

A M Thompson
NOVEMBER.

REDUCTION OF TERMS TO THE OLD PRICES!

Make up your Clubs for 1864. See our unusually low Clubbing Terms.

Edward



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

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
L. A. GODEY.
VOL. LXVII.
1863.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.

LAUDERSBACH PHILA.

om January.

REDUCTION OF PRICES TO THE OLD TERMS!!

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

For 1864.

GREAT LITERARY AND PICTORIAL YEAR!

Edited by **MRS. S. J. HALE** and **L. A. GODEY.**

The publisher of Godey's Lady's Book, thankful to that public which has enabled him to publish a magazine for the last *thirty-four* years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular authoress in this country—

MARION HARLAND,

Authoress of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam,"

who will furnish stories for the Lady's Book for 1864. This alone will place the Lady's Book in a literary point of view far ahead of any other magazine. Marion Harland writes for no other magazine. Our other favorite writers will all continue to furnish articles throughout the year.

Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Volumes of

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1864,

WILL CONTAIN NEARLY

24 Pages of Music, 12 Double Extension Colored Fashion Plates, equal to 24 of other Magazines, over 1200 Wood Engravings, 14 Steel Engravings of beautiful subjects, 780 Articles by the best authors in America. And all these will be given in 1864, at prices for which

SEE OUR EXTREMELY LOW CLUB RATES.

THE OLDEST, THE BEST, AND THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

Useful, Ornamental, and Instructive.

THE ONLY LADY'S BOOK IN AMERICA.

The immense increase in the circulation of Godey—having quadrupled itself in the last five years—is a convincing proof of the superiority of the work, if the work itself was not sufficient evidence. And when it is considered that NOT A BRIBE in the shape of a premium has ever been offered, it shows that Godey's Lady's Book stands first in the hearts of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the Book and not the premium.

THE LITERATURE

of the Lady's Book is by the first writers in America, and has always been remarkable for its high literary and moral character. Clergymen recommend the Book, and it can be read aloud in the family circle. The matter is far superior to that of any other magazine, having a healthy and instructive tone. Can any other work name such writers as

**MARION HARLAND, MRS. METTA VICTORIA VICTOR, MISS MARY W. JANVRIN,
MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, MRS. S. J. HALE, MISS ANNIE FROST,
MRS. E. F. ELLET, T. S. ARTHUR, REV. H. H. WELD,
and hosts of others?**

EIGHT SPECIALITIES

THAT NO OTHER MAGAZINE HAS, AND ONLY TO BE FOUND IN GODEY.

"Original Music," "Model Cottages, with diagrams," "Drawing Lessons," "Children's Department," "Original Health Department," "Chemistry for the Young," "Horticultural Department," and "Double Extension Fashion-plates."

GODEY'S GREAT SPECIALITY,

Unequalled and unapproached. Competition dead in this department. Our imitators have abandoned the attempt.

OUR SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The unanimous voice of the press has pronounced Godey's engravings to be the best ever published in any magazine of the world, and equal to those published in the Annuals of Great Britain. You may look in vain for *fourteen* such steel engravings as have been published in the sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh volumes of this Book, and those for 1864 will surpass them. The design and execution of these plates have elicited general remark, not only in this country but in England. It is a singular fact that no other magazine goes to the expense of original designs for their steel engravings.

GODEY'S IMMENSE DOUBLE SHEET FASHION-PLATES,

CONTAINING

From five to seven full length Colored Fashions on each Plate. Other Magazines give only two.

FAR AHEAD OF ANY FASHIONS IN EUROPE OR AMERICA.

Godey's is the only work in the world that gives these immense plates, and they are such as to have excited the wonder of publishers and the public. The publication of these plates cost

\$10,000 MORE

than Fashion-plates of the old style, and nothing but our wonderfully large circulation enables us to give them. Other magazines cannot afford it. We never spare money when the public can be benefited.

These fashions may be relied on. Dresses may be made after them, and the wearer will not subject herself to ridicule, as would be the case if she visited the large cities dressed after the style of the plates given in some of our so called fashion magazines.

To the Ladies.

FRIENDS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

REDUCTION OF PRICES TO THE OLD TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$3. Two copies, one year, \$5. Three copies, one year, \$6. Four copies, one year, \$7.

Five copies, one year, and a copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies, \$10.

Eight copies, one year, and a copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies, \$15.

Eleven copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twelve copies, \$20.

Any person having sent a club can add, during the year, one or more subscribers at the same club rates.

IT was with great reluctance that we were obliged, during the panic in the price of paper, which had increased nearly one half, and the rise in every article used in our business, to slightly increase the price of our Book, and although now the prices of goods we use are very little reduced, still we are going back to our old cheap terms for the best LADY'S BOOK in the United States, universally pronounced so by the press of the United States and private letters. To you, who have been life-long patrons of the Book, perhaps this appeal is unnecessary, but we want you to endeavor to increase our circulation by enlarging your present club, or making up new ones, and now is the time to commence. It has often been remarked that the LADY'S BOOK is not a luxury but a necessity, and that when it appears in a family refinement follows. It is said that no person is ever content with his present wealth, but is always anxious to make it more. Just our case. We thought we should be content when our circulation reached 100,000, but we are not; we want to disseminate the LADY'S BOOK far and wide, convinced as we are that it is a benefit to those who take it, and we know in any good or great cause that there are no such earnest workers as the ladies. Therefore to you we appeal. Take hold of the LADY'S BOOK, introduce and circulate it instead of the vile, cheap trash that almost floods our country, and is demoralizing our youth of both sexes. There is never published an article in the Book that may not be read aloud in the family circle. It is admitted in the ladies' seminaries of our country when other works are ruled out. It is recommended by ministers of the Gospel, and Mrs. Hale's article on "Woman," alone, has induced many persons to write her asking that her articles may be published in book form for preservation.

Please read our advertisement attentively.

MEMORANDUM

TO THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Department of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

RE: [Illegible]

[Illegible text follows, including a large section of text that is mostly obscured by bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

of
the
ma
wo
ma,



FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED.



Copyright & Kin
GODLEY'S



FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED.



CODDY'S FASHIONS.



mel. Sc.

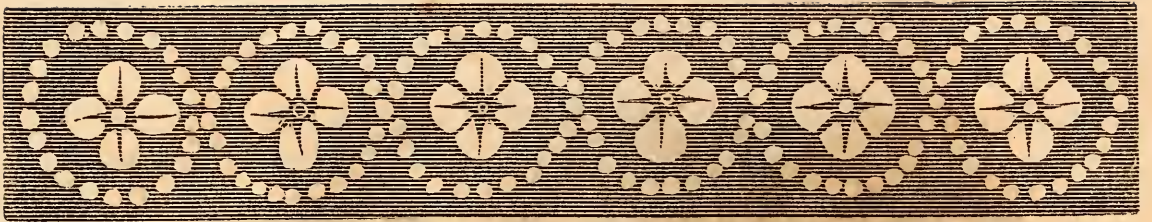
FASHIONS.



THE VERY THING!

"A PARTY wishes to PLACE an INVALID YOUNG MAN, depressed in spirits, under the care of a medical man, with a cheerful family, who is sufficiently well known for such a trust, and lives in a healthy neighborhood of Philadelphia. Liberal terms will be made. Address, etc., etc.?"—*Advertisement in a daily paper.*
 It will be seen that the "Young Man" has accomplished his wish.

INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



THE POMPEIAN CLOAK.

(Front view.)



This comfortable wrap is made of black cloth, and trimmed with bias black velvet and a heavy crochet ornament at the back. The cape forms the sleeves, leaving the front plain, and giving it the appearance of a sack.

EMBROIDERY.



THE POMPEIAN CLOAK.

(Back view.)



THE MASETTO WRAP.



This *recherché* wrap is made of black cloth, and trimmed with leather trimming and chenille fringe. This is a pretty style for a mantle like the dress.

THE BALMERINO.



This is one of the prettiest styles of winter walking sack. It is made of a dark blue velvet cloth, and trimmed with black silk, and set on in box plaits, and black velvet buttons.

THE OLEAVES CLOAK.



This cloak is made of black velvet, and trimmed with a very heavy crochet passementerie and twisted silk fringe.

THE PESOTA



This fancy sacque is very suitable for a Miss. It is made of a dark cuir-colored cloth, trimmed with a fancy velvet and silk passementerie.

THE DARRO.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



The brilliant colors in which pardessus are now so popular afford the opportunity to have the ornaments with which they are decorated strikingly conspicuous. The circular illustrates one which can be made in any color desired—crimson, blue, white, black, etc. etc., at the choice of the wearer. For carriage, or festive occasions, especially the latter, when in *white* cloths, with the *fleur de lis* in light blue velvet *appliqué*, with silver braid, or in royal purple and gold embroidery, the effect is peculiarly elegant. For street wear, the same pattern is made in black or quiet colored cloths, with black velvet *appliqué*, and braided, for those who do not desire such gay colors in garments.

EMBROIDERY.



HENRY IV. COSTUME.



A petticoat of white satin, bordered with gold and scarlet embroidery. The dress is of maroon velvet, richly trimmed with gold, and lined with gold-colored satin. The tight sleeves are of white satin, trimmed with gold. The coiffure is formed of emeralds.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



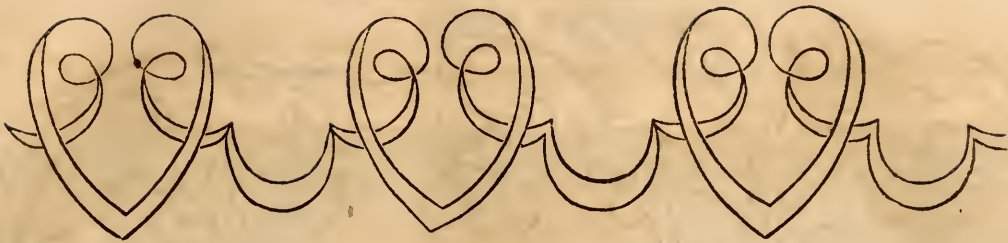
POLISH DRESS AND LOUIS XIV. COSTUME.



The Polish dress consists of an underskirt of green bordered with scarlet. The corsage and short sleeves are of green, and the long sleeves scarlet. The upper skirt and point are of purple, edged with swans'-down. The sash is of scarlet, with black ends. Boots red, and bordered with swan's-down. Cap scarlet, bordered with swan's-down, and a black feather at the side.

The Louis XIVth costume consists of a petticoat of white satin, with a lace flounce on the edge of the skirt. The overdress is a very rich pink satin, trimmed with roses and quillings of silk. The hair is powdered, and dressed with a small wreath on the left side of the head.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



A ROMAN GIRL.

A GREEK GIRL.



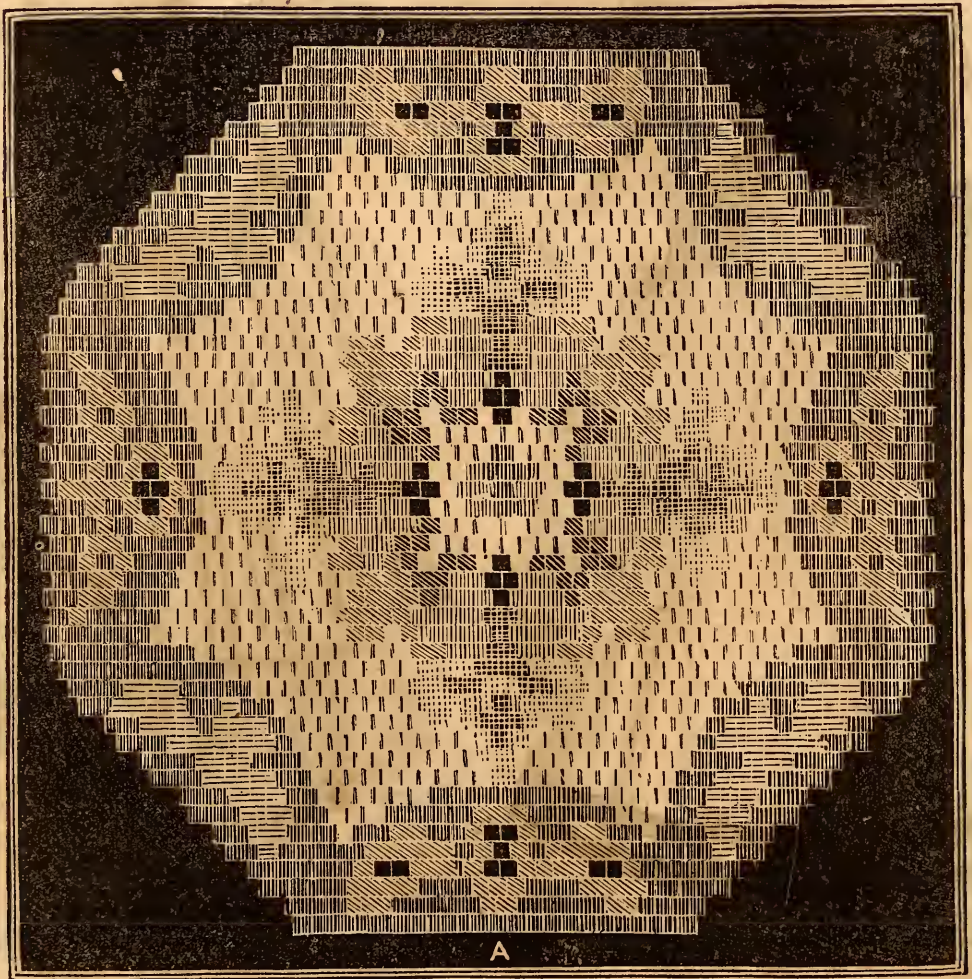
A Roman Girl.—The lower skirt is of salmon-colored silk, with two bands of black velvet edging it. The corsage and upper skirt is of purple lined with mauve. The skirt being turned back in front shows the light lining. The apron and fichu are of worked muslin. The coiffure is of white muslin, ornamented with loops of purple and salmon ribbon.

A Greek Girl.—The lower skirt is of scarlet material, edged with gold. The upper skirt of a pale amber color, confined at the waist by a gold belt. The small velvet corsage is of green or black velvet, bordered with gold: it is worn over a full white muslin waist, with long square flowing sleeves. The scarf is of scarlet cashmere. The coiffure is composed of gold chains and beads.

INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING.



GLASS BEAD MAT.



This Mat must be begun from the centre A at the bottom, and worked upwards, by placing 1 dark red bead in the middle of the thread; then take 2 light green, one on each needle; then pass both needles through 1 light green, then take 2 black, 1 black, 2 black, 1 light green, 2 dark red, 1 light yellow, 2 light yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 light yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 black, 2 black, 1 black, 2 white, 1 light red, 2 dark red, 1 dark red, to the centre; then work forward as before directed, and diminish according to pattern.

DRESS TRIMMING.

CONSISTING OF LACE INSERTION AND NARROW RIBBON.



This consists of lace insertion and narrow ribbon or ribbon velvet, folded at equal distances, so as to form the pattern very clearly represented in our illustration. A white muslin skirt, trimmed round the bottom with black lace insertion, and mixed with a bright colored ribbon, would be extremely stylish. To make the trimming easy to do, the design might be traced on a broad piece of ribbon, and the materials run on. This band could then be easily put on the skirt, and the skirt would not be so much tumbled as if the trimming were made on the dress in the first instance.

NOT LOST FOREVER.

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

By JAMES M. STEWART.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.



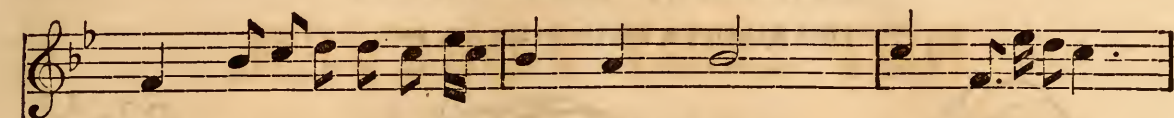
Not lost for-ev-er, though by fate now parted, Not lost for-ev-er, though we
Not lost for-ev-er, while around me springing, The vio - lets weep, the roses



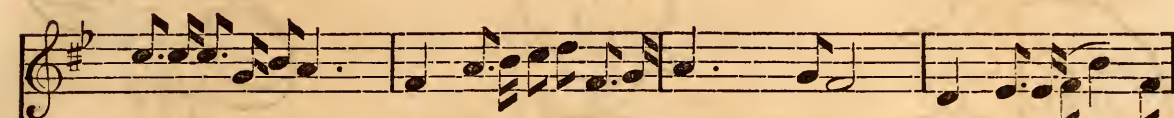
meet no more; They do not wander lone and broken-heart-ed,
blush and bloom, And summer birds in summer woodlands singing,



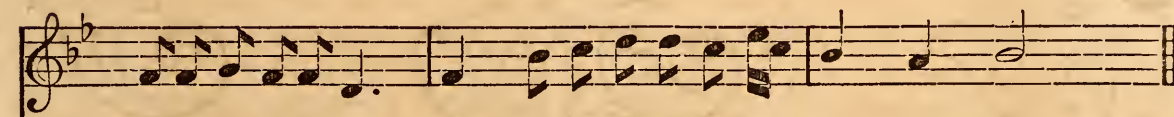
NOT LOST FOREVER.



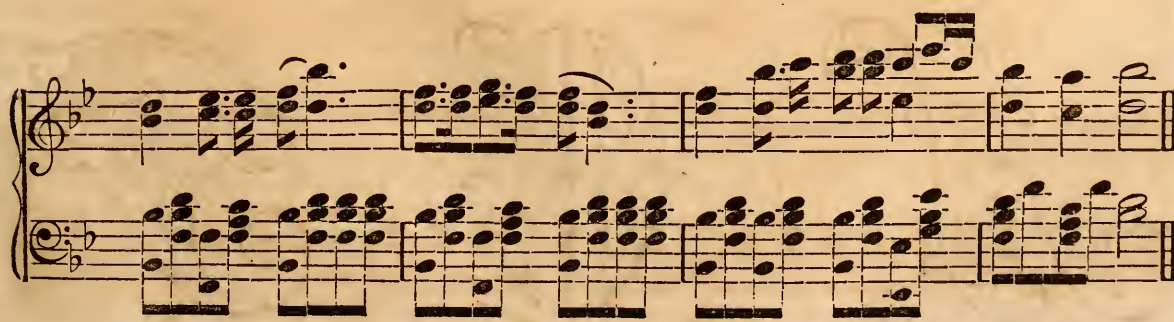
Who see heaven's radiance on the far - ther shore, Not lost for-ev-er!
Flood with soft mu - sic all the tran - quil gloom. Not lost for-ev-er!



ev' - ry gen-tle token That mem'ry wins me from the far a-way, Shall fill my soul though
thou shalt still be near me Through ev'ry future and through ev'ry clime, When cares oppress or

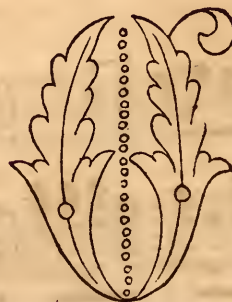


all the ties are broken, With tender grace that nev-er can de - cay.
gentle mem'ries cheer me, Thou shalt be with me, dearest, all the time.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE, ETC.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1863.

LEAH MOORE'S TRIAL.

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Concluded from page 319.)

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE been thus minute in my description of the scenes immediately succeeding Charles Moore's return to his home, both because they were my initial lesson in the knowledge of the true state of affairs in the household, and because they will best convey to the reader a conception of the many links—no single one of which was worthy of serious notice, that yet, taken altogether, formed a chain whose grievous weight was bowing my poor friend's heart and soul to the dust. It would be derogatory to my self-respect were I to trouble myself to assert that I never, by look or word, intimated to Leah aught concerning the picturesque tableau I had broken up on that night. I fancied that Mr. Moore appreciated my discretion and was grateful for the same, for his treatment of myself was, in every respect, unexceptionable. He took great pains to render my stay in the town and house agreeable, devising excursions and entertainments, which he supposed would suit my taste, and accompanying me in these with alacrity and apparent pleasure. I would have declined going out upon many such occasions, but Leah opposed this inclination so positively, and so often exerted herself to an imprudent extent to make one of the party, when she suspected that I designed to remain at home with her, that I generally yielded to her importunities and played Mademoiselle De Trop with what grace I could.

For *de trop* I was, whenever there were but three in the company, and Miss Dalrymple did

not scruple to make me feel this, when she could accomplish the lady-like feat without attracting our cavalier's attention. One instance of her disposition to claim him entirely for herself recurs to me with particular force. A heavy fall of snow was followed by moonlight nights of rare beauty, and a temperature so mild that one marvelled at the solidity of the white carpet spread thickly over the earth.

"Ladies, what say you to a sleigh-ride this evening?" questioned Mr. Moore at dinner, the day after the storm. "Don't all speak at once!"

Leah smiled at the silence that ensued.

"Nobody seems to be in haste to accept your tempting invitation," she remarked. "Why not 'all at once?'"

"Because my cutter holds but three, with moderately close storing, and I wish to avoid the predicament of being called upon to decide between claimants for the privileges of being one of the passengers."

"I could not go if there were room for a dozen without packing," she returned. "So the matter is settled without perplexity to yourself or to us. Maria and Janetta will compose your load."

Janetta ate on in sober taciturnity, although I had heard her wishing for a sleigh-ride that very morning.

"I must be excused, if you please," said I. "I had the toothache last night, and dare not venture out in the evening."

"But the air is so pure and dry, almost as

bland as summer, and you can wrap up your head and face! I cannot consent to your missing such a treat!" insisted Leah.

Her husband civilly seconded her arguments; but honestly believing that the exposure would be injudicious, I remained firm in my declination.

"So, Nettie," said Mr. Moore, with affected chagrin, "you are the only one who does not excuse herself from the pleasure or displeasure of accompanying me! I warn you that I shall expect you to make up for both losses and mortification."

Janetta Dalrymple danced about the house that afternoon like a mad creature—in an irrepressible flutter of exultation, oddly at variance with her manner of listening to the proposition, as first made, and its discussion.

"Will night *never* come?" she cried, meeting Mr. Moore in the upper hall about five o'clock.

"It is almost dark now!" he returned, laughing. "Do you then anticipate so much delight in this frolic—this moonlight flitting?"

"Delight! could I fail to have it?"

Leah's appearance interrupted her.

"Charles," she said, coming to the sitting-room door, "I was just about to dispatch a note to you. Can I speak with you for a moment?"

"I came up home for some papers," he began, just as the door shut them in.

The result of the conference was soon made known to me by Leah, who sought me in my chamber for that purpose.

"I am here to entreat you to reverse your purpose of staying at home to-night. I have changed my mind; so there's a worthy precedent for you. Henry Ellis—my cousin—called awhile ago to offer us his double sleigh in exchange for our lighter cutter. His wife is not at home, and he wishes to drive a fast trotter instead of a pair of sober family studs. He wants Charles to put in one of his horses with ours, and take us all. I am going, and so are you! We have fur robes enough to smother you, a footstove, and foot-blankets, and I have provided a phial of toothache medicine, in case of casualties. There is no use in saying a word!"

I submitted, not reluctantly, for the prospect of the drive was tempting, and already the merry din of the passing sleigh-bells made the blood bound more quickly in my veins. We took a hurried cup of tea to prepare us for the excursion, and by a queer chance the alteration in the programme was not mentioned at the table, the meal being discussed in unusual

silence. Janetta begged to be excused before the rest of us were half through, and sped off to her room, carolling fragments of the sleigh-bell waltz as she ran.

"How that girl enjoys life!" said Mr. Moore. "It is a genuine pleasure to afford her a diversion like that of this evening; she partakes of it with such zest, such child-like abandon!"

The observation was directed to me, and I rejoined, very safely and truly: "She does indeed seem to be in fine spirits to-night."

Leah and I stood in the hall, wrapped in furs and hoods, before Janetta made her appearance. She was unpunctual to a proverb.

"Come, little one! come, birdie!" called Mr. Moore, at the stair-head. He had an exhaustless store of pet names for her. "We are waiting!"

"I am coming—yes, I'm coming!
With my *furs* about my feet!"

she sang from the floor above.

This trick of parodying her favorite songs was a great habit with her. She came down upon the run, and was close upon us before she saw either of the unlooked-for additions to the party. The fall of her countenance was actually ludicrous.

"Why, how is this? I had not understood!" she stammered, thrown completely off her guard by the suddenness of the disagreeable discovery.

Mr. Moore explained the causes of the change in his plans, after a style that savored too much of the apologetic to suit me. She made no reply, except by her looks, which betokened unqualified dissatisfaction. She even hung back, as half inclined to decline going at all, when he would have handed her in after us. Her cousin spoke to her in a low tone of displeased expostulation, of which I caught but two words—"unreasonable" and "jealous." Sulkily submitting to the impetus of his hand, she was placed upon the front seat. This was always her chosen position; it mattered not that I often occupied the back alone. It had occurred to me that Leah might, once in a while, prefer to ride by the side of her husband, but she never expressed such a preference in my hearing. I could see, in the clear moonlight, that our gallant charioteer made repeated efforts to engage his companion in conversation, bending to her ear with whispered soothing or entreaties, and watching her countenance with anxious attention. She was obstinate in her dejection, keeping her face averted, and replying to him by monosyllables, or gestures. At last he showed signs of the

spirit he should have exhibited at the outset ; ignored her presence, and devoted himself to amusing Leah and myself.

We rode for more than two hours, and the talk was hilarious, as befitted the scene. The broad roads were filled with swiftly gliding equipages, and the air resonant with merry voices and chiming bells. Janetta paid little visible heed to what was going on about her ; took no part in the interchange of salutations that were continually passed, as we met acquaintances and friends. She had drawn her veil closely over her face, and sat bolt upright, looking neither to the right nor the left, without uttering one syllable. As we neared home, she lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, and her cousin bestowed a searching, sidelong glance upon her, from which circumstances I inferred that her obdurate mood had assumed a softer form. She went quickly into the house, upon alighting at our door, and straight on to her chamber, her veil still wrapped over her features. Leah's thoughtfulness and bountiful hospitality had provided a hot supper for us—coffee, oysters, and biscuit—which was served in the upper sitting-room, by the time we had divested ourselves of our muffings. Mr. Moore, in dressing-gown and slippers, looking very gay, comfortable, and handsome, occupied his arm-chair at the head of the little round table. Leah sat opposite, and I at his right. The chair to the left remained vacant.

"My dear, have you sent for Nettie?" inquired the host, as he dipped the ladle in the smoking tureen.

"I have. She does not wish any supper."

"What!" suspending his hand midway between the dish and plate.

"She does not care for supper, she says," repeated Leah, quietly.

"There must be some mistake! I never knew her refuse oysters before, let them be offered when they might. She is surely not well."

"I sent up a second message to inquire if she were indisposed, and if I might supply her with a cup of coffee in her room. She declined taking any refreshment, and said that she was very well."

Mr. Moore ladled out a plateful of the savory "stew" for me, and another for his wife ; then pushed his chair back.

"I will go up and speak to Nettie myself."

"Charles!" ejaculated his wife.

"I will be back in a moment, my love," and he was gone.

I have seen Charles Moore grieve and wound

his wife more times than I like to remember. I never saw her angry with him except this once ; yet her temper was naturally quick. She did not comment upon his conduct during his absence ; finished pouring out the coffee ; ordered the servant to replace the cover of the tureen, and dismissed her, saying that she would summon her when she was needed. After this there was no more said for the next ten minutes. Mr. Moore was gone at least that long. Leah's flushed cheek, flashing eye, and compressed mouth were enough to deter a bolder person than myself from opening a conversation upon indifferent topics, and every principle of honor and delicacy withheld both of us from alluding to the subject that engrossed our minds.

Charles's temper was less inflammable than his wife's, and while he looked annoyed upon his return from his fruitless errand, he yet accosted us with his customary cheerful courtesy.

"Nettie begs to be excused from appearing again to-night, ladies. I have been scolding her a little, and the poor, sensitive child is nearly heart-broken."

"Did she send no apology for her unjustifiable rudeness to Miss Allison and myself during our ride?" asked Leah, sternly.

"She is very sorry that she marred the pleasure of our excursion by her silly moodiness. There is no accounting for woman's whims and humors, Miss Allison."

"Pray, do not judge all women by Janetta Dalrymple!" Leah's vexation mastered her prudence. "Her behavior this evening was more than whimsical. It was ill-bred and unkind—a display of temper such as no lady would be guilty of."

"You are hard upon her, Leah. She has her faults ; but she is incapable of offering an intentional insult to any one, particularly to a friend whom she respects, and a connection whom she loves as sincerely as she does you."

"A depth of respect I should never have suspected had not you informed me of it! I am sorry to say it, Charles, very sorry to disagree with you upon this or any other point ; but I do not think that you are going the right way to work to correct Janetta's faults, if that is your wish. She is both unreasonable and selfish."

"Just what I have been telling her, my dear wife ; so we agree there ! If you please, we will dismiss this matter for the present. It is an exquisitely painful thought to me that my favorite relative—one whose attachment to myself is that of a sister for an elder brother,

should have failed so signally to conquer your prejudices and win your affection. Don't suppose that I blame you for this, however! I know that she tries hard to please you, to make you love her, and I think that you are not intentionally unkind to her; but I believe, Miss Allison, that it is a well-established although an unexplained fact, that no two women, however excellent and lovely, can dwell for two months under the same roof in perfect concord."

I answered that I had certainly known exceptions to his rule, and passed, gladly, to other themes of discourse.

In this single instance I could not acquit Leah of blame. She had spoken injudiciously, and at the wrong time; yet my heart ached for her none the less on this account. I may not, in my spinsterly experience, be the best judge of such questions, but it appears to me that few women, who really love their husbands, could have borne more patiently the spectacle of the petulant disappointment, the undisguised chagrin, excited in a young and fond maiden by the discovery that, instead of her being permitted to enjoy the anticipated affectionate *tête à tête* with the said husband, his lawful spouse was to form one of the company. I doubt if even Griselda, milk-and-water angel though she was, would, out of the plenitude of her insipid amiability, have witnessed such an exhibition unmoved by some spice of conjugal jealousy, or that she would not have set her wits to work to conjecture what could be the nature of the intercourse which was thus impatient of the presence and surveillance of her who should have been the gentleman's best friend and prime counsellor. Between ourselves, moreover, dear reader, I do not believe that Griselda loved her kingly lord with one tithe of the fervor that glowed in the bosom of this untitled American wife for hers.

Miss Janetta never apologized to the object of her profound respect or to her visitor for her misbehavior, nor did her demeanor to us bear the salutary fruits of repentance and reformation, *malgré* her cousin's scolding and her consequent broken-heartedness. In his absence she favored us with very little of her society, a deprivation we could not deplore while her uniform bearing, when she did vouchsafe the honor, was flippant and supercilious, and herself a decided specimen of the *nil admirari* school, so far as our pursuits and plans were concerned. To Mr. Moore, she was a totally different being; her perpetual outbreaks of artless enthusiasm; her girlish warmth of

speech and action reminding me of nothing so much as the encomium passed upon Miss Merry Pecksniff by her poetic admirer: "Oh, she was a gushing young thing!" She affected no secrecy as to her doting love for her cousin—"her best, her only friend!" She worshipped him abroad, as at home and in private, and Charles Moore was not superior to the weakness of liking to be worshipped by an attractive woman. What man—unless he be an anchorite or a dullard—is not liable to fall into the like temptation?

The intimacy between the idol and the devotee became more marked each day, and the slighted wife still saw all—perchance saw and feared more than did really exist, and suffered silently. It is not suffering like this that makes the soul strong. I verily think that Leah could have borne more easily entire estrangement and divorce from her husband than the anomalous existence she led just now. Then there would have been no ground for hope, no food for love, such as the presence, the loving looks and words, the acts of kindness and liberality that now brought with them a mildly sweet agony. O to have so much and yet not possess *all!* It was very selfish; but then, as Miss Dalrymple has remarked, "all married people are selfish." I take the liberty of adding on my own authority, "Or ought to be!"

Leah and I were paying a call, one afternoon, at a house that stood exactly opposite to Mr. Moore's law-office. "Why do you not bring that nice little cousin of yours to see me, Mrs. Moore?" asked the hostess, by and by. "I have taken quite a fancy to her from seeing her in the street. She seems to be very fond of out-door exercise."

Leah made answer that this was the case.

The lady continued: "Not a day passes, unless the weather is very stormy, that she does not call in at Mr. Moore's office, across the way, and she often tempts him to join her in her rambles. I like to watch them walking together. They appear to be very much attached to one another."

"Mamma!" The speaker's daughter checked her innocent volubility. "You have dropped your spectacles!" And in restoring them, she gave her senior a meaning look that silenced her.

"They are very sincerely attached to one another!" replied Leah, composedly. "It would be strange if they were not, since they were reared almost like children of the same mother."

The world should not asperse his fair fame, however grievously her confidence in him

might be shaken. She would play her part bravely in public, if the lacerated heart quivered and bled to death in the effort.

How long would this false and hollow show of tranquillity last? how long the surface of the groaning deep smile, as with summer calm? were thoughts that haunted me day and night. I inwardly condemned Leah's reserve with her husband as much as I admired her concealment of the true state of her domestic affairs from others. While she bore his name, and lived with him in seeming amity as his wife, she had no right to smother thoughts within her breast that were eating away her life; to brood darkly and secretly over imaginations that multiplied, and were magnified in the darkness. Her skirts were not quite clear while this policy was pursued. Yet she was actuated by no mean cowardice or sullenness in adopting this course. A prouder woman never lived. She would have died sooner than play the spy upon another's actions. While she would, and did try to prevent the growth of the attachment between her husband and his cousin by all fair and honorable means, strove, conscientiously and constantly, to win back the love she feared and believed was straying from her, she scorned to attack her persecutor with her own weapons, or to constrain, by reproaches and threats, the return of the recusant. She would not owe to duty and law that which should be the spontaneous tribute of a true and loving heart.

Thus matters stood when I was seized with a violent cold that confined me to my bed for several days. Leah spent most of the day, and a portion of each evening, in my apartment. Mr. Moore was busily engaged with preparations for an important suit in which he was counsel, and could spare but half an hour or so for his after supper smoke and talk in the sitting-room—the pleasant home-chat which, Leah had once told me, was to her the most delightful event of the day, however choice might have been its other pleasures. She was uncommonly cheerful, the third evening of my confinement, although she came to me earlier than upon either of the two previous ones.

"Isn't Charles the most thoughtful fellow in the world?" was her introductory remark. "Overrun by business, as he is, he could yet remember the name of the book we were wishing for yesterday, and went half a dozen squares out of his way, as he came up town, to get it. Shall I commence it forthwith?"

I assented, gratifiedly; and, seating herself under the shaded light, she began. The reading had lasted an hour and a half; when,

detecting signs of hoarseness in her voice, I stopped her, fearful lest she should be exhausted by the prolonged effort.

"It will be a sorry return to make Mr. Moore for his considerate attention to our wishes, if we present to him a voiceless wife in the morning!"

She laughed, and agreed to postpone the perusal of the volume to the morrow. Still holding it, and now and then turning a leaf, unwilling, as it were, to lay aside this tangible token of his remembrance of and kindness to her, she narrated, with affected carelessness, other examples of a similar nature; favors shown and benefits conferred, as *apropos*, and in a manner as delicate. In her happier moods—now, alas! far less frequent than of old—she enjoyed nothing more than to talk of him; and would enumerate his manifold virtues in my hearing with the simple-heartedness and circumstantiality of a child. I imagined sometimes that she strengthened her own faith in his affection by rehearsing these proofs of it to me. To-night, she was very hopeful with regard to other subjects, all bearing a close connection to this master emotion. She spoke of a certain and momentous event, now not many weeks distant, with calmness—even pleasure.

"We shall both be happier then, Maria, and I hope and feel that I shall be a better woman. I have grown irritable and unjust of late; have developed traits that not even the fact of my being a prey to this unfortunate and, it would seem, unconquerable nervousness can excuse. I told Charles this evening how heartily ashamed I was of my variable and pettish moods, and promised that, if he would bear with me a little longer, I would promise better things for the future."

I returned a cheering reply, and there was a pause. Mr. Moore's "den"—his wife's favorite aversion, according to her declaration, was directly above my room, and there penetrated the ceiling, now, the low murmur of a deep voice.

"Hear the man!" laughed Leah. "He is studying his tiresome briefs as a school-boy would con his spelling-book! Does he often amuse you in this way?"

"I have heard the same sound many times before," I rejoined.

She listened, smilingly. She loved the very echo of that voice better than she did the finest music in the world.

"He must enjoy hearing himself talk!" she resumed. "One might suppose him a magician holding converse with his familiar demon, con-

jured from the vasty deep by the incense of his inseparable cigar. Did you ever venture a look into the recesses of his grotto?"

"Never!"

"I will show you the mysterious chamber some day when he is not at home. I never approach the charmed precincts myself, if he is within. If he has a private study, it must be inviolable by all human foot during study hours, he says. This was the stipulation he made when he had the room fitted up. I could not bear to have him write and read in his office at night. It is an inexpressible comfort to know that the same roof covers us both, although I do not see him."

She retired early, quitting my room by ten o'clock; and, feeling myself unable to obey her injunction to immediate slumber, I lay listening idly to the slight sounds that, in this quiet quarter of the town, varied the silence of the night. The chief of these was the murmur overhead, and I found myself harkening to it, after a while, with kindling interest. It was intermittent, I noticed, and in the deepening stillness without and within, I fancied, as it came more distinctly to my senses, that the tone was colloquial, not meditative or hortatory; next, that the pauses of irregular length were made to admit the replies of some one else; then, that a voice of different pitch and quality filled these up. I was dismissing the idea, with a smile at my fantasies, when there fell into the room—I can use no other expression that would fitly describe the suddenness and weight with which it burst upon me—there fell into the room the unmistakable sound of a laugh—a peal, in which two voices blended, and I recognized both!

Janetta Dalrymple's chamber was likewise in the third story, at the back of the house, a situation she preferred on account of the view and seclusion; and here she professed to spend her evenings in reading or writing, when we were without company, and she was not at the piano. This, then, was the inviolable sanctuary which the wife's footsteps must not approach! this, the studious retirement, for which the industrious lawyer had forsaken her society! here was the solution of the strange noises I had so frequently heard upon other occasions, when I had bidden Leah "Good-night," and sought my pillow; oftentimes receiving with her kiss a sigh that "Charles *would* injure his health by studying so late and so much at night!" There was no self-deception in the present case. I only wondered, as once and again Janetta's peculiar laugh set my teeth on edge,

albeit it was not an unmusical one in itself, and her accents, less cautious than in the earlier part of the evening, or more audible by reason of the surrounding hush, offended my sensitive auriculars; I only marvelled that I was so late in arriving at the truth.

There was but one drop of comfort in the troubled thoughts that kept me awake far into the night—until after eleven o'clock, at which hour I heard a movement in the study overhead; then a door closes softly, and light footsteps retreat in the direction of Miss Dalrymple's room. Mr. Moore did not descend to his rest until past midnight; but he did not study aloud. The single consolation which I derived from the events of the evening was that Leah had not suspected these clandestine interviews—I could give them no other name. Things were assuming a more serious aspect. The reckless girl was not only betraying the confidence and abusing the hospitality of her hostess, but imperilling her own reputation in the eyes of servants and chance visitors. I wondered if it ever crossed Mr. Moore's mind what construction the prying curiosity of his domestics might put upon these prolonged and unseasonable visits of this young and fond cousin to a remote and lonely part of the house, well understood to be his private study—privacy, which even their mistress respected. I knew that Miss Janetta would have met such an impertinent insinuation with a bold face, and the maxim I had heard many times from her lips—"Evil to him that evil thinks." Perhaps I *was* full of evil thoughts and all uncharitableness; but I could not resist the conviction that the majority of those whom this artless and daring damsel daily met in society would judge her conduct as I did—many more harshly.

Discoveries, like most other earthly events, are epidemic; and, being aware of this fact, I ought not to have been so startled and confused at a proposition made by Leah a few nights after I became convalescent. We were in the "snuggery" alone—Mr. Moore having pleaded urgent business to be transacted—deeds drawn, or copied, or something of that kind, and Miss Janetta bidden us a cool "Good-night," without making any apology whatever. A ring at the front door heralded the appearance of the housemaid, burdened with a large bundle.

"From the dressmaker's, ma'am," she said, delivering it to her mistress.

Leah sprang up gleefully. "Do you know, Miss Allison, that I have been doing something very naughty—something for which your lady-

ship will berate me very soundly? No? Then listen and behold! Do you remember the cashmere *robes de chambre* we were admiring the other day? I went out that afternoon and selected two—one for my unworthy self, the other for somebody whose worth I know, and *you do not!*”

While speaking, her rapid fingers were tearing off the papers, and she now called upon me to take my choice of the wrappers. This was no easy matter, when both were so beautiful. I represented, vainly, that I would be delighted with either, and tried to thank her for her elegant gift. She interrupted me with declarations that I should make a selection, or she would force both upon me. We were precisely the same height; our complexions were similar; we had the same breadth of shoulder and length of arm, and these were all the requisites demanded in loose robes. I still hung back, and she suggested that we should try them on, and ascertain their comparative becomingness.

“This redoubles difficulties!” was her decision, as we surveyed ourselves in the mirror; then looked at one another from head to foot, and laughed like two school-girls in a masquerading frolic. “I tell you what we will do! We will besiege the ‘den,’ drag Charles out, and make him settle the question! The emergency of the case justifies extreme measures. His taste in ladies’ attire is infallible—perfectly miraculous!”

She ran off before I could collect thoughts and words to oppose her. I overtook her at the foot of the stairs.

“But, Leah!”

“But, Maria!”

“I am afraid that Mr. Moore may not like our interrupting him.”

“Of course, he will be as cross as a bear; and we, being babies, are afraid of bears!” she retorted, ironically, conscious, as I was, that no extent of provocation from a lady could force her gentlemanly husband to an unseemly show of irritation. “One would think, from your rueful visage, that you were going to peep into the cave of Trophonius. I will take the responsibility! Come, I say!”

I could not refuse to go without wounding or offending her; and, after all, Miss Dalrymple might be at that instant buried in one of her favorite French novels in her own chamber—for once, harming nobody but herself. However this might be, I would linger some paces behind Leah, that she might first explore the forbidden region. At the entrance, she stopped and beckoned to me imperatively—her face

arch, and glowing with mischief. I never saw her look so again.

“We will enter together—storm the garrison with united forces!” she whispered, seizing my hand.

Throwing the door wide open, she proclaimed, theatrically, “Enter an invading—” The words froze upon her lips.

Mr. Moore sat nearly facing the door upon a lounge, whereon half lay—reclined, she would have said—Miss Janetta. His arm was about her waist; her head was laid upon his shoulder; their hands were clasped, and his cheek rested upon her sunny hair. If the picture, seen but for one second, was burned, as if by lightning, upon my memory, how felt the deceived wife—the lofty-souled, pure-minded woman, who stood like a statue in the doorway, the amazed, outraged spectator of the group!

With a half scream of nervous horror, Janetta sprang to a sitting posture, and gazed, pale with affright, upon the unwelcome intruder. Mr. Moore met Leah’s eye, not without a slight change of feature and color, but far more calmly than I had believed it practicable for any man to appear in such circumstances. Either his self-control outmatched his cousin’s, or his conviction of guilt was less strong. He arose, with no show of trepidation; but Leah’s speech forestalled his.

“My business can wait. I will not interrupt you further!”

“Stay—” he began, eagerly; but the door was already shut, and I was following Leah down stairs.

She paused upon the threshold of her chamber. “You will excuse me if I leave you somewhat abruptly, Maria?”

“Certainly!”

We parted, without so much as a pressure of the hand. She was not yet brought so low in spirit to accept any sympathy—not even mine—upon this subject. Her husband came down a few minutes later, and for an hour and more, I could discern the faint murmur of their conversation. Perhaps it was as well that this denouement had taken place, I reflected. Despite this one great fault of conduct, I liked Charles Moore. I hoped that he had erred more through thoughtlessness, than lack of principle or from waning love for his wife; was certain that he had a very imperfect conception of the pain this, to his apprehension, lawful and innocent intimacy had occasioned her. If he once understood what were her feelings and wishes with regard to it, every sentiment of manliness and affection would prompt him to

pursue a different course, and this he must learn during the explanation now in progress. If Leah would only be true to herself, and just to him, he could not fail to derive a severe, but assuredly a useful lesson.

Thus hoping, I fell asleep, and dreamed that Janetta Dalrymple was comfortably supplied with a husband of her own, whose home was in California—an event that threw me into an ecstasy of joy, terminating prematurely the entrancing vision.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS DALRYMPLE came down to breakfast the next morning, *sola*, notwithstanding my dream—smilingly oblivious, so far as mien and words indicated, of having transgressed the slightest rule of good breeding, to say nothing of decorum or morality. She got a very grave, cool salutation all around the table in exchange for her bland “Good-morning.” Her first observation—a jaunty comment upon the weather—was directed to Leah, whose response was civil and brief; her next, playfully affectionate, was to her cousin. He replied in the dryest imaginable tone, scarcely looking at her as he did so; and, turning away so soon as the sentence was finished, he began a conversation upon commonplace topics with me, occasionally appealing to Leah. Janetta’s demeanor was consummate in its well-acted surprise, deepening into injured feeling, and the *naïve* bewilderment of an innocent grieved child, at undeserved reproach. She could not eat; try though she seemed to do, to swallow her distress and breakfast together, and sat, throughout the remainder of the meal, mutely dejected. The uncomfortable repast to all of us was finally concluded. Mr. Moore arose, walked around to his wife’s seat, and gave her his customary “Good-by” kiss before going to his office; then, merely saying, “Good-morning, ladies!” to his cousin and myself, left the room. Miss Dalrymple followed him into the hall, as she often did, even when he had parted with her in our presence; had bestowed, with his brotherly kiss, a tap upon the cheek, or a caressing stroke of the head, always some merry, affectionate word. When I went up stairs, they had withdrawn to the parlor, from which issued the sound of convulsive sobbing and Mr. Moore’s mournfully resolute tones.

No Janetta appeared at dinner that day. “She was indisposed, and would take nothing to eat,” Catharine reported. The tea-table was

likewise denied the light of her countenance, and Mr. Moore looked wretchedly uneasy. His solicitude was so marked as to be distressing, when the morrow failed to bring her down to breakfast. His own appetite had deserted him, and his temper was on the point of following its example, if one might judge from the unwonted asperity of his injunction to his wife.

“I *desire*, Leah, that you go up and see that poor child some time during the forenoon. She is here under my care, and, whatever may be her faults in your eyes, common humanity demands that she shall not suffer for want of attention while she is sick.”

He had forgotten my presence; but Leah was mindful of it; and while she grew white to her very lips, rejoined, in calm dignity: “Your wishes shall be obeyed. I will see that she wants for nothing which I can procure or do for her.”

The visit of inquiry was duly made; repeated in the afternoon and semi-daily, with conscientious regularity, during the term of the interesting sufferer’s confinement. Those must have been queer interviews, I thought; but Leah brought no report of them below, at least none to me. For five days, the grieving maiden maintained the *rôle* of invalid, persisting in her refusal to accept medical aid, and subsisting upon alarmingly light rations of tea and toast. I had no fears of her becoming dangerously enfeebled by this penitential regimen. She carried with her, into her retirement, an abundant supply of adipose matter to sustain her during a whole hibernation, and I applauded her discrimination in having selected the means of punishment best adapted to her offence and present position to the really injured party. But Mr. Moore’s moodiness was fast changing into misery. True, he rarely mentioned her name, and his attentions to Leah were assiduous—so studied and punctilious that she shrank from them in absolute pain. Still, his spirits had declined utterly; he ate little; talked fitfully and without animation, and was subject to spells of gloomy musing; in short, acted like a man who had met with a heavy, stunning blow—one which he felt to be irremediable.

Never had I regarded Leah with such love and reverence as during that trying week. There was not a spark of haughty resentment, not the most distant approach to retaliation in her manner to her husband. Another woman was pining for the demonstrations of affection he had pledged himself to withhold, and she

could not but read in his altered bearing his settled sadness and prolonged seasons of abstracted pensiveness, the terrible truth that she was no longer adequate to fill his heart, or make his home what he had avowed it to be in the past; yet she strove humbly and prayerfully, if not hopefully, to contribute all that she could to his comfort and happiness, was, to all intents and purposes, his slave. She kept up nobly the forced show of cheerfulness, not to him alone, but with me. Not an allusion to the unhappy estrangement, brought every hour to my notice, escaped her lips in our most confidential moments. Native strength of character and early discipline had taught her how to endure anguish and make no sign.

The overtried nerves and neglected body failed first. Charles Moore was aroused from his dream of selfish woe by her sudden and dangerous illness. For forty-eight hours I question whether he ever remembered Janetta Dalrymple's existence, unless, indeed, the thought were one lash in the whip of scorpions held by Remorse. All through the second night of his wife's sickness, he walked the floor of the room adjoining his wife's chamber, in a state of mind bordering upon distraction. With the dawn came tidings that, at another time, would have awakened a thrill of holy and happy emotion. When the nurse brought his first-born son to him, and would have given him, in proud ceremony, into his father's arms, the glassy eyes surveyed the tiny stranger as if they saw him not. There was no movement of fond welcome; the parched lips articulated but one sentence: "How is *she*?"

She was very low; not rational, and too weak, if she had been, to see even him.

"It is just!" he gasped, when the physician reluctantly recommended that he should not run the risk of agitating her by a visit. "It is just—only just!"

"I must confess that I was surprised at his ready acquiescence in my judgment," said the doctor to me, in describing the scene. "I was prepared to encounter strenuous opposition. These very devoted husbands are generally unruly under such a sentence."

I did not explain the hidden meaning of the exclamation that sounded to the man of medicine like the utterance of prudent submission to wise counsel; but my heart bled for the misguided being undergoing the agonies of an accusing conscience, that saw, in this exclusion from her presence in this fearful hour, a righteous retribution for his wilful neglect of her in the seasons of loneliness and debility, of trial

and depression, that had contributed to bring about this critical condition of reason and health.

Janetta Dalrymple, now that her illness no longer produced a sensation, and brought discomfort to herself only, had found it convenient to declare it at an end, and made sundry shy overtures of consolation and sympathy to her kinsman, all of which he swept aside as if he saw them not. The deeper fountains of his being were stirred, and in these she had no share. Slowly the beloved one struggled back to sanity and strength. She gazed, at first vacantly, then with loving anxiety, into the pale, sorrow-stricken face that now hardly left her bedside, day and night, more haggard by reason of the effort he made to smile, as he saw that he was recognized. Once more her tongue pronounced his name in fond, natural accents; her cheek was pillowed upon his breast, while great, scalding tears, he could not keep back, bedewed her hair. It was not a sight for other eyes, and I stole away to weep for very gladness.

I was still in my chamber, and hardly calm again, when a knock was heard at the door and Miss Janetta answered my bidding to enter.

"I looked in, upon my way to bed, to inquire how Leah—how Mrs. Moore is now."

"Better," I replied. "Much better, we think, and, at last, quite sensible."

"You are then more hopeful as to her recovery?"

"We are—decidedly!"

She had declined my proffer of a seat, and now stood before the grate twisting her bracelet—her cousin's gift—until the soft flesh grew red beneath the friction and pressure.

"It is your design to leave us in a few days, is it not, Miss Allison? I believe I heard you say something of such an intention, this morning, to my cousin Charles."

"Yes. I must go very soon. I have lingered already longer than I expected to do when I came, on account of Leah's illness."

"You are an orphan like myself, unless I am mistaken?"

"I am."

She turned slowly towards me and fixed her keen eye upon mine.

"And this was, in your estimation, a sufficient reason for the hatred you conceived against me before you had known me a day, which has manifested itself in innumerable persecutions ever since?"

I answered, in astonishment, that I had never persecuted or interfered with her in the slightest degree.

She interrupted me. "You have not scrupled to play the spy upon my actions, and to put the worst possible construction upon the most innocent of these; to slander me to Mrs. Moore, and arouse against me her enmity also; to sow the seeds of strife between husband and wife, and all that you might render this my only home, in the absence of my natural protector, as intolerable as it was once happy! Oh, you have done a good work in these six weeks—one that you have cause to be proud of! But I am not here to criminate, or to quarrel with you. I merely wished, as was but natural, to notify you of my purpose to thwart your righteous designs. So soon as Mrs. Moore is sufficiently strong to bear the excitement of the disclosure, I shall, in the presence of her husband, unravel the whole mystery of your iniquity; right myself in her eyes or leave the house. Not even your machinations have shaken *his* faith in me. You had best make your foundations sure before you leave your dupe. I give you leave and notice to do this. I never fight in the dark—never stab in the back. God defend the right!"

"Amen!" I returned, fervently. "You ought to know, if you do not, Miss Dalrymple, that there is not one syllable of truth in all you have said. I have never acted the spy or informer with respect to yourself or any one else. If I have seen much in your conduct that appeared reprehensible, according to my ideas of right and honor, Mrs. Moore is none the wiser for these impressions and opinions. If she has witnessed yet more to grieve and displease her, she has been equally discreet towards me. I do not expect you to credit this"—

She interrupted me again with her mocking, sneering smile—cool and deadly—the look poor Leah dreaded and disliked beyond expression.

"You are correct in the supposition. I see no necessity for a further interchange of compliments. We understand one another. I have the pleasure of bidding you good-night."

Did I understand her? Had I then, or could I have any just conception of the motives, base and pitiful, that urged her to renewed efforts for the destruction of her unoffending victim's peace? And were this accomplished, finally and irretrievably, what possible benefit could accrue to herself from the consummate villainy, beyond the gratification of a senseless vanity and petty revenge? If she indeed loved Charles Moore in an unlawful degree, if he were separated, divorced from his wife and free to seek his would-be charmer's hand, public scorn and reprobation would be their portion; respectful

compassion surround Leah like a shield and halo. Was the girl mad, or dreaming? Silly or impetuous I knew she was not. She was safe in gratifying her spleen by the delivery of her denunciations against me to my face. I comprehended this, as she intended I should; knew that she appreciated my impotency as thoroughly as I did myself. Not to rescue my good name from universal ignominy would I have risked Leah's returning life and senses by ominous sign or speech. I must go and leave her in happy ignorance of the prepared mine; could only commit her to the Helper of the innocent, the Trust of the upright.

The evening before my departure I went to her room, at nightfall, to sit with her until tea-time. I had heard Mr. Moore leave her and run down stairs, then out of the house, but a moment before, and surmised correctly that he had gone to procure some newly-thought-of dainty, wherewith to tempt her slender and varying appetite. He was continually recollecting "just the thing" to please her palate and "bring up her strength," and the result was a supply of delicacies, rare, rich, and delightful, that would have surfeited a well person. I moved quietly, not to disturb her, should she feel disposed to sleep, and when her weak, sweet voice broke the silence of the dim chamber, I supposed, for a minute, that she was speaking to me. The latter part of the sentence undeceived me. She was fondling the babe who lay upon her arm.

"We have had a dear, blessed visit from him this evening, haven't we, baby dear? Mamma thought once—yes, many times—that she would never be so full of peace and happiness again as she is now. We have won him back, my own heaven-sent blessing!"

By this time I had slipped out as noiselessly as I had entered.

I see that picture yet in my dreams, at times: the shaded bed, the faint, but expressive outline of the young mother's face bending lovingly down towards the infant; I hear the gentle tones, tremulous with joy as weakness, but I say no more to her hopeful asservation—"God grant it!" for mother and child seem always to be lying upon the crumbling verge of a precipice.

CHAPTER V.

ONE sultry August evening, seven months after my visit to the Moores, as my brother and myself were seated at our quiet tea-table,

a servant brought the message that a lady wished to see me in the parlor.

"She came in a carriage, ma'am, and has brought a trunk," added the girl, following me into the hall. "And she seems very tired; had I better get her room ready?"

"By all means!" And anticipating a meeting with some cousin or aunt from a distance, I unclosed the parlor door.

A woman had sunk down into a large arm-chair, near the middle of the apartment, and upon her knees lay a child, apparently asleep. I had only time to make out this much in the dusk, when the drooping-head of the weary-looking figure was lifted, and a voice, familiar in spite of its strained cadences, said, with an outburst of hysterical laughter: "I have presented myself at your doors uninvited, you see!"

"Leah, my dear child! can this be you?" cried I, hurrying forward.

She laughed again. "I believe it is! I am not sure! He is asleep!" as I took the child from her lap. "I came off in such haste that I could not supply the place of his nurse, who is sick. Then, too, I wanted him all to myself for a little while, you know. I suppose they could take him from me as it is, couldn't they?"

"What an idea!" said I, cheerily, but with secret and growing uneasiness at her strange behavior. "Why, who would want him?"

"That is what I try to remember! Nobody would care to be troubled with the care of him, except the mother that bore him. And it does seem to me that mine is the best right. *She* never cared for children, and I hope he will let me keep my boy!"

"He is a noble fellow!" I responded, soothingly, while my heart throbbed so violently it seemed that it must awaken the little sleeper in my arms. "We will take him up to bed, and mamma must have a cup of tea immediately."

Chattering on about the heat of the day, the dust, my delight at seeing her—about everything that came into my head except the heavy, nameless fear that oppressed my spirit, I led the way to her chamber. There was a light there, and when I had deposited my burden upon the bed I went up to Leah, who stood by a window, and offered to remove her hat and mantle. Turning her wild eyes upon me, she whispered, motioning towards the servant who was unstrapping the trunk, "Send her out!" As the door shut behind the girl, Leah threw

herself upon my neck—"Oh, Maria, will you let me stay here a little while, until I die?"

An alarming fit of hysterics succeeded. It was two hours later when, lying pale and exhausted upon her pillow, her hand clasped in mine, she told me the story of her sufferings since we parted.

Janetta had not carried out her threat of complaint against and exposure of my "machinations," in the hearing of both husband and wife. She had never attempted to traduce me to Leah, nor was her conduct, throughout the convalescence of the latter, in the slightest degree offensive. She was gentle, respectful, almost affectionate to the woman she had tried so hard to injure; accepted gracefully her secondary place in the household. Her attentions transferred, for the most part, from the husband to the wife, were well-timed and skilful; her demeanor to Mr. Moore frank and free, kind and cousinly, yet evincing no desire for a prominent place in his regard, much less a monopoly of his affections. In the generosity of her lately-regained happiness, Leah was ready to consider much, if not all the misery of the past winter as the morbid dream of her imagination. Her husband had declared, in the most solemn terms, that she had misinterpreted many of his actions, and been misled by a diseased fancy in viewing others, and offered to renounce not only all intimacy but all intercourse beyond that of the coldest civility, with his cousin. To this Leah could not consent. It had never been her desire to interfere between him and his relatives. She felt real pity for the friendless girl, committed for a time to his guardianship, and expressed the wish that the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past should be forgotten, and the three form in future one united family. Nay, she went so far as to urge the propriety and kindness of this course upon Charles, when he hesitated to make the experiment, and doubted whether separation would not be best for all parties.

By imperceptible degrees affairs slid back into their old train. Janetta's manner lost its deference; covert taunts and open sneers, when Mr. Moore was not by, taking the place of the loving appeal and soft answer. Charles—never harsh or impatient in speech or look; generous to supply every expressed wish of his wife; watchful of her health and bodily comfort—nevertheless yielded, as formerly, to the exigent affection or vanity of his so-called sisterly kinswoman, and was, ere long, as thoroughly her slave as in the dark old days to which Leah had looked back with trembling; whose sha-

dow, she began to feel, was stealing fast after the doubtful brightness of the present. It was harder to endure in silence, now, than it had been then. Her illness had unhinged and enfeebled her nervous system. She was often irritable and peevish with her husband—conduct invariably regretted and apologized for by herself, and attributed by him to her health, when a more searching inquiry would have revealed to him a deeper cause in a tortured mind. Too proud to speak; ashamed to complain of the work whose beginning was apparently in her own imprudent confidence; aware, moreover, that such remonstrance would be met by the recapitulation of the license she had given, she resolved to bear on dumbly until the time for Mr. Dalrymple's return from abroad.

As if no drop were to be wanting in her cup of trial, there arrived by the steamer in which they had expected him to take passage a letter, announcing his intention of prolonging his stay until the autumn. His sister could either remain where she was, he wrote, or take up her abode for the summer in the family of another cousin, who resided in the western part of the State. It was like Janetta Dalrymple to put the letter and the question to be decided in Mr. Moore's hands, instead of settling the matter promptly for herself. She had less genuine self-respect than any other woman I ever knew. Of course Charles' inclination coincided with gallantry and hospitality in recommending her further sojourn under his roof. He was so incautious as to say as much to her before consulting Leah upon the subject, and was reminded sadly by his cousin that there might be an essential difference of opinion upon this point between the heads of the household. Thus artfully prepared to expect and resist an unreasonable show of opposition to his scheme, he sought his wife, and opened up the question in a tone that showed a foregone conclusion so arbitrary as to render the form of consultation a mockery. Her timid attempt at expostulation was met sternly, and her long and carefully repressed spirit arose in arms. She painted, with the burning emphasis of truth and feeling, the neglect and insult which had been, and were daily her portion, meted out by the hands of husband and guest; sketched the probable end of the entanglement that was constantly binding him more tightly, and was already the theme of slanderers' tongues, and closed by declaring that, if he chose to retain Miss Dalrymple as a member of his family, she would herself seek some other abode.

"The time has come when you must choose

between us!" were the words with which she quitted him.

How he broke the decision to Janetta she never inquired; but he informed her coldly the next day that she had written to engage board during the summer months with her distant cousin. The letter and its discussion were not named between Janetta and herself. In the process of time, the serpent in the house took her departure; and, in spite of her husband's lowering brow and marked depression of spirits, Leah breathed more freely. Strong in the might of her love, she believed that she could yet win him back; that, if the freshness and fervor of that early devotion, which is made up of faith and hope, were gone, there might still be in store for them a tranquil enjoyment of life, and the society of one another and their boy, that might take from memory its sting. After a time, the salutary effects of her endeavors after his comfort and pleasure began to be apparent. He recovered his cheerfulness; seemed satisfied and happy in her company, and there was, in the attentions he was never backward in rendering, an alacrity and soul whose lack she had felt most painfully while seeing them continually exhibited in his demeanor to another. If she suspected that he wrote regularly to his cousin, and received letters in return, she put the idea out of her mind as soon as possible, and concealed the hurt his silence upon this head caused her.

Four days ago, she went on to say, he had told her of important business which would call him away the middle of the month, and might detain him from home for a fortnight or more. He proposed, thoughtfully and kindly as it seemed to her, that she should spend the time of his absence with me. Thanking him for this considerate attention to her wishes, she promised to think over the matter, and they separated for the day. Court was in session, and he had to hurry off to be at his post in season. As she was passing through the upper hall in the course of the forenoon, she chanced to espy a waste-paper basket, which the housemaid had brought down from her master's study and left unemptied until her work in the chambers should be done. Upon the top of the disorderly pile of torn manuscripts, old newspapers, etc., lay an unfolded sheet of letter-paper, white and smooth, and evidently recently written upon. By a mechanical impulse of carefulness, prompting her to see whether this might not have been added to the refuse by the servant's blunder, Leah picked it up and glanced over it.

Voice and strength failed her. She drew a crumpled paper from her travelling satchel—crumpled and worn as by numberless readings—and passed it to me; then turned her face to the wall. It was an unfinished letter from Charles Moore to Janetta Dalrymple. “My own darling—my sweet Nettie,” was the beginning. The purport of the communication was that he had made his arrangements to join the travelling party which was to set out the next week for a fortnight’s tour, and accepted, with eager pleasure, her invitation to become her especial escort.

“And I warn you, my pet, that I will brook no interference from the ‘handsome young collegian’ of whom you try to make me jealous—you witch! The thought of having you all to myself for two whole weeks has almost set me crazy with joy. L. will probably pay Miss Allison a visit while we are gone. “I say ‘we’ to you, not her. You and I, my poor darling, have suffered too intensely from her absurd jealousy and prejudices in times past for me to run the risk of provoking the sleeping demon by revealing the direction of my journey, or in what company it will be made. I have sacrificed my inclinations and happiness to her so often during the last year, that I am surely justifiable in seeking something like heart-pleasure now. I shall count the moments until we meet—”

Here the delectable effusion had stopped. The date was the very morning upon which Leah discovered the waif. He had undoubtedly forgotten it in his haste when he found that he was behind time. She told me briefly by and by how she had heard him that evening inquiring of the servant whether she had taken a letter from his table, and blaming her, with unwonted harshness, for having, as she confessed, picked up one from the floor and put it among the waste matter, adding that it was well she had burned everything she had taken down, since there were papers in the basket he would not have met other eyes for a thousand dollars. For two days she had to keep this terrible secret locked up in heart and brain; to act and speak as usual; to forego mourning over the love and hopes now indeed lost—buried forever; then she calmly kissed him “Farewell!” held up this boy for a parting caress, and, with tearless eyes, beheld him depart to happiness and her successful rival. Her own trunk was already packed, and she took the next train for the town in which was my home.

She poured out the story with a rapid inco-

herence that would have made me question the verity of certain portions, but for the unmistakable evidence of the letter. Smothering my indignation, I tried to persuade her to sleep, for her child’s sake, if not her own.

“My boy! yes—I know! Put his cradle just here, where I can lay my hand upon it, and be sure the door is locked, please! They may try to rob me of him! He is all they have left me—everything!”

The fearful misgiving awakened in my mind by her first burst of emotion was too true! Her sorrow and its unnatural suppression had affected her mind. In this persuasion, I made an excuse of her apprehensions on her babe’s account to insist upon remaining with her all night. She accepted the offer thankfully, and with an effort at self-command, that reminded me of the Leah of other times—when I had darkened the room and lain down upon a lounge, as if for repose—she closed her eyes and tried to compose herself to slumber. She had rested thus but a few minutes, when a low laugh, so hollow and desolate in its meaning that it chilled my blood, came to my ears.

“Maria, they named me rightly, did they not? We could hardly have blamed Jacob, had he deserted Leah entirely for the better-beloved Rachel!”

I would that I could obliterate from my mind as I can keep from my readers’ eyes the scenes of the week that followed. After that fearful laugh and the accompanying words, there gleamed not one ray of reason upon her fevered brain for seven weary days and nights. She did not recognize her idolized boy, and talked to me as to a stranger. Oh! the matchless tenderness—the depth of woe revealed by the ravings of those dreadful hours! Wronged! deceived! deserted! thus arose the climax of woes upon which she had pondered until she had gone mad—and what wonder?

My brother wrote and telegraphed in various directions for Mr. Moore. His partner in business had been furnished, as had Leah, also, before Charles left home, with the names of two or three places where communications would be likely to intercept him, and there had arrived two letters for Mrs. Moore forwarded by the above-named gentleman to our address, but the postmarks upon these gave no additional clue to the wanderer’s whereabouts, and, as we learned subsequently, none of our messages or notes reached him on the route.

Upon the eighth day, the sick woman awoke from sleep, sensible, calm—dying!

“I have dreamed of my mother, Maria!”

she whispered, a smile of holy peace illuminating her wan features. "Do you remember those words: 'As one whom *his mother* comforteth?' I do not die alone while you and she are here—and there is one nearer and dearer yet!"

The eyes, large and lustrous, looked steadfastly upwards; the lips moved without sound. There was no need of audible language in that communion! Then she asked for her babe, and, while he laughed in her face and cooed his gladness at seeing her again, she laid her hand upon his head and breathed a blessing.

"But for him, death would be all sweetness. As it is, I find it very easy!"

Even in that awful hour, my thoughts ran swiftly back to another night—three short years before—when her full, happy tones had sunk with the weight of what I now read as fulfilled prophecy.

"God knows how constant and earnest is my prayer that I may make him as happy as he deserves to be! If the power is denied me, I shall find death very sweet!"

Oh, my poor, poor friend! She had not to wait long for the welcome guest, and his coming was painless as peaceful. Her last words were, "Give my love to Charles!" Of his infidelity and Janetta's vile treachery, she did not once speak. Already, before the weary sank to rest, the wicked had ceased to trouble her. At that very time, according to the testimony of a member of the travelling party, Charles Moore was waltzing with Janetta Dalrymple in the ballroom of a fashionable watering-place.

When he came to us, frenzied by the tidings that had met him upon his return to his home, his wife had slept in the grave for three days. I concealed nothing from him. I could not feel that he deserved mercy at my hands, although it was plain that his heart's blood welled at every stab. It was impossible for him to suffer as he had made her do, I reasoned savagely, yet half terrified at the sight of his horror of remorse.

"For pity's sake, no more!" he groaned, at last. "You will kill me! My poor girl! Heaven is my witness that I did love her to the end! I never dreamed of wronging her! If she had lived I could have explained everything!"

How, he did not say, nor did I care to inquire; but I imagine that he would have attempted a repetition of the arguments and assertions that had brought balm to her wounded spirit upon a former occasion. I suppose he assuaged

his torn conscience with these; purchased from it rest and forgiveness, as he would have hoped to buy hers, had she survived the blow he had dealt her, for he wedded Janetta Dalrymple in less than eighteen months afterwards.

I am thankful that, before this event took place, the sinless babe was gathered to his mother's arms, perhaps in answer to that mother's prayers. I am glad in the thought that in that high home of perfect peace, no knowledge or memory is permitted to enter that could mar the serenity of the tried and faithful, of whom the world was not worthy.

They say that Mr. Moore lives happily with his new wife, and it may be so. Justice and judgment are not of this life. I knew that when Leah died!

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

WHEN the pearly gates of morning
Ope and flood the earth with light,
I arise, all fond and hopeful,
From blest visions of the night,
When I walked entranced beside her,
And her hand was clasped in mine,
And her voice of angel music
Softly answered, "I am thine."
But my bliss was bright and fleeting,
As that dream of joy serene—
While the dawning brightens upward
Lone I weep, "It might have been."

Day by day I bow in worship,
As she moves in beauty by,
Grace enchanting in her motion,
Love's warm splendors in her eye—
'Neath her feet my heart is lying
In its wild idolatry;
But she turns from me unconscious
Of my great love's misery;
Every pulse that thrills my being
Throbs for her my idol queen—
But my youth is lost in sighing,
Vainly now, "It might have been."

Once, with love's mysterious power,
I allured her eyes to me,
Quick they drooped with modest sweetness,
My adoring look to see;
Oh, I seemed at heaven's gate standing,
When her tender, gracious smile
Flashed a ray of glory o'er me,
Kindling all my life the while;
But a shadow darkened o'er me,
Fate uprose our souls between,
And I pierce the night with crying—
"God of love, it might have been!"

PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

THANKSGIVING.

BY S. G. B.

MR. VAN LENNOP tells us that in the East they have no surnames. A worthy, turbaned old gentleman is content to be known as "Abdallah, the father of Hakim," and is so distinguished from the other Abdallahs of the neighborhood. Bachelors must be nobody under such a regime! What, too, becomes of family pride, driven from its stronghold in surnames? No doubt it has other fastnesses, where it will fight to the death for its existence. How well it would suit Young America to disown all connection with old-fogyish progenitors, and have the very "governors" reduced to being individualized only as the fathers of hopeful Bob, or Jim, or Orlando!

Mrs. Murray would have gone to the stake sooner than submit to such a subversion of the natural order of things. It is doubtful whether she would have been willing to go down to posterity as the mother of Washington himself. Not that Mrs. Murray was wanting in that affection which dignifies even the she-bear, and is the crowning beauty of the loveliest feminine character. Its true, deep current partook of the strength of her strong nature; but its flow was secret and silent as that of the ice-bound river. She kept her children in due or undue subjection. She had no idea of having her family tree turned upside down, so that the roots might develop into branches, and the branches take the place of the parent roots. No! no! Scotch on one side, and Puritan on the other, these were not the traditions in which she had been bred. She was the head of her own household now, no matter what may have been the case in good Mr. Murray's time, a period lost in the mystical past, and never referred to by the present self-sustained mistress of Oak Cottage.

Tall, stiffly-straight, pale, clear-eyed, well-featured, well-dressed, and "well to do in the world," Mrs. Murray was an admirable picture of a certain type of New England women. She affected no airs of youth. Her white lace handkerchief was folded over her bosom, and her muslin cap was free from taint of bow or furberlow. She wore human hair, smoothly brushed over her forehead, and no attempt was made to disguise or root out the silver lines which striped her bands of brown.

Just now Mrs. Murray was in mourning. The

village dressmaker had passed more than a week at Oak Cottage, and, on her departure, three new bombazines, three alpacas, and three black calicoes were left behind her as trophies of her skill. Not that Mrs. Murray had so profusely stored her own wardrobe. She had bought and had made suitable dresses for "the girls," Miss Minty and Miss Molly, the daughters of her house.

Tall, thin Miss Minty, and short, fat Miss Molly would never see their thirtieth birthday again; but their mother labored under a continual sense of their youth and inexperience, and cared as truly now for their wardrobe as when they had been "wee toddling things."

It was well that "the girls" had no share in choosing their mourning. Their eyes were so swollen with weeping that, give the scientific test-rub to the material as they might, they could not have properly scrutinized its fibre, and might have been alarmingly taken in.

The young brother, who had been their joy, had fallen on a distant battle-field, and found a lonely grave far from the home of his childhood. Mrs. Murray had shed no tears. She had rejoiced to see her favorite child offering himself for the service of his country, and when she received tidings of his death, she but grew more pale and rigid, and uttered not a murmur.

A few weeks after this bereavement, Miss Minty ventured to say: "I suppose we won't have any Thanksgiving this year, mother?"

"No Thanksgiving, child! Have we not enough to be thankful for? What do you mean?" was the astonished reply.

"No pies, I mean—no Thanksgiving dinner. I thought perhaps we would not keep the day just as usual this year," said Miss Minty.

"Pumpkin, cranberry tarts, apple, grape, mince, lemon, custard, and chicken pie, I ordered Mehitable to get ready for, and we will go into the kitchen and make them to-morrow, girls. Is it any reason why we should cease to be thankful because the hand of the Lord has been laid upon us?" Thankfulness and pies seemed indissolubly connected in Mrs. Murray's mind.

Miss Minty gave a little sob, and Miss Molly disappeared through an open door. Neither of the girls was looking at Mrs. Murray; so

no one saw the quivering of her thin lips, and the moisture in her clear blue eyes.

Mrs. Murray stood with a pie well balanced on her left hand, while, with her right, she dexterously trimmed off the edges. Did her thoughts wander to the merry boy, whose delight it had once been to witness this part of the Thanksgiving preparations? Mehitable's apple-parings, skilfully left in one unbroken coil, did they remind the mother of the strong young arm, which had so often thrown over the shoulder these mystical auguries of marriage? To Miss Minty and Miss Molly, at least, such remembrances were ever present, and Mehitable was a perfect magazine of sighs, which were let off in volleys, more striking than sentimental.

A trio of fat chickens found a common grave in a well-covered chicken-pie, and Mrs. Murray put on that epitaph in sundry hieroglyphics of twisted slips of paste. Mince-meat was chopped, and seasoned, and tasted, and chopped, and seasoned, and tasted, till all the various blissful flavors were merged in the one, perfect, resultant, crowning flavor which pronounced the work complete. No little hard bits of apple, cold and crisp, no sudden surprises in the way of morsels undoubtedly from the animal kingdom, but a perfect chaos, without organization and subject to no laws of classification. What are mince-pies made for? What enemy of mankind first prompted their composition? What inventor of patent dyspepsia medicine brought into use these promoters of the disease he would pretend to cure? Mrs. Murray gave herself no trouble on this score. She held to mince-pies, as to baked beans on Saturday, as a fixed institution, not to be subverted by Carlyle, or Emerson, or any other destroyers of the old landmarks.

Of the pumpkin pies, we hardly dare to trust ourselves to speak, yet on them the good housewife expended her special care. They had been the favorites of her boy, and she seemed to have a kind of savage joy in making them the very quintessence of melting deliciousness, while she would not allow a single tear to tremble on her lashes at the thought of his pleasant "Another piece, mother; nobody can make pumpkin pies like you."

Poor dwellers in cities, who know only of ranges and stove-ovens, can never be properly thankful, according to Mrs. Murray's notions. Their eyes have never been gladdened with the sight of one of those antiquated, artificial caverns, as full of wonders to the eyes of childhood

as the Mammoth Cave, with all its array of stalactites and stalagnites. We could never remember which of these white fingers of the past pointed up, and which down; but we well know that all the pies in Mrs. Murray's oven reverently looked towards the arching roof, the tarts with their wide open eyes, and the other gentry peering through the ocular slits, made in their covers for purposes known to Mrs. Murray.

The energetic mother always made a point of having Miss Minty and Miss Molly with her on these days of preparation, ostensibly to help her; but in reality they were as useless retainers as were Saladin's Arabs with their headless lances. Mehitable, one of those doubtful treasures, an old family servant, preferred to pare and chop, stone and grate, herself; and Mehitable generally carried out her own views, even in the face of Mrs. Murray. There was a legend of some former battle between these great powers, from which each retired with a respect for the other's prowess, and a determination to keep to the terms of the perpetual peace thereafter concluded.

No wonder Miss Minty and Miss Molly had never had a chance to be "grown up," with two such overwhelmingly depressing influences acting continually upon them. No voice, no will, no opinion, no mission, no sphere had yet been thought necessary for "the girls." They were unrebelling subjects under the most despotic yet kindly will. Nature has her obstinate laws of growth, and shut out from her legitimate development, she will yet have free course in some direction. The fallen tree that dams the stream, but turns the swollen current to right or left, or makes a waterfall of the quiet brook. Wedge round the turnip seed with stones, and the poor struggling thing will make its way through the cracks, and its misshapen form will be as teeming with vegetable life as if it had had fair play.

Cut off from many an avenue of joy and usefulness, Miss Minty and Miss Molly had one path left them—a sweet, sunny path, which leads more surely to the Kingdom of Heaven than the beaten highway, where the self-satisfied roll in their gilded coaches.

Miss Minty and Miss Molly, unlike as they were in external appearance, had yet found a common outlet for their throbbing life. Their woman's heart poured itself forth in tender love to all the dead ones of the blood of the Murrays, and especially to the young brother, whose loss had plunged them in grief. How they inwardly shrank from this making of pies,

this "going on as usual," when the morning star had sunk in gloom!

Mrs. Murray was sitting "bolt upright" in her lawful end of the pew, listening to a Thanksgiving sermon. Think you the minister touched the tender chords of the human heart, and made them vibrate to a song of praise? Think you he cast an eye backward along life's journey, dwelling on the sunshine and the flowers, the little children and the singing birds, the loving companionships and the household joys, the blessings and the consolations, which every candid man must own have lightened his lot and cheered his pathway? Ah, no! A fierce, bold promulgation of his individual views of our country's "sea of troubles" was the sum and substance of the pastor's Thanksgiving sermon. Where he found his text we cannot say; doubtless he forced some bit of Scripture to preface a speech, which was anything but a Gospel message to sinful man.

There was nothing touching, truly, in this discourse, yet Miss Minty and Miss Molly had their handkerchiefs at their eyes more than once during its delivery. Not to the orator's eloquence were their tears a tribute. Unseen to others, to them, a dear worshipper seemed present beside them. The athletic form, the sunny eye, the soft brown locks, the manly air, every line of the loved brother's face, every movement of his figure, every tone of his voice was present to them with a vividness like reality. But one short year had passed since he stood with his hand on that pew-door, while the other held the very hymn-book on which Miss Minty's tears were now drooping.

Yet in the midst of their sorrow, the mourning sisters did not forget their cause for true thanksgiving. Their precious brother had early set his foot upon the narrow way. To them his young lips had talked of the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven. No word had come to tell how he met the King of Terrors, yet were they sure that through the "grave and gate of death" he had passed to a good resurrection.

Mehitable had not been at church—not she! She had been thankful in the midst of the blending odors of turkey boiled and roasted, crisping pig (of the Elia pattern), and chickens broiling of a tender brown—an atmosphere more suited to her taste than "sitting for two mortal hours, penned up in a meeting-house." We use her own words.

It was not strange, since so powerful a magician had been at work, that Miss Minty and

Miss Molly had barely time to substitute the alpaca for the bombazine (the latter being sacredly allied to the crape veil, and devoted to outdoor use) when dinner was announced.

Mrs. Murray's two married sons had been invited, as usual, to dine with their mother, and, as usual, their wives were understood to be included in the invitation.

There was stout Tom Murray, with his pretty silly little wife. There was grave Robert Murray, with his merry, talkative partner. All were subdued to uncommon taciturnity by this sad family meeting. These same people were by no means always gloomy at home and around their own table, in spite of that affliction; but being together, a stiff sort of solemnity was pitched upon by common consent, as the proper demeanor for the occasion.

Mrs. Murray took her place at the head of the table; Robert, the oldest son, assumed the foot, while the two wives were ranged opposite their sisters-in-law. *Vis-à-vis* to Thomas Murray was a vacant chair, placed there by Mehitable's orders, perhaps to make all balance, or, possibly, as a silent remembrancer of him who had once been the life of these family gatherings.

Mrs. Murray folded her hands to ask the blessing. She had borne up valiantly thus far. She had been true to her theories. She had crucified her own feelings. She had checked all outward expression. She had made pies and been thankful, in spite of a sore and wounded heart. Now her lips quivered, and her voice trembled. She could trust not herself in the long grace generally deemed fit for such festal days. She could only substitute, "God help us, and make us thankful!"

Were those her own hands covering her two eyes? No! Those hands were withdrawn, and two strong arms were round her neck, and a brown cheek was pressed close to hers.

"Mother! dear mother! Did you really believe I was dead? And you tried to bear up bravely; but I heard your voice tremble! I did not know you loved me so!"

"Love you! I love you like my own soul! God be praised! You are safe!" exclaimed the mother.

The barriers were broken down; the flood-gates were opened. The mother had thrown off the mask. The true woman would speak now and evermore.

Ah, that was a Thanksgiving Day indeed! In that merry party none were more merry than the youthful soldier. As for Minty and Molly, they were almost wild with joy. They

left all other feasting to feast their eyes on that recovered treasure, and took more friendly liberties with their mother, and were more at ease than ever before in their mortal lives. Nobody blamed the papers for reporting one soldier as dead, who had only been taken prisoner. The happy seldom find fault. It is the sour and discontented who always have a "bone to pick with somebody," and, dog-like, growl over it.

Mehitable, long after this Thanksgiving Day, was wont to say: "Miss Murray was right. We ought to be thankful, and have our pies when the day comes round, no matter what happens. Suppose the Lieutenant should have come home and found no right sort of a dinner ready for him! That would have been a pretty 'How d'ye do!'"

THE ORPHAN.

THERE is much to call forth our most tender pity in this word! A weary life must hers be. We, who know, and daily experience, the blessed comfort of a kind father and mother, *cannot* enter into her feelings; what a pang of desolation must shoot through her heart when she thinks she is bereft of a mother's anxious care, and a father's tender watchfulness: no bosom upon whom she can rest, no kind parent to whom she can confide her daily troubles; perhaps no sister into whose affectionate ear she can pour forth her thoughts. Providence has bereft her of all these earthly props; and sad it is, but alas! too true, that there are many who are thus let adrift on the ocean of life with not even *one* friend to whom they can flee in an hour of need; and not even a fire-side they can call their own. *Alone*, the orphan has to fight her way through this weary world, doubly wearisome to her: her path is oftentimes a very thorny one. She meets with no friend, no kindness, no sympathy! The remembrance of the past only increases her grief; and her eyes fill with tears when she thinks of her dear parents' admonition, and that the voice which spoke so many gentle, warning words to her is now hushed forever in the silence of the grave.

But, though the orphan is bereft of all her earthly friends, she has a never-failing Friend above, who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and that those who seek Him earnestly shall most certainly find Him. *Many*, perhaps, in the bitterness of their grief, are apt to think God has forgotten them; but however inexplicable His dealings may appear, we

should remember He chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of holiness; and in the midst of our sorest afflictions, remember that it is an all-wise Father who is laying His rod upon us; but let *us*, who are blessed with kind parents, be doubly thankful to Him who has spared them to us, and endeavor to do all in our power to mitigate and soothe the griefs of our fellow-creatures; but, whether our path here below be smooth or rugged, let us recollect that if we serve Him faithfully in *this* world we shall at the last day receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away; and "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glories which shall be revealed to us."

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

In order to the accomplishment of any noble purpose, it is necessary to have a carefully-laid plan; for a rambling and desultory application, even with a virtuous intent will prove altogether inadequate.

It is a poetical assertion that "life without a plan serves merely as a soil for discontent to thrive in," and of the justness of this assertion the proofs abound. But if we would shrink from the idea of abandoning what was intended for a garden of fruitfulness and beauty, to the growth of rank and ungrateful weeds, we must lose no time, but begin at once to occupy the ground and lay down our plans.

Some point in view, some fixed object of pursuit, is a spur to the energies, and where that point in view is something really great and good, the influence it exerts is sufficient to inspire courage, and sustain the concentration of the powers requisite for its attainment. And, more than this, the influence of that great and good object upon which the mental eye is fixed, imparts to life a zest and earnestness which those who pass an aimless existence can neither understand nor appreciate. Yet this is no forced or fancied representation, but a plain statement of the contrasts of character arising from the presence or absence of an object, a plan, a noble motive, and a high resolve. May we never want these, and then we may give melancholy complainings to the winds, for we shall find that life is too short and too precious to spare any part of it for anything but its important work.

God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

THE STORY OF "FAIR MABEL."

BY BEATA.

COME hither, little daughter mine, and near me take thy seat,
 And knit upon thy father's hose while I my tale repeat;
 Of Mabel fair thou oft hast heard, and marvelled in thy heart
 Why mystery and dark dismay made of her fate a part.
 Now I will tell thee her short life, for thou art heedless too,
 And ever prone to wander forth in search for something new—
 'Twas thus thy cousin loved to roam, and household duties scorned,
 But girls had better stay at home, by wiser counsel warned.

Now pretty near to Mabel's house uprose a castle grand,
 The like was nowhere to be seen in all this prosperous land;
 The mistress of this mansion fine had foreign countries seen,
 And gathered in its spacious halls were wondrous things I ween;
 The tales of all these wondrous sights had reached the maiden's ear,
 And that she might admittance gain she sought both far and near.

It chanced one day—an audience day!—the gate she open found,
 And, pleased her wishes to obtain, she entered to look round;
 But scarce the portal had she cleared, when to her startled mind
 A legend came she oft had heard—the park was so designed
 That only whom the owner chose could tread the hidden way,
 All others might for weeks or years disconsolately stray.
 But daunted not, the maiden bold remembered one she knew,
 Who for admittance to the house possessed the wished-for clue.
 Fortune does often help the brave; she scarce ten steps had turned,
 When Mabel saw the very friend for whom her bosom yearned.
 Courageously she told her need, and threaded the vast maze,
 Delighted with the objects new that met her earnest gaze.

At length they gained the stately hall: what wonders all around!
 Flowers from distant climes were here, fountains with tinkling sound;
 Statues and vases, works of art, are clustered without end,
 And Mabel thanked over again her kind, obliging friend.
 They reached at length the audience room, and what looked grand before,
 Seemed but a dim reflected light from what the maiden saw.
 Hangings and mirrors blazed with gold, and scarce she dared to move,
 Lest all should vanish from her sight, some vast delusion prove;

Ladies were there in rich attire, whose beauty matched their dress,
 And men of rank and high renown within the circle press.

But in one corner, quite alone, she saw what *seemed* a man,
 And near, and nearer bent her steps, the strange, great thing to scan.

An Ogre, 'twas ugly and grim—the sight near made her scream,
 Though all did say the grand ladye held him in great esteem.

The guests she loved to entertain he never harmed at all!

On those who entered without leave with tooth and nail he'd fall!

When Mabel came beneath his eye she wished she were at home

(But those who follow every whim will oft to mischief come).

And now the ladye entered; was e'er such splendor seen?

All rose to do her homage, just though she were a queen;
 At the first glance she saw a stranger in the crowd,

And calling her most kindly she praised her beauty loud;

And graciously she smiled. "My pretty friend," she said,

"I wish you to see every gem that here is gathered."

Then to her strange attendant spoke, "This fair one, I presume,

Would like to see our wonders all—take her through every room.

The pictures and the flowers, show them to her, I pray,
 The sweetest flower must yield to her, so sweet, so fresh, and gay!

But, when you reach some quiet spot," she whispered in his ear,

"*Then eat her up*—for I will have no interloper here."

(I wish thee to remember, child, the great are often stern;

Improve my story as it runs, and thus the moral learn.)

But how he swallowed Mabel up, and how she did implore,

I cannot tell with certainty, we never saw her more!

Some say she was not harmed. The ladye kept her there,

A pretty thing to look upon, for she was wondrous fair.
 Girls of sixteen are silly things, but I may safely say

Mabel would gladly have been plain, could she get safe away.

But though her father stormed the house and begged for his dear child,

The ladye answered not a word, she heard and only smiled.

The great hall door was closely shut, the judge could not pass through,

And when the Ogre walked abroad his teeth were hidden too.

So, daughter, ever be content, and e'er it be too late,

True wisdom gather from the tale of Mabel's mournful fate.

Ogres are plenty in the world, and beauty is a snare;

And should one praise thy rosy cheeks, thy long and curling hair,

Then think upon thy cousin lost, and flattery beware.

FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(See Steel Plate.)

It was the scene and hour for confidence. The hazy twilight of a damp, warm summer day was creeping in with its cooling breath at the window of the "girls' room," one of the cosiest prettiest apartments that ever graced a country-seat; and near the window, seated one in the deep arm-chair, the other on a pile of cushions on the floor, were the girls—two as bright, sunny-faced, lovable specimens of the class as ever vowed eternal friendship, or exchanged heart confidences. The one on the floor, half sitting, half lying in her luxurious nest of cushions, was a graceful brunette, with large soft black eyes, and a profusion of the darkest brown hair, just verging on black. The other was a tall blonde, with soft golden tresses, and large blue eyes; and to finish the introduction in due form, the one in the chair was Miss Mena Lee; the other, Miss Martha Harris. And now, having drawn up curtain, set the scene, and introduced the characters, let the latter speak for themselves.

"I am so glad you like our room," said Martha. "When auntie first told me you were coming, she was going to put you in the spare room; but I petitioned for you to come in here with me, unless you objected very seriously."

"I could not be better pleased," was the cordial reply. "I am a sad coward about sleeping alone, though I have done so for years. I never had a sister, and my parents died when I was a wee baby."

"As mine did. We must be sisters to each other, dear Mena."

The fair-haired girl bent down, with an earnest look on her face, and a loving light in her eyes to seal the contract with a warm kiss and embrace.

"And now," said Martha, "let us commence our relationship by knowing something about each other. I am the hostess; so I will tell you my story first. As you came so unexpectedly to-day to find me sole occupant of the premises, I will tell you first of the people here. Uncle George is an old gentleman who can be described in one word—lovable. He has the kindest heart, the sweetest smile, the most cheery voice, and the heartiest laugh I ever heard. I don't think he ever spoke a harsh word, or thought a hard judgment in his life.

Aunt Mary is the dearest little bit of a blue-eyed angel that ever made a good man happy. Rupert, their only child, is now about twenty-three; tall, rather handsome, with a noble stock of talents, a frank, generous nature, and his father's kind love for all mankind. I come next. I am inaccurate in calling Mr. Loyd my uncle, he is really not related to me. His father married twice: Uncle George is the son of the first wife. My grandmother was his second wife, and was a widow with one child—my mother—at the time she married Uncle George's father. I have heard from members of the family of the devoted love between my mother and Uncle George; and when I was left an orphan at six months old, Aunt Mary took me to her heart and home, and I have never felt the loss of either parent."

"Then Mr. Loyd is in a measure your guardian, as he is mine. He takes care of your property, does he not?"

"A heavy charge!" said Martha, laughing heartily. "Why, Mena, two pennies would outweigh all the property I have in the world, yet I have never had a wish ungratified, or a whim crossed. And now tell me about yourself."

"There is but little to tell. When my father died, he left Mr. Willis and Mr. Loyd my guardians, and they put me at a boarding-school. Last month Mr. Willis died, and Mr. Loyd wrote to my teacher to send me here when my term was over. That is all."

But as the evening came on the flow of talk became more earnest. Mr. and Mrs. Loyd had gone into the city to transact some business, and were not expected home until morning, and Rupert was away on a shooting excursion; so there was nothing to break in on the long conversation. As the twilight deepened, and the night shadows trooped more thickly into the room, Mena slid from her chair to share Martha's impromptu couch; and so, locked in each other's arms, these two warm-hearted girls, full of loving impulses, with no thoughts to conceal, no secrets to restrain, opened their hearts to each other. It was but a trifling record to repeat stories of school life, of glimpses into the great world of society, of favorite studies and pet authors, of dear delicious hours

in country rambles, or blushing confessions at attempted poetry, or "some time to be seen" stories, suggested by this or that incident met on the highway of their quiet lives. But little for other ears to hear, but who is there that cannot recall some hour of such entire confidences when dear hands clasped each other fast, and the magnetism of entire friendship opened wide the portals of the heart.

Of course, in such confidential chat, it was but natural for Martha to allude frequently to her cousin, Rupert Loyd, the companion of her whole young life. From the hour when he had been allowed to make her a cradle of his boyish arms, he had been her protector, brother, companion, and nurse. His was the task to guide her baby footsteps, his the hand to teach her later to control her horse, his arm her support in all arduous walks, his voice ever ready to sympathize in all her joys and sorrows, and with the earnest zeal of a sister for a dearly loved brother, she described his every grace and virtue, till Mena's full share of interest was roused to see and admire this hero of Martha's affections.

The night had gone past its noon before the young girls went to bed, and early morning found them up, and sharing the pleasant labor of making ready for Mr. and Mrs. Loyd's return. The flower vases were to be refilled with fresh flowers, an extra dinner to be ordered, and dessert prepared by Martha's nimble fingers, and a thousand little dainty devices contrived to make the house look cheerful and homelike. Then fresh bright dresses and smooth hair, and the girls were ready for the arrival of the host and hostess.

When Uncle George's kind cordial voice bade her welcome, and Aunt Mary gave her a gentle motherly caress, and both poured out their earnest, loving desire to have her made comfortable, Mena felt that she had indeed found a home. Her soft eyes were full of grateful tears as she shared with Martha the "good-night" kiss of her kind hosts; and the talk that night was full of the kindness of both uncle and aunt. Martha's many stories of the loving care that had made her home so pleasant since her infancy were readily credited, and Mena's first impressions were as enthusiastic and warm as even the exacting love of Martha could desire.

It was not until she had been domesticated in her new home for nearly a fortnight that Mena first saw Rupert. During that time she had been winning with her gentle loving manner, her sweet low voice, and ready yet modest

intelligence, the love of all. Uncle George insisted upon having from her lips the same title Martha gave him, and Aunt Mary claimed the same privilege.

The days passed pleasantly in rambles, rides, music, reading, and the thousand little devices women always have ready in needlework to pass long summer days. The love that began so auspiciously on the night of Mena's arrival, still drew her affection to Martha to meet a warm return. They were inseparable; sharing the same room, interested in the same pursuits; from the hour when they bade each other "Good-morning" till they slept, locked in each other's arms, their days were passed in sweet intercourse. There was sufficient contrast in their dispositions to keep this love ever warm, and prevent any jar.

Martha, active, energetic, and impulsive, seemed the stronger nature of the two, and took the lead in even their most trifling pursuits; while the clinging fondness, the gentle submissiveness of Mena's character turned ever to her stronger companion for guidance and support.

They were in the parlor together, about two weeks after Mena's arrival, with no light but the silver flood the moon poured in at the open window. Mena was at the piano, while Martha sat half hidden among the folds of the window curtain. Mena was playing one of Grebbman's Nocturnes, with a movement that suited the hour. The notes trickled from her fingers' touch as water ripples over the stones in a brook, and rose and fell in waves of melody. They had been seated there for nearly an hour, when Mena felt a pair of strong arms clasp her waist, and before she had time to cry out, a moustache brushed her cheek, and a warm kiss was printed on her lips. With quick indignation she sprang to her feet, pushing the intruder from her, with a force her slight form seemed scarcely capable of.

"Why, Mattie, what's the matter?" The hearty manly voice, half laughing, was full of surprise.

"Mattie is here, Rupert."

He turned to the window, with a quick gesture; but instantly returning, said: "How can I apologize?"

"It is not necessary; I see the error," said Mena; but her quick breathing and trembling figure showed how she had been startled.

"And this is Mena Lee, Rupert, my newly-found sister," said Martha.

"Mine then as well, if she can forgive my

rudeness," he said, extending his hand to clasp hers with a cordial pressure.

"Look out in future for the difference between fair hair and dark," said Martha, "and Mena will no longer obtain my caresses."

"Where's mother?"

"The true boy question!" said Mrs. Loyd from the inner room that opened on the parlor. "Mother's here, and father, too. Come in, all of you, and hear our runaway give an account of his visit."

It was an account full of racy, sparkling interest. Stories of adventure by field and flood in search of game, all told with a lively grace that made the meanest words interesting. The tall, lithe figure in the rough dress suiting his late pursuits, graceful and animated, the dark eyes flashing, the white teeth gleaming as the handsome mouth poured out its fund of words, and the half-saucy, half-modest consciousness of being the hero of his own tales, all made Rupert very fascinating to the lonely orphan who had never before been in familiar intercourse with a gentleman; her only idea of the sex being confined to the white gloved youngsters she had met at the boarding-school parties, or the teachers of the institute. It was no wonder she was pleased with this long-expected hero, whose gentlemanly language and refined manners toned down his rough dress, and gave a grace to his wildest story of adventure.

This was the first evening.

All day, his holiday being over, Rupert was in town in a lawyer's office, where he was junior partner; but in the evening he invariably sought his sisters to, as he said, clear all the cobwebs from his brain. Music, conversation, company made these evenings the pleasant hours of the day to both Mena and Martha; but while to the latter they were but the resuming of a regular routine, to the former they were a delightful and dangerous novelty.

Thinking nothing of such danger, without the most distant idea of flirting, Rupert was to her a courteous, tender brother. As he treated Martha, so he began to treat this new sister; and as one shared his thoughts, so the other, too, soon became his *confidante*, sought for as every new device for enjoyment came to his mind, protected with the gentlest courtesy, and made a centre for every kindness. Both Rupert and Martha strove by every loving device to make the stranger feel her new residence indeed a home.

Unknown to herself, unsuspected by her companions, Mena was giving to Rupert the first love of her untried heart, learning to feel

his presence the sunshine of her life, his approval her surest guide, his affection her keenest pleasure. With such brotherly intercourse as his, there came no thought of jealousy to either Mena or Martha; both thought they regarded him as a brother, and he as blindly thought they were to him dear sisters—nothing more.

Two years passed, with their ever-varying panorama of pleasure and pain, and then a cloud gathered over this family, before so happy. Uncle George, the tender husband, the kind father and uncle, the placid gentleman, became slowly yet fatally altered. He absented himself from home for a whole day at a time—a thing, as he had years before retired from active business, that grew alarming as it became more frequently repeated. In the evening, returning from such absence, he was morose and sometimes even violent, angrily resenting any inquiry as to his business, and checking instantly any allusion to his absence. From looking with impatience for pleasant evenings, the family grew to dreading them as the time of restraint and fear. One night he did not return. After waiting until midnight, Rupert sought him in the city. His first inquiry was at the office of his father's lawyer, and there he found his father's corpse—a suicide! There was no time then for explanation; the fatal news was to be carried home, the wife's wild grief soothed, the whole burden of comforter to the three mourning women resting on Rupert's hands. His must be the head to keep clear for all arrangements, his the voice to direct, the mind to thrust out its own stunning weight of pain, and support the new burden of responsibility.

It was not until the funeral was over, and the house restored to that dreary quiet that follows a great shock, that Rupert again went to the lawyer's office.

"My task," said the old man, kindly, "is the most painful one of my life. I have known and loved you from a boy, Rupert, and your father was dear to me as a brother, yet I must—" He made a long, long pause while the young man waited, not daring to break the silence that was numbing him in its chilling terror. "Your father, Rupert, about two years ago, became interested in the new, absorbing speculations in western lands, and against my most earnest advice, plunged blindly into buying on a scale his income would not justify. I did not know until the day he died that he had invested Miss Lee's money as well as his own in this hazardous investment; but he

came here, mad with the intelligence that his stock upon which he was building most sanguine hopes was worthless. He confessed to me his falsity as guardian, and declaring himself unable to bear the shame and burden of his sin, stabbed himself here at my side. Your mother's property makes her independent, and you have your profession; your Cousin Martha will have something from your mother's will, and no doubt a home for life; Miss Lee is beggared."

Rupert tried to speak, but his voice was choked, and his parched lips refused to make a sound.

"Rupert, I am going to take a liberty that only your father's oldest friend may dare to take, when I advise you to marry Mena Lee."

A cry of pain burst from Rupert's lips.

"I know," the old man said, and his voice was tender as a woman's, "this sounds cruel and abrupt so soon after your great loss and my painful disclosures; but I know, too, it will be the dearest object of your life to keep your father's error a secret between you and myself. When your Uncle John dies, you are the heir to his property, and can replace Miss Lee's. Until then, unless you support her, she is penniless."

"But she can live at home with my mother, and I will lay every penny at her feet."

"She would not accept it; and your utmost efforts could not earn the income to which she is entitled. After she is your wife, you can tell her why she is poorer, and I leave you to judge whether she is likely to love you less when she knows you have married a beggar instead of an heiress."

"But—"

Rupert paused; that confidence just on his lips was too sacred to pass their portals. Suddenly, by the light of this new call upon him, he read truly his own heart—he loved Martha! And she—ah! he dared not now think of the thousand little acts he would once have recalled as proofs that he did not love in vain. All her sweet confidence, her thousand winning ways, might be but the outpouring of her sisterly affection, they might mean—. He tore himself shuddering from the thought.

He was young, enthusiastic, devotedly attached to his father, with an affectionate brotherly love for Mena; he was urged on by what seemed duty, the advice of the man second only to his father in his heart, and by his own keen sense of honor. What wonder then that he persuaded himself that he could *learn to love* (the very phrase mocked him) and learn,

too, to forget. Then and there, with his friend's encouraging voice in his ear, he wrote to Mena.

She was sitting in the library, thinking over the sad events of the past few days, and trying to form some plan for her own future. Martha was in her aunt's room, giving some directions about the mourning to be made, and trying to rouse the widow from her apathy of sorrow. When the servant opened the door to hand Mena the letter, she was thinking so intently of Rupert's grief and Rupert's loss that the envelope directed in his hand seemed only following out her train of thought. She opened and read it.

One short week ago every chord of her heart would have thrilled with rapture at the prospect of being Rupert's wife; but now the note chilled, half frightened her; it was a cold, formal offer of his hand, with but few words of affection, and those seemed forced. It was not even in the warm, brotherly style of his usual intercourse with her, and she sat, pained, wondering, and full of vague sorrow, looking forward with eyes full of sad, questioning wonder.

"Mena!"

Martha was beside her, holding in her hand the envelope she had just thrown aside. For the first time in all their long intercourse the friends met with the chill of restraint between them.

"Mena, why does Rupert write to you, when he sees you constantly? Mena—" oh, the agony of the tone! "there is no new trouble?"

"No, no, Martha! Rupert wrote to"—and the forming of the words turned her vague pain to pleasure—"ask me to be his wife."

"To-day! so soon! His father scarcely cold in his grave! Rupert!"

Then, as the full sense of the words came into her heart, then she, too, learned that her adopted cousin was dearer than a brother, that she, too, loved him.

It was a bitter, bitter day. Rupert bowed down under the weight of his knowledge of his father's sin; Martha vainly trying to make her woman's pride cover her woman's love; Mena, with the keen intuition of love, reading the constraint of Rupert's redoubled attentions.

Three long weary months passed, and still the cloud of restraint hung over all these young hearts. The warm, loving words that had become habitual between the girls were changed for the commonplace sentences necessary between inmates of the same room and house, while Mena grew daily more troubled and puzzled over Rupert's behavior.

She could find no fault. He was attentive

beyond the requirements of even a lover. Every hour at home was passed by her side, while he avoided Martha as studiously as she avoided him. Yet he was no joyous lover. Even his father's death could not account for the gloom that grew every day deeper; the pale cheeks that were becoming so thin and wan; the tone of sadness that marked even his tenderest words to her. If he pressed his lips to hers it was with the tender, self-reproachful pressure of one craving pardon for some offence, and his caress was as protecting as it was loving.

She was lying on the parlor sofa, half dozing, when the enigma was solved. Mrs. Loyd was in the inner room, reading, and Martha had gone to her own room when Rupert came in.

"You are late, my son," his mother said, as he sat down on a low stool at her feet to caress her hand; "the girls have gone to bed."

"Never mind! Let me be your boy to-night, as before the girls came."

Mena lay still, half dozing. She could not escape except by passing through the room where the mother and son were seated, and she was slowly learning not to seek Rupert's presence. From some anxious questions Mrs. Loyd put to her son, some comment on his pallid face, some motherly pleading for confidence, the whole story came from Rupert's lips. He had learned that day that his mother *must* know of his father's sin before long, and he had voluntarily undertaken to tell her all. From that to his own part in the sad affair, his own love, his more than suspicion of Martha's, all came from his overburdened heart to his mother's sympathizing ears, and to the involuntary listener, who heard her heart's death-warrant from those pale impassioned lips.

The blow proved too much for the widow. Before Mena could let Rupert know of her resolve to release him, she was called to assist in caring for Mrs. Loyd, sinking rapidly into a dangerous state of prostration, from which she never rallied.

Again we see the friends in the room where we were first introduced to them. The winter winds are sweeping round the house, and in the place of the soft white raiment of summer both wear deep mourning garments, and sat far apart—one near the window, the other by the fire. Mena was the first to speak. Leaving the seat near the window, she came to Martha's side, and bent over her in the old caressing way.

"Mattie, we are drifting away from each other day by day, till the old love is dying out of our hearts, and now, when I have my hardest

burden to bear, I have no friend to whom I can go for a word of sympathy, no voice to comfort me."

"What sorrow can you have?" Martha's voice was cold and hard.

"Rupert and I have broken our engagement. He does not love me—he—Mattie! look up, he loves *you*, and I am breaking my own heart to give him to you."

The ice barrier was broken. The fast pouring tears from Mena's eyes fell on Martha's bosom as she was pressed closely to it, and locked, as of old, fast in each other's arms—again the young girls exchanged confidences. All the story that Mena had heard she told Martha, that she might know how loving and loyal, how self-sacrificing and noble Rupert had been. She made no secret of her own love, only imploring Martha to help her in her resolve to conquer it.

Two years later, when Uncle John died, and Rupert replaced his father's violated trust, Mena returned from her position as teacher to again make her home with the sister she loved; the brother, for whom she had now the affection he craved, came back to the happiest home, the most loving couple, and the warmest welcome that the world could produce.

I CAN'T AFFORD IT!

BY M. M. BARRETT.

"I CAN'T afford it!"

"But, father, I'll do without the new bonnet you promised me; I can have my old one pressed, and it will do quite well, and—"

"You will have the new bonnet. As for the *Lady's Book*, it would just fill your head with all sorts of folly, and my daughter would become another Florence Dieaway. No indeed! I can't afford it."

"But she don't take the Book—never has taken it. It might put some ideas of taste into her head, if she would," was the thought that passed through her mind.

It was of no use to say anything more; for James Percy was, as one of the neighbors expressed it, "remarkably set in his way." He had formed the opinion that all reading of stories was a sin, and a fashion-plate an abomination.

Mary Percy was an only child; years before, her mother had been laid to rest beneath the wide-spreading branches of the willow. People called James Percy cold and proud; they did not see that his heart was ever filled with sor-

row for the early dead; nor did they see the tears that dimmed his eyes, as his gaze rested on his daughter, while she busied herself with household duties.

"Mary has got her mother's eyes!" Mr. Percy had let fall his hoe, and was wiping the large drops from his forehead. "She's got her mother's eyes!" and his gaze was fixed on the willow, whose long, sweeping branches touched the white marble. He resumed his labor; but there was a look of care upon his face, and he was evidently debating some question in his mind. At last, he said aloud, "No, I can't afford it. There's those horses of Nye's! I must get them; and the payment on the south lot must be made next week, and the barn wants a new roof, and—"

"Mr. Percy!"

He started, for so intently was his mind occupied with the thoughts that had just found expression in words, that he had not heard the light footsteps of the lady who now stood by his side.

"Mr. Percy, if you are not too busy, I would like to say a few words to you about Mary." And Mrs. Lee, the minister's wife, seated herself on the grass at the foot of the large maple tree, near which they were standing.

Mrs. Lee was a woman for whose opinion James Percy had a high regard. She was a practical Christian—one who would not forget the everyday duties of life in endeavoring to accomplish some doubtful or distant good.

"I am getting up a club for the *Lady's Book*," said Mrs. Lee, "and called at your house, thinking that Mary would like to subscribe; but she tells me you think you 'cannot afford it.'"

James Percy looked up with surprise. He had always supposed that the *Lady's Book* was an "institution" expressly for young ladies who wished to while away their time in light reading, or lighter work; but his false notions were suddenly swept away like the mist of morning. Before him was a woman who stood as the personification of all that was pure and excellent, and this woman was getting up a club for the book he so much despised. No wonder he looked surprised. After a moment's hesitation, however, he said:—

"Well, times have been rather hard for me. You know Jameson ran away, and he was owing me five hundred dollars, and there are considerable many things to be bought for the farm, and, the fact is, I would not mind the money so much, but I was afraid of the effect on Mary's

mind—afraid that she might get extravagant notions of life, and that she would not be the same contented little housekeeper that she now is. Do you think there is no danger of this?" And there was the slightest trace of hesitation in his voice as he asked the question.

"Its effects would be quite the opposite, I feel assured," said Mrs. Lee. "My mother was one of the first to subscribe for the Book, and every volume since that time is now in my possession; and you will not accuse me of egotism, if I say that I am confident I should never have been able to accomplish the amount of good which I have thus far, but for the influence that it exerted upon me in my early days; indeed I cannot tell you all that it has done for me. I have never offered to lend my Book to Mary, as I do not think it right; it seems like defrauding the publisher, for *many* will not take a magazine while they can borrow, and, at the same time, the borrower has to read with such haste, that half the beauties are unappreciated, while the numerous receipts and various other valuable items are not read at all, or, at least, not remembered in once reading. I have no doubt that, to Mary, with her good taste and nimble fingers, the Book would be invaluable.

James Percy smiled; evidently the compliment pleased him, for he felt that it was a just one.

"Mary is a spry little thing; that's a fact. Just like her mother when I married her, twenty years ago next Thanksgiving." His mind seemed to wander back to the old days with strange pertinacity. "Well," he said, at last, "I think you may put Mary's name on your list." And thus was the prejudice of James Percy conquered.

A year had passed away. Mary was busy spreading the cloth for the evening repast. There was a look of refinement about her, and her dress, although of the simplest materials, was made with care, and harmonized with her complexion. A neat collar encircled her throat, and her black silk apron, with its delicate pockets, told of neatness and good taste. The farm-house, too, had improved in many of its arrangements. The table-spread in the front room was *appliqué*, and "father's chair" had received a new cover; a tidy was also added, and a lamp-mat had made its appearance. All these improvements had been made without neglect of other duties. Her father's favorite dishes still appeared upon the table, better prepared, as he had more than once said; for

now she had an unfailing guide in all cases of doubt, and could, therefore, economize both time and materials.

"Mary," said Mr. Percy, "is it not about time Mrs. Lee was getting up her club for Godey's? I think you had better send; in fact I don't see how we ever got along without it. I've been reckoning up some of the items that it has saved me during the last year. There's that table-spread and lounge-cover—those I should have had to buy; those other 'fixin's,' although not exactly necessaries, still are quite an improvement to the looks of a room; then I should certainly have lost my best colt, but for that receipt for bruises. Well, I am sure it has been worth more than a hundred dollars to me the past year, and hereafter I think *I can afford to take the LADY'S BOOK.*"

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Eleventh.—November.

WHERE the brown squirrel stops and peeps—
Where the field mouse in safety sleeps—
And over stunted stubble heaps
And down the wold NOVEMBER sweeps—

The sound of dropping nuts is hushed;
The late, last flowers lie drooped and crushed,
And every face we meet is flushed
By the crisp breeze that o'er it rushed.

And o'er the face of nature spreads
The hues that tell us how she treads
The worn pathway of time, and sheds
Both shade and sunshine on our heads.

There was a time, there was a time
(Oh, sing it soft in sweetest rhyme!)
When the bells rang a sweet Spring chime,
And the world was in its youthful prime.

There was an hour, there was an hour
(Oh, own the magic of its power!)
When roses decked each wood and bower,
And beauty graced the Summer's dower.

There was a day, there was a day
(Oh, twine it kindly in your lay!)
When Nature's bosom, flush with grain,
Greeted the farmer's Autumn rain.

But now the recompense is past;
The fleeting year draws near at last
The goal so many reach so fast;
Already is its shadow cast

Upon NOVEMBER's weary brow,
And as we look, we ponder how
We've seen the changing seasons bow,
But not with feelings such as now.

The sadness of the fading year
Reflects the sadness of the sphere
Where mortals reign in constant fear,
And sorrow steals on every cheer.

There are NOVEMBERS of the heart,
Where memories alone form part
Of actual being; shapes that start,
And sounds that through the soul's realms dart

With premonitions of decay,
And whose unerring echoes say
Time, like the year, must end some day!
Ere long death's curtain hides life's play.

A DISCREET WIFE.

THERE is a large class of excellent female characters (observes Mrs. Hannah More) who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste; they pass through life honored and respected in their own small, but not unimportant spheres, and approved by Him, "whose they are, and whom they serve," though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a color; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess His favor, "whom to know is life eternal."

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For simple duties, playful wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

ERRORS.

THE little that we have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches us to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When we take the history of one poor heart that sinned and suffered, and represent to ourself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; we would fain leave the erring soul of our fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.

MRS. VINING'S "HELP."

A STORY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"WHAT we are to do, I'm sure I can't imagine! Cousin Fanny coming next week, and Lena taken down sick just at the time I need her most!" said Helen Vining, in a despairing tone, at the breakfast-table.

"We must get another girl, that's all, if Lena isn't able to keep her place," replied the husband, pushing back his chair.

"But I dislike to take new help so at any time, and especially just now, when Lena had learned our ways, and had begun to be such a good girl; besides, I wanted most of my time during Fanny's visit, to go about with her and show her some of the beauties of our western home, instead of spending it in the kitchen, initiating a stolid Norwegian, as I must if I have a new girl. You know I spent weeks over Lena, who was perfectly ignorant of our American method of housework when she came to us."

"I know it; but these things can't be cured, and therefore must be endured in housekeeping, Helen. Let Lena go—and I'll hunt up a new girl by to-morrow. As I go along to the store I'll order something for dinner that won't keep you long in the kitchen to-day," said Mr. Vining, rising.

"But I'm afraid, James, that you'll not find it so easy to obtain a new girl as you think," exclaimed his wife. "There seems to be a perfect dearth of help just now. I know half a dozen of our friends who are without; and only yesterday, Mrs. Doctor Webster and Mrs. Vail were in, and spoke of their having been deserted without any warning. I didn't dream *then* that I should be in the same situation to-day myself. If Lena were really ill, I wouldn't feel so; but it's only an ordinary cold, and I cannot prevail on her to take the simplest remedy for it. It's my opinion, James, that she finds we are expecting company, and so uses this excuse to get away from us."

"Ma, Lena can't be real sick, for her beau was here in the kitchen last night, when I came down after a drink of water!" upspoke Master Freddy, a bright boy of five years. "I guess she's making b'lieve, and wants to play hokey, like the children do from school."

"Hush, Fred!" said Mr. Vining, repressing a smile. Then, turning to his wife, "Let Lena

go to-day, and I'll hunt up another girl," and he set off for his place of business.

Mrs. Vining—one of the pattern housekeepers and most lenient of mistresses—was correct in her supposition regarding her suddenly-ailing help. The Norwegian girl, who had come to her perfectly untrained and uncouth, and under her hands had been moulded into an efficient maid-of-all-work, was destitute of that sense of obligation which should have retained her; and, finding that the advent of company might probably bring to her additional duties, she had cunningly feigned illness. And, super-added thereto, possibly the persuasions of the "beau," to whom Master Freddy referred, a low-built, thick-set, flaxen-haired emigrant from their native North-land beyond the Ocean, had decided her to resign her situation as subordinate in another's home, and set up house-keeping on her own account in the little one story log shanty which Christian Newburger had built in the oak-opening on the borders of a fertile prairie country in southern Wisconsin. So, upon receiving her wages and the accompanying full discharge from the Vining campaign, the invalid rose with wonderful alacrity from her bed, packed up the wooden chest which had been transported in the emigrant ship across the deep, and departed, leaving her quondam mistress sole queen of the *menâge*, from parlor to pantry closet.

Let not the reader infer, from the disappointment with which Helen Vining lost her "help," that that little lady was of the idle, inefficient, or, as Aunt Ophelia hath it, "shiftless" class of wives. Far from either was she; for, in her distant, pleasant New England home, Helen Scott had been trained by an excellent and judicious mother in all the housewifely virtues, and when she accompanied her young husband to their new home in the far West, she had expected to encounter privations, and had met them bravely, in the pioneer town which was then springing up on the borders of the wilderness; but, as increasing size in the town brought increasing business and, consequently, prosperity to Mr. Vining, while a troop of fair young children clustered round Helen's knee, many changes crept into their household, and additional "help" found their way to the

nursery and kitchen. Of late, however, three-year old Katy having retained her position as "baby" in the domestic circle, and harum-scarum, curly-headed, quick-tongued Fred having been promoted to the dignity of his first suit from the tailor's, and his advent at the school-room, the nursery-girl had been dispensed with, and a strong-armed maid-of-all work had been considered sufficient by the thrifty Mrs. Vining to officiate, under her superintendence, in the domestic department. But Norwegian Lena, fully imbued with the true spirit of the land of her adoption, scorned the idea of remaining a private in the great army of "domestic help" when she could attain the honors of a female Brigadier Generalship in another department; hence her resignation in the former, with the prospect of an immediate promotion in the latter, leaving poor Mrs. Vining alone, beleaguered by the contending hosts of multifarious duties pressing hard upon her.

Let us see how Helen Vining conducted her campaign, and if "reinforcements" arrived. "Let me see," soliloquized Helen, after the elder children, Alice and Henry, respectively of ten and seven years, and the curly-headed Freddy, had all been duly equipped and departed for school, the mother returning to the breakfast-table, still standing as they had left it—"let me see; here I have, indeed, a forenoon's work before me—the dishes to wash up, the house to put in order, and bread to set for baking! Dear me, now! why did I forget to send Harry over to the brewery after the yeast? and I can't go myself to leave Katy! The bread will have to go to-day; I'll send to the bakery for loaves; but let me see, I'll manage to find time to make a couple of loaves of nice fruit-cake, if I can. I may not have any more leisure to-morrow, even if we should get a new girl. Come, Katy, be a nice little girl, while mamma is busy!"

Disposing a variety of toys upon the floor to amuse baby, Mrs. Vining turned back the sleeves of her neat morning-wrapper, brought her little keeler of warm water, and dexterously dispatched the breakfast-dishes; afterwards regulating the pantry and china-closets, which wore a singularly untidy look that morning.

"Lena meant to leave!" ejaculated Helen, as she gazed at this evidence of the girl's carelessness, "and she didn't care *how* she left me. I won't have another Norwegian in my house, stupid and ungrateful things as they are! I'll do my cooking myself—but there! that's out of the question," she added, in a moment. "I

forget that we have a family of six, and one pair of hands aren't strong enough to do everything. I do hope James will be fortunate enough to find a *good* girl, to whom I sha'n't be obliged to learn 'the rudiments.' Come, Katy, let's go up stairs! Bring dolly, too!"

Grasping the headless trunk of her mutilated china doll, which had been the bosom companion of Miss Katy by day and by night for the past two weeks precisely, the child followed her mother up stairs, tottering from parlor to bedrooms, and all the while chattering most volubly in unintelligible baby-talk to her treasure. But at last the baby voice rose to a shriller tone, and the child began violently shaking the headless trunk, as mothers of violent scolding propensities are prone to do refractory children.

"Why, Katy, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Vining, in astonishment, pausing in her task of dusting the parlor table. "Why do you treat poor dolly in such a way?"

"Her won't mind! her real naughty! and I whip her hard, and scold *Norwegian* at her!" was Katy's quick reply, again administering sound corporeal punishment; all the while jabbering away in a ludicrous mixture of jargon, such as she fancied she had heard from the departed Lena's lips.

With an amused smile, Helen pacified the excited child whose precocious maternal cares so overwhelmed her. "There, there, Katy! that will do! Perhaps if dolly hadn't lost her head she could *understand* better, and wouldn't be so naughty. Poor thing! don't scold her any more. When Cousin Fanny comes, she will dress a nice new dolly for Katy!"

An hour afterward Mrs. Vining stood at her kitchen table beating eggs vigorously, while Katy strenuously insisted upon helping, by every now and then surreptitiously inserting her little hand into sugar bucket or fruit can. Filled with visions of the new "dolly," nothing could induce her to return to the old love, which now lay, quite discarded, and henceforth deemed utterly unworthy of Norwegian baby-scolding, upon the floor beside the table.

"When is Tuzzin Fanny tuming, mamma?" she suddenly asked, pausing in the abstraction of a huge lump of sugar and a sly pinch of currants.

"When my little girl leaves off eating things that will make her sick—to-morrow, perhaps!" replied her mother. "Run away, now; there's Freddy, come from school!" as the little fellow, with a whoop and bound that would have done credit to an original young Winnebago of the

Western State he inhabited, rushed into the room.

"O mamma, mamma! I *readed* best of all, and *setted* the *stildest* of any of the boys—and the teacher said so!" was his triumphant shout, swinging his cap aloft in triumph—"and now I want *two* pieces of bread and butter!" suddenly descending, in this closing request, from the exultations of genius to the cravings of mundane nature.

"O Freddy, Tuzzin Fanny is tuming to-morrow, and is going to fetch me a real nice dolly!" cried Katy, bounding to her brother's side, all aglow with the importance of her communication. "A'n't that nice?"

"Dolls a'n't nothing!" scornfully remarked Master Fred between his mouthful of bread and butter. "Maybe she'll bring me a top, or bat and ball, or a big drum!" and then, with a toss of his curly head and a bound for the door, he vanished.

With the dinner hour came Mr. Vining, who met his wife's look of inquiry with the remark, "I have had no leisure to look about for a girl yet; but, as I go down town again, I will call at that Norwegian family's on High Street, which is a sort of general depot for them, and see what the prospects are for securing one."

"How I wish there was an Intelligence Office here, where one could step in and find a dozen good girls in waiting! But one can't find those outside of cities; and we, in country towns, are forced to take such help as we can get. I only hope, though, that I may not have to tutor another raw girl!" was Mrs. Vining's comment.

At supper, Mr. Vining received his cup of fragrant tea from his wife's hand, and sipped it with evident relish.

"This is tea!" he exclaimed, "quite unlike that which Lena used to brew. It tastes like that my good old mother used to serve up to us as we gathered round the family table in the good old Granite State."

"Lena was a good cook after being with me awhile; but I never could learn her that tea should not be boiled like herb drink," was Helen's rejoinder.

"By the way, I had poor luck to-day about getting another girl," said her husband. "There isn't a Norwegian out of a place; and they told me that it would be hard finding one just at this time—as the harvest season is coming on, and they are so used to out-of-door work in their own country that they prefer going out on our farms till after harvest is over."

"There are two or three Irish families at the

farther end of the town, and perhaps we could hear of a girl there," suggested Mrs. Vining. "Mrs. Doctor Webster said she should try among them."

"I'll put an advertisement in the *Chronicle* to-morrow," said Mr. Vining. "That will probably be the best course."

"So it will; and we shall have plenty of applicants at our doors," was Helen's reply. "I can get along a day or two very well, or even this week out, if Fanny don't come; but next Monday will bring washing day, and I hope we shall be supplied before then!"

The advertisement duly appeared in the morrow's weekly paper, and Mrs. Vining purposely remained in doors for the two days following, expecting applicants; but, much to her surprise, none appeared. Friday came, and found her still without a single visitor of the class desired.

"What are we to do, James?" asked Mrs. Vining. "This is so unusual here in the West, where emigrants are constantly arriving. I did talk the first of the week decidedly anti-Norwegian; but now, I honestly affirm that I should regard the advent of even the most untutored specimen of the Slavonic race as a signal blessing. Here it is, about the end of the week, and no prospect of a girl!"

"I had a sort of an applicant to-day, at the store—one of my porter's asking the situation for a woman who was staying at his house, but who, unfortunately, had a frowsy-headed boy of five or six years, from whom she would not be parted; so *her* coming was out of the question."

"Of course," replied Helen; "but I do trust we may be fortunate enough to get help before to-morrow night!"

But Saturday came and passed, and Sunday also; and the advent of Monday—that "rainy spell" to housekeepers—found the Vining household still without any adjunct in the kitchen; while in the wash-room figured the tall, muscular, uncrinolined figure of the Widow Frisbie, who made weekly peregrinations from house to house among sundry families in Prairieville. All the long twelve hours, from 8 A. M. till the hands of the kitchen clock had revolved through their cycle to the corresponding figures at eve, did the quiet, faithful, but dreadfully "slow" mistress of the wash-board plod her weary round; till, late at night, she crowned her straight figure with a long, deep-caped Shaker, and betook herself to her own domicile.

And at the same evening hour Helen Vining

emerged from her kitchen, whither she had descended for a "reconnaissance" after bestowing the children safely in their little beds, and seated herself at her piano with a half sigh, mechanically taking up a sheet of music which lay upon the rack and repeating the *apropos* line from Longfellow's "Rainy Day":—

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Too weary to strike a note, Helen then threw herself into her low rocker, and soliloquized: "And the Widow Frisbie must be here all day to-morrow again! Well, I realize the meaning of the command, 'Let Patience have its perfect work,' whenever I hire *her*! I shall be thankful when the ironing is over! I wonder why Fanny stays so long in Chicago?"

Next day brought a solution of Helen's question. Just at the mid-afternoon hour, when the elder children were at school, Katy taking a sound nap in her crib, Mrs. Vining in her low rocker sewing busily, and the dame of the smoothing-iron engaged in giving a fine polish to sundry garments damp from the clothes-basket, the depot coach stopped in front of the house, and a pretty, stylish figure, in a neat travelling costume, emerged therefrom. In another minute the cousins were in each other's arms.

"Why, Helen, is this great boy yours?" asked Fanny Waterman, divesting herself of her travelling-gear, and turning to meet Master Freddy, who had just come home at recess. "And this girl, too?" as Katy awoke, and appeared on the scene.

"Wait till you see Harry and Alice," answered Helen, smiling, and adding: "You forget that, while you have been keeping yourself a girl, I have been married these eleven years, and consider myself one of the pioneer mothers of the West."

"*Merci!*" cried Fanny, with a little French grimace accompanying the phrase, "you make me feel old, Helen! You are—how old, *ma chere cousine*, if I may be pardoned the query?"

"Twenty-nine, Fan; and just three years your senior, you know," answered Mrs. Vining, with a laugh.

"Which makes me just twenty-six, and past the first corner by a full twelve-month. I wonder if any crow's-feet have got into my temples, Helen?" And she advanced to the mirror, into which she gazed with an affectation of earnestness. "And will they take me for one decidedly *passée* out here in this great, young, growing country of the West? Say—Helen, that's a western word, you see, and I've got 'say' at my tongue's end already—

say, hav'n't you some 'right smart chance' of a western lawyer, judge, or professor picked out for me?—my tastes run to the professional, you see. They say at home it's quite time Fan was married!"

"Which 'they,' being interpreted, means but *one*, in the third person, singular, who shall be 'spoken of' by my own self, unless you forestall me," retorted Helen, archly. "How is the health of my prospective cousin—Squire Etheridge? Professional tastes, eh?"

"How did you know—that is, what do you mean?" stammered Fanny, stooping to caress Katy, and thereby veiling her handsome face with her rich brown curls to hide her blushes.

"Oh, nothing in the world, my dear; only I'm very grateful that you should have come out West to see us, prior to settling down in life. I can't imagine but one thing that would have reconciled me to your not coming at present—and that would be, having you come in the future with a *compagnon du voyage*. But I suppose you enjoyed your visit in Chicago?"

"Oh yes! I quite dissipated there. Saw all the sights, from the performing elephants, Romeo and Juliet, to ebony contrabands fresh from Dixie in gayest apparel; met everybody, from the Michigan Avenuers, on their native heath, to German babies, fed, I am sure, on lager beer and sour krout, in the omnibuses; inhaled all its native air, from delectable attar of roses at Grau's Italian opera to a cluster of wild violets plucked from the oak grove where sleeps the great departed statesman in his lone grave by Michigan's blue waters—and now I am come to you, in this beautiful June time, to catch a glimpse of freer western life, and to breathe the purer prairie winds that blow, uncontaminated, across the mighty Father of Waters. You see I've not permitted my powers of oratory to grow rusty," said Fanny, closing her speech with a gay, laughing "say."

"The same as ever—wild, witty, winsome!" exclaimed Helen Vining; "but, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, you behold me, on your first visit to the West, in a positively unpleasant dilemma. We are in great trouble, Fanny: our girl has gone, and I know not where to find another."

"Oh, is that all!" gayly answered Fanny. "Great trouble! Why, I thought all the children had got the measles, or James had failed up—stolen a store full of goods—been arrested by the sheriff, or something! No girl! that's very slight foundation for domestic misery. How long have you been laboring under this calamitous infliction, Helen?"

"For the space of just a week to-morrow."

"Ah! that accounts for your careworn look I noticed on my first arrival; hair slightly gray round your temples, and wrinkled brow! But now, *requiescat in pace!* You shall see presently what famous puddings, pies, and genuine New England doughnuts I can improvise—and, by the way, I hav'n't eaten one of the last named edibles since leaving home. To be sure, at a way station in New York State, on my journey out, my escort left his seat and presently returned with two immense specimens of this article of food, carefully folded in a large sheet of wrapping-paper, which bore about the same relation to the Simon pure as Barnum's fat woman does to Tom Thumb. 'What are these?' I asked, as we settled ourselves to our lunch. 'I bought them for doughnuts; but I thought I had secured a barrel of flour,' was his reply. And we positively nibbled away at those two doughnuts all the remnant of the journey through York State! I can see now the philosophy of the flour manufacture being centred in York State."

"How opportune that you came to us now, Fan!" exclaimed Helen, recovering her breath from laughter at Fanny's amusing rendition of her luncheon on the rail.

"Yes, indeed! I had a sort of warning that I should find my sphere here in the far West; and am delighted to know that it is that of commissary general. On the streets of Chicago last April, I heard a good old farmer remark, 'Wa'al, let the rain come now—I've got my wheat in!' But little did I suppose then that said wheat was to furnish me the staple of my occupation here in Prairieville. Oh, I expect to revel in goodies out here, Helen! fresh strawberries, picked by my own taper fingers, and all that sort of thing; and then I have a fancy for sleeping under the shadow of prairie-rose vines to dream of prairie wolves, gophers, quails, snipes, turtle-doves, and similar domestic creatures, who, they tell me, do get up musical entertainments in your country."

"All which expectations, I trust, will be fulfilled," said Helen.

An hour or two later the family gathered around the table in the cool dining-room; and Mr. Vining and Fanny Waterman, between the pauses of their tea-drinking, exhausted the topics of queries and answers concerning dear friends in the far-off Eastern States.

"It really sets me longing for the old familiar faces and places to meet one from home," said James Vining, earnestly. "I would give a good deal for a glimpse of the old Granite Hills,

or a sound of the ocean breakers thundering along the sands of Hampton Beach this hot June afternoon. It is not often that I get a homesick spell, for I like this great, growing western country as well to-day as I did when I sought it ten years ago; and yet I believe that I shall some time go East again to settle down. And as for Helen, I suppose that the very thought of going home one day to live would set her crazy with delight"—turning to his wife.

"Try me, and see. I think my sanity would stand the test!" was her reply. "I like the West quite as well as you, James."

"Oh, I had an answer to the advertisement to-day!" he said, suddenly. "Fanny's coming almost drove it from my mind."

"Did you? I hope you succeeded! Is she Norwegian?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"No; an ebony lady from Dixie: in other words, a *contraband* just from Memphis, who sports the gayest turban, and professes a knowledge of cooking, washing, and ironing, she having been a house-servant. She said she wanted a situation—somebody told her I had advertised—and I bade her call round to see you this evening. So if you like her, you'd better engage her."

"Black are usually the best cooks," said Helen; "and a great many of these contrabands are hiring out in the North. I shall probably take her." And regarding the thing as settled, she led the way up to the parlor, feeling as if a great load had been lifted from her shoulders.

But *l'homme* proposes, and *le Dieu* disposes. The evening passed, and the turbaned contraband did not make her appearance; and next morning it appeared that she had departed on the early train for the great Queen City, to congregate with the hundreds of her race whom the turmoil of the war had cast up there. The crowded city invited; and sable, gay-turbaned Cressy could not limit her ambitious ideas to a residence in the comparative quiet of Prairieville. And, doubtless, to this day neat-handed Cressy flourishes the duster or presides in the kitchen of a palatial mansion on "the Avenue" in common with her ebony sisters and brothers.

"Misfortunes never come singly;" nor did disappointments at this juncture to Helen Vining. The next claimant for the position of housemaid appeared in the person of Bridget O'Shannessey—a middle-aged, sour-visaged daughter of Erin, who faithfully stipulated to take her place in the kitchen on the ensuing Monday morning, and there perform her duties

for the sum of fourteen shillings per week. But, alas! for the veracity of the Milesian lady! Monday morning came round; breakfast was over; a large boiler of water steamed over the wash-room fire, and the week's wash awaited the coming of Bridget. But nine—ten o'clock arrived, and no Bridget; but in her stead one of those convenient cousins, with whom the daughters of Erin are always blessed, who brought the tidings that, "An' sure Bridget was taken on a suddint with the sore eyes, an' it wasn't she that would be able to do the worruk at all—an' sure it's sorry she was; but the matther of it couldn't be helped, and Mrs. Vining could be afther getting another girrul."

"Provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Vining, as she turned away from the messenger. "Her eyes, indeed! In my opinion, she don't want to live where there are children: she was so particular in her inquiries as to how many I had. If I had only known of this earlier! Well, I must send round again to-night for Mrs. Frisbie, and try and get her for to-morrow and Wednesday."

But this time the *role* of the washerwoman's engagements was completed up to Friday and Saturday; no other could be obtained; hence Mrs. Vining was forced to wait the turning of the wheel of events, and Saturday night came round ere she again looked upon a settled household. Meantime, it is almost needless to chronicle, that, when her Cousin Helen was engaged in the culinary department, Fanny Waterman kept good her threat of entering the commissary line; and very pleasant were the morning chats that mingled with the beating of eggs, the mixing of ingredients, and the various duties with which they busied themselves; while their evenings were given over to social visiting, music, or drives along the broad streets bordered with green cottonwoods, locusts, and oaks, or out on the wide-stretching, grassy prairies that skirted the town on every side.

Again the Star of Hope uprose over Mrs. Vining's kitchen. This time it was in the shape of another flaxen-haired daughter of the land of Vikings and Sagas, recommended by Mrs. Vail as the sister of the girl she had recently obtained.

"She has been over these five or six years; and, of course, must be excellent help now—very different from a fresh girl. I saw her last evening, when she came to visit Anna, and spoke of you as needing a girl; and, I think, if you will call round on me this evening, you may find her at our house. To-day she has gone out into the country."

That evening Mrs. Vining made it convenient to drop in at Mrs. Vail's, and soon had an interview with the desired "help."

At first sight, Helen was not favorably impressed. The girl's attire was quite too *à la mode* for her condition; and her whole bearing and mien savored too strongly of that manner whose mildest description is "independent," but which a lover of the plain English would have denominated "impudent."

"She will never suit me," said Mrs. Vining, mentally; but a thought of the deserted kitchen at home decided her to proceed in questioning her. "You are out of a place, I hear?" was her preliminary remark.

"Yes 'm; though I might have stayed where I was, only the work didn't suit me!" replied the descendant of Thor and Woden, with a toss of her tow head. It was evident that a residence of six years in America had produced their indoctrinating effect of "equal rights" and genuine democracy."

"Perhaps mine might have the same result," said Mrs. Vining, with a quiet dash of sarcasm.

"Ma'am?" was the query, in a tone that showed that this remark was hardly understood in its full meaning.

"I am in need of a good girl," pursued Helen, unheeding her. "What wages have you had?"

"Fourteen shillings, always, ma'am; but nobody now hires out under two dollars. Things is riz these war times, ma'am. I can't work for less than two dollars in America."

Another glance at the gay, flounced valentia skirt, and the braided 'Garibaldi' convinced Helen that the sixteen shillings per week were quite necessary for the supplying of the Norwegian girl's wardrobe; but it was the girl's manner more than anything else to which she felt aversion. She did not make any remark for a moment or two; from which fact the girl, evidently deeming her position secure, and the lady's necessity her opportunity, took up in her turn the inquisitorial cue.

"Is your house convenient, ma'am?"

"Quite so. It has never troubled me much," answered Mrs. Vining, amused at the girl's thorough assurance.

"Have you good cistern water handy for the washing, ma'am?"

"Close by the back door," was the answer.

"Do you have plenty of milk? I like new milk, and always drank a good deal in Norway."

"We keep a cow. My children are fond of milk, too," said the lady, quietly.

"How mooch childrens have you, ma'am?" And, with this question, came the realizing sense that the Norwegian had an outlook for sundry small garments for weekly laundrying.

"Four," was the imperturbable answer.

"Babies, ma'am?"

"Our youngest is three," said Helen, beginning to bite her lips and curb her impatience; for she was growing to thoroughly dislike the girl's cool, *nonchalant repertoire* of inquiries.

"Then you are six in family, Mrs. Wining?" And the Norwegian rendition of Helen's surname came with a full, aspirated breath.

"Seven, just now," said Helen, with quiet malice. "At present I have a visitor stopping with me."

"Do you have mooch company, ma'am?" continued the girl, with stolid, imperturbable insolence.

Helen's moment had come. "As a general rule, no; and, if you should live with me, you wouldn't have much, either. But I don't think you would suit me at all," she said, with dignified, sarcastic manner, then quietly turned away, leaving the disappointed Viking's daughter to carry her wares of kitchen accomplishments to some other market.

"She would never do for my family at all, Mrs. Vail!" said Helen. "I know we couldn't keep her a week, so I wouldn't engage her. I like the appearance of her sister, your girl, far better. So I must be resigned and wait, like Micawber, for something 'to turn up.'"

The next day's sun revolved somewhat more auspiciously for Mrs. Vining. "Old Sauty"—so-called by the children of Prairieville, which corruption of name was very naturally derived from the cognomen bestowed by their fathers upon the one-limbed individual who came and went among their back yards in the occupation of wood-sawyer, more peaceful avocation than that his illustrious warlike antitype once flourished in ere he betook himself to his retreat in smiling Cuba—"Old Sauty," coming in from his labor upon a load of hickory at Mr. Vining's, communicated a bit of intelligence.

"I was over to Doc. Webster's yesterday a-sawin', and heern Mis Webster say she seen a notice in the paper as how your people wanted a gal ter work, and she must git time ter cum over to your place ter tell ye of one she'd heern on. Sez I, 'Mis Webster, ye kin send yer arrant by me to-morrow;' and so she said 'twas a Wisconsin gal, that lived with her own people out on Coon Creek—a right smart sight better nor a Norwegian, he reckoned"

"Thank you, Sauty. I'm much obliged to

Mrs. Webster and you, too," said Helen, going up to her parlor to communicate the intelligence to Cousin Fanny, whom she found deeply absorbed in some specimens of fossils sent in for her acceptance by the Geological Professor at the Prairieville College.

"I think I'm on the trail of a good girl now, Fanny!" she exclaimed, exultingly. "Out on Coon Creek. James must have the horses harnessed, and take us out there to-night."

"'Coon Creek'—soil, alluvial deposit—carboniferous formation—bed, washed by clear waters—underlying strata, the product of centuries—clay stones—tracks in stone—other fossils. Really, Helen, I'm quite geology-mad; and while you are treeing this kitchen goddess on the banks of the creek, I'll be fully occupied in taking an inventory of the features of the country." And again Fanny turned to her fossils.

At the tea-table the expedition to Coon Creek was broached to Helen's husband. "The ride would be too long for to-night," he said; "we should not reach there before dark; but to-morrow morning we will take the children in the great carryall, and go in genuine western style for Fanny's edification. I want her to see all these classic localities by daylight."

With the following day came the projected expedition. A large carriage, drawn by two spirited horses in stout harnesses, bore the party through the streets of Prairieville and out over the broad undulating ridges of land that stretched away due west. To Fanny, it was a delicious, exhilarating drive. "The incense of the dewy-breathing morn'" was on the air; a thousand songsters—the scarlet-winged blackbird, the golden robin, the field-swallows, fluttered and screamed around and overhead; quail, snipe, and wonderfully-tame prairie-chickens hopped close to the carriage-wheels and under the horses' feet; then, when apparently within hand's touch, darted away. And all the while the carriage rolled on over the soft grassy prairie, studded with gayest flowers, golden buttercups; crimson Indian warriors on their long, pensile stems, and a few large, late violets, looking up with blue wonder-eyes from their clustering companionship on some low, damp spot of black prairie soil.

And when they struck a swift-flowing stream, gliding rapidly on, with a rushing sound, as all western waters do, down in the "river bottoms," belted by rows of green willows and the dancing-leaved poplar, the grass took on a deeper emerald richness; the meadow-lark, startled from her nest by the horses' hoofs,

soared up with a quick cry; the partridge's drumming was heard from out the wood; and the plaintive cry of the moaning turtledove resounded on the air.

It was an experience never to be forgotten by Fanny Waterman—that ride across the western prairies; and the soft green richness of the soil, the delicious blue of the cloudless sky, the triumphant jubilate of bird-music, the blending of light and shade, and the loneliness of this region, far away from the city's turmoil or the bustling town, all combined to form a fair picture to be hung away in memory's gallery.

But the Ideal may not always hold us, and the Actual soon rose to our party's view. A little, log-built, one-story hut upon Coon Creek appeared in sight; and thither Mr. Vining turned his horses' heads. Long ere the carriage paused, a half score of frowsy heads protruded from the doorway; and then, after a brief reconnaissance, were as suddenly withdrawn, to be replaced by the comfortable figure of a matronly woman, who came out to receive the strangers.

The errand of the visitors made known, Mrs. Beals—for such was her name—returned answer.

"Oh, you want to hire a gal? Wa'al, Marier ain't home ter-day: she's gone over to the neighbor's t'other side of the bottoms; but I reckon she'd take the chance of going inter town ter hire out a spell. She ain't lived out much—Marier's only seventeen yet; and my old man, he kinder don't like the idear of any of our people workin' out. 'Siah's got a heap of pride and independence—too much, I tells him, for folks as ain't cleared the mortgages off of their farms; but, you see, Marier's gettin' to like new gowns and finery, and I tells her she must cut fodder for herself."

"You have several children besides Maria," ventured Mrs. Vining; an assertion corroborated strongly by the flax-headed troop that were peeping from the doorway and the one front window of the cabin.

"Lor' yes, a pile on 'em! Ten in all, and Marier's the oldest. I tells 'Siah I hopes the wheat crop will turn out good this year. They are all purty young. Now, there're our neighbors beyand the creek—they hain't but three sons, and they're all out fighting the enemy. I thanks the Lord mine is mostly gals in these times!"

"Not very patriotic, eh, Fanny?" said Mr. Vining, *sotto voce*.

"What's the war news, Mister Vining? Is Vicksburg took yet?" now asked Mrs. Beals.

"My old man don't git hold of a paper oftener 'an once a week, and news is mighty scarce out on the bottoms here. We're both strong Union, 'Siah and I; tho' I make him purty riled when he says he wishes we had some boys to send off to do some of the fighting, by saying it saves us a heap of worryment to think we ain't."

"No, my good woman. I'm sorry to say that piece of good news isn't confirmed yet. But we must be driving. You think your daughter will come to us without fail?" asked Mr. Vining.

"Yes, Marier shall come!" was the decisive answer, followed by the stipulation for said "Marier's" wages. "Mr. Hopkins, one of our neighbors, he's going into town to-morrow after some lumber; and he'll take Marier along. I reckon you'll like her a heap; she's a right handy gal about house, and'll take powerful care of the children, being as she's been brought up with sich a pile on 'em. Good-day."

Pausing a little to quaff a drink from the pure sparkling water—which Fanny declared she must taste, since it flowed through a bed of limestone—our party again reiterated their parting salutes, and left Mrs. Beals and her "nine small children" to the silence of Nature and Coon Creek bottoms, arriving at home with sharpened appetites for dinner.

"Say, ma, I'm glad Maria Beals is coming to work for us to-morrow!" said Master Fred that night, as his curly head sunk on his pillow; and then he broke out, in his juvenile glee:—

"It must be now de kingdom coming,
And de year of jubilow."

The morrow ushered in the Beals dynasty. A long, lumbering, farmer's wagon set down "Marier" and two bandboxes at Mrs. Vining's. Said bandboxes containing her wardrobe, aside from the bright pink calico and the Shaker bonnet she wore. "Marier" was a stout, good-natured looking girl, remarkably avoirdupois in dimensions, and with a certain slow, heavy kind of tread that would have done credit to an emigrant wagon rolling across the Plains, Californiaward. At first glance it was evident that, though she might be ever so willing, it was doubtful whether she possessed the qualities of a good, trained domestic.

"I shall want you to do the plain cooking, and the washing, ironing, and sweeping, Maria. My pastry and cake I always make myself. Do you understand cooking meats?" asked Mrs. Vining.

"O yes 'm!" answered "Marier," with ready tongue.

"I doubt her capacities very much," said Helen to Fanny. "But she is young, and I can train her. And then I think a good deal of having a girl kind to the children when I want to go out and leave them."

But how vain are the best laid plans! Under "Marier's" sway everything went astray in Helen's household. The coffee was thick and muddy; the tea was steeped to inky blackness; the vegetables were overdone or water-soaked; the bread was heavy; and the meats, which she had proclaimed her knowledge of cooking, were unfit for mastication; while china-closet and pantry partook of the elements of discord.

"How is this, Maria?" asked Mrs. Vining, one morning as they came to breakfast, and the dish of steak was set upon the table. "Hav'n't I repeatedly told you not to cook steak too much; and yet you always serve it in this manner! Really, Maria, you must not bring us anything like this again!"

But the obtuse girl seemed utterly regardless of directions. An ever-ready "Yes 'm" was on her tongue; but still she pursued the even tenor of her way, serving up overdone meats and underdone bread, till Helen was fain to spend a greater part of each morning in the kitchen in the performance of the culinary duties.

"If I could only teach Maria anything!" was her comment, in a tone of combined annoyance and mirth. "But she is so obtuse! No way tractable! Why, we shall all have dyspepsia if she remains a month longer. I must find another girl! Even if she proved useful with the children, I should feel encouraged; but I find she takes quite too powerful care of them, for, so sure as I leave Katy alone ten minutes with her, she comes up, crying that 'Maria hurts her.' And yet I don't think she intends to harm Katy; but the fact is, she is so ponderous and unwieldy in her movements that, when she, good-naturedly, attempts to amuse her, she is sure to either stumble over her or push her down."

"Which facts, viewed in the light of geological discoveries, confirm the supposition that 'Marier' of Coon Creek is an undoubted descendant of the race of mastodons, who, at an antediluvian age, inhabited these western regions bordering on the Mississippi; and who, stalking abroad in ponderous majesty, crushed out all creatures of a lesser growth. Another important item for my journal," said Fanny Waterman, with great gravity.

"Well, of one thing I am very certain," laughed Helen Vining, "and that is, that all the bread she has served up to us since she came has been either heavy as our alluvial soil, or veined with regular stratas of soda; while our eggs and steaks are perfect fossils in hardness. I think I'll send some specimens up to the College for the cabinet. But may the Fates bless me with a good girl before many weeks more have passed!"

And Helen's prayer was answered. The overruling deities who sit above the presiding Lares and Penates of the household, directed a new order of things to supervene. By the merest accident, Mr. Vining heard of a capable, faithful, and experienced American girl, who was seeking a place; and, without delay, he engaged her, and sent her to his house. At the first interview, Helen felt assured that she had at last secured a treasure in the new-comer; and now turned her attention to the disposal of the incumbering occupant of the kitchen. But this affair was taken out of her hands by the very opportune arrival of Maria's father; who came into Prairieville in hot haste to recall his daughter.

"The children are took sick—some on 'em—and the old lady, she ain't very smart herself, and we can't git along without Marier! Sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Vining; but you see Marier's powerfully handy round the house, and harvest is comin' on, and we shall have a heap of work to do this hot weather."

And so the two bandboxes were duly packed; the pink calico, and the new hat trimmed with bright pink roses, and a white blonde veil were quickly donned, and "Marier" received the balance of her wages, mounted the long lumber wagon, and accompanied her father homeward over the prairie toward the river bottoms.

"I feel as if all the Coon Creek country was off my shoulders, now I have got rid of that unwieldy Maria!" said Mrs. Vining; while Master Freddy just then made his appearance from the morning session of school, singing, with all the strength of his lungs, "The battle-cry of Freedom."

It perhaps seems needless to chronicle that, after this, the tide of domestic affairs ran smoothly with Helen Vining. The new girl proved all that she claimed to be; good, healthy viands were served at table; order and system reigned in the household; and Helen found abundant leisure, aside from her customary home duties, to contribute to the enjoyment of the remnant of her cousin's visit.

Several weeks passed delightfully to Fanny

Waterman, during which she met cultivated people, and visited interesting and pleasant localities; and when the autumn brought her again to her eastern home, she bore thither fragrant memories of the young, vigorous, and large hearted West.

A few months later, perusing a letter which bore the distant Prairieville post-mark, she smiled at a sentence which followed Helen Vining's congratulations on her approaching marriage with Dana Etheridge: "I hope, Fan, when you come to housekeeping, you will be spared such experiences with 'help' as *I* had at the time of your visit West."

WIDOWS: PART VII.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.—WESLEY.

The Church shall guard thy little ones,
Thy wife shall be her care;
Once thou for us didst labor here,
We now thy burden bear.

HAPPEN into any church you choose on a Sunday morning, and you will find the mass of the assembly people who have come together for any purpose under heaven but to worship reverently, hear humbly, and then go their way to do good deeds. It is a strange institution (as the boys say) that men who do not seem to care a straw for religion, as far as their own practice is concerned, yet feel it a necessity to have a man to pray for them and preach to them, and a suitable place in which these offices may be publicly performed. They make a sort of compromise with conscience by sitting week by week in a building where somebody offers the prayers that ought to come from their own hearts, and then makes an effort to wake their sleepy old souls to the solemn realities of eternal life. This is not a Christian invention. Heathen nations have always had their priests, their temples, and their public assemblies. It is not strange that men who are content to do their religion by proxy, never care to pay largely for this indulgence.

With the coming in of a purer religion, the honorable, truthful, self-denying Christian minister goes to his work, with his hands tied, as far as the means of gain are concerned, which formed the wealth of his less scrupulous predecessors. He is to depend simply on the voluntary offerings, whether occasional or stated, of the people, for whose sake, and in whose

stead, he is to devote himself purely to a religious life. If there were no tares with the wheat, no bad fish in the net, if the church were made up of true and faithful Christians, then might the minister pray, and preach, and visit the poor and afflicted, without one care for his worldly substance. Willing hands would provide for him food and raiment; the rich would cast in of their abundance, and the poor of their poverty—glad offerings to him who stands in the place of his Divine Master, the Maker and Giver of all.

This is not the real state of things, as we every one of us know—we to our shame, and our pastor, probably, to his sorrow.

Say what you will about the large salaries of the few city clergymen, the parish priest is nevertheless the poor man among us. The talent and worth which give the city minister his position, would enable him in any other calling to be adding thousands to thousands in an ever-increasing capital, to belong to him and his heirs, without dependence on the good-will or pleasure of any number of men or women. That he is only a salaried man, is to him a great worldly sacrifice; put that salary at what figure you please.

As to the country minister, we need no words in which to explain his position. We all understand it too well. A gentleman by education and feeling, one who is expected to wear a reproachless black coat, and to have his hands free from the brown, stubby traces of hard work, he has yet to live upon less than the income of any thriving mechanic, or active counter-clerk. If he have a family, how on earth is he to provide them even with home-spun, and bread and butter? Let the author of "Sunny Side" answer this question in its length and breadth.

There is a sunny side to our hitherto sombre picture. The sacred profession is not with us a mere calling. It offers no temptations to worldly ambition. Our successors to the fishermen of Galilee, like them "know how to suffer and yet to abound, to be without all things and yet to be full." We are in no danger of that horror of horrors—a godless, pampered ministry.

But in our zeal for the purity of the church, we must not let the watchmen on our walls sink for want of food. Our soldiers *must* have their rations, or they, no more than others, can fight the good fight. A fair, ample support every congregation owes to its minister. But it is not of him we purpose specially to speak to-day.

Is it reputable, is it honorable for a church to half starve its minister living, and wholly starve his family when he is dead? The State has its pension for the widow whose husband has laid down his life for his country—an honorable provision, she feels it, a just tribute to the manly valor of the departed. Has the church militant no pension for the widows of her brave warriors, who oft "by the wayside fall and perish," worn out as much by the hardships of the march, as by the wounds of the stern conflict?

Those pale, earnest faces—they rise up before us to remind us of the band of young devoted soldiers of the cross, who have braved disease, danger, and death that they might win a harvest of souls. Theirs was not a wasted existence, though "few were their years and full of trouble!" Their crowns will be rich with stars, when the redeemed are counted in glory! But we turn to the young wives who mourn their loss. Has the church no hand of pity to stretch out to them? She has taken their best for her vanguard—has she nought for them but the dead bodies of their hero-husbands?

The hoary-headed saint has gone down to the tomb. More than half a century he has ministered at the altar; and now, full of years and good deeds, he is numbered with the dead. Must his aged partner toil with those trembling hands, and begin the struggle for daily bread? Is there for her no pension—no kind provision for this time of need? Must she leave the dear old parsonage, and go, she knows not where? Must she find refuge in some squalid boarding-house, and wipe the tears from her wrinkled face where cold, curious eyes may look upon her?

That eloquent, bold, effective preacher of the Gospel is smitten down in the midst of his noble career. Victory and death are sounded for him with one blast of the trumpet. His very dying words have power to startle the insensible from their dreams of folly or gain. Even as his life-blood ebbs away, his triumphant faith, with a clarion sound, proclaims the truth of the religion he has preached. The church mourns, the very world gives in its tribute of mingled sorrow and praise. This is well; but where is the provision for the fatherless children of the glorified saint? Who steps forward to pledge a support for the poor stricken widow? She will bear on bravely while she can, and feed her little ones by efforts that consume her own life. She will not linger long: toil and sorrow, with rough kindness,

36*

will hurry her to that land where her husband awaits her. Whose, then, we ask, are those fatherless children? Those orphans have a claim upon the church, which she cannot escape.

We do not ignore the fact that there are scattered societies whose object is to provide for the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen. Such societies exist; but how are they sustained? How many families could be kept from utter starvation by their scanty income?

Scrimp, pinch, and stint your minister, if you must, but remember, even in open warfare, women and children are exempt from persecution. Be satisfied with making sure that your minister is not too well fed and clothed, and has nought whereon to feed his pride, or foster a love of luxury. Train him according to your own mean notions, but spare his wife and children the horrors of genteel poverty! Where is the rich widow who will give largely to establish a fund for the families of deceased clergymen? Where is the large-hearted, liberal man who would fain wipe the blot of which we have spoken, from the church of which he is a member?

Let it no longer be said that the private soldier, who dies unknown on the battle-field, is cheered by the thought that his country will watch over his dear ones, while the soldier of the cross must have his last hours embittered by the knowledge that certain poverty and possible starvation are in store for that widow and those fatherless children, whom the church should take to her bosom, and foster with tender, unwearied care.

A SIGH FOR THE ABSENT SPRING.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

A SIGH for the absent Spring!

A sigh for its buds and flowers!

A sigh for the hopes and joys which germed
In its bright, auspicious hours!

A sigh for the moments spent

In the vernal, perfumed bowers;

A sigh for the sweets which nature gave

To this beautiful world of ours!

A sigh for the heart-urned bliss

Ere wrecked by time's wayward hours;

A sigh for the dear ones borne away—

Life's sweetly breathing flowers!

Nay! sigh not for time gone by,

For the present day is ours;

Let's bask in the light of Hope's bright ray,

And feast in Love's sweet bowers!

And hope for a lasting Spring,

Beyond this drear world of ours—

Where Sharon's bright rose forever casts

Its hues on immortal flowers!

BROTHER RICHARD.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

MARGARET RIVERS looked thoughtfully, half fearfully at the little morocco pocket-book she held. She dreaded to open and count its contents, for she knew that the draft upon it for the removal of her mother and herself, with their scanty furniture from a distant city, and for the necessary expense attending their establishment even in that small, unpretending cottage, had been greater than she had anticipated. But it must be done. She must now look the future in the face, bravely if she could, fearfully if she must. The small, delicate hands nervously unclasped it. Five, three, two—ten dollars then was all she had in the world, all that stood between them and want. Ten dollars! It was a paltry sum. A month ago she would have spent thrice as much, without a thought, upon any knick-knack that caught her fancy. This month! it seemed a century to Margaret in the lesson, never till then set before her, never learned, but in that time forced abruptly upon her, of sorrow and trouble—the power, the use, the need of money! But the hour of trial brings out many an unsuspected energy and faculty, and Margaret had not been found wanting, young, untried though she was. What had she not endured, not done, in that short period? Her father's sudden death; the inextricable embarrassment of his affairs; her mother's violent illness, resulting from the sudden shock of these sorrows; decisions and plans for the present and future—all these trials and responsibilities fell upon her inexperienced head and heart.

Poor Margaret! She had felt braver, more hopeful in the sunlight. While busy with the arrangement of their few rooms, a dozen vague schemes had floated through her brain, each of which promised maintenance for herself and invalid mother; but now, with the twilight deepening around her, weary almost to pain with the unaccustomed physical exertion, taking them one by one and analyzing them, bringing to bear upon them probability and common sense, they seemed idle indeed, and the many became narrowed down to very few. For the first time she began to question if they had done wisely to leave the city, where at least they were known, although their influence had gone with their wealth, and where a variety of labor was needed; but how could she disre-

gard that one earnest pleading of her invalid mother, the only living thing left to her in the wide world. "Take me away from here, my daughter; let us go far away, anywhere, only let us go!"

Poor gentle invalid! Far indeed must it be to get away from that sorrowing heart from which she was trying to flee?

And Margaret, too, longed to get away from false friends, the scenes of her prosperity and adversity, and so they came quite by chance to this far-off village, unknowing and unknown. Was it wise?

Margaret gazed drearily round the small room, which was at once parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room; at its bare walls, save two or three pictures which would have brought nothing at the sale, and had therefore been retained; at the smaller room beyond, which served for kitchen; at the few plain, necessary articles of furniture within them, then sighed deeply, and with a feeling of utter despair she hid her face in her hands. With the movement the pocket-book fell upon the floor. It was far from weighty, but the fall sounded loud upon the uncarpeted floor. Accustomed all her life to carpets, in whose velvety richness and softness a footfall was never heard, she had not at first thought it possible to do without them; but necessity taught her better, and the last but one had been sold to furnish the means to come hither.

These two rooms were a contrast to the one adjoining, of which the door was partly closed, and which was set apart for her mother, where she could be free from all the labor and bustle which might surround the daughter. Not very costly, but very tasteful were the arrangements of that room, larger than either of the others. The affectionate daughter had retained all that was possible of her mother's favorite furniture and ornaments at the sacrifice of every personal *bijou* of her own.

Poverty might come near Margaret, might weaken, crush her, but never must it come near her darling, idolized mother, whose shattered mind and frame must ever throw all responsibility upon herself. Her regular, quiet breathing came to her through the half-open door, and she breathed a sigh of thankfulness that she at least was free from all anxiety. She

listened a moment as if the sound was music, though sad, then was again lost in thought. Her smooth brow was corrugated with its intensity.

She had already summed up what she could attempt to do with any probability of success. She could teach a school if one could be obtained; but friends and influence, which she had not, might be needed for success. She could teach classes, or single pupils in drawing, painting, and embroidery, but that was subject to the same contingencies as the former. Failing these she could do plain sewing, but she knew how laborious and precarious that must be. Failing all these—Margaret stopped there with a shudder! A gentle voice now called her, and soon, worn out with grief, fatigue, and anxiety, she fell asleep.

She rose early the next morning. All her life she had been waited upon by servants; now everything done in their little *menage* must be done by her own inexperienced hands. It was a bright spring morning. The sun shone in the room warmly and brightly, the birds sang cheerily, and Margaret, with the elasticity of youth and health, wondered how she could have been so gloomy and despairing the night before. The cottage stood upon a rise of ground; she opened the door and looked abroad over the village. It nestled like some clinging, loving thing to the bosom of a beautiful spacious hill. Surely, when all seemed so wealthy, so flourishing, there could be found something to do! The cool spring breeze sported with the rich, wavy tresses of the young girl, and sent a deep healthy glow to the beautiful cheek, and swayed the mourning robes round the slender, graceful figure; but still she stood there looking, hoping, till the water in the tea-kettle boiling over upon the stove top called her suddenly within.

After their simple breakfast of toast and chocolate Margaret set out on her errand. She learned there was to be an examination that very afternoon of candidates for the situation of teacher of the village school. At the time appointed she presented herself. Her style and manners were not those of a village maiden, and she attracted notice and curiosity. She passed her examination creditably, and was subjected to some scrutinizing looks and questions; but the situation was bestowed upon a buxom-looking damsel of some thirty years, who without doubt would make the somewhat refractory pupils of aforesaid school "stand round," as the committee man expressed it.

Successively Margaret tried to obtain pupils

in either painting, drawing, or embroidery, but was unsuccessful in all, for unfortunately she had forgotten to obtain credentials as to her qualifications from her former teachers, and she knew not now where to address them.

Economical as she tried to be, it did not take long for her small sum of money to dwindle away. She succeeded finally in obtaining plain sewing, but was scantily supplied and poorly paid. She managed to obtain the bare necessities of life—that was all.

It was a summer of trial and distress to Margaret; with terror she saw the winter approaching. They had made no friends, no acquaintances. Poverty made Margaret haughty, unapproachable, while the manners of those to whom she had first applied for employment had not disposed her to regard the people of the village favorably.

While she was known to be proud and reserved, she was also known to be very poor, and people seldom forgive the two combined. There were noble people in the village who, if they had known Margaret, would have loved, respected, and befriended her, and whom she also would have regarded and esteemed; but it was no less true, and to their shame be it said, there were others who took advantage of her need to pay her but a tithe of the real value of her work, and Margaret, who, in her days of wealth, had always paid generously for labor of any kind, despised the meanness which took advantage of her poverty, while compelled to submit to it. The air of haughty superiority with which she received their niggard compensation galled her employers, and as the winter approached they grew less in number.

Margaret had casually noticed for some time that a portion of a spacious and elegant mansion, the grounds of which on the south adjoined that of the cottage, was being remodelled. Sitting at the window sewing from early morning till late at night, with only short interruptions, during which she prepared their meals, which now were forced to be very simple, she had carelessly observed it from time to time till its completion. For the last few days, boxes containing the most elegant and expensive furniture had been arriving, which she saw with a feeling of envy and covetousness which alarmed herself. Margaret loved the tasteful and beautiful; her eye for beauty and grace had been cultivated from infancy.

The next morning a plain but elegant travelling carriage drove up the carriage way to the mansion. An elderly, fine looking gentleman and a young girl alighted. The latter did not

immediately enter the house, but stood on the piazza, evidently surprised and gratified with the situation and prospect. Margaret saw her face distinctly. She was pretty, but not what one would call beautiful. She looked happy, merry, but her principal charm lay in the good, kind expression of her youthful face.

Margaret learned in time that the house was the recent purchase of Mr. Leigh, a man of wealth and social position, a widower with two children, a son and daughter, the youngest of which was Anne Leigh, the young girl whom Margaret had observed. In less than a month everybody "in society" in the village, unless incapacitated by illness, had called upon the new residents.

Meantime Margaret sat alone, unvisited and uncared for, sewing constantly, and growing paler and thinner. The day now often came that she, not her mother, had only two meals a day; sometimes—she tried to forget it—only one.

Annie Leigh had noticed the fair, pale girl in deep mourning who sat so constantly at the window; her graceful head, with its wealth of black hair put plainly back from the low broad forehead, bent perseveringly over her work and the ceaseless plying of the needle, and seeing that she was a lady in the true sense of the word, and knowing as little of poverty as Margaret once did, wondered how anybody could bear to sew so steadily. Sometimes she saw the gentle, delicate mother—for such Annie decided she was—leaning upon her daughter's arm, walking slowly round their small garden; once she saw the younger stoop and gather a cluster of snowberries, and fasten them on her mother's bosom, and the elder laughed gleefully. The daughter also smiled; but Annie thought it, even at that distance, such a wan, forced smile.

Annie Leigh's interest deepened; and one afternoon she inquired of two young ladies who had called concerning this beautiful girl and her mother. They looked at each other significantly, and then Rose Huntley answered:—

"Nobodies, of course, though we know nothing of them except that their name is Rivers, and they came here in the spring, and moved into that cottage. Where they are from nobody knows. She is a seamstress; but such airs as she gives herself! My! Miss Leigh, you ought to see! I took pity upon their destitute condition, and gave Miss Rivers some work; but she will have no more from me. If she were a born princess, she could not be more condescending! You would think *I* was the one

receiving a favor instead of her! They never receive any letters through the office, I understand; never go to church; altogether there seems something wrong about them."

"Perhaps," suggested Annie, "Miss Rivers cannot leave her mother, who is an invalid, I should judge."

"Crazy, rather!" replied Rose Huntley, in an unfeeling laugh. "At all events, I have done with them. Mamma is not willing that I should employ her longer; and if I withdraw my patronage, others will also, and I am sure I don't know what will become of them. Mamma says her pride ought to have a fall; that she never heard of such cool insolence to superiors as Miss Rivers is guilty of. And, as she has never seemed the least grateful, I cannot be expected to patronize her in preference to those whom I formerly employed."

"But, Rose, I thought you employed her because her terms were so reasonable," said her friend.

"Of course she could not expect to receive as much as those we have employed for years; but if she would work for nothing, I should not feel it right to encourage so much pride and impudence."

Annie Leigh gave a pitying look towards the brown cottage, and determined that she would take a piece of cloth to be made into sheets, shirts, or something that very day—no, it was Saturday; but the next Monday.

And Margaret on that night was to drink the very dregs of poverty. It was the middle of the evening. She had sewed from sunrise with scarcely any interruption, for she knew on the completion of that article depended their food and fuel for the morrow; but now she stopped. It was impossible to finish and return it at a seasonable hour. What should she do? She was out of food, money, credit, for she already owed the grocer, and he had rudely refused to credit her further. She had had but one meal that day, and felt faint and sick. Great heaven! Must they starve in a Christian land! Yes, she would starve willingly; this world was not so bright that she wished to stay in it. Better that this struggle, bitter as death itself, to sustain life were over! But her mother! Exhausted as she was with hunger and weariness, the remembrance nerved her. It was little at the best she had been able to do of late towards that idolized mother's needs, less still for her comfort; but the thin pale lips never complained. But that mother must not perish of starvation! Something for her life she *must* do! *What?* Should she ask for an advance

upon her work? She knew this would be worse than useless; she would receive insult with denial, for that work was Rose Huntley's. Had she nothing she could sell? She thought over their small stock of dress and furniture. In a city, she could have pawned many things; but that was not to be expected in the two or three stores of the village; but it was their only hope, and she must try.

There were her mother's furs—the last gift of her deceased husband. She had shrunk from parting with them for that reason, and because she had thought her mother would need them in the winter; but there was no choice now. They were costly, and almost unworn. Perhaps the grocer would take them in exchange for groceries, and in payment of what they already owed him. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and taking the box containing them, hastened to the grocer's.

A gay group of girls, in the centre of whom was Annie Leigh, a short distance before her, were going to the same place.

"Just let me tell you"—Annie had said, as she met two or three young friends—"what a splendid housekeeper I am. I thought it would be so nice, and begged papa to let me take the care all upon myself. Papa laughed, and said I might try it this week, and just think! here it is Saturday night; papa expected every moment, and we are minus butter, coffee, chocolate, soda, and a host of other things. I have got the list in my pocket. The worst of it is, Susan told me this morning that they were needed; but I forgot. I was so ashamed I determined not to send any one, but to come myself. Come with me, will you, girls?"

They entered the store together, and Annie had already given her orders to the obsequious shopkeeper when Margaret entered.

Annie Leigh heard the low request to Mr. White, to speak with him alone, and the gruff refusal.

"Can't—busy; say what you've got to say here."

Margaret hesitated, then made the request that he would take some furs, at the same time taking off the cover of the box, in payment for what she already owed, and the remainder for groceries.

He did not look at them, but pushed the box towards her. "Didn't want them. What could he do with furs? He couldn't wear them, and his wife and daughter were not so poor as to wear second-hand clothing!"

Margaret, with the calmness of despair, explained that they were costly furs, as he could

easily see by looking at them, and had been worn but a few times, and she mentioned the price paid for them.

He laughed incredulously and said, coarsely: "It looks suspicious, then, to say the least, for one in your circumstances who cannot pay an honest debt to have such expensive furs; but I want nothing of them whether they be yours fairly or foully."

The indignant blood surged to Margaret's cheeks, and the dark eyes flashed, while she drew herself up haughtily; but in time to check the impulsive, stinging words came the thought—her mother—their need!

She waited a moment, and though her cheek still burned, and her proud heart throbbled indignantly, she said, quietly: "They were my deceased father's last gift to my mother. If you will not take them, Mr. White, will you trust me for some groceries till I can sell them elsewhere? I shall be able to pay you soon."

He answered, roughly: "No, ma'am, I will not. I can't afford to support strangers, especially those who seem to take it as a favor to me. And, look here, the rest of that bill must be paid soon, or I shall take measures to obtain it."

The tone and words were such as admitted of no appeal. Margaret's hands were clasped for a moment, and a despairing agonized expression passed over her face, then she turned slowly, and with feeble, doubtful steps went out of the store.

Annie Leigh's bosom swelled with pity, sympathy, and indignation. She only had heard what passed. Her companions stood at a distance laughing and chatting merrily. Annie had longed to speak but dared not, and the tears started to her eyes as she marked the expression of Margaret's face at Mr. White's denial, and the slow, uncertain step.

"Mr. White, come here!" Annie Leigh spoke authoritatively.

The obsequious grocer came bowing to her word of command; the frown darkening his face for his poor debtor quickly changing to a smile for his rich but not more beautiful customer, but a trifle discomposed at the sharp, ringing tone that the sweet voice of Annie Leigh seldom took.

"Mr. White, send immediately to the house of the lady who just went out—Miss Rivers—a barrel of flour, keg of butter, some eggs, sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate (I know they must love chocolate, she said to herself), in fact, all sorts of groceries; then I wish you to make out your bill for those and what is already due

you. I will pay it; and say nothing about it to her or anybody," she said, imperiously, the deep flush of anger and excitement on her fair round cheek.

The grocer comprehended that he had in some way displeased Miss Leigh, but he knew better than to stop to try to mend matters. He with his clerk went busily to work, they suggesting, Annie deciding. Mr. White, however, after the groceries were gone, as he handed Annie the receipted bill of her own goods said, deprecatingly: "If I had only known Miss Rivers was a friend of yours, Miss Leigh, I"—

Annie interrupted him by handing him the money, and saying, coldly, "I believe that is right, sir."

Miss Leigh was not good company for her friends during their walk home. She was thinking of a fact that she had noticed and wondered at—that she had seen no smoke coming from the chimney of the brown cottage that day. Now she comprehended it all; they had no coal, no wood, and the weather so cold! They must have it, but in this she would need her father's aid.

Margaret, after leaving the store, dragged herself wearily home. Apathy came over her, the apathy of despair! Nothing now was before them but starvation or beggary; the first by all means. She was weary of life; it would not be suicide. She had taken all means looked upon by the world as justifiable and proper, to live. Had she not toiled and struggled till the flesh indeed was weary and the heart faint? She had failed! She had come to that state, poor, weary, way-worn Margaret, that even the thought of her mother sleeping in the next room failed to rouse her. Benumbed with the cold, but unconscious of anything save her misery and despair, she still remained in the same posture she had taken when first she came in, her arms folded upon the table, her poor weary head bent upon them, the rich, dishevelled hair sweeping the table. Was the proud and beautiful Margaret Rivers indeed fallen to this? And thus time passed.

There was a noise of wheels before the door! What matter? No good could come to them save death, and thank Heaven! no worse. There was a noise of something and somebody on the door-step, a knock at the door, then another and another. Margaret neither moved nor answered; but the door was not locked, and was opened, and a man appeared with a barrel of flour.

"Where will you have this put, ma'am?" But receiving no answer he concluded she was

asleep, and considerably placed it where he thought it ought to be, with as little noise as possible, then kegs, boxes, and packages followed. Before he went out, finally, he placed a folded paper softly on the table before Margaret. Life had been coming back to her during these minutes, though she had not moved, had hardly strength to do so. Hope sprang up afresh. The grocer had then relented—had perhaps concluded to take her furs! She dragged herself with difficulty to the dim light and opened the paper; she read a receipt from the grocer for the whole amount! She stared, and then the proud blood surged through her veins. Pride then was not dead, if life, and strength, and hope were almost extinct. Margaret Rivers an object of charity! It was only a momentary flash. Alas, Margaret's hunger conquered her pride.

She was searching—oh, vain labor!—if perchance a few stray coals could have escaped her eye, with which to make these things useful, when there was another knock, and a gruff voice asked "where she would have her coal put?" The receipted bill of that was also placed before her. On questioning the man, he only answered: "It was too dark to see; an' sure wasn't it yourself, ma'am?"

Later, when a cheerful fire diffused its grateful warmth over the chilly room, and her mother and herself sat down once more to a well-supplied table and partook of their favorite chocolate, she pondered over the matter, and tried to conjecture who their unknown benefactor could be. Who could thus have known all their need, and able and willing to relieve? Not a friend could she count in the village, much less one so generous and unselfish. Hardly able yet to believe it was not a dream, she glanced at their treasures. Yes, there were all sorts of groceries in large quantities, besides meat and poultry.

Margaret would not allow to herself that she felt humiliated at receiving what might be called charity. She said to herself that she did not, would not; that she felt relieved and grateful, and so she did; but, nevertheless, there was a little inward chafing, and a quickly formed determination that this unknown benefactor or benefactress must be discovered and in time repaid.

Monday came. Margaret had sat down at her favorite window to finish Miss Huntley's work, when there was a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, and recognized the pretty, pleasant girl who stood there as Miss Leigh, who, blushing, inquired for Miss Rivers. Having

entered, she introduced herself, then said, with pretty hesitation, looking eagerly, yet a little timidly, up at Margaret:—

“Can I get you to make some shirts for my father and brother, Miss Rivers? I shall be very much obliged if you will. There is no hurry about them.” She had sat down quietly while speaking, and there was so much gentleness and goodness in her face and manners that Margaret unbent from her usual stateliness, as she replied that she would be very glad to do them.

With a laudable determination to make it seem really a business matter, Annie Leigh inquired her price.

Margaret hesitated. “Miss Huntley pays me twenty-five cents.”

Annie Leigh looked incredulous. “I must have misunderstood you. Did you say twenty-five cents?”

“You did not. It was twenty-five.”

The indignant blood mounted to Annie’s temples.

“I expected you to say a dollar, Miss Rivers. That is what we have been accustomed to pay for more common ones, and is the usual price; but I was going to say that I should not be willing to pay more than a dollar and a quarter for these, although they are to be quite nice ones. Father and brother Richard are so particular always about their shirts; so”—she added, laughingly—“be sure, Miss Rivers, not to put in more than a dollar and a quarter’s worth of stitches.”

Generous, delicate Annie Leigh! willing to seem to drive a bargain to hide her own generosity.

“Nay, Miss Leigh; while I have made them for Miss Huntley at the price I mentioned, I cannot receive so much from you.”

“I will leave it to my father,” said Annie. “He knows the standard prices, and wishes me always to be guided by them. We are very near neighbors, did you know it, Miss Rivers? I hope we shall be more neighborly than we have been thus far. You have not called, and I am the last comer in town. I should be most happy to see you.”

Rose Huntley, had she been present, would have expected to see Miss Rivers painfully embarrassed by such condescension from Miss Leigh. She would have been offended and surprised at Margaret’s courteous, calm manner, as if speaking to an equal, while she thanked her, but replied that “her mother’s health and her own want of time precluded the making calls.”

“Do you love flowers?” Annie questioned of Mrs. Rivers, noticing a few withered flowers in a vase on the table near her.

Mrs. Rivers answered in the affirmative.

“We have a great many in the conservatory, more than we know what to do with,” Annie remarked; but she did not say she would send her any. Perhaps she feared they would be declined by Margaret. She had been gone scarcely half an hour, when a servant came with an elegant bouquet for Miss Rivers.

Annie made the shirts a pretext for coming in every day, besides she liked to be neighborly, she said, and she stayed longer each time she came, and was so merry, so artless, and kind, that Margaret’s heart went out towards this good young girl, who on her side regarded Margaret with the most enthusiastic love and admiration.

Annie’s friendship was of the active kind also. Her father’s wealth and her own popularity gave her great influence. A word here, another there of the right sort and in the right place, and Margaret soon had plenty of work at a fair price. Rose Huntley had occasion to blush more than once with shame and mortification at her meanness with regard to Margaret, and it was well that she had. The lesson might prove profitable.

Margaret had locked both lips and heart upon the past, and Annie only knew from appearances that they had seen better days. This fact she never doubted. People with such manners and habits of refinement could not belong to their present position.

One morning when Annie was present, Mrs. Rivers, in going to a drawer to look for some article, took out a portfolio, and in doing so, its contents fell upon the floor. With characteristic politeness, Annie sprang to pick them up for her. Without intending to notice, she unconsciously did so, and exclaimed, impulsively: “Paintings! Oh, how pretty! May I look at them?” she exclaimed, with delight. Mrs. Rivers smiled assent. She looked at them eagerly, one after the other. They were pencil sketches, landscapes, and heads, both in oil and water colors. “How beautiful! Oh if I could only paint half as well! Who did them? I do so want to learn to draw and paint! I have been teasing papa; but there is no suitable teacher here; and we are so far from the city that he says no artist would be likely to have either time or inclination to come so far to give lessons. The teacher of drawing and painting at the Academy also has left, and they have not yet provided one to fill her place.”

If they would only get one who could paint like this! Do you know who did these?" she asked, coaxingly.

Mrs. Rivers smiled as she answered in her low, sweet voice, "that her daughter, Margaret, did them long ago when they lived in the world, and *he* was there. Margaret was greatly admired then, and never did any sewing. Jane did all that for her. She wondered where Jane was now." And she called in a louder voice: "Margaret, will you send Jane to me? Where can she be so long? I want her to bathe my head," and the tone was a little querulous.

And Margaret, in the other room, instantly laid down her sewing, came to her, and said, soothingly: "Let me play Jane this time, mamma. I will do it very carefully." And she tenderly bathed the head, whose tresses, but a short time since a purple black, were now almost snowy white.

Annie, her face all astonishment, asked: "Did you do these, Miss Rivers?"

Margaret looked up at the question, saw the sketches. "Yes, soon after I left school."

Annie was silent some minutes; at last, she asked: "Do you like to sew? I should think it would be much easier to teach painting. I should much rather, if I knew how."

Margaret smiled a little sadly. "It would be easier and more desirable, certainly; but I was not successful in my efforts to obtain pupils when I first came."

"Oh, but they couldn't have known how beautifully you do it. There is—." But Annie interrupted herself. She had a plan in her pretty head, and after a few moments, took leave. That afternoon she was feverishly impatient for her father's return. But when he came, he was accompanied by her brother Richard, whom she was so delighted to see, after his long absence, that for some time she entirely forgot the aforesaid plan.

They were seated at the tea-table, and she had poured out the tea, and seen that they were helped to everything before she broached the subject which had so engrossed her since morning.

"I have made *such* a discovery, papa!" she began. "You remember how much I have wanted to take lessons in painting, and that you said there was no competent teacher here? And what do you think, papa? I was at the brown cottage this morning, and Mrs. Rivers happened to upset a portfolio, and I ran to pick up the contents for her, and so saw them—the most beautiful sketches, both in pencil

and oil! And, papa, she—I mean Miss, not Mrs. Rivers—did them all every one herself. Oh, so exquisite! and, papa"—she ran on, almost out of breath—"I want her for a teacher; and I want you to speak to the preceptor, or committee, or somebody, to get her the situation in the academy to teach drawing and painting. The teacher left last week. Mr. Caldwell told me so. *May* I—and will you? please, papa."

Mr. Leigh and his son laughed heartily at her enthusiasm and volubility for answer. The young girl looked ready to cry at this conduct, instead of the hearty response she had anticipated. Mr. Leigh, seeing it, said, kindly:—

"I have no doubt, my dear, but that your pet seamstress is a good little woman, and understands her business well, and is altogether very well for her position; but as for her skill in painting, remember, love, that your eye and taste are, as yet, uncultivated. It takes a great deal of time and money, as well as a natural talent, to make even a tolerable artist. Does it seem reasonable to expect that this favorite of yours could have commanded all these advantages?"

"I don't know about that, papa; I only know that I think them beautiful, and I am sure you will say so, too, when you see them. I borrowed them of Mrs. Rivers, without letting her daughter know it, on purpose for you to show to the committee. I know you will like them. Will you look at them, papa?"

Mr. Leigh smiled, indulgently. "Very well, daughter; after tea I will look at them; but I am afraid I can only call them daubs."

Annie, however, still looked confident. Her brother had listened to the conversation with much amusement. He was very fond of his little sister, and very indulgent, who on her part thought there was nobody quite so splendid as "brother Richard!" And, in truth, Richard Leigh was a noble specimen of manhood, bodily, mentally, morally. He was tall, dark, erect, with a quiet consciousness of power in eye and bearing. He measured himself by a high standard, and, though he knew he had not attained to the desired height, he had willed that the distance should be gradually and surely lessening.

Annie ate scarcely any supper; she began to be a little impatient of the length of time her father and brother sat at table; who, in fact, had forgotten all about the matter directly after she had spoken, and the latter was describing some incidents of his journey, when, chancing to glance at Annie, he observed her

uneasiness and impatience. He stopped laughing. "But little puss, here, does not seem in a mood to appreciate my descriptions! What is the matter? Oh, I remember! We will waive this subject. The seamstress first, by all means," he said, good-humoredly.

Mr. Leigh echoed his son's laugh. "Excuse me, daughter, I forgot," moving back his chair. "Go and bring them. Come, Richard, you must share the treat."

Annie, looking a little ashamed of her impatience, went to get the portfolio; and, returning, placed it before them both. On could see at a glance that both the gentlemen felt that they were going to be bored, but wished to oblige the young girl. At the first, they both glanced carelessly as if desirous not to see defects for her sake; but the glance changed to a look of surprise, and, as they continued, to one of deep interest. Both were soon engrossed, passing encomiums here and there, with an occasional notice of some slight defect in design or coloring. Annie sat before them, silent with delight, and mischief sparkling in her eyes. She couldn't wait till they had quite finished. "Daubs! eh, papa?"

Mr. Leigh smiled. "Something more than daubs, my daughter; but this seamstress could not have done these. There must be some mistake, or she has deceived you."

"Papa, you ought not to say that, when you do not know her! I do." There was indignation and a good deal of dignity in the tone and words, which accorded ill with her childish face and lisp, and her father's eye twinkled.

"Good, my daughter! Stand up for your friends—that's right. Well, if—mind, I say *if*—this seamstress really painted these pictures, I will endeavor to get for her the situation in the Academy. Whoever painted these is equal to that, if equal to anything."

"Thank you, papa, for all but the doubt. But I wish you would see about it this very night. You are not very tired—eh, papa? You see they may engage some one, and it would be such a nice place for Miss Rivers—so much easier than sewing; she gets so tired sewing all day. She never says so; but I know she does. Why, *I* should die, papa! Will you see about it this very night—that's a good papa!" And she put her arms round his neck, coaxingly, and kissed him.

"What would you do with this persistent girl, Richard? Would you indulge her? But you did not have the kiss; so perhaps you cannot judge fairly."

"If he says 'yes, that I ought to be in-

dulged,' I shall perhaps introduce him some time to the lady artist—mind, papa, not seamstress any longer; but he will be certain to lose his heart."

Why did Richard Leigh's lip curl? Was it at the idea of losing his heart to a poor seamstress, or of losing his heart at all?

(Conclusion next month.)

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

SIXTH LESSON.

WE have now to consider the subject of "Outline," a most important one to a draughtsman.

A simple perfect outline is more valuable than an imperfect one, worked up with all the skill of a Vandyke, Wilkie, or Landseer.

Many persons assert that the shading and filling up will hide some of the defects in a bad outline; but be assured that such advice is not only wrong, but highly injurious to tyros in the art of drawing; for opinions such as this are apt to undermine its right principles, and make beginners careless.

Outline signifies the contour, or the line by which any figure is defined, being, in fact, the extreme or boundary line of an object. It is the line that determines form. For example: the outline of an apple would not, if correct, convey an impression to your mind that it was intended for an orange or a pear; and if you look at Figs. 22, 24, and 25, you could not imagine that they were like the ordinary jugs in use.

Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Outline may be said to be the skeleton or anatomy of objects; at least, it bears the same relations to them.

Outline cannot be formed without the aid of curved and straight lines (see Lesson III.).

Of course, as you are now able to form lines of all kinds in any direction, and of reasonable length, you are already in possession of the alphabet of outline, and the rest depends upon yourself; for without constant application and attention you can never succeed.

Never be absurd enough to delude yourself, while you think you are deceiving your relations or

friends, *by tracing outlines against a window.* The practice cannot be too highly condemned, because it is contrary to art, honor, and good sense; and so long as you continue the system, it will be impossible for you to depend upon yourself.

All marks of lines that assist in expressing the character of the design may be considered as belonging to outline.

There are many methods of producing effects by means of outline, besides adhering to variations of form in the figures. For example, the lines used to express drapery should be flowing, continuous, and generally of variable breadth; those used for the flesh or for some kind of fruit should partake of the same character; hard substances, such as armor, statuary, etc., should be expressed by uniform lines of a fine character; and the foliage should be drawn boldly, with occasional dark touches, and with a tremulous lateral motion of the hand. The figure of Psyche will assist the pupil in comprehending our remarks upon drapery and flesh.

Fig. 26.



Never jag your lines by making them by fits and starts; let the motion of your hand be free and uninterrupted, so as to form a continuous line; for, if the pencil is removed from the paper, a line like a saw will be the result.

We need not remind our pupils that there are extremes of outline as in other things; the one is too great a uniformity of line, the other too great a variation of breadth of line. If the subject is intended to be *finished* in outline, the pupil should strengthen one side more than the other; and we recommend that the outline etchings issued by the "Art Union of London," which are excellent compositions, should be carefully studied and copied.

If the subject is to be shaded, the outline should be lightly, and not too firmly drawn.

We must remind the student in drawing that, to give a correct delineation of the human figure, it is indispensable to have some knowledge of muscular action. It is necessary that all the muscles, their purposes and functions, should be well understood; nor must osteology, or the bones of the skeleton, be neglected.

THE FADED FLOWER.

BY FLORA.

It is gone! and the dewdrop which oft loved to find
 'Neath its half-folded petals a sweet resting place,
 And was proud on its bowed head thus humbly to shine,
 And laugh at the stars through the regions of space,
 Falls now on what once was that flow'ret so fair,
 Its dried leaves fast mingling with the dust that is there.

It is gone! and the zephyr which lingered to play
 With the soft velvet leaflets that decked the frail flower,
 And as it passed by steal its fragrance away,
 And bear it far onward from bower to bower,
 Sighs mournfully now o'er the lovely one's grave,
 And lingers in vain for the fragrance it gave.

It is gone! and the sunbeam which sped on its way,
 With warmth for its life and light for its hue,
 And loved still to remain at the close of the day,
 Lest the flow'ret be chilled by the dampness of dew,
 Comes now but to lighten the spot where it lies,
 And to mourn that, on earth, all that's beautiful dies.

It is gone! and the rainbow-winged humming-birds
 moan
 That the nectar they loved has forsaken its cup,
 That the fountain within with the flow'ret has gone,
 And the sweet honey drop is forever dried up—
 Alas, *disappointment* comes ever to blight
 The fondest of hopes and the purest delight!

It is gone! and the painter had chosen that flower,
 That his canvas might glow while its image he traced;
 It is gone, and its loveliness cometh no more
 His quick eye to please and his canvas to grace—
 He saw it had withered, that death had been there,
 And turned from the spot with a sigh of despair.

It is gone! and the poet thus bitterly spoke,
 For he loved oft to gaze on the flow'ret's fair face,
 While deep in his heart fondest mem'ries awoke,
 And his thoughts wandered back into sunnier days,
 Where warm, true hearts echoed the tones of his own,
 But the flower has faded—the memories have flown.

It is gone! and we turn from the wreck of the flower,
 As we turn from our hopes when they wither and die,
 When dark, heavy clouds seem above us to lower,
 And the bright bow of promise has passed from the
 sky—
 To our aching heart's murmur this answer is given:
 "Treasures fade not which are laid up in heaven."

The firefly only shines when on the wing.
 So it is with the mind; when once we rest we
 darken.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY K. L.

ON last Christmas Eve I put on a large apron and went down to the kitchen to prepare a plum pudding for next day's dinner. The children, instead of being

"Nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,"

crowded eagerly about me, begging that they might be allowed to sit up an hour longer "just this once," and help me pit the raisins.

"We'll be so good!" pleaded Johnny, the youngest son of our house.

"And I can do them so nicely with my new knife!" said Tom.

"I'm not sleepy one bit, mother!" urged Kitty, looking up at me with distended eyes.

"Nor I, either! Oh, *do* let us sit up, mamma!" put in little Minnie, adding, in an earnest, injured tone: "I've never seen a plum pudding made in all my *whole* life!"

This settled the matter; for Miss Minnie was nearly six years old, and her pitiable case required attending to at once. Permission being granted, the children gave vent to shouts of joy that brought Aunt Mary into the kitchen.

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the pudding! Hurrah for mother! Hurrah for Aunt Ma—"

Aunt Mary laughed her pleasant little laugh and held up her finger. "Hush! you'll frighten Santa Claus's reindeers so they'll run away with him, and we won't get any toys to-night."

"Humph!" exclaimed Tom, drawing himself up with dignity; "we don't believe a word about Santa Claus. We know better than that."

"Yes," chimed in Kitty; "we believe in the Christ-Child; there isn't any such man as Santa Claus. Grandpa says he has left the country in disgust, because the children have taken such a fancy to Christmas-trees."

"Shure thin," said Bidly, who was preparing the bowls and dishes for the pudding ceremonies, "an' what'll be the good uv hangin' yer stockin's on the three, if Santa Claus is after quittin' yez all?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed all the little ones. "Stockings on the Christmas-tree! Oh, Bidly!"

Order being finally restored, the "pitting" and "stemming" commenced in good earnest; and, as a consequence, in the course of three minutes Tom had cut his finger; Minnie had spilled her cup of raisins on the floor, and all

had their hands well besmeared, and their mouths full.

"Och, mum!" said Bidly, "where's the use? The children's fairly stuck togedder with the muss, and the flure's intirely sp'iled on me after all me scrubbin'." And Bidly despairingly threw herself into a chair by the range.

Anxious to make friends with her, so that they might not be sent to bed at once, the children crowded around her, and Tom, acting as spokesman, begged her to be good and tell them about Mrs. Maloney's pig, or something funny.

"Oh yes! do, do!" echoed all the rest, half smothering her with embraces.

"Och! Is it tell a *funny* story on Christmas Eve, now? Go 'long wid yez! Who ever heard of such a thing? It's the horrible kind, all about the ghosts and goblends, that belongs to Christmas, and they'd skeer the wits out of yez."

"Pooh!" said Tom. "I'd like to hear the story that could frighten *me*!"

"Would ye, now?" asked Bidly, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "Pigs, indade! I could tell yez something about Mrs. Maloney, now, that 'ud stand ivery one uv yer hairs on end."

"Well, tell us!" cried the children, crowding more closely about her, all but Tom, who stood at the other end of the hearth, feeling very brave, indeed.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "you might scare the girls, Bidly, but you couldn't scare *me*, never mind what you told us."

"Well," began Bidly, lowering her voice mysteriously, "yez must know that before Mrs. Maloney came to this country, she had a mighty hard quarrel, indade, with one of her payple. Did yez ever mind, now, a quare scar on the furhead of her?"

"Yes," whispered the children, all but Minnie, who was becoming rather sleepy.

"Well," resumed Bidly, "I'll tell yez more about that same in a minute. She had a mighty quarrel, I say, in the ould country concerning the ownin' of the farm she was livin' on. Ye see Misther Maloney—as fine a boy as ever lived, pace to his soul!—well, he left it all to his wife, and he hadn't been dead a month before his Cousin Mike came flusterin' around wid a law paper called a morragage, or something like that, and claimed the property hisself—the baste! And she—poor crature!—after payin' 'most everything she kud lay her hands on to the lawyers, was glad to

get shet of the whole business, and come over to this counthry, with nothin' but the clothes on her back, and one chist; Mike, he livin' on the farm like a gintleman, an' she a-washin' and scrubbin' here in Ameriky by the day. Yez mind, now, how hard she used to work here last spring, while the house was a-clanin', and how lovely she did the ironin' waker wake? At last, in the fall, jest about a month back, what should come from Ireland to her but a letter from Mike, telling how he had jest died, in great trouble of mind an' body—"

"What! from Mike?" interrupted Tom.

"Och, how ye bother me! from one of Mike's payple, then—where's the differ?—and tellin' how he had confessed he had sold the farm, and that the paper he had got it by was all a lie indade, and he frettin' to the last bekase he must die widdout Mrs. Maloney's forgiveness; and in the same letter they send her fifty dollars that Mike left her on his dyin' bed."

"That was good in him," suggested Johnny.

"Och, good!" exclaimed Bidly, wrathfully. "An' what good was it, an' he afther almost breakin' the poor crayture's heart afore that? Well, she was plazed enough to get the money for all, as she told me herself, indade, here in this blessed kitchen, for she said it would get her many a little convaynience that, barrin it, she'd a had to do widdout; and that same evenin' she came to ask would the mistress let me go stop wid her that night, for she felt kind ov skeered-like to be alone afther hearin' uv Mike dyin,' an' he worryin' afther her. Well, your mother was willin', and thin Mrs. Maloney asked would I go home with her at oncet, and mind the place for her, while she went to just a store or two to get some things she was afther wantin' over Sunday. The payple of the house where Mrs. Maloney was stoppin', ye see, was strange to her, as she hadn't had a room there more 'n about ten days. Well," continued Bidly, dropping her voice to a whisper again, "I went back wid her, and thin she lit a candle on the table standin' in the middle of her room, and told me if I would sate myself for a moment or two she would just take a run in the street for the things she wanted. But I tell you she wasn't gone ten minutes before I wished meself out of it again. There was the quarest creaking noises goin' on yez ever heard, and the candle began to flare back'ards and forwards—so," said Bidly, as suitin' the action to the word, she accidentally extinguished the candle on the table beside her, leaving the large kitchen quite dim, except in the corner where Aunt Mary and I were silently working.

"Wait!" said Johnny, who was becoming rather nervous; "let me light the candle before you go on."

"Och, what's the matter wid ye?" chided Bidly. "Be aisy, will ye, and kape yer sate till I tell yez. Well," she resumed, "the quare noises got worse and worse, and the candle kep' flarin' wilder and wilder, until at last it went out on me intirely, and there I stud in the dark. All in a flusther, I made me way to the door, and, belave me, if Mrs. Maloney—bad luck ter her!—hadn't locked it by mistake and taken the kay wid her! So afther gropin' my way about the room, and knockin' over the things trying to find a match, I bethought me to knock on the wall and find if there wasn't anybody in the next room that would push me in a match or two under the door, when—the saints protect us!—if I didn't hear the awfulestest groanin' a-comin' out of the wall that iver a mortal heard! So I just whipt the shoes and frock off uv me, and was under the bedclothes in the wink of yer eye."

"Oh dear! I don't wonder you were frightened, Bidly," said Kitty, as the children huddled more closely about her, and even Master Tom drew a few steps nearer to her, and sat down.

"Do yez, now?" whispered Bidly, confidentially. "But the worst hasn't come yet. Well, there I lay all gathered up in the bed, tryin' to kape the groanin' out uv me ears, when I felt somethin' pullin'—pullin' softly at the bed covers, and thin if somethin' warm didn't kind uv brathe over me face. Just as I was goin' to skrame out, Mrs. Maloney came bustlin' in, all uv a flusther for kapin' me alone so long; and I felt quite comforted-like when I saw the candle lit again. After she was in the bed, she told me how she had bin persuaded into buyin' iver so many things more 'n she meant to, spendin' tin dollars in all. 'And do ye know, Bidly,' sez she, 'it puts me all in a shiver-like when I think how I've bin spendin' Mike's money, and he moulderin' in the grave, widdout me ever forgivin' him at all, at all?' 'Och, don't be silly, Mrs. Maloney!' sez I, tryin' to comfort her, though I couldn't help shiverin' meself when I bethought me of the dreadful groanin's I had heard; 'don't be botherin' yerself wid such notions; Mike's got other things to trouble him now, I warrant, besides the likes of ye!' And so we got to talkin' about one thing an' another, until at last we both fell aslape."

"And didn't anything more happen, after all?" asked Tom, quite disappointed.

"Wait till yez hear, and don't be spilin' me story," said Bidy, mysteriously, adding, as she looked nervously around her, causing all the children instinctively to do the same: "Well, as I was sayin', we both fell aslape, and I didn't wake up till the middle uv the night. The moonlight by that time was a-pourin' in the room, showin' all the furniture and everything distinctly, and there, in the corner, I saw the black thing a-standin' that must ha' bin pullin' me bed-covers, an' it a-lookin' at me with glarin' eyes; and the next minute if I didn't see a sight that made me almost lape out of the bed wid astonishment. There, on a chair close by Mrs. Maloney's side of the bed, was—yez may belave me now, for I saw it with my own eyes—a skeleton! A skeleton, stark an' stiff on the chair, a kind uv leanin' over forninst Mrs. Maloney; an' she sleepin', only fur the snorin', like a young baby."

"Oh, Bidy!" exclaimed all the children, in a breathless whisper, "what *did* you do?"

"Well, I hardly know how it happened, but I somehow fell aslape, and me lookin' at it. But after a while, the wind a-moanin', or the groanin' in the wall woke me up again, and—"

"Was it there yet?" gasped Tom.

"Indade *it was*—just the same as before," returned Bidy.

"Did it come to reproach her, Bidy?"

"Is it *spake*, ye mane? Shure, Master Tom, how could it spake widdout a tongue; and did ye ever hear uv a skeleton wid a tongue? But wait a bit till I tell yez. Well, there I was lyin' lookin' at it, for I couldn't take my eyes off uv it for amazement; anyway, when the room gettin' lighter with the comin' mornin', Mrs. Maloney giv a start, and riz straight up in the bed—"

"And hadn't it disappeared by that time?" asked Tom, trembling all over.

"Never a bit!" answered Bidy. "But Mrs. Maloney didn't seem to persave it at first; so she jumped out of bed, and asked me wouldn't I hurry and get dressed to go with her to early Mass? The words were no sooner out of her than she turned suddenly and *looked full at it*. The next minute her hand was upon the skeleton, a-raisin' it from the chair, and it a-tremblin' all over."

The children clung closer to Bidy, and Tom managed to gasp out: "Well, what happened then? Tell us, quick!"

"Happened!" exclaimed Bidy. "Why, nothing—only Mrs. Maloney gave it a shake or two and *put it on*; and a very fine skeleton it was! It had thirty springs to it, and made

Mrs. Maloney look mighty grand, I tell yez. But who'd a-ever thought of Kitty Maloney wearin' such toggery as that! But the fifty dollars had overcome her sinse intirely."

The children began to laugh, and Tom looked rather sheepish as he said: "Humph! I *knew* it would turn out to be something of that kind!"

"But the black goblin, Bidy, with the glaringeyes?" asked Johnny, not quite satisfied.

"The goblin!" cried Bidy, in mock amazement; "and did I say now it was a goblin? It was the black cat, ye silly crayture, that Mrs. Maloney kapes with her, in spite uv the torment that it is."

"And the creaking, Bidy, and the groans in the wall?"

"Och! sure I clane forget to tell yez what that was; that was a poor old soul in the next room a-rockin' in an old chair, an' a-groanin' wid the toothache."

"And Mrs. Maloney's scar," asked Kitty; "how did she get that?"

"Didn't I tell yez?" said Bidy, innocently.

"Well, that came from her tumblin' on the hot coals when she was a baby. But sakes alive! if it ain't strikin' nine! Go to bed wid yez, now; and you, Master Tom, don't be so aisy skeered with skeletons and such trash after this."

Tom was "missing" in an instant, and he confessed to me privately the next morning that he dreamed that night of a Christmas-tree full of skeletons, and Santa Claus dancing a jig around it, with a pipe in his mouth, and a funny hoop skirt hung about his body.

Bidy had her way for that once; but her "ghost stories" have been interdicted for the future.

CHEERFUL MUSIC.—The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his Church Music was always of an animating, cheerful, and gay description. Haydn's answer was: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

NEVER suffer your children to require service from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of the rule will be of incalculable advantage to them in every period of life.

NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

HEADRESSES, BONNETS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, SACK, WRAP, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Coiffure for a ball. The hair is dressed with plaits and rolls. A tuft of field-flowers is arranged as a coronet, and a spray of flowers is arranged with the back hair.

Fig. 2.—The hair is arranged in a knot on top of the head, and falls at the sides and back in heavy rolls, through which are twined branches of flowers.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.—The Alexandra ringlets, as worn by the Princess of Wales.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.—Dress for a little girl from two to

Fig. 3.

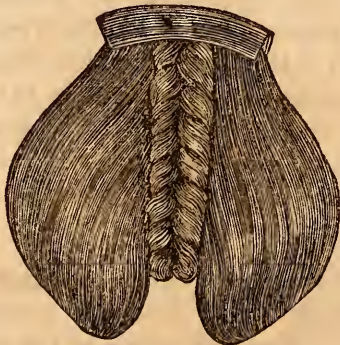


Fig. 3.—New style of waterfall, looped up in the centre by a braid.

Fig. 5.



four years old, of blue cashmere, braided with white silk braid. The corsage is made low and square, and intended to wear with a white muslin guimpe. The points round the waist are bound with white braid, and trimmed with white buttons.

Fig. 6.—Fall dress for a girl of ten years. The material is a Solferino poplin, bordered on the skirt with a black band, with a scalloped edge bound with velvet, and a white silk button on each scallop. The plastron on the corsage, the cuffs, and sash, are all of black, and

Fig. 6.



trimmed to suit the skirt. The corsage is half low, and worn over a white plaited muslin guimpe.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—Fancy apron for a little girl. It is of thin white muslin, trimmed with puffings, through which bright colored ribbons are run.

Fig. 8.

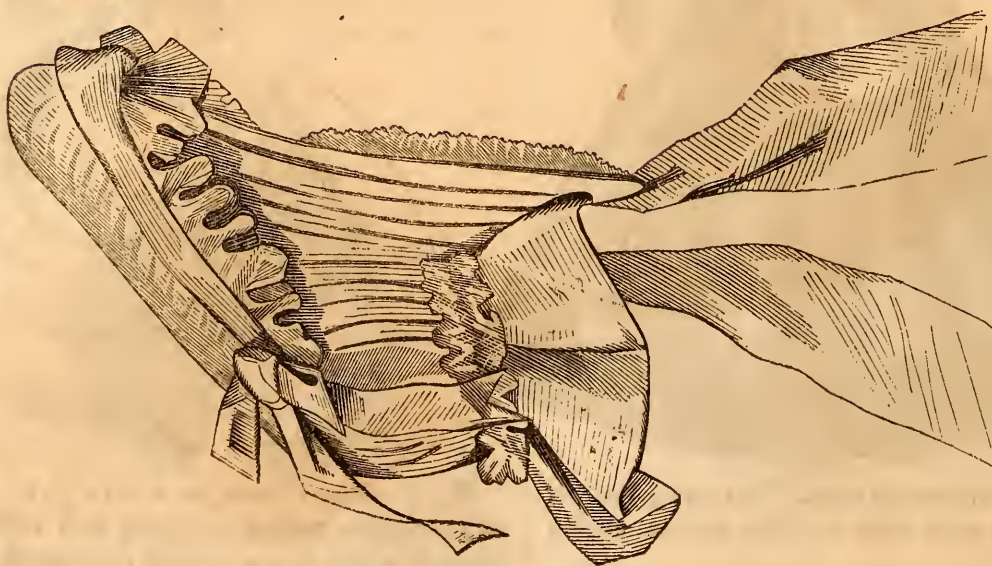


Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

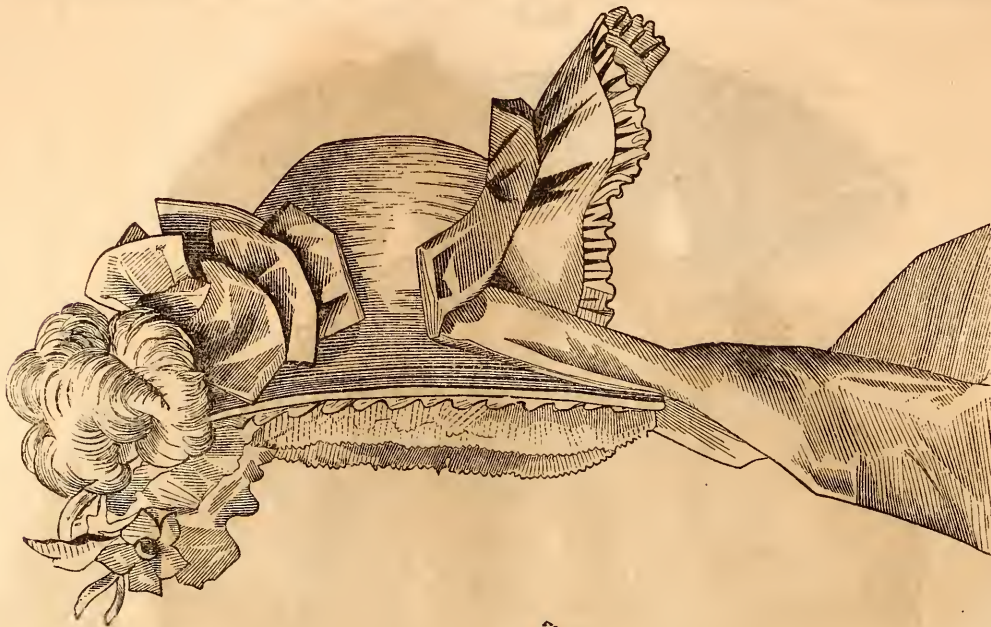


Fig. 8.—A bonnet of smoke gray uncut velvet, trimmed on the left side with a plaiting of bias scarlet velvet, which forms the inside trimming, and extends over on the outside of the bonnet to the crown, where it is finished with a bow and ends. A plaiting of scarlet velvet heads the cape, and the strings are of scarlet velvet.

Fig. 9.—Mauve velvet bonnet, trimmed with purple ribbon, as represented in our plate. The inside trimming is composed of loops of mauve and purple ribbon, and pink roses and buds.

Fig. 12.

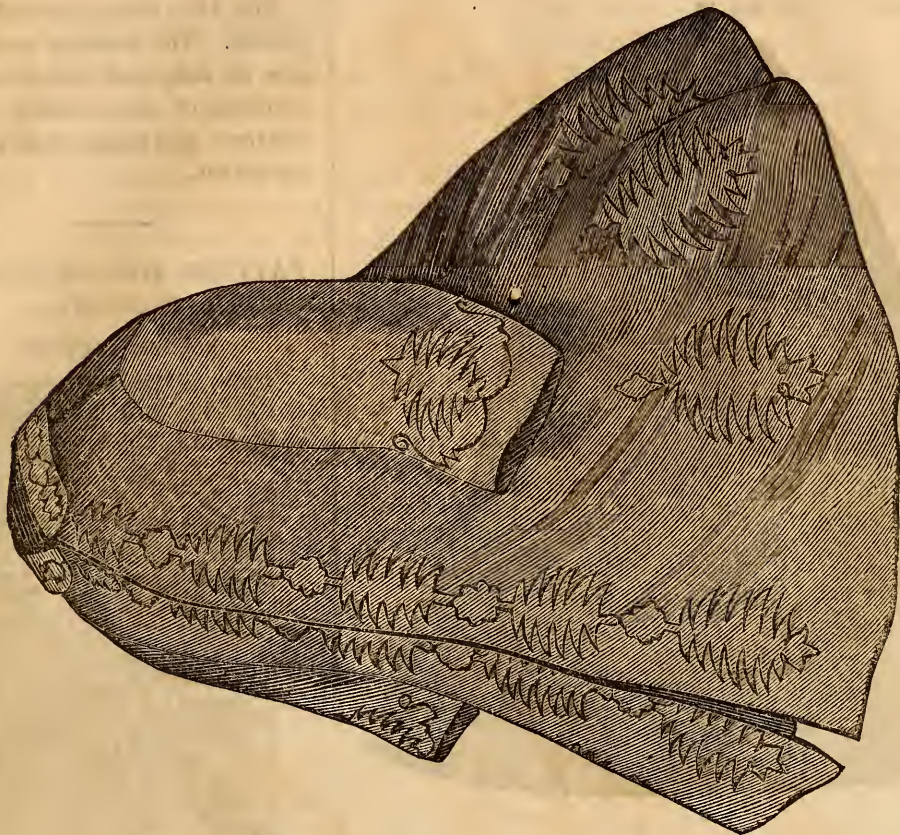


Fig. 10.—Bonnet of a dark shade of cuir-colored velvet, trimmed with a lighter shade of ribbon and feathers. The inside trimming is of azurline blue velvet and white flowers.

Fig. 11.



Fig. 11.—Paletot for a little girl. This is made of black or dark gray cloth, scalloped all round. A plaiting of pinked scarlet cloth is stitched on the inside of the coat, and forms the trimming both for the edge and front of the coat and the sleeves.

Fig. 12.—Fall wrap for a little girl. It is made of cuir-colored cloth, braided with black.

Fig. 13.—Fall sack for a little boy. This sack is made of gray cloth, braided with black velvet.

Fig. 13.



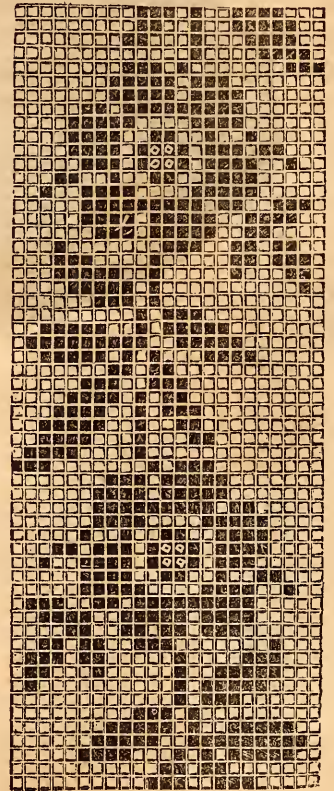
Fig. 14.



Fig. 14.—Home-dress of black alpaca. The corsage and skirt are in one, and the trimming consists of cuir-colored velvet buttons, and bands of cuir-colored velvet.

PATTERN FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

BORDER PATTERN.



WHEN worked, this pattern will be found to be at once tasteful and showy. It is suitable for any piece of crochet or netting for which bordering may be required. For crochet night-caps it is very appropriate.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



HUNTING GLOVES.

THEY are to be knit with steel needles, and, as the plate shows, the right-hand glove has no tips to the fingers.

Set up 76 stitches. Knit 2 stitches right, and two wrong all the way round; continue to do so until you have 60 rows. Half of this knitting is to be turned over to form the double cuff. After the 60 rows, knit 2 rows right and 2 rows wrong, 2 rows right, 2 rows wrong, 2 rows right; then begin the glove. It is like the fingers: knit 1 right, 1 wrong; but the stitches must be twisted as you take them up to knit. Work now 3 rows of 1 stitch right, and 1 wrong.



4th row.—Widen 1 stitch, knit 3 stitches, widen 1, knit the rest of the row without widening. Knit 2 rows, widen again at the same places; but this time you have 5 stitches to knit between the widenings.

Widen at the same places 8 times. Knit 2 rows between each of the first 4 widenings; then knit three rows between each of the rest. This widening forms the beginning of the thumb. Now knit the thumb itself. Take up the 25 stitches which are between the widening stitches. Divide on two needles, and cast 8 stitches on a third needle. Knit 3 rows, narrow 1, stitch on beginning and end of the 8 stitches you have set up. Knit 3 rows, narrow the same way. Knit 2 rows, narrow 1 stitch on

the end of the 8. Knit 17 rows, without narrowing, bind off.

Now work on again where you left the mitten, pick up the 8 stitches you set up on the thumb, and knit 4 rows, narrow 1 stitch on beginning and end of the 8 stitches; then knit 22 rows, without either widening or narrowing. Now divide the stitches for the four fingers, and begin to put all the stitches on two needles. Take another needle, knit off 10 stitches; take another needle, set up 12 stitches. Knit 10 stitches off from the second needle of the mitten, which you have not taken off yet. Knit these 32 stitches in a rounding. *1st row.*—Narrow on beginning and end of the 12 stitches. *2d.*—Narrow 1 stitch only on the end of the 12

stitches. *3d.*—Narrow on beginning and end of the 12 stitches. Knit 25 stitches. You have now 25 rows; then bind off. On the middle finger take the 12 stitches up first which you set up on the first finger. Knit 10 stitches off the first needle, the same as on the other fingers. Take another needle, set up 12 stitches; take another, knit off 10 stitches on the opposite side from it, and knit in a rounding (there are 44 stitches), narrow the first 4 rows on each side of the 12 stitches on beginning and end. Narrow 4 in each row; in 4 rows 16 stitches. This leaves you 28 stitches on the finger. Knit 30 rows without narrowing, and bind off the third finger.

Take up the 12 stitches you set up for middle

finger. Knit 10 off, set up 10, knit 10 off from the other needle. You have 42 stitches in this rounding; 4 first rows narrow on beginning and end of the 10th and 12th stitches. You will have 26 stitches left. Knit 23 rows, bind off.

For the little finger, pick up the 10 stitches you set up on third finger. Knit off the rest of the stitches you have on the other two needles, and narrow the first 3 rows on beginning and end of the ten stitches. Knit 19 rows, and bind off.

The left glove is knit in the same way, only the fingers must be longer, and have tips. On thumb of right hand you have 17 rows knit after the rounding.

On left hand knit 30 rows, then narrow off 6 times in 1 row. Knit 2 rows over, and end off the same as in a stocking. First finger, knit 36 rows, narrow off. Middle finger, knit 40 rows, narrow off. On third finger, knit 34 rows, narrow off. Little finger, knit 26 rows, narrow off. On the back of the hand work 3 rows of cross stitch in fancy colored zephyr.

RUSTIC ORNAMENTS.

HANGING VASE.

PROCURE an earthen flower-pot five or six inches deep, that is not glazed on the outside. Just below the brim (with a shoemaker's awl, or something similar) make two holes exactly

opposite each other, that it may hang level. Find the length of cord requisite for its suspension, and fasten the ends into the holes by passing them through from the outside, and making a firm knot at the ends. It should be a strong scarlet worsted cord.

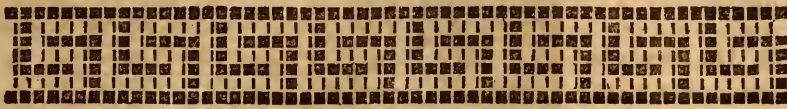
Spread upon the pot a thick layer of putty, and fasten the cones to it by pressing them into it. If there is a hole in the centre of the bottom, stop it up with the putty. Put a large pitch pine cone in the centre of the bottom and a row of acorns, or small cones around it. Put a row of large acorns around the top of the pot, with the points up; then a row of cups below them: another row in the same way at the bottom of the pot, but with the points downward. Now between these, half-way down the side, put round a row of large acorns, laying the point of each on the cup of the last acorn, and each side of these put a row of pine scales, laying the outside of them on the putty. These will form quite a wreath around the vase. Cover the remainder of the flower-pot with small acorns, cones, and scales. Give it two coats, or one very thick coat of furniture varnish.

When suspended in a window, with a myrtle or some other trailing plant growing in it, this vase makes quite a pleasing ornament, attracting the notice of passers-by as well as of those within doors.

EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET TRIMMING.



A NEW STYLE OF GIRDLE.



This girdle forms a pointed basque both back and front, with long ends flowing from the left side. It is composed of black lace, trimmed

with chenille, narrow velvet, and a quilling of black ribbon.

CORNER FOR A HANDKER-
CHIEF.

To be traced on the cambric, and worked with embroidery cotton, Nos. 50 and 60.

The outer wreath of this design must be worked in satin-stitch; the edges of the ribbon have the black lines entirely cut away, after the bars of overcast stitch and the English spots are worked. The small flowers are also in satin-stitch, as is one of the initials. The other is done in graduated eyelet-holes.

This design may be enlarged considerably, if desired.

We may notice, *en passant*, that collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, and every other article of lingerie, are now worked in Paris in scarlet, or other colored cotton; whether anything can ever be so pretty as white we may be permitted to doubt.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY.



THE WATCH PINCUSHION.

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 cardboard, 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 cardboard; 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

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 pincushion is thus formed, it only remains to finish it off with what appears to be the gold setting of the turquoise. For



small black bead in the centre. The figures ought to be very neatly put in.

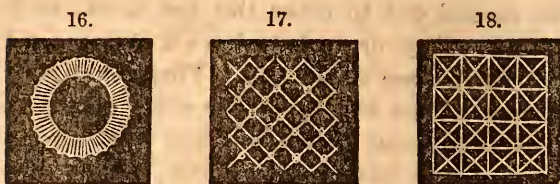
When the two rounds of cardboard have been thus covered, and the face of the watch drawn in, the turquoise beads are next to be arranged round the edges of both, as well as in the central ornament at the back. Then a gold thread is to be taken and carried neatly in and out, according to the pattern, 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 centre 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

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 the size of the ring of the watch given in our illustration, and having cut out the thread centre, wind the wire ring round and round with the gold thread as regularly as possible, fastening the ends, 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 join of the ribbon which forms the edge shall come in the same place.

POINT LACE.



16. Spanish Point. Fasten as many threads of soft cotton on your work as may be required for the design, to give the work a massive or raised effect; afterwards work from side to side with button-hole stitches, which must be worked close together and quite smooth. The edge may be finished as occasion requires, with No. 8 or 9.

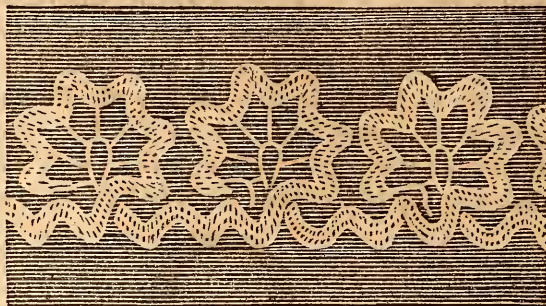
17. English Lace is made by filling a given space with threads crossing each other at right angles, at about the eighth of an inch distance; when all are done, commence making the spots by fastening your thread to the braid, and twisting your needle round the thread until you come to where the first threads cross each other, then pass your needle under and over the crossed threads until you have a spot sufficiently large; afterwards pass to the next one in the same way, until all are done. In filling a large space, they would look very well if the centre dot was large, and gradually getting smaller to the outer edge, or the reverse way.

18. Open English Lace is made in the same way as the last, with the exception that four

threads cross each other, and the spots are only placed where the four actually cross; this has a very beautiful effect if the horizontal and upright threads are considerably coarser than the other two.

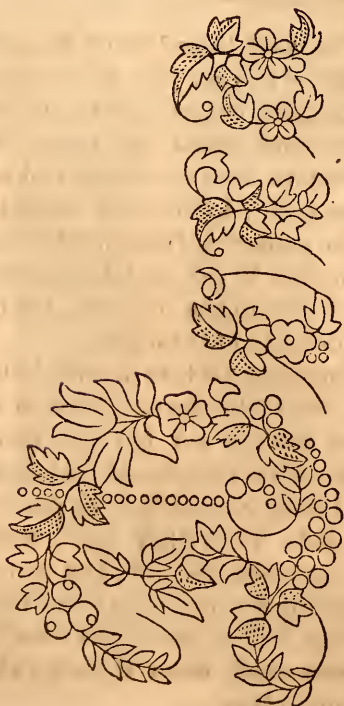
EDGING IN WAVY BRAID.

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 centre, 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. The same pattern looks very pretty formed of a loop of nine points of the braid with the rosette lace-stitch worked in the centre.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



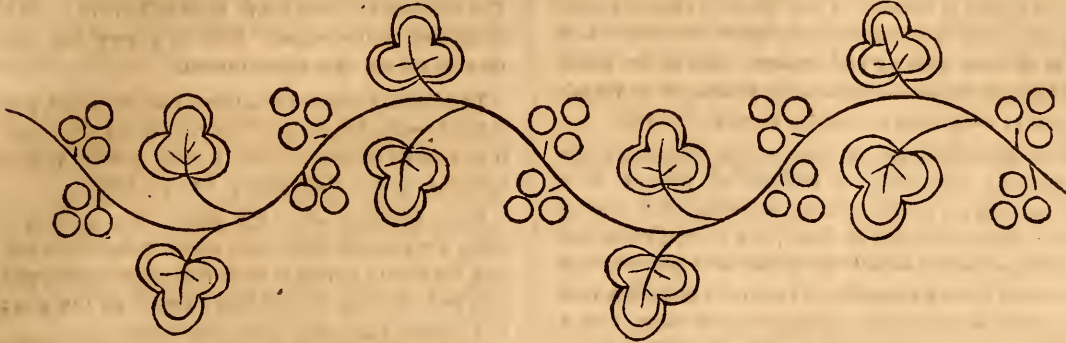
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR THE END OF A SILK OR MUSLIN TIE.



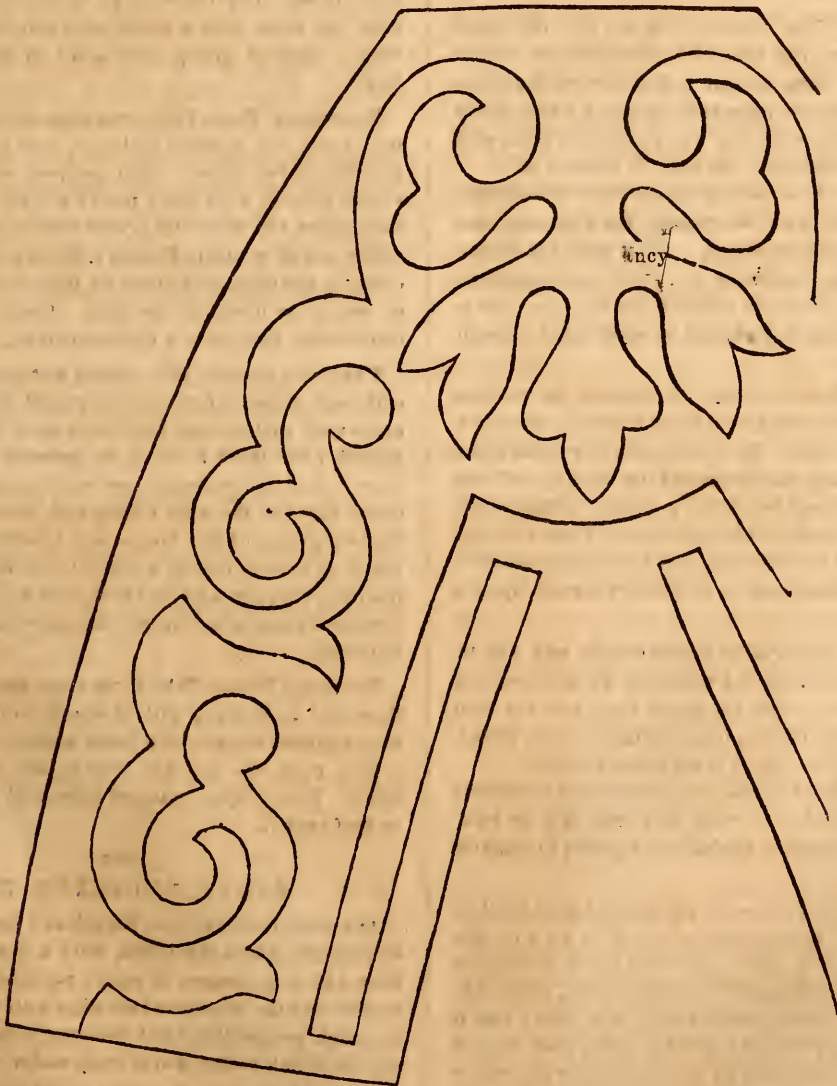
EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.



BRAIDED SLIPPER.



This little slipper is made with straps, which is a very convenient style for children. The

material is scarlet cloth, and the braid can be either of black or gold color.

Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

VEAL BROTH.—Stew a knuckle of veal of four or five pounds in three quarts of water, with two blades of mace, an onion, a head of celery, and a little parsley, pepper, and salt; let the whole simmer very gently until the liquor is reduced to two quarts; then take out the meat, when the mucilaginous parts are done, and serve it up with parsley and butter. Add to the broth either two ounces of rice separately boiled, or of vermicelli, put in only long enough to be stewed tender.

FRICASSEE OF COLD ROAST BEEF.—Cut *very thin slices* of underdone beef; chop a handful of parsley very small, put it with an onion into a stewpan, with a piece of butter and a spoonful of flour; let it fry; then add some strong broth; season with salt and pepper, and simmer very gently a quarter of an hour; then mix into it the yolks of two eggs, a glass of port wine, and a spoonful of vinegar; stir it quickly over the fire a minute or two; put in the beef, make it hot, but do not let it boil; rub the dish with shalot, and turn the fricassée into it.

WINTER SOUP.—Take carrots, turnips, and the heart of a head of celery, cut into dice, with a dozen button onions; half boil them in salt and water, with a little sngar in it; then throw them into the broth; and, when tender, serve up the soup: or use rice, dried peas, and lentils, and pulp them into the soup to thicken it.

With many of these soups, small suet dumplings, very lightly made, and not larger than an egg, are boiled either in broth or water and ^{added} ~~put~~ into the tureen just before serving, and are by most persons thought an improvement, but are more usually put in plain gravy-soup than any other, and should be made light enough to swim in it.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—May be dressed in various ways, but the most usual is to roast it nicely, and send it up with onion sauce. It is an unsightly joint; but the appearance may be improved by cutting off the knuckle, when it may be called a shield; it has more different sorts of meat in the various cuts than the leg. The bone may also be taken out, and the mutton stuffed; it is very good baked, and is frequently served upon a pudding.

TURNIPS should always be boiled whole, and put in much after either carrots or parsnips, as they require less boiling. When used in stews, they are cut into small pieces the size of dice, or made into shapes with a little instrument to be found at all cutlery shops.

They may be *mashed* in the same manner as parsnips; but some persons add the yolk of a raw egg or two. They are also frequently made into a *purée* to thicken mutton broth.

LEG OF MUTTON BOILED.—To prepare a leg of mutton for boiling, trim it as for roasting; soak it for a couple of hours in cold water; then put only water enough to cover it, and let it boil gently for three hours, or according to its weight. Some cooks boil it in a cloth; but if the water be afterwards wanted for soup, that should not be done; some salt and an onion put into the water are far better. When nearly ready, take it from the fire, and, keeping the pot well covered, let it remain in the water for ten or fifteen minutes.

BREAST OF VEAL.—Cover it with the caul, and, if you retain the sweet-bread, skewer it to the back, but take off the caul when the meat is nearly done; it will take two and a half to three hours' roasting; serve with melted butter and gravy.

SAUCE FOR ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON.—Grate horse-radish on a bread-grater into a basin; then add two tablespoonfuls of cream, with a little mustard and salt; mix them well together; then add four tablespoonfuls of the best vinegar, and mix the whole thoroughly. The vinegar and cream are both to be cold; add a little powdered white sugar. This is a very fine sauce; it may be served in a small tureen.

TO STEW ONIONS.—Peel, flour, and fry them gently of a fine brown, but do not blacken them; then put them into a small stewpan, with a little gravy, pepper, and salt; cover and stew gently for two hours.

BEEF COLLOPS.—Cut the inside of a sirloin, or any other convenient piece, into small circular shapes, flour and fry them; sprinkle with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and shalot; make a little gravy in the pan; send to table with gherkin or tomato sauce.

Or: Cut thin slices of beef from the rump, or any other tender part, and divide them into pieces three inches long; beat them with the blade of a knife, and flour them. Fry the collops in butter two minutes; then lay them into a small stewpan, and cover them with a pint of gravy; add a bit of butter rubbed in flour.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Take rump-steaks that have been well hung, cut in small scallops; beat them gently with a rolling-pin; season with pepper, salt, and a little shalot minced very fine; put in a layer of sliced potatoes, place the slices in layers with a good piece of fat and a sliced mutton kidney; fill the dish; put some crust on the edge, and about an inch below it, and a cup of water or broth in the dish. Cover with rather a thick crust, and set in a moderate oven.

VEAL AND OYSTER PIE.—Make a seasoning of pepper, salt, and a small quantity of grated lemon-peel. Cut some veal cutlets, and beat them until they are tender; spread over them a layer of pounded ham, and roll them round; then cover them with oysters, and put another layer of the veal filets, and oysters on the top. Make a gravy of the bones and trimmings, or with a lump of butter, onion, a little flour, and water; stew the oyster liquor, and put to it, and fill up the dish, reserving a portion to put into the pie when it comes from the oven.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Take three eggs, beat them up well, then add to them a gill of sweet milk. Place some butter (about the size of a large walnut) at the bottom of a pan, pour the mixture into it, and boil until quite thick. Pour it upon buttered toast, and grate some ham or beef over it.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

ALMOND CHEESECAKES.—Blanch and pound four ounces of almonds, and a few bitter, with a spoonful of water; then add four ounces of sugar pounded, a spoonful of cream, and the whites of two eggs well beaten; mix all as quick as possible; put into very small patty-pans, and bake in a rather warm oven under twenty minutes.

SPONGE PUDDING.—Butter a mould thickly, and fill it three parts full with small sponge-cakes, soaked through with wine; fill up the mould with a rich cold custard.

Butter a paper, and put over the mould; then tie a floured cloth over it quite close, and boil it an hour. Turn out the pudding carefully, and pour some cold custard over it.

Or. Bake it; and serve with wine-sauce instead of custard.

SOUFFLEE PUDDING.—Take two ounces of sugar, four ounces of flour, two ounces of fresh butter melted, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, the whites also, but beaten separately, a tablespoonful of orange juice. Beat the whole together, strain it into a pie-dish, which must be filled only half full, and bake for half an hour in a very quick, sharp oven.

SPANISH BUNNS.—Take one pound of fine flour, rub into it half a pound of butter; add half a pound of sugar, the same of currants, a little nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon; mix it with five eggs well beaten; make this up into small bunns, and bake them on tins twenty minutes; when half done, brush them over with a little hot milk.

LEMON CREAM.—Two ounces of loaf-sugar, in lumps; with these rub off the yellow portion of a large lemon, and dissolve the sugar in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; stir it till it is cool; then squeeze the juice of the lemon and strain it to the sugar; stir these well together. Beat the whites only of six large eggs till to a froth, then strain these beaten whites to the mixture of lemon-juice, sugar, and water; beat it well together, and simmer over a very slow fire for three minutes; then beat up a glass of sherry with it, simmer again till it is slightly firm, then put it into jelly-glasses.

ORANGE MARMALADE PUDDING.—A quarter of a pound of marmalade, chopped fine; two ounces of butter, melted or creamed; two ounces of white sugar, sifted; two eggs (the yolks and whites), well beaten and strained; one pint of milk. Beat all these ingredients together with the milk, then crumble three spongecakes into it; line a dish at the edge only with puff paste, and bake an hour.

KRINGLES.—Beat well the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with four ounces of butter just warmed, and with this knead one pound of flour and four ounces of sugar to a paste. Roll into thick biscuits; prick them, and bake on tin plates.

BROWN CHARLOTTE PUDDING.—Butter a pudding mould well, and line it with thin slices of bread and butter. These slices must be cut neatly, and the crust at the edges removed. Take some good baking apples, and cut them as for dumplings, fill the mould with them, putting in between the quarters some slices of candied lemon-peel, a little grated nutmeg, and some sugar. Cover it with bread on which there is plenty of butter, put a small plate on the top of the mould, and bake it for three hours.

A CHEAP SEED-CAKE.—Mix a quarter-peck of flour with half a pound of sugar, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a little ginger; melt three-quarters of a pound of butter with half a pint of milk; when just warm, put to it a quarter of a pint of yeast, and work up to a good dough. Let it stand before the fire a few minutes before it goes to the oven; add seeds or currants; bake an hour and a half.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, and two quarts of fresh milk, mix the arrowroot with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part of the milk has boiled, add it to the former; when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and

a little grated nutmeg; stir the ingredients well together, turn them into a buttered dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour.

A WELSH PUDDING.—Let half a pound of fine butter melt gently; beat with it the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs; mix in six ounces of loaf-sugar, and the rind of a lemon grated. Put a paste into a dish for turning out, and pour the above in, and nicely bake it.

THE TOILET.

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

BANDOLINE FOR THE HAIR.—Crush the pips of the ripe quince between two pieces of paper; then put them into a tumbler of cold water to stand all night, when the water will have become glutinous and fit for use; drop into it a small quantity of spirits of wine, and a few drops of essence of rose, jasmine, or any other perfume.

Or. Take half an ounce dried quince pips, pour on them one pint of boiling water, and strain when cold. Should it not be sufficiently glutinous, boil it again, and pour over the pips a second time. Scent with rose, bergamot, or any other scent.

OIL OF ROSES FOR THE HAIR.—Olive oil, one quart; ottof of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm. Mix. It may be colored by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

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 were 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOOD WRITING INK.—Gall-nuts, pulverized, twelve ounces; logwood, four ounces; sulphate of iron, four ounces; gum arabic, four ounces; vinegar, two quarts; water, three quarts. Mix well for a week, and then strain. Five drops of creasote added to a pint of ordinary ink will effectually prevent its becoming mouldy.

MAKING LARD.—Cut the fat up into pieces about two inches square; fill a vessel holding about three gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled lye, made from oak and hickory ashes, and strained before using; boil gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter than by any other process.

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 it 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.

CANDLES.—Take of alum five pounds, dissolve entirely in ten gallons of water, bring the solution to the boiling point, and add twenty pounds tallow, boiling the whole for an hour, skimming constantly. Upon cooling a little, strain through thick muslin or flannel; set aside for a day or two for the tallow to harden; take it from the vessel, lay aside for an hour or so for the water to drip from it, then heat in a clean vessel sufficiently to mould; when moulded, if you desire to bleach them lay upon a plank by the window, turning every two or three days. Candles made strictly by the above receipt will burn with a brilliancy equal to the best adamantine, and fully as long.

TREATMENT OF HICCUP.—This may often be removed by holding the breath, by swallowing a piece of bread, by a sudden fright, or a draught of weak liquid. When it arises from heat and acidity in the stomachs of children, a little rhubarb and chalk will remove it. Should it proceed from irritability of the nerves, take a few drops of sal volatile, with a teaspoonful of paregoric elixir. If it still continue, rub on soap liniment, mixed with tincture of opium, or a blister may be placed on the pit of the stomach, or sipping a glass of cold water with a little carbonate of soda dissolved in it.

CREAM PASTE.—Break two eggs in a stewpan, with a little salt, and as much flour as they will take. Mix in a pint of milk, and put it on the fire, stir it so as not to let it stick, till you no longer smell the flour; then put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut.

GOLD FISH.—These beautiful creatures, being originally from a warm climate, require to be kept in apartments of a genial temperature. The water in which they live should be changed daily, and should not be given in a cold state, but allowed to stand in a warm room for an hour before being put into the globe; this precaution may not be necessary in summer. The food given may consist of small crumbs of bread and small flies.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

PAPERING ROOMS.—Light-colored papers are best for bedrooms; they look clean and cheerful. Nothing that is dark and dingy should be chosen where light and cleanliness are so essential; and dark papers sometimes give the idea of dirt, when it is far from being the case. Closets, especially where dresses hang, should be papered; the lighter the color of the paper, the more easily are dust and cobwebs detected. In unpapered closets, chinks harbor spiders, and bits of mortar break away; but when papered, they are neat and clean.

MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.—One bar of common resin soap, one pound sal soda, one ounce borax. Dissolve the soda and borax in eight pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, ten pounds of good soap, worth from eight to ten cents a pound, and costing only one cent per pound.

CEMENT FOR THE MOUTHS OF CORKED BOTTLES.—Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of resin, a couple of ounces of beeswax. When it froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts, dip the mouths of the corked bottles into it. This is an excellent thing to exclude the air from such things as are injured by being exposed to it.

TO PRESERVE CELERY THROUGH THE WINTER.—Get up the celery on a fine dry day before it is injured by frost, cut off the leaves and roots, and lay it in a dry airy place for a few days; then remove it to a cool cellar, where it will be quite secure from frost, and pack it up with sand, putting layers of celery and of sand alternately.

ACCIDENTS TO THE EAR.—In case of very little insects getting into the ear, they will be immediately killed by a few drops of olive oil poured into the ear. If a child put a seed, a little pebble, or any small body of that nature into the ear, it may often be extracted by syringing the passage strongly with warm water for some time.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—To one peck of tomatoes add a handful of salt and enough water to cover them. Let them remain in this twenty-four hours. Put them in a kettle (porcelain lined is the best), fill up with vinegar, and set upon the stove until the vinegar begins to boil, and then set away to cool. When cold, set the kettle again upon the stove, and bring it to the boiling point. Then skim the tomatoes, and put them into a jar, fill up with some new, cold vinegar, and flavor with mustard seed, allspice, cloves, etc.

The same vinegar first used will do to scald more tomatoes in.

VELVET.—To restore the pile of velvet, stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterwards well clean it with a piece of black flannel, slightly moistened with Florence oil. Then lay a wet cloth over a hot iron, and place it under the velvet, allowing the steam to pass through it; at the same time brushing the pile of the velvet till restored as required. Should any fluff remain on the surface of the velvet, remove it by brushing with a handful of crape.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

A NICE apple-pudding, and one very convenient to serve, is made by making small round puffs of pastry, and baking them on a flat tin; then fill with stewed apples, nicely strained through a sieve, sweetened and flavored. For about a dozen of these, take the whites of two eggs, beat them to a froth, sweeten with four ounces of sugar; flavor it with white wine. Have a dish filled with boiling water on the top of the stove, and pour on this, froth, and let remain a minute or two until it hardens a little; then take it off the water carefully, and spread it over the apple puffs to answer as sauce.

TO WASH WHITE THREAD GLOVES AND STOCKINGS.—These articles are so delicate as to require great care in washing, and they must not on any account be rubbed. Make a lather of white soap and cold water, and put it into a saucepan. Soap the gloves or stockings well, put them in, and set the saucepan over the fire. When they have come to a hard boil, take them off, and when cool enough for your hand, squeeze them in the water. Having prepared a fresh cold lather, boil them again in that. Then take the pan off the fire, and squeeze them well again, after which they can be stretched, dried, and then ironed on the wrong side.

Editors' Table.

MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.

DEATH! What is it to the loving, trusting Christian woman but a glorious life of bliss begun in Heaven, never to be shadowed, never interrupted, never ended!

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

Thus came to our thought the beautiful poem of the late Mrs. Browning, when the intelligence reached us that a sister spirit had departed from our sphere; and we felt that Alice B. Haven's pure soul had joined the innumerable company of the redeemed.

We have known and loved "Cousin Alice" since she came a child-bride to Philadelphia, known her in private life, and intimately in her writings; she has been an invaluable contributor to the *Lady's Book*, and her loss will be mourned in thousands of homes in our land where her name was a household word of joy; therefore, it is fitting that we give her memory an honored place in our Table this month: in the next number her biography will appear.

Mrs. Haven was a pattern of such perfect excellence in all her duties that goodness seemed her natural element of life on earth; to follow her Saviour's precepts and "do His will" was so evidently her delight, that even her genius seemed piety at play with childhood, rejoicing always in the happiness it conferred, not in the fame it gained. Among the many American ladies who have made literature a profession, or, at least, a recreation, there is no one whose usefulness and excellence can be more thoroughly admitted. Whether she wrote for the young or for the mature, Mrs. Haven always proposed to herself some principle to illustrate, or some lesson to teach; and this lesson or this principle was set forth with such clearness and kindness that no reader could mistake the meaning or resist the impression she intended to convey. At the same time her bright fancy gave an irresistible charm to the wisdom of her lessons, making goodness appear, as it always should be portrayed, beautiful and attractive in its influences on human life and happiness.

Mrs. Haven had that rare qualification—or rather special gift—of seeing and appreciating the beauty of simplicity. Her style was always free from imitations, exaggerations, and tinsel epithets. It was easy to understand her meaning, and yet her penetration of motives was wonderfully acute, and her delineations of character true to nature. She also knew how "to point a moral," without poisoning the arrow of truth; and her playful wit was never spoiled by any caustic bitterness of sarcasm in the humor. It was evident that she aimed to correct errors of opinion or faults of conduct, and yet not wound, personally, those who might feel the reproof. In all her writings the tenderness and hopefulness of the loving woman seem to have governed her feelings, while her steadfast faith in Christ exalted her genius, and the study of God's Word so enlightened her under-

standing that her productions have been eminently successful in their good influence on the popular mind.

Does it not seem an inexplicable Providence that Mrs. Haven should have been called away from this field of her great usefulness at the early age of thirty-five—a period when many distinguished writers have only entered on their career? But she began her work so early in youth that her laborious years seem like a long life.

In the varied changes in her lot, married, widowed, remarried, and the mother of five children, with all the joys, sorrows, struggles, disappointments, and successes which marked the brief period of her sojourn on earth, three qualities of character were developed that are only found united in the purest heroic natures: a well-balanced mind that can discern the right way; a conscientious soul that resolutely seeks to perform its duties; and a self-sacrificing heart that can find its own happiness in making the happiness of others. These qualities, or virtues, and their results are the sum of all that Mrs. Haven has done and won. She was discreet, faithful, humble; she had won a good eminence in this life, and, as we hope and believe, she has "received a crown of glory," laid up for those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and do His will.

Here, then, the worth and beauty of the life and writings of this excellent and lovely woman are made clear. All our young aspirants for literary fame would do well to study the example of a literary lady so gifted, yet so childlike in her unpretending simplicity, and so angel like in her ministry to those who needed her services of love.

The power of Genius is undeniable. The glory it confers on its possessor is a mighty incentive to the highest human efforts for good or for evil in this world. How important, then, that the conditions of this wonderful gift should be rightly understood! Is the highest glory of Genius won by its greater mental power, or by its better moral influence on character and humanity?

"Bring me the Book," said Sir Walter Scott, as he lay on his sick-bed, adding, "there is but one Book!" He had ransacked the literature of the world. "Be good!" was his dying summary of the duties of life, and the worth of all human endeavor. Walter Scott began his literary career at the age of thirty-five; he made it the aim of his great genius to exalt hereditary power while seeking to ingraft his own name and lineage on the favored class. All his hopes and efforts have proved as vain and deceptive as are mirages of refreshing beauty to the traveller of the desert. That he felt the vanity of his aims when he called for the BIBLE as the *only Book*, and exhorted his son-in-law to "be good," as the true way of life, can scarcely be doubted.

May we not, therefore, claim that right moral influence on character and humanity is of more worth to this world, even, and deserving of greater praise, than the highest glory of mental power when not exerted for moral good? And among American writers of genius may we not give a deservedly high place to the name of ALICE B. HAVEN?

ANGLO-SAXON WEDDINGS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

In Thrubb's "Anglo-Saxon House" we find some curious information respecting the customs and manners of the people in those old times very significantly styled "the Dark Ages." Not till the ninth or tenth century did women have the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Girls were often betrothed in childhood, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a "security," or "*wed*," whence comes the word from which is derived *wedding*. Part of the *wed* always consisted of a ring, placed upon the maiden's right hand, and there sacredly kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. From this custom came, no doubt, the fashion of wearing the *engagement ring* on the right hand, which even now prevails. At the final ceremony, the bridegroom put the ring upon each of the bride's left-hand finger's in turn, saying, at the first: "In the name of the Father"—at the second—"in the name of the Son"—at the third—"in the name of the Holy Ghost"—and at the fourth "Amen."

Then, also, the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on her head given with the shoe. The husband, on his part, took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so, she might leave him; but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor "*to bestow on his wife and apprentices moderate castigation.*" We have nothing to show the exact amount of castigation held moderate by the Anglo-Saxons; but one old Welsh law decides that three blows with a broomstick on any "part of the person except the head" is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger.

Such was the rule of the Christian husband over his wife; the laws of men setting aside or ignoring the law of God as promulgated by the apostle: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it.—So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."—*Eph. v. 25 and 28.*

THE SIN OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

We have before us a letter, from a sensible and patriotic young lady, beseeching us to advocate "an elegant simplicity" of attire, instead of the prevailing expensive fashions of dress. Our course has always been in favor of the former, as the young lady would find if she had read the "Lady's Book;" the patterns and descriptions given, and the modes of industry and economy suggested are intended as aids to household economy, enjoyment, and improvement. Still we know that the love of dress and display is too much indulged; that "it makes our women vain, artificial, and ambitious" (as the writer of the letter asserts), "and has made many honest fathers and brothers turn rogues and heartless speculators," we have no doubt. Therefore we give the paper selected by the young lady as

EXAMPLES WORTH IMITATING.

"English character and habits have an inherent dignity and solidity, which might be copied to an advantage in this country. They seem to have an aversion to anything like display on ordinary occasions, and find in simplicity a peculiar charm. American ladies are sadly deficient in good taste in dress. Many of them are never satisfied unless burdened with costly silks and jewelry for an outdoor costume, and foreigners are uniformly amazed at the promenade dress of our great cities. A recent visitor in England alludes to the habits in respect to dress and furniture which obtain to the first families there, and we know many husbands and parents who would rejoice if such habits provoked imitation.

"In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income, which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in the house of most of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since several months in the vicinity of some of the lauded aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manner practised. Servants were much more numerous than with us: but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought of a dozen here. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine jewelry was reserved for great occasions.

"The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the family for several generations had possessed—substantial, and in excellent preservation, but plain, without any pretence to elegance. Even the carpets in many suits of parlors, had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another century. With us how different is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rigidly applied, would renovate the condition of the world, and humanize, civilize, and educate all mankind."

ENGLISH NOVEL-WRITERS.—This is the way British critics are commenting on their living novelists:—

"The same art which once glorified Fanny Burney into a celebrity all but historical, is now contemptuously treated by witty critics as a branch of female industry not much more important than Berlin wool; and it would almost be safe to say that, for every untiring pair of hands able to produce a Rachel at the Well, with pink lips and black eyes, worked in floss silk, you could find another equal to the achievement of a story in three volumes. This is what fiction has come to. Yet though we laugh at it, sneer at it, patronize it, we continue to read, or somebody continues to read, else even the omniscient Mudie would fail to crop the perpetual efflorescence. Out of the mild feminine undergrowth, variety demands the frequent production of a sensational monster to stimulate the languid life; and half a dozen inoffensive stories go down in the same gulp with which we swallow the more startling effort. But even in its novels the English character vindicates itself. What is piquant on the other side of the channel is out of the question within 'the four seas.' We turn, with a national instinct, rather to the brutalities than to the subtleties of crime. The horrors of our novels are crimes against life and property. The policeman is the fate who stalks relentless, or flies with lightning steps after our favorite villain. The villain himself is a banker who defrauds his customers; he is a lawyer, and cheats his clients—if he is not a ruffian who kills his man. Or even, when a bolder hand than usual essays to lift the veil from the dark world of female crime, we give the sin itself a certain haze of decorum, and make that only bigamy which might bear a plainer title. Ours are not the dainty wickednesses which are nameless before tribunals of common law. Even in his fiction the Englishman loves to deal with something which he can satisfy himself is an indictable offence. This peculiarity reappears in many a phase in the novels of the day."

GERMAN DRAMATISTS.—A German writer of celebrity (the author of "Debit and Credit") has written a treatise bewailing the want of a national drama, and showing the causes of this failure, which he seeks to remedy. He says:—

"There are not less than a hundred plays, probably, of a serious cast, produced every year in Germany, of which at least ninety perish in manuscript, without having ever been tried on the stage or printed at all. Of the remaining ten which do achieve a representation, there are not perhaps three that are capable of affording the spectator any real enjoyment. And yet among the numerous works that perish without having seen the light, if some are undoubtedly the feeble efforts of incompetent authors, many of them are the productions of able and highly-gifted men. This is a grave question. Has

the absence of talent become endemic in Germany, and is dramatic life really dead among us, sixty years after Schiller? A more careful examination of this kind of works detects here and there traces of considerable power, but power untrained, unregulated, mingled with a strange awkwardness of plot and action which is fatal to the drama."

Thus we find that play writing has sadly degenerated in Germany, while novel writing is sinking in Great Britain. It seems that "universal education" does not awaken original genius; the more people there are to read the poorer is the mental aliment offered for their growth and improvement in knowledge.

FAITH, NOT SIGHT.

I PRESS my winding pathway home
By faith, and not by sight,
Through long and tangled mazes roam,
From darkness up to light!
But in a maze, in darkness still,
The headlands of my hope
Lift high for me no sun-capped hill,
Nor shining southern slope;
To beckon on my weary feet,
And charm my waiting eyes,
Earth shows no certain way-mark meet
To guide me to the skies!
But while I try the shadow-lands
By ancient pilgrims trod,
Faith comes to place my trembling hands
Within the hands of God!
And like a timid, trusting child,
Led at his father's side,
I brave the night so dark and wild,
The world so cold and wide!
And feel I shall not go astray,
But singing holy psalms,
Shall safely mount the shining way
Into my Father's arms!

LILLIAN.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—We have examined the last Report with much pleasure. One photograph of the Institution is all we have room for, but this is a deserved tribute to the Founder, which we must give.

"It is now *fifty* years since this institution first opened its doors to those young ladies who were desirous of receiving a generous culture, ere they entered on the duties of maturer life. In its inception it was under the charge of Mrs. Emma Willard, whose name is identified with it; and for one half the period of its existence it has been indebted to her watchful care and faithful efforts. For the remaining portion of its history, though not under her charge, it has still been an object of earnest and loving regard. It must have been with a pleasure, deep indeed, that she has watched its progress under her successors, who have conducted it since she resigned it into their hands. We trust she may long be spared to witness its continued success."

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—We have received a copy of the "Charter" of this new College, and find the names of many estimable ladies of New York City and State in the "Act of Incorporation." That it may be greatly successful is our earnest desire, nor will we doubt that those who have so generously begun the work will sustain it.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we can find room: "Maud" (the other poem not needed)—"Bird Songs"—(The article entitled "Short Stories" is declined)—"Grieving"—"Our Mother"—and "Sonnet."

The following articles are not needed: "Autumn"—"Lost Hopes"—"The Bride's Ruse"—"Song"—"Carolyn Lee" (too long)—"Weary"—"The Dead"—"All is not Gold that glitters" (we should like to oblige the trio of our young friends, if the article was really worthy of their names; when they have finished their *best* story they will thank us for declining this)—"The Magic of a Name"—"Shells of the Ocean"—"The Dying Girl to her Mother (the writer can do better)—"Alice Lande" (too long; the author can have it returned by sending *five red stamps*: six cents due on the package)—"Looking Back"—"Thanksgiving Day"—"Retrospection"—"My first Interview with an Authoress"—"Over the River"—"First and Second"—"Two"—"At Rest"—"July Fourth"—"Angel Whispers"—and "Our Lily."

"Morning, Noon, and Night," by Zadie. No letter with MS., and therefore do not know the author's intentions.

Other articles are on hand and will be noticed next month.

Correspondents wishing replies to their communications must be careful to inclose *stamped envelopes*; also send *stamps*, if a return of rejected manuscripts is required.

Health Department.

We take the following useful information, respecting a new and terrible disease, from that excellent work—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

DIPHTHERIAL DISEASE.

"Diphtheria is now a familiar household word; within a very few years, indeed, it had never been heard of by one in a million of the masses. Its fearfully sudden and fatal character, especially among children, makes it of the highest importance that those, at least, who have families should know something of its nature, its causes, its symptoms, and its cure. By examining a great many who have died of it, some general facts have been ascertained, which are of considerable practical interest. Neither chemistry nor the microscope has yet been able to determine that any particular structure of the body is uniformly invaded; nor have any characteristic lesions or destruction of parts been found. One thing, however, is certain: the whole mass of blood is corrupted, is diseased, is destitute of those elements which are necessary to health; it is of a dark, grumous, ugly appearance, filling up every vein and artery, stagnating everywhere, clogging up the whole machinery of life, oppressing the brain, and arresting the flow of nervous energy in every part of the system. No wonder, then, that it crushes out the life, in a very few hours, of feeble childhood, and of older persons who have but little constitutional force.

"The three most universally present symptoms of diphtheria in the child are: 1st, general prostration of the whole system; 2d, an instinctive carrying of the hand to the throat; 3d, an offensive breath.

"Children are almost exclusively attacked with diphtheria because it is a disease of debility—a disease which depresses every power of life—hence the weaker the subject is, the more liable to an attack. An adult has only to maintain himself, the child has to do that and to grow also; hence it has a double call for a constant supply of strength; and a very little deficit in that quality of the air which gives vitality to the blood, is

sufficient to make it a fit subject for a diphtheritic attack. The few grown persons who have diphtheria have invariably some scrofulous or other weakening element. Neither a man nor a child in really vigorous health is ever attacked with it; they only suffer who are at the time deficient in stamina—have not the proper resisting power against the inroads of disease.

“There is no evidence whatever that diphtheria is ‘catching.’ The matter and breath of it have been introduced in the eyes, lips, mouth, arm, etc., of physicians who have generously hazarded these experiments upon themselves, without the slightest ill effects whatever. When several members of a family are attacked, it is not because it is derived one from another, but because of similarity of constitution, habits of life, eating, drinking, air, and other surroundings. It has not as yet been established that a stranger, going into a family where there is diphtheria, takes the disease.

“The treatment is a well-ventilated room, sustaining nourishment, and strengthening remedies.

“Diphtheria is not inoculable; prevails in every climate, in all seasons, and is equally at home in the princely mansions which line the spacious and well-cleaned street, and in the houses of stenchy courts and contracted alleys. It has no fixed course, may recur any number of times, but only fastens on the scrofulous or those whose constitutions are impaired, or have poor blood; the immediate cause of attack being the breathing of a faulty or defective atmosphere.”

Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SHOULDER-STRAPS. *A Novel of New York and the Army.* By Henry Morford. The author of this novel has already attained considerable reputation as a pleasing and attractive writer of sketches. His present sustained effort will not, probably, detract from that reputation, though it can scarcely be said to have added much to it. The story is finely written in parts; but, as a whole, lacks in intensity of interest, notwithstanding it exhibits in its plot a strong tendency towards the sensational school. It is in this effort at sensationalism that Mr. Morford, in our opinion, has failed. His observations are shrewd and sprightly, if not always sagacious; his satire is keen and caustic; his sentiments frequently noble and well expressed; while his delineations of character are marked by skilful touches which give evidence of their having been drawn from nature.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of “Verner's Pride,” “East Lynne,” etc. The fertile brain and ready pen of Mrs. Wood have added another romance to the number which already bear her name. This book is in no wise inferior to those which have preceded it, to which it, in truth, bears a strong family likeness. Though possessing no extraordinary merit, it is yet worthy of the attention of all who delight in light literature; and when once begun, its interest will carry the reader to the end.

From SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE YOUNG PARSON. The writer of this book has

perhaps done well to remain anonymous. It is evidently a first effort, and there is a certain flippancy in its style which will not redound to the literary reputation of its author. The book pretends to no plot, and is simply a series of sketches of the first four years of a pastor's life in a country parish. Though there are many flaws in its excellence, it will not be found an entirely unprofitable book by such as choose to read it.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE LIGHT AND DARK OF THE REBELLION.

One of the many books to which the present war is giving rise, and which never lack for readers. It is a collection of miscellaneous sketches, essays, etc., all relating in a greater or less degree to our national struggle. The author has evidently had an unusual opportunity for observation.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

O TEMPORA! What amount of truth this pamphlet may contain one brief examination does not enable us to judge; we can answer for there being very little poetry in it.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 64 and 65. Only 20 cents a part for this most valuable work. The only Encyclopædia published with illustrations.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ROMOLA. *A Novel.* By George Eliot, author of “Adam Bede,” etc. This lady author with a masculine *nom de plume*, has just completed her crowning effort. From depicting quiet scenes in English modern life, she has turned her attention to the past and produced a historical romance, in which figure some of the noted personages of the fifteenth century. Florence is the scene of action, and prominent among the actors is Savonarola, the monk and church reformer. Tito Melema, the hero, is an imaginary person, in whom, and in whose fate, is worked out the principle of that apparently harmless selfishness which attempts a life of ease, and avoids as far as possible all giving or receiving pain. Romola, the heroine, we scarcely expect to find greatly admired among common readers. There is a grandeur in her character which can only be appreciated by those who themselves approximate it, and which will, we fear, repel others.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By George F. Noyes, Capt. U. S. Volunteers. This is a clear and concise narrative of its author's personal experience as a staff-officer in the Army of the Potomac, during the periods of its various operations, commencing with McDowell's occupation of Fredericksburg, in May, 1862, and closing with the celebrated “mud campaign” in December of the same year. As the writer confines its narrative to the relation of such incidents and events as fell under his own immediate observation, the reader need not look for grand battle pictures embracing complete views of those great contests which have rendered this portion of the story of the Army of the Potomac so memorable. Capt. Noyes, to use his own words, has sought “only to portray interior views of tent-life, common homely experiences, and the everyday personal incidents of camp and battle-field.” In this he has exhibited a skilfulness that renders his volume one of the most interesting war books we have yet read.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

VICTOR HUGO. By a Witness of his Life (Madame Hugo). Translated from the original French by Charles Edwin Wilbour, translator of "Les Miserables." The readers of "Les Miserables" will find this book a key to that remarkable work. Here are Marius and Cosetti identified with the youthful Victor and Adele, now M. and Madame Hugo. We are furnished with a faithful narration of incidents and events which we recognize as yielding material for Hugo's great romance; and other characters besides the two we have mentioned find their counterparts in real life. It is a book whose title will attract, and whose contents please.

HUSBAND AND WIFE; or, *The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies*. By the author of "The Parents' Guide," etc. The subjects, arguments, and aims of this volume are such as cannot be justly considered in a brief notice. Their examination opens an extended field of thought and reflection, involving matters of the highest and deepest importance to the human race, morally, physically, and socially. We can, therefore, at this time, and in this place, only commend it to the careful and conscientious perusal of the fathers and mothers of our country, for whose enlightenment, warning, and instruction it is especially designed.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York:—

THE POOR GIRL; or, *The Marchioness and her Secret*. By Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "The Scarlet Flower," etc. We have not read this novel, yet we are sufficiently acquainted with the author and his style to justify us in saying that those who admire romances of the highest sensational order, but of third rate literary merit, will find something here exactly to their taste.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE AMBER GODS, *and other Sketches*. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. The stories embraced in this collection, and which originally appeared in a contemporary periodical, have already attained considerable popularity with a large class of cultivated minds. That they will ever become as "household words" with the great mass of readers is scarcely to be expected. With two exceptions, they are emphatically "art stories," deeply suggestive, rich in imagery, and gorgeous in coloring, but seldom attracting the healthier sympathies of our common humanity. The two exceptions to which we allude show very plainly that Miss Prescott can, when she will, give quiet-toned pictures of life and its incidents, which, though they may not enchain the fancies of erratic poets and painters, will nevertheless attain a wider and more permanent popularity with the great majority of those readers who, fortunately, or unfortunately, are not geniuses.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Romance in two parts. By Henry Taylor. The thanks of those who love true poetry are eminently due to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for this fine edition, in blue and gold, of Taylor's exquisite masterpiece. It is from the sixth London edition, published in 1852, and contains its author's latest corrections.

From J. C. PLUMER, M. D., Boston, Mass.:—

WHY THE SHOE PINCHES: *A Contribution to Applied Anatomy*. By Hermann Meyer, M. D., Professor
VOL. LXVII.—39

of Anatomy in the University of Zurich. Translated from the German by John Sterling Craig, L. R. C. P. E., L. R. C. S. E.

THE MECHANICS, MECHANICAL ANATOMY, AND MECHANICAL DISTORTIONS OF THE BONY STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN FOOT. By J. C. Plumer, M. D. We recommend this and the preceding book to the special attention of shoemakers, as the vast majority of people will probably, to all time, wear shoes of such shape as the makers provide.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR NOVEMBER.—We may term this quite a sensation number, for we give what the ladies very much desire. Fancy balls have been all the rage again this winter, and patterns of fancy dresses will be much in demand. To meet this, we give in this number nine colored dresses and five uncolored ones; but with descriptions so elaborate that any one can make a dress from the illustrations, *fourteen* fancy dresses in all. In a French magazine you may find one or two; but Godey has selected from all the French magazines, and our subscribers have the result. Besides the fancy dresses we give our usual variety of articles for winter wear.

"Friendship Endangered" is a steel plate of great beauty of design, and admirably engraved.

Our humorous engraving—"A Quiet Place wanted for a young Gentleman." Does he not seem to have got into the very antipodes of quiet?

We have devoted a great portion of our illustrated pages in this number to articles for fall and winter wear, both for ladies and children. The greatest variety of dresses we have ever given in a single number.

OLD TERMS.—It will be seen by our advertisement that we have gone back again to our old terms. We were forced to make a slight advance during a portion of this year, on account of the great rise in paper, and of every article connected with our business; and although but little change has been made in the cost of the same articles still we return to our old terms, which have always been so well understood by the public.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$3 50. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Musical Monthly, one year, \$5. For Canada terms, see cover.

OUR CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALBUMS.—We are distributing these elegant pictures all over the country, from Maine to California and Oregon, and everywhere they are giving satisfaction. Why? Because they are of the finest quality: equal to anything produced. All orders are promptly mailed, and the cards selected with particular care. Liberal terms to those who buy in quantities to sell again.

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless under peculiar circumstances.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPTS.—Please take notice! Our announcement that manuscripts sent for publication at newspaper postage it seems was somewhat premature. The Post-Office department, with that *charitable* disposition that sometimes governs them, especially if the decision is in their own favor (and by the way we never knew a disputed point decided in favor of the public), have decided that it applies only to manuscript sent for *books*, not periodicals. Is not that a nice distinction? So let it be understood that all manuscript sent for publication must have letter postage paid on it, and stamps for the same amount sent for its return. This is the decision of the first assistant Postmaster-General, in answer to a postmaster's inquiry on the subject:—

SIR—In answer to your letter of the 21st inst., I have to state that, in the opinion of the department, Section 24 of the new law refers only to "Book manuscripts and corrected proofs passing between authors and publishers," and was not intended to cover manuscripts from contributors to monthly magazines, newspapers, etc.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This very excellent and best of the \$2 magazines is the only magazine that can be introduced in a club in place of a copy of the Lady's Book.

TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.—Let us still try to impress this upon our subscribers. Take your own paper before subscribing to any other; it is a duty you owe, and one you ought not to neglect. If you want the Lady's Book also, take that in a club with your own paper. You will save one dollar by the operation.

ANONYMOUS INQUIRERS.—It is useless to write, we do not answer.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

The Musical Monthly.—The tenth and eleventh numbers, for October and November, are now ready; and the twelfth number, completing the volume, will be published next month. The tenth number contains one of Theo. Oesten's new and charming melodies; a beautiful new song; and a new and sparkling polka. The popular song of Beautiful Valley, of which we hold the copyright, is given in the eleventh number, as also another of Brinley Richards' favorite compositions, worthy the author of Warblings at Eve, and Floating on the Wind. In the twelfth number we shall publish, among other music, the popular ballad of Poor Ben the Piper, as sung by Ossian E. Dodge, and other vocalists at their concerts. The high standard of the Monthly, it will be seen, is faithfully kept up, and on no account will there be any diminution of effort or expense to maintain the character it has already won. We shall begin the new volume with a grand double holiday number, of which we shall have more to say next month. The price of the three numbers issued as above is 50 cents each, or the three for \$1 00. Terms of the Monthly, \$3 00 per annum in advance, and all subscriptions must be addressed to the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

New Sheet Music.—O. Ditson & Co., Boston, have just published a beautiful cavatina, with recitatives and choruses, Madre Pietosa Vergine (Mother, Merciful Mother), from Verdi's new opera, La Forza del Destino, price 40 cents. Also Letty Lorne, new song and chorus by Geo. Perren, 25. Keep this Bible near Your Heart, by the author of Annie Lisle, 25. We'll Fight for Uncle Abe, plantation song and chorus, by F. Buckley, 25. Wanted, A Substitute, a bagatelle that will no doubt hit the popular taste, 25. Within the Convent Garden (Die Nonne Von Uhland) a song, the music by the great composer, Thalberg, 25. Also, The Lark, beautiful transcription of Heiser's melody, by Brunner, 25; and Merry Wives of Windsor Galop, by Alberti, 25.

Sawyer & Thompson, Brooklyn, New York, a list of whose popular publications we gave in the August number, has just issued another song, Mother Would Comfort Me, the words and music by Charles Carroll Sawyer, author of When this Cruel War is Over, etc., 25 cents. This also will, no doubt, become popular.

Brinley Richards' compositions are always favorites among piano-players. We have new editions of Floating on the Wind, Warblings at Dawn, and Warblings at Eve, by this popular composer. Each 35 cents, in colored covers, or the three for \$1 00. Also, Variations of When this Cruel War is Over, by Grobe, 50. Magdalena, brilliant new fantasia, by the author of the Maiden's Prayer, colored covers, 40. Les Cloches du Monastere, favorite nocturne, 35. Maryland, my Maryland, transcription, 25. La Prieure Exaucee, answer to the Maiden's Prayer, 30. Marche Militaire, by Glover, 30. Musings at Twilight, nocturne, by Spindler, 30. Moss Basket Waltz, 25. Down by the Tide, song without words, 15. Masked Ball Mazourka, 25. The celebrated Shadow Air, from Dinorah, 30. An Alpine Farewell, one of the most beautiful little nocturnes ever published, 25. Volunteer's Quickstep, 25. Starry Night Galop, 10. Ingle-side Mazourka, 10. Camp Polka, 10. Silver Lake Waltz, 10. Lily Leaf Polka Schottische, 10. Gilt Edge Polka, 10.

Any music named in this column, or in previous numbers, will be sent on receipt of price. Address, as above,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

We give the following extract from the letter of a lady in Illinois:—

"I can never repay you for the weary hours beguiled while perusing your dear Book. It comes like an old friend, and a *true* one—the same in adversity, in sickness, and sorrow that it does in sunshine and prosperity. Bless you for making it 'the true friend to the ladies.'"

"When living in a city, I considered it a *perfect gem*; but living in a country, far from any amusements or advantages, you know not how highly I prize it. Some imagine that the Lady's Book is made for the wealthy alone; but I cannot agree to that at all; for I am not rich, yet I own that I love to be neatly and becomingly dressed. God made this world full of bright sunshine and flowers. He made all things beautiful, and I think it our duty to look as pretty as we can. I think, with the help of Godey, any one with a fair amount of taste can dress nicely without any great expense. I make my dresses, trim my hats, make headdresses, and many fancy articles from Godey. I do not see how any lady in moderate circumstances, who does *her own work*, can do without it. I have read it a good portion of my life, and hope to take it myself the rest of my days. I have never borrowed a number yet, and do not wish to lend. Yet many more eloquent than my poor words have sung your praise—still none can be more earnest or sincere."

A YANKEE poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:—

I sing her praise in poetry;
For her at morn and eve
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And *wipe them with my sleeve.*

S. P. BORDEN'S EXCELSIOR EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING STAMPS.—We have often called the attention of our readers to these beautiful stamps. They have become so popular and so well known through the country that it is hardly necessary for us to make comments on their merits. There should be a set in every town. Dress-makers and dealers generally will find stamping for braiding and embroidery a very profitable part of their business, and in fact every dressmaker and milliner should have a set. Send and get a few dozen. Price \$5 per dozen. Mr. B. furnishes (free of charge) all necessary articles of instructions, including inking cushion and pattern book.

All orders addressed to S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio, or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; Sylvia Harrington, Potsdam, N. Y.; J. M. Newitt, Chicopee, Mass.; Grace Law, Dixon, Ill.; S. A. Childs, Titusville, Pa.; S. Adams, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. C. Shattuck, Aurora, Ind.; Mrs. Julia Bosnell, Alleghany city, Pa.; Mr. G. W. Pickering, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. N. H. Wellington, Kingston, Wisconsin; Mrs. W. Kohake, New Orleans, La. Mrs. E. C. Borden is travelling agent.

INQUIRIES have been made of us who are the authors of the following articles: "John Broad," "Aunt Esther's Warming-pan," also the Charade in our September number. In most instances we do not know the authors, and if known we do not give the names without the author's consent.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

We ask attention to our advertisement for 1864, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-three years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

We do not publish medical recipes, but the following we clip from an exchange. We are willing to publish anything that may be considered a remedy for that most horrid disease—hydrophobia. But do not let any published remedy prevent you from sending for a physician.

HYDROPHOBIA PREVENTED.—The *Progres*, of Lyons, mentions a new remedy for the bite of a mad dog, discovered by a German veterinary surgeon of Magdeburg, named Hildebrand, by which the painful application of a red hot iron is avoided. This remedy consists in bathing the place bitten with hot water. M. Hildebrand has ascertained by experience that hot water has the effect of decomposing the virus, and, if applied in time, renders cauterization unnecessary. In that case, all that is to be done, after well bathing the part, as stated, is to apply a solution of caustic potash to the wound with a brush, and afterwards anoint it with antimony ointment.

S. OTT, 726 Broadway, New York, has opened what he terms "New York City Purchasing and Information Agency." We can recommend Mr. Ott to our friends for making purchases and giving information. He is the agent for the celebrated Boardman & Gray's pianos, Abbott's Piano Stools, Fasoldt's Patent Chronometer Watches, Bootman's Piano Tuning Scales, and of a hundred other articles too numerous for us to mention. Send for one of his circulars.

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN.—It is reported that the Princess Alexandra when asked by the Prince of Wales for her hand in marriage, proposed to grant it for twenty-five shillings, which, said she, archly, is equal, you know, to one sovereign and one crown in England.

NOT A BRIBE.—We thank the *Newport News* for the following:—

"When it is considered that in no instance *has a bribe* in the shape of a premium been offered, it shows that the Lady's Book stands first in the heart of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the work itself, and not for the premium. The illustrations this month are magnificent, especially the double fashion-plates, which are continued regardless of expense. No wonder Godey is the ladies' favorite."

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN unusual degree of animation marks this year the close of the gay season in Paris. At the Tuileries, the Monday family dinners of the Court have been resumed, followed by the Empress's *soirées dansantes*, at which social evening reunions the fair mistress of the mansion has latterly set an example of great simplicity of toilet, which the ladies invited have not been slow to adopt and emulate. On Monday evening last, the Empress appeared in a simple dress of white muslin of the finest texture, without other trimming than the long floating ends of a wide pale blue sash; her sole ornament consisted of eight rows of magnificent orient pearls round her neck, while branches of white lilac were tastefully arranged in her hair. Almost all the ladies present were likewise dressed in white tarletane, muslin, or thulle; velvets, moire antiques, and heavier materials being wholly discarded, as well as such jewelry as savored too strongly of the heated atmosphere of the late winter's entertainments. Instead of the gorgeous *parures* there displayed in such profusion as almost to fatigue the eye, flowers most suited to the season are now the sole ornaments admitted; and if a few sparkling diamonds do venture to show themselves, they must do so merely as adjuncts to the more simple imitations of nature, which it is the good taste of our fashionable ladies to patronize.

The last great display of diamonds and precious gems may be said to have taken place at the *soirées* given at Mme. de Megendorff's hotel, where a series of *tableaux vivants*, representing some of the most celebrated *chef-d'œuvres* of modern and ancient artists, had been organized for the benefit of the distressed weavers of the suffering cotton districts of France. As most of the well-known beauties of the season were to take a part in these artistic *soirées*, and as, moreover, great secrecy was observed as to who was, and who was *not*, to appear in such and such characters, not a little curiosity was excited, and demands for tickets came pouring in long after more than the admissible number the rooms could contain, had been completed. The result, as far as charitable purposes are concerned, was highly satisfactory; and so, no doubt, was the process of getting up for the *tableaux*, to the parties more immediately concerned. But in an artistic point of view, it must be confessed that something was wanting to satisfy the eyes; and one was reminded in a strangely ludicrous and almost painful manner, of a certain exhibition at Barnum's, the wax figures of which must be impressed so indelibly in all our infantine memories, and which the glare of the rich gems and the profusion of ornaments and draperies employed, somehow only served the more strongly to bring before one's eyes. A magnificent-looking "Judith," coming out from the tent, from Horace Vernet's famous picture, which ought to have elicited our feelings of admiration, from the complete embodiment of the painter's ideal by the lady who represented it, was, perhaps, one of the very pictures which most lent itself to this species of criticism. The face, attitude, gorgeous draperies—all was perfect, all, save that certain atmosphere which separates the gazer's eye from the picture he looks upon, and which serves to soften its crudities. A few gauzy transparencies might have done much to tame down this effect, and so an artist at my elbow whispered, had been suggested but indignantly rejected by the fair living models on the evening in question, who, having had to prepare long and arduously to be gazed at a few minutes, were evidently not inclined

to be only half seen, or have any of their charms, real or artificial, obscured. One of the prettiest pictures of the evening was Ary Scheffer's "Marguerite," whose *pose* and features were wonderfully rendered by the lovely Mme. Dollfus, the Prefect of the Seine's daughter. Mme. de Castiglione had, it was said, been invited, and consented to take a part; and as this lady is equally remarkable for her originality of costumes, and her beautiful form and face, much was expected from her appearance; but the spectators were destined to disappointment of more than one kind, for the picture in which she was to appear was withdrawn for that night, and it is said even for the succeeding one, without any apparent reason.

The second day of the races of Long-Champs was, if possible, more fully and brilliantly attended than even the preceding one; the tribunes, as on the previous occasion, being filled with well-dressed women, composed of the *élite* of Parisian society. The brilliant sunshine, the green coloring of the trees, and the charming scenery which surrounds the race-course, forming, as it were, a setting to it, of which the heights of Meudon, St. Cloud, and the picturesque Mont St. Valérien, are the most striking features, impart to the whole scene, thronged with gayly-dressed and beautiful women, magnificent equipages, and prancing and excited steeds, an animation and a magic effect, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any other race-course in the world. The Empress was there; one of the most important prizes of the day being that called the Empress's prize. Her Majesty was dressed in a very pale gray taffetas dress, shot with blue, the *casaque* being similar to the robe, and the sleeves in front of the latter trimmed with narrow bands of the same material, edged with white, placed like brandenburghs, and terminated at the point of each narrow band with a white silk button, the whole costume having somewhat of a sporting air. The bonnet worn by the Empress was of the same shade of pale gray as the dress, in *crêpe*, very simply ornamented by a tuft of black berries or currants. Among the most remarkable equipages were those of the Marquis d'Agudo, and of the Duke de Morny, the latter of whom came up to the race course in a *d'Aumont* with four horses and postilions; the latter, as well as the *piqueurs* who preceded the carriages, wore bright scarlet liveries, slashed with gold, with white and gold embroidered caps, the whole effect being very gay and dashing.

Several toilets were remarkable for their originality, and all for the extreme elegance and good taste they displayed, giving the tribunes the aspect of an elegantly filled drawing-room, rather than of a public resort out of doors.

Mme. Rimsky Korsekow, the Russian *lionne*, wore an English alpaca, of the shade called *cuir de Russia*, or leather-color, with belt and trimming of leather, studded with steel nails, with shining heads; a straw hat, with a feather matching the shade of the dress, completed a very rakish and altogether sporting-looking costume. Steel ornaments, and steel mingled with leather, both in the form of plain bands, of horse-shoe trimmings and other designs, is gradually creeping into favor, though as yet only ventured upon by way of being original. Some loose *casagues* are to be seen in the shop windows, with a small leather pouch, studded with steel, hanging by a leather and steel chain at the side, the whole garment being edged with a narrow leather band, dotted over with steel, and on these is affixed, in large characters, the word *English*.

In the biography of Victor Hugo, just published, appears the following:—

A WOMAN BRANDED.—At Paris, in 1818 or 1819, on a summer's day, towards twelve o'clock at noon, I was passing by the square of the *Palaise de Justice*. A crowd was assembled there around a post. I drew near. To this post was tied a young female, with a collar round her neck and a writing over her head. A chafing-dish, full of burning coals, was on the ground in front of her; an iron instrument, with a wooden handle, was placed in the live embers, and was being heated there. The crowd looked perfectly satisfied. This woman was guilty of what the law calls *domestic theft*. As the clock struck noon, behind that woman, and without being seen by her, a man stepped up to the post. I had noticed that the jacket worn by this woman had an opening behind, kept together by strings; the man quickly untied these, drew aside the jacket, exposed the woman's back as far as the waist, seized the iron which was in the chafing-dish, and applied it, leaning heavily on the bare shoulder. Both the iron and the wrist of the executioner disappeared in a thick white smoke. This is now more than forty years ago, but there still rings in my ears the horrible shriek of this wretched creature. To me, she had been a thief, but was now a martyr. I was then sixteen years of age, and I left the place determined to combat to the last days of my life these cruel deeds of the law.

ST. PAUL.

A SUBSCRIBER inquires in the September number how to clean black lace veils. I recently cleaned some in the following manner: Put the lace in a dish, and pour over it a mixture of two parts alcohol, and one part water, taking care to keep the lace entirely covered; then light the liquid, let it burn five minutes, extinguish it, and turn the lace; relight it, and after it has burned five minutes, take out the lace, and press it while damp. Can I obtain from you the February number for 1857, and for March, 1861? Please answer in the next number, and oblige
A FRIEND TO THE BOOK.

We can furnish the above numbers.

A SKEPTIC ANSWERED.—“Ah,” said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, “I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?” Said the old man, “I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?” “No; I can have no proof of its truth.” “Then,” inquired the old man, “Does thee believe in France?” “Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, here is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist.” “Then thee will not believe anything thee nor others has not seen?” “Nó.” “Did thee ever see thy own brains?” “No.” “Ever see a man who did see them?” “No.” “Does thee believe thee has any?” This last question put an end to the discussion.

THINK OF IT, GIRLS!—Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism save an amendment in the code of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French; when they learn some useful employment instead of beating the piano; when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxcombry; and when men find woman is a helpmate, instead of a burden; then, and not till then, may we expect to find fewer bachelors.

A LADY wishes a receipt for cleaning white kid gloves.

39*

It chanced one evening, at one of the great hotels, that a gentleman, seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room at a late hour, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He took it and thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. Luckily for the poet (for his epigram would otherwise have been quite pointless), the young lady was as handsome as she was polite:—

You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks,
And add—as a compliment justly your due—
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could—if she tried—hold a candle to you!

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY PREMIUMS.—We believe that the *Lady's Book* is the only magazine offered as a premium by the various societies in the different States.

THE following we consider a little humbugous:—

HOW MRS. BONAPARTE PUTS ON HER CLOTHES.—A Paris correspondent thus gossips about the dresses of the Empress Eugene. He says it is universally conceded that she is the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashions for the world; and employs not only *modistes* but *artistes* to invent them. Her “department of ready-made clothing” is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not begin to convey an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe. In the front centre of the ceiling of Her Majesty's private dressing-room, there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above filled with “presses,” each containing a dress, exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these “presses” there is a little railway leading to the aforesaid trap-door, through which the dress is “descended” into the presence of the Empress. If it pleased her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame, and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place; and not unfrequently another, and another, and another, so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion. In public the Empress never looks overdressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilet, while everything, in material, fit, and color, is as complete in harmony as a sonata of Beethoven.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—“Out in this Terrible War.” Words by Mary W. Janvrin; music by H. T. Merrill. Published by H. T. Merrill & Co., Chicago.

PARISIAN LADY IMPROVERS.—A French correspondent notices a new academy in Paris: They have lately come to the decision that all elegant dames ought to wear the hair in the form of a *cortogan* descending to the waist, bound in the middle with pink, green, and blue ribbons, and curled at the extremity in five of those long curls which we call “cork-screws” in France. It may look pretty enough; but how can those ladies who are not blessed with an abundant hirsute crop manage the matter? Let me also whisper, as in duty bound, that hoops are worn in two ways; some are round, others oblong. Some dancing belles present to the admiring gaze a perfect circle—a geometrical figure, which the ancients regarded as the ideal of beauty. Others seem to walk beside their dress, and suggest the impertinent question which Beau Brummel once put to a duke, “Do you call this thing a coat?”

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

WE present our young friends with another of those choice illustrated hymns we promised them for their own department.

THE SABBATH DAY.



It is Sunday evening now,
 Soon its hours will be no more ;
 Have I sought this day to grow
 More like Jesus than before ?

Have I loved the Lord's own day,
 As His pardoned children do,
 When I knelt with them to pray,
 Was my heart among them too ?

What so sweet as prayer and praise,
 When from children's hearts they come ?
 What so pleasant as the ways
 Leading to my Father's home ?

Happy Sunday—if we love
 Him whose holy day it is ;
 Peace descending from above,
 Fills the heart that would be His.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT : —

WAYNESBORO', PA.

L. A. GODEY, Esq., PHILADELPHIA :

DEAR SIR: A little incident, additional to the many affecting stories of the late sanguinary conflict at Gettysburg, came to my knowledge a few days after the battle

as I was crossing the mountains from that town on my way to "the front" as a surgeon and delegate of the United States Christian Commission.

An accident to our vehicle forced us—my three fellow travellers and myself—to halt for an hour at a handsome dwelling on the road; the very courteous and obliging proprietor of which my companions entertained by exhibiting to him such interesting relics of the battle as they were carrying away. When they had done, the gentleman remarked that he possessed something that would rival all he had yet beheld; and he produced a miniature found upon the battle-field by a member of his family, which we all examined with mingled feelings of tenderness and admiration. It was a beautiful picture of three lovely children. Our awakened sympathy was deepened as the gentleman proceeded to tell us that the relic was found in the hands of a dead soldier. The fatal bullet had not killed instantly, but the soldier had expired slowly, in a sheltered spot, with consciousness vivid—how vivid!—to the last moment. He was discovered lying on his back. His hands were folded and resting on his breast, with the open palms, and the open miniature within them facing his glazed eyes. The soldier died gazing on the loved faces of his little girl and two little boys, far off in their southern home, whom he was to see on earth no more.

J. F. B., M. D.

MEANING OF NAMES.—The ancient mythologists indicated their love of nature by their transformations and appellations. Thus many of the names of the women and men were derived from various plants and flowers. Thus Barbara is derived from *barberis*, the barberry tree; Rosa, from the rose;

Laura, from the laurel; Lucy, from *lucus*, a grove; Rosamond, from *rosa mundi*, the flower of the world; Agnes, from *agnus*, a lamb; Melissa, from a Greek word, signifying a bee; Dorcas, a rose; Phillis, a leaf; Rachel, a sheep; Jacintha, a hyacinth; Galatea is milk; Cynthia, the moon; Jesse, an engraft of a tree; Aurelia means a cotton wood; Margaret, a pearl and a daisy; Cecil, a heartwort; and Chloe, a green herb.

FOR OUR FRENCH SCHOLARS.—During the French Revolution a *ci-devant* applied for a passport under the name of "*Nis*." "*Nis?*" said the authorities at the passport office.—"*Comment nis?* Have you no other name?" "*Not now*," said the satirical applicant. "I used to be called St. Denis; but since you have abolished the saints, and forbidden the use of the prefix *De*, there is nothing left for me but *nis*."

THE Laporte Democrat says:—

"We are in receipt of Godey's Lady's Book, and must speak for it a good word; indeed, we could not, had we the desire, do otherwise than speak well of it. One thing very remarkable about Godey is, that we never hear it mentioned but with respect."

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school commenced September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

THAT IS TRUE.—"We can always tell whether a lady is a reader of Godey by the way she dresses," says the *Iowa News*. And he says still further: "The female portion of the inhabitants of our land of liberty have for the last thirty years been noted for their beauty and taste in the adornment of their bodies, and strange to say, they are still advancing. We know of but one reason for this, and that is they have been furnished the patterns and, indeed, all the information necessary for the accomplishment of this grand object by L. A. Godey."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following epitaph is to be seen on a tombstone in an Essex churchyard:—

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, **ART RECREATIONS**. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

An Indiana paper contains the following:—

"As an evidence that this Ladies' Magazine which we have so often spoken of, is somewhat thought of abroad, we quote the following from the *London Times*:—

"A friend has shown us a magazine published in the United States by Louis A. Godey. We have examined it attentively, and are much pleased with the engravings and literary matter; and such fashion-plates we have never seen in any publication this side of the Atlantic. How Mr. Godey can afford to give so much matter for about an English shilling we cannot comprehend."

If a young lady faints when you "propose to her," you can restore her to consciousness by just whispering in her ear you were only joking

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for three monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

AN EDITOR thus described in rhyme the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:—

"He never says a word,
But with a look of deepest melancholy,
He sat, like Patience on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. J. W. L.—Sent corsets by express, August 26th.

Mrs. L. W.—Sent articles 26th.

Mrs. S. L. T.—Sent zephyr 26th.

Miss J. A. R.—Sent zephyr 26th.

Miss M. E. C.—Sent hats by express 26th.

Mrs. H. L. D.—Sent braid 29th.

J. W.—Sent hair ear-rings 29th.

Mrs. A. H.—Sent hair pin 29th.

S. E. C.—Sent hair ring 29th.

Capt. J. W. W.—Sent hair ring 29th.

E. P.—Sent hair ring 29th.

Mrs. E. M. Z.—Sent articles by express September 2d.

R. T., Jr.—Sent hair chain and studs by express 4th.

Mrs. W. D. W.—Sent pattern 5th.

Miss E. C.—Sent silk, beads, etc., by express 5th.

Mrs. A. H. M.—Sent pattern 8th.

M. E. A.—Sent patterns 10th.

E. M.—Sent hair ring 10th.

S. B.—Sent hair ring 10th.

Miss A. S. F.—Sent hair charm 10th.

E. B. B.—Sent hair jewelry by Kinsley's express 10th.

M. C. P.—Sent baby jumper, etc., by Adams's express 10th.

Mrs. W. A. B.—Sent embroidery stamps, etc. by Wells, Fargo, & Co., 12th.

Miss E. C.—Sent zephyr 12th.

L. G.—Sent braiding pattern 15th.

Mrs. D. S. P.—Sent braiding pattern 15th.

Miss M. E. L. C.—Sent netting needles 15h.

"Can you inform me the best way to renovate black crape, and oblige yours, truly, A SUBSCRIBER."

We have published several receipts upon the subject, but have not time to look them up. See Receipt department in former volumes.

To many Inquirers.—If we were to give full and particular description how everything is made, we would not be able to give more than three or four engravings. We give the pattern and the design. Every good workwoman can work from them, and bad ones would be no better off; no matter how long and particular the description.

To Correspondents.—We earnestly request that all our correspondents will kindly comply with the following rules, which are absolutely necessary to prevent confusion in the ownership of MSS., and the purposes for which they are sent: Firstly, to write their name and address either on the first or last page; and, secondly, to state whether their contributions are intended as free offerings.

What we consider almost impertinent is to send a MS. to an editor stating that it is "the first attempt at writing," and asking pay; requesting its return, if not accepted, and sending no stamps to pay return postage.

Lizzie H. will find the waterfall style of headdress in this number.

Sallie K., Baltimore, Md.—Your letter cost us six cents postage. You put an old stamp on the envelope, and an old stamp inside, both of which are worthless.

Miss W.—The ordinary way of wearing a locket round the throat is to attach it to a small gold chain or to some narrow black ribbon velvet. If the latter is used, the velvet is tied at the back of the neck, and the ends are left long. Narrow silk neck-ties, with embroidered ends, are worn; but the small white muslin scarfs are more fashionable.

Margaret.—It would be quite proper if he were about to escort her to any place of amusement, when a certain hour was fixed for the performance to commence, and it would not be improper in any case.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Address of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first

received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1, in the background, is of the style of Charles 10th. A dress of mauve silk, made with deep train, trimmed with point lace and quillings of white satin ribbon. The corsage is cut square, and trimmed to match. The coiffure is composed of white plumes and mauve velvet.

Fig. 2. Peasant of Alsace.—This costume is composed of an orange merino skirt, with white cashmere waist, ornamented with blue and orange color. Round the neck is a muslin frill, with a band of black velvet. A white muslin apron is tied at the right side with a blue ribbon. The coiffure is a plain white muslin cap, with a band of muslin concealing the hair. The stockings are of a deep blue, and the shoes have high heels and large steel buckles.

Fig. 3. Highland Dress.—The kilt is of a bright wool plaid, laid in box-plaits at the waist. The jacket is of green cloth or velvet, and over this is a brilliant silk scarf thrown over the left shoulder and tied at the back. The pouch is of white and black fur. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with a band of plaid and two plumes with a fancy ornament in front. Plaid stockings complete the costume.

Fig. 4. Lady of the Court of Elizabeth.—Dress of plain-colored changeable silk, made with a very long train. The corsage is half high, and has a very full and deep box-plaited basque. On each plait is a band of gold gimp, which is also the trimming of the corsage. A frill of plum-colored silk, striped with gold braid, forms a cap or epaulette to the sleeves, which are of green satin puffed and trimmed with gold braid. The cuffs are of rich lace, the same as the high ruff on the corsage. The hair is rolled and puffed, and dressed with a large gilt ornament with bead pendants.

Fig. 5. A Peasant Girl of Lorraine.—A brown stuff dress, bordered on the edge of the skirt with a band of brilliant Magenta ribbon. The apron, which is very long and full, is of striped muslin, pointed on the edge, and bound with Magenta ribbon. The pockets are also bound with red, and round the waist is a long red sash. The corsage is of blue cashmere, with half short sleeves turned up with white cashmere, embroidered with black braid and beads. The brown stuff sleeve, bound with red, extends just below the blue sleeve, and the arms are covered with long white mittens. The corsage is cut out heart-shaped in front, and trimmed with black.

A white cashmere body reaches to the throat. A band of black velvet, to which is attached a jet cross, is tied round the neck. The coiffure is a white muslin cap with fluted border.

Fig. 6. A Venetian Lady of the 15th Century.—The dress is of a rich golden *moiré*, with flowing skirt faced with ruby velvet. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with the same. A small plastron of white satin barred with black velvet is on the front of the corsage. An embroidered muslin bow is at the throat, and the sleeves are trimmed with a very deep row of Venetian point lace. Two rows of pearl beads encircle the waist. The jupon is of emerald green satin trimmed with three rows of golden *moiré*. The coiffure is a fine muslin cap, covering only the back of the head, and finishing low on the neck with a large bow and ends, richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. The border of the cap is of lace, sewed on very stiff net, and plaited to stand upright, as represented in our plate.

Fig. 7. Court Jester.—The skirt is of yellow silk or merino, trimmed with two bands of the same color, or black velvet. The upper skirt and corsage are of blue merino or silk. The skirt is cut in deep points, bound with white silk, and on each point is a gilt bell. A pointed berthia is laid over the blue corsage, and each point should be trimmed with a bell. The cap is of blue velvet bound with yellow, and the boots are of blue velvet turned over with white plush. Both the cap and boots would be improved by bells.

Fig. 8. Andalusian Lady.—The skirt of the dress is of black satin, trimmed with two rows of very deep chenille fringe, with a velvet and chenille heading. The corsage is of a brilliant gold-colored satin, crossed in front with narrow black velvet. Over this is a Figaro jacket of scarlet velvet, with small slashed sleeves, trimmed on the shoulders with large rosettes of gold-colored satin and drop buttons. The sash is of scarlet silk, trimmed with gold. The coiffure consists of a long and rich black lace veil laid in plaits on top of the head, and falling over a high shell comb. A spray of flowers is placed at the left side of the head.

Fig. 9. Louis 16th Dress.—A petticoat of white satin, trimmed with three rows of point lace. The rows are graduated in width, and headed by wreaths of roses with foliage. The dress is of sky blue corded silk, made with a Pompadour waist trimmed with a quilling of white satin ribbon and point lace. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and trimmed with a quilling of the silk and a ruffle, also two deep rows of point lace. The skirt is made with a very long train looped up at intervals, so that it merely reaches to the top of the lower flounce. The hair is powdered, rolled, and dressed with a small wreath of roses on the left side of the head.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

It has been said of the English Empire that its morning drum-beat resounds around the world. But we have lately seen a little newspaper paragraph which has reminded us that there is an empire far more universal than the English—the empire of fashion.

The paragraph to which we allude describes the labors of a benevolent English lady named Rye, who has gone to New Zealand to promote the emigration thither of females. They are selected from the humblest classes, and sent out at the expense of Miss Rye and her friends. They readily find employment at high wages, and thereupon become forthwith willing subjects of

fashion. Miss Rye writes that the latest fashion magazines of Europe and the United States come out by each vessel, and on the streets of the principal towns, whose sites scarce a score of years ago were the abodes of savages, are now found the latest style of Parisian bonnets, and the finest flowers and laces.

We think we cannot render a more acceptable service to our New Zealand subscribers, as well as to those nearer home, than by telling them of the charming novelties in dress goods now to be found at Stewart's.

Few robe dresses have as yet appeared. The principal ones are of a material called Cretoune, of French make, and resembling alpaca. These are to be had of all colors, and the engravings of several very beautiful ones will be in the December number.

Never has there been a more elegant assortment of cashmere *robes de chambre* than at this present season. The grounds are of the most approved colors, with gorgeous Persian borders formed for the robe; some having large bordered capes, and others jackets.

Toile de Valence—a poplin-like material, laine soie, and poplin soie are all new and pretty materials. Some are plain; while others have a silk ribbon-like stripe, which renders them very effective. Poplins seem to prevail; some are all wool, others cotton and wool, and others again silk and wool. There are, however, so many different makes of poplin, that, though the goods may be composed of the same materials, they have not a shadow of resemblance.

A very pretty style is what is termed Pekin, a rather low-priced material, and very suitable for travelling or school dresses. The grounds are of all the shades of smoke, cuir, wood, cheveux, gizelle, and other colors. They are striped in all sizes and styles, and the stripes generally black.

Epingline rayé is one of the most charming tissues of the season. It is plain, but of astonishing richness, and has somewhat the appearance of uncut velvet. Another article, called Nouveautés, is a poplin with detached figures, generally in silk, and though very pretty, yet without the richness of a plain material. Another style is an all wool poplin, with stripes in self colors, the stripe being formed merely of a thick cord at short distances. This is a novel and pretty style.

The most elegant, and probably the most expensive poplins of the season are the Irish. They are of all shades and colors, and particularly rich in quality.

Plaids are brought out in all the makes of poplins and other goods. They are from the simple half inch size—suitable for children—to the large plaid a quarter of a yard in width. They are very brilliant, and comprise all the clan plaids, as well as any quantity of fancy ones. The blue and green combination, so fashionable a few years since, is again taken into favor, and is generally preferred to the gay plaids, except for children. Printed delaines and cashmere d'Ecosse, or printed merinoes, striped, plaided, or powdered with small figures, are very pretty and suitable for children.

In silks there is nothing particularly new. Heavy solid colored silks, rich *moirés*, and plaids are the most elegant. Small figures, stripes, and such styles, which we have had for so long, have again appeared among the new goods of this season.

For evening dresses we saw a number of light ground *chinées*, small figures on amber, melon, mauve, sea-green, pearl, and cuir grounds; nothing different from what we have had in preceding seasons.

It is, however, early, and we hope yet to be startled

with a succession of novelties. The tints this season are in great variety, and very rich; but having in our eyes attained perfection last year, all we can say is that we think them quite as good as then.

In the Lingerie department of Stewart's we noticed that the collars were a size larger than last year's, and many had pointed ends in front. Sleeves are close at the wrist, but not tight (much in the style of the *Religieuse* which we described last year), and buttoned up at the side with five or six buttons. There are a number of different styles, many of them sufficiently large at the wrist to pass the hand through. Deep linen cuffs will be worn throughout the winter.

The fashionable style of glove, except for evening wear, is the *gant de Swède*, stitched with colors, and made to cover the wrist.

For fashionable bridal trousseaux we find the most elegant assortment of laces. We cannot enter into detail, but will merely state what may be had in this line at Stewart's. There are points intended to be worn either as shawls, or bridal veils, in point de Gaze, appliqué point de Venice, and other styles. Sets of flounces, tuniques, jackets, capes, also new and peculiar coiffures in both black and white laces of all the different styles; also the most superb assortment of handkerchiefs in point d'Alençon, appliqué, point de Venice, Valenciennes, and others. All exquisitely delicate fabrics, costly, it is true, but always valuable; indeed much more esteemed by age, and particularly appropriate for a bridal parure.

In search of novelties, we next visited Brodie's, where we had a rich treat. Such elegant cloaks we have never before seen. The trimmings this year are particularly elegant, and made in sets to suit the cloaks. They are formed of silk cable cord and mohair braid, arranged in the gimp style to form epaulettes, cuffs, and various other ornaments. The cloaks are of the *paletôt* shape, resembling a gentleman's overcoat. One—a rich black velvet—had a very elegant and elaborate ornament of this gimp work, consisting of epaulettes, cuffs, and oblong pieces for the back of the waist. The seams were covered by a *caché* point of narrow black gimp and beads, seemingly a trifling affair, but costing from fifty to seventy-five cents a yard. Others were trimmed with heavy chenille braces, fastened at the waist behind by large chenille ornaments, caught on the shoulders by epaulettes, trimmed with rich chenille fringe, and extending to the waist in front. Many were trimmed with chenille fringes and buttons. Graduated bands, richly finished and made in sets, was another pretty style for the fronts of cloaks. Many cloaks are slashed at the sides and back, and laced with heavy cords.

Heavy velvet cloths of all colors will be worn, particularly the rich blue, with new style of Zouave hood, kept in place by whalebones.

A fawn-colored cloak particularly pleased us. It was trimmed with brown and fawn chenilles, braided and laid on the cloak. We noticed that all the cloaks were fastened with hooks, and the buttons merely ornaments; the favorite style being a pointed button, with long pendants from the points. Scarlet is much used for the trimming of cloaks; and for children and misses nothing is more fashionable than a blue or scarlet cloak trimmed with black or white. Scarlet is also the favorite color for opera cloaks. Plain cloth cloaks of all colors are also to be had to suit the taste of all; but space will not permit us to enumerate all the different styles, as their name is legion.

From Mme. Tilman of Ninth Street, New York, who

has just returned from the celebrated Maison Tilman of the Rue Richelieu of Paris, we have the latest notes of fashion.

Bonnets and headdresses are what Madame particularly revels in; but she has given us information on fashions in general. Bonnets have changed but little in shape. In Paris the Marie Stuart is at present the adopted style, though it is not the universal one, as we see by our fashion-plates. The shapes are exceedingly long from the crown to the front; they droop, but are not bent down, and are very shallow at the sides. Jet is very much used in the ornamentation of them; also leather. The ornithological and the entomological fovers, which broke out last spring, will continue with increased violence throughout the winter.

A striking peculiarity for velvet and silk bonnets is rich velvet flowers, with green foliage and grasses. The taste for natural flowers in Paris, both for bonnets and coiffures, has caused the French artistes to almost rival nature, so that while walking through the show-rooms of Mme. Tilman, you can very readily imagine you are having a rare horticultural treat. Roses, lilies, mignonette, heliotrope, chrysanthemums, tulips, air and water plants, with mosses and ferns, are thrown together in rich profusion.

Parisian ladies are wearing round hats of velvet and other materials. We think, however, that this style will not be adopted in this country, as our climate is too severe, and the style too conspicuous to suit the American taste.

Coiffures are this season richer than ever; but it is quite impossible to convey an adequate idea of their gracefulness and piquant originality.

Some special commissions were shown us in the shape of dresses. One, a *moiré* of the new shade called *Tourterelle*, or turtledove color, had simply a quilled black ribbon on the edge of the skirt; the material being of itself so rich that trimming on the skirt would have been like attempting to "paint the lily, or add another hue unto the rainbow." The body was made with a Zouave, and vest of the same. The Zouave was cut away very much in front, rather deep at the back, and cut in three points, or rather rounded ends, at the back. The whole was trimmed with a narrow *caché* point of black gimp and beads. The vest was of the *moiré*, made quite long in front, with pockets and a rolling collar.

Another very elegant dress was of an entirely new cut. The back of the corsage was cut in a jockey, and the ends in front were prolonged into two long sash ends extending half-way down the skirt, and trimmed with narrow fluted ruffles. The skirt was trimmed with three fluted ruffles set on in bunches, and separated at the distance of every quarter of a yard by three bands of ribbon laid on plain.

Another dress for demi-toilet, also made with basque and vest, was trimmed very prettily. On each breadth were bias bands of silk, with pointed ends, put on in the pyramidal style. The bands were about an inch and a half wide, and five or six in number. Zouave and sleeves were trimmed to match. In our next we will give more minute descriptions of bonnets, which, however, must be seen to be properly appreciated.

We hope fond mammas will pardon us if we wait until next month to describe some charming little hats at Genin's for children. We would willingly describe them now; but the cruel publisher insists upon it that his readers require something besides our Chat.

FASHION.

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1864.

Volumes **XXIII.** and **XXIV.**

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1864 will be conducted in the same spirit that has distinguished it from the commencement; and continue to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of both the Ladies', or Fashion Magazines as they are called, and the graver literary monthlies.

Our arrangements for 1864 include

THREE ORIGINAL SERIAL STORIES,

written expressly for the Home Magazine. One of these will be by

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

and commence in the January number. Another will be by

T. S. ARTHUR.

And the third from the pen of

MRS. M. A. DENISON,

a writer who has long been a favorite with the public. Besides these

OUR LARGE CORPS OF TALENTED WRITERS

will continue to enrich the Home Magazine with shorter stories, poems, essays, and sketches of life and character, written with the aim of blending literary excellence with the higher teachings of morality and religion.

Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, Domestic Happiness.

To these the Home Magazine has been and will continue to be devoted.

Elegant Engravings

appear in every number, including choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a large variety of patterns for garments, embroidery, etc. etc. In all respects we give

A FIRST CLASS MAGAZINE,

and at a price that brings it within the reach of every intelligent family in the land.

PREMIUMS FOR GETTING UP CLUBS.

Our Premium Plates for 1864 are large Photographs of

"EVANGELINE," and "THE MITHERLESS BAIRN,"

two charming and popular pictures. These photographs are on albumenized paper, exquisitely copied, and superior to any heretofore sent by us. No picture ever published has been as popular as "Evangeline," and the demand for it at the print sellers' is still very large. The splendid English print entitled "The Mitherless Bairn," sells for \$25. Our copies give all the detail, and all the fine effects perfectly.

☞ One of these prints goes to every getter-up of a club, large or small.

YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy Home Magazine (and one of the premium plates),	\$2 00
2 copies (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	3 00
3 " (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	4 00
4 " (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	5 00
8 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club),	10 00
12 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	15 00
17 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	20 00

☞ It will be seen that each single subscriber who pays \$2, is entitled to one of the premium plates.

☞ In ordering premiums, three red stamps must be sent, in every case, to pay the cost of mailing each premium.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a club be at the same Post Office.

☞ Canada subscribers must add 18 cents on each subscription for prepayment of United States postage.

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year. \$3 50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year. \$4 00.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, \$3 00.

Address

T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

Embellishments, Etc.

FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED. An exquisite steel engraving.
 COLORED PLATE OF FANCY DRESSES. Containing nine figures.
 A YOUNG MAN IN SEARCH OF A QUIET HOME. A humorous engraving.
 INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.
 THE POMPEIAN CLOAK. Two engravings.
 EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Five engravings.
 THE MASETTO WRAP. Two engravings.
 THE BALMERINO SACK. Two engravings.
 THE OLEAVES CLOAK. Two engravings.
 THE PESOTA SACQUE. Two engravings.
 THE DARRO. From Brodie.
 HENRY IV. COSTUME.
 BRAIDING PATTERNS. Three engravings.
 POLISH DRESS AND LOUIS XIV. COSTUME. Two engravings.
 A ROMAN GIRL.
 A GREEK GIRL.
 INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING.

GLASS BEAD MAT.
 DRESS TRIMMING.
 ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS, FOR MARKING.
 PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING. Three engravings.
 NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER. Headdresses, Bonnets, Children's dresses, Sack, Wrap, etc. Fourteen engravings.
 PATTERN FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.
 HUNTING GLOVES.
 CROCHET TRIMMING.
 A NEW STYLE OF GIRDLER.
 CORNER FOR A HANDKERCHIEF.
 THE WATCH PINCUSHION.
 POINT LACE. Three engravings.
 EDGING IN WAVY BRAID.
 NAME FOR MARKING.
 BRAIDING PATTERN FOR THE END OF A SILK OR MUSLIN TIE.
 INSERTION.
 BRAIDED SLIPPER.
 THE SABBATH DAY.

Contributors and Contents.

A Young Man in Search of a Quiet Home (<i>Illustrated</i>),	399
Insertion for Skirts (<i>Illustrated</i>),	400
The Pompeian Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	400, 401
Embroidery (<i>Illustrated</i>),	401, 407, 470, 472, 475
The Masetto Wrap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	402
The Balmerino Sack (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403
The Oleaves Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	404
The Pesota Sacque (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405
The Darro, from Brodie (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406
Henry IV. Costume (<i>Illustrated</i>),	407
Braiding Patterns (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 409, 472
Polish Dress and Louis XIV. Costume (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408
A Roman Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409
A Greek Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409
Initial Letters for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	410
Glass Bead Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	410
Dress Trimming (<i>Illustrated</i>),	411
Music—Not Lost Forever, by James M. Stewart,	412
Alphabet of Fancy Letters (<i>Illustrated</i>),	414
Leah Moore's Trial, by Marion Harland,	415
It might have Been, by Eliza Frances Moriarty,	428
Thanksgiving, by S. G. B.,	429
The Orphan,	432
Purpose in Life,	432
The Story of "Fair Mabel," by Beata,	433
Friendship Endangered, by S. Annie Frost (<i>Ill'd.</i>),	434
I Can't Afford It, by M. M. Barrett,	438
The Casket of the Year, by Willie E. Pabor,	440
A Discreet Wife,	440
Errors,	440
Mrs. Vining's "Help," by Mary W. Janvrin,	441
Widows,	450
A Sigh for the Absent Spring, by W. S. Gaffney,	451
Brother Richard, by Grace Gardner,	452

Practical Lessons in Drawing (<i>Illustrated</i>),	459
The Faded Flower, by Flora,	460
A True Ghost Story, by K. L.,	461
Cheerful Music,	463
Novelties for November (<i>Illustrated</i>),	464
Pattern for Netting or Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	468
Hunting Gloves (<i>Illustrated</i>),	469
Rustic Ornaments,	470
Crochet Trimming (<i>Illustrated</i>),	471
A new Style of Girdle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	471
Corner for a Handkerchief (<i>Illustrated</i>),	472
The Watch Pincushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	473
Point Lace (<i>Illustrated</i>),	474
Edging in Wavy Braid and Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	474
Name for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	474
Braiding Pattern for the End of a Silk or Muslin Tie (<i>Illustrated</i>),	474
Insertion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	475
Braided Slipper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	475
Receipts, &c.,	476
Editors' Table, containing—	
Mrs. Alice B. Haven,	479
Anglo-Saxon Weddings of the Olden Times,	480
The Sin of Extravagance,	480
English Novel-Writers,	480
German Dramatists,	480
Faith, not Sight, by Lillian,	481
Troy Female Seminary,	481
New York Medical College for Women,	481
Health Department,	481
Literary Notices,	482
Godey's Arm-Chair,	483
Juvenile Department,	488
Fashions,	490

NOTICES.

As this is the height of the party-going season, we wonder how any lady can do without the Book, as its fashions and patterns are unequalled for beauty and adaptation to all figures, complexions, and purses. Send for Godey, all ye who can appreciate a happy combination of literature, art, and fashion.—*Daily Nonpareil*, Council Bluffs.

Godey's magazine still shines forth—the bright particular among its contemporaries.—*Real Estate*, Boston.

Godey is prompt, always prompt, and distances all competition, whether in the character of his publication or its price. The engravings alone are worth more than the entire cost of the year's subscription.—*Lancet*, Erie.

Though far above most of its rivals in everything that renders it attractive in the estimation of the innumerable fair ones for whom Godey delights to labor, he is continually on the look-out for something to make it still better.—*Journal*, Mechanicsburg.

First and foremost in the list of ladies' magazines comes Godey, so the ladies say.—*Pioneer*, Big Rapids.

If you take Godey, you want no other magazine. This is a periodical too well known and appreciated by the public to require any further recommendation.—*Republican*, Mason City.

Godey is without a rival in fashions, as the ladies will all testify, and his choice, instructive reading matter is equally good.—*Democrat Union*, Oneida.

Among the many good things of this world, there should always be something to please the people beside the good things to eat, drink, and wear, and it is necessary, therefore, for us to look in a different channel. All persons who have any taste for good reading, and wish to look neat and tidy in their dress, should have something good to read and learn all these things. We know of nothing in which these interesting and important things are all to be found except Godey's Lady's Book. Godey is the oldest and the best magazine published—in fact, it is the standard work for the latest fashions in America. No lady can or should be without it.—*News*, Ke-auqua.

Being old bachelors, it must not be presumed that we are blind to the merits of this popular Lady's Magazine, as in each number issued, the latest one invariably surpassing its predecessor in points of excellence, we can always discover a something to prove of more than common interest and benefit to a lady, from a grand dame down to a lisping miss in ringlets. Deprive us of our Godey, and our boarding mistress, out of revenge, would narrow down our excellent rations to a beggarly bite, and increase her rates, thus reducing us to a level with our fellow-boarders who don't take home Godey once a month, and place it on the parlor table.—*Sportsman*, New York.

The Lady's Book is the best family magazine published.—*Examiner*, Mount Forest.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE'S DEPARTMENT.

The women of America must acknowledge their indebtedness to Mrs. Hale for her earnest advocacy of them.

GODEY'S WOOD ENGRAVING NOVELTIES.

Of these we give double the number of any other magazine, no matter what its price may be. Among them will be found all the latest fashions of the day, as we import them from London and Paris; and owing to our fast printing presses we are able to give the very latest.

COLORED EMBROIDERY PATTERNS AND LINGERIE.

Ottomans, backs of chairs, slippers, etc. You may look in vain in other magazines for finished articles of this kind. Each one in the stores would cost more than a single copy of the Book.

Among the articles to be continued, and which have been appreciated, will be

Gardening for the Ladies.

MR. H. A. DREER, the celebrated Horticulturist of this city, will assist in this department.

Our Musical Department.

Three dollars' worth of Music is given every year; and if it were only for the music alone, the Lady's Book would be cheap at the price we ask for it. We give twelve pieces of very choice, and most of it original, music every year, the cost of which would be in the stores Three Dollars, and much of it cannot be procured there at any price. This department is solely under the direction of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Esq., a gentleman whose taste is undoubted.

Our Health Department.

This is a feature peculiar to the Lady's Book.

Articles that can be made for Presents, or Fancy Fairs.

This department gave great satisfaction in 1863; it will, therefore, be continued.

DIAGRAMS FOR CHILDREN'S AND LADIES' DRESSES.—These we have always given, and will continue to give. This is our peculiar feature.

In the various numbers for 1864 will be found the newest designs for

WINDOW CURTAINS, BRODERIE ANGLAISE, SLIPPERS, BONNETS, CAPS, CLOAKS, EVENING-DRESSES, FANCY ARTICLES, HEADDRESSES, HAIR-DRESSING, ROBES-DE-CHAMBRE, CARRIAGE DRESSES, BRIDES' DRESSES, WREATHS, MANTILLAS, WALKING-DRESSES, MORNING-DRESSES, RIDING HABITS, COLLARS, CHEMISETTES, UNDERSLEEVEES, PATCHWORK, EMBROIDERY PATTERNS, and CROCHET AND NETTING WORK.

Our designs are received semi-monthly from our agents in France, England, and Germany, and every new pattern of any portion of a lady's dress appears first in the Lady's Book.

DRAWING IN ALL ITS VARIETY, useful to the beginner and the proficient.

FASHIONS from the establishments of the celebrated Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. of New York, and "Brodie" will be in every number.

MODEL COTTAGES.

GODEY'S INVALUABLE RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT,

indispensable to every family, worth more than the whole cost of the Book, and a great saving of expense to all those who take the Book. For the Boudoir, the Nursery, the Kitchen, the House, and the Laundry. As a test of the value of this department, originated by the Lady's Book, we have frequently received letters in which ladies have stated that they have taken premiums at fancy fairs for cakes and other articles manufactured from receipts taken from the Lady's Book. It also serves as an exchange of receipts. Ladies who wish to know how to make any article inquire through the Book, and others answer it. Our department is much fuller than that of any other magazine—having more room in the Book—and it is more carefully attended to. Godey's Lady's Book is also used as a premium at nearly every Agricultural exhibition in the United States—another testimony of its worth.

SUBSCRIBING TO ASSOCIATIONS.—We recognize no subscription that is not sent direct to ourselves. If you pay your money to any association, you must look to it for your books. We will not supply a copy of the Lady's Book unless the money is sent direct to us. We have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

THE OLD TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year, \$3. Two copies one year, \$5. Three copies one year, \$6. Four copies one year, \$7.

Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies, \$10.

Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies, \$15.

Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, \$20.

Any person having sent a club will have the privilege of adding one or more copies at the same club rates.

The above Terms cannot be deviated from, no matter how many are ordered.

And the only magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine. One or more of that work can be included in a club in the place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.

Special Clubbing with other Magazines, when sent to any Post-office in the United States.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for \$3 50.

Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for \$4 50.

Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine one year \$8 00.

The above is the only way we can club with Harper's Magazine.

Terms to Subscribers in the British Provinces by the year.

One copy, \$3. Two copies, \$5. Three copies, \$7. Five copies and one copy to the getter-up of club, making six copies, \$11 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4. Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$7.

At these prices, subscribers in the Provinces will only have the British postage to pay.

The money must all be sent at one time for any of the Clubs.

Treasury Notes and Notes of all solvent banks taken at par.

We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is electrotyped.

Club subscribers will be sent to any post-office where the subscriber may reside.

Subscriptions may commence with any month in the year.

HOW TO REMIT.—Procure a draft, if possible; if not, send Treasury or Bank notes; but let it be a matter known only to yourself; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certainty there is of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it carefully in the letter; otherwise, it is apt to work out of the envelope. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter.

Address

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



EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!

MAY BE PROCURED

At FROM \$8 to \$12 PER ACRE,

Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.

1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, **ON LONG CREDIT**, the beautiful and fertile **PRAIRIE LANDS** lying along the whole line of their Railroad, **700 MILES IN LENGTH**, upon the most Favorable Terms for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics and Workmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a **HOME** they can call **THEIR OWN**, as will appear from the following statements:

ILLINOIS.

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,666, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, **CORN** and **WHEAT**.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 200 miles, is well adapted to Winter.

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO.

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than their immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton & St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, (a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 136 miles on the Main Trunk,) lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith, (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk,) Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c., are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes,

THE FINEST FARMING LANDS

Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorghum; Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. **DAIRY FARMING** also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. (see Mattoon on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line), the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the perfection of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. As its name imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along its whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS. DEPOTS.

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and working-men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of the schools. Children can live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres at \$10 per acre. with interest at 6 per ct. annually on the following terms:	40 acres, at \$10 00 per acre;
Cash payment.....\$48 00	Cash payment.....\$24 00
Payment in one year..... 48 00	Payment in one year..... 24 00
" in two years..... 48 00	" in two years..... 24 00
" in three years..... 48 00	" in three years..... 24 00
" in four years..... 236 00	" in four years..... 118 00
" in five years..... 224 00	" in five years..... 112 00
" in six years..... 212 00	" in six years..... 106 00
" in seven years..... 200 00	" in seven years..... 100 00

Address **Land Commissioner, Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.**