with his whip.

A signal brought the police to our side. One of them stooped and disengaged a felt hat from the mud. *Not Sanders' hat!*

I thanked God, covering my face with my hands.

Judge Hepburn did not seem to heed the unexpected arrival of the police. He sprang out of the gig and hurried up the road on foot.

"This way!" he cried, eagerly. "What can this mean?"

We hurried after. Crossing the fields with a sure, familiar step, he led the way, until we came in sight of the ruined mill. The sign, broken, hung swaying in the wind. *Bryson Brothers* on it. He glanced up, growing paler as the reality became more sure, then entered and walked straight to a plank more securely fastened than the others. "Do not touch it,

judge," I hastened to interpose, "that is the office of these gentlemen."

The plank was soon torn up by the help of an axe, and underneath was found the coat and jacket of the murdered man, stained with blood, a woman's shawl, a smaller coat, and a long Bowie knife, rusted with the gore. There was a name scratched on the hilt. The policeman reading it, looked up: "White Joe, Mr. Page. He's the man."

We turned to the city. I had a fancy to test the truth of the dream yet farther; so, after a whispered word to the officers, led the way to Adams' house. Several men, black and mulattoes, were lounging on the fence corner. Judge Hepburn scanned them as we came up. "There is the murderer!" he said, quickly, pointing to one who slouched out of view.

I have but little more to tell. On Monday morning, White Joe was fully committed for trial, and the next term was tried, condemned, and executed, sufficient proof being established against him by the confession of an accomplice, a white man. It was their intention to escape, with the money they had obtained on Adams' person, to Ohio. I doubt, however, if the deed would have been committed, but for the cruelty practiced by the old man on the wife of this "White Joe," the negress Sue, who was the woman present at the murder.

Judge Hepburn, singularly enough, never alluded to the dream after that day, only evincing by his intense interest in the progress of the trial how deeply the matter had touched him. Some whispers of the story leaked out, however, and buzzed through their nine days of wonder.

To this day Tom Sanders does not know of his escape. There was a wedding next week, where an honest-hearted fellow, and a good loving girl were made happy, and I, for the first time in my life, gave away the bride.

Two years ago, traveling in the West, I came to a homestead in one of the Cheat valleys, where, I remembered a long-standing invitation gave me a right to call myself at home. A heavily wooded plantation, a large, but cozy house, troops of well-fed servants—every sign of content and plenty.

I hardly dared to call the portly-looking host, whose face flushed welcome, "Tom, my boy," but I did, and kissed the fair, rosy matron with a will, who came down the steps so joyfully to meet me.

"Tell this gentleman your name, sir," said Tom, to a young mountaineer, the oldest of a half-dozen.

"John Page," was the answer, as the boy
lifted his cap.

People have a fancy for calling their sons for
me—I don't know why—there's nothing in the
name that I can see.

I looked about me.

"And this is the end of Judge Hepburn's
dream!" I said to Tom.

"What did you say, sir?" said my namesake.

"Nothing, my son," I answered.

MRS. PRINDLE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

It kind-seems to me, to-night,
While darning these stockings by candle-light,
That I ain't quite the woman I used to be,
Since I let old Prindle marry me;
Because I was so much afraid
Of living, and dying an old, old maid!

I always used to be dressed so neat,
My hair was smooth, my temper sweet;
I have learned to scold, seldom brush my hair,
And don't care a pin about what I wear;
And wonder that ever I was afraid
Of living, or dying an old, old maid!

How loudly that Prindle contrives to snore—
Was man ever before so great a bore!
It really, sometimes, appears to me,
He means to be hate-ful as he can be;
But, then, I no longer need be afraid
Of living, or dying an old, old maid!

He smokes and chews, and has many a trick
Disgusting enough to make one sick;
And it used to me, and, among the rest,
He dotes on onions, which I detest;
But, perhaps, it's better than being afraid
Of living, and dying an old, old maid!

And then the young ones—such graceless imps—
Tom squints, Jack stutters, and Enoch limps
On two club feet; they fight and swear,
Throw dirt, tell lies, and their trousers tear.
Oh, no! I shall never more be afraid
Of living, or dying an old, old maid!

Perhaps, if I'd married some other man,
My life in a different course had ran;
But what could I do when my other beaux
All waited, and waited, and didn't propose?
And I was getting so much afraid
Of living, and dying an old, old maid!

There's sister Sally is forty-five,
And just the happiest soul alive,
With no stupid husband to annoy and perplex,
Or quarrelsome children to harass and vex.
But Sally was never one bit afraid
Of living, or dying an old, old maid!

How she pities me! and it makes me mad,
For well I remember how grieved and sad
She looked, when she told me that, all my life,
I'd repent if I did become Prindle's wife;
And I told her I was more afraid
Of living, like her, an old, old maid!

WHISPERS OF ANGELS.

BY CARRIE SPENCER.

WHEN upon the busy city
Sink the gathering shades of night,
Falls upon my heart the calmness
Of a holy, strange delight.

Then within, around my chamber,
All the air seems filled with light,
With a glorious presence beaming,
Floating still before my sight.

And I question still, though vainly,
Of the mystic, sudden thrill,
Of the presence in my chamber
When the sounds of day are still.

Come they not 'midst toil and bustle,
Not amid day's toil and strife,
But at evening when the spirit
Wakens to a higher life.

Then, within my silent chamber,
Come their footfalls soft and still,
And their footfalls echo softly
Like the tinkling of a rill.

And those words my spirit strengthen,
Come they from the angel band?
From those beings pure, whose whispers
Reach us from the spirit land?

And I go forth on the morrow
With a stronger, nobler heart,
That those whispers, low and thoughtful,
To my spirit life impart.

Blessed spirits! When the twilight
Showers her dew upon the lea,
Then ye gather in my chamber,
And a blessing bring to me.

And when'er I question vainly,
Of the things we may not know,
And my heart grows sad and lonely,
And my life-pulse faint and low,

Then the white wings of the angels
Pause a moment in their flight,
And they waft me back a blessing
On the pinions of the night.

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, 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 385.

CHAPTER XX.

KING Charles the First was in his cabinet, waiting for the duke, who had been sent for to consult on matters concerning the war. One great hold which this ambitious man had on his monarch lay in the fact that all the great movements of state, which arose at this turbulent season, were but partially explained to the sovereign they were destined to ruin. In his father's life-time, the young favorite Buckingham had always been more powerful than the son and heir. Naturally proud and reticent, Charles had unconsciously fallen into the habit of asking favors of his own father through the favorite, and thus installed him in the superior place, from which the arrogant man was only dethroned by death.

The power of this haughty, rash man had been perpetuated with King James by cajolery and craft, but it had a more noble foundation with Charles—that of almost brotherly affection. They had been fellow-students at court, companions in foreign travels, and it had happened with them as it often does in this world—the sensitive and refined nature became unconsciously subject to the coarser and more selfish one. The people said truly, Buckingham was in fact sovereign of England, and so remained up to the time of his death, and out of that sprang one of the most terrible civil wars known to history.

The king was anxious and thoughtful. He had been hurried into this war with France by the impetuous eagerness of the duke, and misgivings of its justice and necessity had troubled him all the morning. When Henrietta Maria had knocked at the cabinet door, and he heard her animated voice, claiming admittance, the anxious cloud left his face, and he stood up, in his grave, gentle way, to receive her.

The queen came in, as a woman of humble birth might have done, with his child in her arms, and a smile—a rare thing on that mournful face—rewarded her motherly want of etiquette. Henrietta Maria advanced toward him, her bright countenance full of animation.

“Sire,” she said, with quick impulsiveness, “I have brought this young person to your presence that you may understand how scandalously your gracious favor is abused. She is a lady-in-waiting—for the mother of Buckingham must perform a royal duty—to my Lady Williers.”

The king turned his large, clear eyes on Bessie, reading a character bright and transparent as crystal under those lovely features.

“Well, Henrietta, and what may this young gentlewoman desire of us, that you present her so eagerly?”

The question threw Henrietta Maria into confusion. She looked at Bessie, whose face was one glow of scarlet, then at her royal husband, and laid her hand with wifely freedom on his arm.

“I had forgotten. You will never cure me, Charles, of this rash impulsiveness. Come with me into the embrasure of this window.”

She pointed to an arched window filled with exquisitely stained glass, through which the sunshine was streaming in warm splendor. A pile of purple velvet cushions lay within the deep embrasure, and on these Henrietta placed her child, while she talked eagerly to the king.

Bessie Westburn, trembling with fright, and crimson with shame, watched them from the distance. She knew that every word uttered by the beautiful lips of the queen was one from which her maidenly pride shrank; knew, also, that the king, who could see no fault in his favorite, might receive those words, even from his wife, with pain, if not incredulity. She watched them with a beating heart. What if the king refused to listen, and the generous queen had evoked his displeasure in attempting to aid her! The thought made her faint with terror.

It seemed to Bessie as if the royal interview would never end. The queen had evidently commenced it with great eagerness. Her countenance was bright with animation, her gestures impetuous, though graceful. Charles listened, with his sedate features clearly defined against

the rich coloring of the glass. Once or twice he made slight gestures, either of protestation or surprise, but, except these, she could gather nothing of the effect Henrietta's words were producing. He stood in apparent calmness, leaning against the grained window-frame, looking down upon his wife. His dress of black velvet, and the broad collar of cardinal point, sombre in themselves, left his stately figure clearly defined against the gorgeous background of colors. Bessie held her breath as she gazed upon him; the glow of shame died from her face, and she forgot how deep was her interest in the conversation in a feeling of reverential sympathy for the man; for the face and figure of Charles Stuart appeared to her then—as it has gone down on canvas to later generations—calm, sad, kingly, producing a thrill of awe.

At length, the royal pair moved from the window, and came down the room. Bessie started, and Henrietta saw that the face she had left warm with blushes was white and awestricken. Her own features were radiant, and she smiled brightly on the trembling girl. A glow of pleasure swept away the mournful expression habitual to the king. He was pleased to see his wife happy—so well pleased that, for a moment, he forgot the cause, and how much annoyance it might give him.

"I am grieved," he said, addressing Bessie, in his calm, gracious way, "much grieved, that any member of our court should have given you cause to seek redress or protection here; but rest assured that it both shall be given. It seems that you have a relative, who is something more than a cousin, in the army his Grace of Buckingham is raising?"

Bessie's face was crimson in an instant, and she cast a half-reproachful look on the queen.

Henrietta laughed, and blushed gracefully herself.

"How did I know that?" she said. "For those startled blushes mean nothing less. I forgot to tell his highness that this was only conjecture, and gathered rather from shy looks than words. Still, if I have betrayed too much, forgive me. It is scarcely modest for one woman to betray such secrets of another, though they are entrusted to as brave and true a gentleman as ever held the sex in honor."

"Nay, if our queen is mistaken in this, you have but to speak out, fair gentlewoman. It will only make our task a little more difficult," said the king, very gently; for he pitied the young creature's confusion.

Quick, grateful tears rose into Bessie's eyes,

but, spite of them, she smiled through the blushes that had seemed to reproach the queen.

"I will not contradict what her majesty has been good enough to say," she answered, with the frankness of a child.

"Then you will not find it hard to give us the young man's name and his rank in the duke's army?" said the king, almost smiling at her confusion.

"It is Randal—Randal Oakley, sire: his mother was my father's sister. She died when he was very young, and he has always lived with us at the parsonage—that is why——"

"Yes, I understand; but his rank?"

"Sire, he is to be a captain."

"High rank to start with," observed the king, thoughtfully, "and given without influence too. This looks ill."

Charles said this in an undertone, and walked once or twice up and down his cabinet, as if to calm down the impression made upon him. The little prince, who had been forgotten in the recess, now threw himself off the cushions, and, creeping to the edge of the carpet that covered the center of the floor, seized hold of Bessie's dress, and fondled it as a signal that he would be taken up. Bessie looked sweetly down upon the royal boy, and then cast an appealing glance on the queen.

"Yes, take him up," was the cordial reply.

"See how content he is," she added, drawing the king's attention to the child, who was pressing Bessie's cheeks between his plump hands, quite regardless of the august presence he was in.

Charles paused in his walk. Bessie and the child formed a lovely picture. He stood a moment regarding it; then taking the queen's hand kissed it, and led her to the door.

"Sire, you will not forget this man from the country who has been cast in prison?" she said, beaming her thanks upon him.

"Sweetheart, I will forget nothing," he answered, in a low voice, leaving his wife triumphant: first, because, in her kindness of heart, she loved to grant favors, and more especially because she had been enabled to thwart her most powerful enemy.

She gave Bessie Westburn every mark of favor in parting.

"Go back to my Lady Villiers," she said;

"say nothing of your visit to the palace; fear nothing, but trust in the king."

Scarcely had the queen and Bessie Westburn left the cabinet, when Charles summoned an officer of his guard and gave him some orders.

After that Buckingham came in, frowning, and

evidently out of temper. His close familiarity with the king had long before that time rendered him careless of self-control in the royal presence. So he strode into the cabinet with the imperious tread of a master. To all appearance Charles took no heed of his ill-humor, but commenced gravely on the business before them; Buckingham insisted that the French envoy, then in London, should be promptly dismissed, and Charles acquiesced, having already decided on the step in his mind. This gave the duke fresh assurance; he became positive, even dogmatical, till the swarthy red rose to his master's forehead. At last Buckingham stood up, and was drawing on his gloves when an officer of the guards was announced.

"Tell him to conduct his prisoner hither, and remain with the guard in the ante-room," said Charles, quietly; "sit down, your grace. It is the person your people took from the outward bound ship."

"What, Cromwell, your highness?"

"Yes, Oliver Cromwell; that is the name under which he was committed, I think."

"Cromwell, and ordered here. I wonder that your highness can endure his presence. He is a man of the lowest sort."

The blood mounted to Charles' forehead somewhat redly. Had Buckingham marked these signs, he would have been more cautious. As it was, Cromwell came in before he had time to speak again.

Oliver Cromwell, as he entered the presence of the king, did indeed seem of the class to which Buckingham consigned him. His ill kept garments were in disorder; his hair uncombed; and the coarse features of his massive face, in losing their ruddy color, had become unpleasantly mottled. But his bearing possessed all the rude grandeur of conscious strength. It was impossible to mistake him for an ordinary man, though he made no great demonstration, but stood before the king in sturdy quietude. He had recognized Buckingham, and his eyes filled with smouldering fire. That was all the indication of feeling that he exhibited.

"You have been arrested, Oliver Cromwell," said the king, with dignity, "because our kingdom is not rich enough to let brave men go out of it at will."

Cromwell turned his searching eyes from Buckingham to Charles in sullen wonder, but said nothing. He saw that the duke was as much astonished as himself, and scarcely able to conceal his rage. This prompted him to speak

"Sire, is the attempt to leave a country which

will not save its children from oppression, a sir worthy of imprisonment?" he said, in a deep sonorous voice, that made the king start. "If not, why am I, a peaceable man, here in bonds?"

"Because you are a seditious, a malcontent, a fire-brand in the district which gave you birth," answered Buckingham, sharply. "I marvel that his highness can accord you so much grace. With my good-will, you should be sent home with cropped ears and a slit in that saucy tongue!"

"Pardon us, your grace," said the king, mildly; "but angry words are not for the king's presence."

"Shall I withdraw, sir?" retorted the duke, haughtily. "This man was my prisoner."

"Then we herewith release him from arrest. Having examined the charges against him with some care, we find nothing worthy of imprisonment, hardly of rebuke."

The lines in Cromwell's rugged face softened. He moved a step forward as if impelled to kneel, but checked himself, simply bowing his head.

The duke seemed thunderstruck, and stood near the king biting his lips with rage.

"It is said that you have a rare talent for drilling soldiers, and considerable influence about Huntington, the place of your birth," continued Charles. "Our kingdom has need of such men, and we would gladly have them for friends. If you have suffered some wrong in this arrest, let this prompt release atone for it; and the next time you take to the position of drilling men in arms, let it be in behalf of your king and country."

Cromwell's face stirred with some noble feeling. He was about to answer when Buckingham broke in.

"If the man had a spark of gentle breeding, I should wonder your highness did not offer him a commission in my army; nothing but his churl's blood, so far as I can see, saves me from it."

"Churl's blood!" retorted Cromwell, and his features lighted up with proud scorn. "When your ancestors, sir duke, were simple gentlemen, and, forsooth, that is not long ago, mine could feel the Stuarts blood in their veins without caring to boast of it."

Buckingham burst into a laugh and turned to the king.

"Your notice, sire, has exalted this man right suddenly—allow me to retire. This scion of the royal Stuarts is out of place while Buckingham takes precedence of him."

"He says but the truth," answered Charles, sternly. "By his mother's side he does trace

back to the Stuarts, and I herewith offer him the commission you speak of."

"Sire, I will not serve under his grace of Buckingham, or any other man who is not a soldier."

The duke turned pale with rage. Charles arose and addressed Cromwell.

"You will, perhaps, think better of this. At any rate, never forget soul and body your services belong to the house you are linked with, if it is but by a single drop of blood. If some wrong has been done you, we right it here and now. It were a happy thing for us if all evils could be as promptly remedied."

Cromwell was greatly moved; some noble impulse prompted him to fall at the king's feet, and speak out plainly of the evils under which the country groaned, and for which the people held their king responsible. It would have been well for the nation if he had done this—well for the unfortunate monarch whose executioner stood before him. But Charles made a gesture of dismissal, and Cromwell went forth but half-appeased.

A strong thrill of pain ran through and through Charles Stuart as Cromwell passed from his sight. His face grew white, and he could hardly breathe. He arose and walked up and down his cabinet, leaving the duke standing alone, angry and frowning. Then Charles returned to his seat restored to himself. He offered no explanation to Buckingham, but went on to the subject still resting on his mind. He was resolved to redeem his promise to the queen, both in letter and spirit, the more resolutely because Buckingham's conduct had been an outrage against his favor.

"There is another small matter that I wish to speak of," he said, very firmly, but with a quietude that would have deceived a man less thoroughly acquainted with him than the duke. "Your lady mother has a person in her household with whom the queen is greatly pleased. It is the young gentlewoman who met with a little accident when we went on our last excursion down the Thames. Pray inform my Lady Villiers that, at her majesty's solicitation, I have enrolled Mistress Elizabeth Westburn among her majesty's ladies."

"But, sire, this young person was placed under my mother's care by her father under very peculiar circumstances. I greatly doubt if she can reconcile it with her conscience to part with her even to the queen."

"She must!"

The king looked steadily into Buckingham's face till even his bold eyes fell. "The queen

desires it, and her behest no lady of the court would care to dispute lightly."

"But, sire, the young lady's own wishes may not point to this exaltation. She does not seem ambitious."

"All women are more or less ambitious, your grace."

"But has she been consulted?"

Buckingham looked searchingly at the king, anxious to fathom the meaning of his present conduct.

"That is quite unnecessary—my wife desires it. That should be reason enough for the young lady's contentment."

The duke became very restless. The cool persistence of the king filled him with inexplicable dread. His interview with Bessie Westburn had been so recent, and she was so completely unused to the ways of a court, by no means could she have found access to the king. Then he bethought himself of her presence in the court of his own palace, with a mask in her hand, leaning upon the arm of young Randal Oakley. "At least, he shall suffer for this," was the bitter thought that rose in his mind. "They shall not all escape me."

But the king spoke again quietly and firmly as before.

"There is also a young officer in one of your regiments named Randal Oakley."

The duke started, clenched his teeth, and waited in burning rage.

"There is some love passage, I learn, between this young officer and the gentlewoman we speak of. To-day I have made out his commission in my own guards."

"But, sire, he is ambitious and brave as a lion. I have promised that he shall follow me to this war."

"Very likely; but the king has need of a few brave men in England. We must not send them all with you. This Oakley I especially desire to remain."

The duke broke into a bitter laugh, so bitter that the king looked gravely in his face for a full minute. Buckingham shrunk under the steady glance, for it rebuked him to the soul.

"This is not a subject for bitterness or mirth. Another exposure of the kind will surely separate Charles Stuart and George Villiers forever. Remember the honor of every English woman, be she high or low, is under the protection of her king."

"I shall not be likely to forget that your highness wishes me to think so; but I was not aware that the royal cabinet was a rendezvous for distressed damsels."

"Hereafter it shall be found so; but this occasion must never arise again. Our interview is at an end, your grace."

Charles arose. His air was so grand, his countenance so severe that Buckingham, for the first time, shrunk to his natural insignificance before him. With a sudden impulse of dread, he sunk humbly upon one knee.

"Do I depart burdened by your displeasure, generous master?"

Charles looked down upon him with sadness rather than anger in his eyes. A thousand youthful memories came to his heart crowding back the fault that had offended him. Then, with benign forgiveness, he extended his hand for the duke to kiss.

Buckingham pressed it to his lips, and, with a lowly gesture of reverence, left the cabinet, feeling that his master still lived in the king of England.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME weeks after these events, a young man dressed as an officer of the royal guards rode up from the highway to the rectory of Knowl-Ash, and, instead of halting before the main entrance, urged his fine chestnut horse up to the study window, and, bending forward, looked in. The rector was there as usual pondering over his books with the sweet thoughtful gravity natural to his face brooding there still; for the good man gave so little thought to the outer world, that its cares could scarcely be said to touch him.

The house had been very still, and, to a certain extent, desolate since the departure of Randal and Bessie—so still that even a slight noise was enough to arouse the rector from his occupation. He looked up as the mellow tramp of hoofs disturbed the grass beneath his window, saw a tall young officer looking in upon him, and arose in dismay.

"Uncle, do you not know me?" called out Randal, in his clear, eager voice, and, pressing his horse close to the open casement, he placed one foot on the sill, and vaulted into the room before the rector could recover from his astonishment.

"Have I changed so much as that, uncle?"

"Why, Randal, my son—my sister's own child, is it possible? Can it, indeed, be you in person? Barbara, Barbara!"

Two doors opened at the same instant. One from the entrance hall, through which Barbara Westburn came in breathless haste; the other from the kitchen, from which the old house-

keeper rushed with a cry of welcome that made the house cheerful again.

"Barbara, my sweet cousin Barbara!" exclaimed the young man, going forward with his hand extended and his face in a glow. "But how pale you have grown, those eyes have become sadly large since I saw them."

"And Bessie, my sister? You bring us tidings of her, I know, Randal?" questioned Barbara, brightening out of the pensive mood that had become habitual to her, and clinging to her cousin's hand with a welcome that thrilled back to his heart.

"The best and brightest, cousin Barbara. She is maid of honor to the queen; and I—can you guess what all this means?" he cried, glancing down at his military costume, which was enlivened by the crimson and gold scarf which Bessie had given him as her first love-token.

"It is a beautiful dress, and you wear it like a prince, Randal; but what does it mean?"

"It means, uncle, and you also, sweet cousin—it means that I, Randal Oakley, am a captain in his majesty's guards."

The rector clasped his hands in joyful surprise. Barbara stood speechless, the news had taken away her breath; but the old house servant threw up her arms and called out,

"Blessed be the Lord, the lad is a great soldier, and my ewe lamb belongs to the queen's own household. From this day of glad tidings I am ready to die, having seen joy enough."

The rector sat down and leaned upon the table, this great news had taken away his strength.

Barbara lifted her arm to the young officer's shoulder, and would have kissed him as of old, but that he had grown out of her reach.

"And how did this great court advancement come about?" inquired the uncle, at last, throwing off his astonishment in a deep breath.

"It was Bessie, uncle, her wonderful grace and beauty has done everything. The queen sent to my Lady Villiers and took my cousin away to Whitehall, where she is treated like a princess; my commission in the guards came the same day. At first I was sorry, because it disappointed me of the war; but Bessie was so joyful over it that I gave in."

"And you have taken a long journey to tell us this, kind, good lad?" exclaimed the rector, holding out his hand in order to give a double welcome.

"For—for that and other matters," answered Randal, coloring crimson. "Before I go, uncle, I—I have a great, very great favor to ask of you and Barbara."

"Well, my good lad, it is granted."

"Do not speak without due thought, uncle, for, if you retract, it will make me the most unhappy wretch that lives. Don't look so astonished—don't be frightened, uncle; but I have come to ask if you will give me Bessie for a wife!"

The rector lifted his white hands in dismay.

"What? You, Randal, a lad, and Bessie a mere child? Do not ask it!"

"But I am two-and-twenty, uncle."

"You? No, no!"

"Indeed, he is father," pleaded Barbara, through a gush of joyful tears; "and my sister is of proper age."

"What, Randal twenty two, and she of marriageable age? Oh, me! how time cheats us old men!"

"But you will give her to me, uncle?" pleaded the young soldier, throwing the force of a warm heart into his voice. "The king gave me permission to ask, and her highness promises a dower for Bessie, which is a great kindness, though we could do without much money, loving each other so well."

The rector seemed struck with a sudden thought. He arose from his seat, and began to pace the room in sudden perturbation.

"Money, money!" he muttered. "Why, Randal, you will have enough of that! Did I never tell you that your father left an estate, in the North country, which was to fall to you when you became of age to comprehend the value of worldly riches? It had escaped my mind. I did not know that you had twenty-two years over your head, and can scarcely comprehend it now. Why, it seems but yesterday that I gave you the first lesson in your Latin grammar. Dear, dear! how the world is slipping from under our feet! Can you forgive my forgetfulness, Randal, touching the estate, I mean?"

"Can I forgive you, uncle? What care I for gold or landed estates so long as you give me Bessie. Besides, we have no time to think of such matters while their majesties have need of us. While faction increases in the land, every true Englishman belongs to his sovereign, body and estate."

The rector arose and took his nephew's hand.

"My son, you are a veritable Englishman, and I honor you."

Randal lifted the rector's white hand to his lips. His fine face glowed, his voice trembled.

"And your daughter? You will not refuse me?"

The good man laid his disengaged hand in benediction on that stately young head. It was

answer enough. The old house servant, who had been looking through the half-closed door, retreated into her own domain, and, with her arms folded on the kitchen-dresser, sobbed out her joy in a great fit of crying.

"Barbara," he said, in the mellow gladness of his content, "you and my uncle must come up to London, their majesties will have it so. It is a royal command; for we are to be married in the palace, and no one but Bessie's own father is to perform the ceremony."

The rector sat down breathless, looking at his nephew in bewildered silence. Then his face brightened, and he drew a deep sigh.

"Nephew, tell me," he questioned, innocently, "tell me if his highness has chanced to read my sermon that he overwhelms me and mine with so much grace. It was a secret, but I sent it up to London for publication."

"I cannot tell you of my own knowledge," answered Randal; "but when I was summoned to the royal presence, before my journey here, the king spoke of you as one whose loyalty and talent were well known to him."

"My daughter," said the rector, "we will go up to London, and be present at my children's marriage."

That evening, Barbara and Randal strolled toward the ruins, talking together. They came to the old font, and Barbara sat down on a fragment of rock in its shadow.

"Randal," she said, in a low, constrained voice, "have you anything to tell me of *him*?"

Randal was silent a moment; then he answered her, with tender frankness,

"Yes, Barbara. He is married."

She did not speak, but drew back into the deepest shadow. Randal saw this and went on.

"He was about to emigrate for the new world. I was so unfortunate as to arrest him in the attempt, but he came to no harm."

Barbara arose from the shadow of the font, and stood up with her marble face in the moonlight. It was resplendent with sybilline inspiration.

"The king should have left him free to go," she said, as if speaking to some one afar off. "The great new world is not too large for his idea."

She shivered, either from deep feeling or from cold, as the words left her lips, then quietly withdrew into the house.

The next day Randal's journey back to London commenced.

Since their preferment, Randal and Bessie Westburn had seen but little of their first patron, the duke of Buckingham; for he had

departed at once on his warlike expedition against France, and, after five months of ignoble defeat, came back disgraced in the eyes of the whole nation, but still powerful in the king's friendship. The popular hate had found time, during his fruitless absence, to concentrate its violence against him, and when he departed a second time, in command of fresh troops, and more abundant resources, the whole nation seemed to heave him from its bosom in disgust.

While these warlike preparations were in progress, Randal Oakley's marriage was delayed; but when the duke was ready to leave London a second time, surrounded with almost royal pomp, and while his fleet lay at Portsmouth, waiting for a fair wind, the court found leisure to think of something besides battalions and fleets of war-ships.

The queen, whose hatred of the favorite was so intense that his very presence in London made her restive, began to assume her natural cheerfulness, and, among other things, remembered the wedding feast that had been promised to her favorite maid of honor; for Bessie's bright, beautiful character had won its way to the royal heart, and Henrietta Maria loved the young girl not alone for her own noble qualities, but because she had given her the means of a signal triumph over her arch-enemy.

Buckingham had heard of this intended marriage from his mother, but he had come too near losing favor with Charles for any attempt at interference, though his defeat in that quarter was bitter humiliation, and a cause of more persistent hostility to the queen.

With so much active dislike between these two persons, it was wonderful to see how completely the courtesies of life were kept up between them in the face of the world. When Buckingham marched his troops out of London, accompanied by the king, who gave *eclat* to the occasion by his presence, Henrietta Maria appeared at an open balcony, surrounded by the most beautiful of her ladies, and arrayed with more than ordinary magnificence; but she managed with herself two objects that would be most annoying to the man she had ostensibly come forth to honor. Bessie Westburn, young, blooming, and beautiful as a Hebe, stood directly behind her, and among the gentlemen who occupied a place nearer the window was Randal Oakley, of the guards, an unusual distinction to one of his rank, and one which Buckingham was sure to receive as a premeditated insult.

Between dislike of Buckingham and womanly love for the beautiful maid of honor, her majesty

was in splendid spirits that day. She was a woman of no common intellect, and felt assured that all this warlike tumult would but lead her enemy into deeper discredit with the nation. But for this conviction, it is doubtful if she would have appeared in the royal balcony, that day, to grace his departure.

However unpopular a public man may be, give him the power to provide a display for the people and he is sure to have hosts of followers, and plecty among them who will contribute noise and tumult enough to pass for enthusiasm. Besides, a military display is sure to arouse the multitude, let its object be popular or not. Thus it happened that the streets of London were thronged when Buckingham rode through them with the vanguard of his troops. The king, who had decided to give his expedition the *eclat* of his special approbation, rode by his side, and with him followed a train of courtiers that, in going out as a royal escort, in fact endorsed Buckingham. If this was intentional, the desired effect was certainly produced, and the procession was in all respects a success.

Never had the great personal beauty of the royal favorite been more grandly displayed. His dress of purple velvet slashed with black was scarcely visible about the bosom, from the broad collar and jeweled orders that flashed back the sun with every movement of the milk-white horse that was inspired to a thousand graceful caprices from the martial music that heralded his progress. The king, who rode by his side, in his usual dress of black velvet, with only the star and ribbon to distinguish him, seemed proud of the superior magnificence of his favorite, and was constantly addressing him in a gracious fashion, that the world might see how little his late military misfortunes had affected him in his sovereign's estimation.

Thus, with the flower of the English nobility in his train, escorted by royalty, and with troops following him in battalions, the favorite advanced in sight of the queen's balcony. Scarfs of scarlet and azure, handkerchiefs and fair white hands fluttered out from the balcony, as the cavalcade approached. But it was noticed that the queen stood proudly up, regarding the courtly throng with bright, flashing eyes, and took no pains to conceal their scorn, even when the king looked up and smiled upon her. Buckingham was compelled to lift his eyes in saluting, but when he saw Bessie and the young officer standing near her, the sudden rage in his countenance made the queen's heart leap with exultation. She had found a way to wound

him even at the last moment. While the troops were defiling under her balcony, she whispered to Bessie,

"Now, pretty one, that he has carried his harmless war trumpet out of ear-shot, the patience of our young captain of the guard shall be rewarded. Three evenings after this, we will have a wedding that shall outshine all this in bravery."

"But my father, my sister, your highness?" pleaded Bessie, carrying the smiles she could not help off in blushes.

"Go to your apartment, child, and see what you will find there."

Bessie left the balcony, and hurried to her room, breathless with vague expectation. She found her father and Barbara there.

Meantime the Duke of Buckingham proceeded on his way to Portsmouth. As he passed under the queen's balcony, Bessie had remarked that Broadbent, the page who had been so kind to her, was in the crowd of persons that followed him, and close to the page was a person of even less note, whose position among the nobles surprised her. It was Felton, the dark, silent man, who ever followed the page like his shadow.

These two persons kept their places near the duke, after the king and his train separated themselves from the military cavalcade and returned to London. There was something singular about this man. He controlled his horse with nervous fitfulness, his black eyes were gloomy with smouldering fire, which flashed up fiercely now and then, giving a wild look to his whole face. All along the march, after the king left them, these two men conversed in low voices, watching vigilantly that no one heard them. As they drew near Portsmouth, the discourse became more earnest.

"And you are fully resolved?" said Felton.

"Fully. No power shall keep me back!"

"But you will be taken."

"Be it so," answered the page.

"And executed."

"Yes, I could not escape. They will cut me down then and there. It is my best hope."

"You believe it patriotic to kill this man?"

"All England will be grateful for it."

"And he was your enemy?"

"My bitter, relentless enemy. Insult, outrage, ruin he has hurled upon me and mine!"

Broadbent's eyes struck fire, and his lips turned whitely old as he spoke. Felton turned his eyes on those locked features and said no more. He knew expostulation was vain.

But few words passed these persons after that till they reached Portsmouth. Here Felton

checked his horse suddenly, and wheeled it in front of his seeming master. His lips were white then, and his eyes heavy.

"When?" he said.

"As he goes on board the ship."

"That will be day after to-morrow. Promise me not to attempt it before then."

"I do promise! Revenge like mine can wait."

Felton wheeled his horse into position, and rode on without speaking another word.

Buckingham entered Portsmouth at the head of his army at nightfall. Preparations had been made for his reception in the low stone house, at which he had sojourned before. Being a man of luxurious habits, he occupied the only two available rooms in the house: one as a dining-room, the other as his bed-chamber. The rude walls of these two rooms had been lined with rich draperies, and carpets stretched over the stone floors. In all these preparations John Felton was unusually active. His master, with Buckingham's other attendants, occupied a smaller dwelling across the street, but he slept on a settle in the kitchen of the stone house.

In the night, when all was still, this man arose from his settle and began to write on the blank leaf of a book which had been left on the table. He seemed to study every word before he wrote it. Then he tore away the leaf and fastened the paper in the crown of his hat, muttering to himself.

"There shall be no doubt that it was me, John Felton." After this he slept soundly.

Henrietta Maria kept her word. Three nights after Buckingham left London, she gave a right regal entertainment in her own private apartments at the palace; and there, amid such pomp as the young people had never dreamed of in their quiet country home, Randal and Elizabeth Westburn were married. The rector of Knowl-Ash performed the ceremony, which was rendered august by the royal presence.

The ceremony was over, and its solemnity was passing away under the smiles and cheerful gaiety of the wedding guests, when an officer of the court entered hurriedly, and in a low voice announced a courier from Portsmouth.

The king was in splendid humor that night. The cheerfulness of his wife—the smiling happiness around him had a magnetic effect upon his sensitive nature.

"Let the courier come in hither," he said, aloud. "We can expect nothing but good news from the duke, and our good friends here shall share it with us."

The courier entered the room almost as the

king was speaking. He was greatly agitated; his garments were dusty; on his forehead stood great drops of moisture. When he flung himself at the king's feet, Charles unconsciously drew back. Something in the man's face startled him; this strange fear expressed itself in his voice.

"Well, sir, your news?"

"Sire, the Duke of Buckingham is dead!"

There had been a pleasant bustle of expectation in the rooms before this: but now they were still as a sepulchre. The king shook with agitation; his queen grew white with terror, for the instant she felt like Buckingham's murderer, remembering how she had hated him.

"Dead!" repeated the king, hoarse with agitation. "Dead, and how?"

"Sire, he was murdered—stabbed to the heart while going in to breakfast; the assassin gave himself up. A written confession was found in his hat. His name is John Felton."

The king had been growing deadly pale while the man was speaking. When all was told, he made a gesture that no one should follow him, and went into his cabinet. Those who stood without to guard the door, heard moans and such sobs of passionate grief as only the stout hearts of men can utter or suppress.

On the same evening, and almost at the same hour that the courier brought his sad news to London, a horseman rode up the steep hill on which Wolf-Crag stood and dismounted at the entrance, leaving his horse dusty, panting, and covered with foam, to roam about the court if he had the strength. The horseman gave a signal, and the ponderous door fell back, leaving a free passage into the hall, and up the broad staircase and into the apartments usually occupied by the Countess of Somerset. Some fifteen minutes after, the earl, who had come in from a lonely walk, saw the horse roaming wearily around the court, recognized it, and went hastily toward his wife's apartments.

When he flung open the door, he found her

standing in the middle of her bower-chamber, half-dressed, and with her hair falling down her shoulders in great glossy curls, as was the fashion among the noblemen and fops about court in that region. She was thin and pale as he had never seen her before; her eyes were large and darkling with protracted terror. She uttered a faint cry of alarm when her husband came in, and, without looking to see who it was, attempted to conceal some male garments that lay scattered on the floor.

"Lady Somerset, my wife. Is it indeed you?"

She recognized the voice, gathered the robe but half-adjusted up to her bosom, and came forward.

"It is done! My Lord Buckingham is dead! But, alas! it was not my hand that killed him."

The earl stood for a moment gazing upon her with something of the old terror in his face. His wife laid her hand on his arm.

"He is finished!" she said, "struck through the heart with Felton's dagger; the faithful creature stepped in between me and our foe."

"And Felton?"

The countess began to shiver.

"Do not speak of him. We have bought our revenge and England's deliverance at a terrible cost."

The countess went into her chamber, as she spoke, and it was long before she came out again.

That night a man was taken out from the vaults under Wolf-Crag, and brought blindfolded into the great hall. He was mounted on a fresh, strong horse, and one of the earl's servitors rode by his side, at a brisk pace, through the darkness which was intense, till a gleam of gray in the east admonished him that his task was done. Then he unbound the man on a broad, open moor, gave him money, and, putting spurs to his own horse, left the unhappy man, who had been a prisoner so long, to make the best of his way into the world again.

EASTER FLOWERS.

AND ye have come, sweet Resurrection whippers!

Dear children of the new and glowing years;

Pure innocents! The Spring's first happy lipsers,

Beaming your smiles up through the April tears.

Types of the Resurrection, beauteous flowers,

From the dear spots I love so far away,

Blending your fragrance with these home-sick hours,

And making holy all my thoughts to-day.

God blest and beautiful! my trembling lips are pressing

These regal flowers from hands I love so well—

Hands which have held mine own with fond caressing;

With words which haunt me like a memory-bell.

But ye will die, while thoughts that you have brought me

Will circle ever 'round Eternal Thought;

And the meek lesson which thy life hath taught me,

Will be unfaled when ye are forgot.

Out from the Winter of my life are bursting

Buds rich and fadeless with immortal bloom;

All that for which the earth-bound soul is thirsting,

Sheds back its glory o'er the darkened tomb.

L. L.

LOVE AND TEMPER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

FREDERICK WILLIS, like many more of his unfortunate race, was not blessed with a superfluity of money; in order, therefore, to complete his professional education, he turned his attention to that never failing source for poor students—school-teaching; and, having, with assumed gravity, gone through the petty examination, answering the stereotyped questions put him by the self-important committee to his own credit, and their satisfaction, he was solemnly pronounced capable of taking charge of the district school in the village of Cherry Hill.

In the morning of the day on which the new session opened, he entered the building appropriated to educational purposes, and, with a yawn, he established himself at the window to watch the arrival of his future "nuisances," as he privately termed them. Children of all sizes, ages, and genders—some neatly dressed, and some unwashed and unkempt—burst into the school-room, and glared eagerly at the new teacher, evidently anxious to glean from his face whether he were one who could be easily imposed upon. Our hero, thinking it necessary to sustain the dignity of his post, and wishing to impress the youthful minds of his pupils with a due sense of his importance, frowned fiercely upon them, much to their disappointment.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, mentally. "Are these young shavers, and those great, tall fellows, all they can give a man to practice upon? Think they might have thrown in a few pretty girls, by way of helping one along, and giving a fellow something to think about."

Just then he espied, coming up the hill, a group arrayed in crinoline, and it was with a great degree of satisfaction that he watched them coquettishly shaking their curls, and snapping their bright eyes over the evidently interesting topic they were discussing. Wishing to appear as dignified as possible for the reception of this fresh importation, he turned his back upon the window, and hastily ran his fingers through his hair, making it stand up more fiercely than ever, and wondered if the girls would feel any diffidence in regard to encountering a strange teacher. His doubts, on this point,

however, were soon dissipated, as the girls surveyed him with the utmost composure, then, bidding him "Good-morning," coolly took their seats, leaving him blushing, and coughing, and seeking to regain his self-possession. Provoked at having been betrayed into making this unteacher-like beginning, he recalled his scowl, and proceeded to open school by thumping vigorously on the desk with a heavy ruler, which performance was intended to suggest to all miscreants, that talking and noise were to cease and the work of the day begin.

Mr. Frederick Willis had never been noted for an overstock of patience. When he was an infant in long clothes, a nurse who came in the evening, made her escape the next morning before breakfast, declaring that "nothing could tempt her to take care of such an awful tempered young one." And the said temper seemed to have been on the increase ever since. He was quite aware of his infirmity, but he had well-nigh made up his mind that it was past cure. His generous disposition, and his frank, off-hand manners, could scarcely fail to secure friends, and he had concluded that his temper was an annoyance with which his companions must bear, in consideration of his good qualities; and as to marriage, he had decided to select for his wife one so sweet in her disposition that she would endure patiently his outbursts and still be charmed with him. Of course, he never doubted but that this would be practicable, and that the woman whom he should honor by choosing would willingly say, "Yes."

This temper was by no means a convenient accompaniment to Mr. Willis, in his new office of school-teacher, and the bright, crimson spot on his cheek would frequently betray the struggle he had in suppressing it.

The first recess came, and our hero left the deserted school-room and took a solitary stroll among the trees whose shade sheltered groups of his pupils. Presently his attention was attracted by the sound of merry voices, and the following words, uttered not far from him, fell upon his ear:

"So, then, Elsie, you don't like our new teacher?"

"Like him? No, he is too bashful to suit my taste. Why, did you notice him when we came in? He was blushing like a school-boy. He wouldn't dare to undertake to make us do anything we didn't chose to do. I like to see a man who feels his own importance, and makes others feel it too."

Mr. Willis walked on, muttering to himself, "Saucy mix! She shall see whether I will dare to make her do what she doesn't choose!" And at the same time he remembered that this same Elsie was the possessor of a pair of great black eyes, which had been tormenting him sadly during the morning.

"There is nothing like breaking in these girls," he continued, to that indefatigable listener—himself. "It is the only way to get along with them, and they like it."

He rang the bell for his afternoon session, with the energy of a man who is resolved to have his own way; and as the scholars came in, he coolly remarked,

"I wish to give you young ladies different seats, for I find that there is too much whispering when you are all together. Miss Laneton, you will sit here, if you please."

The great black eyes were raised to his in astonishment, and Miss Laneton answered, demurely, "I like my old seat better."

"I believe that I am the teacher," was the reply, given in such a firm, decided manner, that even Elsie no longer dared to disobey. She felt that she had found her match, and she took the seat assigned her. That the pretty red lips were pouting, and the black eyes flashing; that the jetty curls were thrown saucily back, while the small foot tapped the floor in ill-suppressed impatience, did not at all lessen Mr. Willis' interest in his tormentor.

"Well, Elsie," was the exclamation of her friends, as they wended their way home, that afternoon, "don't you think our teacher has improved on his bashfulness?"

"Exasperating man!" she replied. "I'll not give him an opportunity to conquer me again, though I'm resolved to torment him to death."

Happy it was for the object of this remark that he remained in blissful ignorance of the fate in store for him.

After the opening we have mentioned, school progressed with what would seem to a casual observer comparative tranquillity; but seeming is not always reality, and Mr. Willis felt that it was anything but tranquil. Elsie passed her time in concocting little quiet schemes of mischief, and her preceptor employed his brain in devising means to circumvent her. First she

amused herself by whispering to a tall youth of about her own age, who sat near her, and listening with the greatest attention to his replies. Whereupon Mr. Willis made the discovery, that it was exceedingly improper for boys and girls not to be as far apart as possible, and he immediately rearranged the seats. Not yet discouraged, Elsie took to wandering off with the tall youth, at recess, and pinning flowers in his button-hole; while he, in his turn, delighted with these marks of favor from the fascinating beauty, bestowed upon her every possible attention. Mr. Willis now became aware that a gross impropriety existed in the boys and girls associating together during play hours. "It was making the girls rude," he thought, and he accordingly appointed separate hours, very much to the dissatisfaction of all concerned. But the black eyes continued to do their mischief in our hero's brain, frequently turning his Latin into Greek, and causing him to work out the strangest answers to his mathematical problems.

A good-looking and agreeable young man is by no means an every-day affair in a country-village; he is usually received as a prize, and cordially welcomed to the very heart of whatever society may exist there. Thus it was with our friend, Mr. Willis. Wherever he went, he found papas ready to converse with him upon the subject of the crops, and the state of the country; mammas were loquacious about house-keeping, and especially in regard to the talents of their respective daughters in this branch; while the daughters themselves smiled their sweetest, looked their prettiest, and talked in their most animated strain for him, Elsie among the rest. It is true that she would tease him whenever the opportunity offered, but these great black eyes could not help betraying that another feeling, besides that of mischief, lurked in their saucy depths. Mr. Willis discovered it with exultation, and it found an answering chord in his own heart. He prudently resolved, however, not to commit himself until he had thoroughly tested the temper with which, if it proved satisfactory, he had made up his mind to trust himself through life. Our friend Frederick had not yet reached the age when Young says a man suspects himself a fool. We may therefore the more easily pardon him for falling into the error of supposing that he was a second Solomon. His mental reasoning upon the momentous subject which was occupying his thoughts, had it been put in words, would have run very much in this style: "I love Elsie well enough to marry her, and I have no doubt

that she has a very sweet temper; still I never have seen it particularly tried, and unless it is as I think, we never can live together, with my quick, impatient disposition. If we marry, she will have much to bear from me through life; for I am frequently hasty and unreasonable. I will give her a trial now, and if she proves submissive and yielding, I will become engaged to her immediately; but if I have been mistaken in my impression of her, it is best for us both that I should know it at once."

Having laid his plans, with the coolness and deliberation of a general, he proceeded to put them in execution. The time chosen was while school was in full session; the history class was reciting, and Mr. Willis put the question:

"In what year did Henry the Eighth ascend the throne, Miss Laneton?"

"In 1509," replied Elsie.

"No answering out of order, if you please," returned the teacher, impatiently.

"But you addressed the question to me, Mr. Willis; you called me by name."

"If I make a mistake in the name, that is no reason for your breaking the rules and answering out of turn. You must lose your place in the class, Miss Laneton, for disorder; you will take your place at the foot."

"I shall not," replied Elsie, with spirit. "It was your mistake, not mine: and it is no more than just that I should retain my present place."

"Miss Laneton," thundered the teacher, "you will do as I tell you, or else take your books and go home."

"I will take my books and go home," replied Elsie; and, with flashing eyes, and burning cheeks, she left the school.

Mr. Willis felt astonished and bewildered. A slight exhibition of temper on the part of Elsie, betrayed, perhaps, by a quivering lip, and flushed cheek, he had thought possible—a flood of tears he was fully prepared for—and he thought how he would compensate for the pain he inflicted by the atonement he intended to make; but that she should set his authority completely at defiance—that she should actually leave his school, and thus cut herself off from all chance of meeting him again—he had never for one moment considered to be among the possibilities.

"Well," he thought, as he glanced at her vacant seat, "it is all for the best. Two such tempers as hers and mine could never exist together, without making their owners miserable. I am glad I made the trial."

But was he, in his inmost heart, glad? Could he have had the opportunity over again, is it

quite certain that he would have used it in the same way? However this may be, Mr. Willis was the victim of a feeling of restlessness during the remainder of the day, and at night he made the discovery that sleep was not always attainable. He wondered how Elsie felt, and he fancied her pining away to a mere shadow, or taken down suddenly with brain-fever. He started nervously at every noise, and imagined that it was some one come to tell him that Elsie was calling for him in the wildness of delirium, and that he must come to her immediately. But no such messenger came, and he was one evening aroused from his reverie by the sound of merry voices passing his window, and, upon looking out, he recognized Elsie, chatting gaily to her companions. The clear light of the moon revealed to him that the rose on her cheek was as fresh, and the eye as bright, as on that first day when he had stood blushing before the mischievous beauty.

"Fickle piece!" was his mental ejaculation. "She is not worth caring for, if her feelings are not deeper than this."

But, somehow, this exclamation didn't entirely console him. "Suppose she were sorry," he thought, "how was she going to make it known to him, while he kept away from her?" And he accordingly resolved to give her an early opportunity of proving her penitence by calling upon her; he would choose a time when other visitors were not likely to be present, that the interview might be less embarrassing.

It was with nervously twitching fingers that Frederick Willis tied his cravat, on the following afternoon, previous to making the important call. With a beating heart, which he would not have acknowledged to himself, he inquired if Miss Laneton were in, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, he seated himself in the drawing-room, and impatiently awaited her. He was not detained long; for in a few minutes a younger member of the family appeared, saying that "sister was very busy, and wished to be excused."

This was a reception which our hero had not anticipated, and with no very enviable feelings he wended his way homeward. Elsie's conduct in school he had magnanimously come to regard as a girlish outbreak of vexation, which was probably repented of as soon as the feeling of anger had subsided; but that she should actually refuse to receive him, when he was displaying such a forgiving spirit toward her, was entirely beyond his comprehension. It was of no use, however, to try longer to persuade himself that he was indifferent to her, or that he could, at

will, forget a single lineament of that face, which was ever present to him. He had been repulsed in seeking a reconciliation, and his pride was humbled; but not one iota of his love for her had abated. He even began to suspect that he might have been in the wrong, and he wrote a note, acknowledging his error, and asking forgiveness; but the epistle was returned to him unopened.

"The high-spirited little beauty!" he exclaimed. "She shall yet acknowledge that she loves me!"

But how to bring about a meeting was a question which, with all his mathematical genius, he, for some time, found it impossible to solve. At length, however, an opportunity presented itself. A picnic was projected, in which the greater part of the inhabitants of Cherry Hill participated. Frederick and Elsie met, but the latter acknowledged her lover's acquaintance only by a formal bow, and her reserved manner precluded from him any advances. He was doomed to see her laughing and chatting merrily, and apparently enjoying herself with all indiscriminately; yet he wished and waited in vain for a single smile, or a friendly word, to assure him that he was not wholly forgotten by her.

The day was fast waning, and the sun, like a great ball of fire, was sinking behind some trees at a distance from the groups of merry-makers, and throwing its glittering rays upon a clear sheet of water that rippled and sparkled in answer to the bright reflection. Elsie had stolen from a crowd of enamored admirers, who were showering upon her numerous empty compliments, and, retreating to the water's edge, she seated herself upon the mossy bank to contemplate the beauty of the scene.

Frederick went around stealthily to the other side, and gazed upon her from between the trees on the opposite bank.

"Can it be," he thought, "that she ceased entirely to care for me? Did I, by my ill-timed impatience, kill the feeling, or is her unconquerable pride stifling it? I cannot give her up! She must be mine! I will make one more trial, and, by throwing her off her guard, will prove whether her indifference is real or assumed."

He regarded attentively the water before him, and arranged his plans. He was a good swimmer, could dive to perfection, and, in short, he was an adept in all those antics peculiar to persons who have been reared near the aqueous element. He arose and parted the shrubbery which concealed him from Elsie's view, and deliberately leaned forward to pluck some water-

lilies which were beyond his reach, holding on to the branch of a tree in order to support himself; but the branch broke beneath his weight, and, uttering a loud cry for help, he fell into the water. The cry was echoed by a piercing shriek from the other side, which brought to the scene a man who was mowing grass in a neighboring field. Frederick rose to the surface in time to hear Elsie screaming wildly, "Save him! save him! for heaven's sake save him!" and before the stranger could seize him, he had sunk again. But again he rose, and by this time, the man who had come to his rescue had swum out to some distance, and, catching the apparently drowning man, he drew him to the shore.

"Is he dead?" shrieked Elsie, who stood by the water's brink, eagerly awaiting him.

"No, reckon not," replied the man, scrambling with his burden up the bank; "only kind o' stunned-like."

Elsie received her lover, and proceeded to rub his forehead and hands.

"Oh! he is all wet, and so cold!" she cried to the farmer, who stood shaking the water from his own clothes.

"Didn't 'spect to find him warm and dry jest arter he'd been fished out o' the water, did ye?" asked her companion, good-naturedly.

"But he will die! I know he will die!" continued the excited girl. "He doesn't open his eyes, nor show any signs of life. Can you not bring a physician?"

"Oh! he'll do well enough soon 's he gets used to bein' on dry land once more. Ain't no physician within two mile o' this."

"But we must have a doctor," continued Elsie, still more impatiently. "Pray run quickly, or he will surely die."

And her companion, purely from pity to her, set off to comply with her request, at the same time protesting against it.

When our hero found himself alone with Elsie, he came to the conclusion that it was best to begin to recover, as his opportunity for a *tele-a-tele* might be short. He accordingly drew a long breath, and half-opened his eyes for a moment; he saw the bewitching black orbs looking anxiously into his face, and the little warm hands were chafing his brow untiringly.

"Thank heaven!" broke from Elsie's lips, "he is not dead! He may yet recover!"

Thus encouraged, our hero ventured to take another, and a longer look.

"Do you feel better?" asked his young companion.

"Yes, much better, thank you," he replied,

and taking the small hand in his, he pressed it to his lips.

Now that the terror had subsided, Elsie, for the first time, realized her position. A crimson blush overspread her cheeks, and she attempted to withdraw her hand, and, in her confusion, the amount of strength of which Frederick proved himself to be suddenly possessed failed to call forth her surprise.

"You cannot go," he whispered, "until you tell me that you have forgiven me for my rudeness."

"I do forgive you entirely," she answered, struggling to free herself.

"One thing more," he continued. "Tell me you love me, and that you will be my wife."

The bright blush deepened, the struggling ceased, and the small hand lay passive in his.

What else transpired, reader, it is unnecessary to mention. Suffice it to say that when the physician arrived, he found his patient so far recovered that he thought it necessary to prescribe only a dry suit of clothes.

Our hero returned to his professional studies, engaged—not to a submissive, yielding little creature, who would meekly bear with his unreasonable caprices without venturing to remonstrate—but to a high-spirited girl, who had already resisted his authority, and set her will successfully in opposition to his.

"Ah! well," he reflected, "if she cannot be conquered, she can conquer, and one or the other was necessary!" And he took up his pen and wrote "Darling!" at the top of a page of letter-paper, and now we will leave him to finish his epistle.

FIRESIDE MEMORIES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The cold east wind is blowing now,
The air is damp and chill,
The rain is fast descending on
The forest, lea, and hill:
Night's curtains are around me drawn,
And all without is gloom,
While my wood-fire's embers throw
A brightness round the room.

I'm gazing sadly in the fire,
While memories of the past
Arise from out its mouldering coals,
And shadows round me cast;
And I with my sad heart commune,
In bitterness and pain,
For well I know the days of yore
Cannot return again.

Dark are the thoughts which on me crowd,
This cold and fitful night,
I am not now as once I was,
Ere hope had taken flight:
The shadowy past comes back to me,
Its lights upon me gleams;
But, ah! its rays do disappear
Like shadows from a stream.

The fire now is dying out,
The coals no longer shine.
Alas! alas! so hopes have paled,
Which once were fondly mine!
And though the dying embers can
Renewed be with a breath,
My hopes within the ashes lie
Of an eternal death.

IN HEAVEN.

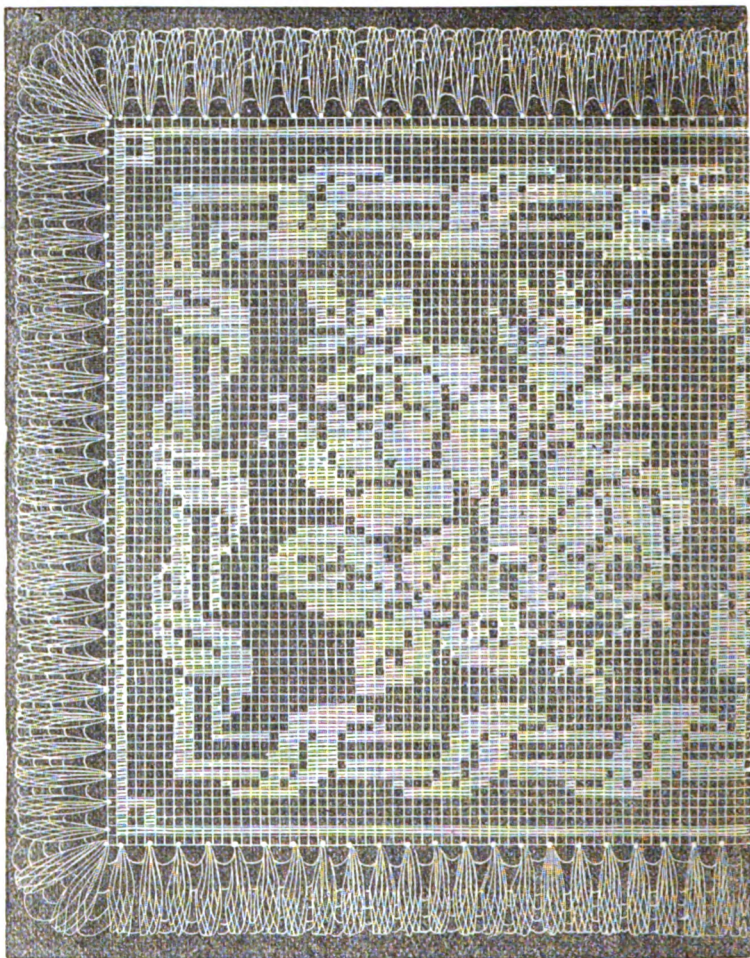
BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I see thee only in my dreams,
My angel sister. Thou art gone
To starry realms of peaceful rest,
To mingle with the ransomed throng.
Thy hands have clasped the golden lyre,
Thy feet have passed the pearly gates,
And we, with weary, fainting hearts,
Press onward where our darling waits.
Up to the golden sunrise hills
Our eyes are turned with anxious gaze,
Till half-unheeded are the thorns
That meet us on life's toilsome ways.
For there we know an angel waits,
Her beck'ning hand we almost see;

Though Heaven be fair, it could not keep
My angel sister's love from me.
Alas! I cannot see to-day,
Because the blinding tears will fall,
The roses blooming 'round my way,
Nor His dear love who watches all.
For we are weary. They who walk
Near to the sunset of life's day,
Even they, whose morn hath seen no noon,
Are growing weary by the way.
Yet there we know an angel waits,
Her beck'ning hand we almost see;
Though Heaven be fair, it could not keep
My angel sister's love from me.

ANTI-MACASSAR, IN NETTING AND DARNING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—The proper cotton for the netting is No. 10 for the center, No. 6 for the five long loops on the border, and No. 10 again for the four last rows, of crochet cotton. The darning is done with No. 10 of knitting cotton. Mesh No. 1, one-quarter of an inch; mesh No. 2, one-third of an inch; mesh No. 3, three-quarters of an inch. The best way of doing square netting is by commencing with a line across the center, from one corner to its opposite, for a foundation; this foundation is a stout thread

tied both ends together, and fastened to the knee with a pin, or passed under the foot to hold it tight; the end of the thread on the needle is tied to this; the mesh being held in the left hand on a line with it, take the needle in the right hand, let the thread come over the mesh and the third finger, bring it back under the mesh, and hold it between the thumb and the first finger, slip the needle through the loop over the third finger, under the mesh and the foundation thread; this will form a loop, which

must be passed over the fourth finger; withdraw the third finger from the loop, and draw up the loop over the fourth, gradually tightening it on the mesh, keeping the thumb firmly over the mesh while forming the stitch. When the necessary number of stitches are made on the foundation, the other rows are to be worked in same way, backwards and forwards. For this Anti-Macassar, cast on seventy-nine loops. Then net a row, only taking care that at its end you must take up the two last loops, instead of one. In this way the rows gradually shorten, till at last you get to a single loop. In this stage of the work it looks like a half-handkerchief. To do the other half, so as to make the square, you must draw out the string which has been the foundation of your netting, and, with a bodkin, thread it in and out of the loops in a regular line about four in depth from its edge,

and then recommence your work as before, always being careful to take up the two loops at the end of the line. Doing this makes the square of square netting. All this is to be done on mesh No. 1. Then take mesh No. 2, and net one all round. Then take mesh No. 3, and net five loops on one loop, missing two, and so on all round, with the exceptions of the corners, where five of the long loops must be netted on the threes of each corner next to each other, to make the border lie flat. Then take mesh No. 1 again, and net all round. Repeat, only leaving out the connecting loop which comes between. This is to be done four times each round, leaving out the interrening loop. It is in this way that the pretty pattern is formed which makes the edge. When all this is done, it only remains to darn the pattern, and this elegant Anti-Macassar will be complete.

BASKET IN BOBBIN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

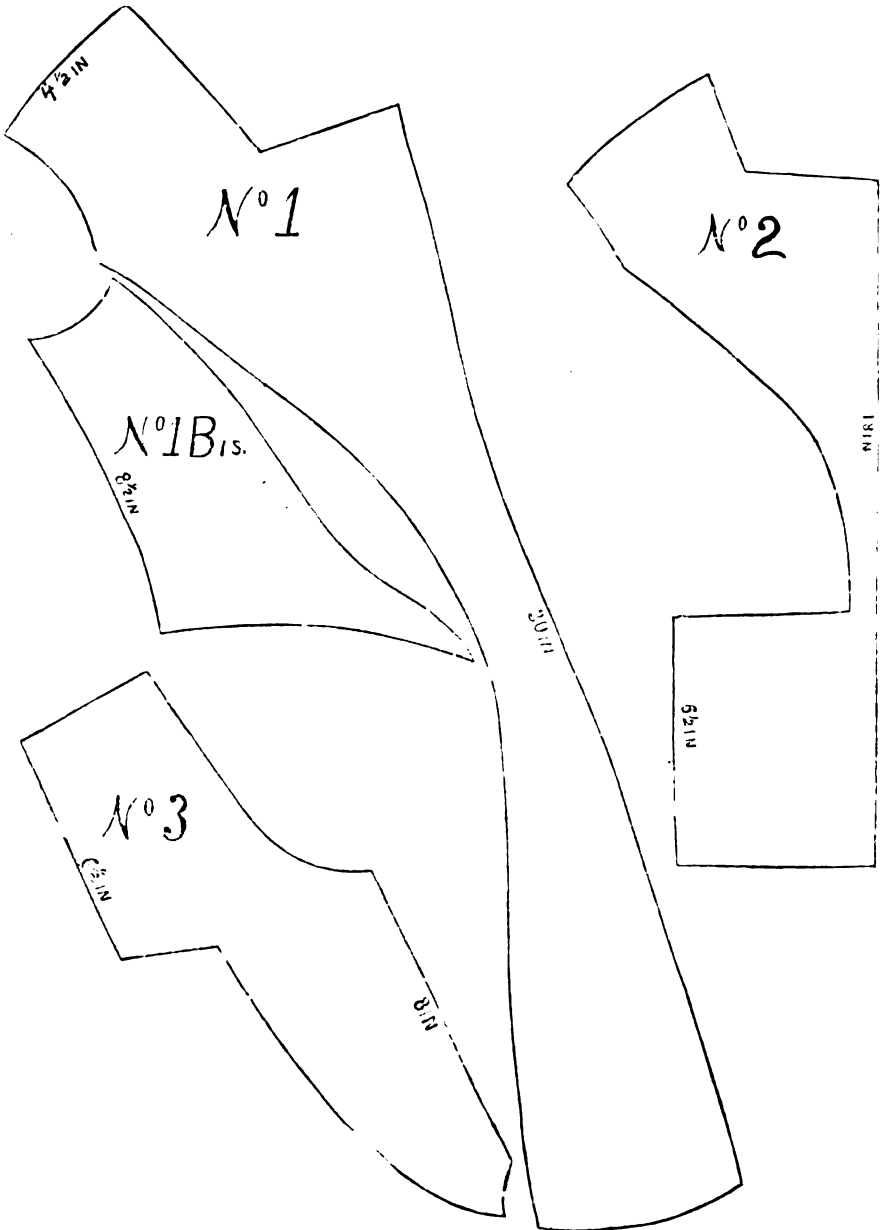
In the front of the number is given a design for a basket in bobbin-work, a very appropriate article for a Christmas or New Year's gift. To make this basket, the first thing to do is to buy about three cents worth of saffron, on which pour one pint of boiling water, and strain through a muslin. Six knots of rather thick round bobbin must then be passed through the saffron-water, in order to dye it a straw color, taking care that it is not too dark, and that no portion of the bobbin remains too long in the water, as this renders it a deep orange. The bobbin must then be dried. Cut out in cardboard the shape which you design your basket to be: the one given in the illustration is in two pieces, both exactly the same. Commence the bobbin-work by stitching on the double upright lines close to the top edge of the shape, but leaving a little space between them. When these are all arranged regularly, they must be fastened down in the same way at the bottom edge, not pulling them tight down on the cardboard, but suffering them to remain a little loose, in order to leave room for the plait which comes the other way, and which takes up this little additional length. The long way of the plait is now commenced from the bottom, with the double line of bobbin, the same as the uprights, plaited in and out, and fastened down

at each end of the shape. The whole of the side is then filled up in the same way, taking care that the lines are kept very even, and pushed down very near to each other, each end being stitched down close together. When the two sides are prepared in this manner, a little bright-colored sarcenet must be slightly wadded and very neatly quilted in diamonds, and the two halves of the basket lined. A true oval must then be cut out of card-boards, and lined in the same manner as the sides. The two ends of the two sides of the basket must first be sewn together; then the oval bottom fixed in with precision and sewn round. A plait of three must then be made and sewn round both the top and lower edge of the basket. The handle is formed of a plait of five; but for this the bobbin is double, and great care must be taken that both the lines of the bobbin lay perfectly flat, and in no way twisted, as this spoils the appearance of the plait. This is laid over each end of the basket and stitched down, thus hiding the joints, and the ends are fastened underneath on the oval. Two bows of the bobbin are then made by winding a length round the fingers, and tying it in the middle; these are stitched on to the ends, and complete this very pretty article, and one, it will be seen, quite easy to make.

NEW STYLE BODY,

BY EMILY H. MAY.

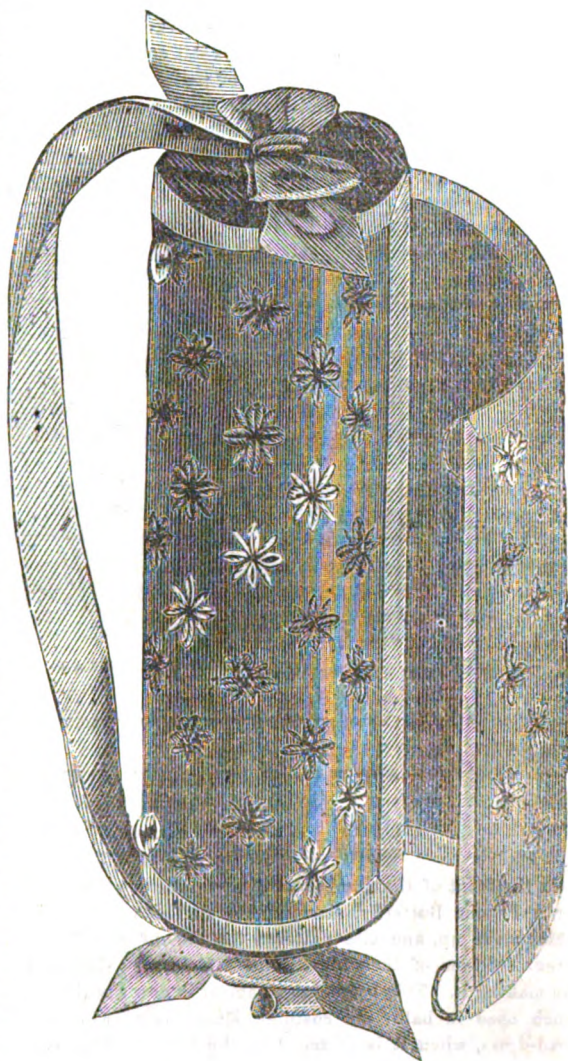
- We give, this month, a diagram, for a body.
- No. 1. FRONT OF BODY WITH ENDS.
 - No. 1. *bis.* SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.
 - No. 2. MIDDLE OF BACK with postillionskirts, laid in three wide hollow plaits.
 - No. 3. SIDE-PIECE OF THIS BACK.



CLOTH HOUSEWIFE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS is a new and quite pretty affair, and would make a charming holiday gift, where the aim is utility. The materials are a piece of black cloth, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; a piece of *toile circe* the same size; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of blue sarsnet ribbon; 1 skein of coarse black purse silk; a few needlefuls of various colored silks; buttons, etc. The stars on our pattern should be worked rather larger than represented in our illustration, and the extreme simplicity of the design renders it easy to imitate. They are worked in *broderie a la minute*, a stitch which we explain below. The stars are worked either of one color or in several bright and varied colors; but our pattern is made in the latter style. The stars of the same color form slanting lines; those in a light shade are white; then, two lines farther, yellow; the two intermediate lines are one red and the other blue; then, after the yellow stars, one line of green, the other of lilac. When the embroidery is finished, line the cloth with *toile circe*, and bind both the outside and inside together with blue sarsnet ribbon, stitching it neatly on. Cover each end of the round pocket, or housewife, with a round of crochet silk in black silk. To do this, make a chain of four or five stitches, join the first to the last so as to form a circle; take some fine round cord, and over this cord work in crochet 8 rounds, increasing here and there, so that the round may be a little convex. When finished it should measure about two inches round. Sew these rounds on to each side of the embroidered cloth, beginning at one of the ends. The rounds form the sides of the pocket, and the embroidery is sewn round them, leaving a space of about one inch for the opening. The handle consists of a piece of bright blue ribbon,

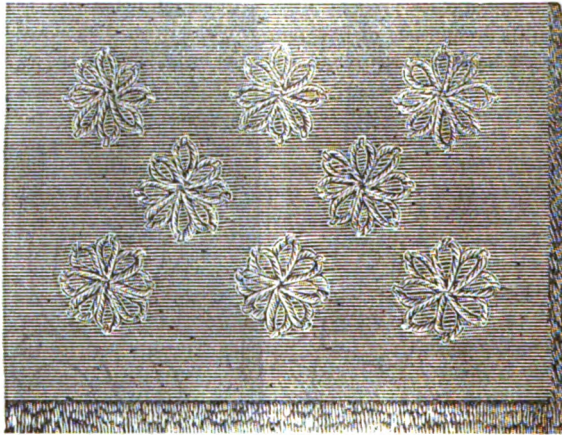


10 inches long, fastened on each side in the middle of each round, and finished with a small bow. Two buttons (see illustration) are then added, and at the edge of the work two buttonholes made to shut the housewife. This little article will be found very convenient for the pocket, and will hold a small piece of embroidery, a pair of scissors, a thimble, and cotton

necessary for working. The two round ends of the crochet form the straight piece of cloth into a kind of pocket to hold firmly and securely any work that may be laid in. To make the housewife still neater and more complete, a piece of ribbon may be stitched inside to hold scissors, bodkin, or knife, without putting these things into the pocket loosely.

THE BRODERIE A LA MINUTE STITCH is worked on any double material, either in thick flat cotton, wool, or silk. A great variety of patterns may be produced by it, and the material on which it is worked should always be put double. Our pattern is intended for a pair of slippers, to be worked on very fine cloth or French me-

rino with colored floss silk or twist, and consists of a small design in the shape of stars. To make each division of the star, first insert the needle at the back, so as to bring it out in front in the center of the star; then form an oval loop with the silk, keep it flat under the thumb, insert the needle in the same place as before, and make one long stitch at the back, so as to bring out the needle at the top of the loop, in which place work one small stitch to keep the loop firm. Repeat the same process for each of the 8 stars. The material chosen for the ground should be black, drab, or gray, and the flowers worked in any bright-colored floss silk or twist.



A NOVELTY IN BRODERIE A LA MINUTE.

THE PSYCHE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number we give a pattern for a Psyche Butterfly, showing how it looks when made up, and also patterns for the different sections of the wings, so as to facilitate the making it. This beautiful ornament is now much used in ball-room costume, either as a head-dress, when it is attached to the hair in the center of the forehead, or on the left side of the head nearly at the back; it is also placed on the skirt of the dress to loop up the tunic or drapery, and it may be applied to a variety of articles, as penwipers, paper weights, screens, etc. It is a very suitable Christmas or New Year's gift from one lady to the other.

MATERIALS.—3 yards of narrow gold braid, a skein of fine gold twine, 1 yard of gold spiral

wire, and a skein each of white, light blue, and cerise fine silk.

The sections of the wings are given on each side of the complete butterfly, one showing the braid outline only, and the other the stitches which are worked to attach the braids together. The wings and body are made separately, the latter being formed of plain crochet.

Commence by tracing the braid outline of one of the sections, and with a fine sewing-needle and thread tack the gold braid on the outline. These stitches should be taken across the braid, and not through it; then, with the blue silk and a sewing-needle, begin at the narrow part of the wing, and run the silk across the braids, darning it in and out of them eight or ten times;

then work up the braids, joining them with rows of hem-stitch. The net-work above them is of the cerise silk, and formed of a succession of open button-hole stitches.

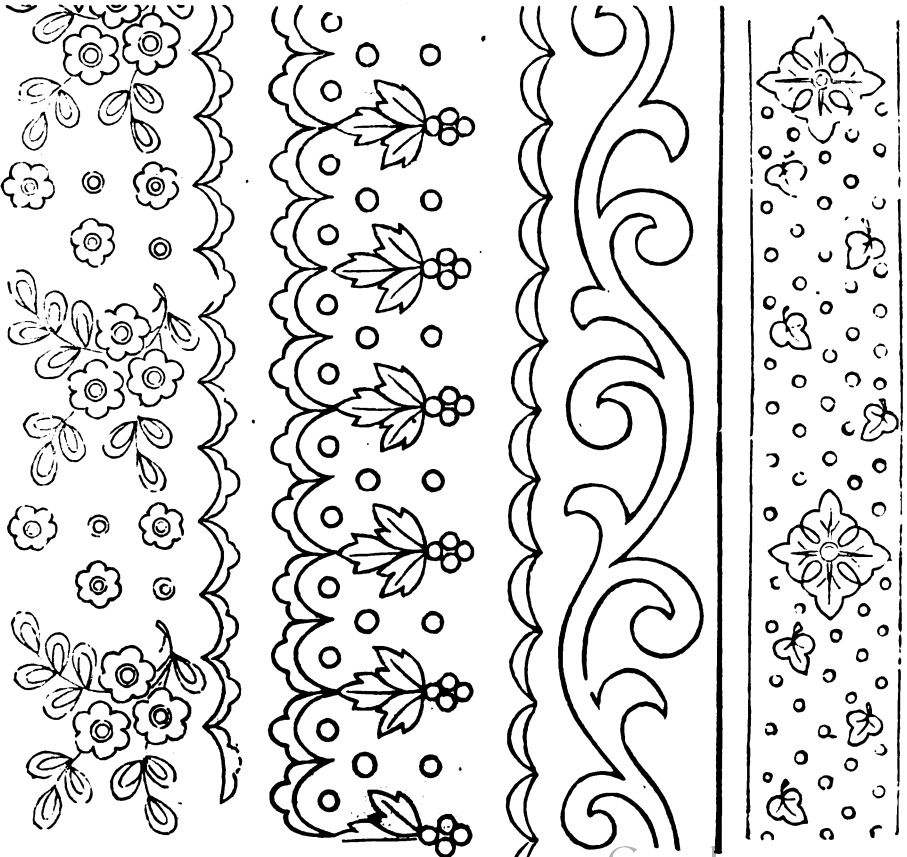
The Rosettes in the center of the circles are made of white silk, and to form them see the Braid pattern in the preceding direction; the space between the two straight lines at the edge should be filled with blue silk. When the work is finished, sew the gold wire round the edge of the braid, using the cerise silk, and at each side leave about two inches of the wire to form the legs.

THE BODY.—Work with the gold twine, and Penelope crochet needle, No. 8. Commence with 4 chain stitches, and work a single stitch in the 1st chain to make it round.

Work 2 plain stitches in each of the four stitches, then (2 plain both in one stitch, and 3

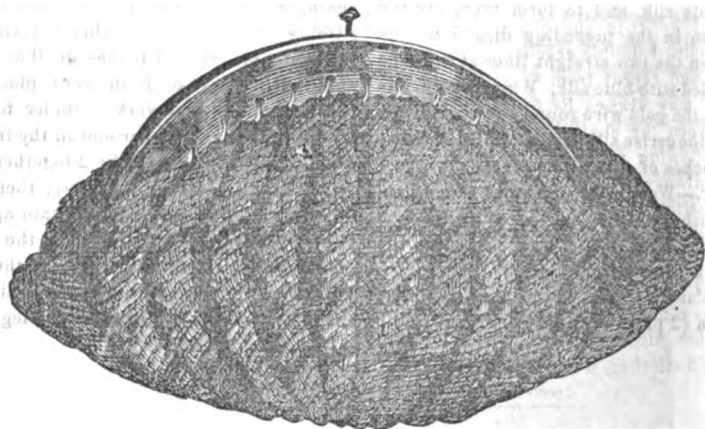
plain in successive stitches, 8 times); it will now be 16 stitches round. Work 80 plain; stuff the work with a little piece of wool. Decrease by taking two stitches together and working them as one stitch; then (5 plain, and decrease again, 8 times); and for the Head, work (2 stitches in one, 5 times), then 6 plain; and for the Antennæ, take 3 inches of the gold wire, and, leaving half of it in front, place it along the last round, and work it under for 3 plain stitches. Leave the other end in the front, work 4 plain, then 4 single, (take 2 together 5 times), (miss 1, and 1 single, 3 times); then 3 chain, miss 1, and 2 single on it; 3 chain again, miss 1, and 2 single on it, 1 single on the head, and fasten off. Sew two beads above the antennæ for the eyes; then sew the wings to the sides of the body, leaving the wire for the legs.

EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS.



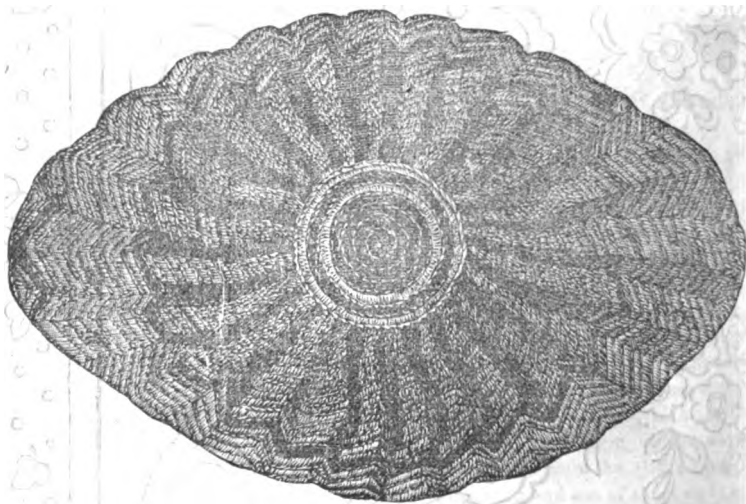
RIBBED PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is another pretty affair for a holiday gift. The materials are 1 skein of red purse silk; 1 skein of white ditto; 1 skein of black ditto; 1 skein of gold color ditto; a gilt fastening; a little white silk. This tasteful little bag serves for a purse or a tobacco-pouch—in the latter case using very thick crochet silk. The engraving No. 1 shows one side of the work when completed, and No. 2 represents the under part, both in full size if intended for a purse. It is extremely easy to work. Take a steel crochet needle suitable for the silk, and with the black silk make a chain of 4 stitches; join the first to the last, and work in rounds.

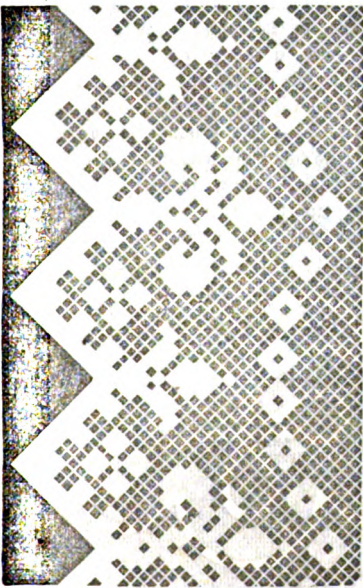
Work 2 stitches in double crochet in each stitch of the preceding round, until there are 38 stitches in the round; without cutting the black silk, join on the yellow, and work 1 stitch in each stitch, increasing 5 times in the course of this round. The increasing is made by working 2 stitches in 1. When this row is completed, take the black silk (without cutting the yellow), and work 1 stitch in each stitch, increasing three times only in this round. Resume the yellow silk, and work 1 round, in which increase two or three times, so as to obtain 54 stitches in all. The flat under part is now finished. Begin the part which appears to be



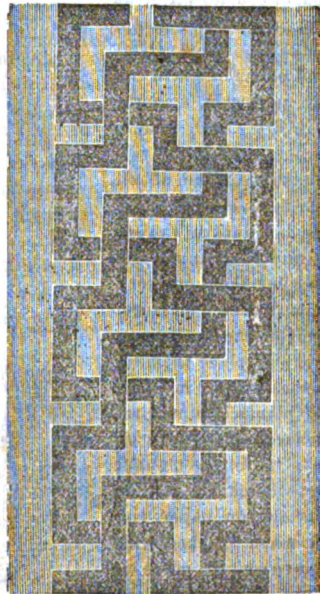
gathered round this small circle, and never cut any end of the silk; to the last yellow stitch join on the red silk, and in the first round work * 1 double crochet, and in the next stitch 1 double crochet, 1 chain, 1 double crochet; repeat from * until the end of the round. In the second round work, in the chain, * 1 double crochet, 1 chain, 1 double crochet; then 4 double crochet, and repeat from *; so that in this round there may always be 5 double crochet stitches between the chain stitches. Continue in all the following rounds to make the same increasings, always in the same place—that is, in the chain stitch—so that in the 7th round 19 double crochet, 1 chain, are worked alternately. In the 8th round begin to make between 2 increasings 1 decreasing—that is, miss the stitches in the center of the space between each increasing; thus, after the chain, work 7 double crochet, miss 3 stitches, work 7 double crochet,

then the chain, and so on. By means of these increasings and decreasings, regularly repeated in the same places, the hollow folds of the purse are formed. In the 8th and all following rounds, instead of missing 3 stitches, miss only 2. The 9th round is made with yellow silk, the 10th with black, the 11th with yellow; then 8 rounds in white silk. This white stripe is ornamented in the 4th and 5th rounds by spots in yellow silk. In those 2 rounds work, after each decreasing, the 4th and 5th stitches in yellow; after the 8th white round work 1 yellow, 1 black, 1 yellow, 8 red, 1 yellow, 1 black, 1 yellow, which completes the purse. The purse may be lined with a round piece of white silk, hemmed round inside the purse, put under the scallops at the edges. These scallops are sewn on to the fastening; in each hole one scallop is fixed, beginning in the middle, and arranging the folds regularly all round.

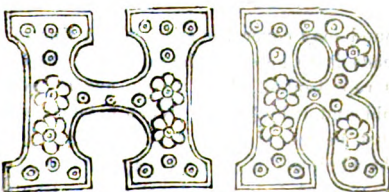
VARIETIES.



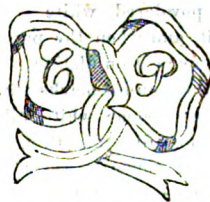
NETTED BORDER, DARNED.



FOR BRAIDING.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.

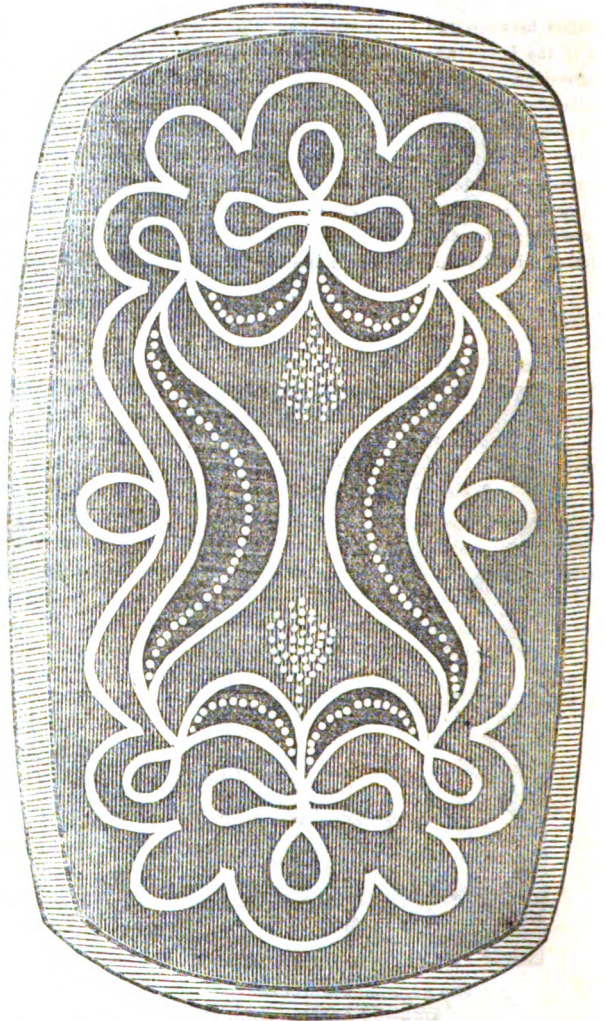


INITIALS FOR MARKING.

CIGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

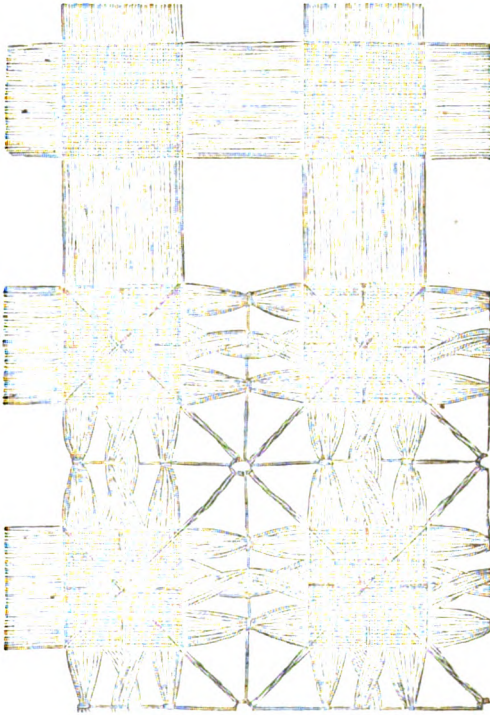
TAKE two pieces of rich crimson velvet, five inches wide and eight long, for the sides of the case, and about the same quantity of black velvet for *applique*, two strings of gold, and three of ruby beads, and six yards of gold braid. Nail the black velvet (with the face downward and at the extreme edge of the velvet) on a board, taking care that it is perfectly tight and straight; then with thin, smooth paste brush over some thin paper, until quite damp, which lay on the velvet. Spread the paper out with the hand till perfectly smooth, and let it dry. When dry, and before unnauling the velvet, trace the outline of all the pieces intended for *applique* (those left dark in the engraving), and then unnaul the velvet and cut them out very carefully with sharp scissors. Gum them on the back upon the paper, and place them on the crimson velvet in their appointed places, having previously traced the pattern on crimson velvet in the manner following:—Prick the outline of the pattern on paper, rub the back when pricked with pumice-stone to make it smooth, pin it firmly on the crimson velvet, then rub some pounce or powdered white



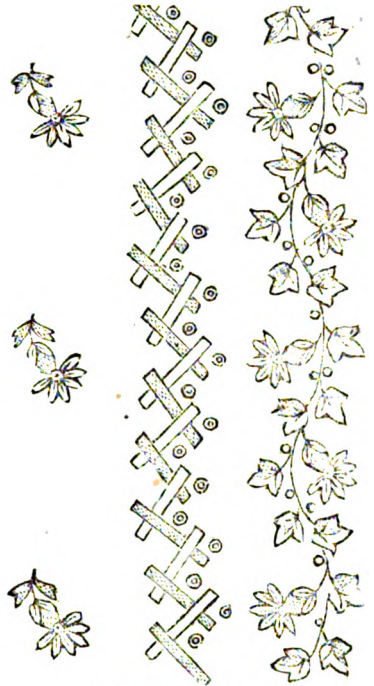
chalk over it, and when the paper is removed the outline may be seen distinctly on the velvet. Trace over the pounce-marks with a fine sable paint-brush and some white oil-paint mixed with turpentine till quite thin, and stick the pieces of black velvet in their proper places, and sew them round at the extreme edge, so that the gold braid that is afterward to go round may cover the stitches. A line of ruby beads is to go down the middle of the *applique* as represented. The tassels are formed with gold and ruby beads. When finished, the case must be mounted on a gilt frame and clasp. The whole will make a very appropriate holiday gift from a lady to a gentleman at Christmas, New Year's, or on a birth-day.

TIDY PATTERN, EMBROIDERIES, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



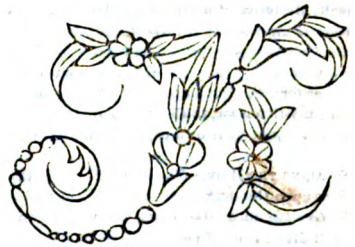
DESIGN FOR TIDY OR CAKE DOYLEY.



EMBROIDERIES.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



LETTER FOR MARKING.



NAME FOR MARKING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1864. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1864 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now *the largest circulation of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.*

We think we may say, justly, that part of this success is owing to the fact that the promises made in our Prospectus are always kept, no matter at what cost. In 1863, *this was the only Magazine that did not raise its price either to clubs, or to agents,* which all the others, in consequence of the advance in the price of paper, *did.* But we had advertised to give a certain number of pages at a certain price to clubs, and we did it, although we had to pay nearly twice as much for paper as in 1862.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson never descends to be a merely advertising medium for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.*"

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1864, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

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!*

WEARING THE HAIR.—The hair will not in future be worn so low upon the neck as formerly, but it will be turned up *a la Grecque* in double bows, and will be waved in front, for full dress, rows of pearls will be bound round the head. Black pearls are at present much sought after. In Paris, young ladies now wear velvet of the same color as their dress, or ribbon of the same shade as their hair; this is passed between the bandeaux, and is tied at the side of the head. For evening wear, they adopt a gold ribbon, or a ribbon striped with gold and fringed at the ends; this is called the Fontange bow. A pin is used for keeping it firm and in its place, and sometimes the ribbon is passed again round to the back underneath the back hair, and a flower is added at the side. This style of head-dress a young lady can arrange without assistance.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—Remember that the postage on "Peterson" has been reduced, by the new postage law, from eighteen cents yearly to twelve cents.

COLORÉD FLANNEL PETTICOATS.—The fashion, within the last few winters, has been adopted by many ladies of wearing colored flannel petticoats instead of white ones; and there is so much in favor of the colored flannel that we can scarcely wonder at the preference shown for it. After white flannel has been washed half a dozen times, unless it has been very skillfully treated, its beauty will have vanished, and it will have assumed that dusky yellow hue which we are most of us but too familiarly acquainted with. New colored flannels undergo the washing ordeal with much greater fortitude, they retain their brightness and brilliancy of shade and tone, and seldom deteriorate in color. The petticoats are frequently scalloped out round the bottom with wool or silk, and Knickerbockers frequently accompany them, made of the same material as the petticoat. Pink and scarlet are the favorite colors. The flannels which are printed with a Persian or Turkish design, or them are very suitable for invalid or morning gowns; they are made in one piece without any seam at the waist, being confined with a silk cord and tassels instead of a waistband. Occasionally these flannel gowns are faced with silk of the prevailing color of the design upon the flannel; this is quilted, and the gown is left open in front, and in which case an elaborately ornamented white cambric muslin petticoat is worn underneath; rows of narrow graduated tucks, and insertion embroidered in satin stitch, usually forming the ornamentation to the white petticoat.

TO PRESERVE THE HAIR.—Ladies desirous of improving scanty or weak locks, or of keeping abundant tresses in good order, should, every alternate day part the hair from the top of the head downward, beginning on the temple; in doing this, raise the scurf slightly with a tail-comb, brush the division both ways briskly, rub in some pomatum with the finger, and repeat the process, making the divisions close upon one another all round the head. Grass the points well afterward, and examine them every two or three days, clipping off any split ends a little above the division, with a *slanting cut*; then, if anxious to lengthen your hair, you can dispense with a hair-dresser's assistance. Brushing the hair a little on retiring to rest in a direction contrary to the way it is worn in the day, is also beneficial. There can be no doubt that continual care and attention are necessary, not only to improve, but even to preserve the hair. Where it has a tendency to become dry, the owner should use a little pomatum constantly. Oil is as good as a semi-fluid pomade. The crimping of the hair, which has been so fashionable for some time, whether by plaiting or twisting upon hair-pins at night, is very destructive. Hair should, upon no account, be plaited at night; but, if very long, may be put loosely into a *crochet* or netting-cap, which is too open to be unhealthy. It is hardly necessary to say that fresh partings should be made every day, and the hair cleansed with a wash about once a week.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December. Those who subscribe soonest will get the first impressions of the superb mezzotint that will appear in that number. *Remit early!*

OUR "TITLE-PAGE FOR 1863."—This is another of the beautiful title-pages, which we give, as an extra embellishment, every year. Those who have seen the present one, pronounce it the most beautiful of all.

EGGS IN WINTER.—A Frenchman, M. de Sora, has discovered the secret of making hens lay eggs every day in the year by feeding them on horse-flesh. The fact that hens do not lay eggs in winter as well as in summer is well known, and the simple reason appears to be that they do not get the supply of meat in winter which they readily obtain in the warm season, by scratching the ground for worms and insects. M. de Sora was aware of these facts, and set himself earnestly at the construction of a hencery which should be productive twelve months in the year. He soon ascertained that a certain quantity of raw mince-meat given regularly with other food, produced the desired result; and commencing only with some three hundred hens, he found that they averaged the first year some twenty-five dozen eggs each in three hundred and sixty-five days. To supply this great consumption of meat, M. de Sora availed himself of the constant supply of superannuated and disabled horses from the stables of Paris.

A CHARMING NEGLIGE TOILET was lately made for the Princess de Metternich in Paris. It consisted of a plain green and white poplin skirt, upon which there is no trimming; but the skirt was very long, and measured at least seven yards in width. An embroidered white *percale* waistcoat with a Valenciennes lace cravat in front; a green velvet jacket embroidered at the edge with steel beads; narrow sleeves similarly embroidered, with a heavy necklet consisting of a double row of large embossed steel beads round the throat, one row falling low on to the waistcoat; a blonde cap with violet and green flowers and ribbons; no strings. The princess wore green Morocco slippers and white silk stockings, dotted with tiny violets. Plaids are very extensively employed in almost every variety of French toilets. The Rob Roy, the Stuart, and the Macdonald are all in great favor.

AN EXTRA COPY FOR A PREMIUM.—We shall renew, for next year only, the offer of this year, viz: a premium copy of "Peterson" to every person who shall send us a club. The club terms, remember, are three copies for \$5.00; five copies for \$7.50; or eight copies for \$10.00. Whoever will get up either of these clubs, at these rates, will receive, either an extra copy gratis, or any other of our advertised premiums, as they may prefer.

IN REMITTING, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the name of your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a draft, deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be had, send U. S. notes, or notes of solvent banks. Pay the postage on your letter. The U. S. postage currency, but no other, taken for fractions of a dollar.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Remember that the price of *the Magazine* is only two dollars, while others of the same rank are three dollars. That is, everything which a lady wants in a magazine, can be had in "Peterson" for *one-third less* than in any other first-class magazine. Tell this to persons you ask to subscribe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Great Stone Book of Nature. By D. T. Ansted, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: G. W. Childs.*—Under this somewhat quaint title, we have an excellent popular summary of the science of geology. Or, rather, "The Stone Book" is the history of the structure and composition of the earth: its gradual progress and the inhabitants it has had from time to time. The volume is illustrated with numerous engravings. It is a book of engrossing interest, dealing with one of the grandest of subjects, in a manner equally fascinating and instructive.

Vincenzo. By the author of "Doctor Antonio." 1 vol., 8 ro. *New York: Curleton.*—The advent of this book has been long expected, for "Doctor Antonio," and even "Lavinia," the author's earlier fictions, were both superior novels. We rank "Vincenzo" but little below "Doctor Antonio," though the tale, perhaps, will never be as popular. The descriptions of Italian life are as excellent; the English as pure; the characters as skillfully delineated; the love-passages as delicately told: but the story, on the whole, will not be so generally liked, in spite of the denouement being less tragical. For ourselves, however, we prefer "Vincenzo" to anything Ruffini has written, and think it entitled to rank very high, indeed, among works of fiction. Its chief merit, perhaps, is in its characters. Barnaby, the old servant, is inimitable. Rosa, her father, and Vincenzo, are all most skillfully and delicately drawn. The purpose of the book, for it has a purpose, is also praiseworthy. This is a cheap edition.

The Ring of Amasis. By R. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this book, better known by his *nom de guerre* of "Owen Meredith," is the son of Bulwer, the novelist, and has already won considerable literary reputation by "Lucille" and other poems. The present work is a prose fiction; a wild, improbable story, in which the supernatural and natural are sought to be blended: not a pleasant tale, and yet one exhibiting a certain degree of power. The story professes to have been derived from the papers of a German physician.

Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties. Translated, by Frederica Rouan, from the German. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This volume is a companion one to "Meditations on Death," which was lately published by Ticknor & Fields, and is translated from the same German author. The "Meditations on Death" was a great favorite with Queen Victoria, and has been very popular in this country; and we think the present volume will prove not less acceptable.

Chrestomathie Francaise. By William L. Knapp. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very excellent book of its kind, containing selections from the best French writers, and also the master-pieces of Moliere, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire, with explanatory notes, biographical notices and a vocabulary. The defect of the work is, that it ignores the more modern French writers. This is like publishing a volume on the English language and omitting every author of a later date than Addison.

Pique. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Loring.*—This is a republication of an English novel, which, we understand, has attracted an unusual degree of attention in London, especially in cultivated circles. The characters, generally, belong to the higher ranks of society, and are discriminated with force and skill. The story is very pleasantly told, and full of interest, while free from any melodramatic taint. With ladies it will be very popular.

Daily Walk With Wise Men; or, Religious Exercises for every day in the year. Selected, arranged, and specially adapted by Rev. Nelson Head. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a selection of extracts (one for every day in the year) from the writings of eminent Christians, such as Chrysostom, Augustine, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Leighton, etc., etc. It is a work eminently calculated to foster and develop the Christian graces.

Levana; or, The Doctrine of Education. By Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is, perhaps, the most intelligible, to an American, of all Richter's works; it is certainly his most practical. Many of the hints on education are excellent. The work displays great subtlety of intellect. The volume is handsomely published, with beveled boards and gilt top.

Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a series of sketches, written while the author was consul at Liverpool, depicting various phases of English social life, and describing different places of interest. The sketches are full of quaint humor, and are written in the most exquisite English. Among the best of them are: "Leamington Spa," "A Visit to Old Boston," "Civic Banquets," and "Up the Thames." The book gives a better description of England and English life, than has appeared, perhaps, since Irving's "Sketch-Book."

Gala Days. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this charming book is already favorably known by her "Country Living and Country Thinking." In addition to several brilliant essays, the volume contains a long paper on summer travel, in which Saratoga, Lake George, Montreal, and other places, are hit off in the most sparkling manner. There is no magazinist who equals, in her peculiar walk, this racy and rollicking writer.

The Shadow of Ashlydyat. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, by the author of "East Lynne," reprinted from advance sheets and from the original manuscript. We have seen a letter from Mrs. Wood, in which she expresses it as her opinion, that "The Heir of Ashlydyat" is the best fiction she has ever written, not even excepting "The Chanings;" and in this judgment we coincide. The volume is printed in double column octavo.

Methods of Study in Natural History. By L. Agassiz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume contains the substance of a series of lectures, delivered at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, and is freely illustrated with engravings. The style is clear and concise. Never before was so successful an attempt to popularize science. The transmutation theory of Darwin is demolished, by Agassiz, in less than two pages of this volume.

Freedom and War. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Here are eighteen discourses, on topics connected with the Times, in the best vein of the author. A cotemporary says that "Mr. Beecher is as much a sensation preacher as Miss Braddon is a sensation novelist;" and we do not know but that there is considerable truth in the criticism.

Eleanor's Victory. By the author of "Aurora Floyd." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In every respect, this is a better novel than either "Aurora Floyd," or "Lady Audley's Secret." The volume is illustrated with wood-engravings of much merit. Miss Braddon, the author, is a sensation writer, but one of a higher class than others.

HORTICULTURAL.

MANAGING BULBS.—The way of managing room-growing bulbs is to procure them early from the seed-men, and then to plant the first set immediately that you get them. We have found the best way of keeping those we do not want directly to be in common flower-pots filled up to the brim with dry sand. They should be often looked over, and kept in a dry, dark place. For planting, take a soup-plate, a milk pan, or china bowl, and either laying in a quantity of charcoal, or, if this is hard to get, even omitting that, we fill the dish with silver sand to about half-way up. We sometimes pour a little water into the dish at first if it is a china one, and not a red porous pan. But the sand ought not to be wet, only the least degree damp. When the pan is a porous one, to stand on a damp stone suffices. Having got so far, the bulbs are placed on the sand; they must be placed lightly on, and not be pressed down in the least. A group, say of blue and white, would have three blue for the

center, then three white ones outside, or one white in the middle, and then three pink round that, and then again outside there might be three more white. Snow-drops and blue scillas look lovely in every group, and they may be placed nearly closely to fill up most of the vacancies.

The bulbs being thus arranged happily, pour dry sand over them, so as nearly to cover them up. Only then one does not see the roots! And some people like much to watch them. If you are not quite sure of being extremely strong-minded, it may be safer to leave the bulbs exposed than to take surreptitious peeps! Under any circumstances a dark cupboard must now receive them. A dark cellar does well also, only beware of much damp or warmth. A friend of ours was anxious to preserve her dear bulbs from cold, and she placed them all in a closet through which the hot-water pipes passed. The hyacinths grew very fast, but, alas! they forgot to flower. A cool, quite dark place for six weeks, then, is the right thing. After they are well rooted, they cannot have too much light. One last word with regard to tulips. Plant all that you buy at once. Merely have plates of moist sand, and stand the tulip in them; put them in the dark, and some few will soon grow. These, under proper management, will blossom much the earliest.

ORNAMENTAL WAX-WORK.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CHERRIES, CRANBERRIES, BLUEBERRIES, ETC.—In cherries the form, size, and color vary almost infinitely, and, indeed, the same may be said of almost every kind of fruit; but once able to form any one variety, the others may be obtained with a little practice.

For cherries, the common red varieties show with the prettiest effect. They should be made as near transparent as possible—the cotton placed on the wire (which should be first wound)—in such a manner as most successfully to imitate the pit; red cherries should be made of white reds colored with carmine—shaped according to the natural fruit—the small indentation made with the head of a pin.

Cranberries, from the neat and graceful manner in which they hang on the stems, and their beautiful color, are worthy a place among the small fruits. They should be made same as cherries, also barberries, but these should not be undertaken without natural specimens for a copy. **M. L. Z.**

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

SOUPS.

White Soup.—Take the scrag end of a neck of mutton, a small knuckle of veal, and a ham bone, put them into a saucepan, and with a small bunch of savory herbs, a stick of celery cut into pieces, three or four moderate-sized onions, sliced up, the peel of a fresh lemon, two blades of mace, and a dessert-spoonful of white pepper, and the same quantity of salt. Pour on to them four quarts of water, and let all simmer together until the meat falls into pieces, and away from the bones; then strain the liquor into a clear earthenware vessel, and set it by in the larder. On the following day remove the fat from the top, clear the jelly from the sediment, and put it into a saucepan. Prepare the following thickening for it: Blanch a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, beat them to a paste in a marble mortar, with a dessert-spoonful of water to prevent them from oiling; mince a large slice of cooked cold veal or chicken, beat it in a mortar with a small piece of stale bread; add to these one pint of cream, a little lemon-peel, and one blade of mace, both pounded fine, boil all together for a few minutes, and then add one pint of soup; strain

and pulp it through a coarse sieve. This thickening is now ready to be added to the remainder of the soup, which should boil for half an hour after all has been added.

Potato Soup.—Procure two pounds of beef (from the shin or leg is sufficiently good for the purpose), put them into a saucepan with any bones that may be at hand, and three quarts of cold water. Place the saucepan by the side of the fire, and let the soup warm gently, and remove carefully all the scum that may rise to the surface. Throw in sufficient salt to season it, then clear the scum off again. Add one turnip, three carrots, half a head of celery, all cut into slices, an onion with four cloves stuck in it, a few young leeks, some parsley, peppercorns, and a bunch of savory herbs. Let all these simmer gently for three hours without ceasing, and then strain it and clear it from fat. Steam two pounds and a half of mealy potatoes, and mash them to a smooth paste; boil up the broth which has been made, and which should measure about two quarts, and when boiling mix in by degrees the potatoes. Strain the soup and place it again on the fire for ten minutes, adding pepper, salt, and a little finely-chopped parsley. Skim it thoroughly and add two ounces of onions, lightly fried and chopped small. Let the soup simmer for a few minutes longer and serve hot with fried toast.

An Excellent French Soup.—Take a sheep's head and pluck, wash them well, and set them on to boil, with as many bones as you can collect, in about five quarts of water, with a bunch of sweet herbs, celery, turnips, carrots, onions, and a teacupful of pearl-barley. When the head is sufficiently cooked, take it out, but let the other ingredients remain for some time, until all the strength is extracted from them. Then strain the liquor, and, when cold, take off the fat. Put the soup on to boil, thickened with a little flour and butter; season to your taste, add half a teacupful of ketchup, and about the same quantity of sherry. Cut the meat from the head in small square pieces, put these into the soup, and let it boil up once more. When the stock is made of fresh meat, use a shin of beef.

Rabbit Soup.—An old rabbit is the best for this soup, but it should be a fine one. Skin it and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of new milk, and one quart of water, a quarter of a pint of rice, and eight moderate-sized onions, which must be first sliced and fried. Season with salt, pepper, and mace, and let all simmer together for two hours. Take the rabbit out of the saucepan, strain the liquor into a clean bowl, and then rub the rice and onions through a hair sieve to thicken the soup. Cut the rabbit into pieces, and put only the best and whitest parts in. Warm all up together, and serve hot in a tureen.

MEATS.

To Boil a Turkey.—Choose a plump hen-bird for boiling; a moderate-sized one is the best. In very cold weather a turkey will hang with advantage in its feathers in a well-ventilated larder for twelve or fourteen days: if eaten too fresh the bird will not be good. Feather and draw the turkey, singe it with white paper. Cut off the head, neck, and feet, and after well washing truss it, draw the legs into the body, and break the breast bone. Grate six ounces of the crumb of a stale loaf into fine crumbs, chop up a score of oysters from which the beards have been removed, grate half the rind of a large lemon, cayenne and salt to taste, and as much ground mace as will cover a sixpence; mix all these ingredients into a light forcemeat, with a quarter of a pound of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, and three eggs. Stuff the craw well with it. Sew up the turkey, dredge it well with flour, put it into a kettle full of cold water, and set it over the fire. When the scum begins to rise, remove it, put on the cover again, and let it boil slowly for half an hour. Take off the kettle and keep it close covered. If the turkey is of a moderate size, let it stand for half an hour in the hot water, the

steam being kept in will stew it enough. Make it rise; keep the skin whole, tender, and very white. When you dish it up, pour over it some of the oyster sauce, and serve up with a large sauce-boat of the same. A boiled tongue, or a small ham, usually accompanies a boiled turkey.

To Cook a Leg of Mutton in a Swiss Fashion.—It is necessary to prepare this dish ten days before it is wanted. A small leg of mutton, weighing from seven to eight pounds, is the most suitable for the purpose. Put the meat into a deep earthenware pan, and pour as much vinegar over it as will half cover it; add a small handful of sage, and season with peppercorns and salt. Let it lie in this gravy for ten days, turning it twice every day. At the expiration of the time roast it, basting it every now and then with some cream. Serve with currant jelly. When cold the meat, if properly cooked, will be found exquisitely tender.

To Make Oyster Sauce for the Turkey.—Take three dozen small plump oysters, open them carefully, saving their liquor, wash them in this, and put them into a basin; strain the liquor into a saucepan with a little white gravy in it; thicken with flour and a good lump of butter; boil up for four minutes, stirring unceasingly until all is perfectly mixed, then add half a teacupful of thick cream and a small quantity of cayenne pepper. Remove the beards from the oysters, add them, and keep shaking them over the fire to make them hot, but on no account let them boil, or it will make them hard and cause them to shrink.

Stewed Knuckle of Veal.—Cut the breast and bones of a knuckle of veal in pieces, as you would do for turtle, and put it into a slow oven for two hours, with a little cayenne and salt, some good gravy, and a little water (or it will do without the gravy). Have ready the yolk of an egg boiled hard and bruised, with two spoonfuls of vinegar, one of made mustard, a small onion, a little parsley, and lemon-peel, chopped small. Mix them well together, and add them to the veal. When you take it out of the oven, then let it boil once more; it must be thickened with a little flour and butter.

Roast Fowl.—Clean the fowl thoroughly, roast it twenty minutes, unless a very fine one, and then it will take three-quarters of an hour; serve with bread sauce, or parsley and butter; egg sauce is sometimes sent to table with it. If a small lump of salt butter, well covered with black pepper, is placed with the fowl previous to roasting, it will be found to improve the fowl by removing the dryness which is met with in the back and side bones.

Veal Cake.—Chop very finely cold dressed veal and ham, or bacon; mix it with a slice of bread-crumbs soaked in milk, two onions chopped and browned, a little salt, pepper, and an egg beaten. Put all these ingredients into a stewpan until they are hot and are well mixed; then oil or butter a mould, put in the whole, and bake it in an oven until it is brown; then take it out, and send it to table with fresh gravy.

Bailed Fowls.—Flour a white cloth, and put the fowls in cold water, let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour; serve with parsley and butter, or oyster, or celery sauce. The fowls may be covered with a white sauce if sent cold to table, and garnished with colored jelly.

TO COOK OYSTERS.

Oyster Pie.—Take fifty oysters and strain their liquor through a tammy; grate the crumb of a stale loaf, and season it with pepper, sweet-herb powder, and grated lemon-peel; take a quarter of a pound of butter. Then take a pie-dish and line it with nice puff-paste; lay in a bed of oysters, and cover it with another of seasoned bread-crums, over which place pieces of butter at proper intervals. Proceed in this order until the pie be filled; then pour in the liquor, cover with puff-paste, and bake. Some cooks add veal finely minced to the bread-crums, and

hard-boiled eggs chopped fine. Others pour in a little cream to make the pie richer.

Oyster Stuffing.—This will do excellently with either a fowl or a turkey. Mix two dozen oysters (the liquor strained off), about a pint of bread-crumbs, two ounces of butter, seasoning as above, and stuff the interior of the bird. Just before putting down to the fire, pour in the liquor upon the stuffing, and put a little butter, mixed with the juice of a lemon, into the dripping-pan.

Escalloped Oysters.—Put the oysters into pans or scallop shells with bread-crumbs, flavored with pepper and lemon-peel; stick little bits of butter about, and pour in the strained liquor. Bake in a brisk oven, or (better still) in a Dutch oven, before a quick fire, and take care that the tops are browned without being burnt. A dessertspoonful of cream in each scallop is an improvement.

Stewed Oysters.—Set on the strained liquor in a pan with a little milk; mix butter with arrowroot and lemon-peel, and stir it in until it thickens. Put in the oysters, simmer for a few minutes, and serve with sippets of toast and slices of lemon. Cream is an improvement. There are few better supper dishes.

Fried Oysters.—Beat up a couple or three eggs in a cup, and rasp bread-crumbs on a plate with sweet herbs powdered, and lemon-peel. Dry the oysters as much as possible, sause them in the egg, and cover them with crumbs. Fry them in plenty of good butter, and serve with lemon-juice, cayenne, and brown bread and butter cut thin.

Roasted Oysters.—This primitive mode of cooking the oysters is by no means to be despised. Place the unopened oysters on a fire of hot ashes, arranging them on the fire and between the bars as best you may. When they burst open, they are cooked. Eat them out of the shell, with lemon-juice and a little cayenne.

Oyster Pies.—Blanch the oysters in scalding water, and, after bleeding, cut each into about six pieces; pass them in a stewpan with a bit of butter, a little arrowroot, half the liquor of the oysters, some cream, the juice of a lemon, and pepper and salt. Stew it up a little, and distribute it into pies of puff-paste.

Oyster Sauces.—Mince a pint of oysters, scalded so as to make them hard, and also a pound of lean sirloin of beef, and mix them; season with pepper, salt, and mace; mix up well with the yolks of eight eggs; shape them like sausages, and fry in butter.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach.—The leaves of the spinach should be picked from the stems; it should then be well washed in clean cold water, until the whole of the dirt and grit is removed; three or four waters should be employed, it will not otherwise be got thoroughly clean; let it drain in a sieve, or shake it in a cloth, to remove the clinging water. Place it in a saucepan with boiling water; if there should be very little, it will be done in ten minutes. Squeeze out the water, chop the spinach finely, seasoning well with pepper and salt; pour three or four large spoonfuls of gravy over it, place it before the fire until much of the moisture has evaporated, and then serve.

Onions for Coloring Soups and Gravies.—Prepare them by freeing common garden onions from their outer skin, and then drying them gradually in a slow oven until they are a deep brown color, after which flatten them until they assume the appearance of a Norfolk bitlin. They will keep, when prepared in this manner, any length of time, and a fourth part of one will be found sufficient to flavor a tureenful of soup.

To Make Celery Sauce.—Wash and pare a bunch of celery, cut it into pieces, and boil it gently till it is tender; half a pint of cream, and a small piece of butter rolled in flour, and boil it gently. This is a good sauce for fowls of all kinds, either roasted or boiled.

Salsify.—Scrape them and throw them into water, with a little lemon-juice squeezed into it to keep them white; boil in milk and water; serve with melted butter or white sauce; or stew them in rich brown gravy; or, when boiled tender, dip in batter and fry quite crisp.

Celery-Flouring.—Soak for a fortnight half an ounce of the seeds of celery in one pint of branly. A few drops of this will flavor a pint of soup very nearly as well as if a head of celery was stewed in it.

DESSERTS.

Puddings.—In mixing batter puddings, sift the flour, and pour on very little milk at first; gradually pour out the remainder, stirring well. This should be done carefully, as it is difficult to stir out the lumps when too much milk is poured on at once. After the flour is stirred, smooth in part of the milk, add salt and eggs, then the remainder of the milk. To cut a boiled pudding without making it heavy, lay your pudding-knife, first on one side, and then on the other, upon it, just long enough to warm it. When essences or flavors are added to puddings, always drop them on a lump of sugar. If you attempt to put any oil in it, without so doing, it will not mix with the other ingredients, but float upon the surface. Peach leaves give a better flavor than any spice. Boil them in the milk, and take them out before you add the other ingredients. Experience will teach the number to be used. The most digestible pudding is that made with bread, or biscuit, or boiled flour, grated.

Isinglass Jelly.—Make a jelly of isinglass, with the proportion of one ounce to a pint of water. Get a strong flavor of the vanilla in a little milk, with sugar enough to sweeten one quart to taste; mix the isinglass jelly, the flavored milk, and one pint of good cream, and pour them into a mould to set. The isinglass jelly should be made in time to get cold before it is wanted for the cream, in case there should be any sediment to cut from it, and the cream should be made the day it is wanted.

Mince Pies.—Take three pounds of bloom raisins, stoned and cut small, a pound of orange peel, cut fine, a dozen apples, finely minced, half a pound of sweet almonds, pounded in a mortar with a little white wine, a grated nutmeg, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, two or three cloves, and a little pounded cinnamon, three pounds of beef suet, finely minced, and two pounds of brown sugar; mix all these ingredients well together, adding a pint of white wine, and two glasses of brandy.

The Surprise Pudding.—To eight ounces of fine flour add six ounces of currants, and six ounces of suet chopped fine. Make these into a crust with a little water, and line a mould or pudding-bowl with it. Then take four ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, the juice and rind of two lemons, and add to these five eggs well beaten. Beat all these ingredients well together, and pour the mixture into the lined mould, and boil it for an hour and a half.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—CRIMSON VELVET DRESS, made high in the neck and trimmed with fur. Head-dress of lace and flowers.

FIG. II.—RAPHAEL BODY DRESS OF SILK, trimmed with velvet. Puffed cambric sleeves.

FIG. III.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—This dress is of light blue silk, the skirt is trimmed with long loops of ribbon of the color of the dress. The low body is cut square, and that, with the sash which is tied behind, is trimmed like the skirt. Thin white under-body and sleeves. Hair looped low at the back and tied with a blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED CASHMERE.—The skirt has one deep flounce box-plaited on, and ornamented with large black velvet buttons; four rows of nar-

row black velvet are put on above the flounce. Body high and plain, and sleeves to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS FOR MORNING.—Skirt of gray cashmere, with a loose sacque of dark blue cashmere, trimmed with bands of fur.

FIG. VI.—BLACK VELVET MANTILLA, trimmed with two rows of wide guipure lace. Hood formed of guipure lace, with a black velvet bow.

FIG. VII.—BLACK SILK CLOAK, heavily wadded, and trimmed with wide black lace. Down the back are two bands ornamented with gimp and jet with a jet fringe at the ends. Caps or jockeys are formed on the shoulders by black lace.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK CLOTH PALETOT, trimmed with black gimp.

FIG. IX.—BODY OF EVENING DRESS.—Small square cape, and sleeves trimmed with black velvet and lace. Head-dress of scarlet velvet ribbon, poppy with a black center and wheat-ears.

FIG. X.—SPANISH JACKET.—The skirt, jacket, and waist-band are of dark gray poplin. The waistband and jacket are braided in black, and trimmed with black hanging buttons.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Plain silks, poplins, alpacas, etc., now come in the most exquisite tints, the innumerable shades of brown, gray, and purple, being the most popular. But *moire antiques*, as well as those goods already named, are also imported figured, the figure, however, always being of the same color as the body of the material. The quiet colors of the Russian leather, cigar, nankeen, the grays, etc., have been so universally worn, that our belles are now glad of the excuse of cold weather to adopt warmer colors, so a reaction is now taking place; all bright colors are coming into favor, especially red, and the Scotch plaids are very much adopted. The Stuart and the Rob Roy are those preferred. The blue and green are also very fashionable.

DRESSES are likely to be made with much less trimming than heretofore during the autumn and winter; but the skirts are made more than ever with a train. The widths are gored at the top, so that the skirt may be nearly plain at the hips, and fall wide and full round the bottom. Crinolines are made of a shape to correspond—narrow at the top and expanding gradually downward; petticoats should also be gored to fit well under the dress.

THE SLEEVES are now always cut with a seam to the elbow; for afternoon wear they are not stitched up, but are left loose as far as the elbow, where they are caught together with three small bows made of similar ribbon velvet to that upon the dress. The lace of the under-sleeve should be carried up as far as the elbow, and be left to fall through the opening; in all cases, the white muslin under-sleeve must be cut after the same pattern as the upper taffetas one, the shape of the sleeve itself being almost tight to the arm, any fullness underneath it produces a clumsy, awkward effect. Epaulets, made of either lace or gimp, are much used at the top of sleeves. A band half an inch wide, of the same color as the trimming upon the dress, is now generally stitched round the top of the bodice, instead of a piping; this band possesses two advantages; it causes the bodice to fit closer and higher around the throat than with the simple cording, and under a fine lace collar it produces all the effect of a neck ribbon.

FOR YOUNG LADIES, jackets will be very generally worn, with white muslin chemisettes, and pointed Swiss bands underneath them. The jackets are made in two forms, either they are rounded off in front and are cut straight at the back, being sufficiently short to allow of the waist-band being visible, or they have a postillion basque at the back, which proves a very becoming addition to slight figures; but in both forms the fronts are very short and are rounded off. These jackets are generally made of

the same material as the dress, or should the skirt be minus the bodice, then black silk or a colored cashmere (assorted to match the dress) is employed, and these materials are trimmed either with guipure or black gimp. The chemisette may be made either of white muslin, tucked or puffed with rows of embroidered insertion down the front, or, instead of muslin, foulard (white or buff), trimmed with black lace or braided, may be substituted.

The hussar waistband is usually worn over a high white bodice, and is newer and more dressy than the Swiss band, the small gilt or silver buttons adding so greatly to the effect.

EVENING DRESSES FOR YOUNG LADIES are usually made in thin white muslin, over colored skirts, (blue, mauve, or pink,) and are trimmed with either white or black lace. The best taste, however, is to use black lace only when the dress is worn over white. Over the colored under-dresses, white lace should always be employed. Sometimes muslin is used instead of silk as a lining for both skirt and mantle, and although not so rich-looking, it is far less costly. A sash should always accompany this style of toilet; it should be long and wide, and fringed at the ends, and the silk of which it is composed must be of a superior quality. The Scultery sash is very popular, and newer than either the Swiss or Postillion belts; instead of being tied with a bow, what the French call a *choix* (cabbage), and which is a sort of rosette, is formed at the top with the silk, and the long ends hang from underneath; this style of sash is usually fastened at the left side.

GIMP is the most fashionable of all trimming: it is made in the most elaborate and richest designs, and although they are costly, they impart a very rich effect to the dress. Epaulets, pockets, *recervers* for the fronts of dresses, and ends of sleeves are made of gimp, and are extensively used. Gimp is also arranged round the skirt in scrolls or waved lines; gimp palm-leaves, Maltese crosses, and lovers' knots, are frequently sewn flat at each breadth of the skirt, and sometimes a strip of gimp is carried up each breadth to the waist. Recently we have seen the front breadth of silk dresses trimmed with rows of gimp, finished off at each side with tassels of a miniature fanlike form. For this style of trimming nine rows of gimp would be required, the bottom row measuring half a yard in length, and each row would be graduated somewhat as it ascended the skirt. The gimp is also sewn round the Zouave jacket, or upon the postillion basque according as the make of bodice might require. Frequently also a narrow gimp or black guipure is laid upon all the seams of a high, close-fitting bodice.

STEEL will be largely introduced into gimp and into all embroideries upon materials. Embroidery of all sorts, both in silk and wool, braiding and soutache of all descriptions will continue to be worn during the autumn and approaching winter, therefore industrious women will do well to commence betimes to ornament their winter toilets.

THE NEW PETTICOATS are exceedingly pretty; they are made of a soft woolen material, closely resembling cashmere, and should match precisely the color of the dress. They are self-colored, but to prevent the monotony of both upper and under skirt being of the same shade, there is a band of black or of a contrasting color introduced above the hem of the petticoat, and upon this band there is a tasteful design woven in silk. The narrow black and white striped petticoats made of a French material, with the stripes running downward, are much patronized; many of these are trimmed with narrow scarlet or Magenta flounces; these are gaufréd, and sewn on with a heading and edged with narrow black gimp; one or three flounces in this style may be worn according to taste. The black cut velvet forms an inexpensive trimming for this style of petticoat. Knitted under-petticoats will, it is expected, be much patronized during the coming winter; they are made of white

and scarlet wool, and prove very warm, as they cling to the limbs.

THE NEWEST LACE COLLARS are very much larger than those worn for the last few years. These collars are in the form of a pelerine, and will somewhat enliven the sombre shades of the browns and grays now so much worn for dresses. They are called Anne of Austria pelerines, and are made of modern Venetian point lace; these are the production of Madame Grandillot, the lady who has revived in France the art of making ancient guipure. Other collars are of a still newer form, and are called *La Vierge* pelerines. They are made of cambric starched, and they descend in two rounded points upon the bodice, and in one point at the back. Around the cambric there is a fine guipure, then two insertions, each separated by cambric of the same depth as the guipure. Round the entire collar and round the throat there is guipure. A bow of sky-blue or cerise velvet terminates the pelerine, which is fastened down the front with four small linen buttons. The under-sleeves to be worn with this collar are made in the same style.

THE LATEST STYLE OF COATS are called in Paris Scotch cloaks. They are not only of the real Scotch plaid colors, but of every sort of fancy plaid, the brightest colors being generally chosen; a good many are red and white; some have hoods and long tassels made with a sort of fringe, with round soft balls of wool. Nearly all are trimmed with the same fringe, as with chenille, with small round gimp balls.

BONNETS are made with the crowns much less sloping toward the back than formerly; this gives an opportunity of placing the trimming otherwise than on the front of the bonnet, where it has been so long worn.

HATS are very popular, not only for children, but for young ladies; and black velvet, or black, brown, or gray felt, will be worn by them. The feathers which have this season been introduced for the decoration of hats are exceedingly beautiful, the plumage of so many birds being now called into requisition for the purpose, and ladies are not content with one kind of feather; a mixture is frequently preferred. We have seen lately long blue ostrich feathers, with peacocks' eyes inserted at intervals along them; the feathers were long, and the shade of blue was the azurine, a richer tint than the turquoise; the peacocks' feathers were graduated in size, the eye at the tip being much smaller than that at the end. Many feathers are now fastened in front, so as to strike straight across the crown. All trimmings, whether they be destined for bonnets or head-dresses, are now arranged as if they were intended for an additional inch or two of stature to their wearers; "straight up" seems the order of the day.

THE HEAD-DRESSES are particularly effective and pretty; they are simple and yet tasteful. The field and wild flowers, which for the last three months have been worn upon bonnets and hats, are now popular upon simple head-dresses. A black ribbon is twisted carelessly yet gracefully round the head, and upon the top a bouquet of scarlet poppies and oats are placed; a black lace lappet mingles with the flowers and hangs down at the back. Water-lilies, geraniums, clematis, and mauve-colored roses are also frequently formed into tasteful head-dress with black lace; sometimes what the French call a *herisson* of blonde is added to the flowers. We should smile were we to translate literally, and to speak of a hedgehog of blonde in English; the simile is comical, yet nothing gives us the same idea of the bristling erect appearance the blonde should present as does that harmless little animal.

There is no new form in the wreaths which have been fashionable during the autumn. They are still worn high and pointed in front, and are mounted upon gutta percha, which presents the appearance of a natural branch. This should be twisted and entwined carelessly, so as to look as

unstudied and natural as possible. The blue convolvulus, and the wild rose form effective wreaths; the blue convolvulus, with its brilliant coloring, graceful leaves, and twining stalks and tendrils, being especially suitable to such a style of head-dress. Thick gold cord is sometimes employed for mounting flowers upon, instead of gutta percha; it is more brilliant, but not so natural-looking.

THERE IS A NEW STYLE OF HAIR-NETS; they are made of thick twisted cord with velvet or chenille flowers in the front, and from each side two ribbons are carried round to the back where they are tied in a large bow which falls on to the neck. For this style the hair must not be arranged too low at the back. Ribbons have never been manufactured with so much taste as is at present displayed in them, and no dress is sent home unaccompanied by an immensely wide sash.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—The frock is of blue poplin. The coat is of black velvet, with tight under-sleeves, and a square, loose over-sleeve lined with white silk, with plaited jockey at the top. Black velvet hat and white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF CRIMSON MERINO FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The body is low, and sleeves short, but it is worn with a white under-body and sleeves. White apron with braid, trimmed with puffings, through which ribbon may be run.

FIG. III.—COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY THREE OR FOUR YEARS OLD.—The front is cut like the *Princesse* dress, body and skirt of one piece, on the bias at the sides and joining the skirts. The seam is concealed by a broad band of trelat or silk darker than the frock, and surmounted by a fluting of a lighter tint. Velvet buttons, Isabella sleeves, slightly gathered, with velvet across the gathers, and surmounted by a jockey bordered with velvet. This costume, for a boy, should be made of Irish poplin; for a girl, it might be made of silk.

FIG. IV.—BLACK VELVET COAT FOR A LITTLE BOY.—(See *wood-cut No. 4*).—It is trimmed with braid and steel buttons in front, and is cut with a *postillion skirt* at the back. Black velvet cap and plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Little girls' frocks, and even those for children of larger growth, are ornamented with fine embroidery, braid, and *relet applique*. For example, a steel-gray Irish poplin would be ornamented with leaves braided with blue, and with squares in blue velvet, which interrupt the uniformity of the design. The bodice has no sleeves; it is a sort of broad band rounded at the top, trimmed with a blue tulle or ruche, and embroidered with leaves, as the skirt. The toilet is complete with a chemisette or under-body formed with tiny tucks; if low, it is trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace; and if high the insertion is omitted. A coat or sacque, to correspond in material and trimming, is added for out-door wear. Little girls are now wearing white beaver hats edged with blue velvet, with a white feather fastened by a bouquet of volubilis, made with blue velvet veined with satin. A pretty style of dress for a girl from twelve to sixteen years of age, has the skirt short, and scolloped out round the edge, with a ruche of a contrasting color from the dress laid upon the scollops, such as blue upon gray, or black upon dark blue. The plain low bodice is trimmed with ruches in festoons, which form a sort of drapery both in front and at the back, and which descend as epaulets upon the short sleeves. Underneath the bodice a high or low white muslin chemisette is worn, as the occasion may require.

For little girls, the "Red Riding-Hood" cloak is very much worn. This is a full circular of red cloth with a round hood.