

# *The Peterson magazine*

Ann Sophia Stephens

Mrs. Mary Payne

PETERSON'S

MAGAZINE

1866

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## GOLDEN SUMMER.

Designed expressly for *Littell's Magazine*





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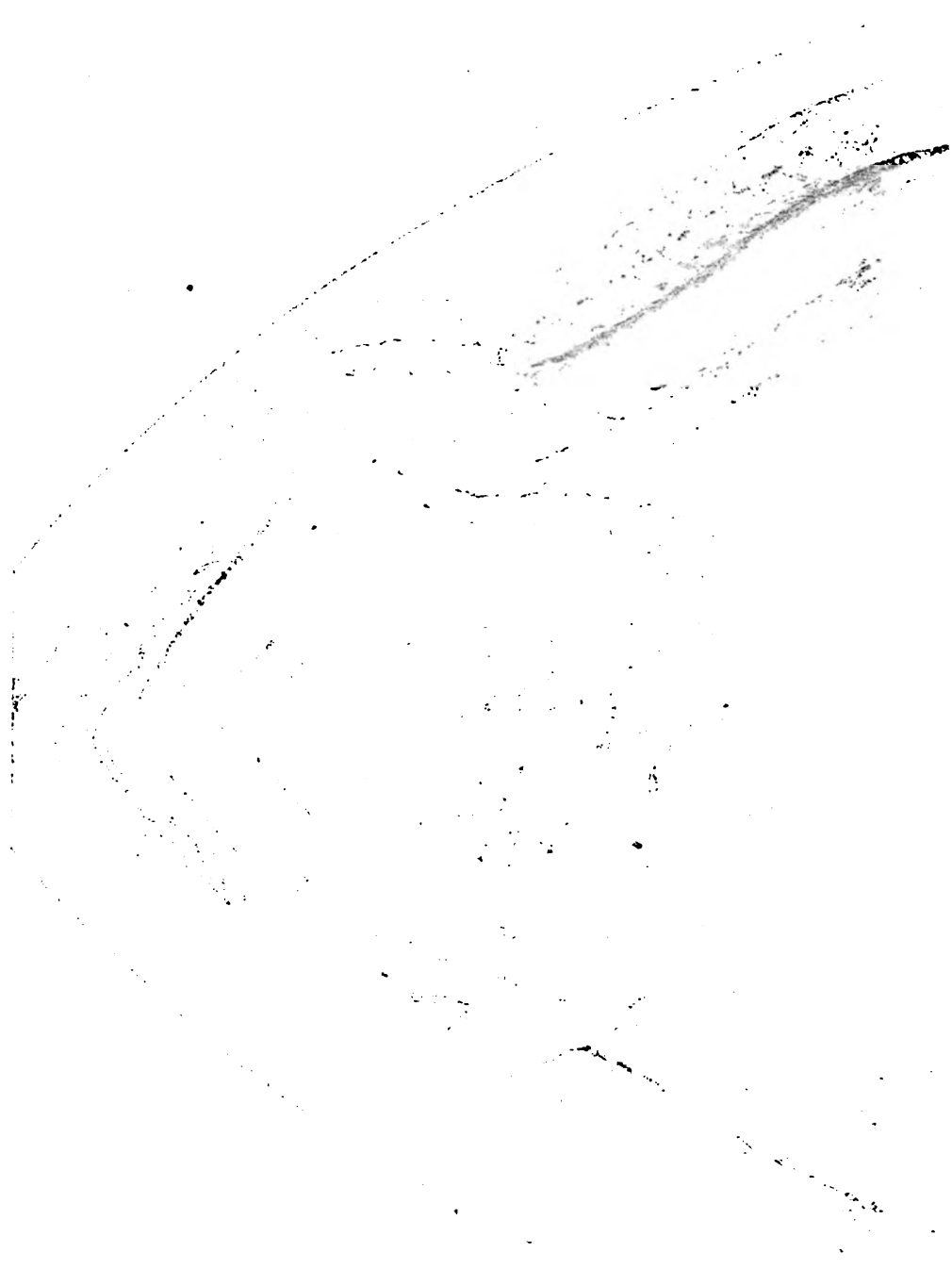
## THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

Illustration for Harper's Magazine



**ORIENTAL SLIPPER.**  
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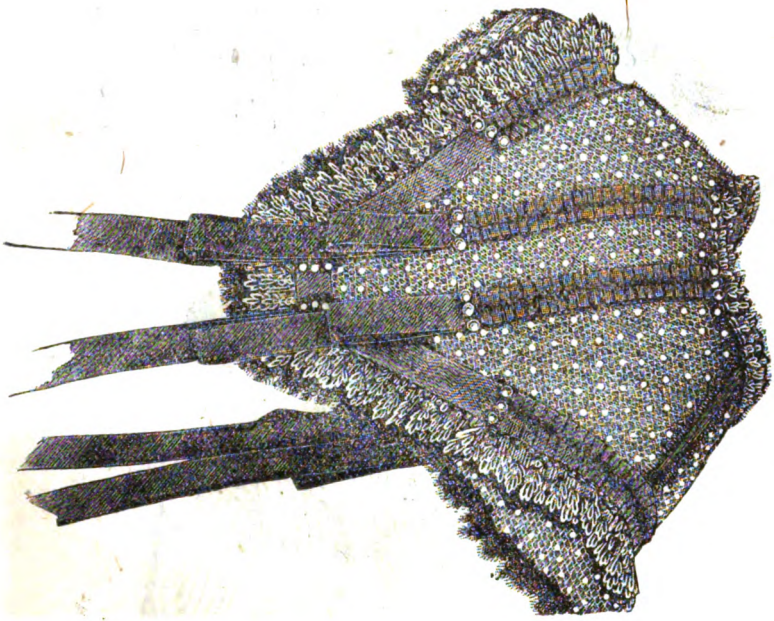


MRS. PETROLEUM'S NEW-YEAR'S PARTY. "GOING DOWN TO SUPPER."







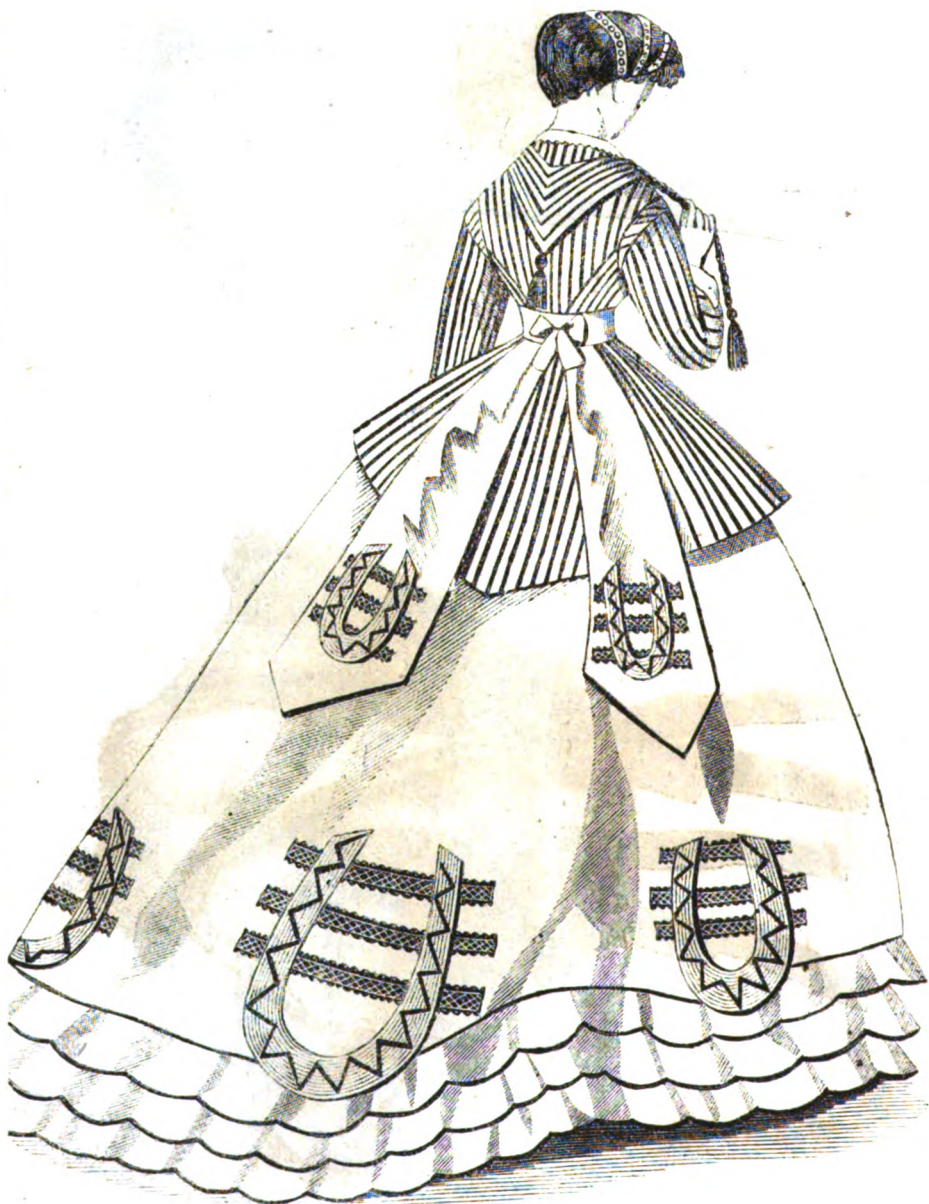


BLACK LACE CAPES





INITIALS FOR MARKING.



HOME DRESS.

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CARRIAGE DRESS.

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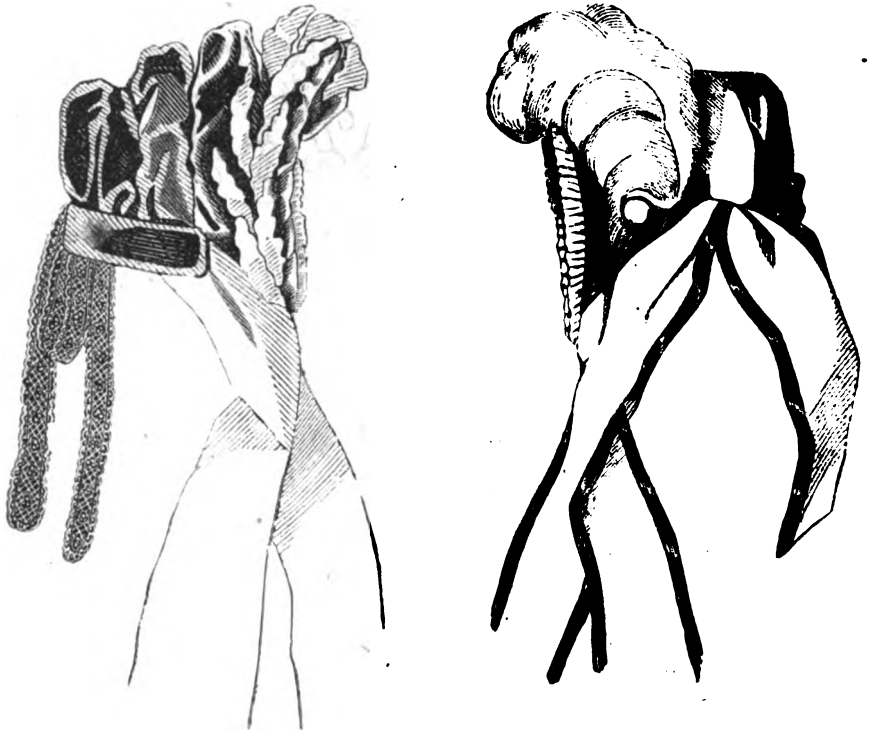
WINTER PALETOT.

W. & A.

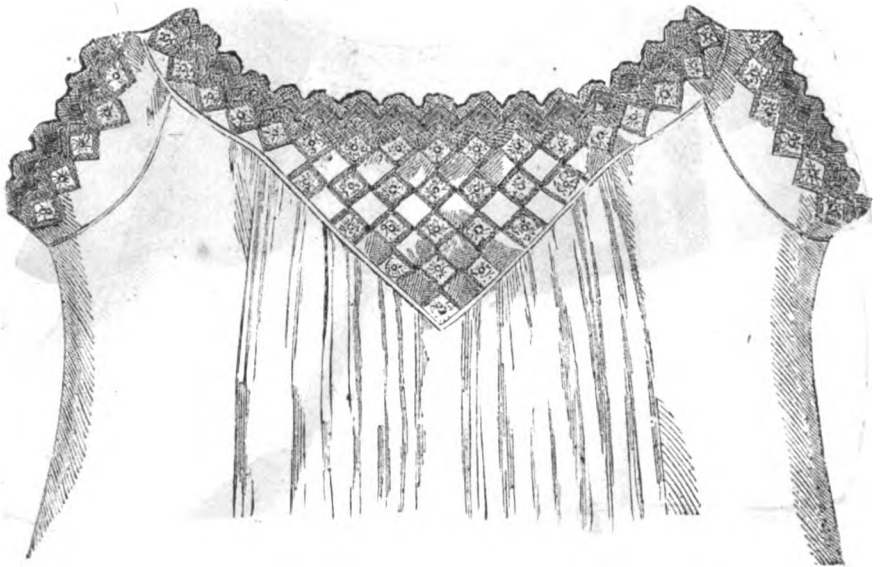
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WINTER CLOAK.



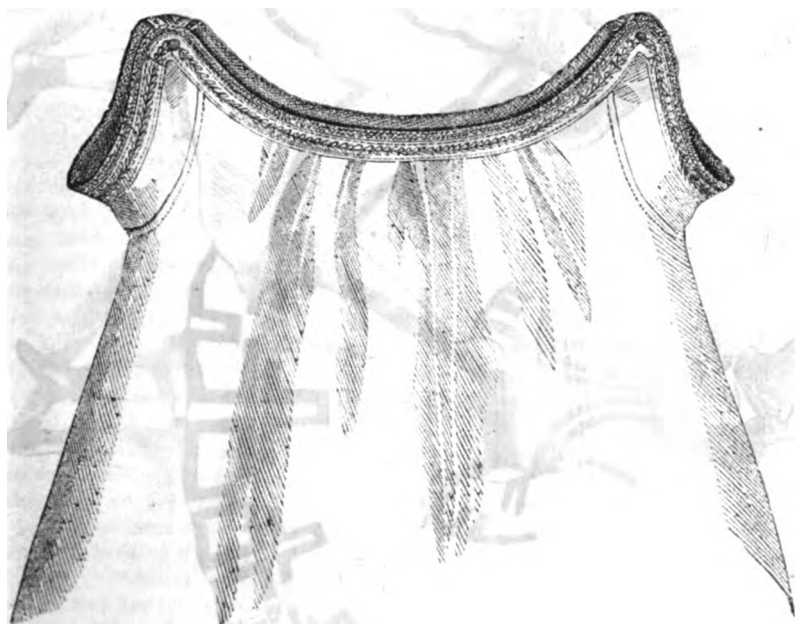
**EMPIRE BONNETS FOR WINTER**



**PATTERN FOR WORKED CHEMISE**



EMPIRE BONNETS FOR WINTER.



PATTERN FOR CHEMISE.





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1866.

No. 1.

## MRS. PETROLEUM'S NEW-YEAR'S PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS WOGGLES' WARDROBE."

FIFTH Avenue was in a flutter. The Petroleums had moved into their new house, and were about to give a party. It was to take place in New-Year's week, and was to be called a New-Year's party. Brown said it was to be a ball—and Brown ought to know, for he had the management of the whole affair. He had made out the list of guests, and guaranteed that they should come, provided the Petroleums asked none of their own acquaintances, or only such as he permitted. Brown had already predicted that the party would be a success. By dropping hints, here and there, he had created quite a *furor* of curiosity. The flowers, he whispered, would cost two or three thousand dollars; the wines were to be unusually costly; several foreign counts, and an English marquis, were to be present; and the German was expected to last till after daylight.

Five years before, "Old Petroleum," as he was called, had been a plain farmer in the wilds of western Pennsylvania. He was now the owner of numerous oil-wells, producing countless barrels of oil daily; Aladdin himself had not been richer! He had one child, a daughter, and this ball was to celebrate her "coming out." She had just left a fashionable boarding-school, and it was of her the famous story was first told, that her father, calling to ask how her studies were progressing, was answered, "that she was industrious enough, but wanted capacity;" and had replied, "buy it for her then, I can afford to pay for anything." Thanks to his being able to pay for anything, she was now quite a presentable young lady. If teachers had not been able to do much, milliners and hair-dressers had worked wonders. But art had been less successful with her mother. Peggy Petroleum, as she used to be nick-named, had her *moire* antiques, her furs, her diamonds, her carriages, coachmen and footmen; but she still mangled her English

shockingly, was red-faced and red-armed, and looked, on the whole, like a washerwoman out on a holiday.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Jones, addressing his host, on the eventful evening. Mr. Jones was one of the few old friends whom Brown had not tabooed; but then Mr. Jones was himself a millionaire, owning an oil-farm also. "What a set of swells you have here, to be sure. But I don't see your brother Jim."

Now Jim was Mr. Petroleum's only brother. Jim, too, had owned a farm, but there had been no oil on it, so he had sold his barren acres, and was now acting as a sort of humble clerk for the head of the family.

"No, Jim is not here," answered the host, with a shade of embarrassment. "Brown said everybody couldn't be asked; and one must draw the line somewhere, you know."

The line had been drawn pretty sharp. Only the most fashionable people were there: hardly a dozen that the Petroleums had ever seen before. "It's the Central Park over again," said a wag, "only in full dress, and on foot. Let us see! There are six four-in-hands here, a dozen tandems, twenty pony-phætons, and scores of other carriages. Talking of carriages, the Petroleum equipage passed me, yesterday, the panels blazing with a coat-of-arms as big as a dinner-plate. I suppose our host will be sending out to Burke for a pedigree soon, and we shall be told that the Petroleums came over with the Conqueror, and that the first Norman knight of the name married a Saxon heiress, whose line went back, through Hengist and Horsa, to the great Thor himself."

"Hush!" said his companion. "Respect the rights of hospitality. Here comes Mrs. Petroleum herself. I have not been able to find her before, and must go and pay my respects."

The gentleman who spoke, and who now advanced to the hostess, with that easy air of

high-breeding which cannot be counterfeited, was really, though ignorant of it, the principal guest of the evening. He was one of the few representatives of the "blue blood" of the Knickerbockers; the inheritor of a manor that his family had owned for generations; a bachelor still, though thirty; and one of the most accomplished men of his time. Great interest had been made to secure his presence. Brown had only succeeded, at last, by promising, privately, to the great lady who brought him, that she should be let in, "on the ground floor," as it was called, of Mr. Petroleum's new oil company, and so be sure of making ten or twenty thousand dollars. It was with difficulty, even then, that Mrs. Les Modes could persuade the fastidious Egmont to accompany her. Little did he dream of the trick that had been played upon him. As little did he dream that the fat, blowy woman, who could not speak her few words of welcome grammatically, entertained the daring ambition of catching him for a son-in-law. But Mrs. Petroleum thought, with her husband, that money would buy anything.

"Let me introduce you to my daughter," said the hostess, immediately. "Clara, Mr. Egmont. Mr. Egmont, Miss Petroleum."

The guest was too innately polite, too kind-hearted, not to remain awhile talking to the mother and daughter, as he saw he was expected to do. But the vulgar familiarity of the former soon drove him to take refuge in the latter; and he asked her to wait: a proceeding that both parent and child regarded as a triumph of Clara's charms. It amused Egmont vastly to see the shallow arts of the heiress. Very soon, even more tired of the silly daughter than he had been of the mother, he led his partner to a seat, heartily wishing himself at home, but thinking he was rightly punished for having come at all.

"Helen," said the panting Miss Petroleum, affectedly sinking into a seat, "I do believe I shall faint. Do get me my salts."

The tone was one of sharp command. With some surprise, Egmont looked at the lady thus addressed. She was young and very beautiful; and dressed as if just out of mourning. Coloring deeply, she rose.

"My companion," said the heiress, waving her fan, patronizingly, after the departing girl. "Her father was a clergyman, you see, who died poor; so pa took Helen out of pity. She reads to me, and—and—so forth. I find her very useful, for she knows her place."

Egmont's heart was touched. There rose up before him the slights, the insults almost,

which this evidently refined girl must have suffered.

"Pray introduce me," he said, gravely.

"You don't mean it? Goodness, we never introduce her to anybody. She wouldn't have been down to-night, only I thought I might want her. You are really serious? Well, I never!"

Miss Avondale looked up, in some surprise, at the introduction. Egmont now saw why her face had seemed so familiar to him, and why he had been, at once, so interested in her; for it was the exact counterpart of the face of Lady Sarah Lennox, as painted, by Reynolds, in the character of St. Cecilia. Often and often had Egmont gazed on that world-famous picture, wondering if he should ever behold, on earth, such spiritual beauty; and here it was before him!

There is such a thing, sometimes, as love at first sight; and Egmont, then and there, fell irretrievably in love. He had been in all the capitals of Europe; he had seen all the famous beauties of his day; but he had never met a face that appealed to him like that of Miss Avondale. It stirred whatever was best and noblest in him. He felt that if he could win the heart, which that face represented, he would ask nothing more of life.

To be near Miss Avondale, to hear her speak occasionally, he remained talking to Miss Petroleum. Miss Avondale was not merely shy, she seemed to fear offending the heiress; it was plain that her place was not a pleasant one, but that sharp necessity reconciled her to it. Later, indeed, Egmont learned that if it had not been for a mother and younger sister, who depended partly on her for support, Helen would, long ago, have thrown up her situation.

"The child has such a milk-and-water complexion, as pa calls it," said Miss Petroleum, when, later in the evening, Egmont was leading her, for the second time, to the floor. "Poor thing!"

"Don't you think her pretty?"

"Gracious me! She's hardly a bit of color."

Egmont, mentally, contrasted her spiritual loveliness with the coarse, redundant beauties of his partner; but he said nothing; for he was too much a man of the world not to see, that, if he praised Miss Avondale, he would make her position more intolerable still.

Late in the evening, when the heiress was dancing with one of the foreign counts, Egmont managed to find Helen alone. Gradually her reserve wore off. He led her to talk of the subjects she was most interested in; books, art,

music; and on all she spoke with enthusiasm, taste, and intelligence. The time slipped away unnoticed until supper was announced. Never had Egmont spent so delightful a half hour.

"Shall I take you down?" he said. "But let us wait here awhile, on the landing, and watch the crowd."

From where they stood, looking over the bronze railing, they could see the long file of guests thronging down the marble stair-case. Mrs. Petroleum, on the arm of the English marquis, had already disappeared in the supper-room, and so had Mr. Petroleum, Miss Petroleum, and others.

"That's Miss Dogyrelle," said Egmont, "going first. She's the fashionable poetess. Professor Eclyctyc is with her. He boasts of combining, in his school of philosophy, the best features of all other schools; and that's why he sports (typically, I suppose,) the waxed moustache of Louis Napoleon, the pointed beard of the cavaliers, and the spectacles of the *savans*. Mrs. Dowageer is the next, sullen at being preceded by the poetess, and supercilious, also. Baron Tousandorders is escorting her, covered with decorations. As he doesn't speak a word of English, and she can't speak a word of German or French, a nice time they'll have of it! That's Fanny Flyte following her, on Charlie Conseet's arm, and looking up so coquettishly at him. Others than Fanny admire his huge flaxen whiskers and beard, which he is always dressing with his fingers, as a fly dresses its wings with its paws. Fanny's a dreadful flirt, they say. How disconsolate Di Diaway, behind her; looks! I suppose it's because Fanny has secured Charlie and left her to Frank Flatt, who hasn't an idea above rat-terriers. Generally, Di does the sentimental, but sentiment would be lost on Flatt." And in this lively way, Egmont rattled on.

Another, besides Egmont, fell in love, that night, at first-sight. Nor is it surprising. Helen had never before met any one so manly, yet so

tender, so high-bred, yet so sympathetic, as Egmont. He more than realized her girlish ideal. She dreamed of him, that night, and woke, in terror, fancying Miss Petroleum, in the guise of a Greek fury, had rushed between them, and was flinging burning coal-oil on both.

Miss Petroleum did try to come between them, and not only she, but Mrs. Petroleum also. When Egmont called, after the party, Helen was sent up stairs; and when, at last, he boldly asked for her, he was told she was out. "The ungrateful hussy," said the mother, after he had left, "I'll pack her off directly. To think of her impudence, the brazen-faced——" But here she broke down, actually choking with rage.

Egmont was not to be thwarted. He managed to see Helen, and when she was dismissed, followed her to the quiet village, where she took refuge, and where her mother and sister were living. From the humble cottage there, on a bright winter morning, there went forth a happy bride, followed by the blessings of the whole neighborhood; for even in the few months the Avondales had been at Mayville, they had won all hearts. Four weeks later, and that bride, as Mrs. Egmont, was dispensing the hospitalities of one of the handsomest mansions in the city of New York.

Mrs. Petroleum had a severe illness, brought on by ungovernable anger, on reading the announcement of the marriage in the newspapers. But when she recovered, she comforted her daughter and herself by saying,

"Never mind, Clara. There's as good fish in the river as ever were caught. And he was only an American after all. You shall go abroad this spring, and marry a lord, and then you'll be a lordess."

To Mr. and Mrs. Egmont it is a matter of indifference whether Clara becomes a "lordess" or not. But they will always think kindly of her, because they would probably never have met had it not been for her NEW-YEAR'S PARTY.

"PROFIT AND LOSS."

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"You have broken a heart that believed in your truth.  
Well, what have you lost? and what have you gained?  
I gave to you freely the bloom of youth,  
Loving when youth nor bloom remained.

What have you lost? A true heart's trust;  
A wealth of love you had never told;  
A beautiful dream that fell to dust—  
Nothing, perhaps, in silver and gold.

What have you gained? Oh! what have you gained?  
More than our sweet home-peace was worth!  
A soul with dishonor forever stained,  
Wandering alone through your Eden-less earth.

What have you gained in peace of mind?  
Is it more or less than you have lost?  
Over the wide world what do you find  
A recompense for all it has cost?

## GOLDEN SUMMER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

OWEN SPENCER was coming home. Fanny Eldon was standing on the porch and heard old Mrs. Damer tell her grandmother the news.

She had no desire to enter the sitting-room after that. She passed through the hall, and went up stairs to her own room, repeating those words to herself, in spite of all her efforts.

She would be obliged to meet him—that was her first thought. Well, it was all nothing to her, and she felt a thrill of passionate anger at herself for having had that sickening dread in her mind, even for an instant.

Of course, she had known he would come some time; she had said that to herself over and over again. She had believed that when the tidings reached her as an undeniable truth, they would find her quite unmoved—and here she was shrinking and trembling as if it had only been yesterday that—

Oh! she could not go over it all again; she had so long put every thought connected with their little past out of her mind. It was unbearable to have that rush of memories sweep over her heart like swollen waters forcing aside some barrier that had served to restrain them when they were quiet.

Then she heard her grandmother's voice, "Fanny! come down, my dear!"

So she hurried down stairs, wearing a proud, almost defiant look, from the inward struggle she was trying to hide; but it was quite wasted, for the visitor was gone, and grandmother was apparently absorbed in a desire to have her tea.

Indeed, she was not a very courageous old lady, or was, at least, a very tender-hearted one; and since the time Fanny had announced their was to be no more mention of Owen Spencer's name, it had not once passed her lips.

Only, after the tea-things were removed, and she was settling down to her knitting, she felt impelled to speak, lest the news she had learned should come suddenly upon her darling.

"Fanny, Mrs. Damer told me that——"

"Mr. Spencer was coming back," interrupted she, unable to bear the old lady's hesitation.

"How did you know, dear?"

"I heard her tell you—it's of no consequence."

Mrs. Eldon did not add another word, it would have been quite out of keeping with the

shy, reticent habits of a whole life—and Fanny talked quietly upon indifferent subjects. She established the old lady comfortably near the open window, where she could look out across the garden, gorgeous in the late sunset, whose beauty brought a thrill to her aged heart that many a youthful one has grown too weary to feel under nature's witchery.

They had been engaged once—not so very long ago, either—those two young people; but, after Owen's departure from home, a slight misunderstanding assumed formidable proportions; each thought the other in fault, and at last Fanny abruptly broke off the engagement.

An old aunt of Owen's, always called Miss Poey, heaven knows why, for she had been christened Josephine fifty years before, and had lost all resemblance even to the latest sort of autumn blossom, was, in reality, more to blame than anybody else.

She really believed that she had her nephew's welfare at heart; but the truth was, she liked to meddle and domineer, and persuaded herself that it was a case of conscience to keep a sharp look out over Fanny, when it was not conscience that had anything to do with the matter, only the devil, who had chanced to meet her in some of his "wanderings up and down the earth," and had immediately set to work to find something for her idle hands to do.

So, applying herself diligently to the task of discovering all sorts of faults in Fanny, her eyes soon gained a really microscopic power of enlarging them.

She saw how it was going when that dashing Capt. Seaman appeared on the scene. She knew all about Fanny's impropriety in waltzing with him at the ball. And then they must needs be out on horseback; and Fanny had a fall; and they did not get back till all sorts of hours—pretty proceedings.

Truly, what would Owen say? And he had a chance to say whatever hard words he pleased, for Miss Poey detailed the whole affair in four sheets of note-paper, crossed and recrossed.

All this to come back on Fanny to rouse her pride and obstinacy, and make her feel so ill-treated that she would not condescend to explain; besides which, there were rumors that Owen had saved the life of a banker's daughter,

who was so devoted to him that she only asked the privilege of throwing herself and her father's boards at his feet, like a second Jessica.

Among them all they brought the thing about; yet nobody had wished to, not even Miss Posy herself—but it was done.

Nobody outside had any information beyond those vague whispers which would get out if the whole world were deaf and dumb; and, indeed, the engagement of the young people had never been published after that hideous fashion, as if lovers were to be set up in a sort of show business.

Fanny and Miss Posy met very seldom. The spinster was away a good deal of the time making a Nemesis of herself among her relatives. When they did chance to meet in the course of Fanny's rides and Miss Posy's drives, the girl would make a sort of ironical military salute, which made the antiquated maid quiver all over with indignation.

It was an added bitterness, too, that she missed Fanny's society, and the visits she had been in the habit of making at the old house, which was a solitary place, and presented few charms to attract young people during Owen's absence. To find that she regretted Fanny irritated Miss Posy beyond endurance; and she nearly pulled her false curls with rage for being obliged to acknowledge it to herself; but she denied it stoutly; and every time she met Fanny, forced herself to be more angry and additionally severe in manner.

So the winter had passed and spring deepened into summer; and the lives that had drifted apart seemed to float farther and farther asunder.

Owen Spencer had come home! What the actual certainty that he was near again was to Fanny nobody knew; indeed, it would have been impossible for her to describe her own feelings.

It seemed to her that she had only one purpose during those days—to appear her usual self to all. The struggle, and the ceaseless rush of thought and utter impossibility of rest, gave her a strange feeling, not only as if it were a dream, but as though she were some one else, keeping constant watch over her real self, that was so torn and tossed about.

And when they met, it was in such a commonplace sort of way, after all. With Fanny's overwrought feelings, it was natural she should have contemplated that first encounter with a dread that something unusual must occur then as a culminating point to all that wretchedness.

She was standing at old Mrs. Damer's gate,

and there were two or three young girls beside her. Owen came upon her quite suddenly. She heard his voice in salutation to some one, turned—there they stood, face to face.

Fanny knew that her companions were watching them, and probably the eyes of a dozen gossips beside, and she did nothing out of the ordinary way, or he either.

Then he was gone again, and Fanny stood marveling and breathless. It was little enough, and every day enough; but there is a certain pathos about those meetings with one we have loved, those flashes of a dead life as they come to us in reality, beyond the highly-wrought pages of a novel.

The girls began to chatter, of course; but Fanny walked into the house to deliver her message to Mrs. Damer, and then made her way home—companionship was not a thing to be desired just then.

Another week passed. Owen Spencer lived very quietly at home, and troubled himself to pay few visits, somewhat to the indignation of the neighborhood, and to the great wrath and dismay of Miss Posy, who found her attempts at expostulation put aside with a quiet firmness, that was very unlike the Owen of old times, and which awed her a little, in spite of herself.

Then there was news that a party of city friends were coming to rest for a time under the shadow of Spencer's tent; and, sure enough, the next Sunday, the old pew in church blossomed—and Fanny gave one glance, in spite of herself, and then raised her eyes no more from her Prayer-Book.

A few days after, Fanny, and her big dog, Hero, went down to the Glen—a picturesque little spot, where the great pine-trees made a perpetual twilight, and a noisy brook rushed over the mossy stones, and answered merrily the solemn refrain of the pines.

Hero dashed down the hill in advance of her, and the first thing was a feminine cry, and, looking toward the brook, she saw that he had run full-tilt against a lady, and nearly pushed her over. He looked very fierce; but his looks were a libel on his character—for he was the best-natured creature in the world; but now he was bouncing about, and barking frightfully, by way of apology for his rudeness; but the action and noise sounded so much like a dangerous assault, that any stranger might have been discomposed.

"He won't hurt you," cried Fanny. "Hero! Hero!"

She darted down the hill, and Hero flew at her like an amiable tiger, and barked louder

than ever, to express his desire that she should explain matters, and set the lady at her ease.

"I hope he didn't hurt you," said Fanny, good-naturedly. "He never bites, but he is very rough."

"No, no!" replied the stranger; "he frightened me a little, nothing worse!"

She laughed merrily, and Fanny looked in her face. It was the young lady she had seen several times with the Spencer party during the past week—the one about whom the neighborhood had already begun to gossip.

This was the beautiful heiress, then. Owen was very devoted to her. People had arranged the whole affair already; and Fanny had heard the matter canvassed until she wished herself deaf and dumb.

"He is a magnificent fellow," continued Miss Morris. "What is his name?"

"Oh!—Hero," said Fanny, confusedly.

She had been thinking of Owen Spencer, and her first thought was that the lady referred to him. Then she was furious with herself, and froze at once into great stateliness.

"Here, Hero! Hero!" cried the other. "He really is picturesquely ugly—nice old dog!"

She patted his shaggy head, and Hero made friends with her on the spot, behaving so roughly that Fanny had to lay by her stateliness and reduce him to order.

"I am sorry he frightened you," she said, feeling it necessary to speak.

"Don't mention it. I am not given to lady-like timidity."

Fanny called Hero, and made a move to pass on, but the stranger said,

"I hope I am not driving you away. I was just wishing for somebody to admire this pretty place with me."

Then, as if answering some expression in Fanny's face, she added, with another gay laugh,

"You think me as unceremonious as Hero. Well, I believe I am! I saw you at church. I have seen you on horseback several times since, and I did so want to know you. It's Miss Eldon, is it not?"

Fanny could not deny her name. Had Owen Spencer mentioned her? Had Miss Posy dared?

"Please to know me as Evelyn Morris," continued the other, rapidly, and with the bewitching manner of a petted child; "and now I hope we are properly introduced. I took such a fancy to you. What a lovely riding-hat you had on, and I asked cousin Owen your name. I wondered you did not take the trouble to call; but I suppose you think it a bore to go and see

strangers—and it is, usually; but I'm very nice, I assure you."

It would have been as easy to be stately with a kitten, and Fanny was at a loss what to say; but Miss Morris saved her any trouble.

"I asked Owen why you didn't," said she, "and he said he believed you were much occupied with your grandmother, and——"

"Well?" said Fanny, austere, seeing her hesitate.

"Oh! just my heedless way!" cried Evelyn. "I must say it now. Don't be vexed. I gathered that you didn't like Miss Posy, though he didn't say why. She is odd; but then she's great fun."

Fanny said something—it sounded to her like Choctaw; but that could hardly have been.

"I do wish you would come, Miss Eldon! Cousin Owen—he's my cousin a dozen degrees removed, but no matter—makes the house so pleasant, and I want a party——"

"I really must go back," said Fanny; "it is really quite late."

"Bless me, yes; they'll think I am lost. How jolly!"

She walked by Fanny up the hill, and talked all the way; there was a charm about her not to be resisted; and she was very lovely into the bargain.

Fanny got away as soon as it was possible, and hurried home.

She had met and talked with the girl that was to be Owen Spencer's wife—his wife! It was all true—not a doubt of it! So beautiful and rich, too! Well, this was a dismal world—nothing left but the dust and ashes of a better time!

A dismal world! Fanny leaned out of her window that night, and looked into the still moonlight, and her sore heart throbbed and ached till that weak longing of early youth rose in her soul—the mad yearning to be done with it all, and be at rest. No help, and heaven looked so far away! As we grow out of our passionate youth, and have learned that sorrow does not kill, heaven seems nearer with every new trouble that beats its surge across our hearts. Ah! thank God for that!

Two days after, Miss Posy's basket carriage drove up the walk, and Miss Posy herself alighted and confronted Fanny, as she stood on the verandah, looking more majestic and grim than ever.

"You are surprised to see me?" said she.

"I am," said Fanny, and looked at her as the young countess in Sheridan Knowles' play might have looked at the empress who had

come between her and her lover. Miss Posy waved the surprise away with her gloved hand.

"I had an errand," said she.

"Perhaps you will walk in while you tell it," returned Fanny.

And then they entered the sitting-room, and Fanny gave her a chair, because she was elderly; but she stood herself; and there are different ways of doing such things—and Fanny's was a diabolically civil way, but not at all meek.

"Have you received my invitation?" asked Miss Posy.

"I have not had any such surprise," replied Fanny.

Miss Posy looked vicious, but restrained herself.

"I am going to have a party. We have not been quite good friends, but I thought it right to send you a card. Evelyn made such a point of it, and thought people might talk."

"Is that all?" asked Fanny.

Miss Posy was more confused than she had been in a quarter of a century. The truth was, she and Owen were so separated by the part she had acted—we always hate the person who opens our eyes to the faults of any one we love—that she had chosen this opportunity to put a little gloss of friendliness over the gulf between herself and Fanny.

But she grew very angry at Fanny's queening it after that fashion. Pride is the hardest thing for pride to encounter; and her old maid proclivities overcame her good-breeding, and she snapped,

"If it would be painful to you, why, of course, there's an end!"

"Why should it be painful?" Fanny asked.

"You know best," said she.

"If you came here with the intention of doing a civil thing," said Fanny, in a low voice, but sharp as a knife, "I thank you. If you came to say rude words, you must understand distinctly that those must be confined to other people."

"I did wish to be friendly," cried Miss Posy, divided between a desire to make up with Owen, and an insane frenzy to box Fanny's ears.

"Then I thank you for the wish."

"And you'll come?"

"I did not say so."

Viciousness got the upper hand again.

"Oh! you'll not be troubled—Evelyn takes care of my nephew. Do as you like—pray do. I have done my duty as a Christian—I hope I always shall! If you want the whole neighborhood gossiping about old matters, I can't help it. I came as a friend who has known you all your life."

She would think that Fanny dared not go. Owen would believe she could not bear to meet him and this new fancy. Go, yes, if she went in a fiery chariot, and danced on red-hot ploughshares after she got there!

"Miss Posy's arguments are overwhelming," said she, with smiling bitterness. "I shall be happy to accept an invitation dictated by her great friendship and her laudable desire to do her duty."

And Fanny bowed the spinster out, who was more crushed than she had ever been in her whole life. Miss Posy whipped the ponies, and scolded the boy all the way home, and took the rest out on her maid afterward.

Fanny's mind remained a hopeless chaos. One moment the invitation and the visit seemed a dire insult. Then she longed for the opportunity of seeing Owen Spencer and his new fancy together, and proving to everybody of how little importance the whole matter was to her.

Fanny's invitation arrived in due course, and so did the evening of the party. Mrs. Eldon was too old for such gayety, and an obliging friend was to call for her young favorite.

It was very late when Fanny and her chaperon entered the great, old-fashioned drawing-room. Mrs. Wilmot had been unavoidably detained, and the arrivals had ceased long before.

Everybody turned to look, of course; and in her heart Miss Posy, as she stepped forward to greet them, believed that it was all a device of that artful Fanny to attract attention.

It was in a pause between the dances, and there were numerous strangers over from Oakwood Springs, so that if the thing had been planned, it could not have been more successful.

Fanny was perfectly marvelous with her clear white face and solemn eyes, and her dress just sufficiently removed from ordinary wear to be extremely effective, without the charge of eccentricity.

She and her grandmother lived such retired lives, that, taken with the vague reports there had been going about in regard to her, even the people of the neighborhood were gazing with curious eyes.

Up the room walked Fanny, looking more like an enchanted princess than anything else mortal; and a score of mothers exchanged whispers to the effect that they disliked that odd sort of face—there certainly was something very peculiar about her.

Then Fanny knew that Owen Spencer was saying some unmeaning words; and Evelyn Morris was hovering about her with a great



show of delight; and a crowd of men pressing up to be introduced.

Then somebody said,

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me;" and there was Capt. Seaman, who had not been in the place since that unfortunate ride.

Fanny's first impulse was to treat him coldly for having been the innocent cause of so much trouble; but Miss Posy's sharp eyes were on her, and she received him with a cordiality that sent Owen Spencer to the farther end of the room, and caused Miss Posy to glare in stony horror.

It was a night of triumph to Fanny, and in the old time would have been intoxicating; but now she just seemed moving and talking in a dream. Even the waltzing would not bring a tinge of color in her cheek. When she complained of being cold, and Evelyn brought a scarlet mantle and threw it over her shoulders, she was perfectly bewildering; and the dowagers decided that she was a monument of artfulness and guile.

Such a long, dreary night to Fanny. She felt as if she had been magnetized, and were watching the scene from the distance of her clairvoyant state!

She was standing in the window for a moment's rest after a redowa, when Evelyn darted through the crowd of men like a humming-bird, saying in her pretty, impetuous way,

"You have not danced with my cousin yet—it's a shame, when he is host."

"I don't remember that he has asked me," said she.

"I believe I have had that honor twice," said Owen, stiffly; and then he was looking at her just as he used in the old time when he was hurt or annoyed. How dared he look so?

"Then you shall have what is left of this waltz," returned she.

Half way across the dazzling circle the touch of his arm brought Fanny's senses back. She heard the music—the first time she had ever danced with Owen Spencer it had been to that measure.

Dizzy, and faint, and blind, but she made no sign; and once, when she danced up into his face, she saw him with his mouth shut in the old determined way, and a deep furrow between his eyes. It was not sorrow; she knew he was too cold and hard for that. It was anger—a mean, pitiful rage, that he had not succeeded in humiliating her by the sight of his happiness with that girl he was to marry.

The music ceased. As he led her away, he spoke for the first time,

"Perhaps you have forgotten that waltz."

She felt as if a tiny hammer were beating in her throat; but she looked full in his face, and answered carelessly,

"I think I never heard it before."

He bowed and left her; and Fanny was gayer than ever; more cordial with Seaman, and treating Evelyn like a pretty child. If she had been in the death-agony, she would have dealt those two home-thrusts to Miss Posy and her host; and if it was wrong, it certainly was very natural. Only few people have the nerve to make thrusts with so sharp a two-edged sword; for, oh! it cut like a flame into her own heart.

"Who invited that man?" Owen growled in Evelyn's ear, as she passed him.

"What man? Capt. Seaman? I did, of course. You told me to invite any of my acquaintance over at the Springs; and he came yesterday."

"The most insufferable——"

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted; "you are rude—he's my friend! Why, what ails you, my dear old Owen? This isn't like you."

Then she was gone; and not long after, Owen saw her walking up and down an adjoining room with that odious man. Really, this was beyond endurance!

Fanny chanced to see him looking toward Evelyn while all these thoughts were in his mind, and the expression of his face sent another thrill, which she believed anger and scorn, to her heart.

The evening was over at last. Even the drive, and Mrs. Wilmot's wearisome compliments on her success, and her good-natured entreaties that she would not stay so shut up as she had done, came to an end at length.

Fanny was at home, in her own room; and she had such hours as were left between her and daylight to let her soul free in a paroxysm of agony; all the stronger for the restraint she had been putting on herself during the past weeks and months.

But when morning came, sunny and bright, and the breakfast hour called her down stairs, she appeared before her grandmother much as usual.

"Was the evening pleasant, dear?" the old lady asked.

"Oh, yes! We danced a great deal."

"And you used to like dancing?"

"So I do now, grsunny dear," returned Fanny, playfully. "Don't you go insisting that I am growing an old maid."

But the blessed old lady asked few questions, contenting herself until later in the morning,

when Mrs. Wilnot appeared and gave such a glowing account of Fanny's triumph, that the dear soul was in a still flutter of delight.

It seemed to Fanny that the long summer day would never come to an end. There was nothing beyond which should make her wish to shorten the hours; but they dragged drearily, and the very beauty of the time made it insupportable.

One of those days which are meant for happy people—a day in which to be idle, and dreaming, and at rest; to lie under the shadow of the trees and listen to the murmur of water, and watch the white clouds sail across the blue sky, and feel the mere thrill of living an ecstasy that make heart and soul a song of praise.

Certainly it had been no briefer or more pleasant up at the Cedars, except to Evelyn, who, to Owen's boundless amazement and displeasure, was off on a ride with Capt. Seaman; and when she did return, kept herself secluded in her room, from whence, at intervals, Miss Posy grimly watching things set to rights, and Owen, solitary and sullen in the library, like Lancelot, "sick of love, and life, and all things," could hear her voice at intervals breaking out into song glad enough to befit the day and her young heart.

Late in the afternoon, when Owen, not having seen fit to appear at dinner, had been alone until the room seemed like a prison to him, and only the impossibility of escaping from himself kept him shut up there, Evelyn opened the door and looked in.

"Are you sick, cousin Owen?" she asked, coming up to the sofa where he lay.

"No, of course not; tired and lazy."

"Don't get up. I want to tell you something."

"Now, then! You look as if it was a grand secret."

"I must go home sooner than I expected—next week," said Evelyn, hesitatingly.

"I can't see why; won't hear of it! What made you run off with that military blossom this morning?"

"Why, that's just it," returned Evelyn, laughing; "he insists on running off with me altogether."

Owen stared in wonder; and it came out that the pair had been engaged for a year; but it had been a secret until now: an unexpected change in his affairs left the captain free to be happy in sight of the whole world.

Evelyn told her little story brokenly, and looked as pretty as a wood-nymph; and Owen listened with a vague surprise and envy that any human being could be so joyous.

"I hope you will be happy," said he. "I

don't know Seaman much, but if he is half worthy of you——"

"Oh, Owen!" interrupted Evelyn, "I wanted to tell you. Don't be angry. I never knew till the other day you had been engaged to that beautiful——"

"Never mind," said he.

"But I must mind, dear; don't think me meddling. I am sure there is some mistake. You ought to clear it up. She never flirted with Seaman. She knew he was engaged. I think, without meaning it, Miss Posy made things worse."

"I——"

"Oh, wait, Owen! She didn't go with him to the races. Her horse ran away, and she was badly hurt. They had to get an old wagon and go on to the town to find a conveyance to come back—that was what made it so late."

"But she never said——"

"No, she was too proud. You suspected her; but she loves you, and——"

Owen was off the sofa and out of the house before she could say anything more; and it was just as well, for she had no farther facts to draw upon.

She saw him tearing down the avenue, and sat in the open window watching him, and singing like a bird, out of the great joy of her heart, so freshly happy in the thought that all would yet be well for the pair she loved, that it seemed as if her own great happiness had suddenly blossomed into new splendor.

It was getting on toward sunset, and, tired of the house, Fanny wandered down the lane at the back of the house, where the pasture and the fields of ripening grain lay laughing in the sun.

She paused and leaned over the fence absently, watching a flock of bob-o-links darting to and fro among the wheat with ceaseless gushes of song.

Some one called her name, and Owen Spencer was beside her, holding out his hand and crying,

"Fanny! Fanny! forgive me! I can bear this no longer! Take back your cruel words! Don't leave me alone!"

She could speak no word, could only let him gather her to his heart, and feel the old world reel away out of its night into sudden glory, while he held her closer, and poured forth a broken tide of explanation that she understood with her heart.

She tried to talk at last: it seemed now such a thin web of pride only that had kept them apart.

"I was more to blame than you," she cried. "I ought to have explained."

"It was aunt Posy's mistaken meddling."

"No, Owen; if we had been right she could not have set us astray. We needed the lesson."

"And you forgive me—you love me?" he said, eagerly.

She held up both hands with a gesture which meant so much; and the common earth floated quite out of sight as they stood there in their regained Eden.

Fanny was leaning on the fence, her fingers unconsciously picking to pieces a blade of golden wheat, while Owen leaned over her, talking eagerly—the old, old story, that shall always be new while fresh summers blossom, and human hearts are young.

Then straight out of the wood beyond walked

Evelyn Morris, and was beside them, exclaiming,

"I couldn't wait—you are not to scold!"

She was too wise to need explanations, the puss; she knew how it had all gone at a glance, and she just hugged Fanny till they were both breathless.

"Now I feel better," said she. "I told George I knew there was only the faintest shadow between you."

"All gone now," said Owen. "Thank God for the blessed sunshine!"

He was holding Fanny's hand, and Evelyn looked smiling up at them, and the bob-o-links burst into a new ecstasy of song; and there they stood, mute and thankful for the goodness which had so suddenly changed their night into GOLDEN SUMMER.

## THE WILD-FLOWER.

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

Grisy, child of Nature, borne  
From its sylvan haunts one morn,  
Where it carelessly reposed;  
While it nods, as of thorn dreaming,  
I will share the visions beaming  
Underneath its eyelids closed.

When with purple and with gold  
Woods were royal, in the world  
Little Nell that wild-flower found;  
With this silvery carol ringing,  
While the bluebird hushed his singing,  
To enjoy the sweeter sound:

"Though the Fall-leaf's crimson streak,  
Like a flame consumes my cheek,  
Spring will strew her rose-leaves there;

For when busy wrens their swinging  
Hammocks from green boughs are slinging,  
Health is breathed in scented air."

Spring-time came; but flower and bird  
Bloomed unseen, and sang unheard,  
Over little Nellie's tomb;  
Nature so like Heaven had framed her,  
For their own the angels claimed her—  
To survive her seemed the doom.

Though this flower is all I have  
Left me now, the heart she gave  
With it made it doubly dear;  
Memories sweet its leaves perfuming,  
Make it fragrant as when blooming,  
Ere it came to languish here.

## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY CARRIE SPENCER.

MANY the thorns, and very few the flowers,  
Lonely and dark the way before me lies.  
"True; but it leadeth unto fadeless bowers,  
Unseen by mortal eyes."

The way is long, the way is rough and dreary;  
Heavy the burden that I, weeping, bear.  
"There is a rest, a home, for all the weary—  
No mourner enters there."

But dark the night—the tempest gathers o'er me;  
Oh! shield and save me from their bursting wrath.  
"Lo! I will be about thee and before thee—  
They shall not cross thy path."

Oh! I am weary, and the way is lonely;  
Let me but turn aside and rest.

"No cross, no crown—a few more trials only,  
And thou shalt join the blest."

Oh! glad assurance! hasten to deliver;  
Why do thy chariot-wheels so long delay.  
"The end approaches. Lo! Death's flowing river—  
Here ends the toilsome way."

Alas! the cold, cold waves! my spirit falters;  
Oh! help me, Father! leave me not alone.  
"I will be with thee in the deepest waters  
Fear not, thou art my own."

I faint, I sink! above me flows the river;  
Save, or I perish 'neath the whirling wave!  
"The crown is thine, the rest and peace forever—  
There ransomed from the grave!"

## "TWO LADIES."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THERE was a very quiet, comfortable-looking house, all green blinds and white paint, in a certain village that had suddenly found itself famous as a watering-place; and toward this house many a sojourner, weary of hotels and boarding-houses, had cast longing eyes. People wondered that the Birds persisted in neglecting the harvest they might reap from profitable boarders; such a small family, too, only father, and mother, and one son, a promising young man "in business for himself"—which business happened to be the keeping of a small stationer's shop in his native village.

The Birds were comfortably off, with enough to eat, and drink, and wear. But wealth was by no means abundant with them; and every one knew that Mr. Bird was delicate, while Mrs. Bird was full of life and vigor, and the very queen of housekeepers. So every one decided that they were just the people to take boarders; and the public felt really aggrieved that they obstinately consulted their own comfort instead of other people's.

This state of things had gone on until the summer in question, when an old friend wrote Mrs. Bird a long letter of entreaty respecting an invalid naval captain, and his pretty, young lady niece, who were desirous of visiting the Springs, but could not make up their minds to go to a hotel or boarding-house—therefore, it was clearly Mrs. Bird's duty to take them in. The captain would pay liberally; and they were such nice people, that their society would be found a most desirable addition.

Mrs. Bird pondered over this letter for some time. A comfortable little sum that had been set by for a rainy day, had just been lost in an unfortunate speculation into which the worthy people had been tempted; and with little or no provision for the future, it seemed prudent to accept these inmates temporarily, at least, and see how the matter worked.

After a short consultation with Mr. Bird, which was merely a matter of form, as he had invariably replied, from the beginning, on all like occasions, "Do exactly as you think best, Matilda; if you are pleased, I am," an answer in the affirmative was speedily despatched; and Mrs. Bird wandered restlessly about with the feeling that she had "been, and gone, and done

it" past recall. For she was utterly ignorant of what might be expected of her under the novel circumstances of taking boarders, whom she looked upon as a different species of the human race, and fancied that they spent their time generally in ringing bells, and sending for the landlady to tell her that, unless she immediately altered all her arrangements, they would leave the house.

Two charming rooms were appropriated to the strangers, and supplied with every comfort. They were in perfect readiness long before the appointed time; but when a carriage actually stopped at the door, and trunks were being lifted out, poor Mrs. Bird's heart was in her mouth, (as she expressed it to a friend,) and she felt extremely desirous to run away somewhere.

But when she caught a glimpse of a fine, benevolent-looking gentleman, rather elderly than otherwise; and a sweet, bright-looking girl, who seemed perfectly natural and unaffected, she was emboldened to come forward and conduct the travelers to their rooms. The gentleman introduced himself as "Capt. Darlington," and "his niece, Miss Mattie Darlington;" informed Mrs. Bird that an obstinate rheumatism had brought him to try the waters of — Springs; and expressed himself perfectly satisfied that he and his niece would find every comfort under her roof.

Mrs. Bird descended to her husband considerably relieved, and declared that she was almost in love with their new inmates, and that she did not find their coming half as bad as she expected. In the fullness of her heart, she departed to make some delicious waffles for tea—for Mrs. Bird was one of those excellent, but unpoetical persons, who work off all superfluous emotion in the kitchen.

"What a nice, motherly old lady!" exclaimed Mattie Darlington. "I really think we are very fortunate, uncle Hugh, in getting here. We must be dreadfully good, though, and not spoil all these nice white curtains and things. I suspect that Mrs. Bird's very heart is bound up in them."

"That is intended for me, I suppose, Miss," returned her uncle. "A fling at my segars and careless ways."

"No, it isn't, you, dear old thing!" was the saucy reply; "you are privileged, you know—and you may behave just as badly as you like, and I will clear up after you. For the poor old fellow had the rheumatism, hadn't he?"

The little hand that smoothed his whiskers received a hearty kiss and a mock bite, for his dead brother's child was very dear to him; and it seemed a wonder that Miss Mattie was not completely spoiled.

Days passed on, and Mrs. Bird became quite reconciled to the change in their domestic arrangements, and more in love than ever with her boarders; and friends, who had an axe of their own to grind, came in and told her that, now she had fairly broken the ice, she would find it no more trouble to have six people in her house than two. In accordance with this doctrine, Mrs. Bird was passive under the invasion of a young married lady, with a small child and nurse—her husband being a luxury that could only be indulged in from Saturday until Monday; and a young man in a drug-store, who only came to his meals; and as he was always in a hurry, his sole object in life seemed to be that of eating.

Mrs. Sweet, the young married lady, was a very milk-and-waterish specimen of humanity, who talked continually of "Orlando," (the familiar designation of Mr. Sweet,) and was fond of relating all the circumstances of their courtship, which would seem to have been an inexpensively silly one—evidently priding herself very much on the fact of her being married, and somewhat at a loss what to do with her extra importance. "Le-o-no-rah," as she drawled it out, (spelled Leonora,) a small specimen of badly-managed childhood, who seemed to be top-heavy and unsteady on her feet, from the multitude of feathers and ~~rosettes~~ <sup>rosettes</sup> in her hat, was aged about three, but was so fearfully prim and demure, that the discrepancy between her age and her manner was absolutely painful.

Miss Mattie did not "take" to her at all; but Mrs. Sweet took to Miss Mattie to such a degree that she became quite troublesome. Very uncongenial they were, too. Miss Darlington delighting in sensible shoes, serviceable dresses, and long country walks; while Mrs. Sweet quite exhausted her strength in dressing and undressing, and displayed so many changes of raiment that she fairly rivaled Queen Elizabeth with her thousand costumes.

They were all seated at the dinner-table, one day in July, except the captain, who usually took his meals in his room. Mrs. Bird, with her full, good-natured, but rather red face, exactly

opposite her pale, refined-looking husband, who scarcely seemed to be formed of the same materials as herself, and whose gentle manner and unflinching politeness made him a general favorite. Lucius Bird, the son, was somewhat afflicted with red hair; but he had a very nice, intelligent face, and was on familiar terms with most of the books worth reading.

The pretty vision opposite him, in a simple, girlish dress of pink organdy, and a bewitching little black silk apron, exactly realized his favorite idea of Tennyson's beautiful creation:

"Queen of the rosebud-garden of girls,"

and he heaved, involuntarily, sighs over his curly locks, and the little shop that had once seemed to him so fine a thing. Mattie was not a bit of a flirt; and when she smiled sweetly on Lucius, as she did on his father and mother, she had not an idea of the damage she was doing.

The young man at the drug-store had left in his usual hurry; and Mrs. Sweet, who seemed to be flounced up to the eyes, while her small person was quite lost in a huge crinoline, had just finished one of her interminable drawls respecting "Orlando," and her various adventures with dress-makers, nursery-maids, etc., when Mrs. Bird suddenly announced the prospect of two new inmates.

"Well," said Mattie, with a smile, "I suppose it is inevitable—but I rather dread new boarders."

"Who *are* they?" asked Mrs. Sweet, querulously. "Not any horrid people, I hope?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bird, with an evident deepening of her already bright color. "I endeavor not to admit 'horrid people' into my family. The letter that I received this morning, came from a cousin of Mr. Bird's, who said that, hearing I had been receiving boarders this summer, he would like to recommend to me two ladies, who, unless I wrote to the contrary, would be with me by the end of the week. He does not say whether the ladies are sisters, or mother and daughter; but I incline to the opinion that they are mother and daughter, and, perhaps, Miss Mattie will have a pleasant companion."

"More likely they are two horrid old maids!" exclaimed Lucius, who was extremely skeptical as to the agreeableness of any woman over twenty-five.

"Old maids!" shrieked Mrs. Sweet, very much as though he had spoken of gorillas. "Don't let them come here, Mrs. Bird! I can't endure old maids!"

With a flush on her cheek that put poor

Lucius quite beside himself, Mattie spoke up and said, "I am quite glad they are coming, for I rather like old maids—those I have known have generally been very fine women."

This young damsel did not quite tell the truth, for in her heart of hearts she did not like the idea at all; but with the impulse of a youthful, generous nature, she usually rushed to the rescue of the weaker side.

Mrs. Sweet bridled with a pleasant consciousness of her own importance as she replied, "Old maids are always so wretched-looking, tall and thin, or short and fat; whenever I see one, I always thank my lucky stars that I am married." She seemed almost to have persuaded herself that no one was ever married before. "It must be so forlorn to have no one to care particularly for you. Now, Orlando——"

As Orlando was always the key-note to a tune of indefinite length, and surprising variations, Mattie must be excused for bursting abruptly in upon her drawing remarks. She felt such perfect contempt for the expressionless little face before her, that seemed so perfectly satisfied it had "won an Ivanhoe," that her righteous indignation could no longer be restrained.

"I think," said she, with great deliberation and decision, "that the most noble, attractive women are almost invariably those who remain unmarried—probably because they meet with no one worthy of them. I do not believe that the woman was ever yet born who could not have married in *some* way, had she chosen; and we know that there are plenty of fools in the world who will do almost anything for the sake of writing 'Mrs.' before their name."

"Good for you, Miss Mattie!" exclaimed Mrs. Bird, heartily, while Lucius looked his admiration. "If these ladies turn out to be old maids, we shall hand them over to you, for they will be sure of kind and respectful treatment."

"It is very well for you to talk in this way," said Mrs. Sweet, with something very like a sneer, "for there is no danger of your being an old maid. For all we know, you may be engaged now."

Mattie's face instantly crimsoned, while her opposite neighbor's paled.

"There, Mrs. Bird!" continued the lady, with an utter disregard of delicacy, "isn't that a tell-tale blush? But if you are *not* engaged, you had better not praise up old maids so much, because gentlemen don't like that kind of thing; and you may be an old maid yourself."

Mattie beat a retreat, as she replied warmly, "I had rather be a thousand 'old maids' than a silly married woman!"

Mrs. Sweet opened her light eyes at Mrs. Bird, as though she would have said, "Could she possibly mean *me*?" But remembering that she owned an "Orlando," she was comforted.

"What is the matter, pet?" asked uncle Hugh, as the young female Quixote dashed rather suddenly into the room. "Has 'Bitter-Sweet' been vexing you?" This was the name the captain had bestowed upon Mrs. Sweet after the first half-hour of her conversation.

Mattie laughed as she recounted their late tilt; and her uncle looked very mischievous, as he said,

"Well, after that, these two interesting females certainly belong to you, whatever they may be; you cannot disown them after engaging in a pitched battle on their behalf. I *hope* they will be presentable."

"How very ridiculous!" exclaimed Mattie. But, nevertheless, she did feel a little anxious respecting the new comers.

Even Mrs. Bird thought it would have been more satisfactory to know something more definite about her expected lodgers than that they were "two ladies;" but she busied herself in getting ready for them, and concluded to depend implicitly upon her cousin's recommendation.

Saturday morning came; and Capt. Darlington, from his easy-chair in the front window, called out suddenly,

"Come here, Mattie, and tell me if these are your friends? If so, I congratulate you!"

A party of three were entering the gate; the most conspicuous of whom was an unreasonably tall, and painfully thin lady, in a dingy brown dress, and a stringy brown veil, that floated from a small hat placed jauntily upon the top of her head. The expression of her face was one of satisfaction with herself, and benevolence toward others; but her neck was something really remarkable. Its length was almost fabulous; and Mattie could think of nothing but a Giraffe, as she looked at it.

The other lady was short and stout, and hopelessly frightened-looking; she seemed to be literally quivering all over. The gentleman was rather an exaggeration of the tall lady, to whom he bore a striking resemblance; and all of the party had evidently left the confines of youth some distance behind.

Mrs. Bird appeared at the door, somewhat flurried; and Capt. Darlington and his niece distinctly heard the tall lady say, in a shrill tone,

"My friend, Miss Slim, Mrs. Bird; my brother, Mr. Bickstaff; and I am *Miss* Bickstaff."

"And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu," murmured the captain; "but really, Mattie, the affair looks quite serious with a brother in the case. Who knows, now, if you do your duty to the sister, perhaps Mr. Bickstaff—"

But Mattie had run out of the room. She was perfectly disgusted with the new arrivals, and went to have a good cry that their quiet little paradise should be so invaded. Then, supposing the strangers to be safely deposited in their own rooms, she descended to the parlor in quest of a book; but, very much to her dismay, Miss Bickstaff advanced smilingly toward her. Miss Slim was huddled up on the sofa in a tearful condition, and Mr. Bickstaff had gone to "walk round."

"We are fellow-lodgers, I presume?" said the tall lady, with an ingratiating manner. Then, without waiting for an answer, she proceeded immediately to exhibit an overwhelming flow of eloquence. "You perceive," she continued, "that we have not come here for the purpose of shutting ourselves up in our own rooms. The delightful quiet and retirement of our homes render it incumbent upon us, when abroad, to contribute our share to the entertainment of others. Having been for some years Principal of a Female Seminary, I have acquired, perhaps, a readiness of adaptation not often met with. You have never been engaged, I presume, in the instruction of youth? Allow me to examine the book you have just taken. 'Beauties of Ruskin'—rather a French title, is it not? I think that collections of beauties have rather a tendency to vitiate the public mind; beauty, you know, is but skin deep, and we are apt, at any rate, to lay rather too much stress upon it. Any good portraits here?"

"Yes," replied Mattie, who had contrived to regain her equilibrium, "there are some of the most exquisite portraits of mountains and clouds that I ever saw."

"O—h!" said Miss Bickstaff, in a relieved manner, "not so bad then as I supposed."

"I do not believe it is," returned Mattie, demurely.

Miss Slim (was ever name so misapplied?) had been threatening a deluge for some time past; and now, with a sort of gasping sob, she helplessly ejaculated: "Mandy!" then, as Miss Bickstaff approached, and leaned over her, she whispered piteously, "Don't you think we had better go home with Jedidiah?"

"Oh! come, now!" said Miss Bickstaff, with an airy cheerfulness, "this is all nonsense, Arabella! Before you've been here a week, you'll be another creature. But, excuse me," turning

to Mattie, "for not introducing my friend. What did you say your name was?"

Mattie felt inclined to reply, "I did not say it was anything;" but politeness constrained her to gratify Miss Bickstaff.

"Do you think it is perfectly safe here?" questioned the fair Arabella, much to Mattie's perplexity.

Her indefatigable friend came to the rescue. "She means the windows," in a confidential whisper. "Our room is on the ground-floor, you know, and she is afraid some one will climb in at night. Very timid, indeed! Such a clinging nature! Youngest child, and a great pet! She is nearly frightened to death all the time."

Miss Arabella looked up at Mattie as though she were saying, "It is all true, every word of it;" and the young lady, seeing that she was expected to say something, replied a little mischievously,

"What a blessing it is that she has a friend like you?"

Miss Bickstaff beamed upon the speaker with a double row of such unmistakably false teeth, that they seemed to say, with charming frankness, "You see just what we are—no deceit about us;" and Miss Slim took possession of her friend's hand with an air of appealing affection that was quite touching.

Mattie dexterously effected her escape while this scene was in progress, and returned to her uncle in a state of subdued laughter. Capt. Darlington was disposed to be very merry over "Mattie's scrape," as he called it; but his saucy niece suddenly exclaimed,

"Uncle Hugh, do you know I think you are in great danger? I am sure Miss Bickstaff will make a regular attack upon you; for, among other queer things, she told that 'she presumed' (she is dreadfully presuming) the sexes were never intended to live apart.' Now, you are rather helpless, you know, with your rheumatism; and Miss Bickstaff is such an amazing talker, that she will soon make you feel like a fly under a tumbler, or one of those wretched snapping-bugs that worry us at night by trying to dash their brains out against the wall. Don't venture down stairs, uncle Hugh. But, perhaps, as you are an invalid, she will think it to be her duty to pay you a visit in your room."

The look of indignation in the captain's face, while grasping his cane, as though for a personal attack on his imaginary foe, provoked a merry laugh from Mattie that soon restored his good-humor.

"I thought old maids were a superior race

of beings, eh?" said he, demurely. "Didn't you say something like that in your dinner-table speech, Mattie?"

But Mattie pretended not to hear him, and said she must dress for dinner.

As the new party entered the dining-room, after the others were assembled, Miss Bickstaff leading, with a solemn expression of being equal to the occasion; Miss Slim following, with an evident disposition to cry; and Mr. Bickstaff bringing up the rear, with an air of stiffness that made one wonder how it was possible for him ever to sit down. They were gazed at with undisguised astonishment; and Mrs. Sweet almost fainted at the toilets of the company. Miss Bickstaff must have been proud of her neck, for her dress was considerably farther from her ears than fashion authorized; and odds and ends of ribbon floated from her head, in a manner infinitely perplexing. Miss Slim was attired in a bright pink-and-green plaid-silk, made to fit her chunky figure so closely that it looked like the cover of a pin-cushion; and an immense blue bow finished her collar, and, also, what little amount of neck she might otherwise have had.

Mrs. Bird felt it incumbent upon her to introduce the strangers; and Miss Bickstaff immediately plunged into conversation right and left, and "presumed" upon every subject in the universe, until she had the field entirely to herself. Mr. Bickstaff ate solemnly and industriously, as though he and his sister had selected their duties; and he was resolved to execute his in the most thorough manner.

His stony eyes frequently rested on Mattie's bright, hazel orbs, as though he approved of the pretty face before him—so often, that Lucius Bird experienced a ferocious desire to give him a hostile punch. But he consoled himself with the idea that Mr. Bickstaff had only accompanied his sister and her friend "to take a look at the Springs," and that the evening train would convey him back to the queer little place on Long Island, where his cabbages and potatoes were expecting him.

At the first opportunity after dinner, Mrs. Sweet said to Mattie, "I wonder that queer woman doesn't have a piece taken off her neck—it is perfectly fearful!"

"Did you ever hear of any one's going through with such an operation, and living after it?" asked Mattie.

"I never heard exactly of a neck," returned Mrs. Sweet, a little indignant; "but I have heard of some one who had two vertigos, or something, taken off the spine; and I don't see

why a person's neck couldn't just as well be shortened."

They did not strike Mattie as parallel cases; but she was silent, and the other continued:

"Did you see that horrid man staring at me all dinner-time? If Orlando knew it, there would certainly be a duel; but I believe I won't tell him, would you?"

"I think I wouldn't," replied Mattie, inwardly convulsed, as she remembered how often she had encountered the "horrid man's" persistent stare.

Miss Bickstaff now approached, with her brother, and adroitly fastened herself on Mrs. Sweet—very much to that lady's disgust; while the gentleman startled Mattie, by propounding to her, in a strong nasal tone, the unexpected question,

"Where did you originate?"

Utterly at a loss how to answer, Mattie replied, rather nervously, "I do not quite understand you."

"Where did you come from?" he continued.

"What is your native State?"

He received the desired information, and, after a pause, which he employed in scanning the young lady's pretty features, he asked, suddenly, "How would you like to be a farmer's wife?"

The spirit of mischief was suddenly roused in Mattie; and, determined to have a little amusement with Mr. Bickstaff, she answered in a sprightly tone: "I think I should like it very much, indeed, if he were a gentleman farmer—young and handsome, and very rich; with nothing to do but to drive round the country, and go to picnics. He must have splendid horses, though, and make them go like the wind."

Perhaps her hearer thought of the shabby buggy in the stable at home, with the superannuated mare, that would constitute the "establishment" of Mrs. Jedidiah Bickstaff, for, rising suddenly, he took out his watch, and saying something about "the train," relieved Mattie of his society.

"Has Jedidiah offered himself?" whispered Miss Bickstaff, when Mrs. Sweet had deserted her.

"Not that I know of," replied Mattie, who began to look upon the entire party as a set of lunatics.

"He is very much pleased with you," continued the sister, encouragingly; "and he is on the look out for a wife."

"Is he?" said Mattie, hypocritically; "I am so sorry that I didn't know this before! But



I am engaged to *two* now; and I hardly know how I shall manage them both."

Miss Bickstaff looked rather shocked; but, speedily recovering herself, she replied, confidentially: "If you are engaged to two at once, you don't belong to either—and Jedidiah will have as good a chance as any. Such a dignified man for a husband doesn't come along every day. I did hope," she continued, "that he and Arabella would have made a match of it; but Arabella is so frightened she couldn't say 'boo!' to a goose. What a pity it is, now, that your uncle couldn't have some nice, sensible woman, to devote herself to him—as his wife, I mean. I hear that he is very well able to support a wife."

Mattie ran to her uncle with "Miss Bickstaff's latest;" and after a hearty laugh, the captain observed: "The plot thickens; I wonder who will be the first victim, Mattie, you or I? Doesn't 'Jedidiah' want an interview with me before his departure?"

Poor Mrs. Bird was daily more surprised at the freaks of the "two ladies" who had settled themselves under her roof. Miss Slim indulged in hysterics to such a fearful extent that it was quite a charge to look after her; and Miss Bickstaff made herself so notorious at the Springs, which she visited several times a day, by her conversational powers, that were directed to friend and foe alike, as well as by her singular appearance, that there was some danger of her being mobbed. Mrs. Bird tried to devise some method of getting rid of them; but matters were brought to a climax without her aid.

About two weeks after their arrival, a very slovenly-looking letter was brought to Miss

Mattie, which began: "Respected Madam," and went on to say that the writer, having considered her inclination to a farmer's life, had concluded that they would, probably, get along very well together; and he would appear in person, to renew his proposals, as soon as they could get in the hay. It was signed "Jedidiah Bickstaff."

Poor Mattie was pretty well frightened, and ran to her uncle in considerable trepidation. He laughed rather provokingly; but considerably despatched a telegram to a certain Philip Orkney, who arrived just in time to take Jedidiah in hand.

Mr. Bickstaff had asked for Miss Darlington; and he was considerably surprised to find that she had become possessed of a luxurious mustache, and had grown nearly a foot in his absence. Having coolly proved his prior claim to the young lady, Mr. Orkney watched the departure of his would-be rival with an amused smile.

Miss Bickstaff and Miss Slim likewise left the roof where Miss Bickstaff said "she had nourished a viper," meaning Mattie—though wherein the nourishment consisted was not easy to determine.

"But, Mattie," said the individual with the mustache, as they were snugly ensconced on the piazza for a private chat, "how could you be so naughty as to tell Jedidiah's sister that 'you were engaged to *two*, now, and that you hardly knew how to manage them both?'"

"So I am," persisted Mattie. "Am I not engaged to you, and to uncle Hugh? And I am sure I haven't the faintest idea how I am to manage you both."

## HARRY AND ANNIE.

BY G. F. POWELL.

A CARELESS youth one morning strayed  
Beside the winding river;  
The stream flowed on with constant tide,  
As it would flow forever.  
Some dare to cross the stream, said he;  
But I too long have tarried;  
While others wad, I watch the wave,  
And never shall be married.

But Love a subtle, curious net  
Of finest silk was weaving;  
And cast it all around his heart—  
The mind a prisoner leaving;  
For tripping on the bank there came  
A damsel blithe and bonnie;  
He saw and loved the nut-brown maid—  
The kind and gentle Annie.

His soul, confined by silken chains,  
Still felt a secret pleasure;  
His heart was filled with strong desire  
To gain the brilliant treasure.  
Why yield to cold delay? he cried,  
When life's quick stream is flowing;  
Who lingers on the brink may wait  
Till life's best joys are going.

That morn resolved all former doubts,  
And fixed the fate of Harry;  
A still, small voice e'er followed him,  
And whispered, "Do not tarry."  
In three short weeks I heard the bells  
Salute the bridal morning;  
Thus Hal was made a happy man—  
Old bachelors, take warning.

## THE STOLEN BOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the latter part of the summer of 1859, Dr. Sinnett and his friend, young Wharton, (both from Philadelphia,) left Atlantic city, where they had come for the bathing season, and made an exploring tour up the coast to Deal, Barnegat, Squan, etc. Sometimes they drove Wharton's buggy, and then, leaving it to be brought on by the servant, edged along shore in whatever fishing-craft offered themselves. The fall winds were rising, giving to the journey on this lee-coast a flavor of danger, which Wharton relished.

The little venture, however, was not so pleasant to Dr. Sinnett. He was a hard-working man, a dentist on Spruce street. But the sum laid aside for his holiday now was nearly expended; it could be eked out longer by following this whim of Wharton's; so the doctor fell in with it willingly enough, apparently; though inwardly chafing at this forced counting of every penny which he spent. Dr. Sinnett's father, or wife, would have told you that, as boy or man, he had led a meager, close-fisted life: but there were vagabond drops of blood in him, which would have made him a looser spend-thrift than any rake about town, had the chance ever opened to him. He knew that; but the chance never had come.

One sultry night, with a stiff land-breeze blowing sand and heat to the very verge of the breakers, they made for an inlet in Ocean county, and leaving the boat, found lodging in a low, rambling farm-house, about half a mile from shore, buried in gloomy pine-woods.

Wharton smoked his segar out to the last whiff, before going to bed, out on the stoop. "There's the yellow sea-moon coming up," he said, "and the wind's veering round. It will be off the ocean before morning, and cold enough here for fires. What utter quiet there is! I don't know any better place to put in one's body for repairs than a little inn like this:" and after a few other desultory, sleepy remarks, he said good-night, and went up stairs.

Whatever might chance to his body there, he had but little idea that from this little inn were to open the two paths of life for him, which offer themselves to every man once to choose, and in one of which his soul must walk until the end.

Toward morning he was wakened by the noise of hurrying steps through the narrow passages, the cries of women, and a fierce light that flashed in his face. He started up, completely roused and alert. The great pine-forests were on fire. Wharton's first thought was for his own safety. He had noticed the evening previous (having a quick perception of localities) that the farm-house stood in the middle of an open space, which, shaped like a half moon, was hedged completely in, except on one side, by these measureless pine-woods, which run back inland half through New Jersey. He remembered, too, that they were dry as tinder, from the long drought; the gray bark curling up on the trunks for want of moisture; the brown fibres rattling from the branches, when touched, like dust. "They'll burn like cotton," he said, as he drew on his boots. But his alarm for himself was soon over, for he remembered that the one side left open by the woods was, in fact, the sea. "I've a clear run for it to Ireland," he said, laughing, and glancing out into the darkness to see if he could discern the boat still at her mooring. In case of accident, he put on his watch, etc., dressing himself neatly, even fastidiously, as was his wont.

Sinnett, who met him outside of his door, his meager little face quite blanched with terror, noticed this. "Will you never have done with your toilet?" he said. "Pah! I am choked with this horrible stench of burning wood. Upon my soul, Wharton, I believe you'll come back to your funeral, to see if you are properly laid out in the coffin." Wharton went leisurely down the stairs, with a formal smile as his only reply. The doctor's small jokes were the part of him for which he had least toleration.

The night wind, wet with the salt spray, blew in through the lower doors of the house, which flapped to and fro, left open by the women in their flight; a flaring tallow-candle in the hall sputtered and hissed in the darkness. Outside, the wind was so fierce that the two men stopped in the shelter of the stoop to draw their hats over their faces, and button tighter their waterproof coats. It was the dark hour just before dawn. In front of them they could hear the drum-beats of the breakers on the beach, low and muffled, for the tide was going out. To

the left, and back of the house, were the pine-woods, dark and inscrutable. It was from the right that the shrill cries of women still came; and now and then a fierce tongue of yellow flame shot up for an instant, making visible the low sky-vault overhead, the few dark figures bewildered in the darkness, the danger creeping on them stealthily and sure.

What the danger was Wharton saw at a glance.

At the right of the farm-house, just where the low undergrowth of stunted cedars and haws, which skirted the main forest, touched the beach, stood a fisherman's hut; with its little yard fenced in by dry cedar-logs, within which lay the oars, seine, and buckets used but the day before. The house was on fire, or had been, for it was now only a heap of smouldering ashes. But if the wind carried back the sparks to the cedar-grove, nothing could save the whole belt of forest? "It would be death to hundreds of these poor charcoal-burners ferreted in it," cried Wharton. "That is what you fear, isn't it?" he said, turning to a dark figure at the wood-pile near them.

"Yes."

"Are there men enough yonder for the work?" said Sinnett, who saw it was a woman.

Wharton did not wait for her to answer, but exclaimed, with an oath, "that there were none. There were but three women on the shore," he added, as a flash of light showed him the scene; and leaving Sinnett and the woman together, he bounded off through the mire, and was leaping across the fences to the hut, where the other women were, almost as he spoke.

The woman left with Sinnett did not speak at all. She had pulled out an axe, and shouldering it, was limping back to the burning hut, thinking not on the danger, but on the superb bearing and look of the traveler. Wharton, yonder. Women who never have been in love carry the rosy figure of their hero always with them, ready to fling it into the costume of any stranger they meet. From fourteen years old to twenty that is the business of their lives; work, politics, the rise and fall of rebellions, a fire in the house they live in, are far-off matters; indifferent and peurile. Men give one thought to love where women give a dozen, but they carry that one open and patent on their faces for any "daw to peck at."

Nat Wharton gave no more heed to the woman behind him than to the low heaps of kelp over which he ran; she, on the contrary, had caught the meaning of his face, and interpreted it anxiously, again and again, before she reached

the burning hut. The young lawyer was noted as one of the most picturesque figures on the fashionable promenade in Philadelphia. His hair was oiled, and coarse, perhaps; and his eye, an opaque, glittering black; but the figure itself was superb. What a flash of indignant scorn had lighted his face, as he looked back at this cowardly dentist behind her!

Jane Grierson, for that was the girl's name, went to work, however, chopping down the fence that connected the hut with the woods.

Dr. Sinnett, who had followed her, came up and took the axe, saying, "I've better muscle than you."

Meanwhile, Wharton had reached the other hut, where he found that the fisherman who owned it had gone on a two-day's seining; and his wife being bed-ridden, the two other women from the farm-house had laid her, straw cot and all, under the wood pile for shelter; and were busy now, one in raking apart the embers, and covering them with wet kelp, the other with a pail, which she ran into the surf to fill and emptied over the smoking rafters. To be sure, only a few drops were left after she had climbed up the beach, but the intention was good. She was a large woman, her dress dragging wet to the arm-pits; and an old hood tied over her head. Wharton joined her, taking the precaution to thrust his trousers inside of the long cavalry boots he wore.

The embers had almost ceased to smoke; the cold, sea-air was freshening for dawn; and Wharton, wet, chilled, and sleepy, yawned once or twice, when a new surprise startled him. The woman beside him stretched out her arm to catch some floating sea-weed, and the light fell on it enough to show him that it belonged to no clam-digger's wife, as he had thought; it was singularly white and shapely, with a curious antique ring on her finger. Wharton was a connoisseur in rings. He began to talk to her. Her voice was low and well-modulated. A well-bred person, he fancied, and grew curious about her.

He could discover nothing more about his companion, however, but that she was young, and excited, just now, to an hysterical degree. When she spoke of the fisherman and his loss, she sobbed convulsively. "I've tried to do all I could," she said, wringing her hands over the half-empty pail; "but it is so little. There is such misery in the world! such loss and hunger! I would give every drop of my blood to help—but what am I?" then plodded on more energetically, but silent.

This was a new species of the sex to Wharton:

he scrutinized it with interest. "What became of the old woman from the hut?" he asked, to make her speak again. But she only looked up vaguely.

"The woman from the hut would have burned to death," said Sinnett, coming up, his teeth chattering, "but for that girl yonder. Grierson—Jane Grierson, they call her. After she had dragged the old fish-wife to a place of safety, she cut off the communication with the wood from the flame. A woman with brains is like the leaven that leavens the whole lump."

Wharton laughed at the pettish sharpness in his words, and turned again to his companion, who worked on with feverish eagerness, not heeding the lookers-on. Her nerves were strong as her muscles, doubtless, he thought. No wonder she had grown hysterical, and talked nonsense; it was enough to unhinge his own judgment, to be routed from sleep in the middle of the night, and forced to turn philanthropist over a clam-digger's hut.

Day began to dawn; the thick sky lifted and was streaked with muddy red up to the zenith; the wind lulled out of its impatient gusts into a cold and penetrating damp; the ash-colored tide, sweeping in from the horizon, ebbed more sullenly its low, inarticulate cry, as it washed at their feet; the smoke from the ruins grew visible, creeping through the marshes along the ground, inland: a few charred rafters, and heaps of singed drift-wood were the relics of the night-work beside them.

The third woman, who had been busy in raking apart these embers, now threw down the cedar branch she had worked with, and came toward them. "You have been very kind," she said, in a quiet voice, to the two men, "but there is no farther danger, and you must be tired. Go back to the house, there will be time for several hours' sleep before breakfast."

Wharton glanced at her, then touched his hat. "The welcome words I've heard on your shore, madam," he said. "Bed and breakfast are pleasanter sounds to a dull townsman like myself, than the cries of this chained devil of yours," nodding seaward.

She bowed gravely, silently waiting for them to go. She stood on a little headland, scanning the sea-line earnestly, her hand shading her eyes.

As the men shook the sand and ashes from their clothes, the girl who had worked with Wharton came up to this woman on the headland.

"'Breakfast,' Berenice!" she said, pushing off her net-hood, and wringing the water from

her heavy mat of hair. "'Breakfast!' when we think of all these wretches have suffered and lost! God help us! The world owes much to people like you, who never omit a duty, no matter what the clamor of pain is about them. It's like a pendulum, tick, tick, keeping steady time for us to the grave, cry or laugh as we will."

The woman looked down quietly at the agitated face upturned to hers. "I have heard you say, something like that before, Olive," she said, turning again to look out over the tide.

Sinnett had started up at the girl's first words, and said to Wharton, now, as they moved away,

"What did she call her?—what?"

"Berenice," in a whisper.

"Berenice! I thought so," his meager face fiery hot, his breath coming quickly.

"Why?" said Wharton. "A curious name, eh?"

Sinnett controlled himself. "It is nothing," he said. "It was only an old story that the name recalled, nothing more. A curious name? Yes. A singular figure to meet on Jersey sands, too," nodding toward the woman who had been called Berenice, and who stood still motionless, her hand over her eyes, watching the sea. "Young I should say—how old, now? Twenty-five—six?" eagerly, his brows bent, coming a step nearer, and talking half to himself, with some undercurrent of thought, as Wharton saw plainly, giving the anxiety to his face. "Not a coarse, vulgar line in that figure—no? Blood tells," Sinnett went on, hurriedly, and half aloud.

"It comes into relief well against the sky," said Wharton, watching him curiously. "But what is the woman to you? The wife at the farm-house, where we are lodging? Her husband follows the water, they said last night—master of a lumber-schooner."

"Name, eh? Did you hear it? 'Van Epp?'" repeating it after Wharton, with a blank look of disappointment. "But that is her married name," with a sudden relief, rubbing his hands softly together.

"But what matters it to you?" urged Wharton, his curiosity fully awake now.

Sinnett turned sharply, his face utterly vacant of all the eagerness or even interest of a moment before. "What could it matter? Can nobody have an eye for a lithe figure except you professed connoisseurs in beauty? Look, Wharton, at the reserve, the repressed power in that face. Look at the low brow, the mass of straight, yellow hair drawn back from it, the stern, blue eye, the firm, fine features; that face belongs to

to-day; and, to my taste, there is more true beauty in its powerful irregular lines, than in all your rapid, simpering Madonnas of the old times. What would you say of that woman, now?" with a shade of his former anxiety coming back. "You are acute in your perception of character, Wharton, I know."

"I would say that she would go to the stake for any one she loved; and," glancing shrewdly down at Sinnett, "that I would not make an enemy of that woman, or attempt to use her to serve my own ends, without more strength than you can bring into the field. She'll worst you, doctor; she'll worst you, and that in the first heat."

"What do you mean?" Sinnett burst out, hotly. "What do you suspect?"

"Only what is patent to any one," Wharton said, carelessly; "that you knew her before, and that you have some hold or interest in her. You show this by every look and word; and I begin to suspect that is why you wished to stop here. But, for my part, there's metal more attractive in that nymph she called Olive. But to breakfast! I must bathe my face well first after this heat."

He waited a moment for the doctor; but the latter seated himself on a heap of sand, and remained behind, his sandy little face hot, and contracted angrily; his fingers beating a tattoo on his lips.

Sinnett sat silent a few minutes, then he rose as he saw Olive coming toward him. Olive had stopped to talk to Jane Grierson; but the girls had now separated, Jane's little figure going down to the headland, where Berenice waited, and Olive moving toward the house.

"You do not dread the sea, apparently?" the little doctor asked, as he trotted along beside her on the beach, looking up at her face.

"Why should I?" said Olive, with a laugh, checked suddenly. "It is the only mather I know," turning her face, over which the wind blew her wet hair, to the shore. "I was washed out of it one day, a homeless and nameless baby, upon this beach. It is hard; if I could not claim kinship, and look for kindness from the sea; where else can I turn for them?"

If Sinnet had been a younger man, and not intent on his own concerns just then, his heart would have been touched, it is probable, by the pitiful thrill in the girl's full, rich voice, and the sadness that overspread the well-moulded face and paled its delicate color. But the doctor only looked more keenly. "Her eyes are too white. What is it my friend the detective says? 'Your party with the faded blue eyes is

the thief; but never the hider of the thief?'" Then assuming a different tone from that which he had used, he asked her for the story of the shipwreck that had drifted her on shore.

"I can tell you but little," she said, impatiently. "The ship went down, where thousands have gone before. I alone remain to show that such a thing has been. I was a helpless, nameless child, as I said. Where was my birth-place, what fortune, or friends, or love that might have been mine, was lost on that day, the sea has never found a voice to tell."

"I can do what I will with this woman," was Dr. Sinnett's silent inference as she concluded. "One who relates her own story, with an effort at effect so melodramatic, will not be chary of the secrets of others."

"Upon this beach, you say?" he questioned, in a low, insinuating tone. "You have had, then, no other home than this?" pointing to the farm-house.

"None other," she said, abruptly.

"No friends but these poor seafarers—fishers—what are they? Van Epp, you called them?"

"If by friends you mean that they have given me food, shelter, clothes," she said, her face growing hot, "so be it; they have been friends. If there have been times when I fancied that I needed more, I have learned, for my own sake, to make these times few and far between. But it would be ungenerous to complain," she added, frankly. "I have received great kindness from these people; they rescued me from the wreck, and brought me up as their own child; and I have been able to make them but slight return. If by nature I was different from them, and needed more than they could give, why would we hold them responsible? Perhaps," after a pause, "I was more happy with the old people than with their daughter, for they left me with her when they died."

"Sutphen, you called them?" asked Sinnett. He leaned forward as he spoke, waiting breathless for the reply.

"I did not name them, but you have heard correctly. Abel and Phœbe Sutphen; they were old landholders on this shore."

"And their daughter?"

"You have just seen her; Berenice, John Van Epp's wife." She spoke with an indifferent droop in the eyelids, a depression of the whole face; her interest having flagged perceptibly since her own history had been told.

Sinnett turned back the queries to herself at once with an increase of zeal and interest; there was a satisfied twinkle in his blue eye, a hidden smile in the corners of his mouth, that

showed that his object was gained, and that successfully.

They parted on the farm-house porch, the girl disappearing in the wide door-way, Sinner standing leaning against a wooden pillar, apparently watching the brightening dawn, his small face dilated with triumph. "Berenice Sutphen? I might have suspected it from the first; these people are not the stuff of which Jersey fishermen and their wives are made." And so he went on, comparing the face of the woman that he had left on the headland with an old ivory miniature he knew of, the likeness of a Berenice Sutphen dead a hundred years ago; and querying where he should build a country-house, and where a sea-side one, if this lucky finding proved as profitable as he hoped; and if the secret he had dug out of an old family record, when he was a boy, should turn up now, when old age was creeping toward him in the distance, to give him fortune and ease at last.

## CHAPTER II.

BERENICE VAN EPP stood looking out to sea, scanning the horizon line with a practised eye, until the dingy red of the dawn had yielded to a clear, healthful daylight; she put one hand on Jane Grierson's head, as the latter sat beside her on the sand, and let it rest there as she would have done on a child's. They were sisters by the same mother, but had different fathers; Phœbe Sutphen having married a year after her first husband's death. There was but a few years difference of age between the sisters, therefore; but something of the stigma of weakness that attached to the mother for her second marriage, and other phases of her history had clung to her offspring; something, too, of the unstable, unpractical character of her father Jane had inherited. So when the death of this father, close following upon her mother's, left her an orphan, dependent upon Berenice for all aid or affection, both were given to her in unstinted measure, with more of the tenderness which a man shows to a woman than an ordinary sisterly fondness. The Sutphens were not of a caressing, demonstrative race, however, beyond the hand laid quietly upon her hair as now. Jane Grierson received but few signs, or words, to hint at the love which was hers. Perhaps she would have liked more. Sitting there now, in the freshening light, her slight, limp figure and immature face seeming to give way under her sister's touch; the movement of her eyes and hands uncertain and desultory; one would suspect her of being a

woman liable to rate words as high as deeds. A few kind words, a little silly fondness would, maybe, have been of more real value to her than all the steady aid given by Berenice for years.

Meantime, Jane watched the quiet face looking out to sea timidly. "When do you expect the boat, Berry?" she said, at last.

"John intended to leave the village before midnight and coast along shore," answered Mrs. Van Epp. "In that case, he would have been at home by dawn. We will not wait longer," giving a last glance to the bright sea-line. "He will follow us to the house when he lands," turning off as she spoke from the headland to the farm-house.

Jane rose timidly, saying, "Unless, dear Berry, you will wait here alone to meet him; John would like that. To-night the schooner sails, and then it will be a year before he sees you again. Stay, I will send baby down," eagerly. "It will be a pleasant surprise for John."

"I never surprised anybody in my life," said Berenice, composedly, walking toward home. She walked as usual, with her head slightly bent, and her hands clasped behind her, with slow, even footsteps.

"Oh!" said Jane, following with a discomfited, shame-faced air.

Every hour in the day she felt like an overgrown school-girl beside Berenice. If it had been her husband, she thought, who was going to-night for a year's stay, and a man so sickly, sensitive, nervous as John Van Epp, she would have waited all day and night on the beach to lose not a moment of his time; she would have brought baby there, if it had soaked that blessed bantling to the skin, to give him an instant's start of pleasure; she would have sent him away so freighted with loving looks and words, that the warmth would not have faded out of his heart when the year was over, and he had come again. But now Berenice was coolly going to make his coffee; to see that his breakfast was to his liking; to go over his shirts and clothes again for the twentieth time, to make sure not a stitch was wanting. Well, well! Berenice and John had their own secret home-life, with which it was not for her to meddle, yet she thought hers would be different when—

"What are you dreaming of, Jane Grierson?" called Berry, briskly. "I think I heard the stroke of an oar by Spafford's landing; if so, John will reach the house before us," quickening her even steps.

"You will have but a few hours to spend

with him, Berry, before he must go again," as she walked hurriedly beside her. "A whole year? Why did Van Epp leave his own schooner and ship for so long a time? With his cough demanding care, too, it seems but a foolish step. God only knows what need we may all have of each other before a year is over!"

Berenice turned sharply, the muscles about her mouth contracted as by a spasm of pain. She waited until she had controlled herself before she spoke. "John, doubtless, has a good and sufficient reason—I did not question it." But there was an unwonted acerbity in her tones, which showed Jane that she had touched on the unsound spot in the unity between husband and wife. There was one, then? This voyage of Van Epp's to China was against Berenice's wish, planned without her knowledge? Poor Berry!

"Van Epp be down by the stables," said Phil, the cowboy, when they reached the house. Phil sat with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and his legs crossed over the top rail of the farm-yard gate, in true Jersey fashion. "He said," raising his voice as the women passed in, "that he be to start in two hours' time to catch the train for town."

Berenice stopped, the blood suddenly receded, leaving her sallow face colorless: then she went on up the stairs. "If that is the case, I must look over his luggage," she would have said, but the words balked in her throat, and she entered her chamber with them half spoken. Pride failed her for once. Easy-going, amiable Jane Grierson had no guess of what this parting meant to these people.

There was nothing to do to the luggage; there it stood, the old hair-cloth trunk and the carpet-sack, ready locked and strapped, upon the floor. He had been there before her, the last little trifles were gone; the cloth slippers that lay always at the foot of the bed; his brush and combs from the top of the drawer-chest; nothing was left in the room which a woman did not use. Going—and for a year; perhaps, forever.

Berenice shut the chamber-door, looked around slowly, as if taking in the truth for the first time surely; her breast heaved once or twice, but she choked it down; then began quietly to remove her wet clothes, bathe and dress herself, the flesh about her mouth growing yellow and cold, and her eyes more fixed and dull. They were stern eyes, of a clear, beautiful blue; they seemed now to hold all the power in them which forced down the pain that shook her body now and then.

It was a small, square chamber, with windows looking out toward the sea; prettily fur-

nished, with delicately-tinted paper on the walls; a thick, dark-colored carpet; bright chintz-covered furniture; and here and there bunches of glowing sea-fern, and rose-lined shells from the Mediterranean. John Van Epp had planned and furnished it for his bride, three years ago, according to his own taste, which was curiously fanciful for so quiet a man.

The rest of the house was very quaint and old-fashioned, filled with the solid tables and chairs used by the Van Epps from generation to generation, (for the house and acres about it had come down to John from some old grandfather who held them in colonial times;) but this room, and her little parlor, he had brightened up fresh and new for his wife, when he brought her home. He had been months "dilly-dallying over them," as he said; it was the first pleasant work of his life, for John had been a hard-pushed fellow by his old father; but he was his own master, now; he had lingered over the choice of each bit of furniture with a tenderness which he never showed to the woman who inspired it. John was a gentle-hearted fellow, you saw, in spite of his silence; with a kindly smile in his eyes, and a caressing touch for the very dog at his feet, or the horse he curried; it was only in the presence of Berry Sutphen, with her pale face and clear blue eyes, the only thing on earth he loved, that he grew grave and calm.

When she first saw these pretty rooms, he would have liked then to have surprised her; to have heard her laugh, and blush, and chatter, with the tears flashing into her eyes as silly Jane Grierson would have done; it would have suited his foolish fancies if she had sat upon his knee, and coaxed him to tell her of the hours he had spent in choosing and arranging everything there. But Berry only smiled gravely, when she saw them; commended his taste in colors, though she feared that the furniture would not prove as durable as a plainer style would have done; and that was all of it. John kept all the tender, foolish fancies he had peopled these rooms with, and the memory of them, to himself. When he thought of them afterward, it was with a quiet, sad smile. Yet, after he had left Berry that first day in the little parlor, she had looked about her suddenly, with her lips trembling, and eyes wet, and holding her hands to her face, had thought how good John was to her, and prayed to God to help her to be a true wife to him. When she heard him coming she choked back the sobs, looked up quiet and calm as ever. She

never would disgust her husband by weak, hysterical crying and laughing, thinking of her dead mother. Her very soul was sick of sham sentiment, of spasms of rage and good-humor, and knowing what a hell that made of home, since she was a child, she had been trying to curb herself down into an even quiet.

So Berry Sutphen had begun her married life. Berenice Van Epp, the wife of three years standing, found those first days coming up before her curiously to-day, as she stood by the little chamber-window, waiting to bid her husband a long good-by. She watched him where he stood at the gate of the stable-yard, giving some last charges to old Peter, who had care of the stock. He was slow about it, lingered unnecessarily, she thought; but she herself had taught him deliberation. But there was but an hour yet before he left her; it would be but natural that he should wish to be with the child, at least. She sat down, glancing about the room, from habit, to see if it were in order, straightening the white coverlid that lay over little Phil, asleep in his crib. Only three years ago! She knew he had loved her then. She had fancied, when she was Berry Sutphen, that she could look down into every depth of his clear, simple nature, and understand all the workings of his heart; those long, balmy summer evenings when they went wandering through the pine-woods, careless and open as two children in their talk. Three years, in which they had been together night and day, growing farther apart. John Van Epp had never been aught than kind and gentle to the woman whose head lay on his bosom, but the heart under it was a sealed chamber to her. She knew that; knew it to-day, when they were to part, with a fierce hunger of love and jealousy that racked her frame. She tried to go over their home-life coolly. She could not see where she had been to blame; it would have been better, perhaps, that they had been alone. Olive and Jane Grierson had been a restraint on John, always, she felt; he was shy and reticent; the presence of strangers embarrassed him. But she thought she did right to bring them to her new home with her. Her dowry was large enough to prevent any of the Van Epps from thinking that John was preyed upon by his wife's relations; and here her cheek blazed scarlet, for she had come to the root of the whole trouble.

"Her dowry was large," lifting her head proudly. "The Sutphens owned all the ground-lands of the village and adjacent townships, and she was the only heir; it was enough in itself to keep up the farm and house in a far better

manner than had been done since they were married. She had put the management of her income into her husband's hands from the first, and he had accepted it. True, it was his right, legally, but it would have been in better taste if he had not touched it—under the circumstances; for if her dependents and servants thought Mrs. Van Epp a woman of clearer brain and better judgment than her husband, I am afraid that she herself was not free from such belief.

"So far as money has been concerned, he has treated me like a child," she said; the old grievance heating her blood even now at this last hour. Not only had John Van Epp drawn his wife's money, but he never had accounted by a word to her for its disposal, nor suffered the merest trifle to pass through her hands. The Sutphens were a free-handed family; always had held a certain place as the most hospitable people in the county; kept a good table; prided themselves as being above the need of anxiety about the beggarly thrift of smaller farmers.

Berenice had inherited all this prejudice; the daughter of this race of Jersey watermen clung as proudly to family traits and idiosyncrasies as any Howard of them all.

The menage of John Van Epp's house had been niggardly since his bride came into it. She had marked it at first with a dumb astonishment, which gave way to a sullen contempt, as she fell silently into it, too proud to reason or question. As for her husband, he gave himself no pleasures of which the others were stinted; he worked hard and constantly—the schooner making two runs now where formerly she had made but one, successful almost always; for Van Epp was one of the most prudent and skillful traders on the shore.

The village gossips congratulated Berenice on her husband's luck and growing fortune; but the larder grew leaner at home, and the clothes they wore more shabby. Every year, too, Van Epp's face had grown more worn and harder, as one that hides a painful secret. He was not a healthy man, and had a temperament that needed rest and the stimulus of a happy life; and, having neither, it sunk, its decay began to show itself in dyspepsia, and in diseases of the throat and chest. Jane Grierson, who had learned to love the quiet, sad little man who sat at the end of the table, making a feeble joke now and then, and whose only friend and companion seemed to be little Phil, used to listen to his cough, cough, through the long nights, and cry drearily to herself, thinking the end was at hand. The house was not a



gay or cheerful one for a girl like Jane, what with Olive's moody reveries, and the strong common sense of Beronice, which grew more admirable and beyond Jane's attainment day by day.

The end of all this miserable business had come, though not in the way Jane Grierson feared. Two weeks since, Van Epp had showed to his wife a letter from the master of a Boston trading vessel bound for China, offering him the position of mate. "I shall be gone a year," he had said, quietly, when she had read it. "The Bonnie Louise will touch at other ports before her return home." For the first time since her marriage, Beronice Van Epp had broken through her moderation and calmness, and made a bitter protest against it. For the first time, too, she had upbraided him with his love of gain; the long sacrifice of comfort and happiness his meanness had brought on her. If there was a fierce terror at her heart of the consequences of this absence to Van Epp himself, of the want of nursing and care, she forced it down, and gave no expression to it. "If he must and does go," she reasoned, in the very moment of her vehement outcry, "it is needless to alarm him about his disease. It would only hasten the danger; and John is apt, at any time, to overrate his ailments," which was true enough. Besides, the very disease was the result of this stinting process, to which he had given himself up. "There is nothing you have not sacrificed to this desire to hoard," she had said that day, bitterly.

"Answer me truly, have you any reason for accepting this offer, other than the idea that it will prove more lucrative than the runs of the schooner?" He had been standing, leaning against one of the wooden pillars of the porch, holding little Phil by one hand. His face had lost its color as she spoke; he stroked the boy's hair unsteadily.

"No, Beronice, I have no inducement other than the money. But—" he looked out toward sea as he spoke, "be just to me."

"John Van Epp," said his wife, instantly recalled to her habitual reasoning, moderate tone, "whatever fault I may have, that of injustice is not usually laid to my charge. But when a man separates himself, perhaps for life, from his wife and child, for the gain of a few dollars, there is little injustice in deciding which is nearer to his heart."

Van Epp was a man, and with a man's passions, tamed and held down as they might be; his face lightened, for a moment, into an expression which Beronice never understood; but one

fiery flash was all; then he stooped over little Phil, clenching the child's hand violently; when he looked up his face was calmer than her own. "There has been a long silence between us, Berry," he said; "it would have been better it never had been broken, if this is to be the end of all."

He went away with the child, then, and when she saw him again, was milder and more earnest in his little efforts to please her.

Two weeks ago this had happened. He was going now. There lay the luggage on the floor; the country-stage, which was to drive him to the station, stood at the gate, and her husband himself was coming slowly through the yard, buttoning his coat, his face looking a trifle more haggard, his shoulders more stooped than before, coming to bid her good-by.

Beronice leaned over the porch to see him come up the steps, a dull certainty underlaid all other consciousness that this was the last good-by; that he would touch her lips now, never to touch them again. He was her husband. She loved him; her heart and soul belonged to him with a dumb, fierce passion which weaker demonstrative women never feel. What mattered his being a miser, or the thousand irritating little deprivations of these three years past? They were trifles, and she—

The driver brought the wagon nearer to the gate. Oh, God! was he going without a word? She heard him speak to one of the men below, then his quick, uncertain step came on the stoop, through the hall, up the stairs. She grasped her wrists: the blood throbbed in the veins like fire. But it was his own act—choice—to go. Let her look at the matter dispassionately. John Van Epp separated himself from her for gain, or for some reason which he hid from her. If it was for money, it were unreasonable and weak in her to suffer this pain, that wrung her so sharply. If he had any other motive to plead for his going now, or for the beggarly life of these three years, why did he not offer it? She was no child, her reason, surely, was strong as his own. She raised her head, growing at that reflection suddenly self-conscious and calm, and at that moment heard his step without.

John Van Epp stood for an instant's breath, with his hand upon the latch of his wife's door. He was a weak little fellow, in body; and whatever his will might be, was by no means an equal in breadth or power of brain for his wife. There was that in his past history which made him conscious that he was now acting as a true man; and that he ought to be calm, and at rest in that knowledge of duty done. But there was

no hero's heart under the faded yellow waist-coat and snuff-colored coat. He turned the latch and went in, like a miserable little criminal into the dock.

If Berry would hold his head in her arms a moment, he thought he could forget all these wretched years gone, and all the work he had yet to do. But when the door opened, there stood Berry, grave, reasonable as Pallas of old, her clear blue eyes; challenging every thought in his brain to give a plain, common-sense account of itself.

He looked at her for a moment, then he turned to the bed. Little Phil would, maybe, climb up into his arms, cover his face and beard with kisses, as he did when he was in a good humor; he had such a dread of recriminations, of any sort of reason just now; such hunger for love, blind, unquestioning love; for some little foolish caresses at this last moment.

But Phil was asleep. His father took off the coverlid, and looked at the curly, perspiring little head and soiled hands, with a very pale face. I fear that he was weaker than the wife he should have sustained, and the most woman of the two, in that hour.

Berenice, laying some account-books, which he had brought in, straight upon the table, watched him keenly and shrewdly. The long days and nights coming rose suddenly before him; the utter loneliness in that unknown world; the possible death there alone and untended, while his boy would be at home, growing big and strong, forgetting his father's face, his very name. He caught the child's shoulders in his hands. "If I could take Phil with me," he said, looking up.

Berry's mouth hardened, going down at the corners. The child was all that he cared to part from, then!

"It would be a most unwise and imprudent step," she said, quietly. "I will not forget your wishes, in regard to the boy, while you are absent, John. Trust me. When you return, I think you will have reason to be satisfied that I have not failed in my duty to him."

"I never mistrusted you in aught, Berry," he said, gently; but he did not look up; still stroked Phil's freckled hands. She had a frantic wish to throw herself into his arms, to sob out the passion that was choking her; to ask him to forgive her. Forgive her—for what? For not humoring, by her acquiescence, this last unreasonable, criminal whim? She hardened her look, her voice, lest some sudden outcry should escape her, until every gesture was stiff and uncompromising.

"If I should never come back, Berry," he said, slowly, still looking at the boy; "if you should have to bring up the child alone——"

She did not speak when he stopped; she had staggered at the words as if they had been a blow, and stood a moment looking down at the floor, facing whatever pain it was that hurt her. But John Van Epp saw nothing of this; he only heard and noted the cold, cheerful voice in which she replied,

"You are becoming a hypochondriac, John. You will come back safely. I'll not forget that Philip is your child as well as mine, and I'll consult your plans in all I do for him," conscious, as she spoke, that nothing could be more generously just than this ceding of her own prerogative in the boy.

Her husband looked at her dubiously. "Don't be hard with the boy," he said, after patting the hand he held a little while, and then laying it down with a sigh. "Well, good-by, little Phil."

He looked up at his wife searchingly, but in the momentary glance saw her face composed and resolute as always. He stopped abruptly, having moved toward her. "I may as well go now. Joe Vail will have to drive fast to catch the train, as it is."

"Yes, John."

"Those books I brought in—there they are on the table," turning over the leaves as he took one up; "they are the accounts of the house and farm." His face and hers flushed at this, but he went on, his voice unmoved. "You will gain from them an insight into my accustomed mode of management."

"I will look over them at my leisure," she said, taking them and laying them aside. "The stock needs renewing. I have noticed that for some time. It would be my policy to buy better blooded cattle than those you usually have chosen. That shall be my first care."

He looked up quickly, then checked the words he was going to speak.

"In whose care have you left the schooner?" she went on.

"Dorkitts."

"Does he make returns to me?"

Van Epp, before answering, paced the room rapidly once or twice, then stopped before her, his meager face growing red and pale by turns.

"This is Tuesday," he said. "On Saturday, Mr. Cozzens will be here to talk with you. He has known all about my affairs since our marriage. He will explain all to you, and the reasons for the course I have pursued. Shall we leave this until then?"

"As you please, John," coldly. "It would have been the most reasonable course to have taken your wife always into your confidence, and not have treated her as a child, and then leave it for a stranger to explain—that savors of cowardice."

Van Epp smiled bitterly. His sense of manhood seemed to have been awakened by the last taunt. He put his hands upon her shoulders, as she sat by the table, and looked in her face. "Poor Berry!" he said, "I wish I could save you from the pain coming! God knows I do!"

Her eyes blanched, but she answered gravely, "I have done my duty. No pain can be very bitter to one who has that consciousness; I have been a true and faithful wife to you."

"Yes, yes," with the same abstracted, sad face, "it could not have been different, I suppose. You were blind and suspicious, but— If you had thought less of duty, and trusted me from love, just a little. But no matter! It is over now."

"I am sorry if I have been unjust," she said, her voice dry and cold as usual. "Injustice is a fault with which I never was charged before," yet every vestige of color left her face, as if some spasm of doubt had seized her; the cold sweat came out on her forehead.

He drew her head into his breast with an unutterable tenderness, holding it there silently. She threw her arms about him, drew him close; for that moment the old love and content of her first married life surged back into her tired heart; the tears crept down her cheeks.

"John, John!" she cried, "if I could die now, that would be better." She felt the narrow chest of the man tremble with his eager start of joy.

"You love me, Berry? My wife, my wife!" straining her tightly to his heart. "When I am gone, you will forget all these miserable days, and love me as you did at first. Berry, I'm a weak fellow! It has taken something from my life, these last two years."

But the first thrill of feeling being over, Berenice began to raise her head slowly. She did

not stand in the same relation to her husband as in those first days. Circumstances had occurred to lessen her respect for him, and those circumstances he still declined to explain.

"No, John," she began, deliberately.

But he drew suddenly back, throwing up one hand. "No!" he cried, "no explanations. I cannot bear them just now. I understand all you would say. Some day, perhaps, you may judge differently." He spoke low and brokenly; paused a moment, as if for control. "I'm going now," he said, more calmly. "Good-by, Berry."

"These three years of my married life have been a failure, then?" looking into his eyes sternly, thinking how earnestly she had laid down rules for her guidance as a good wife, how inflexibly she had followed them.

"No more argument," he replied, harshly. "Good-by," kissing her cold lips once, no more; then, turning away to little Phil's crib, he bent over it a long time in silence, and left the room without looking back at her again. He stopped a moment outside, upon the stairs. He was a weak fellow, as he said; and it seemed to him he must cry aloud like a woman, or the baffled pain and passion in his heart would stifle him.

Berenice sat motionless until she heard his steps on the porch, the bustle of his mounting into the coach, and the noise of the horses' hoofs on the sandy road—that was the last.

Her head sank on the table, and all day she sat there without cry or movement. Perhaps Berenice suffered more acute pain than in all her life before. The crust which had been gathering for years was pierced; but it was there, after all.

In the evening she dragged her heavy steps to the window to close it, and saw Olive's tall, shapely figure on the sands below, young Wharton bending over her. Something in the sight made Mrs. Van Epp contract her forehead angrily. This man, she remembered, designed to remain a week; so long their privacy was to be pried into. "Part of this scheme of economy of poor John's taking boarders! But this is the last of it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WOMAN LIVES FOR LOVE ALONE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

CAN worth of woman's life be shown?  
A difficult task it is, I own;  
With Christian graces round her thrown,  
She sits a queen upon her throne,  
And beautifies her quiet home—  
For woman lives for love alone!

She leads the footsteps of her child;  
She stills the storm of passion wild;  
And by her patient love beguiled  
Life's rugged path seems short and mild.  
Thus worth of woman's life is shown—  
For woman lives for love alone!

## A SECOND WIFE'S STORY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

WE had been discussing the question where we should go for the summer—my aunt Raeburn, handsome and forty, my two young lady cousins, Blanche and Violet, and myself, the orphan daughter of uncle Raeburn's only sister. It was a strange Providence which fixed my abode with those two women. Don't imagine I am going into melodrama. There was nothing tragic about my life there. I liked them all very fairly well, and they liked me, too, in their way. But their way and my way were wide as the poles asunder. I was not rich, but I had money enough of my own not to be at all dependent on them; so I did not put their regard to a very severe test. But there was something strange in the very fact of our living together, for none of our tastes were in common, and I could not measure life by their standard.

About even this matter of a summer resort, our notions were as wide apart as usual. Blanche wanted to go to Newport for the season. Violet wanted a few weeks of Saratoga first, and Newport afterward. Aunt Raeburn was ready to please them both, and only waited for them to come to an agreement. Out of courtesy they asked for my vote. I was tired of the old, beaten track. Saratoga and Newport seemed to me but an extension of Broadway. We should see the same people there, hear the same small-talk. I wanted something fresh—a change. If we could go to Mount Desert; or spend a few weeks among the Cape-Cod fishermen! Blanche held up her ringed hands in unaffected horror.

"Wouldn't you like to establish a mission among some of the remnants of the Indian tribes? That would give you yet more of variety."

Just then the footman rang the bell, and left a letter for me. The handwriting was familiar, but I had not seen it for some time. It was from the most intimate friend I had in the world; but we never wrote to each other unless we had something to say. The last time I saw her I had assisted at her wedding as bridesmaid. She had married a country doctor from some little, out-of-the-way Connecticut town, and I had given her my blessing, and thrown an old shoe after her for luck, as

he took her away. Had their honeymoon lasted two whole years? And was it waning, now, that she found time to remember me? I opened the letter with curiosity—I was skeptical about marriage in those days.

No, the honeymoon must be shining still, if praises of Dr. Harrington were any indication. She was enchanted with him, with Pomfret, with the quiet life she led there. You would have thought there was never any air so balmy, any sunsets so glorious, any husband so faultless. Pomfret and Paradise both began with P., and were synonymes. She had written for me to come and pass the summer with her. She should have asked me the year before, she said, only she felt so inexperienced. She had not had faith enough in her housekeeping at that time to feel sure of making me comfortable. Now she had no hesitation in promising to take good care of me, and send me back to town quite rejuvenated. I read the letter through, and arrived at my determination and the signature together.

"Girls," I said, "make your arrangements without regard to me. I am going to Pomfret."

"Wolf-hunting?" Blanche questioned. Violet only opened her lazy eyes a little wider, and looked at me.

"No; the wolves and Gen. Putnam have alike left the stage. I am going to see Mrs. Harrington—Maria Gray, you know."

"Oh, yes! I remember. She married a country doctor, and buried herself somewhere. Look out that you don't do likewise."

Violet had her way—those lazy-looking, blue-eyed women, who never argue, always do have their way. They went to Saratoga first, and were to go to Newport afterward. As for me, I saved mantua-maker's bills, took my last summer fineries, and went to Pomfret. Hills and valleys, green fields, sunny slopes, tinkling brooks; great trees that look as if they grew for the pleasure of it; skies splendid as Italy; air so bracing that it stimulates you like wine—that was Pomfret. A stoutish, happy-looking, matronly woman, with her face radiating welcome—that was Maria. She took me up to a cool, pleasant chamber, with soft white muslin curtains disputing the entrance of the June sunshine at the windows. Flowers were on the

table, flowers in the slender white vases on the mantle, flowers everywhere.

"Be happy, and grow strong here," she said, as she led me in, "and don't think doctor and I mean to bore you to death, or keep you quite to our two selves. Robert Eden is coming next week."

"And who is he?"

"Don't you know? He is a Connecticut grandee, a politician, a man of weight and influence; rich, besides, and in want of a wife. You will find him worth getting acquainted with. He is doctor's great friend. He doesn't know you are coming; but when he finds you here, I fancy he won't be sorry."

I confess I was honestly pleased at the prospect of such an addition to our resources, heartily glad the visitor was coming. Much as I loved Maria, thoroughly as I liked the doctor, I had no objection to vary the programme by the admission of another person. It even did cross my mind, what if this unknown Robert Eden were to be my fate? What if I should really like him as well as Maria did her doctor? Not that I thought there was much danger of it. I had been through two seasons in New York society, and seen a good many men, and still was heart-whole. So I concluded I was not very susceptible, and should survive the summer and Mr. Eden's visit without being mortally wounded.

I had been there a week when he came. I confess I was, at first, a little disappointed in him. To be sure, Maria had not described him very fully, but I had pieced out her hints with my own conjectures. I had fancied him a sort of book-hero—graceful as Antinous, handsome, with the look and gesture of one born to command. He came in, cordial, genial, merry; heartily glad to see the doctor and Maria; but utterly devoid of the halo with which my fancy had surrounded him. He was a good, rugged, manly New Englander; powerfully built, with broad shoulders, and strong, well-knit frame, but not very tall, and, of course, not especially graceful. Neither was he young—thirty-five at least. I concluded at once that I was safe enough. I could never be romantic about a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a good deal of color. Still I could be excellent friends with him, no doubt. But no wonder that he was not married. Who could imagine that downright, practical, commonplace man talking sentiment?

Before the first evening was over, I began, however, to change my estimation of him. Whatever else he was, he certainly was not commonplace. I had seldom heard any one

talk so well. He was perfectly simple, too—just as utterly unaffected and unconcerned about the impression he was making as was Maria's doctor. I liked well to hear them both talk. There was so little of the *petit maitre* about them; they were both so thoroughly genuine and in earnest. But Mr. Eden, I could see readily, was by far the greater man of the two. His conclusions were based on broader premises, deeper knowledge. You forgot, when he talked, that he was not handsome; or, rather you almost learned to consider him so, when you saw those clear, gray eyes kindle, and the strong, resolute face grow earnest and full of meaning.

Within the next three weeks I found out that Robert Eden was something more and greater than I had imagined before I saw him. In place of the novel-hero of my imagination, with his ideal graces, I found the most real man I had ever known—a man capable of greatness, both in thought and action; of conception and of endeavor; capable, also, of long-suffering and patience; of a deep, self-sacrificing tenderness, in which any woman might rest safely the hope and faith of her life-time. I began to feel as if his love was the only thing in the world worth striving for; and as if I was not half good enough to win it.

One day he told me that it was mine; and suddenly earth and skies seemed dyed anew for me in tints of primeval splendor; and, indeed, Pomfret and Paradise were the same—or, at least, had I not found Eden? I remember—shall I ever be old enough to forget?—how his clear, deep voice sounded on the summer stillness,

"I love you, Agnes. Can you love me?"

I had not one coquettish impulse. I did love him truly, and I told him so. Was there anything in the universe which could have thrilled me like the words in which he thanked and claimed me?

Afterward, it might have been an hour, perhaps, a thought came to me, born of my own jealous, exacting nature. I longed to be assured that he had never loved before. I gave him first love. Could I be contented with less in return? And yet he was thirty-six years old, he told me. Could he have lived so long without loving? I asked him. A shadow seemed to cross his face—or was it the day which darkened? He bent toward me tenderly, yet with a reproachful look.

"I loved my wife, Agnes. You are not less dear to me than she was—you satisfy me more perfectly, perhaps; but, surely, you would not

be better pleased were I to confess that I had done another woman the wrong of marrying her without loving her?"

I clung to his arm in a sort of desperation. It seemed to me the solid ground was slipping away from beneath my feet. I could not find strength for many words. I only gasped,

"Your wife?"

"Yes. Surely you were not in ignorance that I had been married; that I was asking you to take the place to my child, my little Gertrude, of her dead mother? Did not Mrs. Harrington tell you?"

"Never!"

"Then I must try my fortune over again. Are you willing to be my second wife, Gertrude's mother?"

I did not answer him. I broke away from his hold, and paced wildly up and down the garden-paths. What should I do? I had always hated second marriages; always believed that no woman could be a good mother to another woman's child. *Could* I undertake it? Should I not be torn with ceaseless jealousy of the dead? Could I help hating the child that would always call to mind *her* memory, and come between me and my husband's heart? And yet, heaven pity me! *could* I give him up? What else would be left in life when he was gone out of it? He might love yet again. Some other woman might be to him all he had asked me to be. That thought conquered me. I went back to him. I know not what my face revealed of pain or conflict.

"Yes, I will be your wife," I cried, passionately. "I love you so well, I have no choice. But if I had known this in the first place, I never should have loved you; and it would have been better for both of us."

"No, I will never believe that, Agnes. It would not have been better. You love me—for my sake you will love my child. Make her what you are, and I will ask no more."

"No," I said, desperately, "I do not promise to love her. I do not think I can. But I will do my duty toward her. At least I will try."

"You will succeed," he said, with a fond faith of which I was not worthy. "I am not afraid to trust you."

He staid there three weeks longer before he went away to make preparations for our wedding—for we were to be married early in September. He was an impatient lover, and there was no reason for long waiting. The wedding was to be at Maria's, for I did not want to hurry my aunt and cousins home from their summer campaign; and, indeed, we both preferred being

married quietly in Pomfret. During those three weeks that he staid with me I was happy—I could not help being, I loved him so well, and trusted him so entirely. Sometimes the thought of other ties that had once bound him stung me, but I tried to banish it. How could I doubt the deep tenderness that looked from his eyes, thrilled in his voice, and dictated every word and deed?

But when he left me for a month, during which we were both to be busy with the arrangements for our coming marriage, I found it harder to be quite satisfied. One day I asked Maria why she had not told me that Mr. Eden was a widower.

"Because I knew I could take no surer way to set you against him," was the reply; "and I had a presentiment that he was just the one made for you."

"You might just as well have had a memory that he had been just the one made for some one else," I answered, tartly.

"But *I* don't think so. Doctor knew him when his first wife was alive; and he says she never suited him as you will. She was a pretty little thing—a sort of David Copperfield's Dora. You will be his Agnes,"

"Yes! and who ever reads that book without believing that, however willing David was to persuade himself and his second wife to the contrary, it was really poor little Dora that he loved best—the little blossom that faded on the stem?" Agnes satisfied his reason, I presume, but Dora roused the enthusiasm in which reason was forgotten. I like enthusiasm."

"And in that respect, I think, you have no reason to complain of Mr. Eden. Remember how noble and how fond he is, and be satisfied; or, for very shame at your ingratitude, be silent."

Soon he came; and, for the time, even my jealous heart was at rest. How could I help believing in such a generous, undoubting love? How could I meet it by distrust or repining?

So we were married. Aunt and uncle Raeburn, Blanche, and Violet, fitted on to attend the ceremony. I did not think the girls would have liked Mr. Eden. To my amazement they admired him. They were incapable of measuring his heights and depths. They did not understand him; but he had an aspect in which they could see something to approve. His deference toward woman as woman, imparted to his manner a gracious charm, more enticing than flattery. You felt that he was superior, and at the same time believed that he thought you so. Then they were by no means insensible to

his social advantages. Before they had been with Maria two hours they had extracted from her more than I knew about the extent of his fortune—his great house out of Hartford, where all the arts blossomed, where soft laces draped the windows, and pictures flushed the walls with sunset splendors, and statues gleamed out from before crimson draperies. They became impressed, thereupon, with a profound sense of his importance, and devoted themselves with assiduity to me as his representative.

I was thoroughly happy when the wedding festivities were over, and he and I drove away together. We were to pass September, and the early part of October, in a somewhat eccentric bridal tour. We meant, so far as we could, to avoid the beaten routes, and go, as the fancy seized us, to any place either of us had ever especially desired to visit. We took in both Mount Desert and Cape Cod; so I carried out my summer programme after all. Through those weeks, for the most part, my heart was at rest. I had my husband all to myself, and was able, for the time, to forget that there were any other claims on him. It was not until the very last night before we went home that I asked him anything about his child. He had not mentioned her all this time; unwilling, I suppose, to force her upon my attention. We were alone in our room just at twilight. My face was in the shadow, and he could not see if any jealous spark kindled my eyes. I tried to speak quietly.

"Where is little Gertrude," I asked, "during all this time that we have been pleasuring?"

"She has been with her aunt, her mother's sister; but we shall find her at home to-morrow. Her nurse will take her there to meet us. I have told her about you, darling, and she is all ready to love you."

The animation in his voice; the glad, eager way in which he spoke of her; his evident assurance that she would win her way to my love, roused the evil demon in my heart. I tried not to show it, however. I could not bear that he should see in me anything unworthy. I turned the conversation adroitly as I could, and fancied that I succeeded in banishing that little waiting girl from her father's thoughts.

It was the middle of the short October afternoon when we came in sight of "Eden-hall." The day was perfect. You know how ripe and rich a New England October day can be; what golden haze swims in the air; how blue the sky is, with the white clouds flecking it here and there, and the soft purple shadows upon the hill-tops. It made "Eden-hall" glorious. It was

a grand old place, with tall and stately trees that looked as if they were centuries old. Indeed, the land had belonged to Robert Eden's ancestors: and the oaks and elms were as lofty, when my husband's grandfather played under them, as now. But the house was modern and stately—a great, gray-stone house,

"With its battlements high in the hush of the air,  
And the turrets thereon."

On one side, sloping down toward the river, was a gay garden. On the other side the trees reigned alone, and tossed their flame-tinted boughs in the October sunshine. To the house a long avenue led up, and then a flight of steps. Midway on these stood a child, alone, in an attitude of bashful grace. A pretty little creature; I fancied she must be like her mother—and the thought hardened my heart against her; very fair, with golden curls, snowy skin, and a pink flush in the cheeks, great, blue eyes, bright lips, dimpled neck and arms—as charming a vision of childhood as eye could desire. She wore—how well I remember it—a red dress, and a low-necked white apron, with the cunningest of red-morocco shoes upon the tiny feet. I had seen everything about her in the moment when the carriage was stopping, and my husband handing me out. He ran gayly up the steps, and caught the little creature in his arms. He kissed her, whispered something in her ear, then led her to meet me.

"Welcome home, dear wife," he said. "Gerty, this is your mamma."

"How oo do, new mamma," she lisped, in her coaxing, childish way. "Gerty glad to see oo."

She stretched up her little arms, and I bent down, ungraciously enough, and just let her lips touch my cheek, but gave her no kiss, no embrace in return. She seemed disappointed. I did not dare to look at her father. If he noticed it, he made no sign. He drew the child round to his other side, and went up the steps between us. It would be always so, I thought, bitterly. He must be divided. I could never have him all to myself any more. I had had the last of my good days. I felt something fearfully like hatred toward the little innocent four-years-old creature, whose right to him, after all, so much antedated my own. I, not she, was the usurper.

I went sullenly into the splendid home of which Mr. Eden had made me mistress. I caught a reflection of my face in one of the full-length mirrors. It looked so dark and bitter. It was so shadowed by the evil spirit I was indulging, that I stole a glance at my husband, to see if I could not already read aversion in

his eyes. Would he be able to love me at all, I wondered, when I disappointed him so; and then, with the injustice of such a mood, I disliked little Gerty the more, for bringing out the evil that was in me.

On the winter that followed—my first winter at Edenhall—I do not like to dwell. I wish I could forget how cold and cruel I was to the child of the dead beauty whose fair face looked down on me from the panel where it hung, between the drawing-room windows. I was jealous of that portrait, even—but I dared not ask to have it removed. Robert Eden was not one to sacrifice the dead to the whims of the living. Little Gerty tried her childish best to please me, and make me love her. Poor dear! it was so evident that she had never known coldness or unkindness before. She did not understand it from “new mamma,” as she continued to call me. The very name irritated me. I thought it must constantly remind her father of the other mamma.

In all this I was utterly wretched. I was not of a nature to sin comfortably. I had a conscience, and I could not easily silence it. Try to shut it out as I might, an accusing ghost seemed to haunt me. Often, when I would have kissed my husband, it seemed to me that a phantom face thrust itself between us, and claimed the caress. I grew fearfully nervous, especially toward spring, when I was looking forward to holding a child of my own in my arms by-and-by. I used to think, sometimes, what if I should die, and leave the little, helpless thing to the world's mercy, and some one should be hard and cold to her as I was to Gerty? Yet I would not change. A demon of obstinacy seemed to possess me. I could not love Gerty, and I would not try to make her happy. I persuaded myself it would be hypocrisy.

Through all this time no words can describe the kindness and patience of my husband. This grand patience of his was one of the most splendid elements in his character. It made him sovereign over himself. Bitterly as I know he was disappointed in me, he never gave utterance to a single reproach. But there was something almost pitiful in his tenderness toward me. I think he knew that I was sinning against my better self, and he had compassion on me. Then, too, I suppose, he imputed a good deal of the trouble to the physical disturbances incidental to my state of health, and hoped that I would learn to love his child when the deep fountain of motherhood had been unsealed in my own heart.

I do not know how it would have been. I

used to think, then, that I should like Gerty less, rather than more, in the days to come. With the new love would come a new torment. I should be jealous for my child as well as for myself. Why did I, I asked myself one day, why did I, knowing my own disposition, ever venture to marry a widower? I might have been sure how it would be. And now I had wrecked his life as well as my own. It was in the afternoon, I remember, and I watched the March sunshine glinting on tree and statue, and thought how much longer the days were getting, and then how long life was, and how weary. I looked round on my beautiful home. I thought of my husband, so tender, so generous, so thoroughly noble, and then I said aloud,

“If I only had him to myself! If it were not for Gertrude. Other children die, but no fear of *her*. I wish she was dead!”

I had never gone so far before, even in thought, and I stopped with a shudder at myself. I almost expected the ghost, which had so long seemed to haunt me, to speak out in the silence, or lay her cold fingers on my lips. I sat still and shivering, but the March sun shone mockingly on. No wind stirred. No voice broke the stillness. I sat a half-hour, perhaps, at least it seemed as long, and then Rosa, Gerty's nurse, appeared, with frightened face, in the door-way.

“Please, Mrs. Eden, Gerty is very bad, indeed, and I don't know what to do. She was taken sick a little while ago, and now she's lying sort of stupid like, and as cold as ice.”

A horrible thought flashed across my bewildered brain. Was this the answer to my wish? Was I a murderer? Should I not be one, unless God would hear my prayers, and save her life? I hurried to the nursery. The child was stupid still, but not cold now. She was in a raging fever. She *must* be saved, I thought, or I should go mad.

“Send James for Dr. Bartlett, instantly,” I cried. “Where is Mr. Eden?”

“Gone into town.”

“Well, tell him to get the doctor first, and then try and find her father.”

I do not know how long it was before Dr. Bartlett came. I took no note of time, sitting with that little burning hand between my fingers. He examined her, inquired who had been with her when she was taken, and then asked Rosa a few questions. Then he turned to me.

“It appears like scarlet fever, Mrs. Eden. All the symptoms are like it, and it is very prevalent just now.”



He left some medicine, and gave me minute directions for her treatment, and then went away, promising to come again in the evening.

I was sitting by her alone when her father came home. He had met Dr. Bartlett on the way, and knew the worst. He made no ado, but the tearless anguish which whitened his face struck to my heart. Not with a jealous pang, however. The shock had sobered me, and for the time, at least, cured my madness. But I loved my husband too well to look on his suffering unmoved. Even his anxiety that his child should live, was, I think, less intense than mine. I could not divest myself of the horrible idea that she had been stricken down in answer to my wish. If she died, I should never be able to forget those terrible words, nor feel again that I had a right to Robert Eden's love. In striving to save her life. I was striving for all I valued on earth—my own peace of mind, my husband's heart. If she should die, I felt as if I must go away, and never see him again.

God knows how anxiously I tended her; with what prayers I besieged heaven for her life. Her own mother's love could not have been more vigilant. Her father was amazed at me, I saw. He thought, I suppose, that it was an honest affection late springing in my heart. He little knew what was at stake for me—what hopes, dear as my own soul, hung on the balance with her life. Now and then he said some word of praise or thanks; and often he begged me to rest, and leave her to him. But I would not leave her—I dared not—until the crisis was past. She was very sick. I could see her wasting away. The fierce fever shriveled up her life, drank the marrow in her bones. I waited in an agony of suspense for the time which the doctor said would decide her fate. He watched with me himself through the night—he and I by the bedside, her father coming and going like an unquiet spirit. Before morning dawned the worst was over.

"She will live, now, with good nursing," Dr. Bartlett said, as she opened her great blue eyes, and knew us for the first time since she was sick.

I ran away. I could not bear my transport of rejoicing till I had poured it out in a cry of thanksgiving. When I was calmer, I went back.

"You have saved her life, I truly believe," my husband said, meeting me at the nursery-door. "Dr. Bartlett says your care has been everything. Her own mother could not have been more faithful. Can I ever repay you?"

I listened to his praises, feeling a desperate impulse to confess to him all that had ever been

in my heart. But there was not time. The child still needed me.

She began to get better rapidly. She had one of those strong constitutions of which disease always takes hold with peculiar violence, but which as quickly recuperate the moment the pressure is removed. The next day, at nightfall, she looked at me with those great, wistful blue eyes, and said, in her childish way,

"I haven't asked God to take care of Gerty. Rosa isn't here; mayn't I say prayers to new mamma?"

"Yes, darling," I answered. It was the first time I had ever called her so.

She said over a simple little prayer, one she was used to saying, evidently, for it ended with, "And please take care of Gerty, and make new mamma love her."

The words were so much a matter of habit that she said them, in my presence, as usual, without, I am sure, remembering their reference to me. I can never tell how they thrilled my heart, dumb and cold so long, into warmth and tenderness. I suppose I had been learning, all through her illness, to be fond of her; but I had not realized it myself until then. A full tide of such love as I had never felt before swelled my heart almost to bursting; and I bent over her, and kissed her with eyes which could not see for tears.

"Never ask God again to *make* new mamma love you," I said. "She loves you now. My darling, my little Gerty!"

She touched my wet cheek softly with her baby fingers.

"Don't cry," she said, "oo make Gerty sorry. Gerty loved oo all the time."

That night I left her to Rosa's care for the first time since she was taken sick. I sat with my husband in our own room, and told him all. Just how wicked, and jealous, and miserable I had been—even those terrible words I had said the first days of Gerty's sickness. And then I asked him if he could forgive me. I was sitting at a little distance from him, and he bent forward and drew me into his arms, close to his heart.

"Not forgive you, Agnes," he answered, "but love you. You have triumphed over yourself nobly. You are my true wife, of whom I am prouder to-night than ever. You would never have been jealous, Agnes, if you had known half how well I love you."

I never was jealous afterward.

Gerty got well rapidly; and when she was playing round the grounds, in the June sunshine, her little sister came—a baby loved of

God, for God took her. Only once the little dark-lashed eyes opened, and I saw a gleam of her father's looks in them. The little pulse fluttered faintly, and then the new life went out. My darling! my darling! It was God's mercy, I knew, which saved her tender feet from the world's rough ways, and yet my heart hungered for her, my arms ached to clasp her. But He judges for us best.

Through all, little Gerty was my comfort. The old bitterness never came back to my soul. My husband's child was almost as dear to me as if she had been mine; loved differently, indeed, but with a love no less fond and faithful—battered alike by the memory of her loss and of my own.

The strange, sweet instinct of motherhood, aroused by that little life only a few moments long, has quickened again, since then, at the sight of baby faces—*my* babies. I have tasted the power and sweetness of that wonderful mother-love, which hopes all things, and endures all things, beyond any other love which the world knows. But my own children have never crowded Gerty out of my heart. I have held her always as my eldest daughter. Often in summer twilights, when papa is romping with the others, she and I go together to a little grave whereon the summer blossoms blow, and freshen the violets above it with tears, fond, but not regretful, for that first little one—the chosen of heaven.

"OUR MERRIE COMPANIE."

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

"PRESUMPSOTT'S" waves were crowned with light;

For there the golden Day  
Had dropped her arrows, in her flight.

Upon the dancing spray;  
While Night climbed up his cloud-draped throne,  
Where trembling star-lamps faintly shone.

The air was redolent with sweets,  
By cooling zephyrs fanned;  
And where the crested water meets  
The drifted silver strand,  
We launched our bark, and down the stream  
We floated like a fairy's dream.

Oh! brightly bloomed the airy bowers  
That girdled either side;  
And coyly drooped the chalice'd flowers,  
To kiss the curling tide;  
While from those bowers, so wondrous fair,  
Low, dreamy vespers filled the air.

We rocked upon the river's breast—  
A happy band were we;

For joy, with tender care, careworn  
"Our merrie companie."  
What cared we for the world's fierce strife?  
Our life was love—our love was life.

Ten years have passed since then—ten years  
Of mingled joy and pain,  
Sprinkled with smiles and bitter tears—  
Ah, me! more loss than gain;  
At least we think our losses more,  
Perhaps more oft we count them o'er.

And now "our merrie companie"  
Are scattered far and wide:  
One sleeps by yonder church, and three  
In battle grim have died.  
A ruined bark lies on the strand—  
Alone I walk the cold, white sand.

COME WITH ME.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Come with me

Where the waters softly flow;  
Where the blue-eyed violets grow;  
Where the sunbeams softly creep,  
Lighting up the shadows deep;  
And the lightest song we sing  
Doth an answering echo bring,  
Wild and free!

Come to-day.

Flowers have raised their dewy heads,  
Blushing from their mossy beds;  
Breezes soft, with murmur'ing sound,  
Whisper through the trees around;  
And they tell their tales so near,  
That I fancy I can hear  
What they say.

Come with me!

'Tis a joyous, Summer day;  
Comes the scent of new-mown hay,  
Stealing on the dewy air,  
From the clover-fields so fair.  
Sweet the wild-bee's drowsy hum,  
Flying, heavy-laden, home—  
Busy bee!

Bend the knee:

Praises give to God above;  
Source of life, and light, and love.  
Praise Him for the earth so fair—  
For the blessing scatter'd there.  
May we love His holy will,  
Try His precepts to fulfill—  
Come with me!

## OVERRULED FOR GOOD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You've noticed the sick lady at the window across the street," said Mrs. Ellis to her husband.

"Yes."

"I was over to see her this morning."

"Ah?"

"Yes; Mrs. Carson dropped in, and said she was going to call—she has been there before—and asked me to go along. I have been interested in her for some time, and so accepted the invitation."

"What did you make of her?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"Oh! I was pleased. There is something really attractive about her. She has a little girl, just the age of our Blanche, a sweet child. I brought her home with me, and she stayed for two hours with Blanche. They got on nicely together. The lady—her name is Mrs. Estell—promised to let her come over again to-morrow."

"Did you say her name was Estell?"

"Yes."

"Is she a widow?"

"I believe so."

"Estell?—Estell? I wonder if she is the widow of Jacob Estell, who died about two years ago?"

"Jacob Estell. Yes, I noticed that very name on a trunk standing in her room," replied Mrs. Ellis.

"Is that so? Well! Well! She's had a poor time of it since her marriage. Estell was never good for much. His wife had a few thousand dollars, but he spent it all in a year; and when he died, left her without a penny. I wonder what supports her now? She isn't able to do anything, of course."

"No; she is past that."

"Is she very feeble?"

"Very. She rarely sits up for more than an hour at a time."

"Consumption?"

"Yes; and it is wasting her rapidly. She can hardly last over six months, or a year."

"Somebody must support her," said Mr. Ellis. "I know that Estell left nothing."

"She is very comfortable," replied Mrs. Ellis; "and there was nothing in her manner that showed worldly care. Kind friends are, no doubt, looking after her."

Mr. Ellis, who was reading when his wife mentioned their sick neighbor, lifted his book, and let his eyes drop once more on the printed page; but it was some time before the thought of Mrs. Estell and the image of her wasted countenance, so often noticed at the window opposite, were veiled over by a reviving interest in the volume.

It was in the evening when this conversation occurred. On the next morning, as Mr. Ellis was walking toward his store, and when only a little way from his dwelling, he met a man named Byram, to whom he gave a cold nod, and received in return quite as cold a greeting.

"I wonder what takes him into this neighborhood?" said Mr. Ellis, a shadow of dislike creeping over his face. He heard his name called from behind at this moment, and, turning, saw a gentleman with whom he had a street acquaintance.

"Good-morning!" said this person, in a cheery voice.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lyon," was returned.

"You know Mr. Byram?" said the gentleman.

"Not particularly," replied Mr. Ellis, with a changing manner.

"I saw you speak to him."

"Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"I've known of him for ten or twelve years."

"No harm, I trust," said Mr. Lyon.

"Well, I can't say as to that." Mr. Ellis put on a mysterious air. "I've heard him talked about."

"Indeed!" The face of Mr. Lyon became serious.

"Something went wrong with him about eight years ago," said Mr. Ellis. "I never got down to the exact truth; but this I do know—the firm in which he was employed, as cash-keeper, turned him adrift."

"Is that so?" Mr. Lyon seemed startled.

"That is so to my knowledge," replied Mr. Ellis.

"What was charged against him?"

"Cash short, if I remember, and not accounted for. The fact is, he didn't keep the best company, and was himself inclined to be fast. He may have gambled a little, and so got himself involved. I don't know about it; but that is the natural order, when a young man begins to step aside."

"I am pained to hear all this," said Mr. Lyon, with a troubled air.

"And I am pained to speak of it; but you asked me about him, and what else could I say? I wouldn't injure him for the world—wouldn't put a straw in his way. But facts are facts, and speak for themselves."

Now, Mr. Ellis distinctly remembered that at the time Byram's good name went under a cloud, many persons expressed a doubt of his defection in anything toward his employer; and it also came to his remembrance, that about a year afterward this employer suffered severely from the abstractions of a clerk who had grown up in the establishment, and been implicitly trusted. But, though it was on his tongue to speak of this also to Mr. Lyon, a feeling of dislike toward Byram kept him silent.

The two men parted. Mr. Ellis did not feel altogether comfortable. Was it just, or merciful, to speak of Byram as he had done? Might not the effect of what he had said be an irreparable wrong? Such questions troubled him, and he could not put them aside. He would have felt more uncomfortable if he had known that, for the past year, Mr. Byram had been in the employment of Mr. Lyon.

"I had rather heard of the loss of a ship!" said Mr. Lyon to himself, as he walked on. "I would have trusted Byram with uncounted gold. Ah, me! If a man trips once, who can have faith in him?" After a pause, he added, "I wonder what takes him into this neighborhood? I've met him just about here three or four times in the last few weeks."

Suspicion was already beginning to creep into his mind. An incident, to which he had not before given a second thought, now had a questionable look.

"I must get down to the bottom of this," he said, a certain hardness of feeling toward his clerk gaining a lodgment in his mind. "There is too much at stake."

Now Mr. Lyon was rather a hasty man, and inclined to take things for granted beyond the simple record of facts. Ten minutes after he reached his store, Byram came in.

"Too late, sir—too late!" he said to the clerk, speaking with even more hardness of tone than he had designed.

"Only a few minutes later than usual, Mr. Lyon," replied the clerk.

"One minute, or forty—I said it was too late!" Mr. Lyon spoke in a testy voice, and turned from Byram.

The clerk was hurt by his employer's rude manner, and went to his desk with a troubled

air. Three months before, he had been advanced to a highly responsible position, with an increase of salary.

"What does this mean?" he asked of himself. "What has come over Mr. Lyon?"

There was coldness, constraint, and evident suspicion toward his clerk, on the part of Mr. Lyon all that day. Byram was not only troubled, but annoyed at this. Annoyance became irritation. Such being the state of mind with employer and clerk, it only needed some slight cause to produce a rupture. The cause was not far off. Sharp words, under light provocation, passed from lip to lip, and the result was separation.

Only twenty dollars of the young man's salary remained in Mr. Lyon's hand. He took this, and went away with a heavy heart, and a feeling of discouragement.

"What a relief!" said Mr. Lyon to himself, as the clerk retired. "I should not have had a moment's peace if he had remained. I'm sorry for him, but can't help it. When a man trips once, all faith in him is gone."

One day, two or three weeks afterward, Mr. Ellis said to his wife,

"What has become of Mrs. Estell? I haven't seen her at the window for some time."

"Oh! I forget to tell you about her," answered Mrs. Ellis, a shade of pity coming over her face. "She left Mrs. Kingsley's on last Thursday. She was, you know, only a boarder there."

"Why did she leave?"

"Her means suddenly gave out; or became so much reduced that she could no longer afford to pay Mrs. Kingsley's charges. I feel very sorry for her. She was so comfortable over there; and now, I hear, she is in a poor, forlorn sort of a place, in a miserable little street down town. She can't live very long; and it is really hard that her last days are to go out in neglect and privation."

"Some friend or friends on whom she leaned have failed her," said Mr. Ellis.

"Yes. That is the truth, I believe."

"Did you ask Mrs. Kingsley about her?"

"Yes. There was a gentleman named Byram—"

Mr. Ellis started.

"Byram! What of him?" Mr. Ellis could not, in his surprise at hearing this name, help interrupting his wife.

"He paid her board."

"Byram paid her board?"

"Yes. Why, do you know him? How surprised you look!"

"I used to know a young man by that name, and I've seen him several times in this neighborhood," replied Mr. Ellis.

But he seemed disinclined to pursue the subject farther, and fell into a sober mood. On the next day he called on Mr. Lyon.

"You remember," he said, "what passed between us, a few weeks ago, about a young man named Byram?"

"Yes, sir," was replied, with emphasis.

"I trust you have not repeated it to any person."

"Wasn't it true?" demanded Mr. Lyon. He was a man of quick feelings.

"True, as far as my statement went. But I should have said more in simple fairness. Though Byram lost his place, and his name went under a cloud, a great many persons believed him innocent. And I ought, also, to have said, that, a year afterward, a clerk, who had been for a long time in the establishment, was discovered in a series of peculations and false entries, running back for five years."

"Upon my word, sir! But that is putting another face on the matter. Why, in the name of justice, Mr. Ellis, did you not say this, also, that antidote and bane might have gone together? You have led me into a great wrong, sir."

"How?—how, Mr. Lyon?"

"Mr. Byram held a highly responsible place in my business. I trusted him largely until you destroyed my confidence. Before nightfall he and I had parted!"

"My dear, sir! this is bad. I had no thought of injuring him. I didn't know that he was in your employment."

"Bad? I think it is bad!"

"Where is he now?"

"I can't inform you. He left the city soon after leaving me."

"Where did he go?"

"I am not advised."

The two men were silent for a little while.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to know where he was," said Mr. Ellis, breaking the silence.

"You might give a thousand, and not repair the injury you have done," was replied.

Mr. Lyon's manner was severe. His tone, as well as his language, offended Mr. Ellis, who closed the interview, and went away.

That evening Mr. Ellis said to his wife.

"I can't get Mrs. Estell out of my mind."

She looked up at her husband with just a shade of surprise in her face.

"Is it right for us, knowing as we do her

helpless and destitute condition, to act toward her the part of priest and Levite?"

"The part of good Samaritan were better," replied Mrs. Ellis.

"Will you go and see her to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Do. And if you find her in need of things comfortable, supply them. Learn, if you can, whether she has any means of her own, and how much it will require weekly to enable her to go back to Mrs. Kingsley's."

Almost the first question asked by Mr. Ellis, on his return home from business next day, was,

"Have you seen Mrs. Estell?"

His wife's countenance changed instantly.

"Yes," she answered. "But she'll never go back to Mrs. Kingsley's."

"Why not?" Mr. Ellis was visibly agitated.

"She took a severe cold in removing, which has been increased almost daily through the carelessness and neglect of the family in which she is living. Inflammation of the lungs is the result, and she is now in a very critical condition."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Ellis suppressed a groan.

"If she dies, I don't know what will become of her little girl," remarked Mrs. Ellis. Mr. Byram appears to be the only friend she had; and he has failed her at the last."

A word of defence for Mr. Byram came to the lips of Mr. Ellis, but he could not give it utterance, lest he should betray more to his wife than he cared to have her know.

"Suppose you bring the child home with you," said Mr. Ellis.

"I thought of doing so yesterday, but feared you might have an objection."

"Oh, no! none at all!" he answered, quickly.

"Do just as your heart prompts."

On the next evening, when Mr. Ellis returned home, his wife was absent. She had been away since morning, the servants said. His heart felt heavy. This absence boded no good. Soon afterward she came in, bringing Mrs. Estell's child with her.

"How is she?" he asked. He saw the answer in her face, before her lips said, in a low whisper,

"Dead!"

He felt the word like a stunning blow. "And I killed her!" Not aloud, but in his thought he uttered this accusing sentence.

Nothing more was then said. Neither was in a mood for conversation. After tea, Blanche, and the little motherless child, were placed in bed together, and went to sleep in each other's

arms. Mrs. Ellis called her husband to look at them in their sweet unconsciousness. After standing over them for a few moments, he turned away. The pain at his heart was very severe.

"God has sent her to this fold, poor little lamb!" he said, in a low, burdened voice; "and she must not go out again."

"It is well with the mother; and, in God's good providence, well with the child," was answered by Mrs. Ellis. A deep calm rested on her spirit; but his was turbulent as a storm-tossed ocean. "Out of evil He is always bringing good," she added. "It seemed so hard for Mrs. Estell to lose a sustaining friend just when she most needed him. The loss hastened her departure, made her passage to the next world shorter, and, to all appearance, sharper; but out of this seeming evil to her is born good for her child—the very good her heart most desired. His ways are not as our ways, nor His permissions separate from tender mercy and loving kindness. Back of the darkest cloud there is blue sky and sunshine."

A few months afterward, Mr. Ellis was in a Western city, where he had business with a large mercantile house. He was engaged with a member of the firm, when he saw at a desk near him a familiar face. It was that of Byram. Their eyes met in a mutual recognition. Mr. Ellis stepped to the desk and spoke kindly, even cordially, to the young man.

"You know Mr. Byram," said the member of the firm with whom he was conversing, when Mr. Ellis came back from the desk. The remark was made in a low tone of voice.

"Yes. I knew him at the East. How long has he been with you?"

"About two months. He seemed very much run down when he came to us. We didn't think much of him, judging from his appearance. But he has proved himself to be intelligent, competent, and useful. In fact, he is, to-day, the most capable clerk in our establishment. What are his antecedents?"

"All right, so far as I know," was answered.

"I'm glad to hear it. We were talking only yesterday about his advancement."

Before going away, Mr. Ellis said to the young man, "I'm at the Mansion House, room No. 74, Mr. Byram, where I shall be pleased to see you this evening." The clerk promised to call, and kept his word, although he had no particular drawing toward Mr. Ellis.

"How has it been with you since leaving P—?" inquired the latter.

"Things have not gone very smoothly. It is

always difficult, at first, for a stranger to make his way in any community," was answered.

"Why did you leave our city?" If Mr. Ellis had reflected a moment he would not have asked that question, for the reply might be anything but agreeable. But the query came to his lips, and he gave it utterance. The color deepened in Byram's face; and there was some hesitation, approaching to embarrassment, in his manner.

"I have never been able to answer that question clearly to my own satisfaction," said the young man. "My way was smooth; my sky was bright. I was faithful to my employer, and I was using my income for another's good rather than for my own. Suddenly, my way became obstructed, and my sky dark. Why? how? were mysteries. There is a riddle in connection with this matter that I have not yet been able to solve. But, I suppose, all will come out right in the end. I have faith in Providence."

"Why do you say a riddle?" inquired Mr. Ellis, who wished to look deeper into the young man's mind.

"I just remarked," said Byram, "I have faith in Providence. It was no blind chance that obstructed my path—I am sure of that."

"You know," remarked Mr. Ellis, "that Mrs. Estell died soon after you left the city."

"Yes, I heard of that." His voice dropped to a mournful tone. Then, with a quickening interest, he said,

"You knew her?"

"My wife did."

"Ah! What became of her child? I could never learn."

"She is in my family, cared for as one of my own children."

Light flashed over the young man's face. He caught Mr. Ellis' hand and grasped it with a prolonged pressure.

"To remain?"

"To remain," was answered.

"It is coming clear. I begin to see it."

"See what?" asked Mr. Ellis, growing more and more interested in the young man's state of mind.

"The ways of Providence. I had a good place with Mr. Lyon, in P—. I had his confidence; he was advancing me. But, in what seemed an evil hour, some one accused me to him falsely; revived an old slander that circumstances had disproved; and I was cast adrift upon the world. That was, perhaps, the darkest period of my life. But light is breaking in, and I see the way by which I have come to be a safer way than the one from which I

was so suddenly turned aside. My enemy thrust at me, and thought, perhaps, that he had wounded me unto the death. But his spear-point scarcely penetrated the skin. For a time I was under a cloud, and it was best for me; but, while I was in darkness, light fell warmly upon another life. When my hand failed, God gave other help."

"Why was it best for you?" asked Mr. Ellis. He was searching after ease to a troubled mind.

"Best, because, in the position I held with Mr. Lyon were certain temptations that might have proved too strong for me. We all have a weak side, you know."

"Then your enemy was made to serve you, instead of hurting you," said Mr. Ellis.

"Yes. And that is one of the wonderful things in Providence. God permits no evil to befall us that may not be overruled for good. This truth I have long acknowledged in thought; but, until now, have not seen it clearly in the things of life. A veil seems lifted from my mind. I am as one elevated to a higher position, from which all things are seen in truer relations."

"But what of him who, either thoughtlessly or from ill-will, tried to injure you, but was not permitted to touch a vital part? Of him who, meditating evil, became, in the hands of Providence, a minister of good?"

"So far as evil was meditated," replied the young man, "the hurt was with him. It must needs be that offences come, but woe to him by whom they come! My inner life was protected—no injury, but what is self-inflicted, can reach that. If I am true to right principles, I shall dwell in safety. There may be external changes—even calamities—losses, disasters, sufferings; but through them all God will bear me in safety, and they shall be made servants of good to my soul, if I give not up mine integrity."

"You have taught me a great lesson," said Mr. Ellis. "I see in light what was shadowed before. How God not only provides what is good, but foresees and counteracts evil, turning the meditated wrong of an enemy into benefits.

And there is hope for the enemy, if he repent."

"Yes; if he repent and turn from his evil, the wrong he has done shall not be remembered against him," was replied. "Nay, the wrong has ceased; for Infinite love, guided by Infinite wisdom, has already transformed it into a servant of good. The evil we do in the world, so far as its permanent effects remain, is evil only to ourselves. God takes care that others are not hurt thereby, except in the degree required for the disturbance and dissipation of other and more deeply-seated evils. Whether we meditate service or wrong to the neighbor, we are equally in God's hands, and the effect of our deeds are limited by His will."

"Have you always thought thus?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"I was so instructed," replied the young man; "but, until of late, I did not see it clearly. When the sun is in mid-heaven, everything is so bright around us that we take no heed to our steps, and often press on blindly, going astray; but, when night falls, we look up, and note the stars walking by their supreme intelligence. So I have been walking for the last few months—walking toward the East; and now I see the dawn of coming day, and feel within me the motions of a higher life. But excuse me for thus speaking of myself. Your questions have drawn me out to say more than is fitting."

"Not a word too much," said Mr. Ellis. "Not a word too much!" It was on his lips to confess that he was the enemy by whom the young man's life had been disturbed; but confession was withheld. "No good can come of it," he said within himself. "God has restrained the evil. I repent. Let the past die. For the future, my service of the neighbor must be from goodwill, and not through the counteraction of careless or meditated wrongs."

The two men parted, each with a clearer light in the understanding, and each with a stronger desire to "do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God." Their meeting was of no blind chance.

## I AM WEARY OF EARTH.

BY MRS. MINERVA COPELAND.

I am weary of earth, with its hopes and its fears;  
I am weary of earth with its anguish and tears;  
I am weary of watching, and waiting, and care,  
That frown the cheek, and that silver the hair.  
I am weary of pleasure, where pleasure will fade;  
I am weary of trusting, where trust is betrayed;

I am weary of friendship, where friendship will die;  
I am weary of smiling, when grief bids me sigh.  
I am weary of turning, of hatred and strife;  
I am weary of slaying those I loved best, and darkened my life;  
I am weary of sadness, I'm weary of mirth;  
I am weary, oh, weary!—so weary of earth!

# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

## CHAPTER I.

God help the poor who have ever known the refinements of comfort! God help that little family, for it had been driven first from comfortable apartments, where many a tasteful object had rendered home cheerful, to the garret-rooms of a poor house in one of the most neglected streets of Philadelphia. Upward, from story to story, those helpless ones had been forced by that hard task-master, poverty, till they found shelter at last under the very roof. Their attic had only one window, a small dormer one, which looked out upon stacks of chimneys, grouped like black sentinels huddled over uneven roofs, and down upon yards full of broken barrels, old fragments of sheet-iron, scraps of oil-cloth, piles of brick and broken stoves, rusted lengths of refuse pipe, and all the odds and ends which scores of poverty-stricken families had cast forth from their dwellings. Above these, from window to window, swinging high in the wind, lines, heavy with wet clothes, were fluttering dismally, giving forth a sudden rush of sound now and then like broken-winged birds making wild efforts to fly.

This was the scene upon which that quiet old woman looked, as she sat in a low chair close by the window. Not a scrap of green—not a tree-bough broke the coarse monotony when her eyes turned earthward. But it was near sunset, and over the house-tops came a flood of burning light, bronzing the chimneys and scattering rich scintillations of gold on the roofs; and this poor old woman smiled thoughtfully as she saw it, praising God in her heart that He gave the glory of sunset and of the dawn alike to the poor and the rich. She was a plain, simple, pleasant-faced old woman, with a cap of soft, white muslin, harmonizing sweetly with the hair folded back from her forehead, white as snow, and soft as floss silk. Her dress, an old brown merino, had been darned and patched, and turned in all its breadths more than once; but it was so neat, and fitted her dainty old figure so perfectly, that you could not help admiring it. Over this she wore an old-fashioned kerchief, cut from some linen garment, which lay in folds across her bosom,

like the marble drapery sculptured around a statue.

The old woman had her spectacles on, and her withered fingers were busy with a child's shoe. They trembled a good deal, and seemed scarcely able to force her needle through the tough leather, which broke away from her stitches with crisp obstinacy. Still she toiled on, striving to close a great rent in the side of the shoe, till a stronger pull at the thread tore the leather half across the instep, and rendered her task utterly hopeless. That good old creature dropped the shoe to her lap, sighed heavily, and, turning her eyes on the sunset, softened into patient composure.

Just then two boys, the elder ten, the younger, perhaps, seven years of age, came into the room very softly—for those bare feet made no noise on the floor—each carrying a quantity of freshly-opened oyster-shells in his arms. The two children sat down in a corner of the room and began to sort over the shells with eager haste.

"Here is one—here is one!" whispered the elder boy; "not so very small, either. Get me a knife."

The little fellow went to a pine table close by, took a broken case-knife from the drawer, and ran back with it to his brother, who held a huge oyster-shell in his hand, to which was attached a tolerably sized oyster still unopened. The elder boy snatched at the knife, beat the oyster open, and pressing the shell back, lifted it greedily toward his lips; but when he caught the wistful look of his half-famished brother, the generous child withdrew the morsel slowly from his mouth, and gave it up to the two little, eager hands held forth to receive it. The moment his fingers closed on the shell, this little hero sprang away with it to his grandmother's side.

"Here, grandma, grandma! take it quick—take it quick!" he cried, breathless, with a spirit of self-sacrifice that might have honored a strong man.

The grandmother turned her mild, brown eyes on the little, famished face uplifted so eagerly to hers, and, understanding all the heroism expressed there, gently shook her



head, while a sweet, patient smile crept around her lips.

"Eat it yourself, Joseph," she said, patting him on the shoulder with her withered hand. "There is only a mouthful, and you are the youngest."

"No, no, grandma! It is for you—for you."

"Hollo, I have found another, two, three—one a piece, and another left for Anna, when she comes in. Eat away, grandma, there is enough for all. That man who keeps the stand at the corner is a famous fellow; he threw them in, I'll be bound."

Little Joseph thrust the open oyster into his grandmother's hand, cut a caper with his bare feet, and rushed back to the pile of shells in hot haste.

"Save the biggest for Anna," he shouted; "don't touch that."

With that the two children huddled themselves down among the shells; and Robert, the elder, opened the two oysters that fell to their portion with great ostentation, as if he delighted in prolonging his pleasure by anticipation.

"Now," he said, "eat slow and get the whole taste. It isn't every day that we get a treat like this."

Joseph did his best to obey, but the greed of protracted hunger made short work with his morsel. Still he smacked his lips and made motions with his mouth, as if enjoying the treat long after it was devoured.

"Now," said Robert, "let's build a bridge across the hearth; or a railroad, or something worth while."

"A bridge—a pontoon bridge, such as Anna told us of when father's regiment crossed that river. Every oyster-shell shall be a boat; and the hearth shall be a river; and—and, but there comes Anna walking so tired, I know it by her step. Open that other oyster, Robert, for she hasn't tasted a mouthful since yesterday; be quick!"

Robert seized his knife, and was using it vigorously when his sister Anna came in, pale, weary, and so dispirited, that the heaviness of utter despair seemed upon her.

"Oh, grandmother! she is not at home. I have not been able to collect one cent. What shall we do?"

The young girl flung herself on a chair by the table, and, covering her face, began to cry very noiselessly, but in the deep bitterness of distress. "Not one cent, grandma, and I worked hard."

The old lady arose from her place by the

window, where the sunset had kindled up her meek face like a picture, and went quietly up to the weeping girl.

"Don't cry, Anna," she said, smoothing the hair back from her grand daughter's forehead. "We have all had a little of something; and to-morrow will be a new day. I suppose the lady is busy about the fair."

"But I had depended on it so thoroughly," sobbed the girl, looking drearily at the oyster-shells scattered on the hearth. "I had promised the boys *such* a supper, and now all is emptiness; their poor, bare feet, how cold they look!"

"But we are not cold, we rather like it," cried Robert, forcing a laugh through the tears that quivered in his voice. "Arn't we learning to be tough against the time that drummer-boy's will be wanted?"

Anna smiled so drearily that Robert had no heart to go on. The old lady bent over her grand daughter and asked, in a whisper, if anything else had happened. Anna was not a girl to give way like that for a single disappointment, dark as the hour was for them; and the old woman knew it.

"There has been a battle. Extras are out, but I had no money to buy one," Anna replied, in a broken whisper. "He may be dead!"

"No, no; don't say that," pleaded the old woman, retreating to her chair. "God help us! We could not bear it!"

Robert listened keenly; the knife dropped from his hand; his very lips were white. He crept toward the door and darted down stairs. Flight after flight he descended at a sharp run, and then dashed into the street. No newsboy ever hoped for custom in that neighborhood; but around a far distant corner he saw one passing with a bundle of papers under his arm. With the speed of a deer Robert leaped along the pavement, shouting after the newsboy as he went. His cry, so shrill and desperate, arrested the lad, who paused for his customer to come up.

"Oh! give me a paper!—give me a paper! My father was in the battle!" cried Robert, shaking from head to foot under the force of his anxiety.

"All right," answered the sharp boy—"all right; ten cents, and hurry up."

"I haven't got the money; but my father was in the battle, and my sister is breaking her heart to know——"

"Hand over a five, then, and be quick."

"I haven't got a single cent; but my father is a soldier."

"Nary a red, ha! and keeping me like this. Oh! you get out. Business is business, and sogers is sogers; a fellow can't let his heart wear holes in his jacket."

"But I want it so—I want it so."

The boy tore himself away from Robert's feeble grasp, and went on shouting lustily for new customers, leaving the soldier's son shivering in the street, his eyes full of tears, and his heart aching with pain. Robert stood a moment looking wistfully at the newspapers flitting away from him, and in his disappointment formed a new resolution.

When his sister went out that morning, she had mentioned the name and address of a lady, celebrated for her energy in all charitable associations, and who was now the leading spirit of a grand fair for the benefit of the soldiers, which was soon to occupy fashionable attention.

This lady might be at home. She owed his sister money for fancy articles made up for this fair. He would go and ask for enough to give them food; at any rate, to get a paper, which might tell how bravely his father's regiment had fought.

Again the boy started off at a rapid run; and now his course lay toward that part of the city, which seems so far lifted above all the cares and privations of life, that it, is little wonder the poor are filled with envy when they creep out of their alleys and garrets to behold its splendor. They little know how many cares and heartaches may be found even in this favored quarter; and it is not remarkable that the outward contrast presented to them should often engender bitter feelings, and even intense hatred.

The boy had none of these thoughts. He was only eager to get food for those he loved, and hear news that might bring smiles back to the lovely face of his sister. He was naturally sensitive; and not long ago his father had been among the most prosperous and respectable of the working classes. At another time his naked feet and worn cap, which but half concealed the bright waves of his hair, might have checked his ardor, and sent him cowering back to the concealment of his garret-home. Now, he forgot the chill that penetrated his feet from the cold pavement, and went on his way, resolute to save his sister from the sorrow that had wounded him to the heart.

"She hates to ask these grand people for her money," he thought. "I will do it for her. It is a man's place to take the brunt; and when father is fighting for his country, I must try to be man enough to act as he did."

With these thoughts, Robert mounted the marble steps of a spacious white mansion, whose walls were like petrified snow, and whose windows were each a broad sheet of crystal limpid as water. Robert's cold feet left their tracks on the pure marble, as he mounted the steps, and his little hand drew the silver knob with breathless terror when he rang the bell.

A mulatto servant opened the door, saw the lad shivering outside the vestibule, and drew back in a fit of sublime indignation.

"How dare you? What brings you here?" he exclaimed, eyeing the lad with august scorn. "This is no place for vagrants, or beggar-boys—"

"I—I am not a beggar-boy; and I don't think I am the other thing. If you please, I want to see the lady," said the boy, resolutely.

"The lady! What lady can you have anything to do with?" demanded the servant.

"Mrs. Savage, I think that is her name."

"Who told you that? What do you want of Mrs. Savage?"

"I want some money."

"Yes, I thought as much. Now tramp, I tell you; and next time you come to a gentleman's house, learn to go to the back gate."

"But no, no; pray don't shut the door. My sister has done work for the lady, and—"

"Very likely. Mrs. Savage is very likely to owe money to any one. My young friend your story is getting richer and richer. *She* owe you money, indeed!"

"Indeed—indeed she does."

"There, there, get out of the way. Don't you see the young gentleman coming up the steps? Make off with yourself!"

Robert turned, and saw a handsome young man spring out of one of those light wagons sometimes used for riding, in which was a pair of fiery young horses, black as jet, and specked about the chest with flashes of foam. He flung the reins to a groom as he stepped to the pavement and mounted the steps, smiling cheerfully, as if his drive had been a pleasant one.

"What is this? Stop a moment, my boy," said the young man, as Robert passed him on the steps with angry shame burning in his face. "Did you want anything? Money to buy shoes with, perhaps; here—here."

The young man took out his *Porte-Monnaie*, and selecting a bank-note from its contents, handed it to the boy.

"No, sir—no, sir. I did not come to beg; though he says I did," cried the boy, with tears in his eyes.

"Then what did you come for, my boy?"

"The lady in yonder hired my sister to do some work for a fair, and it is that I come about. We need the money so much; and Anna is ashamed to ask for it. She would rather go hungry."

"What, my mother owes money to a working-girl, who hesitates to ask for it!—that must be from mistake, or forgetfulness. Is Mrs. Savage at home, Jared?"

"No, sir," answered the servant. "She is with the committee, and will be till late."

The young man turned to Robert again. The boy was watching him with wistful attention. Tears stood in those large blue eyes, and under its glow of new-born hope the face was beautiful. No beggar-boy, immortalized by Murillo, was ever more striking. Young Savage had a kind heart, but his tastes were peculiarly fastidious; and it is doubtful if a common boy, with bare feet and poverty-stricken clothes, could have kept him so long on those marble steps.

"Come," he said, bending a kindly glance on the lad, "if your home is not far from here, I will go with you and settle this matter."

The lad hesitated, and cast down his eyes. He was ashamed to take this elegant gentleman into his home, or that his beautiful sister should be found in that place. Young Savage mistook this hesitation for a less worthy feeling. "The boy is a little impostor," he said to himself. "He has seen my mother go out, and hopes to obtain something by this ridiculous claim. I will unearth the little fox!"

"Come, come," he said, laughing lightly, "show me the way."

Robert was a sharp lad, and read something of the truth in that handsome face. He turned at once and went down the steps. Savage followed him, interested in spite of himself, and half amused at the idea of ferreting out a deception. Robert did not speak, but looked back, now and then, as he turned a corner, to be sure that the gentleman was following him. The face of young Savage grew more and more serious, as he passed deeper into the neighborhood where low shanties, and high, barren-looking tenement-houses were crowded together. He passed whole families huddled together in the entrance to some damp basement, cold as it was, craving the fresh air that could not be found within. Groups of reckless children, happy in spite of their visible destitution, were playing in the twilight, which filled the poverty of the street with a golden haze, such as heaven alone lends to the poor. The sight pained him, and he grew thoughtful.

"Here is the place, sir," said Robert, pausing at the door of a tall, bleak building, crowded full of windows that turned coldly to the north. "If you please, I will run up first and tell them you are coming."

"No, no, that will never do," answered Savage. "I shall lose my way along this railway of stairs."

Robert saw that he was still suspected, and began to mount the stairs without a pretext. Up and up he went, followed by the young man, till they reached a place where the stairs gave out, and they stood directly under the roof.

"Here is the room, sir," said Robert, gently opening a door, and revealing a picture within the little apartment which arrested young Savage where he stood. This was the picture.

A young girl with raven black hair, so black that a purplish bloom lay on its ripples, stood upon the hearth, stooping over a delicate little boy, whose meager white face was uplifted to hers with a piteous look of suffering. An old woman, in a low, easy-chair, sat close by the child, who huddled himself against her knees, and clung to her garments as if he had been pleading for something. In the background was a lead-colored mantle-piece, a hollow fireplace, and a few half extinguished embers dying out in a bed of ashes. It was a gloomy picture, yet not without warmth and beauty; for the dying sunbeams came through the window, goldenly as an artist would have thrown them on canvas; and the pure, delicate face of the child was like a head of St. John. Never on this earth did human genius embody a more lovely idea of the Madonna than Anna Burns made, with her worn dress of crimson merino, her narrow collar and cuffs of white linen standing out warmly from the sombre brown of the grandmother's dress.

Savage unconsciously lifted the hat from his head, and stood upon the threshold struck with a sort of reverence. Anna was speaking to the child, and did not observe him, or her brother. Her voice, saddened by grief, fell upon his ear with a pathos that thrilled him.

"Wait a little—only a little while, darling," she said. "Don't plead so, I will go again. You shall have something to eat, if I beg for it in the street, only do not look at me so."

"But I am so hungry," pleaded the child.

"I know it—I know it! Oh, grandma! what can I do?"

She changed her position, then, and wringing her hands, went to the window, thus breaking up the picture, and sobbing piteously.

Young Savage entered the room, then, reverently, as if he were passing by a shrine.

"Madam—young lady, I have come from— from my mother."

Anna turned, and saw this strange young man standing before her, with his head uncovered, and his handsome face beaming with generous emotion. She hastily brushed the tears from her eyes, and, unconsciously, smoothed her hair with one hand, ashamed of the disorder into which her grief had thrown it.

"My name is Savage," continued the young man, while a faint smile quivered over his lips, as he observed this little feminine movement. "I met this boy, your brother, I think. I—I wish to settle my mother's account; pray tell me how much it is?"

"I beg pardon. I am very, very sorry to trouble any one so much. Indeed——"

"She didn't do it. I went on my own hook," broke in Robert, who came forward with a glow on his face. "She considers it begging to ask for her own, but I don't."

"That is right, my good fellow," answered Savage. "Business should be left to men. You and I can settle this little affair."

"No, that is not necessary," said Anna, smiling. "It is so small a sum that a word settles it. Only I should like your mother to know how thankful I am to her for giving us something to do."

"Will this be enough?" said the young man, placing a ten dollar note upon the window-sill.

"Half of that—half of that, sir; but I have no change."

The young man blushed.

"You can give it me some other time, perhaps."

"I'll run and get it changed," broke in Robert.

Anna handed him the bank-note.

"No, no! I insist!" said Savage, earnestly. "There is no need of change. My mother—in fact I want more work done. Let your brother come to me in the morning; I shall have ever so many handkerchiefs to mark with initial letters, which I am sure you embroider daintily. Besides, I have a fancy to make my mother a present of one of those worsted shawls—all lace-work and bright colors—such as nice old ladies can knit without injury to the eyesight. I dare say you could do that sort of thing, madam?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the old lady, brightening visibly. "If I only had the worsted to begin with, and needles, and——"

"That is just what I leave the extra five dollars for. Robert, remember, that is for

grandma to begin her work with. It would so oblige me, madam, if you could have the shawl done by Christmas."

The old lady broke into a pleasant little laugh. Little Joseph, who had been listening greedily, pulled at her dress, and whispered,

"Grandma! Grandma! Can I have something now?"

"Yes, dear, yes! only wait a minute."

"But I am tired of waiting, grandma."

"Hush, darling, hush!"

Joseph nestled down to his old place, and, half hidden by his grandma's garments, watched the stranger with his great, bright eyes, eager to have him gone.

The young man saw something of this; but he had never in his life encountered absolute want, and could not entirely comprehend its cravings.

"Let us see about the colors," he said, approaching the grandmother. "White, with a scarlet border, just a pretty fleece of soft, bright wool turned into lace."

"I know, I know!" said the old woman, nodding pleasantly. "You shall see; you shall see."

"Now that this is settled," said the young man, balancing his hat in one hand with hesitation, "we must have a consultation, my mother and I, about providing something a little more permanent."

"You are kind—very kind, sir," said the old lady, smoothing the kerchief over her bosom, with a soft sweep of both hands. "When my son comes home from the war, he will thank you. Anna, there, don't exactly know how to do it; and I am an old-fashioned lady, fast turning back to my place among the children; but my son, her father, you know, is a very smart man."

"And brave as a lion," shouted little Joseph, from behind the shelter of his grandmother's garments.

"Hurra! so he is! They made him a corporal the first thing they did. By-and-by he's going to be a lieutenant. Then won't we live! Well, I reckon not; oh, no!" responded the larger boy.

"Robert! Robert!" said the sister, in gentle reproof.

"I couldn't help it, Anna; can't for the life of me. Beg the gentleman's pardon all the same, though."

"Don't ask pardons of me. I rather like it, my fine fellow," answered Savage. "But there has been a great battle; I hope no bad news has reached you?"

"I do not know. That is what makes us so anxious. If I could but see a paper."

"Go and get one this moment," said Savage, thrusting some currency into Robert's hand.

The boy darted off like an arrow; they could hardly hear his feet touch the stairs. Directly he came back again, breathless and pale, with the paper open in his hand, which he searched eagerly for news.

"They have been in the midst of it," he cried. "The regiment is all cut up; but I don't see his name in the list. Dear, how I wish the paper would hold still. Anna, you try." The girl held out her hand, but it shook like an aspen-leaf; and Savage took the paper.

"What is your father's name?" he inquired.

"Robert Burns."

"I'm named after him, I am," cried Robert, with an outburst of pride.

Savage ran his eyes hastily down the list of killed. The old woman left her chair and crept toward him, white and still; while little Joseph crept after, forgetting his hunger in the general interest. No one spoke; there was not a full breath drawn. Savage looked up from the paper, and saw those wild, questioning eyes, those white faces, turned upon him with an intensity that made his heart swell.

"His name is not here," he said.

Dry sobs broke from the women; but Robert shouted out, "Glory! Glory!" And little Joseph laughed, clapping his pale hands.

"But the wounded," whispered Anna; "look there."

"All right so far," answered Savage, running his eyes rapidly down the list. "There is no Burns here."

The old woman dropped into her chair, and gathering little Joseph to her bosom, covered his face with gentle kisses; while Robert half strangled his sister with caresses, and shook hands vigorously with Mr. Savage, who was rather astonished to find his eyes full of tears, which threw the whole room into a haze.

"Don't forget to come in the morning," he said, turning toward the door.

"Of course, I won't," answered the boy, following his new friend into the passage; "but that yellow chap, will he let me in?"

"Come and see. But, Robert, I say, you and I must be friends—fast friends, you know."

"Yes, when we know each other through and through. But I'm in charge here when father's gone, and haven't much time for anything else. Good-by, sir; I'll be on hand in the morning."

Savage went away, with his mind and heart

full of the scene he had just witnessed. How poor they were? What barren destitution surrounded those two women; yet how lady-like they seemed. There was nothing in their poverty to revolt his taste, fastidious as it was. Neat and orderly poverty carried a certain dignity with it. He thoroughly respected these two women; their condition appealed to every manly feeling in his nature. Though distrustful from habit and education, he had faith in them, and went home full of generous impulses, wondering how he could do them good. Meantime, Robert went back to the room, radiant.

"Here," he said, thrusting a bun into Joseph's hand, "break it in two, and give grandma half; Anna and I will wait awhile. Here is the money, sister; I got it changed at the baker's, where they wouldn't trust us a loaf yesterday. You didn't know it, but I asked 'em. Didn't their eyes open when I took out that bill. How does the bun taste, Josey? Why, if the fellow hasn't finished up his half already. Here, give me back some of that money; I'm off for a supper. There is three sticks of wood in the closet, and a little charcoal; just throw them on the fire, and let 'em blaze away; who cares for the expense! Hurra!"

Away the boy went, bounding down the stairs like a young deer, leaving Anna and the grandmother in a state of unusual cheerfulness. They raked up the embers into a little glowing pile, crossed the wood over them, and filled the teakettle as a pleasant preliminary. The hearth, clean and cold before, was swept again; and as the darkness closed in, the end of a candle was brought forth and lighted, revealing the desolate room in gleams of dull light, that struggled hard against the shadows.

"How pleasant it is," murmured the old lady, leaning toward the fire, and rubbing her withered hands over each other. "See, darling, how the fire-light dances on the hearth. Hark, now! the kettle is beginning to sing! That means supper, Joseph."

"Are you hungry, grandma?" asked the boy, looking up to that kind, old face.

"Yes, dear, a little."

"But you wouldn't eat a bit of the bun."

"That was because I liked to see you eat it."

"Oh, how nice it was! When will Robert come back with more?"

"Here I am!" cried Robert, dashing against the door, and forcing it open with his foot. "Here I am, with lots of good things. There's a ring of sausages. Here's bread and butter, and a little tea for grandma, bless her darling old heart; and just one slice of sponge-cake for

Anna—cake is awful dear now, or I'd have got enough to treat all round. There's a paper of sugar, and—and here they go all on the table at once! Sort 'em out, Anna, while I run for a pint of milk, and an apple to roast for grandma. I forgot that. How she does like roasted apples. Get out the frying-pan, and bustle about all of you. Isn't that young Mr. Savage a splendid fellow? How I'd like to be a drummer-boy in his regiment. Hurry up, Anna, I'm after the milk!"

Away the boy went again, with a little earthen pitcher in his hands, happy as a lark.

Anna Burns brought forth the frying-pan, placed the links of sausages in it, and surrendered them to grandma, who smiled gently on little Joseph as they began to crisp, and swell, and send forth an appetizing flavor into the room. The kettle, too, sent forth gushes of warm steam, hissing and singing like some riotous living thing held in bondage. Altogether, the little room grew warmer and pleasanter every moment; and the bright face of Anna Burns grew radiant as she moved about it, setting out the table with a few articles of China left from their former comfortable opulence, and spreading it with a table-cloth of fine damask, so worn and thin, that the pawn-brokers had rejected it.

"Here we go!" cried Robert, coming in with the milk. "Hurra! all ready, and the sausages hissing! That's the time o' day! Just get down that China tea-pot, Anna, and let grandma make the tea. There, Joe, is an apple for you; I reckon you can eat it without roasting. I'll put one down for grandma. Don't she look jolly, with the fire-light dancing over her. Come, now, all's ready; bring up the chairs, Josey, that's your part of the job."

Little Joseph fell to work with great spirit and dragged up the chairs, while Anna was dishing the sausages and cutting the bread. Then the old woman drew up to her place nearest the fire, with the tea-pot before her, ready to do the honors: and with her hands folded in meek thankfulness on the table, asked a blessing on the only food they had tasted in two days.

Well, God did bless that food, common as it was; and no Roman feast, where libations were poured out to heathen gods, ever tasted sweeter than this humble meal. There was quite a jubilee about that little pine-table; and the old lady, who sat smiling over her teacup, was by no means the least joyous of the little party. As for Robert, he came out famously; talked of the brave exploits his father must have performed in battle; told stories; got up once or

twice to kiss his grandmother; and, altogether, behaved in a very undignified manner for the head of a family, as he proudly proclaimed himself. Even little Joseph came out of his natural timidity, and burst into shouts of childish laughter more than once, when Robert became unusually funny. And as for Anna, she laughed, and smiled, and talked that evening, till the boys fairly left their half-empty plates to climb on her chair and caress her. That happy supper, and the pleasant evening that followed, was enough to reconcile one with poverty, which, after all, is not the greatest evil on earth.

## CHAPTER II.

Young Savage went up those marble steps with a light heart and a generous purpose. He would befriend this unfortunate family. His mother should help him. That girl, with the bright, brunette face, was too beautiful for her friendless condition, and the burden of those three helpless creatures who depended on her. He could not get her picture, as she stood by the fire-place, out of his mind.

"Where is my mother?" he inquired of the servant, passing him at the door with a light step.

"Up in her own room, sir. She has just come in."

Horace made his way up stairs, and entered one of the most luxurious rooms of the noble mansion, in which his mother was sitting, or, rather, lying, with her elbow buried in the satin-pillows of a crimson couch, and her foot pressed hard upon an embroidered ottoman. Horace opened the door without noise, and, walking across a carpet soft as moss, sat down on the foot of his mother's couch.

She was a handsome woman, this Mrs. Savage—large, tall, and commanding. It was easy to see where the young man got those fine, gray eyes, and brilliant complexion.

"Oh, Horace! I am glad you have come! Such a day as I have gone through!" cried the lady, fluttering the white ribbons of her pretty dress cap, by the despairing shake of her head.

"Upon my word, I think those women will be the death of me; such selfishness! such egotism!"

"It must be very tiresome; but then I sometimes think you like to be tired out on such occasions, mother."

"But the cause, Horace, the great cause of humanity. These poor soldiers toiling in the field, suffering, dying—and their families. It is enough to break one's heart."

Horace looked at his mother in her costly

dress, trimmed half way up the skirt with velvet, and lace, and fancy buttons, the cost of which would have fed old Mrs. Burns for a twelvemonth; and, for the first time in his life, a faint idea of her inconsistency broke upon his filial blindness. The very point-lace of her tiny cap would have given a month of tolerable comfort to the soldier's orphans. Yet, with all this wanton finery fluttering about her, the woman really thought herself a most charitable person, and mourned the dead and wounded over each battle right regally, under more antique rippled with light, like a cloud in a thunder-storm, at a cost of some ten dollars per yard.

"But it is of no use dwelling on that part of the subject; the proper course is to find a remedy, which we have done in this fair. I tell you, Horace, the country can produce nothing like it. It will be superb. The only trouble is about the tableaux. Every lady of the committee has some commonplace daughter that she insists on crowding into the foreground. Thank heaven, I have no daughter to push forward after this coarse fashion. There is Mrs. Pope, now, insists that Amelia shall stand as Rebecca, in the great Ivanhoe tableau, when her eyes are a greenish-blue, and her hair a dull brown; and I cannot reasonably object, for there is not a passable brunette in the whole company. I was thinking it over when you came in. The whole thing will be spoiled for want of a proper heroine."

"Who stands as Beatrice?" asked Horace, with the animation of a new idea.

"Miss Eustice, of course."

"Why, of course?"

"Because she is fair as a lily, blue-eyed, and so exquisitely feminine; and for another reason."

"What is that, mother?"

"You are to stand as Ivanhoe."

Horace saw the way open by which his idea might be worked out at once, and, it must be confessed, dealt rather artfully with his mother.

"Not with an ugly Rebecca, though. I could not stand that."

"But how can it be helped?"

"Mother, I saw by accident, this evening, the very person you want—a soldier's daughter, perfectly lady-like, and very beautiful."

"Of the right type of beauty? Would she make a striking contrast to my favorite?" inquired Mrs. Savage, eagerly.

"No contrast could be more decided."

"But who is she?"

"A soldier's daughter!"

"But is she presentable? Has she style and education?"

"She has everything that goes to form a lovely woman, I should say."

"Where can I see her?"

"Perhaps she would come to you."

"It is a bold step; but I can afford that. As my protegee, they will not dare to ask questions. Where does the girl live? Could I see her to-night, or early in the morning? I am so weary now. Upon my word, Horace, you have helped me out of a most annoying dilemma. To-morrow morning, before breakfast, I must see this person. What is her name?"

"Burns, mother—Anna Burns."

"Thank you, Horace. Now another thing. We must have something national, patriotic, and all that. A soldier's family, for instance; but the dresses are so plain and unbecoming, that our young ladies fight shy of it. Could you manage something of the kind for me?"

Horace thought of the picture he had seen that night, and answered that, perhaps, it would be possible, only the whole thing must be managed with great delicacy; and he, as a gentleman, must not be supposed to interfere with it. His mother could write a little note to the young person who had already done work for her.

"For me? Anna Burns? It must have been for the committee. I remember no such person; but that will be an opening. Is she to form part of this tableau, also?"

"The principal figure."

"And the rest?"

"Two children, for instance, barefooted, hungry, and in clothes only held together with constant mending."

"Excellent."

"And an old woman?"

"Better and better! Nice and picturesque, of course."

"Neat and dainty, with the sweetest old face."

"It will be perfect! Oh, Horace! what a treasure you are to me. Now turn down the gas, dear. You have set my mind at rest, and I mean to go to sleep till your father comes home. Here, just put my cap on that marble Sappho, and don't crush it. Doesn't she look lovely, the darling! like the ghost of a poetess coming back to life? Now draw the curtains; give me a quiet kiss, and go away to your club, or the opera, or anywhere. Only be sure to have the girl here in time."

Early the next morning, while Anna was dividing her little store of money, and appar-

tioning it toward the payment of various small debts, she received a note, asking her to call on Mrs. Savage at once, if quite convenient. Anna was too grateful for delay. So, putting on her shawl and a straw bonnet, kept neatly for great occasions, she was on the marble steps almost as soon as the messenger who brought her note.

Mrs. Savage was taking a solitary breakfast in her own room. The sunlight came in softly through the lace curtains, as if trembling through flakes of snow, and turned the waves of maize-colored damask, that half enfolded them in, to a rich gold color.

Mrs. Savage was seated in a Turkish easy-chair, cushioned with delicate blue, and spotted with the gold-work of Damascus. She wore a morning-dress of dove-colored merino, and knots of pink ribbon gave lightness and bloom to her morning-cap of frost-like tulle. She looked up as Anna entered the room, and her whole face brightened. No peach ever had so rich a bloom as that which broke over the girl's cheek; no statue in her boudoir could boast more perfect symmetry than that form. Walter Scott had no finer ideal when he drew that master-piece of all his women, Rebecca.

"Come here, my child, and sit down close by me; I want to look at you," said the lady, beaming with satisfaction. "You have been doing work for us, I hear."

"Yes, madam," answered Anna, with a grateful outburst, "yes, madam; thank you for it."

"Oh! it is nothing but our duty!" replied the lady, forgetting to ask if the work had been paid for. "All our efforts are in behalf of the poor soldiers' families. Now I want you to help us in another way."

"I will—I will in any way!"

"We shall open the fair with tableaux—a room has been built on purpose. Of course, the charge will be extra; the pictures will be beautiful—you must stand for two of them."

"I, madam?"

"Certainly; for you are really beautiful. By-the-way, have you breakfasted? Here is a cup of coffee; drink it, while I talk to you."

Anna took the cup of delicate Sevres china, and drank its contents, standing by the table.

"You have a grandmother, or something of that sort, I hear?" observed the lady.

"Oh, yes! the dearest in the world."

"And some brothers?"

"Yes, madam!"

"Picturesque, I am told; something like boys in the pictures of that delicious old Spanish painter. We must have them, too."

"What, my brothers?"

"Yes, yes; and the old lady. That will be our grand effort, and our secret, too. Not wanting outside help, we can keep it for a surprise. Be ready when you are called. I think they will come off on Monday. Never mind the costumes; that dress will do very well for the family tableau. As for Rebecca, I will take care of her. My son says the boys, and that old woman are perfect. Don't change them in the least; it would spoil everything. Oh! Mrs. Leeds, I am so glad to see you. Late am I—the committee waiting?"

This last speech was made to a little dumpy lady, who came fluttering into the room unannounced, with both her hands held out, and an important look of business in her face. The ladies kissed each other impressively; then Mrs. Savage glided up to Anna and whispered,

"Run away now. She mustn't get a good look at you on any account. Don't mind turning your back on us. Good-morning. Remember, I depend on you as a soldier's daughter; it is your duty."

Anna went out in some confusion, hardly knowing whether she had been well received or not. Coming up the broad stair-case, she met young Savage, and he stopped to speak with her.

"You have seen my mother?" he said, gently.

"Yes."

"And will oblige her, I hope?"

"How can I refuse?"

"That is generous. I thank you."

"It is I who should give the thanks," answered Anna, with a tremble of gratitude in her voice.

Horace smiled, and shook his head.

"I am afraid you will not let us do enough for any claim to thanks," he said. "But do not forget to send that fine little fellow after my handkerchiefs. I shall want them."

Anna promised that Robert should be punctual, and went away so happy, that the very air seemed to carry her forward.

On the afternoon of the third day from that, close upon evening, she stood in Mrs. Savage's boudoir, again contrasting its luxurious belongings with her simple dress. Mrs. Savage was benign as ever. She had driven her enemy out of the *Ivanhoe* tableau; and the triumph filled her with exultation. From the boudoir Anna was swept off to the temporary buildings erected for the great fair, hurried through a labyrinth of festooned arches, loaded tables, lemonade fountains, and segar stands, into a dressing-room swarming with young ladies, who took no more heed of her than if she had



been a lay-figure. Mrs. Savage was ubiquitous that evening. She posed characters, arranged draperies, grouped historical events, and exhibited wonderful generalship; while Anna stood in a remote part of the room, looking on anxious for the coming of her grandmother, and the two boys, who was to find their own way to the fair at a later hour.

The old lady came in at last with her hood on, and wrapped in a soft, warm blanket-shawl, which some one, she hadn't the least idea who, had sent to her just before she started. Alone? no, indeed; she did not come alone. Young Mr. Savage had happened to call in just as she was ready, and offered to show her the way. He had admired her shawl so much, and didn't think the little scarlet stripe at all too much for her, which she was glad of; for it would be so much brighter for Anna when they took turn and turn about wearing it. No, no, it could not have been Mr. Savage who sent it, he was so much surprised. The boys, oh! they were on the way. Robert would take care of his brother, no fear about that. But the fair, wasn't it lovely? She was so grateful to Mrs. Savage for thinking of her and the boys; the very sight would drive them wild. Here Anna was carried away from her grandmother, and seized upon by two dressing-maids, who transformed her into the most lovely Jewess that eyes ever beheld in less than no time. Young Savage was called out from a neighboring dressing-room, by his mother, to admire her; and his superb dress seemed, like her own, a miracle. The surprise and glory of it all gave her cheeks the richness of ripe peaches, and her eyes were full of shy joy. It seemed like fairy-land.

But the children, where were they? Amid all the excitement, she found this question uppermost in her heart. Poor little fellows! what if they got lost, or failed to find an entrance to the fair? She whispered these anxieties to Savage, who promptly took off his costume and went in search of them, blaming himself a little for having left them behind.

The little fellows were, indeed, rather in want of a friend. They had been for days in a whirl of excitement about the fair. More than once Robert had wandered off toward the building, and reconnoitered it on all sides; he had caught glimpses of evergreens wreathed with a world of flowers; had seen whole loads of toys carried in, and made himself generally familiar with the place. He had been very mournful when Mrs. Savage went off with his grandmother, and protested stoutly that he could find the way for Joseph anywhere, and would be on

hand for the picture in plenty of time; and to this end he set off about dusk, leading his little brother by the hand, resolved to give him a wonderful treat in the fair before the pictures came on, which he could not understand, and was rather afraid of. So the two hurried along, shabby and ill-clad as children could be, but happy as lords, notwithstanding their naked feet. It seemed to them as if they were going direct to Paradise, where Anna and the old grandmother were expecting them. They reached the entrance of the fair, and were eagerly pressing in, when a man caught Robert rudely by the shoulder, gave him a slightly vicious shake, and demanded his ticket.

The ticket? mercy upon him! he had left it at home, lying on the table. He wrung himself away from the harsh hand pressed on his shoulder, and darted off, calling on little Joseph to follow him. Joseph obeyed, crying all the way with such sharp disappointment as only a sensitive child can feel. Robert darted up stairs, and met Joseph half way up with the ticket in his hand.

"Come," he cried, brandishing it above his head; "never say die! We're time enough yet."

But Joseph had been sorely disappointed once, and was down-hearted enough. He had no hopes of getting in, and one rebuff had frightened him so much that he longed to run home and hide himself. But Robert was not to be daunted. He threw one arm over his brother's shoulder and struck into a run, carrying the timid child with him like a whirlwind. At last they came to the entrance-door of the fair again, and then a panic seized on Robert, also. What if it were too late? What if the ticket was not good? What if the man drove him away again? Joseph, more timid still, drew close to him and hung back, afraid to advance, and equally afraid to leave Robert and go back.

"Let's go ahead," cried Robert, all at once, holding out his ticket, and making ready to advance. "Who's afraid! Keep close to me, Josey, and never mind if the fellow is cross."

Still Joseph hung back.

"Hurra!"

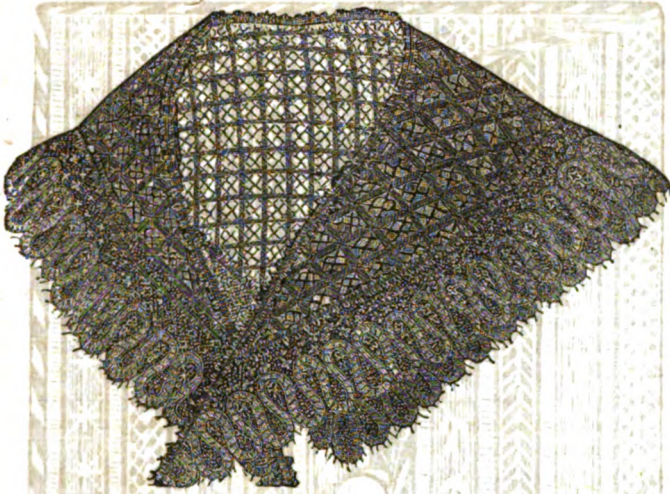
This came in a low shout from Robert, who saw young Savage coming toward them. He had been a little way up the street watching for their approach. "All right, my boys," he said, in a clear, ringing voice, that made little Joseph's heart leap with joy; "grandmother is waiting for you. Come along!"

The next moment Robert and his little brother believed themselves absolutely in Paradise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

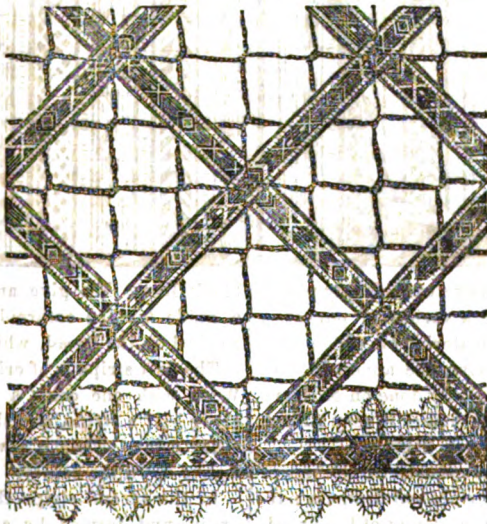
CAPE OF BLACK NET, TRIMMED WITH LACE AND RIBBON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



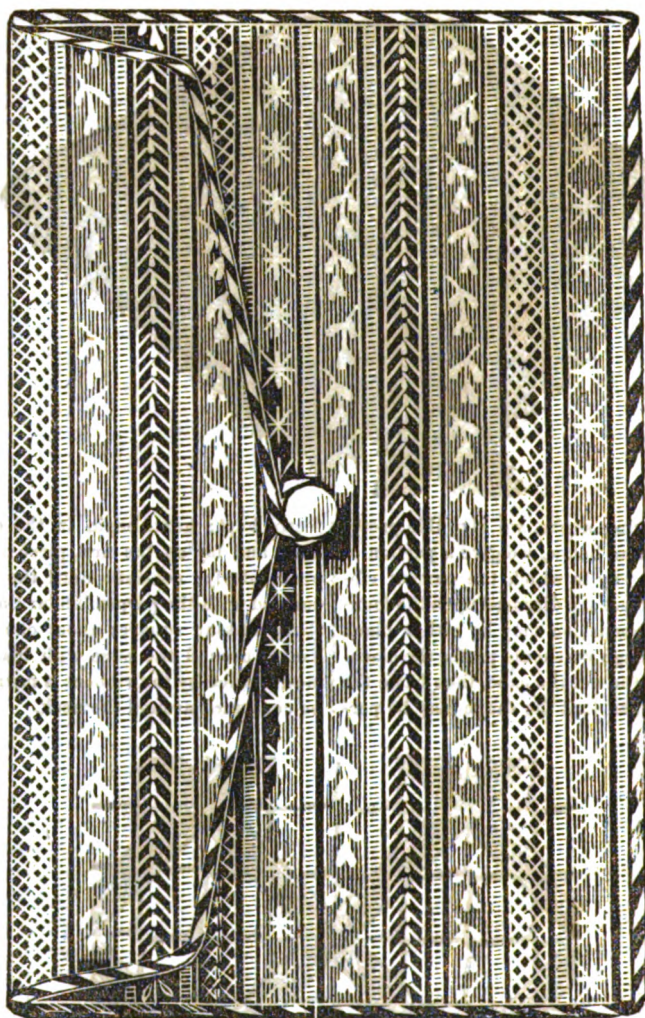
In the engraving above, we give this pretty cape complete; and below, we give a portion of it, showing the way in which the narrow ribbons of black velvet are disposed upon the foundation. This foundation may be either black or white net: though we should prefer the black. First cut out of the net the cape, then baste the net upon paper, so that the shape may be per-

fectly kept; next, begin in the center of the back and lay on the first piece of ribbon perpendicularly; continue until the foundation is covered with the perpendicular lines, then cross them, making squares about one inch in size. Finish around the edge with black trimming-lace, headed by the ribbon; a narrow edging to be continued around the neck.



## EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This style of work has an exceedingly pretty effect. It is useful for a variety of purposes, and curious from the material on which it is worked. Although having the appearance of Indian embroidery, it is only done on ordinary linen bed-ticking, which makes it very strong, and well suited for slippers, belts, etc.

It is worked with various colored netting, or Berlin silks; and in our present design a narrow gold braid is run on the center of the broad,

black line. We give an enlarged section as a guide for the embroidery, which is always worked on the broad, white stripes.

The first stripe is of crimson and light green. Work with one color a row of herring-bone along half a stripe, and the other half with the other color. Then a row of chain-stitches in mauve down the center.

In the second stripe the little leaves are of green, and formed by a simple chain-stitch.

and the flowers, alternately, of mauve and red, worked in button-hole, making three stitches close together.

The third stripe is of orange and dark green, a long stitch of each color being alternately taken in a slanting direction from the edge to the center of the stripe, the stitches on the other side being worked the reverse way. When worked make a row of chain-stitches down the center with crimson.

The fourth stripe—for the stars: first make a cross with crimson, and then recross this with blue; reverse the colors for the other star.

The Note-Case will require a strip of ticking about six inches wide and ten inches in length. It is folded in the shape of an envelope, one end being rounded to fasten with a button.

The lining should be of red silk, and a small gold cord is to be sewed all round the outer edge.



ENLARGED DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

BRIOCHE CUSHION IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**THIS** cushion is pointed at each end, so that both sides are alike, and it is designed to correspond with the present style of furniture, being drawn in at each division with a cord, which adds considerably to its graceful appearance.

**MATERIALS.**—For the divisions, 2 skeins each of scarlet, green, mauve, and white, and for the dividing stripes 2 skeins of gold-color, and 4 of black, 6-ply fleecy; a pair of knitting-pins, No. 13 Bell gauge, measured in the circle. It will also require a set of brioche rosettes, cord and tassels, and 6 yards of the same cord for the divisions.

**FIRST BLACK STRIPE.**—With the black wool cast on 150 stitches.

**1st row**—Make 1 by bringing the wool in front of the pin, slip the first stitch and knit the 2 next stitches together; continue making 1, slipping 1, and knitting 2 together, to the end.

**2nd row**—Make 1, slip 1 and knit 2 together,

as before; repeating to the end. The two stitches which cross are always knitted together. The whole of the cushion is worked in this stitch; every three stitches are reckoned as one rib, and every two rows form one link in depth. Join on the gold-color wool.

**FIRST GOLD STRIPE.**—3rd row—Make 1, slip 1 and knit 2 together as before, for 42 ribs, that is, to within 24 stitches, or 8 ribs of the end of the row; then turn back, leaving the rest of the stitches on the other pin.

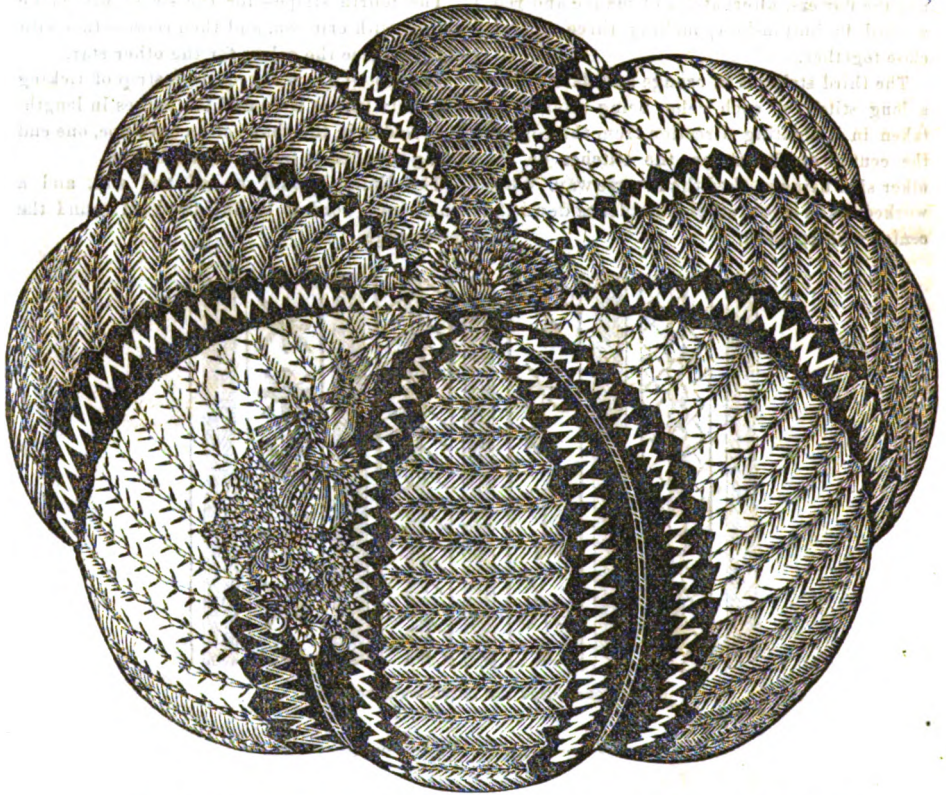
**4th row**—Work as before on the gold stitches to within 8 ribs of the end; then turn back.

**5th row**—Knit all the gold and black ribs to the end of the pin.

**6th row**—Knit all the ribs. Join on the black wool.

**SECOND BLACK STRIPE.**—7th row—Knit the gold ribs to within 4 ribs of the end; then turn back.

**8th row**—Knit the ribs to within 4 ribs of the end; turn back.



9th row—Knit the black and gold ribs to the end of the pin.

10th row—Knit all the ribs. Join on the scarlet wool.

**CENTER DIVISION.**—11th row—Scarlet wool. Knit 30 ribs; then turn back, leaving 20 ribs on the other pin.

12th row—Knit 10 ribs on the scarlet; turn back.

13th row—Knit the 10 scarlet ribs, then knit 1 rib on the black row; turn back.

14th row—Knit the scarlet ribs of the last row, then knit 1 rib on the black and scarlet row; turn back.

Repeat as the last row, that is, knitting 1 rib more each time until all the ribs are worked on; ending at the same side at which the scarlet was commenced. This division will be 42 rows, or 21 links, in depth, counting in the center of the work, and from the black stripe. Join on the black wool.

**THIRD BLACK STRIPE.**—53rd and 54th rows—Knit to within 4 ribs of the end, and turn back; each row.

55th and 56th rows—Knit to the end of the pin, each row. Join on the gold wool.

**SECOND GOLD STRIPE.**—57th and 58th rows—Knit to within 8 ribs of the end, then turn back; each row.

59th and 60th rows—Knit to the end of the pin, each row. Join on the black wool.

**FOURTH BLACK STRIPE.**—Knit 6 rows, knitting one rib less each time, and leaving it at the end of the pin.

67th and 68th rows—Knit to the end of the pin, each row. This finishes one pattern.

Commence again at the first gold stripe, and repeat this direction 7 times more, using green for the second division, mauve for the third, and white for the fourth. Then repeat the colors once more. Cast off.

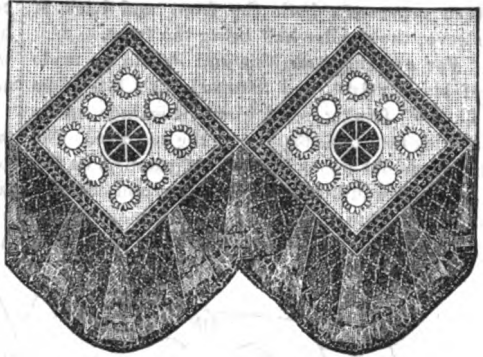
To make up the Brioche, sew the first and last rows together. It should be stuffed with fine combed wool, covered with holland, and drawn together in the centers. The work should then be placed over it, and the cord fastened in the center, and carried outside the work along the black stripe, between each of the divisions; the cord being attached at the ends each time to keep it firm.

When all is finished, sew on the rosettes, and the cushion is complete.

## DESIGN FOR THE WORKED CHEMISE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give two new patterns for low-necked chemises. One, it will be observed, is quite plainly embroidered; the other, on the contrary, is very elaborately worked. In order, however, that ladies, who have time, may work this exquisite pattern for themselves, we give here a design, full size, for the ornamentation of the front, etc. By following this design, and working it in, as seen in the engraving of the chemise, any lady accustomed to fine embroidery, can, at a comparatively small cost, make a garment, which, if bought at a store, would cost enormously.



## SAILOR KNICKERBOCKER-SUIT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In addition to the engravings of children's fashions, given in the front of the number, we print here an illustration of a "Sailor's Knickerbocker-Suit" for a boy from four to six years

old, accompanying it, on the next page, by a diagram, from which it may be cut out. We have so often given directions for enlarging these diagrams, and cutting out a paper pattern of the full size from them, that we deem it unnecessary to repeat them here.

This style of dress is very fashionable in Paris, at the present season, for boys. Our pattern consists of a jacket, with lapels in front, and a pair of Knickerbockers.

No. 1. FRONT OF JACKET.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK OF JACKET.

No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.

No. 4. ONE FRONT OF KNICKERBOCKER.

No. 5. ONE BACK OF KNICKERBOCKER.

The front of the Knickerbocker may be distinguished from the back by being shorter, and the knee from the waist by being narrower. The outside seam of the Knickerbocker must be joined to within five inches of the top. The inside seam, which is sloped, must be joined as far as the point. Each leg is gathered into a band, which is worn below the knee. The legs are made first, then joined together down the center of both back and front. A band, two inches wide, must be added, according to the size of the waist; one half of the band is for the front, the other half for the back; the Knickerbockers fasten at the sides. Pockets may be added at the sides, if desired. The back and front must each be pleated with three small pleats into the band.

The jacket is turned back in front with lapels,

and should be stitched at the top into a narrow, straight collar. The lapels are made of the same material as the jacket. The sleeve pattern represents both the front and back of sleeve; the smaller half being the front.

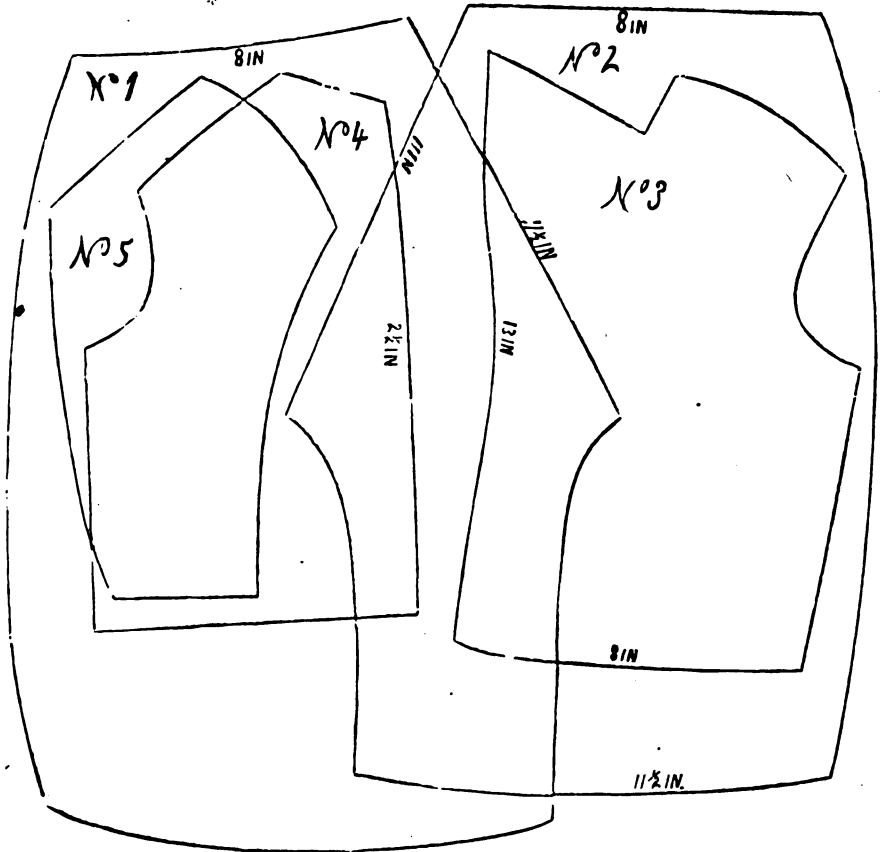
For evening wear, this suit should be made of black velvet, and trimmed with jet "Tom Thumb" fringe; scarlet silk stockings and a scarlet neck-tie completing the costume. The shirt should be made either of cambric or fine linen, with full embroidered front and collar.

For morning wear, cloth is the more appropriate material; a linen shirt, with plain linen

collar, should replace the embroidery; bright blue, violet, or scarlet neck-tie and stockings.

Our sketch represents a boy wearing this costume. The small cap is of black velvet, bordered with Astrakan fur, and ornamented with a red feather; Polish kid boots with tassels, and red spun silk stockings.

We have seen several descriptions of cloth, which are suitable for this suit; the usual width is three-quarters of a yard, and three yards would be required. The tweeds occasionally run double-width; then, of course, half the above quantity would be found sufficient.



## ORIENTAL SLIPPER IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a beautiful pattern, printed in colors, of an Oriental Slipper. The materials are 14 inches of black cloth; 1 1/2 yards each of broad silk braid, deep amber, scarlet, and white; a small quantity of

bright cerise, blue, amber, and white floselle; 1 skein each of sewing-silk, black and bright cerise; 4 rows of steel beads, No. 7; a few chalk beads; a small piece of blue and bright cerise cloth for the pines.

Trace on tissue-paper the three outlines for the broad braid, tack this on the cloth, and tack over this, through paper and cloth, the three different braids, and tear the paper away. Now cut out two pines the exact size of those shown in our colored design, one blue, and the other bright cerise, and notch the edges. Tack the pieces in their proper places; and embroider.

There are but two stitches employed, (with the exception of a few dots in the pines,) the herring-bone stitch and coral-stitch. All the braid is fastened down with the simple herring-

bone stitch, and the design running between the braids is composed of coral-stitch. The braid is put on with sewing-silk, and the coral-stitch is worked with filoselle split to make it sufficiently fine.

The pines are kept in their place by a row of coral-stitch, plain stitching, and two steel beads fastened between every notch. The other ornaments on the pines are embroidered in white, black, and blue silk. To the blue piece two small rounds of black cloth are attached, fastened on with white silk and white beads.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.



INSERTION.



CRAVAT END.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



CRAVAT END.



# SUNSHINE SCHOTTISCH.

BY SEP. WINNER.

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*Moderato.*

PIANO.

*mf* *cres.*

*f*

*f* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \* D.C.

SUNSHINE SCHOTTISCH.

TRIO,

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in the second measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and single notes. The word "dolce." is written below the first measure of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a trill. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a trill. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a trill. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the lower staff.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a trill. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The initials "D.C." are written at the end of the system.

# SUNSHINE SCHOTTISCH.

BY SEP. WINNER.

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*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* and includes a crescendo marking *cres.*. The second system features a dynamic marking of *f*. The third system includes dynamic markings of *f* and *Ped.* (pedal), with asterisks marking specific measures. The fourth system also includes *Ped.* markings and asterisks. The score concludes with the initials *D.C.* in the upper right corner.

SUNSHINE SCHOTTISCH.

TRIO,

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The word "dolce." is written above the first few notes of the lower staff. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes with various articulations.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It features a more active melodic line in the upper staff with slurs and accents, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody in the upper staff, with dynamic markings such as accents and slurs. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the lower staff. The melodic line in the upper staff shows some chromatic movement.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a final cadence, and the lower staff ends with a double bar line. The marking "D.C." (Da Capo) is written at the end of the lower staff.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**WIVES AS COMPANIONS.**—It has become the fashion to talk of girls, as at present brought up, as more ornamental than useful. Old bachelors, editing political newspapers, occasionally diversify their dull columns by diatribes against woman's ignorance of housekeeping. If these lay sermons are correct, the only mission of a wife is to bake, and sweep, and sew. Now we do not undervalue the importance of such acquisitions. A girl has no right to marry a poor man, if she is entirely ignorant of household matters; and most young men, in this country, are comparatively poor, and have their fortunes to make, for themselves. But to be ignorant of household affairs is one thing: to be a drudge, or upper servant, is another. We have too often seen a lively, pretty girl, after a few years' of marriage, sink into a listless, care-worn matron. A wife should be something above a mere menial. She ought to be, as the old Saxon phrase has it, "a help-mate;" and no wife can be that, in the higher sense of the term, unless she is a companion.

Many an otherwise excellent woman, perfect in the ordering of her household, and capable, when necessary, of working heartily herself, drives her husband to the club, or the tavern, because she is no companion for him. We do not say that a physician's wife should study medicine; or a lawyer's wife study law; or an engineer's wife study engineering; or a mechanic's wife learn his trade, in order to become a companion to her husband. This is not what we mean. But every man, even the most illiterate, has his peculiar tastes and sympathies, and it should be the business of a wife to discover them, to interest herself in them, and to be able to talk appreciatively about them. The poorer a couple are, unless in the case of actual day-laborers, the more they are thrown together, and the more need there is for this companionship. With the very rich, society occupies much of the time of the wife, if not of the husband: and there is, perhaps, less absolute need of this companionship. But even with the very rich, a capacity for companionship would add greatly to the mutual happiness of husband and wife, and often prevent sad family tragedies. Wives, neglect not your household duties, but be something more than mere servants or housekeepers: be intelligent companions to your husbands!

**THE BUNYAN MEZZOTINTS.**—These two elegant mezzotints one representing "Bunyan in Jail with his Blind Child," and the other, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison," may be had by remitting \$3.00. Or either may be had for \$2.00.

**THE PRESENT SHAPE** of the hoop-skirt is detestable. If the wind blows, the skirt swings to one side, exposing the person; even in stepping up on a curb-stone, the same thing happens. The shape in fashion, a year or two ago, was much more modest. Why not return to it?

**"GOLDEN SUMMER."**—This beautiful engraving is from an original picture, by G. C. Lambdin, in the possession of George Whitney, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Whitney, by-the-by, has one of the finest art-collections in the country.

**THE SUFFERING** call for our aid these cold winter months. A very little, given in charity, if judiciously distributed, does a great deal of good. Ye who have warm fires, and smoking boards, think of the homeless and penniless.

**"PETERSON" FOR 1866.** DOUBLE-SIZE, COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—We offer this number to the public as, in many respects, a specimen of what we intend to do in 1866. The principal improvement, it will be seen, is our double-size, colored, steel fashion-plates, the first of which we give this month.

This single improvement will cost us, for the year, nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We had, in 1865, the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, in 1866, to double it. Whether we do, or not, we intend to keep ahead of all other magazines; for we are, apart from any considerations of profit, unalterably in favor of cheap reading.

So, our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. The Magazine is printed, it will be seen, on new type. Our embellishments and literary matter will be improved, where improvement is possible. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled: and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," are engaged to write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

*Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented.

**THE STYLES OF DRESSING THE HAIR** are well illustrated in our colored fashion-plate. The figure at the right shows the waterfall, which still keeps its place, though going out of fashion. The figure at the left shows the back-hair dressed in a heavy roll, a style that is very becoming to many ladies, and is much prettier than the waterfall. The figure in blue is the most advanced style of all, a real Empire head-dress, such as ladies wear at court in Paris. We may add that the bonnet on the fourth figure is one of the prettiest of the many patterns of the Empire bonnet.

**LORINE'S NEW JUVENILES**, for the holidays, are now ready. They consist of "The Boys at Chequasset," by the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood;" "Paul Prescott's Charge," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; "Countess Kate," by Miss Yonge; and "The Little Gentleman in Green," a fairy story for boys and girls. All have merit, and are neatly printed.

**IF PREFERRED** we will send, as a premium, to persons getting up clubs, instead of the extra copy, or the "Washington," either of the "Bunyan" mezzotints.

**MUFFS** are of a medium size, not so small as they have been for two years past, but not so large as they were carried some years ago.

**SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS** can get "Peterson" for two dollars a year, which is not as much as the lowest club price of other magazines of similar rank and merit.

**"THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS"** is engraved from an original picture in the possession of the publisher and editor of "Peterson." The artist is D. W. Road.

IN REMITTING, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the name of your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia, or New York, deducting the exchange. If neither order, nor draft can be had, remit in greenbacks or bank-notes.

FUR, in narrow bands, is used for trimming coats, basques, etc. Collars of various sizes and shapes are fashionable; and the old-fashioned boa, but very small, is again making its appearance. This, however, only keeps the throat, and not the shoulders warm, and is not so healthy.

THE POSTAGE on this Magazine is twelve cents yearly, payable, every three months, in advance, at the office where the Magazine is received.

JULIA WARD HOWE has a new volume of poems in press. We believe Tilton & Co. are to be the fortunate publishers.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude. 4 vols., crown 8 ro. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—This is a republication of an English work, eight volumes of which have appeared in London, but as yet only four here. The American edition is in crown octavo, while the British one is in full octavo; and in other mechanical respects, the reprint is inferior to its original. Until very lately, this history, though one of the most brilliant in the language, has been comparatively unknown on this side of the Atlantic. In England, it has occasioned much controversy; and the controversy will be repeated here. This is because the author does not take sides, entirely, with either party to the great English Reformation. His judgment, on the whole, goes with the Protestants; but he holds that they committed many errors; and he thinks most of the actors of either creed, equally brave and sincere: "Christian soldiers and martyrs," he calls them, dying for what they believed to be right. Nor has he visited Henry the Eighth with that unmitigated censure which it has been the fashion, for two hundred years, to heap upon him. Burnet has denounced the king for the execution of Anne Boleyn; and Lingard for his renunciation of the supremacy of the Pope; and so, between Protestants and Catholics, Henry has had nobody to speak a good word for him. We think that Froude will compel candid readers to reconsider their views, though he will hardly carry men of correct judgment to the extreme to which he goes himself. As of Henry, so of other characters; and as of men and women, so of events: a new light is thrown on that stormy age by this remarkable history. The author writes excellent English, and has a style quite his own; it is lucid, forcible, and often very picturesque. Few passages in any history rival his description, in these volumes, of the expulsion of the Charter-House monks, or his narrative, in the later volumes, of the burning of Latimer and Ridley, or of the murder of Rizzio. Perhaps, indeed, the quality of mind, which, more than any other, distinguishes Froude, is the dramatic: in this respect he comes nearest to Shakspeare; and hence the many-sided character of his history. In describing an event, he sympathizes, for the time, so entirely with the actor, that he realizes feelings, trains of thought, and other motives, which less magnetic annalists fail to see, and consequently to do justice to. Yet it seems to us that we shall never comprehend history aright, till we put ourselves, in this way, in the very position of its actors, those with whom we disagree, as well as those with whom we coincide. Every library should have this book.

*Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an attempt to write a successful tragedy, fashioned on the models of ancient Greece. All that art can do, aided by what is almost genius, has been done to achieve this result. The choruses are particularly fine, and much of the blank verse also is good; but, as a whole, the effort is a failure. It is simply impossible to revive the classic school of tragedy among a people descended from Northern blood, as are the English and Americans. Goethe gave up the attempt among the Germans; so did Schiller; and Mr. Swinburne will yet live to give it up too. Still, men of education, especially in proportion to their culture, will find much in this tragedy to admire, because readers of that kind have an acquired taste which will help them out. The author has a fine sense of the picturesque; but he is over fond of alliteration.

*Songs of Seven.* By Jean Ingelow. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A very beautiful volume, containing seven poems, by Jean Ingelow, the themes being the seven stages of womanhood. Each poem is illustrated with two or more wood engravings, in the best style of that art. Of these we like best, "I Looked out of Window;" "There is the Home where my Thoughts are Sent;" and generally the landscapes, though some of them verge on Pre-Raphaelitism. We recommend the volume as a fitting Christmas, New-Year's, or Birth-Day gift: decidedly the best, this season, for a present to a lady. A portrait of Jean Ingelow faces the frontispiece. In our "Arm-Chair" will be found a further notice of this choice book.

*The Lover's Trials; or, the Days Before the Revolution.* By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The scene of this novel is laid in Boston; the time is the close of the seventeenth century. If we are not mistaken, the story first appeared in the "Dollar Newspaper," where it won a prize. We think the tale the best Mrs. Denison ever wrote, if we except that touching one, "The Master." The letters, in the present novel, supposed to have been written by Geoffrey Lamb, have all the quaintness and flavor of the "olden time."

*Prison Life in the South.* By A. O. Abbott. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a narrative of the sufferings endured by the soldiers of the Union, and the cruelties inflicted on them, in the prisons of the South, during the years 1864 and 1865. The author, a lieutenant in the first New York dragons, was himself a prisoner, and therefore speaks "by the card." It is a sad story of deeds discreditable to human nature.

*The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition, in "blue and gold," of the poems of one of our most delicate poets. Without being strong, Aldrich is sensuous and refined. He has very little imagination, but a fertile fancy. The best poem here, perhaps, is "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book." But "December," "The Sultan Goes to Ispahan," and others, in different ways, have great merit.

*History of Frederick the Second.* By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume will complete this remarkable history. The present volume carries the story down to the year 1760. Numerous maps, and a fine portrait of Frederick himself, embellish the work, which has great merits and great faults.

*The Bushrangers. A Yankee's Adventures during his Second Visit to Australia.* By W. F. Thomas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lea & Shepard.—A book for boys, full of stirring adventures. Several wood engravings illustrate the text.

*Georgy Sandom.* By Ashford Owen. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The English papers spoke very highly of this novel. But we do not like it particularly. It is cultivated mediocrity; nothing more.

## HORTICULTURAL.

**OUR PLANTS AND FLOWERS.**—The ways of bulb-growing are endless, and every year seems to bring new ways. There are all sorts of clumps, and baskets, and tables, and trays for these flowers. There are the window-boxes, and the bowls and glasses; and yet, of all things, we think the old, easy soup-plate fashion is the one that gives us most pleasure, and that is the easiest managed. Those soup-plates of bulbs, when well managed, are perfectly bewitching; and then the rustic trays, and square, rough boxes are charming; and shallow, haxging trays, too, through which ferns and mosses creep out, and over the sides of which, here the hare-foot bends down, and there the snow-drops peer out.

You see, in things of this sort, we may have such variety. You need never have empty trays. Before the bulbs come you have ferns, and when the bulbs begin to open their red or white flowers, you only have a new beauty in your already filled basket.

But here some prudent reader will observe that bulbs need darkness, and that ferns like light. Yes; but how easy it is to have one or several trays of bulbs, keeping them in the dark as long as their health requires it, and having all the time either an empty flower-pot, or a round tin canister, stuck straight up in the center, to keep the place there free for the pot of fern which is waiting to fill that hole the moment the bulbs are brought out to live in the light of day. A *Pteris tremula*, a *Pteris serrulata*, a *Davallia canariensis*, an *Adiantum formosum* or *Adiantum canaliculatum*, or even a harder *Lastrea* or *Dryopteris*, would be exceedingly pretty filling such a place. And the hart's-tongue, too, or hart's-tongue mixed with some small fern and mosses, are so green and so bright as a ground for flowers. Never mind what it is—the commonest fern from the dingle, and the simplest moss from the brook-side—they cannot look ungraceful as long as you keep them healthy, with fresh, green, glossy leaves well washed, and not scorched by sunshine, or burnt up by too hot rooms.

Have, however, a care in arranging the bulbs and ferns that suit best. The snow-drops, for example, cannot stand being forced; and the blue scilla, also, is very happy in coolness. These would surely do best with the harder ferns and mosses; while the metallic-leaved Lycopodium, which runs in long, glittering branches, and the hare's-foot ferns and adiantums, and all the tenderer kinds of the ferns and mosses, with even the common green hydropodium which we make little account of sometimes, because it does grow so readily, should all be used with the tulips, the red and scarlet Van Thols, which like forcing in warm rooms, and repay the warmth with their scent, or else with the countless hyacinths, which, coming in December with the sweet, early Roman kind, will go on blooming happily till April has overwhelmed us with roses and azaleas, and heaths, and yellow cythus.

The prettiest things of all still, to our mind, are the mere soup-plates. One manages them easily, and they are clean to touch; and one can put them down anywhere without damaging the tables. Let those who want to try gardening in its most charming form, invest now in these bulbs, and set up a soup-plate.

The selection we advise for these soup-plates would be as follows: Three miniature hyacinths, rose; two ditto, white; three red Van Thol tulips; six *Scilla sibirica*, blue; twelve large snow-drops. All these are single flowers.

The hyacinths and tulips blossom nearly together, the snow-drops and scillas rather earlier; but the snow-drops give interest by their early flowering, and, as the flowers go off, leave a delicate fringe of leaves; and the blue scillas are absolutely fascinating from the moment the green sheath opens and shows the blue dress through; and they go on flowering, often spike after spike of pale blue coming

till the very end of the season, when all their neighbors are done for.

Bulbs are much affected, both in size and color, by the soil they grow in; and to give brilliant color, nothing is so good as charcoal.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.**—The Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser, in noticing one of the late numbers of "Peterson" before the double mammoth fashion-plates were introduced, said: "This Magazine is now the cheapest published in this country, and, with the contemplated addition, will be the cheapest in the world." The Medina (N. Y.) Tribune says: "It is the best Magazine, for the money, published in the United States." The Sterling (Ill.) Gazette says: "It gives more patterns and fashion-plates than any other Magazine not devoted exclusively to the fashions." The Potterville (Pa.) Standard says: "Genuine merit always wins success. This is, at least, one of the secrets of the great success which this always welcome and ever popular Magazine has attained. Its pages reflect solid merit." We have hundreds of similar notices for which we have no room.

**WE BEG LEAVE** to call the attention of our readers to the following *Trade Mark* adopted by the Magic Ruffle Company, in order to protect themselves against spurious imitations and infringements of their goods.

This *Trade Mark* is put on each box and card of **GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES**, and is a guarantee that the goods will sustain the high reputation that the Company have acquired of making the best Ruffles in the market.

Persons wishing to buy a good article, should be sure to see that this *Mark* is on the card on which the Ruffle is wound.



The office of the Company is 95 Chambers St., New York.

**A BEAUTIFUL GIFT-BOOK.**—Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have published, in an elegant volume, *THE SONGS OF SEVEN*, by Jean Ingelow. With this charming poem everybody is, or ought to be, familiar. It is descriptive of Seven periods in the Life of Woman, viz: Seven Years of Age—Exultation; Fourteen Years—Romance; Twenty-One Years—Love; Twenty-Eight Years—Maternity; Thirty-Five Years—Widowhood; Forty-Two Years—Giving in Marriage; Forty-Nine Years—Longing for Home. The rhythms vary with the chimes; and the illustrations to each of the seven songs are so appropriate, so exquisitely beautiful, in fact; the book is such a perfect gem, that no one who admires the poetry of Miss Ingelow can afford to be without it. Not the least desirable part of the book, by any means, is the fine portrait of the authoress, which was furnished by her expressly for it. The price of the book, bound in cloth and gold, is \$5.00; in morocco, elegant, \$8.00.

## PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**THE INTERRUPTED REPLY.**—The company place themselves in a circle. The one who commences says in a whisper to his right-hand neighbor, "Of what use is a book?" (or any other article he may select.)

His neighbor must answer, correctly, "It is of use to read," and then ask another question of his right-hand neighbor—for instance, "Of what use is a goblet?"

The art in this game consists in so framing one's questions, that they will produce answers altogether unsuited to the preceding question. If the answer is, "It is of use to drink from," a laughable consequence ensues; for, when the round is finished, or, in other words, when the person who has commenced the game has been questioned in his turn, the questions and answers are repeated aloud, by taking the answer of the person on the player's right as a reply to the question of the person on his left, it follows, that to the question, "Of what use is a book?" one of the company has answered, "It is of use to drink from;" and so on with the rest of the questions and answers.

**SCISSORS CROSSED, OR NOT CROSSED.**—Each player, in his turn, passes to his neighbor a pair of scissors, or any other object, saying, "I give you my scissors crossed (or not crossed.)"

If the former, the player, as he utters the words, must cross his arms or his feet in a natural manner. If the latter, he must be careful to keep them separate. The person who receives the scissors must be careful to imitate this action. Many persons, from mere want of attention, render themselves liable to forfeits in this game; and, without knowing why, their surprise produces the chief part of the amusement.

### KNITTING FOR WINTER.

**WARM KNITTED UNDER-CLOTHING.**—We have been asked for some patterns, in knitting, for warm under-clothing; and give them here, as no illustrations are required.

**WARM KNITTED UNDER-DRESS.**—With two No. 8 knitting-needles, with heads, and German lamb's wool in half-ounce skeins of the thinnest fleecy which can be bought, cast on 120 stitches, and knit 16 ridges. (A ridge is a row and back again.)

To commence a gusset for the bosom, knit 26 stitches. Turn the knitting (as to return,) slip 1 stitch from the right-hand to the left-hand pin, pass the wool back round this stitch, and replace this stitch on the right-hand pin. This is to prevent a hole, and is to be done at every return when only part of a row is knitted. Knit the 26 stitches. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 4 stitches and return. After this the entire rows are to be knitted. Knit 4 ridges. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 22 ridges.

Cast on 30 stitches for the shoulder-strap, taking care that it is at the same end of the pin at which the gusset was knitted. Knit 8 ridges. Cast off 55 stitches, and knit the rest of the row.

To knit in a gusset for the hip:—Knit 60 stitches and return. Knit 56 stitches and return. Knit 52 stitches and return. Knit 48 stitches and return. Knit 44 stitches and return. Knit 40 stitches and return. Knit 36 stitches and return. Knit 32 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 3 ridges, taking all the row. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 32 stitches and return. Knit 36 stitches and return. Knit 40 stitches and return. Knit 44 stitches and return. Knit 48 stitches and return. Knit 52 stitches and return. Knit 56 stitches and return. Knit 60 stitches and return.

Knit one row (not ridge) and cast on 32 stitches. Knit

72 ridges. Cast off 32 stitches, and knit the rest of the row.

Knit 60 stitches and return. Knit 56 stitches and return. Knit 52 stitches and return. Knit 48 stitches and return. Knit 44 stitches and return. Knit 40 stitches and return. Knit 36 stitches and return. Knit 32 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 3 ridges. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 32 stitches and return. Knit 36 stitches and return. Knit 40 stitches and return. Knit 44 stitches and return. Knit 48 stitches and return. Knit 52 stitches and return. Knit 56 stitches and return. Knit 60 stitches and return.

Knit one row (not ridge) and cast on 55 stitches. Knit 8 ridges. Cast off 30 stitches and knit 22 ridges.

Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 4 ridges. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return.

Knit 16 ridges, cast off, and sew it up.

**THE SLEEVE.**—Cast on 40 stitches. Knit 26 ridges. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 4 stitches and return. Knit 8 stitches and return. Knit 12 stitches and return. Knit 16 stitches and return. Knit 20 stitches and return. Knit 24 stitches and return. Knit 28 stitches and return. Knit 26 ridges and cast off.

**ANOTHER SLEEVE.**—Cast on 45 stitches and knit 8 ridges. Knit 3 stitches and increase by knitting two in the next: finish the row. Increase in the same manner at the same end in every ridge until there are 60 stitches. Knit 9 ridges. Knit 3 stitches, decrease by knitting two stitches together, and finish the row. Decrease in the same manner one stitch in every ridge until there are 45 stitches again. Knit 6 ridges and cast off. The sleeve must be made up and put into the knitted under-dress.

### OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

#### SOUPS.

**Goose Giblet Soup.**—Scald and pick clean two sets of fresh goose giblets, wash them well in two or three waters, cut off the noses and split the heads, cut the gizzards and necks into mouthfuls, and crack the bones of the legs; put them all into a soup-pot, cover them with cold water; remove all the scum as it rises; then put into the pot a bundle of herbs—thyme, a little marjoram and parsley, an onion peeled and cut up, twenty berries of allspice, twenty of peppercorns, and a little salt; tie the herbs and spice in a little bag, so as to remove it before dishing; let this simmer slowly two hours, and then remove the bag; take out all the giblets with a skimmer and put them into a pan, and keep it in a hot place; then thicken the soup—put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a hot pan, and stir in as much flour as will make it into a paste; then pour in, by degrees, a ladleful of the soup; stir it very smoothly and pour into the soup; let this boil half an hour; stir it and skim it well; add a wineglassful of good cooking wine, and a table-



spoonful of mushroom catchup, and let it boil up once or twice; then stir in the giblets. Serve hot.

**Veal Potage.**—Take off a knuckle of veal all the meat that can be made into cutlets, etc., and set the remainder on to stew four or five hours at least, with an onion, a bunch of herbs, a blade of mace, some whole pepper, and five pints of water; cover it close. Strain it, and set it by till next day; take the fat and sediment from the jelly, and simmer it with either turnips, celery, sea-kale, and Jerusalem artichokes, or some of each, cut into small dice, till tender, seasoning it with salt and pepper, and butter the size of a walnut. Before serving, rub half a spoonful of flour with half a pint of good cream; boil it a few minutes. Let a small roll simmer in the soup, to be served with it. The potage may be thickened with rice or pearl-barley; or the veal may be minced, and served up in the tureen.

**Beef-Broth.**—Take a leg of beef, wash it clean, crack the bone in two or three parts, put it into a pot with a gallon of water, and skim it well; then put two or three blades of mace in a bundle of parsley, and a crust of bread, and let it boil till the beef is quite tender; toast some bread, cut it into dice, put them into a tureen, lay in the meat, and pour the soup over it.

#### MEATS.

**A Leg of Pork.**—One of eight pounds requires three hours. The skin must be scored across in narrow stripes, about a quarter of an inch apart. Rub it with sage, pepper, and salt, well. Do not put it near the fire when first put down. When it begins to roast, brush it over with a feather dipped in sweet oil. This will render it a better color than any other method, and is the best way of preventing a blistering of the skin. For a sauce, put three onions finely chopped, and a spoonful of rubbed sage-leaves, into a saucepan with four spoonfuls of water, cover tightly and simmer gently for ten minutes, then stir in half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of black pepper; add this to the dripping; skim the fat off, and strain the whole through a sieve; then mix in a tablespoonful of browned flour, simmer a few minutes, and send up in a sauce-boat with the pork. Stewed apples are always necessary with roast pork.

**Beef Hashed.**—Take the bones of the joint to be hashed, and break them small, then stew them in very little water, with a bunch of sweet herbs, and a few onions; roll a lump of butter in flour, brown it in a stewpan, pour the gravy to it, and add the meat to be hashed; two small onions in thin slices, a carrot, also, and a little parsley shred finely; stew gently until the meat is hot through, and serve.

**Shoulder of Mutton.**—A shoulder of mutton, weighing about six pounds, requires one hour and a half to roast; if stuffed, a quarter of an hour longer. Before cooking it, take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, parsley, sweet-marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter mixed together.

**Lamb-Chops Breaded.**—If possible have your chops with some of the kidneys and its fat left adhering, rub them over with pepper and salt, butter them, and crumb them over with fresh bread-crumbs, and carefully broil them of a light golden brown on both sides. Fry a little chopped parsley and serve with them.

#### POULTRY.

**White Fricassee of Chicken.**—Draw and clean one pair of fowls; lay them in water for half an hour, then dry them to a stewpan with milk and water, and a little salt, and let them simmer until cooked; put into a saucepan half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a little grated nutmeg, stir this and set it on the fire to simmer, and stir in a wineglass of white wine; then lay in the cooked chicken, and let it remain in this, covered up, until dished. Chop up parsley and strew it over the chicken.

**An Approved Sauce for Baked Turkey, or Capon.**—When the poultry is plucked quite clean and singed, see that it is neatly trussed; and before finally closing the vent, stuff the bird inside with as many oysters of the best quality as can be procured, adding to the same a lump of fresh butter and a portion of bread-crumbs from a stale loaf. Remove the turkey, or capons into a clean cloth, fold them up carefully, place them into a saucepan of cold water, and let them boil over a moderately-heated fire until they are severally done. Have a stick of white blanched celery at hand, and chop it up very small, place it in a quart of new milk in a saucepan, and let it boil gently, with a few black peppercorns, till the quantity is reduced to one pint, keep stirring the esculent up with the milk until it assumes the character of a consistent pulp. Thicken the whole with the yolk of a fresh egg, well beaten up, with half a teacup of fresh cream. Have upon the table a sauce-boat of strong veal gravy.

**Chickens En Tumbale.**—Prepare a batter with two spoonfuls of flour, some grated nutmeg, four eggs, stirred in, one at a time, and some new milk, but do not make it too thin. Fry it as if for pancakes, but remember to have a very thin layer in the frying-pan, and brown it only on one side. Cut each pancake (all but two or three) in half, place a whole one at the bottom of a mould previously buttered, and the others round the sides, fill the mould nearly with a thick mince of chicken, moistened with good white sauce. Turn the ends of the pancakes over it, and cover the top with a whole one. Bake it in a moderate oven, and when done, turn it out, and dish it with good gravy. It makes a nice side-dish.

#### VEGETABLES.

**Escalloped Potatoes.**—Boil one pound and a half of the best mealy potatoes over a gentle fire. When they are thoroughly done, carefully peel them, and mash them in a mortar with half a pint of new milk and two ounces of fresh butter, adding to them, by way of seasoning, black pepper ground, Cayenne ditto, and salt to taste; some persons use a little nutmeg upon the occasion. Take one dozen oysters, and open them over a large basin, with the liquor that may exude from the shells. Work them well up with the potatoes already mashed, adding the yolks of two fresh eggs. When the several ingredients are well mixed, put them in tin escallops, or saucers, in a Dutch oven before a brisk fire. Let them be baked till they assume a rich crisp brown complexion, when they may be taken up and served to table quite hot.

**Jerusalem Artichokes.**—Those who have a garden should not fail to add Jerusalem artichokes to the store of winter vegetables. Their watery character is their great drawback, but their flavor is delicious. If they are peeled before they are cooked, they should be thrown into cold water as they are done, to prevent their turning black; and if they are peeled after they are dressed, they should be peeled and served very quickly. In ragouts they give a very soft, nice flavor.

**A Nice Onion Sauce.**—Peel and thinly slice four or five onions, put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter; stir the onion until browned; then stir in, slowly, a spoonful of flour, four tablespoonfuls of any kind of nice broth, a little pepper and salt; boil this for a few minutes; watch to prevent its scorching; then add a wineglassful of claret, and the same of mushroom catchup. Strain it through a hair-sieve. Serve hot. This is a very nice gravy for steaks.

**Stewed Haricots, or White Beans.**—Boil a teacupful of haricots in plenty of water until they are quite soft. When they are first put on, add a piece of butter or dripping as big as a walnut, and a small onion, minced fine. By the time the beans are well done, the liquor will be no more in quantity than enough to make the gravy. Season with

pepper and salt; and if the beans have not thickened it enough, add a little flour.

*To Dress Red Cabbage.*—Let the cabbage boil for a short time; take out the heart, cut it into pieces, and put it into a stewpan with a piece of butter, and some salt and pepper. Allow it to stew over a moderate fire, stirring it very frequently, so as to mix it well with the butter.

## DESSERTS.

*Rich Rice Pudding.*—Put a small teacupful of rice to soak for two hours in a pint of milk. When it has soaked, put it into a saucepan with the thin rind of half a lemon and a pinch of salt. Let it simmer gently until the rice is soft. Put it into a pie-dish to stand to cool, adding, gradually, two ounces of fresh butter so as not to oil the butter, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Beat up four eggs with half a pint of milk, and add a few drops of essence of vanilla, or almond-flavoring, mix all together, and bake in a slow oven for about half an hour. Candied peel may be put into it, or two ounces of currants or sultanas. In summer these things are usually omitted, as the pudding can then be eaten with fresh stewed fruit.

*Children's Fruit Pudding.*—Cut slices of bread, and lay them in a pie-dish till it is nearly full; pour over enough hot milk to soak the bread, then boil some fresh fruit, black or red currants, and raspberries, or all mixed together, with nearly half their weight in sugar. As soon as it comes to the boil take it off, and pour it over the bread; bake about twenty minutes. It may be eaten hot or cold—if cold, it should be pressed down by means of a dish placed on it and some weight. When wanted, it can be turned out. By adding a little lemon-juice to the soaked bread, the flavor is greatly improved. If a nice custard is poured over the cold pudding, it becomes quite a dainty dish.

*Pudding Pies.*—Boil for fifteen minutes three ounces of ground rice in a pint and a half of new milk; and when taken from the fire, stir into it three ounces of butter and four ounces of sugar; add to these six well-beaten eggs, a grain or two of salt, and a flavoring of nutmeg or lemon-peel at pleasure. When the mixture is nearly cold, line some pattypans with thin puff-paste, fill three parts full, strew the tops thickly with currants, (cleaned and dried,) and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes.

*Beet Souffle.*—Take a pint of milk and as much flour as will come to a thick paste over the stove; keep stirring it all the time; add six yolks of eggs and a pinch of salt, and as much sugar as you like. Beat eight whites of eggs to a froth; stir them all together. To be put into the oven a quarter of an hour before wanting it; the oven must be quick. Glaze it with white sugar, and send quickly to table. It may be made with ground rice. The rind of a lemon, grated, or lemon-juice gives it a nice flavor.

*Common Plum-Pudding.*—Beat together three-quarters of a pound of flour, the same quantity of raisins, six ounces of beef-suet, finely chopped, a small pinch of salt, some grated nutmeg, and three eggs, which have been thoroughly whisked and mixed with about a quarter of a pint of milk, or less than this, should the eggs be large. Pour the whole into a buttered dish, and bake an hour and a quarter.

## SANTARY.

*Balsam of Honey.*—Take balsam of Tolu, two ounces, gum storax, two drachms, opium, two drachms, honey, eight ounces. Dissolve these in a quart of spirits of wine. The balsam is very useful in hoarseness, and allays irritation of the lungs. It will often cure a cough that is alarming. Dose, one or two teaspoonfuls in a little warm tea.

*Curdle.*—Make a fine smooth gruel of half grits; when boiled, strain it, stir it at times till cold; when wanted for use, add sugar, wine, and lemon-peel, with some nutmeg, according to taste; you may add, if you please, besides the wine, a spoonful of brandy, or lemon-juice.

*For Chilblains.*—Boil some turnips, and mash them into a pulp; put them in a tub or large basin, and put the feet in them, almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time before going to bed. Of course, this must be before the chilblains are broken.

*Deafness.*—Temporary deafness may often be cured in the following manner:—Mix three parts of sweet oil and one of glycerine, and drop into the ear ten drops every night. A cure will, in most cases, soon be effected.

*For Corns.*—Take white pine turpentine, spread a plaster, apply it to the corn, let it stay on till it comes off of itself. Repeat this three times. It is also good for wounds.

*For the Teeth.*—It may not be generally known that powdered alum not only will often cure the aching of the teeth, but will also prevent their decay.

*For Weak Eyes.*—Two grains acetate of zinc, in two ounces of rose-water; filter the liquid carefully, and wash the eyes night and morning.

## TOILET.

*Marrow and Castor-Oil Pomatum.*—Procure two fresh marrow-bones, and remove the marrow carefully out of them, put it into cold water until it is quite clean; this will take three or four days, during which the water must be frequently changed. Then put the marrow in a clean bowl, dissolve it, and strain it through muslin; after which add four ounces of castor-oil. Beat these together with a silver fork until they are almost cold; but before the pomade sets, add the scent—half an ounce, if strong, will be required. This must not be added until cold, or else it evaporates.

*To Make Cold Cream.*—Three ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and a quarter of an ounce of white wax. These must be melted over the fire and poured into a warm glass or marble mortar, when as much orange-flower or rose-water as the mixture will take up should be put in by degrees.

*Lip Salve.*—Spermaceti ointment, half an ounce, balsam of Peru, one quarter of a drachm. Mix. It is not *couleur de rose*, but it will cure—often with but a single application. Apply a thin coating with the forefinger just before going into bed.

*To Soften the Hands.*—After cleansing the hands with soap, rub them well with oatmeal whilst still wet. Honey is also very good, used in the same way as lemon-juice, well rubbed in at night.

*Dr. Erasmus Wilson's Hair-Wash.*—Two ounces of eau de Cologne, two drachms of tincture of cantharides, ten drops of oil of rosemary, ten drops of oil of lavender; all to be well mixed together.

## WARDROBE.

*To Wash Flannel.*—First wash it in two waters, not very warm, and without soap. Take out the flannel from the water and rub a little soap upon it; put it into a pan, and pour upon it a sufficient quantity of boiling water to cover it entirely. Let it remain in this for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, then rub it as usual, using a little more soap, if required, so as to make a very slight lather, adding a small quantity of blue. After this rinse and take out the flannel, wring it, shake it well, and dry it in the open air.

*To Renovate Black Silk.*—Rub the silk all over on the right side with a solution of ammonia and water, (two teaspoonfuls of powdered ammonia to quarter of a pint of warm water,) and smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will regain a bright black appearance.

*To Perfume Clothes.*—Cloves in coarse powder, one ounce; cassia, one ounce; lavender-flowers, one ounce; lemon-peel, one ounce. Mix and put them into little bags, and place them where the clothes are kept, or wrap the clothes round them. They will keep off insects.

## FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS.—The skirt is of white figured silk. Black velvet basque, trimmed with gimp and jet. Hair very much crimped in front, and done up in a heavy roll at the back.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with black velvet, edged with a narrow guipure lace. The skirt is open at the side, over a white fluted petticoat. Empire bonnet of white silk, with a veil on one side, and a bird on the other.

FIG. III.—BALL DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with broad, blue ribbon, looped up at one side over a white silk skirt.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TULLE, PUFFED.—Scarlet sacque, richly embroidered.

FIG. V.—HOME DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with three truffles at the bottom, black guipure lace, and white lace, put on in the horseshoe form. Striped basque, with a hood, confined at the waist with a green silk sash, ornamented like the dress.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with blue ribbon. Black lace sash.

FIG. VII.—PALETOF OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with wide, black lace.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK VELVET CLOAK, ornamented with black lace, gimp, and tassels.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—BACK AND FRONT VIEWS OF A BLACK LACE CAPE, ornamented with pearl beads.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses incline more and more to the Princess shape. All the widths are gored; the skirt is scant and short in front, and forms a long sweeping train at the back. The body is plain, with a round waist, narrower than those of last winter, and fastened at the side with a bow or rosette. These bands often have long lapels at the back. The Princess, or Gabrielle dress, has the body and skirt cut in one. These are made quite plain in front and on the hips, but with three box-pleats at the back. Of course, these are only suitable for high-necked dresses, though we have seen an evening dress of corn-colored silk cut in this way; the body was square in the neck. The looped-up skirts over fancy petticoats still hold their sway on the streets; our ladies protesting against the short, plain skirt just escaping the ground, because it looks like a school-girl's. The dress looped up on one side, but forming a long train at the back, is very stylish for evening wear; and the under-skirt need be only of a rich material where the upper skirt opens over it.

ROUND WAISTERS are still the fashion, worn with belts. Basques are sometimes made, and form a pretty variety. These light bodies, with the close sleeves, have been so long worn that it was to be hoped that some folds, or any other addition to the dress would be made to relieve the stiffness, but the style, because it is an ugly one, we suppose, has not changed.

BASQUES are, sometimes, added at the back only. These basques may be made separately from the dress, the body put on a narrow band, and then worn, or not, at pleasure. The universal belt, or waistband, conceals the ribbon, and the basque looks as though it was cut with the bodice.

SLAVES are long and nearly close at the hand. Sometimes a very small epaulet ornaments the sleeve at the top.

EMBROIDERY is a good deal used on dresses. Jet and other kind of beads are largely employed in this embroidery. The most remarkable patterns in hand-embroidery are the large, double palm-leaves, worked in Algerian silk; the applications consist of black velvet bows worked all over with steel beads, and the ends of the bows are finished off with steel fringes. Pointed straps of black velvet, edged all round with small white porcelain beads, are likewise fashionable trimmings on dark silk skirts; some straps are worked in the center with white silk, in imitation of the pretty little flower, the periwinkle.

CORDS placed at the bottom of the skirts, on the shoulders and sleeves, are ornaments frequently preferred for rich, plain silks.

BROAD STRIPES are very fashionable, but very unbecoming to short, stout figures; and then not one dress-maker in a hundred knows how to fit a body with stripes to look well.

BRIDESMAIDS continue to wear colored flowers or ribbons with the white dresses. Blue is the favorite color, though, where there are a number of bridesmaids, they vary the colors.

EVENING DRESSES are made either with small berthes, or with draperies in the Grecian style. Flounces are certainly coming in fashion again. Silk and grenadine dresses, for evening wear, are very generally trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a deep flounce, with some device or ornament placed above it. Short black lace jackets, without sleeves, are worn over low bodies for evening or dinner parties. Some of these jackets are made with a tiny hood at the back. The hair is dressed in the Grecian or imperial style—high above the forehead. Flowers, entirely made of feathers, will be very fashionable for coiffures this winter. Artistic jewels, in the Byzantine style, continue to be in great favor; the brooch, bracelet, and double clasp for the waistband are chosen to match. Clasps of the same style, for fastening the draperies of the body and sleeves, are also coming into fashion again, as in the time of the First Empire; and cameos are in great favor.

PALETOFS are rather short, sometimes tight to the figure, sometimes rather loose, and others are cut at the back very much like a gentleman's walking coat, and ornamented with buttons. The styles usually have the addition of a waistband. Some have pointed Arab hoods, but these are not so general.

BONNETS are in a variety of patterns. The plain, round Empress crown, the Normandy cap, and the double puffed crown, are all popular. There is less trimming than usual on the outside of bonnets, but they are made of richer materials. Cameos, in imitation of gold coin, chains, etc., are all used. The long black veils are, also, much worn. *Raisin* color is popular for both dresses and bonnets.

GILT ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR have increased to such an extent as to become vulgar. Velvet and ribbons are used in their place by the best dressed people. Crystal ornaments are as popular as ever. Amongst new trinkets we must mention buckles, which have quite changed their shape. They are being made high and narrow, but with a plate entirely covering the front of them. These are chiefly in fine gold and enamel, and in the middle of each is placed a cameo or precious stone, or initials in gold or enamel. Most probably these buckles will be worn at balls. Pendants are more than ever worn round the neck, and are fastened by velvet, knotted behind, and falling in long ends down the skirt.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with black velvet. White under-body, black velvet waistband and *Smorita* jacket. *Eugenia* hat, trimmed with black velvet and cock's plumes.

FIG. II.—A DRESS FOR AN OLDER GIRL, OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with blue velvet of a darker shade. Plaited under-body of thin muslin. White felt hat, and long ostrich plume.

FIG. III.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED MERINO, trimmed with straps of blue silk. Hat of fawn-color, trimmed with blue velvet.

FIG. IV.—SCOTCH DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt is of heavy plaid poplin, jacket of black velvet, and sash of gay plaid silk. Velvet cap, bordered with plaid velvet, and ornamented with cock's plumes.





Painted by G. Bennett.

Engraved & Printed by Colman Brothers.

# THE LITTLE STRAWBERRY GIRL:

Engraved expressly for

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THE LITTLE STRAWBERRY GIRL:

BY MARY W. BROWN.



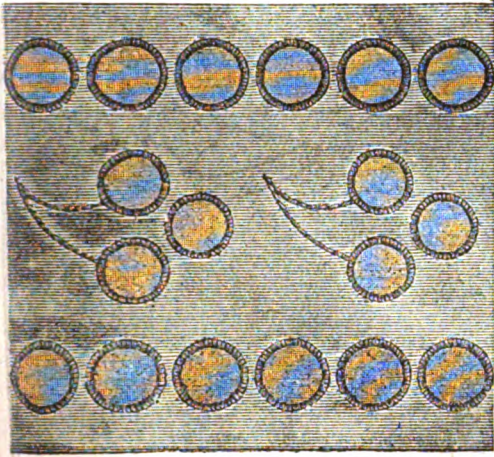






"A RAID" ON THE PRESERVES.

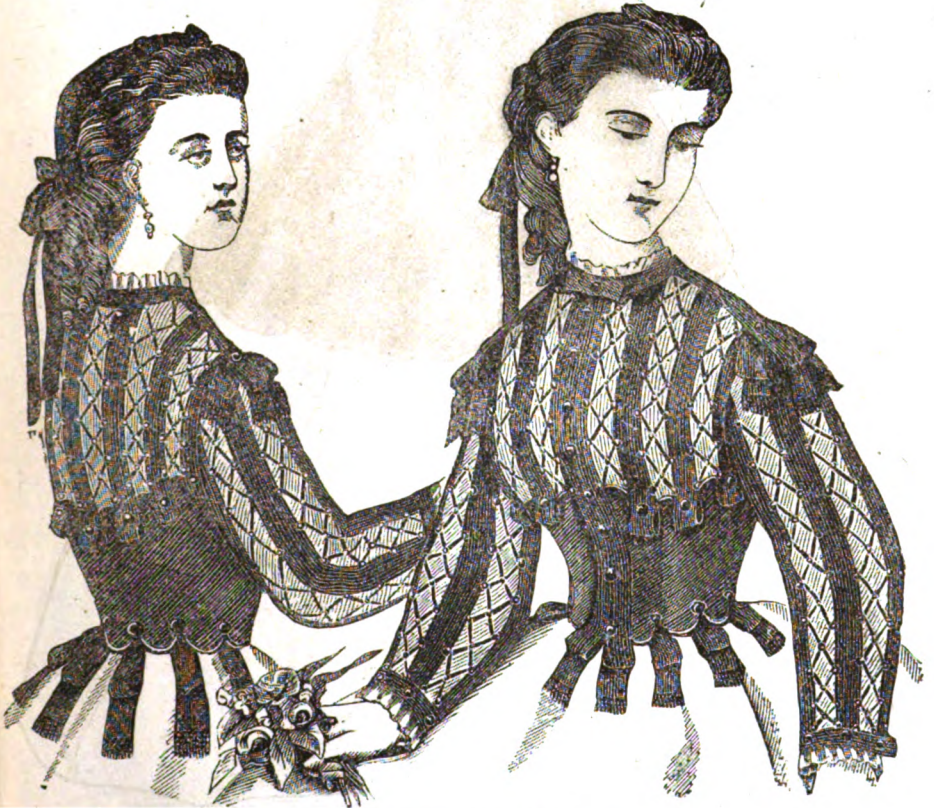




FOR PETTICOAT: IN APPLICATION.



BRODERIE ORIENTAL.



PATTERN FOR BODICE: BACK AND FRONT.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



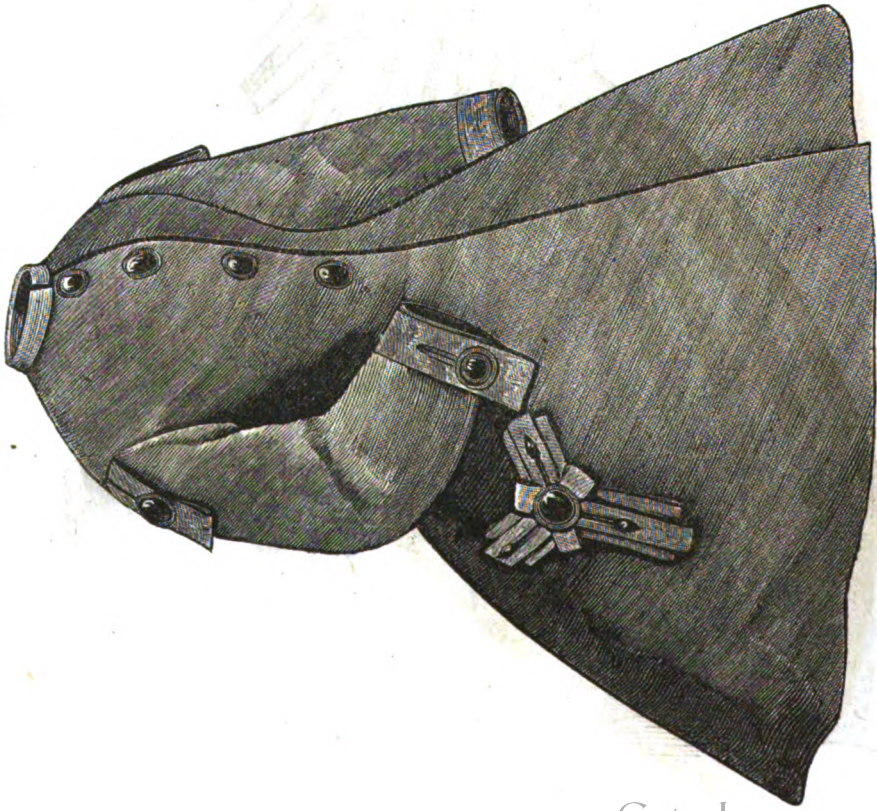
CARRIAGE DRESS.



EDGING.



WALKING DRESS.



AUBENS' PALETOT: FRONT AND BACK.



ALGERINE PLENOE

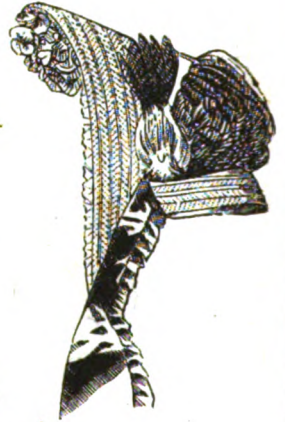
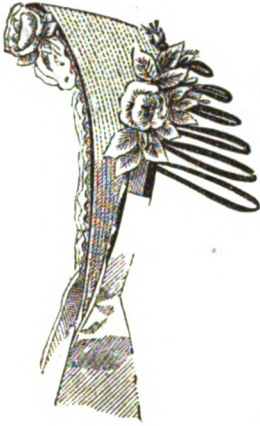


OSMANIAN PLENOE





NEW STYLES OF HATS.



NEW STYLES OF BONNETS.



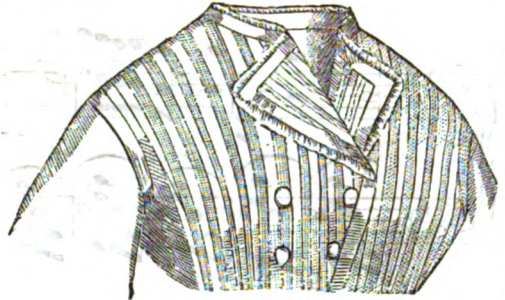
NEW PATTERNS FOR CAPS.



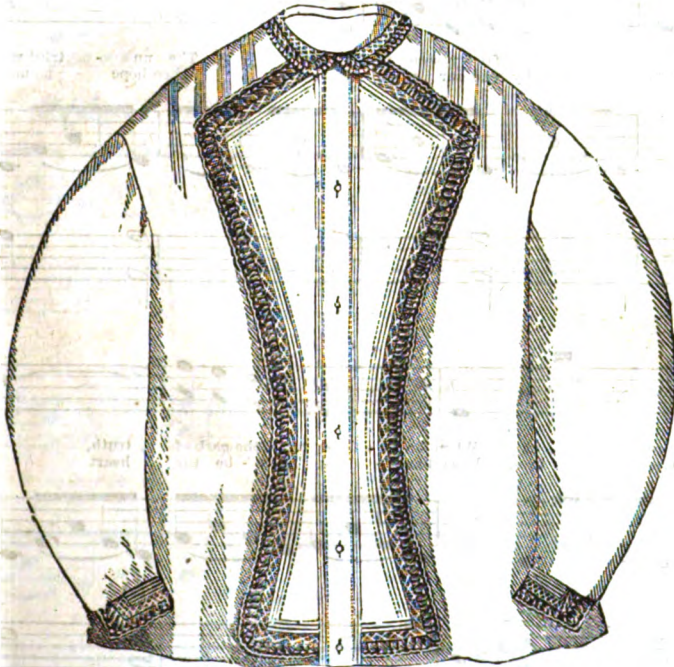
MUSLIN BODICE.



CAPE.



NAINSOOK BODICE.



NIGHT-DRESS WITH REVERS.

# A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

WORDS BY MRS. E. C. E.

MUSIC BY THOS. R. BIGALOW.

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*Moderato.*

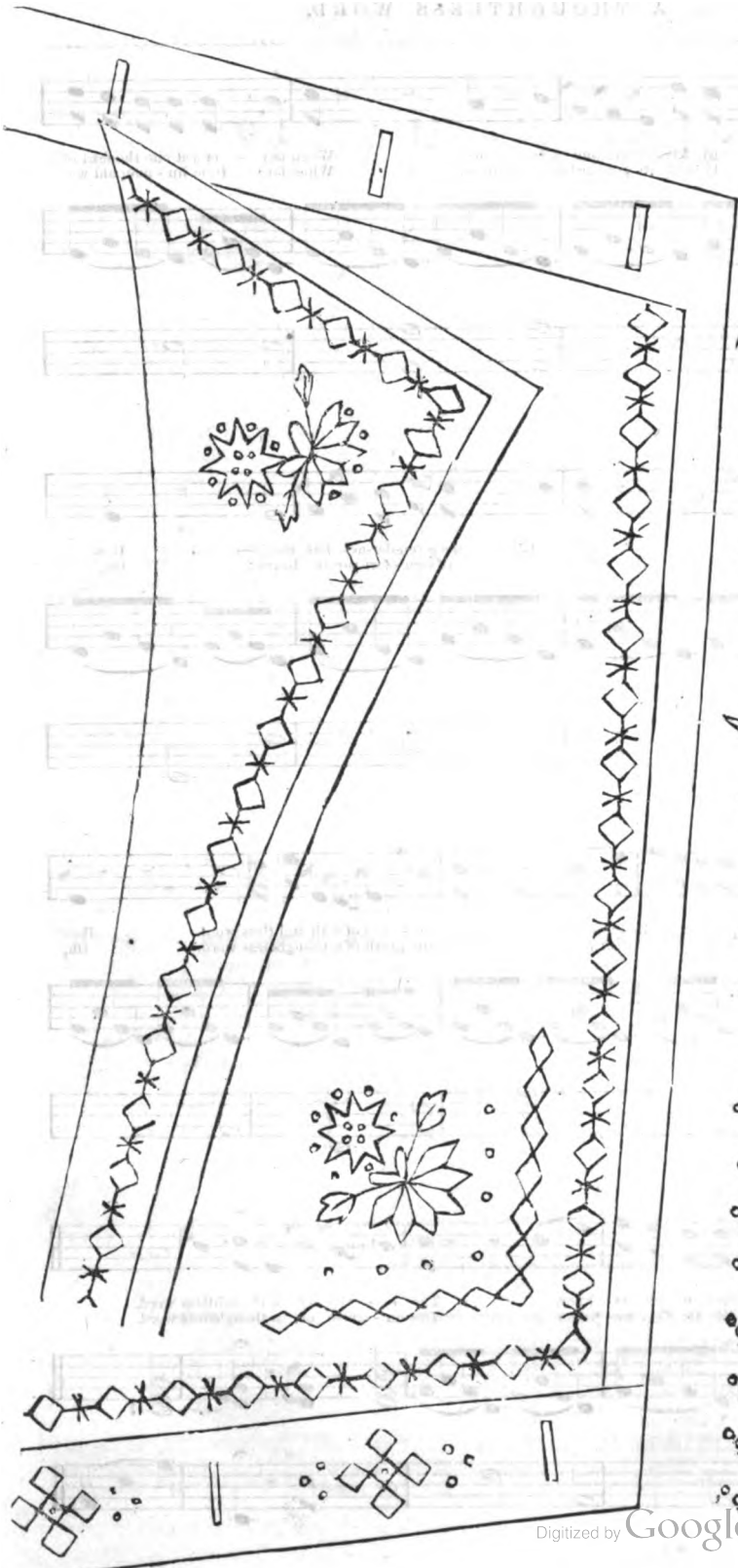
PIANO.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section. The piece concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

The second system features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "When like a fair-y scene in youth The un-tried world is spread be-fore us; When one by one our joys de-part; When hope no more each moment". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* (crescendo) and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The third system features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "fore us; When fan-cy wears the garb of truth, And mes-sures, When like a Ni-o-be the heart Sits". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.





# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## THE LITTLE STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER."

THE rain came down in torrents. The lightning blazed, the thunder crashed, the wind blew a tornado. Neither I, nor my horses, had ever been out in such a storm.

I was, at that time, a young man of twenty-one, who had just been admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and was now at the country-seat I had inherited. Most of my time was spent in the saddle, or, when it was too hot for riding, in driving my pair of chestnut-sorrels, whose pedigree went back to the Godolphin Arabian.

Suddenly I heard a childish voice, as if in distress. I pulled up and looked around. Under a tree, at the road-side, where she had sought shelter from the storm, was a little girl about ten years old; the most beautiful child I had ever seen. She had been out after wild-strawberries, to judge from a basket on her arm.

I threw the lines to my groom and jumped down. "Please, sir, won't you take me home?" piped the little voice, her big, brown eyes looking at me, half shyly, yet courageously. If there had been such a thing as falling in love with a child of that age, I should have lost my heart then and there, she looked so arch and bewitching.

I soon had her in my trotting-wagon, promising to take her home. She was on a visit, with her aunt, she said, "at the White House on the mountain:" a favorite resort, as I knew, for citizens spending their summers in my section of the country. Her shyness soon wore off, and she chatted away as if she had known me for years. She was still rattling on, when we drew up at the hotel, and her aunt, in a great fright, came out to receive her. As the rain was pouring down, and as there was no cover to my wagon, I did not stop to listen to the profuse thanks, but drove swiftly down the hill, and so homeward. It was not till the hotel was out of sight, that I remembered I had not asked the name of my little strawberry-girl;

and when, the next day, I rode over to inquire if she had caught cold, I found she had left for the city, her aunt having received an unexpected summons home. "Mrs. Brown was so sorry you couldn't stay yesterday," said the innkeeper, "or, that she couldn't wait to thank you for taking care of her niece, a poor little orphan, sir."

Often, that summer, as I passed the thicket, where I had first seen the little strawberry-girl, I wondered if I should ever meet her in the great town. And after I had returned to the city, it was months before I gave up the habit of scrutinizing every childish face I passed, in hopes of recognizing my favorite; for, by constant thinking of her, she had grown to be such. Many a time, in my lonely office, as I sat looking into the embers of my wood-fire, late at night, I indulged in a vague dream of educating just such a child to be my wife.

Seven years passed. Gradually the memory of the little strawberry-girl grew dimmer. I went abroad, visiting every capital of Europe, spending a winter up the Nile, and dreaming away a month by the famed waters of Damascus. On my return, I grew absorbed in my profession. I took an active part in politics. So I had but small leisure for idle reveries. Yet the face of my favorite would continually come up to me. I had never seen it since that day; but I knew that if I did, I should recognize it among a thousand. I pictured to myself the changes which years had made in it. And I fancied a tall, willowy figure, graceful as Atlanta herself, with wonderful chestnut hair, and great spiritual brown eyes.

One winter, worn down by excessive labor, I took a trip to Cuba. The return voyage was very rough, and there were few passengers on deck until the last day. Then, the near prospect of land, and the subsidence of the gales, tempted almost everybody out on deck. I was

leaning over the rail, not far from the stern, when I heard a splash, and simultaneously the awful cry, "A man overboard!" I looked down. A little head was disappearing in the water about midships; whoever had fallen, had fallen so close to the wheel, that he had probably been killed by the paddles; but a woman's wild scream, "My boy, my boy!" ringing out, sharp and shrill, and oh! with such agony, made me disregard all this; and I plunged in. I reasoned that by the time I could reach the water, the lad would have drifted near to where I struck it; so that, if alive, and to be saved at all, he must be saved by me. Of my own personal risk I thought nothing. I was a good swimmer, but the chance of thus rescuing a drowning person is, under any circumstances, very slim, while, with a steamer at full speed, it is too remote to calculate. But I did not think of this.

I remember going down, down, down through the dark water, while just below me, an indistinct object, which I knew to be the child, kept sinking and sinking, ever beyond my reach. At last, with a desperate effort, I grasped it by the shoulder. Then began the real peril of the undertaking. The boy, instinctively, strove to seize me around the neck. If he succeeded, we would both, I knew, be drowned. Desperation gave him unusual strength, and once or twice he nearly gained his object. There was a moment, indeed, when I was almost tempted to throw him off; for my strength was nearly exhausted; and we were still a long way below the surface. But, with a sudden exertion, I got him, at last, at arm's-length, and held him there, while I used the other arm in swimming. Up, and up we went: it seemed interminably. The blood rushed to my eyes. My brain spun around. Would we ever reach the upper air? Suddenly, the light grew brighter, and we shot into the blessed sunshine. I glanced around, hurriedly, shaking the water from my eyes, to see if I could discover the steamer. There she was, a half a mile away, blowing off steam, her rails and rigging crowded with people on the look-out: and, blessed sight! a boat, powerfully manned, was putting off from her side, with quick, sharp strokes, that promised speedy relief if we could only be seen. But the waves were still running high, and even as I looked, a gigantic one lifted itself between me and the steamer, shutting her out from sight, while I sank, as if shot down an ice-slope, into the vast trough below. It seemed an age before I rose on another wave. Then I caught sight of the steamer and boat again for an instant: the latter lying on its oars, uncertain which way

to pull. Again the remorseless waves came between me and hope; again I sank into the pitiless gulf. Three times I rose again. The third time, I felt, would be the last for the lad, during all this, had never ceased his frantic struggles, and had now utterly exhausted my strength. That last time, I could just feebly wave my right hand in the air, and still manage to hold him off at arm's-length with my left. As I did this, I thought I heard, distantly, a faint cheer, and fancied I saw the boat, which had been hanging like a black speck on the water, turn and shoot toward us. But, at this crisis, when I would have given everything to be sure, the boy made a fresh and more frantic effort to clutch at me, which succeeded. I felt his arms, in their death-grip, twine around my throat; and down we sank, like lead, hope and thought and memory leaving me together.

My next recollection, and it is but a faint one, is of being lifted over the side of the vessel, and seeing a crowd of awe-struck faces look at me as I was borne past. It was but for a second, when I became again insensible. But among those faces was the one which had haunted me for years: the great, brown eyes, through their tears, beaming on me with infinite pity. After that, for hours, all was blank. The next thing I recall was hearing the surgeon of the steamer say, "He's coming round, thank God!" Then pangs, as of entering into a new existence, racked every nerve of my body. But I was able, after awhile, to sit up and hear congratulations on my escape, and praises of what was called my heroism. Soon after, the mother herself came in, leaving her darling for a moment. The boy, it seems, had been playing, just abaft the wheel-house, when he had slipped and fallen overboard, no one knew exactly how. "It was a near thing, his missing the paddles," said the captain; "and he'd have been drowned, anyhow, if you hadn't leaped after him at once. By Jove, gentlemen, it was the finest thing I ever saw."

The steamer, long before this, had reached the wharf, and most of the passengers had left. When I crawled on deck, hoping to see again that face, I found no one but the family of the rescued boy; and even they were leaving. In vain, that evening, for I was still too weak to go ashore, I looked over the list of passengers, and cross-questioned the stewardess, seeking to identify the countenance I had recognized. "There had been a dozen young ladies about the age I talked of," she said, "and she couldn't now even tell their names." And so

again I lost my little strawberry-girl. I say again, for nothing could persuade me I had not seen her; and I was more than half convinced, too, that she had recognized me. "There was a look on that face," I said to myself, "such as I would give worlds to be sure of: a look that a woman gives only—But, pshaw! what a fool I am," I cried, breaking abruptly off. Yet, for all that, cool-headed as men called me, the vision of that face, and that look, would come back, till now I was thoroughly and hopelessly in love with what, if not my little strawberry-girl, was a mere vision of the brain.

And a mere vision of the brain I came at last, reluctantly enough, to consider it. For I made inquiries, and in every direction, so that if any such person had been on board the steamer, I should, I thought, have certainly heard of it. My half-waking condition, I was now convinced, had misled me. I had imagined I saw the face I had so often pictured to myself; but it had only been the countenance of one of the many sympathizing, tearful women, who beheld me carried, it was supposed, a corpse, along the deck of the steamer.

Two years later, I was returning from a visit to the West. The railroad train was behind time, and the engineer was running at his highest speed to recover lost ground. The cars jolted and bounced along, oscillating from side to side. Suddenly I heard the sharp, shrill signal, "down breaks." We had just emerged from a tunnel; and were whirling around a turn between high rocks. The door of the car in which I sat was flung open, at this instant, and a man came rushing to the rear. I had seen terror-struck faces, but never a face like that. It was literally livid with fear. I recognized it, too, as the face of the conductor. I divined, at once, the character of the peril, such as it afterward proved to be. Another train was on the track, coming in a direction opposite to ours, and the two trains, one making thirty miles an hour, and ours forty or more, would meet at a velocity of seventy or eighty. The conductor knew there was no hope, and was flying for his life.

I drew a long breath and braced myself for the shock, not without something of contempt for his cowardice. Even in that hurried crisis, that mere second of time, I realized how vain was his effort to escape. There was a crash as of two comets meeting, a thousand flashes of light in my brain, and then darkness and oblivion.

After a long blank, it seemed to me as if I was being dragged from among splintered tim-

bers. I opened my eyes, wildly, and saw faces looking on me. The most horrible pains followed: I seemed to be on fire in every nerve; and I lost consciousness again.

After that I remember nothing, except a succession of the wildest dreams, and of immitigable sufferings. I was Tantalus, in water to my chin, dying of thirst, yet unable to drink. I was Prometheus, chained to a rock, the vulture forever preying on my vitals. I was stretched on a rack, while familiars came, with red-hot pinchers, and tore out bits of flesh. Then the visions changed. Pitying, womanly faces hovered about me. Soft, womanly fingers bathed my hot brow. Oh! after such nights of torture, what bliss merely to feel the ice-cold water moistening my burning lips. Among these faces, sometimes, came the one which had haunted me for years. And once, looking furtively around, it stooped suddenly and kissed me, a tear falling on my cheek. Then the dreams of horror came back: and the wheel of fire, on which I was broken limb by limb.

At last, one day, I woke perfectly sane. In a dim way I was conscious of being in a large and elegant apartment, cool and airy even on that sultry summer noon. How pleasant it was to hear the rustle of the white curtains. How sweet the half spicy smell of the new matting on the floor. I was too weak to rise. One of my arms was bandaged. My chest felt as if crushed in. Feebly turning my head, though not without pain, I saw, reading by the window, a graceful, womanly figure. The slight noise I made instantly attracted the reader's attention: she glanced hastily around, started up, and glided from the room. But not before I had recognized the face which had haunted me for years; the face which had looked out from the embers of the fire, which I had seen on board the steamer, and which had gazed on me with such ineffable pity in my dreams.

Immediately after, an elderly matron entered, whose dress and manner were those of a lady rather than of a mere nurse. She came directly to the bed, lifting her finger on seeing I was about to speak.

"My niece told me you had woke up," she said, in a soft, motherly voice. "The doctor said, last night, the crisis was passed. There, not a word yet: your life depends on silence. But I will tell you, or else, I fear, you won't go to sleep again, that you are with friends. I am Mrs. Brown; this is my house, and you were providentially brought here from the scene of the accident, close by. Your hurts are all doing well: with rest and perfect quiet you are sure



to recover. And now try to sleep. But first drink this."

She gave me a cooling draught, as she spoke, arranged the pillows and bed-clothes deftly, drew the window-curtains so as to shut out the glare, and took the seat which had just been vacated. I saw that it was useless for me to attempt engaging her in conversation: and, in truth, my brain was already dizzy with the slight mental effort I had made. I was not sorry, therefore, to close my eyes and obey her instructions.

From that hour I mended rapidly. But I never saw the face I most wished to see. Once or twice, early in the morning, I fancied I heard a strange voice whispering, out of sight, at the head of my bed; but I could never catch sight of the speaker. At last came the day when I was allowed to rise; and from that time I counted the hours till I had the freedom of the parlor. The first glance about the room, as I entered, showed me what I had waited for so long. There, blushing and embarrassed, but more lovely than ever, was she who had crossed my path so romantically twice before.

"My niece, Miss Grayson," said Mrs. Brown, little fancying all the introduction meant to me.

How beautiful she was! Just nineteen, with great, brown eyes, a broad, Greek brow, and that willowy figure, which the Arabs, in their Oriental extravagance, compare to a palm-tree. When her first shyness wore off, I found she had rare gifts of mind, which had been cultivated to a very high degree. She was full of archness as of old. Her low, sweet laugh was like the gurgle of cool waters, the waters of Damascus. But I am telling a story, not writing a foolish rhapsody.

If ever there was a happy summer it was that. When I was well enough, we rode, or drove, or walked together, always in the cool of the morning, or by the August or September moon; at other times, we read, or talked, or she played Chopin, or Beethoven, or sang ballads for me. In October, I went to my own country home; but it was only to prepare it for her reception; and on Christmas-Eve I took her to it, with the Christmas moon sparkling bright on the snow-clad hills around, and my soul full of "peace and good-will to men."

"And so you wanted to find me, and educate me for your wife," she said to me, archly, the other day. "Well, I am educated, after a fashion, you see; and without any trouble to your High Mightiness. You thought I was poor, too; what a pity I am rich! Did I also think of you? How could a little girl forget such handsome horses, or their master? Everybody knew who you were, and talked of you: I compared you to the Prince in the fairy tale, and myself, of course, to foolish Cinderella. In town I often wondered why I never met you. But, before the next winter, aunt moved away from Philadelphia; and I never saw you again till I saw you on the steamer. When you leaped overboard, in that brave way, I cried for very admiration. Yes! if you will make me confess, I loved you from that hour. You were my hero. But, as for kissing you, Sir Impudence, when you lay so ill that we thought you dying, why you know it's the craziest and funniest delusion in the world."

She would deny that kiss, I believe, even at the stake. But, for all this, the truest, sunniest, dearest wife that ever was, is my LITTLE STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

## MIRABELLE MAY.

BY E. R. LADD.

"As God is your Judge, now tell me true,"

He said, "am I nothing more to you?"

She bit her lip till the blood came through;  
And the prints of her nails were in her hand,  
While she trembled so she could hardly stand,  
But proudly answered him, cold and grand.

"The eagle's eye may look on the sun;  
'Twere madness for man such hazard to run;  
I care not, not I, for the prize she has won.  
She has riches, but I have pride—  
Go, and claim your golden bride;  
Never shall my name with yours be allied."

She trampled her love in the dust where she stood,  
In her wild, impetuous, passionate mood,  
She crushed out all yearnings for human good;

And a smile, as they gave the bride away,  
Like that you have seen in the dying day,  
Broke over the face of Mirabelle May.

She leaned 'gainst the rude column's fretted stone,  
A very child in her weakness grown;  
But her proud, proud lips uttered never a moan  
Her heart it had frozen like ice-bound springs,  
Which have hushed all their musical murmurings—  
For still as death were its quivering strings!

So Mirabelle toiled in the noisy mill  
Till her cheeks waxed white as the snows, and as chill;  
And her pulse, like a worn-out clock, stood still!  
Man's love, like its object, is but for a day;  
But a woman's, it grows on its young life's decay,  
And blossoms eternal, supreme in its sway.

## MY PHILIP.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I SUPPOSE my bark is loud, and sounds dangerous; but, after all, it is nothing more than sound, if people only knew it, which they don't; and so I get the reputation of being a biter, when I am only a barker.

You might think I was a mastiff, or a bulldog, from this commencement; so, perhaps, I had better explain at once, and say, I am a crusty old bachelor, of an unpleasant age, and my name is Philip Bosworth.

I have reason to believe that several of my youthful relatives are sufficiently irreverent to call me "Old Bosc," behind my back, alluding, probably, to certain peculiarities which I began by mentioning; but I don't care. I have no doubt that in my young days I miscalled people, too; not having the fear of the bears before my eyes any more than the bad boys in Biblical history.

I don't think many persons were ever very fond of me; and I don't suppose they ever thought I wished them to be; yet, somehow, it has been a sort of disappointment to me. But, then, you know, thanks to our blindness and our follies, and the need we have of discipline, life is a long series of disappointments, which sensible people learn to take quietly long before they reach my age.

By that you needn't think I was never in love, because I was, and had it without being vaccinated; but that's a great while ago.

I was young, and I wasn't handsome; and it was not wonderful that, long before I found courage to open my mouth, Mary Clavers was wooed and won by dashing Launce Merriford; and I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation to their wedding just when I was writing verses in her honor.

But, bless you, the verses were burned ages ago, and Mary Clavers has been asleep in the church-yard, and Launce beside her, these ten years; and nothing will make any difference a hundred years from now.

Of course, he was a great scamp, and treated her dreadfully; and she was as unhappy as possible. But he died at last, and she followed; and just before she went, I told her I would take care of her child—and I don't think I have broken my word.

Now, I suppose, I might stop; for you story-

reading people have jumped at the conclusion of the whole romance—how I reared the girl, and she grew up lovely and charming, and I loved her, and finely gave her to a young hero, and ceased grumbling, in order to be their guardian-angel.

You are so very clever, it is a pity to spoil your idyl, but I must. Unfortunately, the child was not a Betsey but a David—that is to say, a boy, and named Philip; and I put him into a good school, and kept him there to learn mischief until it was time to send him to college, in order that he might graduate in the science.

I must say he did his duty. There never was a creature with such a genius for getting into scrapes, going through boyhood in a perpetual penance of black eye, and entering man's estate about as wrong-headed and fiery, and obstinate and selfish, and good-hearted and loveable, and altogether aggravating, as can well be imagined.

Now, by this time, you have got up another romance. I educated him; I lavished a fortune on him. No, I didn't, because he had plenty of money of his own; and I growled at him for a young reptile when he wanted to waste it; and he howled at me for an old Turk when I put my broad back between him and the windows, out of which he wished to throw it.

So, when he was twenty-one, he came in possession of his own, and was free to escape my complaints and tiresome lectures; and he was not hypocrite enough, I am glad to say, to pretend that he was sorry.

You need not imagine that he hated me. He liked me, in spite of my oddities, and the impatience of restraint natural to his age; and as for my feelings toward him— Well, I needn't bother to set all this down.

I never had many things to love, and he was the son of the only woman I ever wanted to marry; so, if I did groan at him, it's not probable I loved him any the less; though we were not at all like people in novels, and I never took him to his mother's grave to tell my story; and we behaved pretty much as folks are apt to in every-day life.

But he had his race to run, and his life to live, and a hot, impatient temper, and a wild imagination, and many an error inherited on the father's side to overcome. I knew that

trouble lay before him, but I was quite helpless to live his life for him; and nobody ever did listen to the voice of experience, and nobody ever will; so I conclude it was meant that nobody should.

But there was a great deal of mother in the fellow—and it was as good for him as it is for vinegar. I never knew him, as a boy, to be mean or cruel, or a liar; or to have any faults but large ones; so I could have hope, even when people declared that he was going to the devil. But for that matter, everybody thinks everybody else is going there; and, upon my word, when I look at my own uncharitableness (according to St. Paul's definition of it) and other people's the same, I should think so, too; only it is so evident that the devil has saved us the trouble by coming to us.

But I was saying that Philip was twenty-one, and began the world for himself. Before he was over the first mile he went bang into a dozen pit-holes, and hurt himself dreadfully; and, of course, I said, "I told you so;" and, of course, he ground his teeth over my complimentary phrases.

The most foolish thing he did was half falling in love with a girl up in the country, where he and I had houses—a girl that belonged to a very bad lot; and who, though she was sufficiently well educated, as most American girls are, not to shock one by her conversation, as people of the poorer classes do in other lands, and was really handsome, and could appear very well, indeed, I knew was long-headed enough to get him into a bad scrape.

She was impetuous and passionate; but there was no danger of her coming to grief, unless it was worth her while. I know this sounds cruel, but it was the truth; and I feared more some entanglement that would worry Philip for life, than I did any suffering for her.

It was worse than useless to expostulate; but, luckily, business called us away before anything unpleasant happened; and I was glad when we saw the last of her bold, handsome face.

That winter my niece, Helen Mitchell, came to live with me; and it wasn't long before Philip forgot all about the summer folly that had led him to the threshold of a great danger. He fell in love with Helen; and this time all his heart and soul were in it, though, from his youth and passionate nature, it was more like being loved by a tornado than I could have wished for my girl.

I saw with pain and pleasure that Helen cared for him. I had wanted it to happen some time, but not yet. Philip was too unsettled; he was

not old enough; he would make her suffer, and that I could not permit.

But the mischief was done before I had half collected my slow thoughts; they came and asked my consent to their engagement. There was no reason sufficient for refusing it. I gave it conditionally, divided between satisfaction of a pleasant hope of mine being realized, and a fear that I had not acted wisely after all. But I talked plainly to Philip, and he promised anything I wished, in his impatient way; and I couldn't see how to make him understand the importance of the step he had taken.

Helen was wiser—a good girl—and she listened to all that I had to say, and comprehended that it was my very affection for Philip which made me anxious about him. But I am sure, from the first, he resented what he considered my interference—and the division-wall of coldness already began to spring up between us, in spite of my efforts.

It wasn't a year before all I had feared came to pass. Oh! my poor, wrong-headed Philip! It was no use; the fever in his veins would lead him astray, and at last I began to be afraid he never would get straight, or not till he had destroyed every hope of happiness for all of us.

He quarreled with me; he was not just to Helen; and then, being angry with himself, the wild companions and the tempters had more power. It's a story you have heard a hundred times. I can't tell you why he must rush Satan-ward when there was so much good in him; but he did, just as you have seen many another man as noble and generous, and with such grand possibilities in his nature.

I didn't talk to Helen, it was no use; I couldn't help her at that time; I could only look cross and grumpy when I felt most—and so things went on.

Philip alternated between seasons of dissipation and remorse; rage with me, for my silent disapproval or poor efforts at advice, which he misconstrued in the most ingenious manner.

But the time came when Helen's own reason told her that it was necessary to take some decisive step; when she must separate her life entirely from the dream which had so tinged its whole current.

She came to me and told me so in her quiet way—so quiet, that many people might have thought she didn't suffer; but I was such an odd stick, that the very self-control she exercised, which made her face so patiently sad, and her voice, that had all the grief of her unshed tears in it, touched me more than all

the fainting and high tragedy of a heroine in a sensation novel could have done.

"I know you think I am acting rightly," she said. "I owe to you, who have been so kind to me, as much as to myself, to end what could only bring misery upon me."

She had been telling me that she feared he never would get right; that her influence was useless, and this shock could make him no worse, it might make him think.

"If—if my love could only make him a better man," she said, "I could bear any suffering! I hope, I am sure, it is not cowardice, or selfishness, that makes me shrink away. I only want to do right. It has been very hard; but God will help me. He does help me. I have written this to him, but he insists on seeing me once more."

I tried to say what I could, but it was poor enough, and there was something very damp back of my eyelids; and I felt a suspicious choking in my throat that made words difficult to get at.

"Philip is coming here," she went on. "I want you to sit in this room, where you can hear every word that passes between us in yonder; but, maybe, he had better not see you. I don't want to make him angry, or add to his recklessness. But, oh, uncle! I must have rest—rest! This would kill me!"

She gave way then for a little, and I just opened my arms, and she got into them and sobbed painfully; but it was soon over.

I sat still, as she wished me to; and she went into the next room to meet Philip, who entered only a few moments after.

Mistaken and wrong-judging to the last, he burst into a passionate torrent of self-reproach and bitter words, rather against me than her; but, in their very bitterness, showing more pain than anger.

"Hush, Philip!" she said; and there was something in her voice which stilled him. "Don't say these harsh things, which some time you may be sorry for. Indeed, nothing we could say to each other would do any good now. Only one thing—you must not blame my uncle; he has not influenced my decision; he has pitied and loved you always, and will be patient with you still——"

"He!" interrupted Philip. "I won't hear about him. It is he who has taught you to be afraid of me—to distrust me!"

"No one but yourself could have done that, Philip," she answered. "Don't let us part in anger. I think you will be sorry for it after! Oh, Philip! if you would only stop and think——"

"I don't want to think! I am near enough mad now! Just repeat that you meant what you said in your letter—that you throw me off; that you hate and despise me!"

"Oh, Philip! I never wrote that! I said I dared not be your wife, but your friend always!"

"Dare not, because you are afraid of him!"

"Because I am afraid of God," she replied; "because my influence is powerless to keep you from evil."

He went off in one of his insane fits, and said dreadful things; but he could not move her.

"Remember!" he said, "you have done this! I don't blame you—it is right. I have nothing now to keep me back—perhaps nothing would. But you shall repent—you shall; I tell you that!"

"Never, Philip, of having done right! Any wrong you might do would give me great trouble; but, if a change were possible, it must be in you, not me."

It is no use repeating all he said—he was quite mad; and I only wondered how her strength supported her.

Suddenly he dashed out of the room, passed through the one where I was sitting, on the way to the hall. He was so insane he never knew what he said when he saw me—I am sure of that. I was not angry, only afraid his curses would recoil on his own head.

Then he was gone, and I was alone with my poor girl. She had nobody left but me; and my narrow life only held her. Mary's boy had cast me off; I had not been able to keep my promise to her.

We got over three days—they were hard ones; and then we learned the worst. Philip had rushed up into the country; been on a terrible spree; and in the height of it had married Jenny Miles, the old drunken tavern-keeper's daughter; the girl I had done my best to get him away from the year before.

It was pretty hard on me. Maybe I don't show things like some folks; but I am not a Choctaw chief, nor a stoic; and— Well, if old bachelors have hearts, that nearly broke mine.

What that Helen was to me—for somehow I was quite ill after—just an angel, no less.

"Uncle," she said at the first, and never showed that she had deceived herself, "I only feel as if my brother had gone astray. This last act would have killed any other feeling if it had been there. But I am very, very sorry; it breaks my heart for him and you. Poor Philip!"

I could do nothing. I had been talking a good while about a journey to Europe—so Helen and I went and staid two years. She made them two happy years—God bless her! and then we came back.

I had heard about Philip; it was a dreadful retribution he had brought on himself. I shall make the story as brief as possible.

That girl proved a born devil; and her beauty and her brains only made her worse. There were no bounds to her temper. The things told of her sounded like stories about a lunatic.

But, Philip, oh, my boy! trouble had done for him what I thought it would; it had sobered him; it had roused his real self.

When he found what he had done, he tried to make the best of it—but it was hard trying. He took the girl away from her old associations; but the devil was in her, and would break out. She could appear well enough when she chose, and was quick to catch any showy accomplishment; but dreadfully extravagant, fond of admiration, tyrannical, and jealous as a fiend; and when one of those fits was on her, she did not care what she did, provided she could mortify and outrage Philip.

A weak man would have gone to the bad, certain; many a good man would have freed himself from her; but Philip lived on, and bore up under it; and, they said, after the first year, learned to control himself wonderfully.

Helen and I talked about him freely enough when occasion required; but, for all she was so quiet, I could not be sufficiently selfish, in my grief for Philip, to run the risk, often, of making her suffer. I never did know much about women. I could not tell what her placid exterior might hide; but I knew there could be no wrong thought, no weak thought in my little girl's mind.

That she had suffered terribly I knew must be true—suffered the torments of a thousand deaths during the months she was trying to give him up, when her duty to herself and God told her it was the only course left. Oh, my Helen! oh, my boy! it was all I could say!

So we came home. It was in the summer, and the city was too hot for anybody but a salamander to stay in.

I suppose I use all sorts of odd words; and, I dare say, it seems as if I did not feel much. Well, well, I can't help it. I do think we rough burs, who have no faculty of expression, would deserve compassion, if people only knew how much we want to get rid of our crabbed exterior, and show what we really feel. But it's no matter.

I was obliged to go up to my country-place on business. I made inquiries, and learned that Philip and his wife had never been back there; and as Helen had chanced never to visit the spot, so that there could be no unpleasant memories connected with it, I did not hesitate to have her accompany me.

I couldn't have done it if she had ever been there with Philip. I had sold the town house, where she had known and loved him; but I did not tell her the reason.

Bless my soul, didn't I know every room would be haunted to her; that the sight of the books they had read together; the quiet corners where they had sat; the piano on which they had played; every sight and sound would be a resurrection of the old life—the old, dead life, that must never stir in its grave.

I knew what all that was from experience. I am old and ugly, and crabbed and gray; but there are places I could not visit; poems I could not read; songs I could not bear to this day, any more than I could dissect my own heart with a surgeon's knife.

None of those things should overtake my girl. Sell, burn, blot-out; for heaven's sake, keep as much suffering away as possible.

We went up into the country—a lovely, romantic spot; and Helen was delighted with it, and we concluded nothing wiser could be done than to pass the rest of the summer there. She was always happiest in the country. She loved it like it a poet, or a painter; but what did she not love and appreciate that was beautiful or ennobling?—my Helen, my dear girl!

We had been there a week—just a week.

It was almost twilight. I had been writing in the library. I had finished, and begun to wonder where Helen was, when she came up the verandah steps and entered by one of the glass doors.

“Oh! there you are, Mrs. Dankins!” said I, for I called her all sorts of absurd names. “Maybe you don't know I am tired, and want my tea. What a gadabout you are; and you'll never be better!”

“Yes, here I am,” she said; but though she spoke very quietly, I knew something had happened.

I got up and went to her—I had grown as nervous and fidgety as an old woman.

“What's the matter?” I asked. “Helen, Helen, what has happened?”

She smiled and kissed me.

“Don't be frightened—I was only surprised. I have seen Philip.”

“Philip here?” I cried.

"Yes; I'll tell you how it was. Oh, poor Philip!"

"Is he so changed?" I asked.

"Oh! so changed; but let me tell you."

I pulled her gently on to my knee as I sat down, and turned my face away. Somehow I thought she would rather not be looked at just then.

But she understood; and taking my head in both her hands, she looked full in my eyes.

"No, no, uncle," she said; "it isn't what you think. Oh! I am not so wicked! I felt as if it was my brother—no, as if it was a dead man I had known. Uncle, uncle, the old life has left no such wicked traces."

"I am sure of that," I answered, and I choked. "But you saw Philip?"

"I had gone out of the grounds, down into the grove on Mr. Archer's land, and just as I got to the brook, who should I find myself face to face with——"

"Philip! And so changed?"

"Yes; but, uncle, it's a nobler face—a better one! He looked as if he would sink in the ground; but in an instant he held out his hand.

"This is very unexpected, Miss Mitchell," he said.

"I told him we did not know he was there. I said I knew you would be glad to see him—that he looked ill."

"Was he angry?"

"Oh, uncle! his face looked like death! He smiled and said,

"Helen, the old life is gone—I can't call it back! It is impossible for me to explain; but it would not be well for me to know any friends of that time; but tell my guardian that it is not from the feeling he thinks. He's a good man—God bless him!"

I choked worse than ever, and said,

"Oh! my boy, my boy! What else, Helen?—oh! what else, Helen?"

"He began to say something about my forgiving him. I don't well know what, when at that moment a woman burst on us like a whirlwind."

"That wife of his?"

"Yes—yes! She looked like a beautiful fiend. Her hair was down; she had a stick in her hand. I do think she was going to strike me when he sprang before her. She began to rave like a lunatic. Oh! I can't tell you; said we had met by appointment——"

"Go away," cried Philip; and I ran off shutting my ears. Oh, uncle! I looked back once, and she was trying to throw herself into the brook, shrieking and tearing her hair."

Helen stopped, trembling all over; but when she saw how I suffered, she said, the thoughtful darling,

"I thought it better you should know. We will go away—for Philip's sake; it might make it worse for him."

She kissed me, and went out of the room.

She had hardly closed the door, when I heard some one rush up the steps; and into the library dashed that wretched creature, Jenny Miles, looking, indeed, like a mad woman, with her hair down, and her eyes blazing.

"Curse this house," she cried, "and you and her! I would come—I will say it. If she stands in my way, I'll kill her; the wretch!"

She raved like a Bedlamite; but she didn't know me. I was cool as a cucumber in a minute. I just sat and looked at her till she was out of breath.

"Young woman," said I, when she couldn't interrupt, "I have one thing to say—you set foot on my land again, and I'll arrest your father for a theft; and I'll have you put in a mad-house in spite of anybody."

She got her breath, and began to call me names.

"Shut up," said I, "or, by the living Lord, to jail you go before you are a night older."

She saw I was in earnest, and off she went into outrageous hysterics; and just then in flew Philip, he had followed her in a fright.

She did not oppose him when he took her arm and drew her away, with his death-like face, only howled and moaned. I couldn't speak. I went up to him and caught his hand; he wrung mine, motioned me to let him go; and he and his wife disappeared. The next day Helen and I left the place.

Before I went, I managed to see Philip. It was a brief interview, and very quiet.

"Leave her," I said; "it would be just in the sight of God and man."

But he shook his head.

"I must pay my penalty," he answered. Oh! the hollow voice! Oh! the worn face!

"She would kill herself; I can't have a murderer on my soul. Don't ask it."

"People with such tempers don't kill themselves," said I.

"You don't know her; she has poisoned herself once—she would again. Let me go; I can bear it; I deserve it. God bless you for a good man!"

He hurried away, and I went back to Helen; and we started on our journey. I did not tell her of the scene of the previous evening, or of my conversation with Philip.

We did not often talk of him—it was of no use now—we knew the worst. But I lived in agony; I expected every week to hear that the woman had killed him or herself, or driven him utterly desperate.

Incredible as it seemed, the creature loved him. Philip told me a little that day; many things I learned long after. Maybe there were the seeds of insanity in her mind; there may be temperaments so disorganized, that in God's sight they are no more accountable than those we call lunatics. Let us believe the best we can; this human nature is a fearful thing!

Another year passed. I am close to the end.

I went up to the country-place again on business as before; but this time alone.

I don't stop to tell you about my Helen—I can't describe her. She grew beautiful and noble every day—body and mind developed into a perfection I have never seen equaled.

While I was there, Philip's wife came to visit her father. She had started off without her husband's knowing where she had gone; after one of her insane fits, when seven times seven devils had possession of her.

She stayed a week with the old man; then Philip found where she was, and came on, too. She was glad to see him; had a spasm of loving him. The very next day she got into a fury with her father, because he wouldn't get the wagon ready for her to drive somewhere just at the moment she wanted to go.

Philip was absent; away to the barn she flew, tumbled out two or three bags of wheat that were in the carriage, fell down insensible, and was taken back to the house.

That night her baby was born dead; and before the day broke she had passed, shrieking, and bereft of her senses, into another world.

I was there all night. Philip sent for me. I can't tell you how horrible it was.

Just before she breathed her last, she cried out suddenly,

"Over the black water—oh, so black! Philip, Philip! I loved him! Our Father who— Oh! the black water!—in heaven—forgive——"

She fell back on the pillows, and a sort of peace settled over the convulsed features.

We cannot tell how it was, but we can hope that, in that last moment of delirium, the thwarted, dwarfed soul struggled toward the light; and we can leave her in His hands, who, when he walked this earth, condemned no sinner, and bade us beware how we cast the first stone.

After the funeral I wanted Philip to go home with me; but he shook his head.

"Forget these years," I urged; "if you erred, you have atoned. Come with me."

"Not yet," he answered; "I can't forget yet. I have been too thoroughly degraded and humiliated. Let me go away—let me make a life and an aim for myself."

I understood his feeling, and allowed him to go, though it wrung my old heart to say farewell.

It was a long time before he came back. Oh! a long, long time. And it never was the Philip of other days that came.

A man, purified by great suffering, and an earnest work. Oh! the good, great soul of him! A man, honored and admired far and wide; even to look in whose face was like a promise to the weak and faltering.

Helen was with me still, my eyes, ears, and right-hand. I can't tell you what she was to me.

There was no pain or restraint in the meeting; they were calm as brother and sister. I could see that Philip had no shadow of hope in his mind—did not even suffer himself to dwell on such a thing; but, bless your soul, even then I saw— Oh! it's no matter.

Years and years ago! Hark, what is that? Why, the laugh of Philip's noble boy. Come to the window. There they are, the boy and the girl, with her angel eyes.

Look yonder—yes, hand-in-hand, smiling down on the little ones, young no longer, but beautiful with a beauty youth never possessed. Certainly, of course; why that is Philip and his Helen!

## A H, WELL!

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

In an old city attic, too poor for the rat,  
With her work at her feet, a pale sewing-girl sat  
Musing over a garland of violets aere,  
On which glistened a dew-drop—or was it a tear?  
'Twas a tear! In the landscape of fancy she saw  
A child with the features her infancy wore;

Those violets gath'ring where warbled a rill,  
As it cheerfully toiled at the wheel of a mill.

Ah, well! when life's foliage grows aere for us all,  
Some bird lingers in it the Spring to recall;  
Though its scenery lies dead in its cold shroud of snow,  
Some violet of mem'ry still blossoms below.

## THE STOLEN BOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.

### CHAPTER III.

It was two weeks since John Van Epp had sailed. Berenice, sitting on the step of the porch, in the evening twilight, with Phil on her knee, had a misty picture floating before her of a stoop-shouldered, thin-faced little man, in sailor's dress, standing by the wheel of a ship, looking back through that very twilight to the western sky, with that look of unspeakable thirst and tenderness that was in his face as he went from her.

She had been singing to Phil; but the song dulled down, broke, and then stopped. She went on patting his shoes, as she had done, keeping time.

As she sat there, Dr. Sinnett joined her. She welcomed him with a quiet smile. She had been glad to hear him say that morning he wished to stay another week; he seemed so quiet, gentle, and meek a man, grown old for some time—his hair quite gray. He and Phil took long, quiet walks every day; and when he brought the boy back, generally asleep in his arms, he would go in for a few moments and chat with the mother. Penetration was one of the points in which Mrs. Van Epp prided herself; and she had tested this man, she thought, and approached him. He talked with her about higher subjects than she had been accustomed to since her marriage. Her mind grasped eagerly at some work outside of house-keeping. It had been lying fallow too long. Even this intercourse with a man of culture like the doctor, who lived in the world, and had kept pace with its surface-currents of knowledge, had refreshed and invigorated her.

While she talked with him, Phil jumped off of her knee, and made his way to a man who was lying on the grass, smoking, within ear-shot of the porch—a tall, lazy figure, in clothes of flashy make and color, his head surmounted by a shock of fierce red-hair. It was the guest who had been boarding at the farm-house before the other men came. He generally did little but lounge about the shore with the fishermen, or smoke in the field, as now. Phil and he were friends, however. When Mrs. Van Epp rose to go in, "Tell the doctor I want him," he said, to the boy, not rising from his recumbent posture when the other approached him.

"Sinnett," he said, lazily raising his head on one arm, and looking in the doctor's face as he stood before him, "what is your game here?"

The two men knew each other, it was evident, though previously there had been no sign of recognition. The doctor's face had lost color with every step toward the man. He laughed nervously.

"Game? Sea air, fresh oysters, a pleasant hour with these good farm-people, such as I passed just now. What do you mean, O'Neil?" feebly.

"Nothing," as lazily as before. "Only to let you know I saw you had taken the field for prey. Here, Phil, you dog," pulling him up, "tell this man Corny O'Neil's taken a fancy to you and the good farm-people; and that Corny O'Neil is pretty much the same fellow he used to be." He spoke with a slight brogue, watching the doctor with a keen, furtive eye, in spite of his careless manner.

Sinnett made no direct reply, but stood, uneasily, leaning against the fence, picking off bits of bark; and, presently, after joking with Phil, began talking of the politics of the day, in which O'Neil joined, in the same indolent, indifferent fashion.

During this interview, Jane Grierson sat alone on the stoop, looking down toward the beach, where Olive stood, her finely-moulded, lithe figure, thrown in bold relief against the gray sky. Jane was such a woman as you meet in a hundred young girls on the street; made up of a delicate, weak face, a figure with countless winning little tricks of pose and gesture, a contracted brain, and a womanly, loving heart. She looked lonely, Corny O'Neil thought, dragging his slow length up from the grass. He threw away his segar, and coming up, wasted on the silly school-girl a stock of anecdote and jokes that would have struck fire at every touch through a whole evening at the club—for O'Neil, with his Irish wit, and vagrant habit, was a favorite among men in town. Jane smiled patiently, being both perplexed and annoyed. She hardly understood the use in nature for coarse, loud-voiced objects like this.

Just then Wharton crossed the sands to join Olive, according to his daily custom. Jane smothered a sigh. The handsome young lawyer had secretly touched her heart.



"Your friend is a curiously attractive woman," said O'Neil, critically regarding the strollers on the beach, having followed the direction of Jane's eyes. She roused into interest at the word.

"Her features are not regular." She hesitated. "Her nose——"

The Irishman hid a smile. "Certainly; nose, and mouth, and light eyes—all bad as it is possible to be. But it is not the great beauties of the world, Miss Grierson, for whom men have crossed swords and died. It's a something in temperament, in manner, which makes you fancy you alone are akin to the woman, and all the outside world strangers. Magnetism; what you please. But, by George! this sea-founding has it!"

"Do you mean," said Jane, her heart beginning to feel like a lump of ice, "do you mean that Olive has so magnetized her companion, yonder? Would he sacrifice life for her, as you said?"

O'Neil laughed. "He may sacrifice the chance of a wealthy marriage up in town, which is more to Nat Wharton. It is a genuine passion which he has conceived for the girl; and a fellow like that gratifies his passion before his interest."

Late that night, Wharton, coming out from the house, found Sinnett pacing about in the moonlight, chewing tobacco contemplatively; his hands clasped behind him, his head down. "You wanted me, doctor?" he said.

"Yes;" but walked on in silence, as if yet undetermined how to begin.

"Who is this fellow, O'Neil?" demanded Wharton, to give him time.

The doctor's face kindled into a new expression. "You ought to know him. He is a briefless attorney up in town; hangs round the lower courts; drinks hard of late, I fancy. A fellow of no weight."

"I thought," said Wharton, with a shrewd smile, "you watched each other like two dogs who had tried a tussle before——"

"O'Neil? Bah!" interrupted Sinnett, with a constrained, anxious laugh. "A mere fop! I employed him once to collect a claim, I believe; so far our acquaintance extends, but no farther." He saw Wharton's unconvinced sneer, but was silent.

They walked on, free of the pine-woods and marshes, out on the white shining beach, where nothing could be heard but the cry of the surf on the shore. Wharton lighted a segar. "It grows late," he said. "Had we not better come to business?"

The doctor took his arm, coughed once or twice irresolutely. It was the first time in his life he had taken any one into his confidence in a scheme; and yet he never had planned one as broad or important as this. But Wharton was his man; and even were he not suitable, it was too late to disentangle him from this matter. Better take him into full partnership.

"I only thought," he said, at last, "that this was a lonely, forgotten corner of the world."

"And you brought me out here to tell me it?"

"And that it was curious to see a gay fellow from the city wasting so many days here?"

"And I," retorted the other, "have wondered if business flagged in the office, that your own furlough was indefinitely extended."

The men were silent a moment, walking on, side by side, with now and then a furtive glance at each other.

"It is hardly fair, Wharton," said Sinnett, frankly, "to propose an exchange of confidence. Your secret is mine already—though it is a young man's story, by-the-way, which I would have thought you had read long ago. My secret is my own. I can give or keep it at pleasure."

"Hardly. A plot is half guessed when we discover that there is one. From the moment your eyes first rested on Berenice Van Epp, I knew that the purposes and hopes of your life were mixed in some way with the people of this farm-house. I have no wish nor right to question farther, unless their interests and my own become mingled. If they do, I give you fair warning, I will sift your scheme to the bottom, and balk it."

Sinnett laughed, low and uneasily. "Love has imparted a semblance of sincerity to you, Wharton. It is novel and not unbecoming."

"We understand each other," quietly said Wharton. "There is no need of quarrel between us. You have studied Mrs. Van Epp now assiduously, doctor: what is the result?"

"A very peculiar woman," guardedly; "queer and unusual in mind as in style of beauty."

"But what can you make of her?—or, rather, what can you make of her husband, when he returns? I saw him: and, meek as he looks, you'll find him a flinty bit of rock, when you try to work him."

"I have a year in which to do all I wish. Before that time I shall have no cause to dread John Van Epp. I will have the woman like wax in my hands in a month's time. And after all, Wharton, though I don't deny it is for my own gratification I take this woman's fate into my hands, I conscientiously believe I contribute to her true well-being."

Wharton laughed; but Sinnett went on earnestly, the fingers of one hand fumbling his close-shaven chin. He thought he spoke truth. If there were any act of treachery in his purposes for Berenice, he had not given it shape and life without coloring it into a semblance of virtue; and that more for his own pleasure and ease of conscience than for any other motive. No man ever endured or embraced evil in its naked deformity.

"Sneer if you will, Wharton," he said. "It would be for her positive benefit to remove her from this torpid life among these Jersey watermen, and give her a chance to try the world as it is. She is lost here. She has beauty and wit enough to push her way into a good class of society in a city. But so far, these lazy boors, with whom she has lived, have almost dragged her down to their own level. I include John Van Epp, her husband, a sordid clod, like the others. Upon my soul, instead of being a crime, it is a praiseworthy deed to take her out of the power of such a man."

Wharton was silent. "One error you have fallen into," he said, at last, as if pursuing his own thoughts, heedless of what the other had said. "Whatever be the disposition you mean to make of this woman, you have presumed too much upon influencing her by flattery. You have not found the weak point when you touch her beauty."

"No," eagerly. "You do not understand, Wharton. I leave nothing to chance, or to even my influence, though I hope to make that work. But I have her cornered, sir, hemmed in; there's but one road for her to take—but one: and that soon. I've not been idle this week; I have my agents at work, and now for my partner. It is no trivial scheme, I warn you. If you aid me, I promise you there shall be no more need for drudgery in that den of yours; and you shall marry whom you please—the mermaid up at the house, yonder, if you choose."

"Let us hear the scheme," said Wharton, dryly; and the two men, lowering their voices, walked on into the heavy mist.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE north-east winds brought autumn early to the lee-coast that summer. The short, salt grass, that covered the fields about the farmhouse, grew yellow and crisp; the cedar woods put on their gray, defiant winter coat; while in-doors, great wood-fires began to crackle and sparkle on every hearth. Yet no fire could drive out the all-conquering fog. It drove in

compact masses up from the sea, across the marshes, inland; it clung in mildew and green patches to the house front; it made the doors, tables, the very fire-irons clammy and dim with damp. But, in spite of these muddy vapors, good fires and broad hearths give a fuller sense of snugness and home here, than they can inland; for outside lie the melancholy marshes, and beyond them that eternal unsheller, the sea.

Berenice Van Epp felt this in its full meaning, as she drew up her arm-chair and table to the fire, one afternoon, a week after the time when our last chapter ends. She was warmly dressed; but about her plain collar, her straight hair, the very set movement of her face and hands, one could mark a certain air of severity and preparation. Two or three heavy account-books, pens and paper, lay systematically arranged on the table. Phil had been dismissed to the kitchen, for Berenice had received a message through Joe, the cow-boy, that morning, that she "be to see Mr. Cozzens that day at sharp four;" and as he had delayed coming for three weeks past his time, she was more than ever anxious to see him. Of this wiry little attorney, who was coming to meet her this afternoon, she knew nothing, except that he spoke with the nasal drawl of the people of that district; that he held all the legal business of that county in his hands; but had time for fishing or crabbing in the season. She wrote him down, therefore, as unable and inefficient as the rest.

She was in no pleasant mood to meet him. For nearly a century the Sutphens had held the first place in the county; drawn the largest rents; kept the best table; driven the fastest horses; and had ruled over the smaller class of farmers as only the upper family in a county town does rule. But since John Van Epp, as her husband, had been their representative, the old glory had gone down into insignificance, into an economy, fit, as she bitterly thought, only for pauperism. The accounts her husband had left had made her cheeks flame with rage and contempt as she turned page after page. A dreary catalogue of miserly savings; here a penny, there a penny. Let Cozzens explain it, if he could; but after that her plans were laid; she would show John Van Epp, on his return, that the Sutphen blood was still liberal and free in its flow; the house should now, and hereafter, take its proper place in the county; she would withhold from herself no means of culture, no gratification of taste or talents—talents which her intercourse with Dr.

Sinnett had proved to her she possessed. Back of all this foreground of promised change lay the chances of removal to the city, which, within a week or two, had become to Mrs. Van Epp a very Canaan of content and enjoyment. If her husband had never perceived that she was fitted for a broader, fuller grade in life than that afforded by the society of Jersey farmers, others were not so blind. Her plan was distinct enough. She would rent the old homestead, and with the income, which must be theirs, though John had engulfed it so mysteriously from year to year, she would take a house in town, give Olive and Jane opportunities for improvement which she never had received, and achieve a place in society which would enable her to "make a new man of her husband at once," as she termed it, when he came back. Poor Berry! her ambitions and air-castles are vulgar and tawdry enough; but when we come to try the stuff our own are built of, perhaps they are not as different, after all. However, with the prospect of patronizing Cozzens to-day, and her husband hereafter, she was a very happy woman.

She smoothed down the folds of her thick, gray dress, and looked at the point of her dainty slipper complacently, as she heard the old sorrel mare of the lawyer canter over the sandy road, punctual to the moment. Glancing out, she saw the old man, in his shabby great-coat and scraggy cap, cross the stile, and come up to the stoop with a short, jerky step. As he came in she rose to receive him.

She soon said, taking the initiative, "There is but little, I suppose, Mr. Cozzins, to arrange between us. I have made my plans for the disposal of the income, during my husband's absence, and shall not require any assistance in carrying them into effect. I wish, however, to receive from you an exact estimate of the average proceeds of the runs of the schooner; and I wish Dorkitt to understand that I will hold him responsible for them; said proceeds to be paid into my hands. I desire, also, that all interests from my own property, and all yields from the farm, or river, shall be delivered promptly to me."

"In plain words," said Cozzens, chafing his knees with his hands, "you want old Nick Cozzens to stand aside, and give up the reins into your own fingers, my good woman? You don't quite approve of the way I and John Van Epp have managed matters, eh? There's been a deficit in the treasury, and you want to know who pocketed it?"

Mrs. Van Epp sat silent, holding her lips

firmly set; her face had grown crimson at his tone, which was almost insolent.

"If there is any question between my husband and myself, it is between ourselves alone," she said. "With regard to your other query, I do intend to assume the entire control of my husband's business during his absence."

He laughed. "And these plans of yours, now? May I trouble you for them? I've some curiosity that way, I acknowledge."

"They matter nothing to the business in hand, Mr. Cozzens, which is, for you to render your report."

The old man, who had been stretched lazily across the fire-place, suddenly drew himself up, his face pale, as though it had been cut with a whip-lash. "You shall be gratified, my good woman," he said, in a shrill, sour whisper; "you shall be gratified." He sat, stooping over the table as he spoke, shuffling and classing some papers with angry haste. Then placing them in a pile before him, sat up, cool and grave, looking her sharply in the eye. "I be to make a report, ye said? Give an account of my stewardship; I and John Van Epp—for I know that ye suspect one as the other. I've seen it this year and more, by the fear the man had ye'd find out the half of his stinting and scraping; and him doubly tender and watchful of ye always. I think it be time ye heard the report—an' much good may it do ye. Berry Sutphen—for a Sutphen ye are—there's not a tinge of the good, generous Van Epp blood been borrowed by ye. Ye'se jealous an' hard, and wasteful of your money for show an' for yourself, like them that went before ye."

Mrs. Van Epp listened in a silence which she intended to be dignified, but at heart she quailed. The old man had cause, or he dared not threaten thus.

He became more quiet, fell into a more business-like tone, glancing sharply over the papers as he spoke. His listener sunk back in her chair, indifferently, as he began, and then rising, coming forward, and leaning on the table, white and breathless as he proceeded.

"I wanted this report to be made to you, my good woman, long ago. I saw no use in wearing your husband's life into the grave, keeping it secret, for fear of giving you an hour's hurt. I said——"

"If," she interrupted, "all this preamble signifies that, by any unlucky venture of John's, my property has been sacrificed with his own, you were right in wishing him to tell me. I would have stood ready to forgive. I would have worked hand-in-hand with him till death,"

her eyes filling with tears, partly with a sincere love for her husband, partly touched by the picture of her own magnanimity.

"Would you?" said Cozzens, with a contemptuous laugh. "I doubt he'd work better the farther off yer hands were. The Sutphens never were good helpers of any but themselves."

She had no reproof ready; the dread of whatever secret he held paralyzed her tongue.

"John," he proceeded, "finding that the truth could be hid no longer, but he to be told, left it to me. I've helped him drag through. And then, John's been like one of my own boys since he was a duck's height. I never mistook that fellow; though father and wife went agin him, I knowed John Van Epp to be true grit, an' that to the back-bone. Well," after a breathing space, "I've not much to tell; one or two directions to carry out. The schooner, two skiffs, the horses, (except old Jerry, who'll do for ploughing, if you've the good luck to have any ground to plough,) all to be sold by public vendue, two weeks from to-morrow. I sent the advertisements in before I started from home this morning."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Cozzens?" said Berenice, her lips trembling in spite of herself. "If it is a joke, I do not appreciate it. My husband would sooner part with the very homestead than the schooner; his father built it."

"Yes, yes, I know. But he hasn't the choice as to which shall go first. The mortgage on the house and farm falls due in April next; and Simmons swears he'll foreclose. So far, I can find no loop-hole of escape," speaking half to himself, his brows knitted, anxiously.

"There is no mortgage on the place," gasped Berry, getting up, her hands catching at each other convulsively. What unknown gulf of trouble was opening before her?

"It has been kept from you; but I'll make it clear enough. Your remembrance of the Sutphens' generous way of dealing in money matters will doubtless help you."

"You will spare allusion to my family as you proceed," she said, roused to resistance at last.

"I'll have to handle them ungloved," he retorted, "if I make you understand the whole of it. But your mother's share is all that I need specify."

Berenice's face blanched with terror at the word—a sick fear, the remembrance of old shame coming over her. In her quiet, honorable married home she had almost forgotten the mean hypocrisies, the makeshift life of her

childhood, with the mother whom she never named.

She stood motionless, therefore, leaning on the table with her knuckles as Cozzens went on, raising this ghost of her old disgrace, in a new and worse form than any that had gone before.

"She *was* your mother, Mrs. Van Epp," he said, not unkindly; "so we'll pass over the story briefly as we can. But you know what manner of woman she was, and can judge whether it be a likely tale or no. In one of her last winters, which she spent in New York—you remember those winters?"

Berenice replied by neither sound nor motion. "Well, in one of those winters, after Grier-son's death, she tried speculating in stocks, in order to repair some of the breaks she had already made in her income. She was country-born and bred, like yourself, Mrs. Van Epp, and just as incapable of business. Of course, she became the prey of sharpers; but she managed to hush the affair until after your marriage."

"She died soon after that," said Berenice, with dry lips.

"Yes; but not until she had told your husband her secret; and to pay the debt, and thrust off the disgrace from her and you, he mortgaged the farm and schooner. You know how hard he has worked to clear this off. He's had good luck with his runs, too, John had. But it all wouldn't do. Simmons will foreclose in April. After the matter is settled, there will be enough to keep you with decency until John returns; not more than that. This voyage to China was his last chance; but it came too late to save the farm—and Simmons will never let him get it back; he's been as sharp after it as a hawk for a herring." He stopped for a reply; but none coming, he shuffled uneasily in his chair, rattled the papers. "I brought the documents along, thinking you would like to see for yourself."

She shook her head. She didn't cry, as other women would have done; she only sobbed with a sort of dry tears.

He looked at her curiously as she stood, for a minute; but she did not seem to know he was there. "So, that's the end of it," he said at last, rising. "You'll not want for bread or clothes; John took care of that. You can stay on in the house till April; and then, when Simmons forecloses, you can lodge in the village. But the old Van Epp place be to go, and that forever."

She shivered. "Why did not my husband tell me this?"

"He'd given his promise. Your mother did not want you to know what she had done."

Berenice laughed bitterly. She went with Cozzens to the door, showing him unusual courtesy; stood waiting while he joked with Olive, whose fresh, hearty manner made her a favorite with all the country people; seeing them, and the farm-yard, and the old sorrel tied by the stile, as something unreal, and far off as a dream.

As he passed her, she caught him by the arm. "In April?" her bloodless lips hardly moving.

"Yes."

"And this is September? Seven months. What can I do?"

The old man was moved with pity for the first time. "I knew it would be a hard blow to ye," he said, catching her hand kindly; "the more that it be through you and yours John's lost all. But keep up heart. The place must go; there's no help for that. But you can make the snugger home for John in another house."

She watched him go to the stile, and mount the mare; then turned, and going to her own chamber, fell on her knees, and hid her face. "Oh, John! John!" she cried: and the words had a meaning they never knew before.

#### CHAPTER V.

"AND you will believe me, that if ever I have pained you, Berenice, by hasty word or deed, I ask you to forgive it now. Think of me only as a faulty, passionate girl, but a loving one, Berry, and grateful."

"Hush, Olive!" stroking the head which rested on her lap; "quiet yourself!" for the girl's sobs were growing hysterical. "I never was hurt by your fitful temper. It was temper, after all, not your heart, that was in the matter. Go, bathe your eyes, and try and meet Mr. Wharton with a summer face."

Olive rose with a sudden blush, glancing down to the gate where Wharton's buggy stood. But she stopped twice, before leaving the room, to throw her arms about Berry's neck, her eyes still full of tears, and ask her to think of her kindly.

It was a week since Cozzens had been there, and the household to-day had heard the news he brought. Berenice had hid nothing; she had told the story with whatever obloquy it brought to her mother or herself, in plain words; then sank back into the silence which she had scarcely broken for days.

Olive was dumb, amazed; then broke into a tempest of affection, pity, self-reproach. The storm had just cleared away. While it lasted, she had forgotten all but Berry and her trouble;

forgotten even that this was the last day of Wharton's stay, and that he waited below for her to take a farewell look with him at the beaches by sunset. Those hurricanes were too frequent phenomena in Olive's history to move Berry long; now it was a funeral that called out all her power of sympathy; the next week a tea-party, weddings, corn-huskings, sick children, developed Olive's emotions, alternately.

"I wish," she said, gravely, as Jane Grierson helped her to arrange her bonnet and mantle, "I wish, Jane, we had known of this break-up sooner, we could have done something to help Berenice out of her trouble." To which Jane, with tear-swollen eyes, responded by a sob, saying, "What could she do but make cheese? and how good John had been when she was her mother's daughter, and had been eating his bread these three years."

"Whose daughter should you be?" Olive demanded; and concluded that there were half a dozen things she could do that would have settled the mortgage, if taken in time. There were songs to compose, or a boarding-school to open, or a book to write; at which words she grew suddenly silent and nervous, pulling at her veil-strings until they broke, and going down stairs in a tumult of hopes and ambitions to Nat Wharton, who stood on the porch without.

There was nothing to make her shy or concessions in their thus riding alone. According to the simple code of manners of the country, Olive gave him the cordial greeting of an every-day friend, and reaching out her hand, sprang lightly up into her seat.

There is nothing so irritating to a lover as these frank, friendly greetings; and Wharton was a lover, committed to her and to his own prudent self beyond recall. He had no wish to recall a step he had taken. If he stopped, sometimes, to remember that he was marrying a penniless country-girl, without a name, home, even birth-place, one glance at the changing face, the lithe, beautiful form beside him, was enough. What did a creature like this need with a name? She was an embodied spirit—a passion—a nerve—instinct—flame, and so on, until he convinced himself. If there were tough, coarse fibre underneath, neither he nor Olive had ever found it.

She poured out a flood of questions, as they drove away, about books and publishers—her secret leaking out presently through fluttering blushes and smiles. Wharton laughed, a low, delighted laugh, looked at the white, sensitive fingers so temptingly near his own. "And so this delicate hand is to win a fortune, and give it

away?" with much more about his sea princess scattering pearls, and born of the foam, more interesting to the Aphrodite in a blue dress beside him, than to us. So we shall omit it all, only saying that Olive soon forgot the story she had heard, and her pity, in the new and delicious dream, which, in these sweet latter days, had dawned on her.

The sun was setting behind the great pine-forests that evening, as they rode through the long, rank grass of the marsh into the bright salt air of the sea, with its mysterious intoxication of health and vigor. The very horse snuffed it up as the keen, great blast struck them, and lifted his head proudly; it brought a sparkle to Olive's eye, shadowed her lover's with a deeper passion; for the sea air acts on largely nervous brains as an actual vivifier. The beach stretched out before them, white and winding, to the side of the horizon; in front, the sea lay deep-blue and glossy-smooth, save where a mist of violet marked its junction with the sky, and just at their feet, where the breakers rolled in snowy foam, slow and dreamily. Overhead, a fish-hawk swept in slow, wavering circles; while back of them, lay the silent pine-forests, with the deep orange of the sunset sky blazing behind them.

Wharton drove down to the verge of the sea-foam; it sparkled and blew light and crispy upon their clothes and hands. He sat silent, then drew a long breath, his eye growing dim, devouring the radiant, passionate woman beside him.

"In all my life I have known no moment so exquisite as this," he half breathed.

"My happiness," she replied, "comes like that," pointing to the foam upon her hand; "and when I grasp it, there remains but salt tears."

Very paltry sentiment will pass current with a man and woman in such a position as Olive and her lover. His eyes filled with tears, perhaps for the first time since he was thrashed by Pete Hall at school.

"Poor, homeless child!" he said, his voice unsteady. "Poor, lonely bird!"

Perhaps the two had reached the best hour of their lives. God, and nature, and beauty were around them, wrapped them in, and every fibre of their natures drew them with dumb, irresistible force toward each other, in a love which, if not the highest, was at least unselfish and sincere.

Wharton caught the hand in his own, looked down into the face flushed and brimming over with emotion. "My darling! my darling!" he

cried, "you shall no longer be homeless and alone. Never again!"

As he spoke, a sharp thought struck him of the impolicy of the step he was going to take, of the amazement of his chums in town. "If I trust myself away from her," said Nathaniel Wharton to himself, "I'll never come back. It must be done to-night."

He drew her closer. "You have no guardian, no legal protector, Olive?" he whispered; "there is no need of the tedious formalities of weddings without love. Come, your good pastor lives but a little way down the beach; we will go to him, and, with the dew of this blessed hour fresh upon our hearts, we will give ourselves to each other forever. For we love in truth, do we not, my Olive?"

I doubt if Olive Grierson would ever have dragged love successfully through the formalities of a wedding without changing her mind. But her face kindled now; her eyes flashed.

"It shall be as you wish," she said, softly, burying her head in her hands, and trembling violently. "I am alone. I have no one but you."

He held her closer, urged the horse fiercely over the yielding sand. The dream of these passionate weeks had found its end, then, thus. Her hair blew across his face in a glittering web; the tear from her cheek wet his own; his blood grew to fever heat. Underneath all that he asked himself, what sort of step this in he was taking. What would the fellows up in town say? Sinnett? What the deuce took Sinnett home? He had a cool way of putting a case that kept one down to common sense. Certainly; it was a wise thing to do—but— But before he had reasoned so far, the white sand had sped behind them; the orange in the sky faded into muddy brown; and the perspiring horse stood in front of the parson's door.

An hour later, Olive entered the room where Berenice sat putting Phil to sleep, her skirts rustling, her arms outstretched, her face aglow with delicate color and tears.

"I am so blessed," she cried. "God has been so good to me! I never shall be alone again!" Kneeling and hiding her face in Phil's dress. "I am married, Berenice. I have a home and help to offer you!"

Berry was touched by this earnest gratitude in the midst of the girl's joy. She blessed her, and heard her story with a grave gladness. Went down and told Wharton, in her simple way, how like an old friend he always had seemed, and how she hoped and believed he would make Olive happy; then prayed them both to trust in each other.

"Marriage is but a lie without that," she said, as she turned away, and crept up stairs again. Berenice had grown strangely humble and quiet in these latter days; the old life seemed crushed out of her, Jane thought.

"I knew Olive would go off in a hurricane some day, as she came," Jane said, as she and Berry sat combing their hair that night. With that effusion of petty spite, Jane's slight, girlish fancy for Wharton went forever. If she had been idle, doubtless she would have nursed it into a cancer, that would have eaten a good share of her life away. But she had not time; night and day her brain was busy planning ways to make a few dollars. She followed Berry about to kitchen, chamber, stable; the two pale, haggard women finding great comfort in saying the same words a hundred times over to each other. "It is not for ourselves." Berenice would always conclude by crying, "God knows it's not, Jane. But, John! That he should come home a pauper, homeless, and that I and mine should have done this thing!"

They laid countless plans, as I said, to make the money; but Cozzens listened to them all with a sad, kindly face, to destroy them by a few breaths of common sense.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE two women were left alone in the farmhouse; the schooner and horses had been sold; autumn was creeping on into winter, with every step bringing nearer the inevitable April day, when the mortgage should fall due.

Olive was gone. She wrote, at first, every day; came down, indeed, twice, gay and glittering with her new dresses and jewelry, and enthusiastic with affection for her old home, and all in it. On the second visit, it is true, the affection seemed mingled with a rather contemptuous pity, so glowing, with a different, broader life was the crowded world of which she now spoke, with the assured knowledge of an old *habitué*. Her white forehead had learned, too, a trick of contraction, never known before. Once or twice she spoke impatiently of Wharton's narrow means, which prevented them from standing securely on the exact level of society, where they had placed themselves. There was no more talk of sharing her home with Berry.

After that visit her letters became infrequent, and though kind to the verge of patronage, were short and studied. They ceased altogether, for a time, and then came the event which brought them closer to Olive than ever before.

One cold, blustering evening in November,

Jane Grierson, hurrying back from the village, was met at the gate by Berenice, her face colorless, her eyes blazing; she caught her cloak and pulled her in. "Child!" she cried, "child! the mortgage can be paid! I'm a free woman! I need not fear to meet my husband."

Jane was cool and quiet under this; Berenice had grown hysterical and morbid in her moods of late, ever since she had learned to distrust herself.

"What do you mean, dear Berry? Whose horse is this?" driving away a mare that was nibbling at her rose-bushes, and looking at the valise that hung from the pommel. "N. W. Was it Wharton who brought you the news? Humph! Come in," with a face that somehow damped Berenice's heat before they reached the house. Yet her fingers shook, and she drew her breath heavily as she took Jane's wet cloak and hung it up.

"It's an old story," she said, in a whisper, "of the Sutphens—a government claim—land. There was a Berenice Sutphen in 1707, and through the name it was found, and a portrait——"

"You are confused, dear. Let Mr. Wharton explain it," and Jane went in, her heart knocking against her jacket furiously, but her face calm. Who was to decide the matter, if she did not keep cool? Since that story of Cozzens' had been told, Jane had been the calmest, most prudent of the two; and since Olive's marriage, for some unaccountable reason, she thought it best to keep a sharp eye on her old hero, Wharton, to see if he played fair or false.

When she was seated on one side of the fire, and Wharton on the other, it was observable, also, that he told the case in plainer and more prudent terms than he had done to the trembling Berry, clearing every doubtful point before she had time to question him.

It was a short story, and, we may as well say, in passing, a true one. There is a street which runs diagonally through the checker-board squares of Philadelphia, a great mending-shop, apparently, a long range of pawnbrokers' dens, and warehouses of second-hand furniture, where all the worn-out household wares, and their owners in the city, put in for repairs. In a crooked, little gabled building at the lower end of this Ridge Road, for so the street is named, an old Scotchman, called Cartright, had a shop, ostensibly for the sale of cheap jewelry, shells, corals, and such ware; but the dingy chamber was filled with curious relics from all corners of the world, for which he had no use, save the mere pleasure of possession.

"An antiquarian," Wharton said, "with neither science nor skill. He herded with the sailors, who brought him strange trifles back from every voyage; ferreted into dusty auction-rooms, rag-markets; now and then, among all his curious, but valueless lumber, becoming the possessor of a rare book, or picture of merit. Many years ago, a friend of mine, a mere boy at the time, rooting in among Cartright's moth-eaten treasures, brought out of the bottom of a chest, a package containing a parchment deed, and an ivory miniature, the portrait of a singularly beautiful woman—your likeness, madam, in a word," Wharton bowed to Mrs. Van Epp with a smile, "though in a dress belonging to a long-ago time. The back of the frame contained the name, 'Berenice Sutphen,' and the date, '1667.' My friend bought the portrait, and has kept it for the beauty, both of the face and the painting; but the deed he threw back into the chest whence it came. How Cartright obtained possession of them he fails to recollect. Probably, in the drawer of some old cabinet. When the portrait was seen and identified," here Wharton's color rose for the first time, and he paused to collect himself before going on, "identified by my wife and myself, we ransacked Cartright's house from attic to cellar. We had a hope, and," his face breaking into a smile of triumph, "this is the result," laying a paper on the table. "There, Miss Grierson, is a schedule of the lands to which your sister, as the sole legal representative and heir of the Sutphen estates, is entitled."

"It will be more than enough to clear the mortgage," said Berenice, going back to the old burden.

"You have ambitions outside of this place?" said Wharton, glancing shrewdly at her as she lay back in her chair, her hands over her eyes.

"None! None!"

He laughed; a sinister, ill-boding laugh, Jane thought, as she looked up at him from the paper which she had been closely scanning.

"This is merely a loose estimate of values," she said, feeling it behooved her to be keen-sighted. "The lands are in Pennsylvania?"

"Near York; yes."

"How soon can Berenice enter into possession?"

"There are some trifling legal forms to be gone through, establishing identity, and the like, and then, as the land is held as government property, suit must be entered; but you would not comprehend the minutæ of the matter. It is plain sailing now. In two months time Mrs. Van Epp can receive her first pay-

ments, enough to liquidate Simmons' claim, if I am not mistaken, in its amount."

Jane tapped the paper thoughtfully. "You had better send at once for Mr. Cozzens," she said, "and put the matter in his hands. He has all papers belonging to the Sutphen properties already in his possession."

There was an embarrassed pause. Wharton spoke at last in a tone which betrayed chagrin. "As you will, Mrs. Van Epp," he said. "I doubt, however, if the knowledge of this village lawyer extends to the estate at so early a period. I would have advised, also, that, until suit was entered, the secret be kept quiet as possible. One unlucky step may jeopardize the whole. However, if you desire it, as Miss Grierson suggests, I will despatch the documents to Cozzens immediately upon my return home. It will be a simple affair, as I said. In the hope of obtaining the payment before the mortgage falls due, I have spared neither time nor labor in clearing away all difficulties, and arranging the papers in their proper sequence. Whatever skill or foresight has been required in the case, it has already received," he said, with a dignity so quiet that Jane was awed, and reddened with shame at her ungracious rudeness. "I shall have no fear," he concluded, "that any attorney, with a decent knowledge of his business, can bring the affair to a successful issue, now, if you wish to commit it to them."

"I have no such desire," said Berenice, with an angry look at Jane. "You are a true friend, Mr. Wharton; you have spent and been spent in my service; why should I offer to you an unprovoked insult? I wish to be guided entirely by you in this matter."

Jane, mortified, yet unconvinced, marked the sudden flash on Wharton's face.

"For Mr. Cozzens," Berenice proceeded, peevishly, "so sincere is his dislike to the Sutphen name, that he would prefer the mortgage would be foreclosed, I believe, sooner than that it should be cleared by money of mine. Cozzens is a hard man;" her thoughts going back that day which had altered her whole life. "A hard and cruel man." There was a trace of her old self in the inflexible tone in which she pronounced these words, and in the business-like, alert manner with which she presided at the tea-table, and ordered the preparation of the stranger's room.

"Cozzens shall see," she said, to Jane, "that the Sutphens were not all feckless and lazy, preying on other men's goods."

"And John?"

"Do not speak of John," the old weight of



pain coming back into her eyes. "May God forgive me! I have cursed his life long enough; but when he comes back, it will be different—different."

There was a new tone in her voice that night; her step rang firm and elastic through the house; the house which was to be John's home—and Berenice thanked God for that out of the depth of her soul, while she romped with Phil as she had not done for months before. Her heart throbbed with the rebound of relief from pain. The very air grew sweeter and fresh to her, as if with the clear shining after rain; and if, under this, there was a struggle to throw off the load of mortification, and a resolve to let John and Cozzens see, after all, how clear her head was, how nice her judgment, we will forgive her more promptly than Jane did.

"She's back just where John left her," said

Jane, as she unlaced her shoes that night. When she went to Berry's room to say good-night, she ventured to suggest that "Cozzens might be consulted, after all. In an informal way only, in order——"

"To show a mean suspicion of a true friend," hotly interposed Berenice. "Such distrust injures yourself far more, Jane, than Mr. Whartton."

"I am not alone in it, then," retorted Jane. "He has no friends here; the very horses and dogs avoid him. That Irishman, O'Neil, who was here in August, warned me against him."

"Tush!" said Mrs. Van Epp. "O'Neil is a boor; a 'Bowery swell,' as he would call himself, I fancy!"

"Indeed, that is likely," said Jane, and went to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## UNMASKED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

Never again shall I sit in the gloaming,

Hushing and stilling the beat of my heart;  
For the quick tread that announces thy coming,  
Never again the swift blushes will start.

When, 'mid the darkness that surges around me,  
Vainly I look for the promise of light;  
How shall I long for the love that once crowned me,  
Ere on my soul fell the blackness of night.

Turn where I will, there is pleasure and gladness,  
Music's soft flow, and joys almost divine;  
Radiant eyes that seem mocking my sadness,  
Over the flow of their amber-hued wine.

Beautiful forms are whirled by in the dances;  
Faces that flash on me out of my dreams;  
Shine, ye bright jewels! and ye, brighter glances!  
Melt my cold heart with your glittering beams.

Still I must stifle my moans and my sighing;  
Deck my false face in the ghost of a smile;  
Chatter and sing, while my hopes are all lying  
Dead in the depths of my bosom the while.

Coldly I roam 'mid the glow and the glitter,  
Careless of splendors that weary me so;  
Feeling, alas! that my heart has grown bitter,  
Under its burden of sorrow and woe.

Little they think, when my laugh rings the lightest,  
Of the torn heart that is beating below;  
Or, when the rose on my cheek burns the brightest,  
Little they dream 'tis despair feeds the glow.

Never again shall I wander beside thee,  
Through the loved scenes where bright memories dwell;  
Blessing attend thee, whatever betide thee?  
'Tis my last prayer as I murmur—farewell!

## ON THE WAY!

BY N. F. CARTER

As pilgrims in a barren land,  
Plod on with yearning thoughts of home,  
So toiling Christians, hand-in-hand,  
Called up and down the world to roam—  
Long for their home!

Cares, like a burden, weigh them down,  
And give them here no time for rest;  
Thy fight, but find not now the crown;  
They cannot be supremely blest—  
Away from home!

Yet flowers grow up along their way;  
Green grasses fringe the cooling spring;  
Till, with the hopes that charm the day,

They seem, as joys the moments wing—  
Not far from home!

And signal-lights flash o'er the hills,  
Some morning gleam to guide them on;  
Till Heaven the day with glory fills:  
Till night and sin, forever gone—  
Leave them at home!

Then in their Father's presence blest,  
Tasting the sweets He gives His own,  
Rejoicing in eternal rest;  
To their enraptured souls is known—  
The bliss of home!

## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THERE is one thing in which I think novelists make a great mistake. If they particularly desire to enlist the sympathies of their readers for their hero, or heroine, they represent him, or her, as alone in the world, destitute of relatives or friends, with no uncle nor aunt, or even a country cousin to fall back upon.

Now, to my mind, such a situation is the acme of this.

Everybody who reads this will call me a brute; but I wish, before he judges me, he would wait until he is the youngest of sixteen children; born of a mother who was afflicted with twelve brothers and sisters, and son of a father who has ten sisters living.

That is my situation—the situation of James Franklin Brown, of Brownville.

I cannot remember the time when my relatives were not a source of trouble to me. All through my childhood I was pestered with aunts. They wanted to kiss me; and though I never objected to being kissed by the ladies in general, I do object to this monopoly of aunts. And, besides, all of my aunts but one took snuff; and she smoked.

As I grew older, my uncles became my trial. They wanted me to do chores. They were all settled down near my father's residence—most of them farmers; and if the sheep got in the field, or the horses jumped out of the pasture, or the cat eat up the chickens, Jim was called upon to attend to the matter. It's the greatest wonder in the world that I did not run my feet off before I reached the age of young manhood.

When I reached the period of being tortured with the tie of my cravats, and agonized about the glossiness of my dickies, then my cousins came down upon me with their wants. If they wanted to go to a concert, or singing-school, or lecture, or dance, why there was cousin Jim. Of course, cousin Jim would be delighted to go.

And cousin Jim would go; and they would flirt with some other fellows, who were not cousins, all the evening; and likely enough get to sleep going home, and leave cousin Jim the privilege of whistling to the moon for amusement.

When I was about twenty, my father removed to Boston. Twelve of my brothers and sisters

were married; two were at school; and only Ellen and myself were left at home.

I was delighted with the change. We should be relieved from our relatives. Most of them were thoughtful of their money, and would not be likely to spend fifteen or twenty dollars in visiting us.

I began to make myself into a gentleman. I patronized the barber and his unguents—and cultivated a mustache, which was my *beau idéal* of perfection. I wore bright-colored neck-ties, and sported a gold watch, and invested three dollars in a rattan, and six dollars in a beaver, which always gave me the headache, and made me look precisely like an inverted candle-mould. But no matter for that, so long as I was fashionable.

I made the acquaintance of several charming young ladies, among whom was Miss Flora Van Voorhies, the belle of the street on which we lived. Flora was a beauty, and one of the most fastidious creatures in the world. Nothing was quite good and elegant enough for her. She would not have breathed the common air if she could have conveniently dispensed with it; and if the soles of her dainty boots touched the soil of mother earth, it affected Flora's nerves so badly, that she had a headache for hours afterward.

I was raised to the seventh heaven and lemon-colored kids by her preference; and every night I devoutly prayed that none of my relatives would appear and nip the whole thing in the bud.

Five months rolled away, and I began to feel at ease. None of them had troubled us, and we had not heard from them in any way. I indulged the hope that they had forgotten us. So, I think, did my mother, who had become quite genteel, and had formed some very genteel acquaintances.

One morning, while Mrs. St. Michel, and Mrs. Leroy, two of our most distinguished acquaintances, were in the parlor with my mother, one of the railway hacks stopped at our front door. An indefinable dread seized me. I felt myself growing cold as a peeled frog. From the hack there issued three band-boxes, two trunks, a butter-box, a handled basket, a bundle in brown paper, an umbrella, and, lastly, a green poke

bonnet, beneath which I distinguished the little wizened face of my father's oldest sister—aunt Sally Nutter. The very black sheep of the whole flock of relatives!

"Bring 'em all right into the entry," she called, in a stentorian voice, to the coachman; "I'm to hum here. This is brother Jason's house. La! Jason's got up in the world sense he used to peddle lobsters! It was a lucky thing for him when he went to making pills, and got doctor hitched on before his name! I expect Martha's so big you can't tech her with a ten foot pole. But, law! she needn't try to put on no extras with me! I know 'em all, root and branch! egg and bird!" and she burst into the room, carrying her basket, and band-boxes.

The blinds were drawn, and aunt Sally's foot struck against an ottoman, which brought her down, basket, bundles, and all, to the floor. The cover of the basket flew off, and out rolled several dozen of eggs—most of which were smashed by the fall, but some were in a good state of preservation.

"Consarn it!" cried aunt Sally, struggling from the ruins, "there goes seven dozen of eggs! And I brung 'em up here to git thirty cents a dozen; they hain't but fifteen at Brownville! What on airth do you have your house so dark for? Anybody sick, or dead, or gwine to be? It smells mouldy here! Do open a winder, so I can see an inch afore my nose!"

My mother, red and discomposed, threw open a blind. Aunt Sally rushed up to her.

"Why, Martha, how tickled I am to see you! You look as natral as life, only, seems to me, you begin to show your age! Wall, tain't to be wondered at! A woman that's brung up so many children as you have, when she gets to be fifty year old, will natrally begin to look old! And here's Jim, I declare! why, how you've growd! But, I must say, you hain't growd handsome! The Brown family hain't apt to. He's a going to be the express image of his old granther Bewly—hain't he, Martha? Jest the same drop to his under jaw! But who's these ere people here? Some of yer city friends, I reckon?"

Mrs. Leroy lifted her eye-glass, and surveyed aunt Sally with ill-concealed contempt.

"Ho! ho! I reckon you're nigh-sighted, marm; thought so the minit I seed your eyes. Eyes that is kinder faded out, and reddish, like yourn, is apt to be weak. Ever tried red rose-leaves steeped in milk?"

Mrs. Leroy arose, and drew her skirts around her. Her face was as red as her eyes. She spoke very pointedly,

"I think I will be going, Mrs. Brown; you have other company vastly more amusing."

My poor mother stammered out something, and followed the ladies into the hall. Aunt Sally brought up the rear, crying out,

"You'd better do sunthin' for your eyes rite off! They look dreadfully! I can see it clean here!"

My mother drew my aunt back.

"I will show you up stairs, now, if you please," said she.

"Oh, no! thank ye. I don't keer about seeing your house jest yet. There'll be time enuff for tha'; for, if I like Boston, I calkerlate to stay four or five weeks! I'm tired, now; them pesky keers has eanamost shook me all to pieces. And then your roads here is so rocky, I got all jounced up! If I lived here, I'd have the rocks picked out of the roads, if I had to do it myself."

I seized my hat and left the house. I was too much excited to remain in aunt Sally's society any longer at present. Anything was better than staying at home with her.

I rushed down the first street that offered; but, my course, was soon stopped by a crowd, among which the star of a policeman shone conspicuous.

"I say I didn't do it!" cried a somewhat familiar voice, pitched on an extremely high key. "I tell you I didn't tech it; and if you don't let me alone, I'll knock you down, by hooky! Hallo! there's my cousin Jim! He knows me, and he'll tell you that I'm jest as honest a feller as the day is long!"

I shuddered. Here was another of my relatives; and at a little distance I recognized the glossy tile of Dick Van Voorhies—Flora's brother.

"I say, Jim!" cried my cousin, Tom Brown, flourishing his arms at me, "come here, this minit, and tell this man that I hain't a pick-pocket! I say, Jim!"

"I do not know you!" stammered I; and, taking a step backward, I stumbled over the stand of a candy and apple-woman, upsetting the whole concern, and myself besides. The woman was angry, as she had a right to be; and she called me some hard names in a very strong brogue, and hit me two severe blows with a long-handled, two quart noggin!

I scrambled to my feet and fled, hearing, as I went, the flattering remark from a bystander.

"He looks more like a pick-pocket than tother one! Shouldn't wonder if he was the one! He's got a real hang-dog expression!"

I plunged into the first cross-street that

offered, and came upon George Seaward, a young sprig of the aristocracy, with whom I had an acquaintance. He gave me a segar, and we walked up the street together, smoking, and making remarks on the ladies we met.

A coal-cart came rattling along, and a lusty voice sung out,

"Hallo! if there hain't cousin Jim Brown! Jim, I say, look up here and see Sam Smith, won't you? Shake hands with a feller, do;" and he extended toward me a paw which, for size, would have fitted a Hercules, and, for color, an Ethiopian.

I made a dodge into the back yard of a house, the inmates of which set a dog on me; and, inspired by the stimulus of his bark, I managed to escape into another yard, by climbing over the fence, and leaving my hat and coat-tails behind me as a *souvenir*!

In my mad flight through yard No. 2, I nearly overturned a young woman who was hanging clothes on a line. I opened my mouth to apologize, but she seized me by the arm with an exclamation of delight,

"Why, Jim Brown, I declare! don't you know me? Me, your cousin Nelly?"

I broke from her; and no grass grew under my feet until I was safe in my own chamber. I sunk down completely exhausted, wondering if the entire population of Boston consisted of my relations.

Suddenly, I remembered that I was going to the theatre that night with Flora. I must put my hair in papers, and perfume my mustache.

At dinner, aunt Sally eyed me curiously, and asked me what I'd got my hair rolled up for. She guessed there was a going to be a quilting somewhere, she said. My mother, unfortunately, informed her that I was going to the theatre. From that moment my doom was sealed.

That was the very place, of all others, that aunt Sally wanted to visit. And she "could go with me jest as well as not, if not more so," she said, complacently.

I dressed myself, when the time came, and hurried out at a side-door, determined to baffle aunt Sally; but the old lady was too sharp for me. There she sat, composedly, on one of the stone lions that flanked the gateway, dressed in a flounced, pink calico, and a yellow bonnet, waiting for me.

"I'm all reddy," she remarked, jumping up; "and I've took my work-bag along, with some crackers in it. If it holds in till arter nine o'clock, we shall want a lunchin."

We stepped into the street. The people stared

at us. I felt as red as a full-blown poppy. My face streamed with perspiration. I could not endure it; it was no use. Politeness I ignored in this case. I took advantage of the old lady's rapt gaze at the window of a print-shop to bolt down a by-street; and in a few moments I was in the presence of my divine Flora. We walked leisurely to the theatre; I at my ease—for I knew the old lady never could find her way, unassisted, to the theatre.

Judge, then, of my horror, when, on reaching that place of amusement, the first spectacle that greeted my eye was aunt Sally, standing in the door, her work-bag on her arm, her voice raised to its highest tension, and her right hand gesticulating to the crowd she had gathered around her.

"He went out of sight jest like a flash!" she was saying; "and I give a little boy a ten-cent piece to show me the way here—and I'm a waiting for him to come along. I'm kinder afeard he's got lost, for he was allas rather weak-headed; but, seeing as if he might have asked somebody the way; he's got a tongue in his head—— Hallo! there he's now, and the Queen of England with him, by her gound! Come along, Jim; the meetin's jest a goin to begin! They're a tooting on the bass-viol now! Where on airth did you go to so quick? Is that your gal?"

Indignation and dismay held me silent. Flora's face was like a blush-rose. The crowd, by a great effort, restrained themselves from cheering the old lady; but it was very evident to me that they would not long exercise any such forbearance.

"Jim," said my ancient relative, in a confidential whisper, loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, "you've got some smut onto your upper lip! I seed it before we started, but I didn't like to say nothing. You'd better wipe it off; it looks dreadfully!"

The crowd fairly roared. Smut, indeed! my cherished mustache, that I had scented and oiled, and admired for three long months! If the old lady had been a man, I should have challenged her on the spot. With a desperate effort I addressed Flora,

"Flora, my dear, we will go in, and not pay any regard to this insane old woman."

Flora turned toward me, an iron determination in her blue eye,

"Frank," she said—she always called me Frank—"tell me who that horrid old creature is before I go another step!"

"Horrid critter! I hain't a horrid critter!" cried aunt Sally, waving her work-bag. "I'm a

decent woman, and haint got no paint onto my face, as some folks that I know of has. And I'm Jim Brown's own aunt—his father's sister, Sally, that married a Nutter; and I've mended his pinnyfores and trowsers many a time!"

Flora listened; and when aunt Sally finished, she cast upon me such a look!

"Mr. Brown," she said, quietly, "I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, with your estimable relative!" and then she took the arm of Fitz Ludlow, and sailed away.

I thought I should have fainted on the spot; and, perhaps, I should, if I had not felt my sleeve vehemently pulled. I turned, and saw a lean-faced man.

"Jim," said he, "lend your uncle five dollars, do. I've left my pocket-book to hum!"

Good gracious! it was uncle Solomon French! and behind him was my uncle Bill; and behind him my aunt Mary, and cousin Susan. I did not stop to see how many more there was. I took it for granted that the whole audience was to be composed of my relatives. I jumped down the steps, and fled at the top of my speed. Aunt Sally cried at the extent of her lungs,

"Stop him! Stop him! I'll give a quarter to the man that captivates him!"

Community at large at once decided that I must be a thief, or a murderer; and they rushed after me at railway speed. A dozen dogs joined in the chase, making night hideous with their howling. I was in too much of a hurry to keep a very keen look-out for obstacles; and the first thing I knew, I ran headlong over a lady drawing a baby-carriage.

Of course, she was angry. She seized the baby with one hand, and my shoulder with the other, and began a lecture in language more forcible than polite. I tore myself loose and renewed my flight.

But they overtook me. I had committed a crime which people never overlook; I had abused a woman with a baby—so they said. I deserved death on the spot.

A couple of policemen came up opportunely.

They made a little flourish of authority, and marched me off to the watch-house.

In that interesting school of morals I remained until the next morning, when my examination took place; and no one appearing against me, I was discharged.

But I would not go home. Aunt Sally was still there; perhaps a dozen more of my relatives; since "it never rains but it pours."

A bright thought struck me. I would put the ocean between us. A whaler was lying at one of the wharves, which was advertised to sail that very day. I went down there, entered my name on the book, got a seaman's rig, and presented myself to the captain for inspection. He received me with open arms.

"Why, Jim!" he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you! My dear cousin——"

"Good heavens!" cried I.

"Yes!" said he, "I am your own cousin, David; and your cousin Daniel, and George, are among the crew; and your aunt Peggy is going as far as Florida for her health."

I waited to hear no more. The vessel was just putting off; but I could swim! Yes, thank heaven! I could swim! And without so much as saying good-by, I dashed into the water, and struggled to the shore, to be met by aunt Sally, who exclaimed,

"Better go right home, Jimmy, and change your stockings. Wet feet is dreadful apt to bring on the rheumatiz. Don't mind him, captain!" yelled she, after the receding vessel; "he was allers a little weak in the upper story!"

I broke from aunt Sally—went to a hotel—dried my clothing—got into a railway car—went to Philadelphia, and enlisted in the army; and my captain is my uncle Saul; and I have three cousins in my company, and five more in another regiment with which ours is brigaded.

Did ever a poor fellow have such luck?

If I should ever be found, some fine morning, at the end of a rope, it will all be the fault of my relatives.

## T O - D A Y   A N D   T O - M O R R O W .

B Y   E M M A   M .   J O H N S T O N .

Bloom! bloom! sweets of to-day,  
To-morrow ye shall wither.  
Spring! Spring! joys of to-day,  
To-morrow ye'll be—whither!

Life! be thou bright, and smile;  
Sighs are afloat in the air.  
Cheek, wear thy bloom awhile,  
For blight may be lurking near.

Heart! be merry and gay,  
The canker-worm cometh soon;  
Hold thee love whilst thou may,  
To-morrow it may be flown.

Soul! take comfort and ease,  
This life's but a thing to spend;  
But, oh! when thy comforts cease,  
Where, tell me where, is the end?

## THE REAL STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD."

WHEN the scarlet cloaks came in, there was nobody to whom they were more becoming than Miss Winifred Cassell. In her ordinary street-dress of black, or gray, or cuir, she was merely a very pretty girl, whose bright, brown eyes, and bronze-brown tresses, coral-tinted lips, and cheeks, whose round, healthy outlines of face and figure attracted always their share of attention and admiration, especially among the younger and more susceptible of her gentlemen acquaintances; but under the dazzling shade of the tasseled hood, with its brilliant scarlet linings, she suddenly appeared a beauty.

We have all seen just such transitions and transformations, where people, comparatively unremarked, suddenly blazed into importance; or, to speak more truly, attained their rightful significance only by the light of some chance revelation of time, or scene, or circumstance, which showed most plainly, not that they were intrinsically characterless or colorless before, but that they lacked only this last accidental touch to finish them to the pattern nature meant them to have, or to place them in the position they were intended to fill. And it was but accident, after all, that decided this fate for Winny, who had always to consult her father's purse, that lean receptacle of a cashier's salary, which was drawn upon for food, and clothing, and maintenance by six other children besides herself; so, as she was really in need of a new cloak, and the pretty Parisian novelties, hesitated long over by pale blondes and sallow brunettes till they bid fair to remain a drug on the importer's hands, were hardly more expensive than sober drab, or solemn black. Style and color, or rather, youth and vanity, carried the day. Miss Cassell bought one, as I said before, and became a beauty.

There is a certain witty little French book, "*Les Femmes*," the one good work of its clever but unprincipled author, which is professedly intended to delicately satirize the follies of womankind, and is, perhaps, most true, and, therefore, most severe, when ridiculing their inordinate love of dress and decoration. "A woman's life," the author tells us, "is divided into eras of her dresses. 'Such a thing occurred while I had my pink satin: or that was in the year that I bought my blue silk.'" Now this is per-

fectly fair, and not incorrect; yet every woman knows that vast results, to her, may have flowed from that pink satin, and great issues hung on the blue silk—her armor against, her weapons for conquering society; prided by her as Saladin prided his sword, or Cœur de Lion his battle-axe—and both, their knightly harness. With them she achieved a conquest, or sustained a loss; the torn fragments remind her of something to this day; they are commemorative and historical.

Let nobody laugh; the world turns on just such trifles. Did not an embroidered handkerchief decide poor Desdemona's fate? And was not the tameless Katharine subdued at last by Petruchio's unheard-of cruelty, in denying her a new gown? Poor Mary Stuart is remembered less for her faults, or her misfortunes, than for the becomingly-shaped head-dress of which she was the inventor, and to which she gave her name, still admired by us, and still reproduced by milliners in various materials. And Eugenie is adored to-day, not by a chance elevation that lifted her to the throne yesterday, from which she may be deposed to-morrow; nor for her beauty, where hundreds are just as fair; but as the arbitress of the realm of fashion, and the best-dressed woman in the world.

For every new style that obtains, some martyrs are made—some beauties; and we submit, for the most part, readily to the first fate, hoping our turn for the last may come before we are quite too old to enjoy it. We all know the part the round hats have played in rejuvenating *pussees belles*, and how fresh, young faces have been made to look prematurely elderly beneath the roofs of those hideous "sky-scraping" bonnets—a reign now happily over. A few years since there was a pretty fashion of Spanish-looking, black-lace mantillas, with a point of the same to throw over the head, which suited well with brunette complexions and dark, Italian eyes. I know one Juliet, whose Romeo first saw her masquerading in this guise on the balcony of a watering-place hotel. And I have a friend who suddenly fell in love with a gentle, modest little face, which he had seen without emotion a thousand times before, on meeting it under the shade of a silk trimmed "Shaker" bonnet. He was an amiable, affec-

tionate, domestically inclined man, who longed, no doubt, for a home and hearth of his own, yet whose purse was not deep enough to enable him to become the lover of a Flora M'Flimsey. But this modest head-dress was a new revelation. He fancied with it a neat, French-calico dress, a pair of sensible thick boots, a white apron about the neat waist, a market-basket on the round arm; in brief, a trim, tidy, quick, quiet, economical little household fairy, to whose guardianship the lean purse might be entrusted without fear of unnatural depletion. I am glad to say that he realized his dreams, and is the happiest man in the world to-day. People call it a freak of fate, but I say, of fashion.

We have all heard the legend of the gentleman who fell in love with a lady's bonnet left at the foot of a hill; and, climbing to the top of it, immediately proposed to marry her, previously unknown, on the strength of the taste and character it betrayed. But I fancy I have said enough to justify me in fixing my heroine's fate by means of a few yards of broadcloth and silk; and need explain or enlarge no farther on my theory, that accessories are never unimportant, which can so sway and affect the destinies of our short and changeful life. She, at least, was sublimely unconscious, when she bought it, of the influence it was to exert over hers. "Society" had not yet pronounced the new style "too daring," or assigned it to evening, or to watering-place wear; children, and very young ladies looked most lovely in it. It did not seem out of place, for a girl of twenty, who hardly appeared sixteen. It suited charmingly with her childish features; her short, bright curls; her oriole hat, with its scarlet bird's-wing; her red-heeled boots, and brilliant balmeral; so Mrs. Cassell, with some inward misgivings, gave out the money for the purchase; and Winny, for the third time I repeat it, appeared a beauty.

Thenceforth she could not but feel that she was the object of constant attention and admiration. People passed her in the street with open and prolonged glances of observation, that made her cheeks burn brighter than her scarlet cloak; the very school-boys stared in respectful silence as she went by; shopmen waited upon her assiduously; invitations poured in from previously unknown quarters; a rising young artist begged leave to paint her portrait as Little Red Riding-Hood. Her lover, Frank Forester, wrote some very pretty verses to her in this character, breathing flattery and admiration enough to turn a stronger head, but deficient in a more important particular, as Mrs. Cassell thought,

since they committed him to nothing. He had now been Winny's admirer for more than a year, openly devoted and attentive, but never, by word or sign, approaching the important declaration and proposals expected by the object of his attentions and her parents, as such proposals are desired by the friends of pretty and portionless girls.

The young lady's own manner to him, though encouraging, was that of the sweetest reserve and dignity. She was too young, too happy, and too pretty, to leave any doubt of the final effect of her charms, or more truly to feel any impatience or concern about the matter; but, with the subtle feminine instinct, kept her admirer at due distance, and philosophically took life as she found it, enjoying, as much as her narrowed life permitted, her spring-time of youth and beauty.

But the mother could not be so free and calm; there were seven sisters in the little house, growing up to loveliness and maturity—all interesting, some pretty; more than one distinctly handsome already; all dependent on the feeble efforts of a father in delicate health, whose life the insurance offices had refused, and whose failing vitality was perilously drawn upon by the compelled necessity of incessant labor. Educate them as little, dress them as cheaply, economize as closely and carefully as she might, these girls must still be constant sources of expense and anxiety, till some, at least, were married, and with homes and means of their own, might share, perhaps, the burden of the rest. But of this there seemed, at present, no hope. Winny was the only one of marriageable age; fast in her steps came Sylvia, came Laura, came Geraldine, all as thoughtless, as innocent, as beautiful, as ignorant of the pressing trouble and anxiety, which she was too delicate to betray to them, that filled their mother's breast as she looked round upon the helpless, pretty creatures committed to her care. Never, for a moment, had the idea occurred to her that her young daughters might leave home, and gain their own livelihood in some of the many light and respectable employments now open to women. A certain pride, which many will condemn, and some few sympathize with, prevented any such suggestion from entering her mind, more than if she had belonged to the old French nobility, whose motto was, "*noblesse oblige*." Her children were connected with the oldest families of their native city; they moved in its best society. Poor as they were, their name and descent gave them a prestige and position, even in our republican country, which

their mother before them had inherited and enjoyed, and would have been the last to destroy.

Her hopes had long turned to Winny, and Winny's admirers; especially the young bank clerk, whose position and connections were most desirable; whose expectations of future wealth were exceedingly good, and whose present income, as she well knew, exceeded that upon which her own husband was obliged to maintain his large family. But poor Mrs. Cassell, worldly as had been her education, knew nothing of the thousand "necessary expenses" devolving upon the innocent and pleasing young man whom she so kindly welcomed to her parlors. Horses, wines, segars, theatre, and operatickets, game, and champagne-suppers, billiards, bouquets, jewelry, and journeys; to say nothing of his wardrobe from the best tailors; board at the best hotels; and summer sea-side, or watering-place dissipations, were the needful adjuncts that more than consumed his modest stipend, and kept him constantly irritated with debt, and dependent on his rich relatives, beyond all hope of marrying. Great as might be his admiration for the beautiful heroine of his verses, he had no idea of bettering her condition by any self-sacrifice of his own; and this Winny—wiser than her mother in one point—instinctively felt and accepted, without regret or reflection, satisfied to enjoy the delightful triumphs of youth and loveliness, secure from analysis or prevision, and to take contentedly whatever grudging fate might see fit to offer in their stead when the season was over.

But the little beauty, as is too often the case, had overestimated her strength. Her heart was being gradually gained by the constant, but unspoken devotion of her admirer; and she had nothing to show for it, except a few faded bits of bouquets, a copy of second-rate verses. She saw her friends and young companions—the girls of her own age in her set—daughters of wealthy fathers, each of them, whose hand, with a portion of the parental fortune in it, would prove a valuable auxiliary to the rising young man she married, choosing and being chosen all about her, converting lovers into husbands, and though not more sincerely or flatteringly wooed than herself, yet more truly won. She did not envy these the hearts, or homes, or fortunes they enjoyed, she hardly knew that she desired the same, yet a vague impatience and restlessness took possession of her; and though the bloom of her cheek did not alter, a shade of thoughtfulness mingled with her gaiety. It was impossible not to draw a con-

trast between the careless, prosperous lives of her associates, and her own; between her father, thin and stooping under his heavy burdens, and theirs, plump and plethoric with wealth and ease; between her mother, pale and pinched, her early beauty worn away by care, and the rosy, comfortable dowagers, her friends; between the anomalous position of her sisters and herself in the society to which they were born, and the assured and pleasant destinies of their companions. Moreover, her pride and delicacy began to be offended by the notoriety her loveliness provoked. The picture of Little Red Riding-Hood was finished and placed on exhibition in the artist's atelier. All the world went to see it, commented upon and admired it; but the sensitive mother and daughter were alive only to the bad taste of this too pronounced and public admiration—and the original of Little Red Riding-Hood was sent off to see her grandmother—in this case, an aunt.

Her escort on the journey was no less a personage than the head of the establishment in which her father earned his small salary—banker, broker, millionaire. The poor cashier, meekly seeking an interview in the private office, to request that he might anticipate a portion of his quarterly stipend, to pay his daughter's traveling expenses, was astonished by the offer of a gratuitous sum sufficient to cover all, "as a token of appreciation of his long and faithful services;" and by a proposal from his great principal to be, himself, Miss Cassell's companion and guardian, as he was going the same way at the same time. A few questions and compliments followed, and the gratified father retired with cheeks deeply flushed, and feelings affected to unaccustomed emotion, when he kissed his pretty daughter on reaching home. Such an honor was not to be refused. Miss Winny was ready at the appointed hour; the millionaire's own luxurious and pretentious carriage came to the door to take her to the railroad; and his own liveried and bewigged servant, at whom she had laughed a thousand times, leaped from his perch to help the young lady in.

Safely seated in the cars beside her polite escort, Winny had time to scrutinize him more closely than she had ever yet done. Independently of his artificial advantages of dress, reputation, and manner, he appeared a tall, large-boned, spare man of middle-age, whose thick, coarse hair had already turned gray enough to justify the epithet of "pepper-and-salt color," and whose hard, stern, rather forbidding features, were lighted by a pair of keen, gray eyes.



His dazzlingly white teeth were evidently the work of Dr. Lancet, the successful dentist; and his clothes were master-pieces by another fashionable artist, equally celebrated for his skill, and the length of his bills. Splendid diamond studs, quietly set, blazed in his shirt front; a bunch of handsome seals dangled at the end of his massive watch-chain; a traveling-cloak, lined and trimmed with costly fur, hung over his arm. He looked like one willing to display, in every honorable way, the wealth he had honorably earned, and determined to enjoy to the utmost the power and consideration it gave him. A self-made man, raised to his present position by his own unassisted exertions. I know of none who had a better right to exhibit these signs of success than Mr. Jabes Wolfe.

His manner, however, was suave and attentive enough; very pleasant and fascinating his young charge found it; and she was puzzled to reconcile the impression it made upon her, with the earlier accounts she had heard of him from others. He had been long a widower, and was said to have proved a stern, unloving husband—a harsh and cruel father; whose wife had sunk and died beneath his yoke; whose children had escaped from it, one after another, as they reached maturity, flying to disgraceful marriages, or distasteful occupations, from the horrors of home; and were now, disowned and forgotten, scattered about the world. The girl's gentle heart was troubled to reconcile the conduct of these unfortunate fugitives, with her good opinion of her kind and considerate escort, whose unostentatious attentions deserved and obtained her gratitude. And honest and innocent as she was, she could not but remember certain imputations resting upon him of old, of keenness and "sharpness," that almost approached dishonesty; and which many a business victim had discovered and lamented too late, when lured by that persuasive voice, and soft, insinuating manner, to trust his little all to the chances which had swelled the rich man's fortune to such colossal proportions.

Poor Winny, in her bright scarlet wrap—for the house of Cassell had been able to afford no traveling costume to its daughter—was conscious of being very gayly and unsuitably dressed, and rather shrank from the critical and admiring glances leveled at her as she entered the car, and which were furtively continued long after she was seated within it. But the respectful and considerate politeness of her companion soon dispelled the uncomfortable feeling, while the prestige of his name and

protection gave her an importance she had never before known. By virtue of his large interest in the railroad upon which they traveled, she was required to pay no fare, to the great sparing of her meager little purse; and at the station, where they stopped to dine, the train was actually delayed for three minutes in their honor, to enable her to finish a cup of scalding coffee and return to the cars, whose doors the usually cross conductor held open for them, with supernatural civility that made her the envy of all the passengers.

Arrived at the steamboat belonging to the same line, they were received with absolute enthusiasm by the captain; seated at his right-hand at supper, and regaled with private delicacies not mentioned in the bill of fare. This entertainment over, he led them to the deck, where some twilight and sunset rays still lingered, while the shadowy silver horn of the new moon was already dimly reflected in the dancing waves. While the two gentlemen smoked their segars, Winny sat apart, her scarlet cloak drawn closely about her slender shoulders, her bright curls tangled in its tassels, the hood drawn over her hair, the soft evening wind blowing roses into her cheeks, her eyelids dropped, her soul far away in dreams. How delightful, she thought, must such an existence be, where all the disagreeables of life were smoothed away by wealth. To travel, or to stay at home, was equally to enjoy ease and luxury, comfort and consideration. She thought of the Count of Monte Cristo, of Cræsus, Aladdin, and Fortunatus, of John Jacob Astor, the Rothschilds, and the Barings, and all the heroes of real or fictitious history that her limited range of reading furnished, who were the owners of unlimited resources, which she, perhaps, more keenly appreciated, fresh from the pinching poverty of home. It was impossible not to compare the condition of these fortunate persons with her own; impossible not to give a sigh to the contrast between their lot and hers, doomed to suffer so many mortifications, anxieties, and deprivations for want of an iota of the wealth they hardly knew how to use.

Musing thus, her sweet countenance, in its silken shade turned against the sky; the picturesque prettiness of her attitude and appearance, attracted the attention, not only of the promenading passengers who passed and re-passed unnoticed before her, but of her two companions, whose regards she at last looked up to meet. Her elderly escort was contemplating her with a singularly fixed gaze; the

captain, with a wistful look of tenderness and pity in the kind eyes that lighted his somewhat heavy and corpulent face, was watching both with earnest and attentive interest. Blushing and embarrassed, she hardly knew why, she rose to falter out her "good-night;" but the millionaire, with stately gravity, had risen, too, and, drawing her little hand under his arm, conducted her to the door of her state-room, where, lifting the timid hand to his lips with a grotesque gallantry that disturbed and confused her—so strange it seemed in one so much her senior and superior—he left her to the assiduities of the chamber-maid, whom he had previously feed to attend her, and to the new emotions and reflections awakened by this eventful day.

Locked in her little room alone at last, she repeated her evening prayers, conscious that her attention wandered from the words, and that her mind was busy all the while with a tumult of indefinable ideas and sensations that dishonored and disgraced the petitions she spoke. Restless, faithless, covetous, worldly, vain, could all this be true of her already, whose entrance into the great world had been made scarce twelve hours ago, and who had left her father's house a simple, innocent, loving girl, free from all contamination with such sins or crimes, unspoiled by flattery, unstained by envy? She laid her weary head upon her pillow, but not to sleep. Wild visions and vagaries haunted her brain; the memory of the compassionate look she had surprised on the captain's face; of the millionaire's strange gaze; was it tenderness—was it admiration—was it power? whose meaning startled and puzzled her, and acted upon her disordered fancy like the Oriental spell of the evil-eye. The low peculiar tones in which he addressed her, still sounded in her ears; the touch of his lips burnt hotly on her hand; the parting pressure of his fingers on hers, so firm, so close, so lingering, seemed to hold them yet with a prophecy and a charm. A bouquet of beautiful hot-house flowers, one among the many delicate attentions he had lavished upon her during the day, stood on a shelf near her bed; and she fancied that their heavy odors made her feverish and restless. Removed to the furthest limits of the narrow room, however, the result was still the same; and she wore away the night in disturbing dreams, and still more disturbing waking fantasies, and rose in the morning languid and unrefreshed.

But weariness and lassitude leave but slight traces on the smooth cheek and brow of twenty; and she came out of her little state-room looking

fresh and fair as Aurora herself, and so beautiful, that even the harsh features of her escort glowed with pleasure as he beheld her. The boat had reached its destination, and lay still at the pier; most of the passengers had already gone, the rest were rapidly departing; only the rich owner and his young charge remained to enjoy the hospitalities of the captain's luxurious breakfast-table. A glass of fresh flowers stood by the young lady's plate; and Winifred's face was rosier than the blossoms as she bent over them, uttering a few words of thanks for the attention, and of regret at her tardiness.

"It is of no consequence," the broker urbanely assured her, glancing approvingly at the dark eyelashes, drooping opposite; "the loss of a train is nothing, and my time is not so valuable that I should disturb your slumbers for the gain of a few hours."

His tone was very low and pleasing in saying this; and the look with which he accompanied the polite speech, had yet more of complimentary meaning, had Winny been able to meet it. The captain moved uneasily in his seat; the bewildered girl listened in silence. "His time of no consequence!" She remembered hearing how applicants for admission to the great man's presence, had almost to buy the moments they absorbed with as many golden guineas; how his absence for a day had turned the scale of vast speculations; and the "few hours" he so carelessly threw away for her convenience, might, in his Midas-like touch, represent as many fortunes. Overwhelmed by these considerations, she ate her breakfast with what appetite she could, and avoided both his eyes and his attentions till the meal was over. He courteously addressed her as they rose.

"As we cannot now leave before the one o'clock train, I have ordered a carriage to show us the city, if you would like it?"

Refusal was out of the question; and half-pleased, half-frightened, Winny hastened to her room to dress in a hurry, that left her no time to consider her position. A very pretty barouche waited for them at the end of the steamer's plank; and they spent the morning delightfully in viewing the lions of the place, and lunched at a celebrated hotel, where the millionaire was well known, and where he and his fair charge were received with almost Eastern servility and deference.

Their drive ended at the depot; and the Wolfe heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he handed his companion into the cars, and took his seat beside her. The light wind was playing idly

with her flossy curls; her red drapery hardly matched the beautiful glow of her cheeks; her beaming, brilliant face was turned toward him with a smile of gratitude and pleasure, lighting up the lips and eyes, her shyness and fear forgotten in the kind benignity with which he treated her, and the familiarity that had sprung up during the drive they had enjoyed together. "How shall I ever thank you for all your goodness!" said the original of Little Red Riding-Hood.

"You owe me nothing," he suavely replied. "Whatever small attentions my circumstances have enabled me to offer you, are more than repaid by the benefit you have conferred upon me in your delightful companionship. I am, as you may have heard, a lonely man, forsaken by those nearest to me in blood, and not always charitably judged, I fear, by the world."

The absent children scattered up and down the earth, whom Winny's warm imagination had so frequently depicted perishing with want, or pining in uncongenial associations, instantly became unnatural monsters, whose parricidal conduct to her amiable protector had brought upon them the just judgment they were enduring; while all the reports and legends she had heard to his disadvantage, were at once and forever repudiated.

"I do not deny," continued the meek sufferer by her side, "that I have hardened in this solitary, unsympathizing life—grown old in the pursuit of mammon, as my enemies say; they might have added instead, withering in the need of love and appreciation—aged with grief more than years. There are people who envy me my success in business, I hear. They do not know how hollow a thing is wealth, deprived of the enjoyments it ought to bring—undevoted to the service of a beloved object, unconsecrated on the shrine of tenderness and affection. The humblest laborer, in his little cottage, secure in his domestic happiness, would not exchange lots with me, did he know the unsatisfied bitterness of mine."

Poor Winny turned and surveyed with infinite pity the bowed head and gray hair of the stalwart figure beside her, and put her little hand compassionately into his.

"I know," resumed the modest millionaire, not forgetting to clasp and keep the hand that lightly lay upon his own, "that many men at my age have done with the world forever, and are content to quit it serenely, or to glide down the stream of time, placid and peaceful, as those who have lived their life. But I, who have been defrauded of all the sweetness of mine, of

the youth, and pleasure, and love, which they have enjoyed to the uttermost, cannot so easily resign the unfulfilled dreams and hopes of an earlier day, nor forbear to try if fate has not yet some great good for me before I go."

The fingers of his unoccupied hand were playing half unconsciously with a little ring that hung at his watch-chain—a ring set with a sparkling stone worth all the worldly wealth that Winny's poor papa had ever owned.

"I have dreamed, sometimes," he softly went on, "of happiness that might be in store for me at last; of a dear companion in my splendid home; a little figure, half daughter, half wife, whose tenderness might recompense me for the loneliness of years, and in whose youth I might renew my own. More; I have found and followed the figure that seemed to promise all this. Tell me, you who alone know, if you think my dreams can ever come true?"

The poor little girl felt her fate closing in upon her with every word, and paled and shivered in silence. Her tender hand lay crushed and powerless in the strong grasp of his, as her whole life and destinies seemed to lie helpless at his mercy, to be moulded to his will. He saw it, and all his manner and countenance changed directly. The sad, sentimental softness of the suitor disappeared; equally vanished the piteous complainings of the world-weary misanthrope—remained only the firm, cool man of business, whose hard, determined resolution had compelled fortune all his life.

"Why do you hesitate?" he quietly said. "I woo you to a brilliant future, Winny; you shall lose nothing by becoming my wife. Your father consents—your mother approves; you can save both, years of poverty, anxiety, and labor—ensure their comfort, prolong their lives. I do not maintain this offer, you will observe, in the event of your refusal, nor profess to feel the chivalric sentiment that would prompt such a deed. In all the transactions in which I have been engaged during my life, a specific consideration has always been understood; but I would do it—you being my wife—for your sake. All that wealth can accomplish shall be at your command to devote to their service; your sisters shall receive every advantage; to yourself, I promise the most splendid position a woman can accept. You may judge of my sincerity by the sacrifices I will make to gain you."

"I cannot," the honest child gasped out. "I love—I have another——"

"I know," he sneeringly rejoined, "another attachment—a mere juvenile folly. Read this, and see if your love will survive it." He thrust

into her hand a folded paper, which she tremblingly opened, slowly deciphering, through eyes full of tears, these words in her lover's well-known hand:

"DEAR FLEURY—I enclose a check for three hundred and fifty dollars, in part payment of last night's losses: all I shall have before quarter day, so you must forgive me till then. Tobin, too, is savage on me for his bill, and so are many others. I have 'borrowed of the till,' in the way you recommend, till I dare do so no more; and my grandfather is obstinate in refusing further supplies. Thank you for your intercession with the Cuban heiress; without her my case would, indeed, be desperate; and yet it's hard to resign my Little Red Riding-Hood, while all the world is running mad about her, and marry a yellow mulatto for her money. Suppressing these compliments, however; please mention to Miss De Bourse that I will be down on Friday next, when her guardian is out of the way, and believe me ever sincerely yours,

"FORESTER."

The reading over, the meaning fairly understood, the broker's young companion turned upon him pale and fierce, no longer a frightened child, but an insulted woman; the brow bent, her aspect threatening. "How was this obtained?" she demanded.

"What does it matter," he coaxingly rejoined, "since he is thereby unmasked, and the proofs of his duplicity made plain? The young man is discharged from my employment, disgraced and dishonored, having been discovered in embezzling and abstracting money; for your sake only I refrained from a public prosecution and punishment. He and his half-caste wife will never be admitted into society. You are spared the mortification of being rejected by him; you will be gladly, joyfully accepted by me—raised to a position of luxury that a princess might envy. Can you hesitate longer?"

The wolf's hot breath was on her cheek; it seemed to scorch her very blood. His eyes held

hers almost menacingly with their glowing gaze; his gripe tightened on her shrinking flesh. She was fainting, but she was yielding, too, he felt.

The engine shrieked a dreadful whistle—they had reached the station-house, and, half-conscious, she was transferred to the carriage that was to take her to her aunt's, in the arms of her companion. Not relinquishing his hold, when they were shut within, he bent over her, and pressed his thin lips—Dr. Lancet's sharp teeth plainly perceptible through them—upon her blanched face, the seal and sign of ownership. When they arrived at their destination, a few moments after, the diamond ring glittered on her finger, and two tears, not less bright or costly, and more precious—the precursors and the essence of a lifetime of bitterness—were shining in her eyes.

Poor Winny! she came back to her father's, after a short sojourn, a superb, stately, lovely bride, and yet a changed and altered creature, with a look of heart-ache in her beautiful eyes already. She has traveled over all Europe and Asia since; and has come back home to reign the little queen of her circle there, and receive unbounded adulation. Not the wife of Midas, or of Cæsus, or of the Count of Monte Cristo, according to her old fancies, could ever be more splendidly adorned than she; the barbarian prodigality of the swarthy Mrs. Forester, is as nothing beside her royal magnificence of expenditure. Her parents are made comfortable, rich, and happy for life; her sisters look and fare like little princesses; but she, I think, is weary of the world, and would be glad to leave it. Everybody admires and serves, nobody thinks of pitying her, except a dreamy young artist, who, meeting her sometimes, beautiful and brilliant in society, guarded by her grim and gray elderly husband, goes home to his deserted atelier, and turning aside a picture he will not sell, that stands always with its face against the wall, looks into the sweet, childish eyes, and sighs out sadly, "Again the old story has come true, and the Wolf has got Little Red Riding-Hood!"

## FORGET THE PAST!

BY HELEN A. BROWN.

CRASH, restless heart! cease now thy wild unrest!  
 'Mid other scenes, content life's mission fill;  
 What thoughts are these that rise within this breast?  
 Once more I bid thy troubled waves, "be still!"  
 Forget the past! Oh! why should linger yet  
 One hope, one dream of what was once thine own;

To bring them back is only to regret,  
 What vain attempt to grieve for pleasures flown.

They now are dead! Then why should'st thou repine?  
 The future brings new joys for thee to share;  
 New hopes and dreams can yet again be thine—  
 Lost scenes replaced by others just as fair.

## LILLY ARCHER'S CITY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"WELL, mother, what shall I say?"

Lilly Archer sat with her sweet face half turned toward her mother. The hair, thrown carelessly back, rippled with many a wavy thread of gold, as the September sunlight trembled through the plain little room.

"Lilly, it distracts me to think of it," said Mrs. Archer, putting her hand to her head in an absent way.

"But, mother, see here," said Lilly, rising resolutely, and facing the pale woman in widow's weeds, "it must not distract you to think of it. You see how it is—I have failed to get music-scholars. Ally Fincher has got the school—what shall we do, starve?"

"It couldn't come to that," murmured the mother.

"Yes, it could come to just that," retorted Lilly. "You and I could never go to the neighbors and say, 'I want bread'—could we? Could you? And yet, bread we must have, or die. Taddie's necklace is gone; my watch is gone. We might sell the piano—poor papa's gift;" here her voice trembled; but with an effort she bravely suppressed the tremor; "but how long would the money last? and then we should be penniless again. It won't do," her tones grew hard, "to live on in this way—it is killing us both. Taddie must have better food; she must have medicine. And why should you fear for me? Are you afraid to trust me?"

"No, child—no," faltered her mother; "but to feel that you are swallowed up in that great city; boarding in a second-class house; exposed to misrepresentations—liable to insult; and then to miss you here."

"Now, mother," cried Lilly, falling impulsively upon her knees, "you do wrong, indeed you do, to indulge such feelings. I am strong, healthy, and capable of taking care of myself. Other girls go out in the world. I am no better than they. Alice would not hold out hopes that could never be realized. She earns six dollars a week, and is saving money."

"Find Mr. Dick, sister, he was so nice!" came in a piping, unchildish voice from the corner of the room, where, propped up by a brace in front, sat an odd little being, whose prominent eyes had such a look of drollery, that the first inclination of the stranger, in glancing toward her, was to smile.

Both Lilly and her mother were, for a moment, diverted from their troubles. The child was manipulating some fine straws with great perseverance. She had an idea that if she could learn to plat and braid, she could help swell the slender household resources; but there was little chance that those weak, white fingers would ever add to the comforts of those she loved.

"Mr. Dick is nothing to us, darling," said Lilly, quietly, though smiling in the pretty, quaint face.

"Oh! but he *was* something to *you*," persisted the elf.

In spite of the quick, amazed smile that passed between the two women, Lilly's cheeks suddenly flushed a faint pink.

"Why, Taddie, you little impertinent!" cried Lilly, still laughing, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose I should have said that I thought he liked you very much, for all he was off fishing and gunning all the time. And it's to be supposed that you liked him—how could you help it, and he here so long? I'm sure I loved him dearly. Oh! I do think he was *so* handsome!" she added, with a droll little sigh.

"I hope he didn't hate us, dear, any of us. But he was a stranger, and only came here to pass away a few weeks in the country. I dare say he has forgotten all about us by this time." So said Lilly, going back to her table, and lifting the pen again from the little rack.

"When he first came here, sis, I always said to myself every morning before breakfast—you know things some time come true if I say them *then*—that that man would marry Lilly. Yes, I did, there's no need of your laughing;" and the small elf sat back in her stuffed easy-chair, and gravely surveyed her mother and sister.

Mrs. Archer's cares by this time seemed lighter; the thought had suddenly occurred to her, what if some one as good and rich as Mr. Dick were to fall in love with the pure, good face of her child. Such things had been; and she gazed with a somewhat lightened heart on the beautiful figure bent now in earnest to the task before her, which was the writing of the following letter:

"DEAR ALICE—I am coming. Keep the place open for me; and also speak for a room in your boarding-house.

"Mother has consented at last, and, I am sure, it will be for the best. I shall start on Monday with a *very* small trunk; so, if you choose, you may meet me at the depot at seven, P. M. I suppose I shall feel a little strange at first.

Your friend,

"LILLY ARCHER."

The letter was sealed and duly despatched.

"You see," said Lilly, counting over her small store, "I need not be afraid of spending a little now. So I think I'll run out and buy a few French rolls, and a bit of meat, and a bun for Taddie."

"Oh! you are so good!" cried the child, fervently, with clasped hands. "Don't I hope you may marry the richest and best man in all Philadelphia?"

Lilly was very busy on that important morning. She was not to start till nine, and her trunk had been packed on the Saturday before. Still the eyes were not dim that watched old Til, the express-man, as he carried it from the little porch on his shoulder; and poor Mrs. Archer, though she tried to be brave, broke down at the last, and cried almost childishly.

"I don't see as it's anything to cry for," spoke up Taddie, who had been watching, owl-like, from her corner. "She'll always be respected, of course, because papa was a minister. That makes all the difference. Lilly, you'll be sure to bring me the worsted—and the tetting-needle—and a pretty book now and then—and a letter every Thursday—and to find Mr. Dick, and marry him."

To all these queries, asked with a long pause between, Lilly had given a mute assent. But to the last, which was propounded with the same quiet, grave manner, she responded with a laugh, in which even the widow joined, though the big tears yet hung on her lashes. So Lilly went away in a sort of sunshine, after all.

The day did not terminate pleasantly as regarded the weather. Toward two o'clock a rain-storm set in, and Lilly, who had never traveled alone before, felt the good spirits she had conjured up rapidly deserting her. She thought of the past—of the happy little parsonage, from which her father had been borne; of the kind people he had ministered to for so many years.

She passed a church very like the pretty stone edifice, in whose chancel he had so often broken the bread of life. She thought of her mother, ill and dispirited, of Taddie, white-faced, incurably deformed, and utterly dependent, and her heart swelled. She was forced to shield the tears that would come with her hand.

Poor child! she felt very lonely, and questioned if, among all the groups about her, there was another spirit as sorely tried as hers.

"You never came in all this rain!" cried Lilly, as, getting off the train, she saw by the light of a blood-red lantern, the face of her friend, Alice Thornton.

"To be sure I did," was the hearty reply.

"I should have been ashamed of myself to let you come in this great, gloomy city such a night as this, and nobody here to meet you. Besides, you'd have been bewildered to death among all these hackmen, who stun one's ears with their clatter. No, no, no!" she vociferated, shaking her head savagely at the offending coachmen. See how they stick their nasty, wet whips in one's face—it's unbearable. And they're twice as bad if they see a lone woman or two, with no suitable masculine to guard them. Now don't get frightened; give me your checks; there's a nice hack out here, and the driver knows me. Bah! the mud! Here we are; get the trunk for this check, driver. And now we are safe from the driving rain for one while," she added, as they sank back on the comfortable cushions.

"You're too tired to talk, Lilly. Well, don't talk; just let me do all that part of the business. Oh! I'm glad you've come! I was afraid you wouldn't; and yet I ordered a nice little supper for us two, to be ready by the time we get there. It's a very good house, though it does look a little worn and old-fashioned. You won't mind that, though, will you?"

"No, indeed," said Lilly, quietly.

"You see we've either got to board in style and dress shabbily; or dress in style and board second-rate. But you know you couldn't walk on Chestnut street, and be thought anybody with a last year's bonnet or cloak; and so I prefer to use my money for nice clothes."

"I must use mine to take care of my mother and sister," said Lilly.

"I have neither, you know," her friend responded, a little less flippantly. "But still with my help—and I'm a famous manager—you will look very nicely, for you are pretty, and I am not. Why, Lilly, you will be the handsomest girl in the shop."

"That is flattery," said Lilly, gravely.

"Not a bit of it; but, come, we are almost at the house. What a driving storm! I do hope it will clear up by morning. Dean's is the finest dry-goods store in the city. That, I'm sure, you'll say. Look out for the gutters."

Lilly, weary and heart-sick, followed her friend into a badly-lighted and very narrow hall,

through the center of which ran a strip of faded carpet. The wall, on either side, was bare in spots, where the excessive damp had blistered the paper; and the children, who happened to have inquisitive minds, had stripped it here and there, till it appeared like a succession of maps, representing islands, rivers, and mountains, from the landing to the top of the staircase. Up three weary flights Lilly tugged after Alice, who was following the trunk, and landed at last in a room that looked like a closet, quite bare of carpet or paper.

"There! I've arranged it all nicely," said Alice. "I got Spinney, Morton into another room, so you might share mine. It looks a little cheerless; but you see there's a bit of a stove here, and when I get a brave, little fire going, to take the chill off, it will seem quite snug to you. Better, any way, than rooming with a stranger."

"Oh! a thousand times!" said Lilly.

"Yes, I thought you would think so. Dear, dear! how nice you look, though only in your traveling-dress, and that bow of ribbon instead of a brooch. I wish I did; but I'm such a guy if I'm not rigged-up. How are they all at home—mother, and that queer, darling little Taddie?"

"Much the same as usual," Lilly said, feeling as if she wanted to get away somewhere and cry.

"That Taddie was such a curious little thing," said Alice, winking and blinking over continuous fine puffs of very black smoke, that her damp kindlings emitted. "My mother, who brought all her old Scotch superstitions with her, you see, always called her a changeling; and its curious what queer little prophecies she will make at times, isn't it? Do you much think she will live to grow up? There! there's a miniature Vesuvius for you! Just hear the creature roar! What lungs it has! It wouldn't have smoked at all, only for the damp. And now we'll go down to supper. Do you know, I've had some oysters nicely stewed; and I do hope you'll enjoy them."

On the extreme end of a long consecutive-table stood a dropsical castor, two cracked plates, two bowls of oysters, and a diminutive wheat loaf. Lilly thought of the darling little round-table at home, with its snowy cloth and shining white dishes, its clear, silver spoons, and little cream-jug of the same costly metal. Oh! that lump in her throat! Do all she could, it would not go down! For her that was a dreary evening, and a still more dreary supper.

But sleep came to her as to all. She forgot her surroundings, and in her night-visions

heard the piping voice of Taddie once more. Taddie's little speech had struck home. Mr. Dick *had* liked her, she was sure—more than that, had loved her. It was nearly a year ago, just after her father died, and they were forced to take summer-boarders. Yes, he loved her; and but for sentimental Hal Stanley, who had somehow entangled her fancy, and then gone off and married her cousin, after Mr. Dick had returned to the city, she might have loved him. In her dream she almost did. And then, had he not hinted once that Mr. Dick was only a part of his name? Had he not in all respects acted the perfect gentleman—actuated by motives the most honorable? Her mother had insisted that he was a wealthy man, in spite of port-folio and scrap-table of art and artists, of tours afoot, and poverty. And she had refused him point-blank, because she thought she loved that spooney Hal, who had nothing to recommend him but a languishing pair of almond-shaped, brown eyes.

What should make her dream of him so—so—well, so affectionately, she asked herself more than once, as she dressed in the gray morning. Then occurred Taddie's advice: "Go and find Mr. Dick." It would be queer, she thought, if she should ever meet him; and then, the contrast of all her present surroundings to his quiet elegance and manly beauty! She shivered and wished she had not come.

An hour later she had forgotten her regrets. It was certainly a cheerful sight—that long, splendid store, on every side of which glittered wealth and beauty, in fabrics of wonderful texture and coloring.

"You're to stand next counter to me," said Alice. "I asked Mr. Dean myself. And won't you like him? You can't help it. All we girls would be half in love, only he is so sober and old-mannerish in his ways, you know, and treats us all alike. He's a wonderful man, for a young one, you'll say so."

In this place Lilly had no time to be homesick. Such an array of fashionable life as was continually swimming in, like one tide, at the east door, and out, like another, at the west; such a display of character, of little meannesses, of quiet dignity, of bustling importance, of grandeur, and of shoddy. She was too much amused and excited to be fatigued; and it was not till she was seated in her box, as she called it, in the letter she was writing home in the evening, that she was made aware that the human frame is, after all, only a piece of mortal furniture.

Two days after, Mr. Dean sat in his luxu-

riously furnished counting-room. A friend came in.

"So, Dean, you're really off to Europe?"

"I really am, I think; though I don't know. I've tried it twice before, and always something interfered."

"I wonder you didn't stop till you could make it your wedding-tour!"

"My wedding-tour!" he answered, with an absent smile, and a far-off expression. "I tell you what, Hale, it isn't in this world's goods, after all, to make a man happy, eh?"

"Oh! Well! I don't know!" returned the other, stroking his mustache, "I'm not exceedingly miserable because I find that fortune has been kind to me. But you're a misanthrope! You'd marry, and settle down, if it wasn't for that—I'm sure you would."

A ghost of a smile flitted over Dean's face, but he was silent. Presently he took his hat, folded his newspapers, looked about to see that everything was in order, and prepared to leave.

"Had you as leave go through the store-way?" asked his friend. "I have to go down Chestnut street—I have some business that way."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Dean; and the two passed through admiring crowds—for they were both very handsome men.

"Why, what's the matter?" queried young Hale, stopping short.

A little throng had gathered round a fainting girl. The two men hurried forward.

"She had a telegraph, sir," said one of the girls.

"It's the new one, number fourteen," volunteered another.

Meantime, Mr. Dean, pale and anxious, having caught sight of the white, still face, pressed through.

"Why, it's—it's——"

"From her mother, sir—a telegraph," cried Alice, volubly. "Her little sister is dead—and she's only been here two days."

"What, Taddie! sweet, little Taddie?" exclaimed Mr. Dean, his cheek pale, his eyes

moist. Everybody stared. The name—that loved name, roused the poor girl from her stupor. Her glance fell upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Dick!" she exclaimed, with outstretched hands, "take me away from here. Taddie told me——" and again she shuddered and lapsed into insensibility.

But a very few hours passed before Lilly sat in the cars, under the kind care of Mr. Richard Dean. How tender he was of her!—how thoughtful of her comfort! And when they stood together over the little still, white, angelic face, her tears fell, not alone, upon the marble forehead.

"Oh! little Taddie, I went away to care for you," sobbed Lilly; "and to this I come back."

"She failed all at once," whispered Mrs. Archer, ceasing her low sobs. "'Mother,' she cried, 'I do believe I'm going to die, right away, I feel so strange! and oh! so happy, too! And, mamma, don't be sad, for Lilly will find Mr. Dick, and they will both take care of you.' She never said another word. I held her in my arms and thought she had fainted, for she has had such turns before; but the breath was gone, sweet darling!"

Yes, Lilly had found Mr. Dick. And finding him, had put her in possession of a gift that could not be too highly valued. His heart had always been hers from the first; but he had heard of Hal Stanley's marriage, and thinking it must have been with her, took no further pains to inquire.

And it was wonderful, he said, as he pressed her to his heart, his own wedded wife, wonderful how God had brought it all about.

"Married his shop-girl, didn't he?" queried some one of Alice, who turned upon her with flashing eyes.

"He married Lilly Archer, the daughter of a deceased Episcopal clergyman, who preferred honest labor to beggarly idleness," was the sharp reply. "And if he had waited twenty years, he could not have done better."

And that was what Dean thought.

## A SEA-SIDE PICTURE.

BY ELLIS YETT.

The sky in the West was all aglow,  
But the East was dull and gray;  
The furze scarce stirred on the rocky cliffs,  
But the breakers rolled in the bay.

Some children ran on the glistening sands,  
And laughed in their childish play;  
But a ship struck on the outer bar,  
And the breakers rolled in the bay.

The waves dashed high o'er the vessel's side;  
And over her swept the spray;  
And the sea-bird's scream rose o'er the roar  
Of the breakers in the bay.

Many a ship has gone down since then;  
The children have passed away;  
But the sky still looks with a smile and frown  
On the breakers in the bay.



# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.

## CHAPTER III.

"MISS ELIZA?"

"Well, my sweet child?"

"Would you lend me your pearls for this one night?"

"My pearls, darling? *My* pearls? Oh, Georgia! you cannot understand the associations connected with these ornaments—the painful, the thrilling associations!"

"Don't! Pray, don't! When you clasp your hands, and roll up your eyes in that fashion, it gives me a chill—it does, indeed!" cried Georgiana Halstead, really distressed; for when Miss Eliza went into a fit of sentiment, it was apt to go through many variations of sighs, smiles, and tears, till it ended in hysterics.

"A chill, Georgiana? What is a single chill, compared to the agonies of memory that haunt this bosom?" cried Miss Eliza, pressing one large and rather bony hand on that portion of her tall person, for which her dress-maker deserved the greatest credit. "Oh! child, if you had but once listened to my history!"

"Couldn't think of it! The first ten words would break my heart into ten thousand splinters. Besides, I never could endure mysteries," cried the young lady, letting down a superb mop of yellow hair, which shimmered like sunbeams over her shoulders, and posing herself before the mirror, as it revealed her lovely person from head to foot.

"My life," moaned aunt Eliza, "has both a mystery and a history, which will be found written on my soul, when this poor body, once so tenderly beloved, is laid in the dust."

"Under the daisies would be prettier, I think," replied Georgiana, braiding her hair with breathless haste, in two gorgeous bands, while Miss Eliza was talking. "A great deal prettier. There, now, tell me if you like this."

The fair girl had woven the heavy braids of hair around her queenly head, forming a coronet of living gold above a forehead white as snow, on which the delicate veins might be traced like blue shadows. "This is the way I intend to wear it, with the garland of pearls in front. Won't it be lovely?"

"No!" said Miss Eliza, shaking her head.

"There was a time——"

"Yes, yes! I understand! The skirt will be white satin, the tunic blue velvet, with a border of ermine so deep."

Miss Eliza came out of her own history long enough to notice that the ermine border would be at least six inches deep; then she retired into herself again, and sighed heavily; and, dropping her head on one hand, fell into a mournful reverie.

"Shall I wear a chain, or a collar of gold?" said Georgiana.

"Yes, it was one chain of flowers," murmured Miss Eliza, exploring her life backward. "Such flowers as only grow on the banks of Eden."

"I am afraid Rowena could have sported nothing but wild flowers—a garland of hawthorn-blossoms, or a bouquet of primroses," said Georgiana, crossing some scarlet ribbons sandal-wise over her ankles, and regarding the effect with great satisfaction.

"Rowena! Rowena! I mentioned no such name. Indeed, I never do mention names," cried Miss Eliza, arousing herself, and sitting upright. "Heaven forbid that I should ever be left to mention names."

The old maid, for such I am pained to say, Miss Eliza Halstead was, arose solemnly, as she said this, and waving her niece off with a sweep of both hands worthy of a wind-mill in full motion, began to pace up and down the room with long and measured steps, that gave a tragic air to the scene.

"How about the pearls?" questioned Georgie, tying the scarlet ribbon in a dainty little bow. "We haven't much time. It is getting dark, now, and one doesn't step out of a Waverly novel, in full rig, without lots of preparation. Mine is the fourth tableau."

"Tableau? Ah, yes! I remember you were going to stand up as——"

"As Rowena, in Ivanhoe."

"Rowena! My dear child, you are not tall enough by five inches, and lack the proper dignity. Mrs. Savage must have done this—"

she always was my enemy from her girlhood; that is—that is, from the first time I dawned upon her life. Let me ask you a question, Georgiana."

"Be quick, then, please; for I want the pearls."

"Was Mrs. Savage aware that I was an inmate of this house when she selected you to represent the most queenly character in Sir Walter Scott's novel? I particularly wish to know."

"I—I should think it very likely," answered Georgiana, driving a laugh from her lips which broke from her eyes in a gush of mischief. "It is now six months since you came here."

"She knew it, and yet invited another. This is life—this is ingratitude! Has she no remembrance of the time when we two— But why should I dwell on that painful epoch of my life? Georgiana, you shall have the pearls. Let me complete this soul's martyrdom. Where is my trunk?"

"In the store-room, I think."

"There again! Relics of the past huddled together in a common store-room—and such relics!"

"Nothing ever was more beautiful!" said the young lady, proceeding with her toilet; "only do bring them along!"

Miss Eliza stalked out of the room with a key grasped in her hands, measuring off her steps like Juno in a fit of heathenish indignation. She returned directly, bearing in her hand a faded red-morocco case, the size of a soup-plate, and considerably battered at the edges. Seating herself in an arm-chair, she opened the case, and began to shake her head lugubriously over the snow-white pearls that gleamed upon her from their neat purple satin. Georgiana looked eagerly over her shoulder.

"Oh, Miss Eliza, I didn't begin to know how beautiful they were; so large, so full of milky light! No wonder you prize them!"

"Alas! it is not their beauty," sighed Miss Eliza. "Here, take them, child; they were intended for a more queenly brow, but I yield to destiny."

Miss Eliza rendered up the case as if it had contained flowers for a coffin, shrouded her features in a corner of the lace anti-macassar which covered the maroon cushions of her easy-chair, and allowed a touching little sob to break from her lips.

"Oh! the associations that are connected with those ornaments!" she moaned.

"Now I will render them doubly dear," laughed the young girl, laying the white spray

on the golden braids of her hair, and moving her head about like a bird pluming itself.

"Destiny! destiny!" murmured aunt Eliza.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" responded Georgiana; and, running into a neighboring dressing-closet, she came forth a lady of the olden times, that might have danced with the lion-hearted Richard.

Aunt Eliza gave one glance at the radiant young creature, rose from her chair, and left the room, wringing her hands like a tragedy queen.

Georgiana took no heed, but framed her pretty image in the glass, where she looked like a picture to which Titian had given the draperies, and Rubens the flesh-tints. As she stood admiring herself, as any pretty woman might, the door opened, and a stately old woman entered, rustling across the floor in a heavy black silk, and with quantities of white tulle softening her face and bosom.

"Oh, Madam Halstead! I am so glad you've come! Tell me if this is not perfect?"

"I never think you otherwise than perfect, child—who could?" replied the sweet, low voice of the old lady. "The very sight of you makes me young again."

"How handsome you must have been," cried Georgiana, throwing one arm around the old lady, and patting the soft cheek, which had a touch of bloom on it, with her dimpled hand. "How handsome you are now!"

The old lady shook her head, and a faint blush stole over her face, and lost itself under the shadows of her silver-white hair.

"Yes, dear, some few who loved me used to think so," said the old lady.

"Here comes Miss Eliza," cried Georgiana, seizing upon a large cloak of black velvet, in which she enveloped her dress, and twisting a fleece-like nubia over her head, cried, "Good-night! Good-night! Just one kiss! Good-night!"

Away the bright young creature went sweeping out of the room, and down the stair-case, like a tropical bird with all its plumage in motion.

"Good-night!" she repeated to Miss Eliza, who loomed upon her from the extremity of the upper hall. "Don't be too late; I'll send the carriage back!"

With a toss of her lofty head, and a wave of her hand, Miss Eliza seemed to sweep the young creature out of her presence; then she entered the room where old Mrs. Halstead was sitting in the easy-chair which her daughter had so lately abandoned, and paused inside the door,

gazing upon that calm face with a look of mournful reproach.

"Thus, ever thus, do I find the place I have left, filled," she said; "but my own mother, this is too much!"

"Is it that you want the seat, Eliza," said the old lady, gently lifting herself from the chair; "take it, I have rested long enough."

"Oh! my beloved parent, that you should make this sacrifice for me!" sighed Miss Eliza, dropping into the chair. "I know that your noble heart would be pained if I did not accept it. I do—I do!"

That fine old lady had lived with her daughter too long for any surprise at this wonderful out-gush of gratitude; she only moved to a couch on the other side of the room, and sat down with a low sigh.

Miss Eliza began to mutter and moan in her chair.

"Are you ill? Is anything the matter?" inquired the old lady.

"Did you see that child go out? Did you comprehend the conspiracy which that wicked woman has organized to keep me out of these tableaux? Did you observe the impertinence of that flippant girl? Oh, mother! these terrible shocks will break your child's heart!"

"Eliza! Eliza! this is all fancy," answered the old lady.

"Fancy! fancy! What is fancy, pray?"

"That you have enemies; that persons wish to annoy you. Why should they?"

Miss Eliza sprang up from her chair and turned upon her mother.

"No enemies! No enemies! What keeps me here, then? Why is that silly child set up in the tableau nature and cultivation intended me to fill? Madam! madam! are you also joining in the conspiracy against me?" Miss Eliza shook her long, white fore-finger almost in the grand old face of her mother, as she spoke. "Is it by your connivance that all gentlemen are excluded from my presence?"

"No one has ever been excluded, Eliza."

"Indeed!"

The word was prolonged into a sneer, which brought a faint color into Mrs. Halstead's face.

"To think," added Miss Eliza, wrathful in the face, "to think of the pin-cushions, pen-wipers, and lamp-mats, to say nothing of wax-dolls and little babies, that I have made and dressed for this very fair—it's enough to break one's heart. Not a stall left for me to attend; every corner in the tableaux filled up with silly, pert creatures that I wouldn't walk over. This is justice—this is patriotism. I might be

direct from Richmond for any attention they give me."

"I am sure, Eliza, the committee were very thankful for your help," said old Mrs. Halstead, soothingly.

"Thankful, indeed! Oh, yes! it is easy enough to simper, and shake hands, and speak of obligations. But why didn't they treat all us young girls alike? Why am I left out of everything?"

Before Mrs. Halstead could answer, a servant entered the room and informed Miss Eliza that the carriage had returned.

"But I will assert my rights," cried the lady, gathering a rose-colored opera-cloak about her, and pluming herself before the mirror. "You can go, Thomas; I will be down in one moment."

A little deficiency of the toilet had struck Miss Eliza; and searching in some pocket hid away in her voluminous skirts, she drew forth a little pasteboard box, turned her back squarely on the old lady, and occupied herself, after a mysterious fashion, for some moments close to the mirror.

"Do not defend these women, mamma," she said, with angry emphasis. "I blush for them."

There certainly did seem to be some truth in this assertion, for Miss Eliza's cheeks had flushed suddenly to a vivid red; but then her forehead and around her mouth had grown white in proportion, showing great intensity of shame.

"Now I am going, mamma; but first give me your blessing." Miss Eliza dropped one knee to her mother's foot-stool, bent her tall form before the grand old lady, and seemed waiting for a solemn benediction; but the sensible old lady put back the mass of false curls that fell swooping over her daughter's waterfall, and fastened them in place with a hair-pin from her own silver-white hair.

"That will do, my dear. I see nothing else out of the way."

Miss Eliza arose with a slight creak of the joints, and a look of mournful reproach.

"Thus it is," she said, "that one's most sensitive feelings are thrown back upon the heart. My own mother refuses me her blessing; but I can define the reason—the hidden, mysterious reason."

This intensified female gathered the opera-cloak around her as if it had been a Roman toga, and sailed out of the room with the sweep of a wind-mill. Mrs. Halstead shook her handsome old head, and sighed faintly when Eliza disappeared.

"Will she never comprehend our position?" she murmured. "Never remember that the bloom of girlhood does not run through mid-age? How good they are to overlook all this."

## CHAPTER IV.

AN old man sat alone in one of those large, old-fashioned houses, which have been almost driven out of existence by the march of commerce into the haunts of fashion. The rooms were broad, deep, and well lighted; for there was plenty of land around the old house, which was half occupied by the remnants of an old-fashioned garden, in which two or three quince trees might be seen from the side windows, covered with plump, orange-tinted fruit in the late autumn, but gnarled and knotted old skeletons, as they appeared to their owner that frosty afternoon.

The room in which this man sat was large, old-fashioned, and gloomy enough. A Brussels carpet, worn in places till the linen foundation broke through the faded pattern, was stretched upon the floor without quite covering it, and a breadth of striped stair-carpeting eked out the deficiency, running along the foot-boards in meager imitation of a cordon.

A ponderous old sideboard of solid mahogany, which contained a multitude of drawers and shelves for everything, stood in a recess by the fire-place. On this were decanters with silver caps; and tiny silver shields hung around their necks, telling what manner of spirits was imprisoned within, bespeaking the old-fashioned hospitality of forty years ago; and over the sideboard hung a picture from some Dutch artist, in which bunches of carrots, heads of cabbages, birds newly shot, and fish ready for the pan, were heaped together in sumptuous profusion. It was a fine appetizing kitchen scene, in which a few marigolds and hollyhocks had been thrown, as tasteful market-men sometimes cast a handful of coarse flowers on a customer's basket. Some mahogany chairs, with well-worn horse-hair seats, stood against the wall; and a stiff, spindle-legged sofa, covered with the same useful material, occupied a recess near the fire-place, like that filled by the sideboard.

This old man, who seemed a part and parcel of the room, sat at a round table, old-fashioned as the sideboard, on which the remnants of his solitary dinner still remained. A decanter, full of some ruby-tinted liquor, stood before him; but the glasses were empty, and not a drop of liquid had as yet stained them. With both

elbows on the table, and both hands bent under his chin, he sat gazing on the Dutch picture; but apparently seeing something far beyond it, which filled his eyes with gloom, and bent his brows with heavy thought. At last he moved heavily in his chair, and pushed the decanter away toward the center of the table.

"Why should I think of him now more than at another time?" he muttered. "The fellow is safe enough, I dare say; very likely isn't in the army at all. Am I a man to grow moody over a dream, or a bit of nightmare? I wouldn't have believed it if any one had told me so; but, spite of myself, I do feel shaky, and tons of lead seem to be holding down my heart. Hark! I heard the patter of feet running swiftly; now a cry. There is news from the army. Tush! what is that to me? I have no one to mourn or hope for again."

The old man started from his chair and went swiftly into the hall, crying out, in a hoarse voice, as he flung the door open,

"Boy, boy! I say—boy, a paper, quick!"

The newsboy broke up a shrill cry and came clamping back, selecting a paper from the bundle under his arm as he moved.

"Great battle, sir; list of killed and wounded a yard long! Ten cents; thank you! Can't stay to give change. Most of our fellers 'ed stick you with a week older, and take the money at that. But I mean ter have yer for a general customer. Hallo! there comes another chap yelling like blazes; bet yer a copper, old boy, that I get round the corner fust."

Away the sharp, young rogue darted down the street, with the clatter of his thick shoes beating the pavement like a pair of flails, and his shrill, young voice cutting the frosty air with a shrill clearness that made the old man on the door-step shiver.

"It is very cold," he said, buttoning his coat over his chest with trembling fingers. "Yet I could see the wind whistling through that little fellows hair, and he did not seem to mind it, or think that his voice is a death-cry to so many. Why did I get this? What do I care who lives or dies?"

The old man went into the house as he spoke, and sat down on the spindle-legged sofa, unfolding his damp paper in the light of a window behind it. It was the first time he had interested himself in the war news enough to purchase an extra. Now his breath came quickly, and his hands shook with something beside cold.

The boy had spoken no more than the truth. Column after column of names filled up the

dead-list; and that was followed by so many names of the wounded and missing, that the most eager affection would tire in searching them. But the eyes of this weary old man seized upon each name, and dropped it with the quickness of lightning. He had so long been accustomed to adding up columns of intricate figures, that names of the dead glided by him like shadows. One column was despatched, and then another.

"What folly," he said, looking up from the paper. "Why should a dream set me to searching here? Ha! Oh! God, help me! It is here!"

The paper dropped from his hold; his head fell forward. Resting an elbow on each knee, he supported that drooping head with two quivering hands. After a time he arose from the sofa, and began to walk slowly up and down the room with his arms behind him, and his fingers interlocked with a grip of iron.

"Her only son—her only hope."

This hard, perhaps we may say, this bad man, had been so shaken by a dream that had seized upon his conscience in the night, that he was almost given up to regrets; for the dream was reality now—that paper had told him so.

"Why should I have bought that?" he said, starting from the paper which rustled against him as he walked. "Just as I was thinking to search him out, too. Oh, me! it is hard—it is hard!"

It is an old man I am writing about—a hard, stern man, self-sufficient, and above such small human weaknesses as grow out of the affections; but his whole nature was broken up for the moment. Some plan of atonement, generosity, or ambition, had been overthrown by the reading of that one name among the killed of a great battle.

These thoughts crowded on the lonely man so closely, that he felt suffocated even in that vast room, and went into the hall, beating his breast for the breath that was stifling him. But even the cold hall seemed without atmosphere. So the old man seized his hat, put on an overcoat that hung on the rack, and went into the street. He had no object, save that of finding air to breathe, and wandered off, walking more briskly than he had done for years, though his cane had been left behind. For more than an hour the old man wandered through the streets, so buried, soul and sense, in the past, that he scarcely knew whether it was night or day. At last he came opposite the great fair. Around the entrance a crowd was gathered, and people were passing through in groups, as if some especial attraction carried them there.

The old man remembered at once that he had been applied to for contributions to this fair, and, being in a crusty mood, had refused to contribute a cent. Now, when the effect of that name in the death-list was upon him, he groaned at the remembrance of his rudeness; and forcing his way with the crowd, purchased a ticket, and went in.

This old man was not much given to amusing himself; and the beautiful scene before him had more than the charm of novelty. The flags, wreathed among flowers and heavy evergreen garlands, made the enclosure one vast bower, haunted with lovely women, ardent, generous, and radiant with winning smiles. The lights, twinkling through gorgeous draperies and feathery fine boughs, almost blinded him as he came in from the dark street. The life, the hum of conversation, the laughter that now and then rang up from some stall, or group, fell upon him strangely; these people seemed mocking the heavy, dead weight of sorrow that lay upon his soul. At another time he would have gone away in disgust, muttering some sarcasm, and escaping out of the brightness with a sneer. But he was just then too wretched.

He had refused money when it was asked of him; but now—now, when conscience was crowning his soul with thorns, he would be liberal. Fortunately, there was plenty of money in the breast-pocket which almost covered his heart—that should redeem him from his own reproaches. He would buy any amount of pretty nothings, and, for once, fling away his money like dirt—why not? It was his own, and no one in this world had a right to question him.

With these new thoughts in his mind, the old man paused before one of those fairy-like enclosures, which, in such places, seem to have drifted out of Paradise. It was one mass of evergreens, living ivy, and creeping plants, rich with blossoms; back of the little bower this wealth of foliage was drawn back like the drapery of a window, and through its rich green came the gorgeous warmth of hot-house plants in full flower. Fuchsias, with a royal glow of purple at heart, and rich crimson folding it in, drooping over a Hebe vase of pure white alabaster, whose pedestal was planted among azalias white as clustering snow, pink as a summer-cloud, or blood-red, in great blossoming clusters, that fairly set the atmosphere ablaze with their gorgeousness. Behind all this was some tropical tree of the acacia species, drooping like a willow over the whole, and laden with raciness of delicate golden blossoms. Around the pedestal of the vase was a wreath of fire,

composed of tiny jets of gas, trembling up and down like jewels half transmuted into the atmosphere, which shed a tremulous brilliancy into the cups of the flowers, and over the greenness of the leaves.

In the midst of this lovely spot stood a young girl, with a fleecy white nubia twisted around her head, and a heavy velvet sacque shrouding her under-dress from head to foot—or, rather, so far as her person was visible. She had evidently only stepped into the stall to supply the place of its usual occupant, and looked a little bewildered when the old man came up and inquired the price of a wax-doll.

"This," said Georgiana Halstead, seizing the doll, which gave out a little, indeed sullen shriek, as her hand pressed its bosom, "this lovely little lady in full ball costume, with a founce of real lace, and this heavenly sash. Well, really, sir, I should think—let me see," here Georgiana cast a side glance at her customer—"I should think twenty, or—yes, twenty-five dollars—thirty, say—"

The nature of the man arose above his sorrow. He cast a withering glance at the fair young face turned upon him, and withdrew his hand from under his vest, where he had half thrust it in search of his pocket-book.

"Thirty dollars for that thing?" he growled.

"For this thing! this loveliest of lovely little ladies! Why, one blink of her eyes is worth the money. Just see her fall asleep," cried Georgiana; and with a magic twist of her finger the doll closed its blue eyes in serene slumber. "Thirty dollars—I am astonished at myself for asking so little."

A grim smile stole over those thin lips, and the old man's eyes sparkled through their gloom, as he looked on that cheerful face dimpling with mischief, turned now upon him, now upon the doll. The scarlet ball-dress, in which the mimic fashionable was arrayed, sent a flush down the white arm that held it up for admiration, and from which the velvet sleeve had fallen loosely back, revealing a bracelet of pure gold, formed of two serpents twined together and biting each other. The old man's face became suddenly of a grayish white as he saw the ornament.

"Where—where did you get that?" he questioned, in a low, hoarse voice, touching the bracelet with his finger.

"That, sir," cried Georgiana, lowering the doll till her sleeve fell to its place again, and speaking with sudden dignity, "why should you ask?"

"Because I have seen one like it before, and only one. Do not be angry, young lady. I have

no wish to be rude; but tell me where you got those twisted snakes?"

"They belong to Mrs. Halstead, my father's step-mother," answered Georgiana, impressed by the intense earnestness of the man.

"Mrs. Halstead! I do not know the name; but I should like those serpents. If this Mrs. Halstead is one of your benevolent women, who are willing to fling their ornaments into the national fund, I will pay her handsomely for them—very handsomely."

"Of course, grandmama is charitable as the day is long, and would give almost anything to help those who suffer for our country; but I don't know about these pretty reptiles. She may have a fondness for them—some association, as Miss Eliza says."

"No, no, that cannot be! they have no connection with her. She must have bought them at some pawnbroker's sale. They can have no value to her, except as a curiosity. Ask her if she will sell them for ten times their weight in gold!"

"I—I will ask her, if you wish it so much; but she will think it strange."

"No matter—ask her. And now, to show you that I am in earnest, here is thirty dollars for that bit of satire on womankind, which you may hand over to the first little girl that comes along. Ah! here is one now, looking meek and frightened. Little woman, would you like a doll?"

The little girl thus addressed turned her great, brown eyes from the old man to the doll, shrinking back, and yet full of eager desire.

"Is it for me?—for me?" she said at last, as the glorious creature was pressed upon her. "Please, don't make fun of me!"

"He isn't making fun, indeed he isn't, my little lady," cried Georgiana, delighted with the whole proceeding. "I dare say he hasn't any little girl of his own, and wants to do something nice by the little girl of somebody else. Take it in yours arms, dear, and don't forget the good gentleman when you say your prayers."

"I won't, indeed, sir. I'll put you into the long prayer, and the short one, too, special," cried the little creature, dimpling brightly under her happiness, and huddling the great doll up in her arms as if she had been its mother. "Aunt, aunt, see here!" Away the little creature darted toward some woman, who was so mingled up with the crowd that her bonnet only could be distinguished.

"There is one person made happy by your thirty dollars, sir," said Georgiana, brightly; "to say nothing of those who will receive your

money. Anything more that I can show you? Here comes a couple of little boys barefooted, and looking so poor."

The old man turned toward the two boys who had wandered away from some inner room, and were gazing around them with eager curiosity. Something in their faces seemed to strike him, for his countenance changed instantly, and he took a step forward to meet the children, who paused before the stall where Georgiana presided, lost in admiration.

"What would you buy here, if you had plenty of money?" asked the old man, laying one hand on the elder lad's shoulder.

"If I had plenty of money?" repeated the boy, staring into the dark face bending over him. "I—I don't know. I never had plenty of money."

"But you would like to buy some of these nice things?"

"Oh, yes! I would."

"Well, what is there here that you like?"

The lad took a swift survey of the brilliant articles arranged in Miss Halstead's stall.

"I'd buy one of them caps for grandma," he said; "and that shawl, with the red-and-white border, for sister Anna."

"No, no! buy 'em a whole heap of candy, and cakes, and oranges, and pea-nuts," cried the younger child, pulling at his brother's coat.

"Come here," said the old man, in a tone of compassion, "let me look in your face."

The elder lad turned frankly and lifted his eyes to those of the old man. That was a frank, honest young face, full of life and purpose, notwithstanding the pallor which spoke of close rooms and insufficient food.

"These are thin clothes for winter," said the old man, grasping Robert's shoulder almost roughly. "What is your father doing that you have nothing better than these things?"

"My father went to fight for his country," answered the lad, bravely. "It isn't his fault."

"It isn't his fault," repeated the younger boy, creeping behind his brother as he spoke, dismayed by his own voice.

"No shoes!" muttered the old man.

"A soldier's boys know how to go barefooted," said Robert. "It don't hurt us—much."

"Come with me! Come with me! I saw some things round here that may be worth something!"

The old man strode away as he spoke, followed by the two boys, who ran to keep up with him. He stopped at a less showy stall than that he had left, and spoke to the rather grave female who presided there.

"Take a good look at these children, and fit them out with warm, decent clothing. You can supply something fanciful in the way of a hat or cap for the little fellow with the curls. Let the boots be thick and strong. Leave nothing out that will make them comfortable for the winter. Make them up in two bundles: they'll find strength to carry them, I dare say."

"Oh, yes, yes!" almost shouted the boys in unison.

"We know how to carry carpet-bags and bundles, don't we?" continued Robert, addressing Joseph, who was shrinking away from the sound of his own voice.

"You do," whispered the little fellow, "you do."

"Come along with me," said the old man, who had cast off half the weight of his sorrow since these children had approached him. "There is something to eat around here?"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Joseph, with a sigh of infinite delight; "oranges, maybe, or pea-nuts."

"Sir," said Robert, lifting his clear eyes, bright with thankfulness, to the old man's face, that was so intently regarding him, "would you just as leave let me stay behind, and take grandmother and sister Anna? They'd like it so much."

"No, no! come along! I'll give you something for them. We can't have women about us."

He spoke peremptorily, and the children obeyed him, almost afraid.

All sorts of delicious things broke upon the lads when they entered that portion of the fair which was used as a restaurant: and these half-famished young creatures grew wild with animal delight when cakes, pies, and oranges were placed in their hands.

The old man sat down, and, leaning his elbows on a table, watched these happy children as they eat the food he had given them. In years and years he had not tasted pure joy like that. Any one, to have watched him then, would never have believed him the hard old fellow that he was. His eyes sparkled, and he chuckled softly when little Joseph hid away an orange in his pocket, thinking how nice it would be for grandma; and, after a little, he fell to himself, and began to eat with relish. The very sight of those children enjoying themselves so much had given him an appetite.

The bundles were all ready when this strange group returned for them.

"Now for the red-and-white shawl, and that cap," said the old man. "Here are lots of candies, and the other things in this paper, which we will roll up in them."

"Will you, though?" said Robert, taking a bundle under each arm. "I say, sir, won't you let me hold your horse and run errands for all this? I'll do it first-rate."

The old man looked down kindly upon him.

"Perhaps, who knows," he said, answering some idea in his own mind rather than what the lad was saying. "Here is the stall, but the lady is gone."

True enough; another person had taken the place of Georgiana Halstead, of whom the shawl and cap were bought.

The old man was keenly disappointed, for he had intended to learn something more about the serpent-bracelet. But the young lady in charge had no knowledge of the lady who had preceded her temporarily.

While the old man was questioning this lady, a young girl came hurrying through the crowd, eagerly looking for some one in eager haste. She saw the boys, and came breathlessly up.

"Oh! I am so glad to have found you, boys!" she cried, addressing them in haste. "The ladies are waiting for you!"

"Oh, Anna! he has been so kind! You wouldn't believe it!" cried Robert, looking down at his bundles. "Such clothes!"

"Such cake and candies," chimed in Joseph. "And something for you. Such a shawl—there it lies; and a cap for grandma!" said Robert. "Thank him, Anna; I cannot do it half!"

"I don't understand—I am in such haste. The time is up, sir; but I think you have done something very generous, that my brothers want me to thank you for. I do it with all my heart. But we must go."

"Not till you have taken these," said the old man, hastily rolling up the paper of bon-bons in the shawl, which he had just paid for. "It is a present from this fine lad; wear it for his sake."

"I'll carry it for her, and the cap, too," cried Joseph, seizing on the carelessly-rolled bundle.

"Good-night, sir!" I wish I had time to thank you," said Anna, earnestly. "Good-night!"

"Good-by, sir!" said Robert, with a faltering voice; for he was near shedding tears of gratitude.

"Good-by! I wish I could do something for you."

Away the three went, after uttering their adieus, passing swiftly through the crowd.

The old man followed them at a distance till they led him into that portion of the building devoted that evening to tableaux, when they disappeared through a side-door.

"A dollar extra, here!" said a man stationed near the door. "The seats are almost filled!"

The old man took some money from his pocket, and went in, feeling interested in the persons he had befriended, and resolved to find them again if possible. He sat down on a bench near the door, and waited. The room was full, the light dim, and a faint hum of whispering voices filled the room.

At last a bell rang. Some dark drapery, directly before him, was drawn back, and then appeared before him those boys huddled together near an old lady, in poverty-stricken garments, with a yawning fire-place in the back-ground, and a young girl brightening the tableau with her beauty.

There was breathless stillness in the room—for the picture was one to touch the heart and fire and refine the imagination. No one stirred; and every eye was bent on that living picture of misery. But, all at once, some confusion arose near the door; an old man was pressing his way out so eagerly that he pushed the door-keeper, who was leaning forward to see the picture, so rudely aside, that he almost fell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

FATHER! I would be guided by Thy hand.

Lead me, oh, lead me! through this "vale of tears!"  
Until I reach that bright and Heavenly land,  
Beyond the confines of these rolling years.

Lead me from sin, and from temptation far;  
Nor let me wander from the narrow way  
That leads to climes where saints and angels are—  
Where life flows on through realms of endless day.

Oh! guide me safe o'er all life's stormy tide;  
Be Thou beside me when the tempest roars;

Smooth the rough billows as I onward glide,  
And bring me safely to the farther shore!

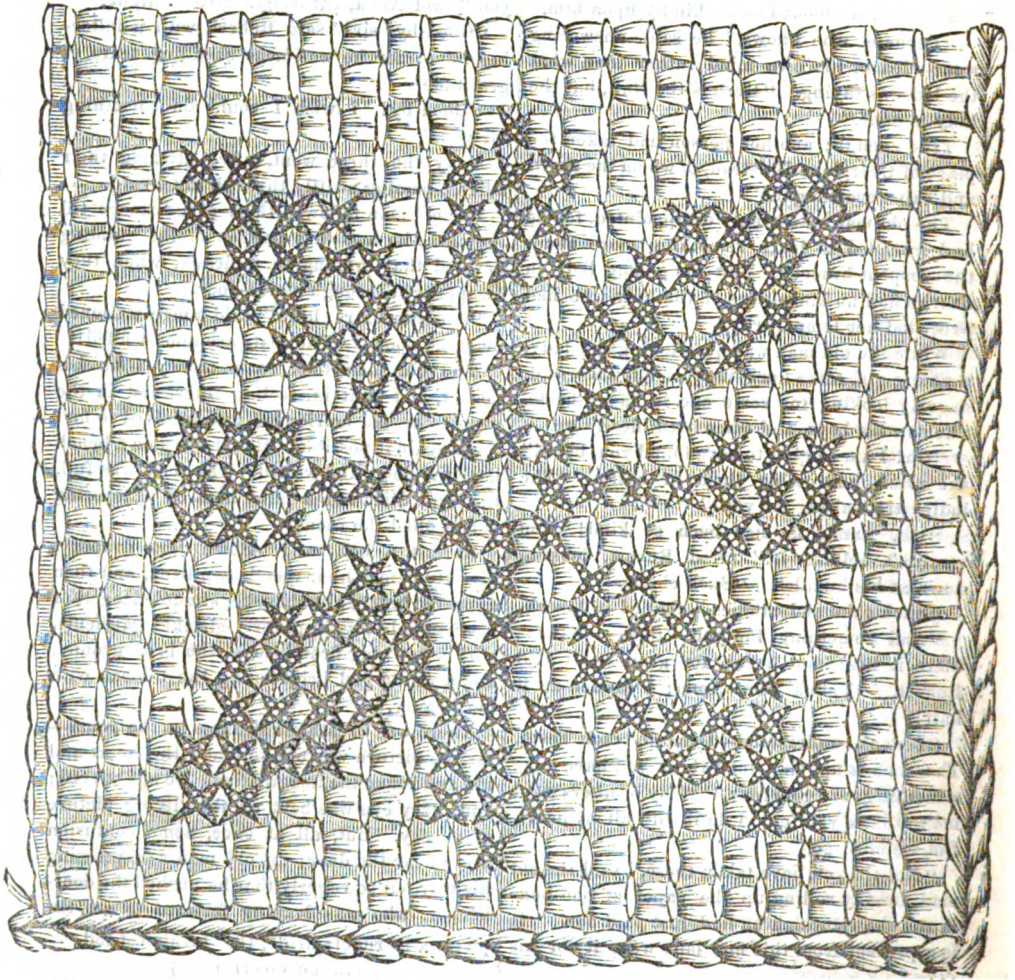
The paths of sin lie thick on every hand;  
Guide me, and keep me safe where e'er I go;  
And grant that in Thy strength I may withstand  
The fierce assault of every secret foe.

Oh! keep me, Lord! nor let a single sin,  
Blight all my hopes, and wither all my joy;  
But may my heart, all purified within,  
Be filled with love and peace without alloy.



# SQUARE OF EMBROIDERED CROCHET TUNISIEN

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE a chain of twenty-two stitches, and } an alternate square of scarlet and dark-blue,  
work a square, which should afterward be em- } embroidered with gold, has a very good effect.  
broidered with gold cord, or spangled wool. } Coudre-pieds, anti-macassars, cushions, etc., all  
The squares may be joined to form stripes— } look well in this stitch.

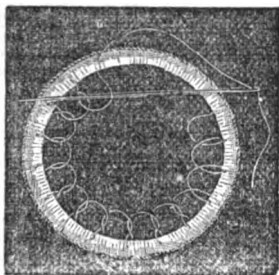
NAME FOR MARKING.

*Julie.*

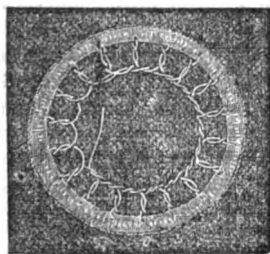
## LACE STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

ELEGANT articles of lingerie—such as collars, cuffs, pocket-handkerchiefs, etc.—are almost always composed of fine embroidery, mixed with lace stitches, which give the work a beautiful and delicate appearance, and render them very expensive. We think we shall be rendering a real service to our readers by giving them illustrations of some of the most usual lace stitches, with instructions which will enable them, with a little perseverance, to work them themselves.

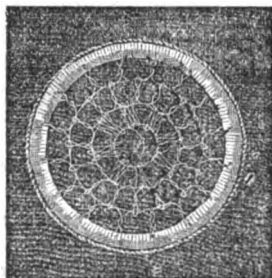


Lace stitches are worked in the center of a leaf, flower, star, or other pattern; the material is cut away underneath. Fine Mecklenburg thread, No. 100, or 120, is the best for working these stitches. They are mostly formed of loops and button-hole stitches, of which Nos. 1 and 2 are illustrations. When you have fast-



ened the thread to the embroidery, round the space you intend to fill up with a stitch, insert the needle a little further, leaving a small loop of thread, into which pass the needle as seen in No. 1, which shows a number of loops already completed, while those marked by a white dot are merely *button-hole stitches*. If you wish to fill up a space with Brussels net stitch, you begin a second row as soon as you have completed the first, by forming a fresh loop in each of those of the preceding row. If, on the contrary, you wish to continue in a sort of guipure stitch, you pass the thread in each loop after the row is completed, always inserting the needle downward in the loop, and at the end of the row you fasten the thread with which you have been working, and which must be kept rather tightly stretched. (See No. 2.)

No. 3 is composed first of two rounds of Brus-



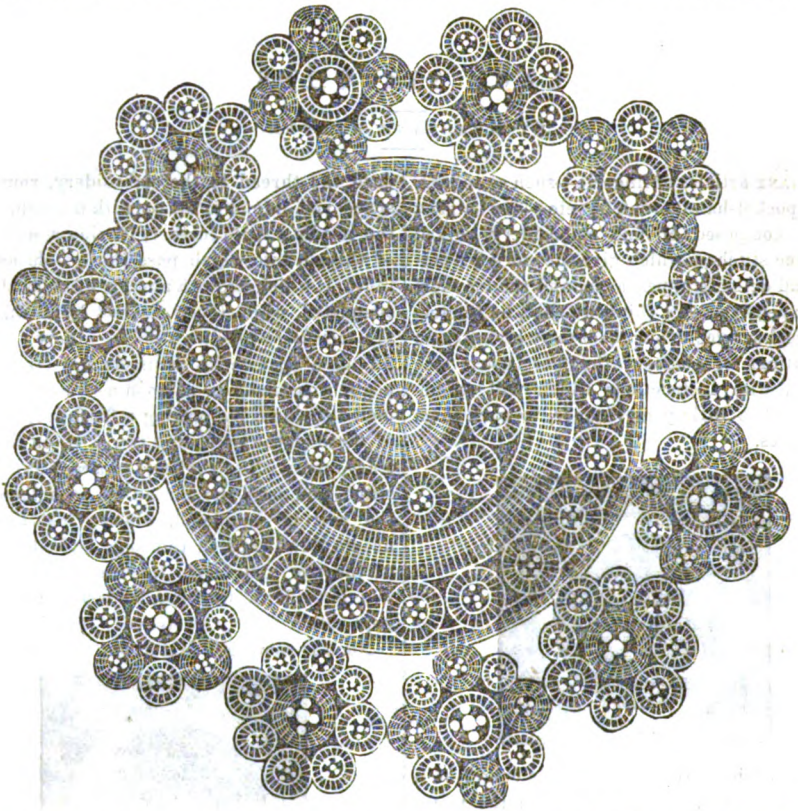
sels net-stitch, then of one round, in which four twisted loops are formed in one loop of preceding round, eight times, at regular distances; a thread is then passed through the lower part of all the loops, so as to unite them and tighten the circle. No. 3 shows the work just after the thread has been passed through the loops; one more round is worked by passing the thread only through the spaces between the group of four loops; it is then fastened and cut off.

## RING MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

To be worked in purse-silk of two shades or colors over rings of seven sizes. A dozen rings of the largest size, seven dozen second size, and four dozen smallest size; a steel crochet hook; beads of two sizes.

Begin by working over one of the largest



rings in single crochet with the lightest shade of silk.

2nd row: Work with the same shade a row of double into each stitch.

3rd row: With the darkest shade a row of double into each stitch of the last double, increasing sufficiently to keep it flat.

4th row: Double into each stitch with the lightest shade.

Cover with single crochet with the lightest shade of silk ten of the largest rings, and fasten to the previous row; work a row of chain, attaching it to the rings at equal distances; into this chain a row of double of the lightest shade;

next a row of double of the darkest shade; then another row of the lightest shade.

Cover twenty rings with the lightest shade of silk. Attach them as before, and work a chain with an equal number of stitches between each ring. Now a row of double into each stitch of the chain.

Next cover rings of two sizes with two shades of silk; arrange them in stars according to the engraving; put in the beads, and the mat is complete.

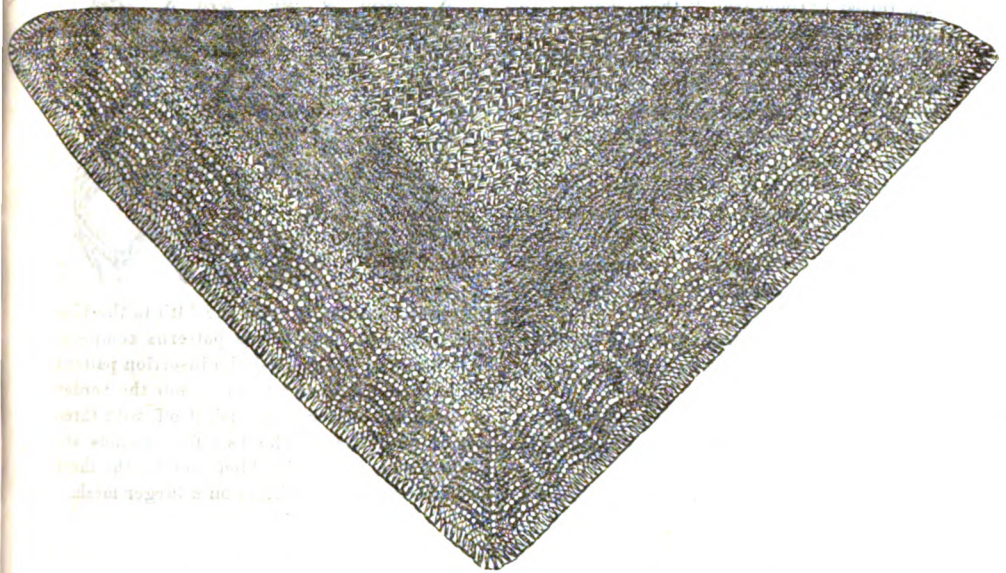
Two shades of scarlet silk, with steel beads, or two shades of green silk, with gold beads, make a charming mat.

NAME FOR MARKING.

 Constance

# A KNITTED CARRIAGE-SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—2 oz. of 4-thread fleecy. This shawl is both light and warm to wear, and may also be used as a hood if one of the points is turned up over the head to preserve it from the cool breezes of the evening in the garden.

Our pattern is worked in scarlet wool; it may also be made of two colors, or white, with a black border.

Besides the illustration of the shawl or fichu, when completed, we give a full-sized engraving of part of the knitting for the center in full size. The size of the wool and needles may be judged of by this engraving. The border is composed of four strips, knitted separately, made to slant into a point on each side, and afterward sewn together.

For each of these strips cast on 192 stitches very loosely.

1st row: Knit 1, \* make 1, knit 2 together 4 times, make 6, knitting 1 plain between each, knit 2 together 3 times, repeat 9 times from \*, knit 1 at the end.

2nd row: Plain knitting.

3rd row: Knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together 3 times, knit 15, \* make 1, knit 2 together, knit 17, repeat from \*. At the end of the row decrease as on the other side to form the point.

4th row: Plain knitting.

Repeat these four rows five times more. De-

crease at the end of each row, so as to have taken up all but one or two of the stitches of the first and last scallop. Now work the inscription pattern which comes between the center and the border. The decreasings are made by knitting or purling two stitches together as one.

1st row: Knit 3, and then, alternately, make 1 and knit 2 together, knit the three last stitches of the row.

2nd row: Purl 2, \* purl 2 together, make 1, and repeat from \*. The three last stitches purled.

3rd row: Like the first. In the decreasing you must knit the stitches that have been made in preceding row. After the last decreasing knit 2.

4th row: Like the second.

5th row: Knit 2, \* knit 2 together, make 1, and repeat from \*. Knit the three last stitches.

6th row: 3 purl, \* make 1, knit 2 together, and repeat from \*; at the end purl 2.

7th row: Like the fifth.

8th row: Like the sixth.

9th row: This commences the center, but you must continue the border upon 11 stitches on each side. On these 11 stitches repeat always from the 1st to the 8th rows. Knit 3, \* make 1, knit 2 together, repeat 3 times from \*. Now knit 115 stitches plain, and you must have 11

more stitches, on which work thus: make 1, knit 2 together, repeat 3 times from \*, knit 2. We shall no longer mention the 11 stitches on each side.

10th row: Knit plain 118 stitches.

11th row: Knit 4, \* make 1, knit 2 together, knit 6, repeat 12 times from \*, then make 1, knit 2 together, and knit 3.

12th row: (Left side.) Purl 2, knit 2 together, \* make 1, purl 1, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 3, knit 2 together, repeat 12 times from \*, then make 1, purl 1, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 2.

13th row: Knit 1, knit 2 together, \* make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from \*. The end of the rows is like the beginning.

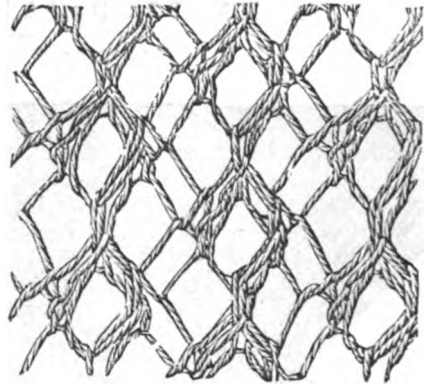
14th row: Knit 2 together, \* make 1, purl 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, make 1, purl 3 together, repeat from \*.

15th row: Knit 2, \* make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, repeat from \*.

16th row: Purl 3, \* make 1, purl 3 together, make 1, purl 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, repeat from \*.

17th row: Knit 1, knit 2 together, \* make 1,

knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, repeat from \*.



Repeat continually from the 14th to the 17th row, until you have thirty patterns complete. Knit 3 rows plain, repeat the insertion pattern again, then 8 more plain rows, sew the border on round the center and finish it off with three rounds of netting. The two first rounds are worked with the wool folded double, the third with the wool folded thrice on a larger mesh.

## TRAVELING PALETOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, this month, a pattern for a new style traveling Paletot, which is easily made, with the assistance of the diagram on the next page.

This traveling Paletot is of cloth, trimmed with two rows of black velvet laid on flat. The garment closes straight in front, and it is open at the side. Under the opening is placed a gore of cloth, trimmed with three narrow velvets, which begins under the arm and widens as it descends to the bottom of the garment.

The sleeve has an elbow; it is long and half-tight at bottom. A cuff is simulated by three narrow velvets.

On the next page we give the diagram, by which the Paletot may be cut out.

No. 1. FRONT.

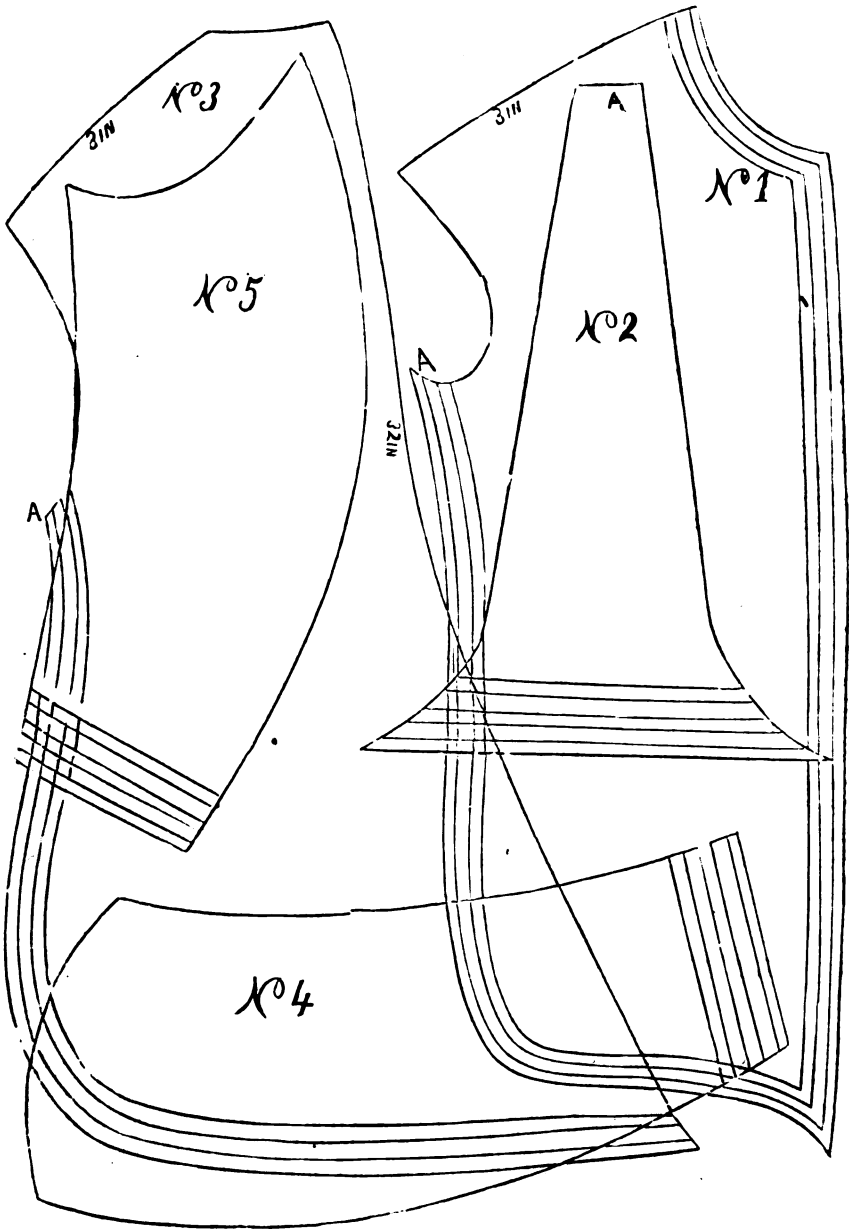
No. 2. THE GORE.

No. 3. BACK.

No. 4. FRONT OF SLEEVE.

No. 5. BACK OF SLEEVE.

To enlarge the diagram, measure the angles, and then make the sides as long as they are marked. Thus the back, in this diagram, is thirty-eight inches.



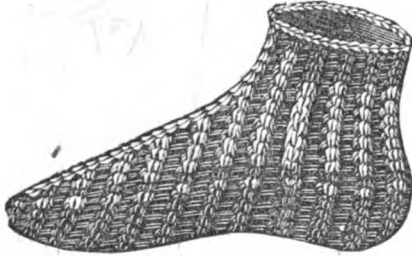
WINTER BOOT, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—8 skeins of colored and 2 of white double Berlin wool, or 4-ply fleecy; a pair of knitting-pins, No. 12 Bell gauge; and a pair of cork soles. These materials will make a pair of lady's boots suitable for wearing over a thin shoe, or they may be used for sleeping socks, omitting the cork sole.

Commence with the colored wool, and cast on 98 stitches.

1st row.—Bring the wool in front of the pin, slip the first stitch, and knit the next plain; then bring the wool forward, slip 1, knit 1; continue the same to the end of the row.



2nd row.—Bring the wool forward, slip 1, and knit the two loops which cross together; repeat to the end. In slipping the stitch, the needle should be passed down it as in purling, taking the stitch off without knitting it.

Knit 34 rows more, the same as the last, reckoning each row from one end of the pin to the other; it will now be 18 links, or double rows, in depth.

Join on the white wool, and knit two rows more as the 2nd row.

Then with the colored wool knit 4 rows. The part already worked is to form the sole and side of the boot, and it must now be decreased at the end of the rows for the instep.

Join on the white, and work a row the same as the second row until within three stitches of the end, and leaving them unworked, turn back

and knit on the stitches of the last row as before, working to within three stitches of the end; there will now be three stitches left at each end of the pin; turn back and work as before on the stitches of the last row until within another three stitches of the end; continue the same, leaving three stitches more at each end of the pin every time until 20 white rows are worked; the last row will be only 87 stitches, or 29 ribs.

For the ankle, join on the colored wool, still keeping the 10 ribs left at each end on the pin; work on the last white row thus:

1st row.—Knit 1, then knit the 2 stitches which cross together; repeat to the end.

2nd row.—Slip the first stitch, then knit 1, bring the wool in front, pearl 1, pass the wool back; repeat, alternately knitting and purling a stitch to the end; knit the last stitch plain.

Work 8 rows more the same as the last.

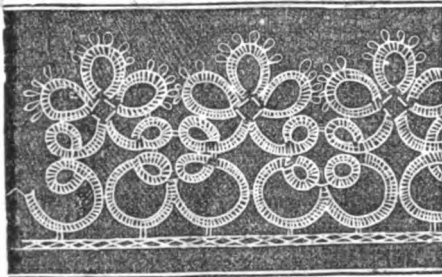
Then knit 1 row the same with the white wool. Cast off these stitches.

To JOIN THE BOOT.—With the second pin take off the 10 ribs left at one side, place these two slanting sides together, and cast them off thus:

With the white wool knit a stitch off each pin together, then knit the 2 next stitches together off each pin, turn the first stitch over the second as usual; continue the same until all the white loops are joined. Then with the colored wool sew the two selvages of the first part of the boot together. To form the sole, double the foundation-row, and sew the two sides together. The band at the ankle must also be joined.

## EDGING IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 16.

Two threads are required for the tatting part of this edging.

Fill the shuttle, and join the end of the cotton to that on the reel; then, holding the bobbin-

thread round the fingers, work on it with the shuttle 6 stitches, a loop, 6 stitches, a loop, 6 stitches; draw the cotton rather tight, and work 2 small circles with the shuttle-thread, thus: 5 stitches, unite with the joining of the two threads, 5 stitches more; draw up.

2nd small circle: 5 stitches, a loop, 1 stitch, a loop, 4 stitches; draw up. With the bobbin-thread now work six stitches\*.

For the trefoil, at the upper edge, the shuttle-thread is used.

1st circle: 5 stitches, join to last loop on the 2nd small circle, 2 stitches, a loop, 1 stitch and a loop 4 times, 2 stitches, a loop, 5 stitches; draw up.

2nd circle: 5 stitches, join to last loop of 1st

circle, 2 stitches, a loop, 1 stitch, and a loop 5 times, 2 stitches, a loop, 5 stitches; draw up.

3rd circle: 5 stitches, join to last loop of 2nd circle, 2 stitches, a loop, 1 stitch, and a loop 4 times, 2 stitches, a loop, 5 stitches; draw up. With the bobbin-thread work 6 stitches. With the shuttle-thread now work 2 small circles.

1st small circle: 4 stitches, join to last loop of 3rd circle of the trefoil 1 stitch, a loop, 5 stitches; draw up.

2nd small circle: 5 stitches, a loop, 5 stitches; draw up. Work 6 stitches with the bobbin-thread, join to last loop of the 1st row of bobbin-thread, 6 stitches, a loop, 6 stitches, join to the loop in 2nd small circle of shuttle-thread,

6 stitches, a loop, 6 stitches, a loop, 6 stitches. Work 3rd and 4th small circles with the shuttle-thread.

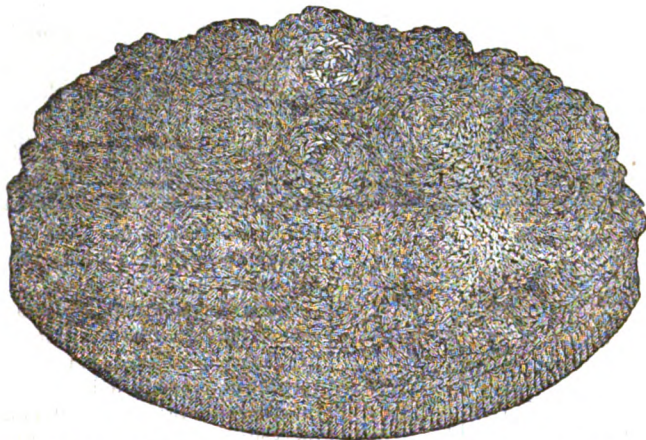
3rd small circle: 5 stitches, join to loop in 2nd small circle, 5 stitches; draw up.

4th small circle: 5 stitches, join to last loop in 1st small circle, 1 stitch, a loop, 4 stitches; draw up. Work 6 stitches with the bobbin-thread, and continue from \*.

When a sufficient length of tatting has been worked, take crochet cotton, a little finer than that used for the tatting, and into the first loop on the lower part of the edging crochet one double crochet stitch, 5 chain, 1 double crochet into next loop; repeat.

## A ROUND FOOT-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—5 shades of crimson and 2 of green 5-thread Berlin wool.

This very pretty cushion is covered with roses worked in crochet. Each rose is made separately; nineteen are required.

For the center rose, take the darkest green wool and make a circle of 7 chain, work a second circle of 5 chain, with black wool now \* work a circle of 7 chain, 1 chain, 1 double in the nearest stitch of first circle; repeat from \* 4 times more.

1st round: Lightest red. Over each loop or circle work 5 treble, 1 double in the nearest double. Work 4 petals in this manner.

2nd round: Work 4 loops of 3 chain at the back of the petals of preceding round.

3rd round: In each loop work 3 double, and 1 double over each double of last row.

4th round: Take the middle shade of red. Over each petal work 1 double, 2 treble, 3 long treble, 2 treble, 1 double, and one slip stitch between each petal.

5th round: Work 7 loops of 3 chain at the back of petals of last round.

6th round: 3 double within each loop, one double between each.

7th round: Work over each petal in the same way as in the 4th round.

In the 8th round work 9 loops of 3 chain; the 9th and 10th are worked in the same way as the 5th and 6th with darker wool.

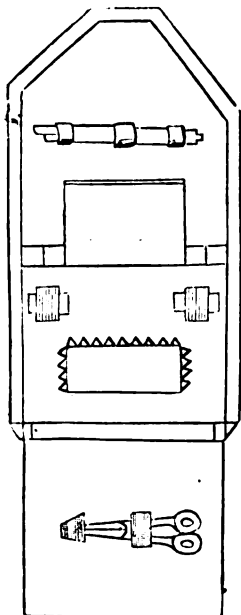
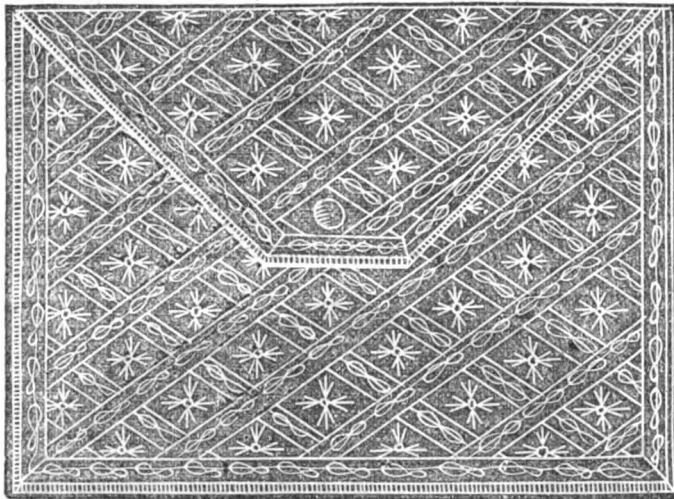
Now work two more circles of petals, increasing in the same proportions. This is the center rose; the eighteen others are completed with the 7th round; they are grouped round the center rose, and all firmly fixed on to the



cushion. Two circles of scallops of treble plain crochet, also in green wool, is placed stitches, in two shades of green wool, are added round the sides, of the cushion, which should be as an edging round the roses. A border of well stuffed and lined with green glazed calico.

## THREAD AND NEEDLE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



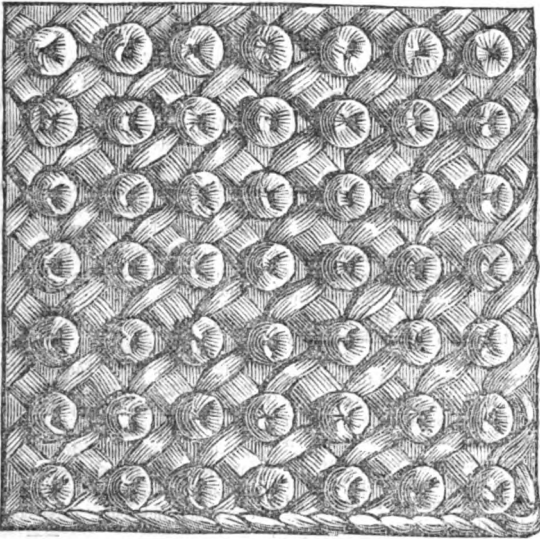
**MATERIALS.**—Some drab cloth, or leather; narrow black velvet-ribbon; black embroidery

silk; one spool of fine gold thread; and two strings of small gold beads; white or colored silk for lining.

Out of the drab cloth, or leather, cut the outside of the case, fourteen inches in length, and five inches in width. On it lay the narrow velvet-ribbon, crossing it in diamonds, as seen in the design for the outside. With the gold thread (or yellow sewing-silk looks very well) fasten down the velvet with a little simple pattern; or, what is better, with a "Point Russe Stitch," which is nothing more than the old-fashioned cat-stitch. This stitch will make a very pretty design, as well as keep the velvet securely fixed in its place. The pattern, in the center of the diamonds, is done with the black embroidery silk, three stitches in each leaf of the flower, and one gold bead for the center. One row of velvet all round, fastened down in the same way. Line the inside with the white silk, placing the needle-patch, scissors, papers of needles, and case for bodkin, tapestry-needles, in the places assigned them, which may readily be seen by the diagram of the inside, which accompanies the outside design. Lay the inside within the outside, and bind the whole together with black galloon. A button and loop completes the case.

# KNOT-STITCH KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cast on any uneven number of stitches. First Row: Put the wool twice round the pin, and knit a stitch. Continue to the end of the row. Second Row: Knit the first stitch, purl the second, knit the third, pull the second stitch over the third; and the first over the second. Continue to the end of the row. These two rows form the pattern. Large wool-pins, and ten or twelve-thread fleecy, are necessary to make the stitch effective.

## VARIETIES IN FASHION.



EMPIRE BONNET.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**WOMEN AS GOVERNMENT CLERKS.**—It is said that several of the women-clerks in the various departments in Washington are to be, or have been, discharged. It cannot be for incompetency, for women can copy documents with as much facility as men; and are equally at home with accounts when they have been well educated. That they are at their work as early and as late is supposable, and as seldom asking excuse for absence.

Where must we look, then, for the reasons for this cutting off? Mrs. Swisshelm, the pioneer on the question of Woman's Rights, so called, has given her ideas on the subject, in a long and well written article in one of the Washington papers, and we think she is peculiarly happy in her arguments.

Men, she says, do not carry the graces and the dress of the parlor or the ball-room into the counting-room, or office. Women, she is sorry to say, too often do. We can testify to the truth of the assertion—having seen women elaborately crinolined and water-falled, if we may use the expression, mounting the Treasury-steps, displaying their richest dresses, and their most fascinating smiles to all within the circle of their attractions.

It might not answer to dilate upon the consequences of these things. Possibly some weak-headed clerks are rendered dilatory in their business; perhaps there are silly flirtations going on now and then. The ladies may expect to be waited upon; and the gentlemen, accustomed as all American men are to show deference to the other sex, (all honor to them for it,) are drawn from their duties to escort them, perhaps to hold the umbrella in a rain-storm, and in numberless ways to treat them, not as fellow-clerks, but as parlor ladies.

Mrs. Swisshelm is right. Women should go to their daily duties with no thought but how best to perform them. Elaborate toilets are out of place in government offices, or in the store; and, to our mind, a dress got up solely with regard to the display it makes, and the sensation it creates, only shows that its wearer is weak-headed, if not wrong-hearted.

Another trial is, that many have to suffer for the few in such cases. One flirt, one giggler, one dashing be-curled and berouged woman, may do enough mischief to spoil the prosperity of a dozen of the sisterhood. We think our women, in the main, have right notions of propriety—of the fitness of things. Some of the women-clerks in Washington are the widows and daughters of soldiers, who have laid down their lives for their country—women who have neither the heart nor the means to make show-figures of themselves; and we trust that a true discrimination will be made, and those who know and respect all the needs of their position, will still retain the offices that Government has allotted to them. There should be, and we trust there are, no mean jealousies on the part of men better fitted to pursue more laborious occupations. Those handsome, warm, and attractive offices, as many of them are, should be equally open to the women of our land, who are fully competent to perform the required duties. It should be one of the duties of Government to provide for and foster those who cannot so easily care for themselves. All honor to the country that guards equally, from the miseries of poverty, her sons and her daughters.

**ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.**—Additions may be made to clubs for "Peterson" at the price paid by the rest of the club.

**LADY'S NIGHT-DRESS WITH REVERS.**—Among the wood-engravings, in the front of this number, is a pattern for a lady's night-dress with revers. To make this garment, take four and a half yards of long-cloth; two and three-quarters yards of insertion; and three yards of scalloped embroidery. The front is pleated on each side upon the shoulders, and ornamented with revers of the same material, stitched all round and trimmed with insertion and embroidery. The narrow collar and cuffs are trimmed to match. There are two and one-third widths of long-cloth, which, after being joined, should be sloped from the bottom to the top.

**BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**—Lee & Shepard, Boston, have lately published several excellent books for the young; among them, "The Yankee Middy," by Oliver Optic; "Fairy Book," by Sophie May; and "Dotty Dimple," by the same author. Both of these latter belong to the "Little Purdy Series." A. Williams & Co., Boston, have published "Millicent Halford," by Martha Remick, a story of Kentucky in the first year of the late war. Tomlinson Brothers, Chicago, have published "Luke Darrell," a tale of a Chicago newsboy. These books are all neatly printed.

**MUFFS** are made now of such small dimensions, that it will soon be impossible to find room for the hands in them. Velvet muffs are especially little. A black velvet muff, bordered with ermine, is now worn with every description of toilet, three hands being placed around each muff. Dark red velvet muffs are more original than the black velvet ones, and they are trimmed with bands of Canadian sable with long tails. Red velvet, like black, can be worn with almost every colored dress, but such a muff is only in good taste with a very elegant toilet.

**AN AFTERNOON DRESS** has just come out in Paris, made of black and blue striped satin, without any trimming upon the skirt, but with a tunic or second skirt made of blue-velvet, opening in front, and simply trimmed with small *rouleaux* of blue satin. The bodice, which was entirely of blue-velvet, was cut in one piece with this tunic. At the top of the sleeves there was a small velvet frill bound with satin, and underneath the frill a tight sleeve, made with the striped blue and blue satin.

**DRESSING THE HAIR.**—Whatever fashion may be in vogue, the darker shades of hair should be dressed as smooth and made to look as glossy as possible; whilst on the other hand, the fair and golden locks should be opened up and dressed as lightly and zephyr-like as possible. Curl and flowing wave, not "crimps," catching the rays of light, are the peculiar attractions of light hair.

**BONICES**, for the present, for both in-door and morning dresses, are worn high and plain, just as they have been during the last eighteen months; the coat-sleeve remains unaltered, except that it is cut narrower and closer to the arm; the epaulets have given place to mere shoulder-straps, and even the cuffs, in several instances, are abolished.

**DRESSES IN PARIS** are made with decidedly narrower and shorter skirts than have been seen for many years.

**WHETHER MORE** false jewelry or more false hair is worn at the present day would be a curious question to solve.

**THE FIRST SNOW.**—A loud and a merry about, early this morning, gave token that the first snow had fallen. Long time the wee men and women of the household have been watching, with their noses pressed flat against the window-pane, for this tardy snow—and now they are wild with joy. It comes down like spots of light thrown from the wings of angels, and moves through the air as softly as they. There is just enough on the ground to print a tiny shoe in, and, early as it is, it is printed all over.

First, out comes a boy, a jolly boy, red cheeks, mittens an inch thick, comforter bundled about his neck, and a little fur-cap on. He says he's going to have a—dare I write it—bully time with his sled, (he is the son of old Deacon Rogers, and, it is to be presumed, picks his language within doors;) and there he goes round the seven-by-nine yard, screaming with fun, and doubtless deeming every separate flake a coating-hill.

Next comes a little girl, mittenless and comfortless. If you notice, little girls generally pay less regard to outside wrappings than those of the other sex. It is plain to be seen that her round eyes are a shade greener from looking on that sled. She thinks she ought to have one, too; wishes she were a boy—and then a bright thought! Her eyes grow blue again; she darts into the house, and returns with an immense doll, nearly as large as herself, under one arm, and dragging a cricket with the other. Speedily cricket turns over: in goes dolly with a special injunction to keep still, which poor dolly's painfully shining eyes seem to promise; the little gown is carefully tucked in, the little veil pulled down; for dolly had a furious toothache yesterday, and now for it. Cricket chases the sled, and sled chases the cricket. Cricket gets tangled with the sled, and the boy (boys are brutes) knocks the poor doll into the deep, deep snow. What mother would not set up a cry of anguish to see her child thus insulted? Ah, sir! little Miss Hood has gone into the house to tell her grievous story—and now you'll catch it!

It is not long before she comes out with redoubled force. Another young lady, older by two years, supports her with the light of her countenance; and the boy, who has thus far stood bobbing his little fur-cap fiercely, now shrinks back to his sled, and thenceforth gives it his absolute attention.

Thus it goes, transient pleasure, transient harmony: then a clashing of interests—then trouble. How true it is that children are men and women in miniature; now in the sunshine, now in the shade; now rejoicing over a common good; now, through envy, making that very good a curse. Everybody plays the same play, and quarrels with his playthings. Meantime, the snow-flakes are all at peace with each other. Some are more beautiful in shape than others, some larger, some brighter; but there is no envy, no jarring, clashing, or disputing. Gently they mingle together, quietly they rest side by side.

Oh! that human beings might take lessons from inanimate things, and learn, even of snow-flakes, lessons of beauty and humility!

**ORNAMENTS** of an exceedingly heavy style are now fashionable; the ear-rings, especially, are of exaggerated dimensions. For these, large gold rings are the popular pattern. Some of these huge rings represent cords knotted in the center, others crescents. Some are made of plain gold, and have either an amethyst, a topaz, or a *lapis lazuli* ball in the center, and these are the prettiest.

**GOLD LOCKETS** are now adorned with a mass of dogs' and horses' portraits in enamel; the lockets are oval, and, like the ear-rings, of colossal proportions. Egyptian heads in onyx, with the hair lined with rows of small pearls, and a nocket of rubies round the throat, are also worn.

**CAMEOS** of all descriptions are fashionable. The onyx ones are the finest, as well as the most artistic; and they are used for the centers of bows, and as *agrafes* for head-dresses. Cameos are also insinuated on collars, sleeves, and other linen articles. For example, medallions are embroidered in muslin, and then inserted into that style of linen collar which is cut with long points in front.

**THE TENDENCY** of fashion shows that the tunics of our great grandmothers, without any pleats at the waist, made in one piece with the bodice, and looped up over handsome silk petticoats, are the style to which we are inevitably drifting.

**IN PARIS**, black velvet jackets for dressy occasions are dotted all over with small gold beads. The beads are not sewn on the velvet singly, but in groups of four, forming miniature diamonds.

**CRINOLINES** are reduced, but by no means abandoned; they have entirely disappeared from round the hips, but the lower part of the skirt, besides being longer, is more ample than ever.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*War-Lyrics and other Poems.* By Henry Howard Brownell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—There is the true ring in many of these poems. A certain rugged force, a martial fervor, characterizes the best of them. They only miss being first-rate; but they do miss it. For one thing, they are too spun out. The author, when he gets hold of an idea, never knows when to let go. His lyrics, like the muffins in Pickwick, "are very filling for the price." It is curious that the war has produced so few poems that will live. There is Boker's "Dirge," Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and half a dozen others; but that is all. Mr. Brownell succeeds best in his "Miscellaneous Poems," where he is not near so pretentious as in his war-lyrics. He has written few things as good as "At Sea." It is not often that one reads verses as vivid as these:—

"Midnight in drear New England;  
'Tis a driving storm of snow.  
How the easement clicks and rattles,  
And the wind keeps on to blow.

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,  
In fitful flurries and starts;  
The wild North-Easter is knocking  
At lonely windows and hearts.

Of a night like this, how many  
Must sit by the hearth, like me,  
Hearing the stormy weather,  
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with watching;  
The eyes that wearily blink,  
Through the blinding gale and snow-drift,  
For the Lights of Navensink!

How fares it, my friend, with you?  
If I've kept your reckoning right;  
The brave old ship must be due  
On our dreary coast to-night.

The fire-side fades before me:  
The chamber quiet and warm;  
And I see the gleam of her lanterns  
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream, 'tis all around me—  
The gale, with its steady boom,  
And the crest of every roller  
Torn into mist and spume—  
The sighs and the sounds of ocean  
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spoon-drift  
Driving like mad a-lee:  
And the huge black hulk that wallows,  
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead;  
The wail of rigging and mast;  
The roar of the shrouds, as she rises  
From a deep lee-roll to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,  
Whose iron heart never tires;  
The swarthy faces that redden  
By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,  
And nursing the faithful steel;  
And the grizzled old quartermaster,  
His horny hands on the wheel."

We wish we had space for the entire poem. With occasional weak bits, it is, on the whole, one of the best of its kind. That kind, indeed, is not the highest. It is descriptive poetry, not ideal. But whenever Mr. Brownell tries the latter, he fails. Except in word-pictures, he is third or fourth rate. The volume has been very neatly printed at the University Press, which is always a guarantee that the mechanical work of a book is good.

*Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M. A.* Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M. A. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have frequently spoken of the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Robertson. Here is his biography, with selections from his letters. The two together give a very vivid picture of the man. With a progressive intellect yet conservative tastes, earnest, impassioned, chivalrous and tolerant, his was a character, somewhat contradictory, and not often seen, yet which attracted warm friends, while it also made many foes. We think his sermons, on the whole, however, leave a more favorable impression of the man than these letters.

*Humorous Poems.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—As a writer of humorous verses, Dr. Holmes excels any other American. We have here his last bits collected, in that popular series, the "Companion Poets for the People," which Ticknor & Fields have inaugurated, and of which we have spoken before. Some of the illustrations are very good.

*Notes from Plymouth Pulpit.* By Augusta Moore. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a collection of passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, taken down by Miss Augusta Moore. They are accompanied by a sketch of Mr. Beecher's personal appearance; his manner in the pulpit, his lecture-room, etc., etc. This is a second edition, revised and enlarged.

*Richard Cobden. A Biography.* By John M. Gilchrist. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A hastily written, and somewhat careless biography, but one, nevertheless, that will satisfy curiosity, temporarily, as to the principal events of Cobden's career. For a more judicial summing up of his character, and his influence on his times, we must wait till another decade.

*The Humbugs of the World.* By P. T. Barnum. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—There are some laughable stories told in this book; especially that about the golden pigeons of California. But, on what principle does Barnum write about humbugs? Is it on that which makes the pickpocket, when chased, cry, "Stop thief!"

*The Art of Confectionery.* 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—We can recommend this work as an excellent one of its kind. It gives various methods of preserving fruits and fruit juices; for making jams, jellies, summer beverages, ice-creams, dessert-cakes, etc., etc. Many of the receipts are entirely new. The volume is quite handsomely printed.

*The Ordeal for Wives.* By the author of "The Morals of May-Fair." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: The American News Company.—A reprint of an English novel that first appeared in "London Society." The story is moderately well told. The type and binding are very nice.

*Winifred Bertram.* By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—The author of this book has attained a very high reputation by her semi-historical, religious tales. She has, in these fictions, painted, with great vividness and truth, more than one age that has past. In her present story she sketches the manners of a more modern time. Her great charm is the interest with which she carries on her narrative, while, at the same time, she adheres strictly to the truth of character and customs. Mr. M. W. Dodd is the authorized American publisher of this author's works.

*The Prince of Kashna.* By the author of "In the Tropics." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Carleton.—The fact that this story is edited by R. B. Kimball, Esq., ought to be a guarantee of its merits. The book professes to be, in a great degree, made up from the actual diary of an African prince, who was captured and sold into slavery, years ago, in St. Domingo. We shall probably speak at large on the work in our next number.

*Miss Curew. A Novel.* By Amelia B. Edwards. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is hardly a novel in the ordinary sense. It is a collection of fugitive stories, mostly early productions of the author, now reissued in one volume, and tied together, not very artistically, by a loosely-constructed narrative. Some of the tales, however, are very good.

*A Summer in Skye.* By Alexander Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These are letters from the island of Skye; written during a summer vacation. They are very agreeable reading. The most interesting of them tells, quite in detail, the romantic story of Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie.

*Country Love versus City Flirtation.* By H. T. Sperry. 1 vol., 4 to. New York: Carleton.—This is a satirical poem, illustrated by Hoppin. It is printed with great elegance, and some of the embellishments, of which there are twenty in all, are really very fine.

*Little Pixes.* By Christopher Crowfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is by Mrs. Stowe, and is a companion to "House and Home Papers." It is full of sound, practical sense.

*Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures.* By Edward Kirke. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These are well written sketches. The book is illustrated. Mr. Kirke is the author of "Among the Pines."

*The Song Without Words.* By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." 1 vol., 24 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—A charming little story for children, prettily illustrated and neatly printed.

*Arthur Merton.* By Caroline E. Kelly. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigue.—A story for Sunday-School scholars; said to be founded on fact. Well written.

*A Spinster's Story.* 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A very dull novel. Why will writers, who cannot do better than this, rush into print?

*What Came Afterwards.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—An excellent story, with a good moral, as is everything which Arthur writes.

## HORTICULTURAL.

**HOUSE CULTURE OF FLOWERS AND VINES.**—There are many beautiful botanical experiments which can be conducted in the house during winter, which are not embraced, generally, in the list of flowers and vines to be found in our parlors and windows.

How many of our fair readers have the beautiful vine of the *sweet-potato* running over their mantle-shelf? This pretty sight can be enjoyed by placing a sweet-potato in a

tumbler or other glass vessel, filled with water, passing a pin through the tumbler so as to keep the lower end from one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel. Keep on the mantle-shelf, in a warm room, and every day give it sun for an hour or two, and in a few days rootlets will begin to appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel; and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow, and run upon suspended twine, or any little trellis-work prepared for it. The *dioscorea batatas* is the prettiest for this purpose, when it can be obtained.

The "Morning-Glory" can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during winter; it flowers with its natural colors; and the delicate little vine can be made run all over the window. A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread, so as nearly to touch the water, in a glass vessel, (a hyacinth-glass is, perhaps, the best,) set upon the window or mantle, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less, without being interfered with, except to supply the evaporation of the water, and the acorn will burst, and as it throws a root down into the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful little green leaves; thus giving you an oak tree, in full life and health within your parlor!

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the foregoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the females of a family. All these have been experimented with by the writer, with most beautiful and gratifying results.

#### OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper press, as usual, places "Peterson" at the head of the ladies' magazines. Says the Canton (O.) Democrat:—"It is the best Lady's Book published, and no lady should be without it." Says the Mt. Sterling (Ky.) Sentinel:—"We can say, in all candor, that it is superior to any ladies' magazine that has reached us: its steel engraving is a *chef d'œuvre* of the engraver's art; its exquisite fashion-plates are the delight and especial treasure of the belles and beauties of the land; and its literary matter is furnished by the best writers on the Continent." Says the Winterset (Iowa) Madisonian:—"It is the cheapest Lady's Book published in the United States, and contains all the instructions in needle-work patterns, with the best literary matter that any publication gives." Says the Commercial (Ind.) Aurora:—"It is the cheapest, as well as one of the best Magazines." Says the Mt. Carroll (Ill.) Democrat:—"Peterson did not raise the price of the Magazine during the war, and every one should patronize him now. Ladies, make up your clubs immediately—the inducement is great—and get the cheapest and best monthly published." These are only a few, out of scores of similar notices, all pronouncing "Peterson" the *cheapest and best*.

NEW MUSIC.—WINNER'S EASY SYSTEM FOR THE PIANO OR MELODION.—This work is presented as a plain and easy Method, or Self-Learner, in form of a catechism, arranged in a straightforward and progressive order, introducing the various musical characters, modes of fingering, Major and Minor scales, Exercises, etc., in a clear and practical order. The most prominent feature of the work is the choice selection of pretty melodies, particularly adapted to each key, and arranged as easy and interesting exercises. It is an invaluable work for teachers, as the fingering is marked for every melody in a careful and studied manner, most especially adapted to small hands. The most useful and prominent chords in each key are given in full, by the study of which the learner is enabled to play the proper

accompaniment to almost any melody, with great facility and ease. There is nothing omitted that is requisite to make a good and skillful performer; and nothing introduced but what is necessary in the practice of the ordinary run of good composition.

Persons having already acquired some knowledge of the instrument will find this book of great advantage, as special attention has been given to the Minor modes; and the many tunes in the various keys have been so carefully selected, that all the many characters which occur are introduced in an interesting and desirable manner. Price, \$2.50. Copies sent by mail (postage paid) on receipt of the price. Address Sep. Winner & Co., 933 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

WE BEG LEAVE to call the attention of our readers to the following *Trade Mark* adopted by the Magic Ruffle Company, in order to protect themselves against spurious imitations and infringements of their goods.

This Trade Mark is put on each box and card of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, and is a guarantee that the goods will sustain the high reputation that the Company have acquired of making the best Ruffles in the market.

Persons wishing to buy a good article, should be sure to see that this Mark is on the card on which the Ruffle is wound.



The office of the Company is 96 Chambers St., New York.

#### KNITTING FOR WINTER.

A THINNER UNDER-CHEMISE.—With the same pins and wool as for the pattern given in the last number, cast on 120 stitches, and knit one row.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within ten of the end of the row and knit them. Knit one row.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within ten of the end of the row and knit them. Knit one row.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within ten of the end of the row and knit them. Knit one row.

Purl one row. Knit one row.

Repeat the last 8 rows twice more.

Knit 10 stitches, purl 18, turn the knitting to knit back, pass the wool forward, slip a stitch from the right-hand pin to the left, pass the wool back and replace the stitch (this is to be repeated at every return, to prevent a hole), knit the 23 stitches. Knit 10 stitches, purl 14. Return, knitting the 24 stitches. Knit 10 stitches, purl 10. Return, knitting 20 stitches. Purl 16 stitches. Return, knitting the 16 stitches. Knit 10, purl 2. Return, knitting 12. Knit 9 and return, knitting 9. Knit 10, purl 22. Return, knitting all the 32 stitches. Purl 9, and return, knitting the 9 stitches. Knit 10, purl 2. Return, knitting 12. Knit 10, purl 6. Return, knitting 16. Knit 10, purl 10. Return, knitting the 20 stitches. Purl 24 stitches. Return, knitting the 24 stitches.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit one row.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit one row.

Purl one row. Knit one row. Repeat the last eight rows four times more.

Cast on 80 stitches for the shoulder-strap. Knit and purl

every alternate stitch for 40 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit to within 10 stitches of the shoulder-strap, then alternately knit 1, and purl one to the end of the row. Knit 1 stitch and purl 1 stitch alternately for 40 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, and knit them. Knit to within 10 stitches of the shoulder-strap, and knit 1, and purl 1, alternately, for the rest of the row. Knit 1 and purl 1, alternately, for 40 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, and knit them. Knit to within 40 of the end of the row, knit 1 and purl 1, alternately, to the end of the row. Knit and purl 1, alternately, for 40 stitches, and purl the rest of the row. Knit to within 40 of the end of the row. Knit and purl 1, alternately, to the end of the row. Repeat the last 8 rows. Cast off 55 stitches, purl to within 10 stitches of the end of the row, and knit them.

Knit 60 stitches. Return purling to within 10 of the end of the row, which knit. Knit 56 stitches. Return purling 46 stitches, and knitting 10. Knit 52 stitches. Return purling all the stitches. Knit 49 stitches. Return purling 38 stitches, and knitting 10. Knit 44 stitches. Return purling 30 stitches, and knitting 10. Knit 40 stitches. Return purling 20 stitches and knitting 10. Knit 36 stitches. Return purling all the stitches. Knit 32 stitches. Return purling 22 stitches and knitting 10. Knit 28 stitches. Return purling 18 stitches, and knitting 10. Knit 24 stitches. Return purling 14 and knitting 10. Knit 20 stitches. Return purling 10 and knitting 10. Knit 18 stitches. Return purling all. Knit 9 stitches. Return knitting 9. Knit one row. Purl to within 10 of the end, and knit them. Knit one row. Purl to within 10 of the end, and knit them. Knit one row. Purl one row. Knit 9 stitches. Return knitting 9 stitches. Knit 12 stitches. Return purling 2 and knitting 10. Knit 16. Return purling 6 and knitting 10. Knit 20. Return purling all the stitches. Knit 24. Return purling 14 and knitting 10. Knit 28. Return purling 18 and knitting 10. Knit 32. Return purling 22 and knitting 10. Knit 36. Return purling all the stitches. Knit 40. Return purling 30 and knitting 10. Knit 44. Return purling 34 and knitting 10. Knit 48. Return purling 38 and knitting 10. Knit 52. Return purling all the stitches. Knit 56 stitches. Return purling 46 and knitting 10. Knit 60. Return purling 50 and knitting 10. Knit one row. Cast on 32 stitches. Knit 10. Purl to within 10 of the end, and knit them. Knit a row. Purl a row. Knit a row.

Knit 10 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit a row. Knit 10 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit a row. Knit 10 stitches, purl to within 10 of the end of the row, knit them. Knit a row. Purl one row. Knit one row. Repeat the last 8 rows eight times more. This brings the knitter to the half of the garment; and she will not find it difficult to knit the other half by it.

In knitting the sleeve, purl every alternate row, and knit a pattern at the edge, as in the chemise, to prevent it curling up.

A much thinner and cooler under-dress, for summer wear, may be made with Lady Betty wool, or wool of any intermediate size may be used.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

### SOUPS.

*Celery Soups.*—Trim and wash two dozen heads of fine celery; split each in two, and put them to blanch in a large stewpan of water, with plenty of salt; when tender, let them drain on a sieve, and stir them over the fire, with about three ounces of butter, and a very little sugar and salt. When

the butter begins to look clear, mix in a ladleful of very strong stock; when this has boiled for a few minutes, and the celery is perfectly mashed, stir in three tablespoonfuls of stock, in which lean ham, butter, and mushrooms have been stewed. When this is well boiled, rub the whole through a colander; add a pint of rich stock, and about as much good cream. Put it into the soup-kettle, and half an hour before it is wanted, place it on the fire to boil, and skim it. Serve it with celery cut round, blanched and stewed.

*St. Patrick's Soup.*—Take one pound of meat without bones, and cut into small pieces; put into a stewpan two ounces of dripping, one ounce of leeks, one ounce of celery, one ounce of carrots, two ounces of turnips, and fry for ten minutes; then add the meat, with two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, and fry until a thick glaze is produced; then add one quart of cold water, and half a pound of flour; then add two ounces of dillisk, well washed, and chopped fine, a little mixed spice and pepper; boil three-quarters of an hour and serve.

*Oyster Soup.*—Beat to a paste the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and three dozen of oysters together, in a marble mortar, with the liquor of the oysters strained. Mix three quarts of good stock and the pounded oysters, and stew them half an hour; then stir in one way the yolks of six raw eggs, well beaten, to thicken the soup, and pass it through a tammy, rubbing through the paste as much as possible, then add a dozen or two of oysters, bearded, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, and simmer the soup five minutes to warm.

### MEATS.

*Savory Stew of Veal.*—Cut the meat from the bones into pieces about two inches square, put into a frying-pan two ounces of butter, and an onion in thin slices; when the butter is hot, put in the veal, and fry it to a nice brown; put it on a dish, and pour a teacupful of water into the frying-pan; let it boil up and pour it out. Stew the bones in rather more cold water than will cover them, for three hours. This will make excellent soup or broth, which may be flavored with parsley, celery, or any other vegetable. A pint of this broth, before any other flavor than parsley has been added, is needed for the meat, which should be put into a saucepan with it and the liquor which was made after frying the meat, and gently stewed for an hour. A teacupful of flour, and a little catchup, with Cayenne pepper and salt, should be added. Give it a boil up, and serve with suppers of toasted bread round the dish.

*A Nice Way of Using up the Remains of Cold Joints.*—Chop the meat very fine, with some fat bacon or ham; add a little salt, Cayenne, grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, parsley, a few bread-crumbs, and two eggs, to one pound of meat. Put all into a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of cream, and two ounces of butter. This is the proportion to one pound of chopped meat. Stir over the fire for five minutes. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, either in the form of patties or rolls.

*Beef Collops.*—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops; cut the beef into pieces about three inches long; beat them flat; dredge them with flour; fry them in butter; lay them in a stewpan, and cover them with brown gravy; put in half an eschalot, minced fine, a lump of butter rolled in flour, to thicken, and a little pepper and salt; stew without suffering it to boil; serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste; serve in a tureen, and serve hot.

### POULTRY.

*Made Dishes of Poultry.*—Partly roast the fowl, cut it up, detach the wings and legs, carefully dividing side-bones, neck-bones, breast and back, in as handsome pieces as possible; take eight or ten large onions, which cut in slices of moderate thickness; make in a stewpan a layer of the sliced onion, with some chopped parsley, then lay upon it some

of the fowl, again a layer of the onion and parsley, until the whole of the fowl and onion are used; place in two bay-leaves, about as much salt as would fill a large teaspoon, four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, or, if that is not to the palate, substitute cream. It should simmer gently until done enough, and then be dished, the onion in the middle. Serve with a little sauce.

**Ham and Chicken-Pie.**—Cut some thin slices of cold, cooked ham; lay them in the bottom of a dish, and cut a cold boiled fowl up as for a fricassée; lay one half of the fowl on the ham, and season with a very little pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Rub the hard-boiled yolks of two eggs, a spoonful of flour, and a large spoonful of butter, and stir this into half a pint of any nice broth; then pour this over the chicken, then another layer of thin slices of ham, and then the remainder of the chicken; then pour on a little more broth, and cover the whole with a nice paste, and bake it slowly half an hour. Serve hot.

**Roast Turkey.**—Stuff it with veal stuffing, with or without truffles; if the latter, chop and pound them, and mix in the stuffing, keeping all your large ones to be whole for the body of the turkey; you must keep them in the turkey for two days. Chestnuts should be used raw; pare and pound them, and roast at a slow fire, covered with buttered paper.

## VEGETABLES.

**Savory Rice Food.**—Having saved the bones of the previous day, a very good food may be made as follows: Take six pounds of bones, which break into small pieces, and boil in ten quarts of water for four hours; having added three ounces of salt, a small bunch of thyme, bay-leaf and savory, put into a stewpan the fat and two onions cut thin, half a pound of vegetables, as carrots, turnips, celery, etc., cut very thin; half an ounce of sugar; put it on the fire for fifteen minutes; stir it occasionally; add half a pound of oatmeal, and mix well; moisten with two gallons of the stock from the bones; add one and a quarter pound of rice, previously soaked; boil till tender, and serve.

**Spinach Ragout.**—Having well picked and cleaned the spinach, put it into plenty of boiling water, throw in a small handful of salt, and as soon as it readily separates, it is done enough; strain off the liquor, put it into fresh water for ten minutes, then strain off the liquor completely, chop the spinach, lay it in a stewpan with a piece of fresh butter, and keep it stirred; when the butter has been absorbed, as much well-seasoned gravy soup as will make the consistence of cream, may be added, with a little grated nutmeg, and then serve.

**Fried Artichokes.**—Cut the artichokes into six or eight pieces, according to their size, remove the choke and the large leaves which will not become tender, and trim off the tops of the remainder of the leaves with a pair of scissors. Wash them in several waters, drain them, and dip them in a batter made with flour, a little cream, and the yolk of an egg. Let the artichokes be well covered with the batter, and fry them in oil, or in white dripping. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve them on a bed of parsley fried in the oil, etc., which remains in the pan.

**Salad of Cabbage.**—Red cabbage makes a delicious winter salad when lettuces, etc., are scarce, and is very pretty. Cut up half a head of raw, red cabbage into small shreds; mix with it four heads of white celery, also cut small; decorate with sliced beet-root, and the white of a hard-boiled egg. Put half a pint of vinegar on to boil, beat up the yolk of an egg with a little salt and Cayenne, pour the boiling vinegar on the yolk, stir it well, and pour it over the cabbage. This is nice with roast beef, hot or cold.

## OMELETS.

On making omelets, the prevalent error to guard against is sudden heat. The chief aim is to have the sub-

stance thick and pulpy, which cannot be accomplished if the whites of the eggs are too quickly set. The omelet should be gradually heated through—coddled, in fact, without being burnt. The brown pancake-like appearance which many persons admire, is given by means of the salamander after the omelet is folded upon the dish on which it is to be sent to table. Another precaution to be observed is scrupulous cleanliness. Every utensil employed should be perfectly free from grease. Cooks that rely on the assistance of the kitchen-maid for the cleansing of most vessels, wash with their own hands the omelet-pan, and the basin in which the eggs are whisked. The reason for this carefulness is, that grease prevents the frothing of eggs—an indispensable condition to their lightness. The omelet-pan should be very small—one eight inches in size is most generally employed. It should not be used for any other purpose. Very little butter is required for this frying of omelets; and it must only be sufficed to melt before the mixture is added. The fire should be “slow and clear,” rather than “fiery.”

**A Plain Omelet.**—Break six eggs into a basin, rejecting the whites of two; beat them till they are light. Strain them through a sieve, and season them with pepper and salt, or sugar, according as a savory or sweet omelet may be desired. Melt in the pan a piece of butter about the size of a small walnut; be careful that it does not get hot. Whisk the eggs to the latest moment, and pour the mixture into the pan; stir the omelet gently with a spoon till it begins to thicken, then slip a little more butter beneath it. Shake the pan until the center of the omelet begins to set; fold it in half, place a dish on the top of the pan, and turn the omelet out. Send it immediately to table.

**Omelette à la Crevette.**—Put into a basin eight tablespoonfuls of flour; beat six eggs into it, with as much milk as will make it into a batter, with a pinch of salt. Bake till brown.

**Omelette au Jambon.**—Break eight eggs into a frying-pan, season and fry them over a sharp fire, but adding two ounces of lean, cooked ham, minced and chopped. Serve with brown gravy.

## DESSERTS.

**Apples and Rice.**—Peel a number of apples of a good sort, take out the cores, and let them simmer in a syrup of clarified sugar, with a little lemon-peel. Wash and pick some rice, and cook it in milk, moistening it therewith by little and little, so that the grains may remain whole. Sweeten it to taste, and add a little salt and a taste of lemon-peel. Spread the rice upon a dish, mixing some apple preserve with it, and place the apples upon it, and fill up the vacancies between the apples with some of the rice. Place the dish in the oven until the surface gets brown, and garnish with spoonfuls of bright-colored preserve, or jelly.

**Plum-Pudding.**—One pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, one pound and a half of beef-suet, one pound of flour, half a pound of bread-crumbs, four ounces of citron, four ounces of lemon, four ounces of orange-peel, two rinds of lemon, grated, juice of one lemon, four ounces of castor-sugar, ten eggs, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, ginger, and cinnamon, thirty-two bitter almonds, one pint of new milk, and a small particle of salt. Mix all together gradually over night, and add a little more milk in the morning, if required. Boil seven or eight hours.

**Victoria Pudding.**—Six ounces of fresh butter worked up to a cream, four ounces of loaf-sugar mixed in with the butter, four yolks of eggs beaten, six ounces of bread-crumbs, two rinds of lemon grated. Line the dish with a light crust, and a layer of jam, or marmalade; then pour in the mixture, and bake in a very slow oven for half an hour. Froth the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and place them over the pudding, and put in the oven just before serving.



## CAKES.

**Almond Cheesecakes.**—Two ounces of sweet and one ounce of bitter almonds, pounded with lump-sugar to prevent them oiling; two ounces of pounded sugar; two ounces of butter, melted very thick; the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; half a noggin of brandy, and a little nutmeg. The whites of the eggs are to be beaten to a very light froth, and allowed to stand for a quarter of an hour to drain, and the light part put in the last thing. The butter must be nearly cold when added.

**"Soft Cookies."**—Take one coffee cup of butter, three of sugar, one of thick cream, and four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then add the eggs and the cream. Take a pint of sifted flour, and a teaspoonful of soda; mix well, and stir in to the other ingredients sufficient of it to make the paste or dough stiff enough to roll out; cut it in squares, impress with a fancy mould, and bake in a slow oven. Caraway-seed and ground coriander-seed are often used to flavor these biscuits.

**Lemon-Cake.**—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, the rind of two lemons, grated, thirty or forty almonds, fourteen eggs, (using only ten of the whites,) half a teaspoonful of rose-water, and the same of Noyau.

## FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

**FIG. I.**—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE, worn over a silk petticoat. The skirt has but little fullness in front, and the waist is very short. Hair dressed in the Empire style.

**FIG. II.**—EVENING DRESS OF THIN, WHITE MUSLIN, over a pink silk petticoat. The lower part of the skirt is ornamented with Cluny lace, which resembles Maltese lace. The hair is dressed loosely and studded with pins with gold heads.

**FIG. III.**—HOUSE DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The body is trimmed with red ball fringe.

**FIG. IV.**—DINNER DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with black velvet and blonde lace. The basque is not quite tight to the figure. The head-dress consists of three black velvet bands, ornamented with pearls.

**FIG. V.**—DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE IN THE GABRIELLE STYLE, (body and skirt cut in one,) and trimmed with cherry-colored cord.

**FIG. VI.**—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY SILK, WITH BLACK VELVET PALSTOT, trimmed with gimp and cord.

**FIG. VII.**—WALKING DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED CASHMERE, made in the Gabrielle style, and looped up over a white cashmere petticoat.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Skirts are worn as long and as wide at the bottom as they have been heretofore, notwithstanding the prediction that short, narrow ones would be once more in favor, as they were worn about thirty-five years ago. Skirts are but little trimmed, and often not at all. The Gabrielle style is quite popular for more ordinary wear. A few double skirts have also made their appearance, but these are not general. The fronts of dresses have but few pleats in them, as all skirts are very much gored.

SHORT WAISTS are now the fashion; and belts of moderate width are always worn with them.

BASQUES, like the skirt, fitting close to the figure, will be again popular as the spring approaches; and when these are now worn, a belt is always fastened over them.

LOOSE SACQUES and jackets are popular over the bodies of dresses, or over white bodies.

SLEEVES are trimmed from the wrist to the shoulder, sometimes the trimming winds around the arm in a spiral manner.

STRIPED PETTICOATS, scalloped at the bottom, and bound with braid, are as new as any we have seen, except the imported ones, when the Persian trimming is employed. Generally the stripes are black and white, though some-

times red and white, mauve and white, or blue and white, are preferred. These petticoats, however, do not suit all styles of dress, as the black and white do.

IN BONNETS, the newest style is the *Pamela*, which has just made its appearance in Paris. It is eccentric, but very pretty. Imagine a saucer, slightly bent down at the sides, and with strings fastened to these sides, and some idea may be gathered of these strangest of all small bonnets. They are made of drawn black velvet, and at the top of the bonnet, or rather of the saucer, a black velvet bow is placed, the long ends of which fall at the side; in the inside there is a very small wreath of rose-buds, and a similar wreath is repeated at the back. Be it understood there is neither curtain nor cap to these small bonnets; and, although they are infinitesimal head-gear for out-door wear, they are vastly coquettish with pretty faces under them.

LONG TULLE VEILS are no longer worn, as during the past summer, at the edge of the bonnet; they are now fastened at the side with an *agrafe* of either flowers or jewelry; then they are carried across the center of the bonnet, and are fastened at the opposite side, and allowed to fall on the shoulder.

HEAD-DRESSES are of every style; but one of the newest is called "The Regent," and consists of a coronet of black velvet with a jet coronet over it; the comb is a repetition of this coronet, only on a smaller scale, and from the comb a white tulle veil falls over the back hair, covering the shoulders, and fastens in the center of the front of the low bodice. This is particularly stylish for a matron, and ought to be worn with a black dress. For a younger person, blue velvet and pearls might be substituted.

NETS, made of the finest gold thread, are new and becoming to persons of fair complexion. A new gold cord for the hair has been introduced in Paris, and has been already adopted by the Empress. It is about as thick as a moderate-sized finger, and is so pliable that it is arranged in loops, which alternate with the small false curls now so fashionable around the top of the forehead, and which are continued along each side to the top of the *chignon*. This arrangement of head-dress is represented to be very becoming to oval-formed heads.

LINEN COLLARS and SLEEVES are worn ornamented with lace, or embroidery, either in satin-stitch, or "Point Russe," which somewhat resembles the cat-stitch. This "Point Russe" is done in colored cotton, or sometimes even in fine zephyr. Sleeves are made with deep wristbands. Handkerchiefs are often embroidered to correspond with the work above the hem-stitch, and the initials in the corner. Branches, flowers, dots, leaves, are the most popular patterns.

NECK-TIES are beginning to be worn very wide, and are beautifully embroidered in silver and gold of various designs.

VELVET COLLARETS, edged with lace, are worn over the dress cold days.

IN ORNAMENTS.—Jet cameos are much worn to trim silk dresses, and are also placed on *gras grain*, or velvet. They are diamond-shaped, or oval, but the former are most in favor. Oxydized silver buttons are also exceedingly fashionable; they bear the device of a head, resemble old coins, or are embossed with Greek letters. When coins are selected, it is necessary that every button should be different. Silver ornaments in fretwork are another favorite trimming; they are square, or diamond-shaped, fringed on the lower end with minute chains, each ending in a little ball. These are placed on every available part of the dress. Large colored glass beads are now to be seen round the throat, both with high and low dresses. They are nothing more than large glass balls, threaded on a silk cord of the same color. Two rows are usually worn, and from them is suspended a large gold locket, with the initials of the wearer in either turquoise, pearls, or diamonds.





Painted by W.T.C. Dobson, A.R.A.

Engraved & Printed by Dimeon Brothers

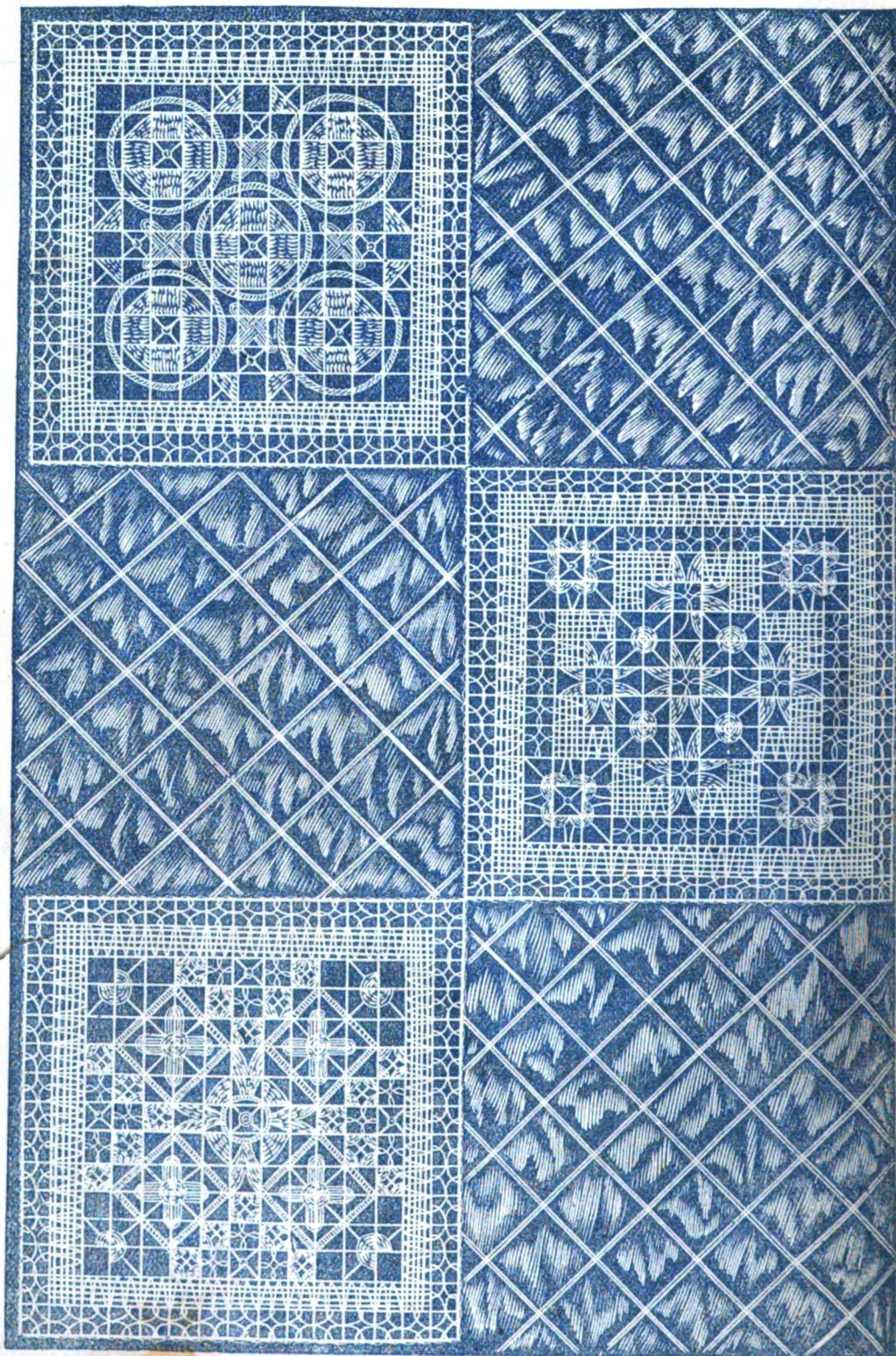
## MAMA'S BIRTHDAY.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.









**WORK-TABLE OR SOFA-PILLOW COVER.**

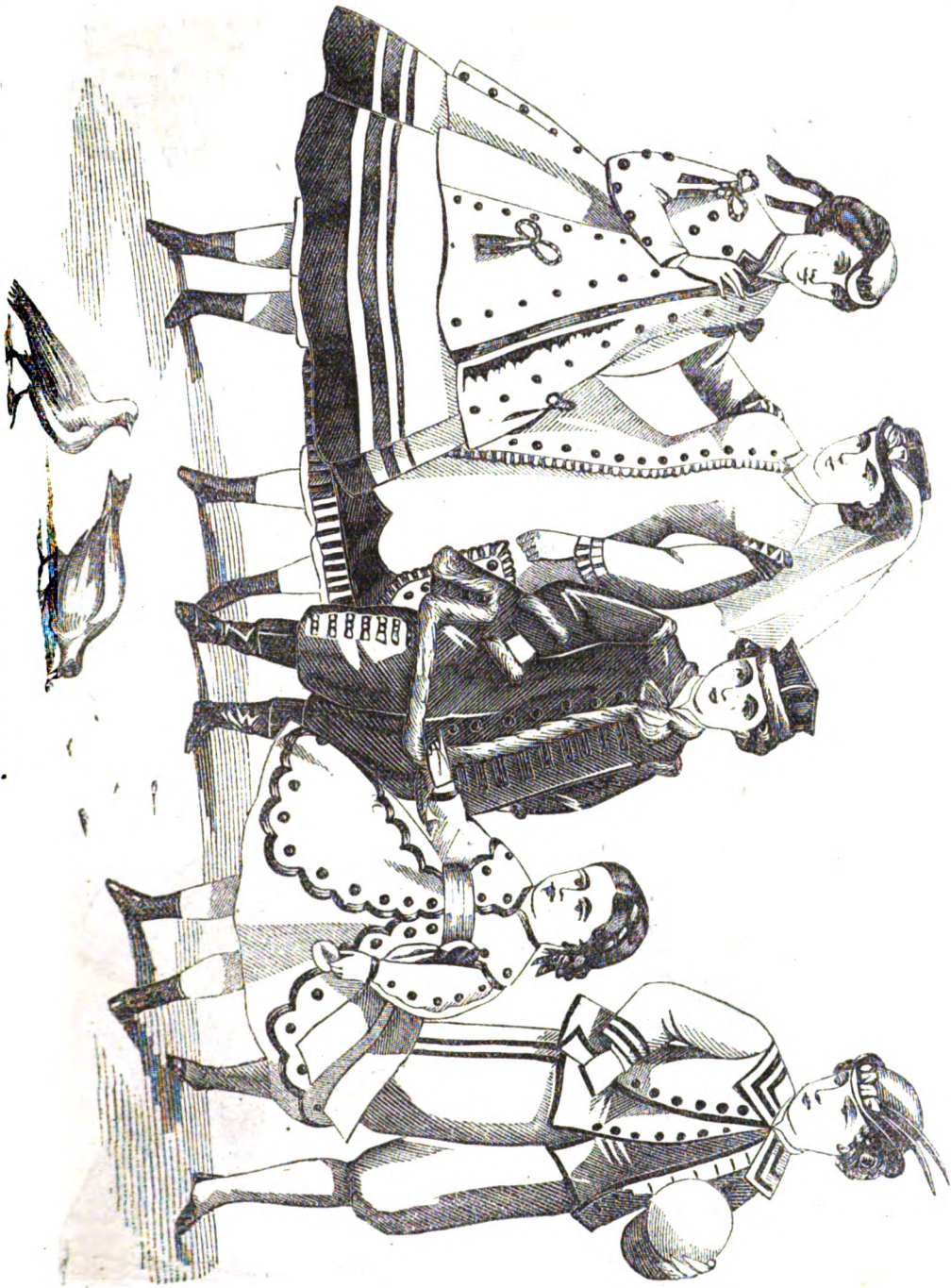
In Imitation Guipure and Quilted Satin.



POPPING THE QUESTION.







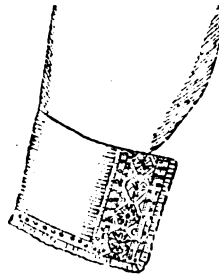
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS.



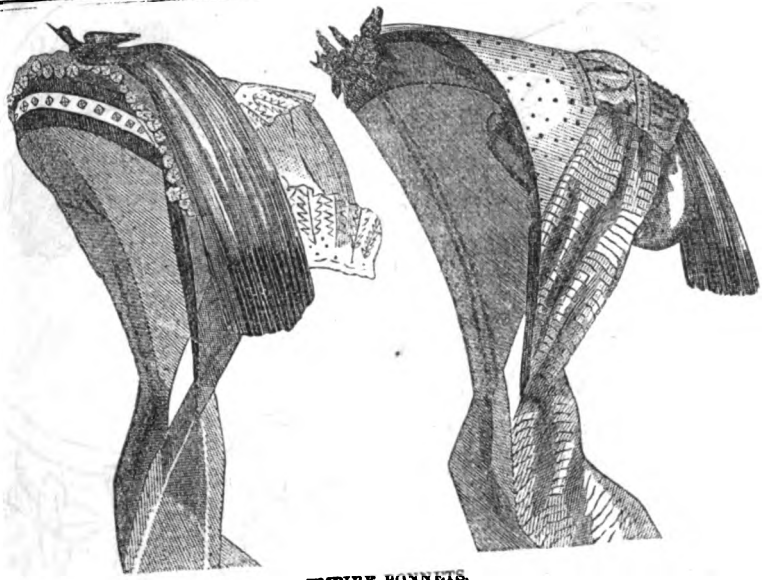
CHEMISETTE AND CUFF.



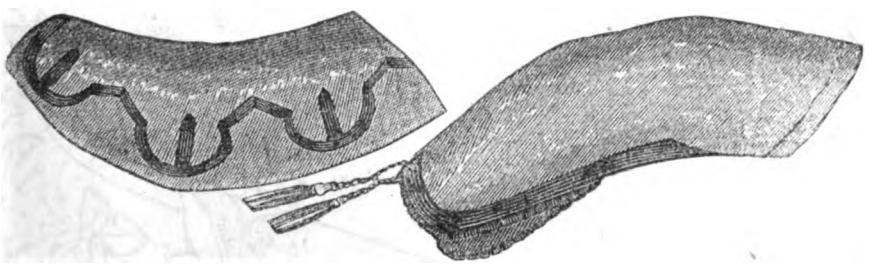
EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS



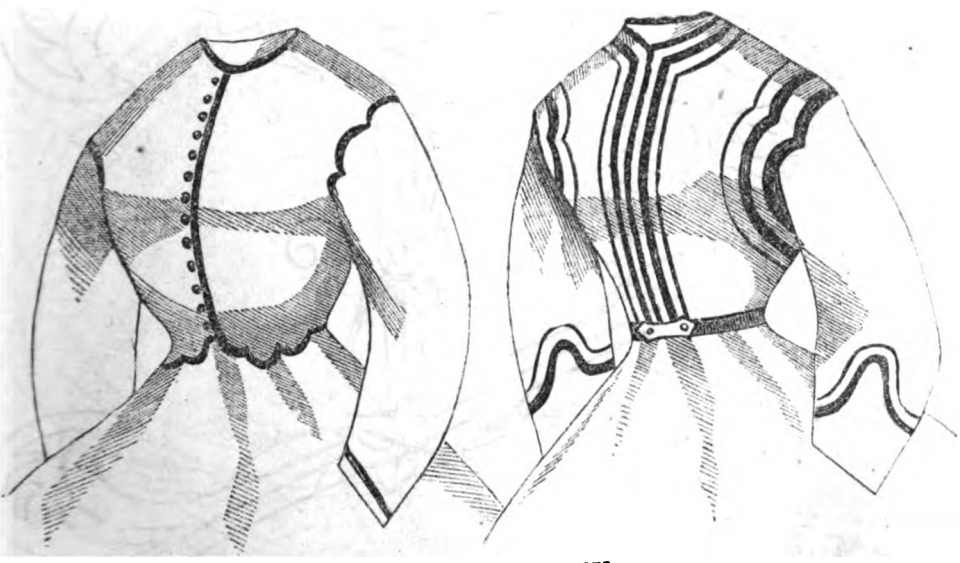
BABY'S FROCK.



EMPIRE BONNETS.



NEW STYLES OF SLEEVES.

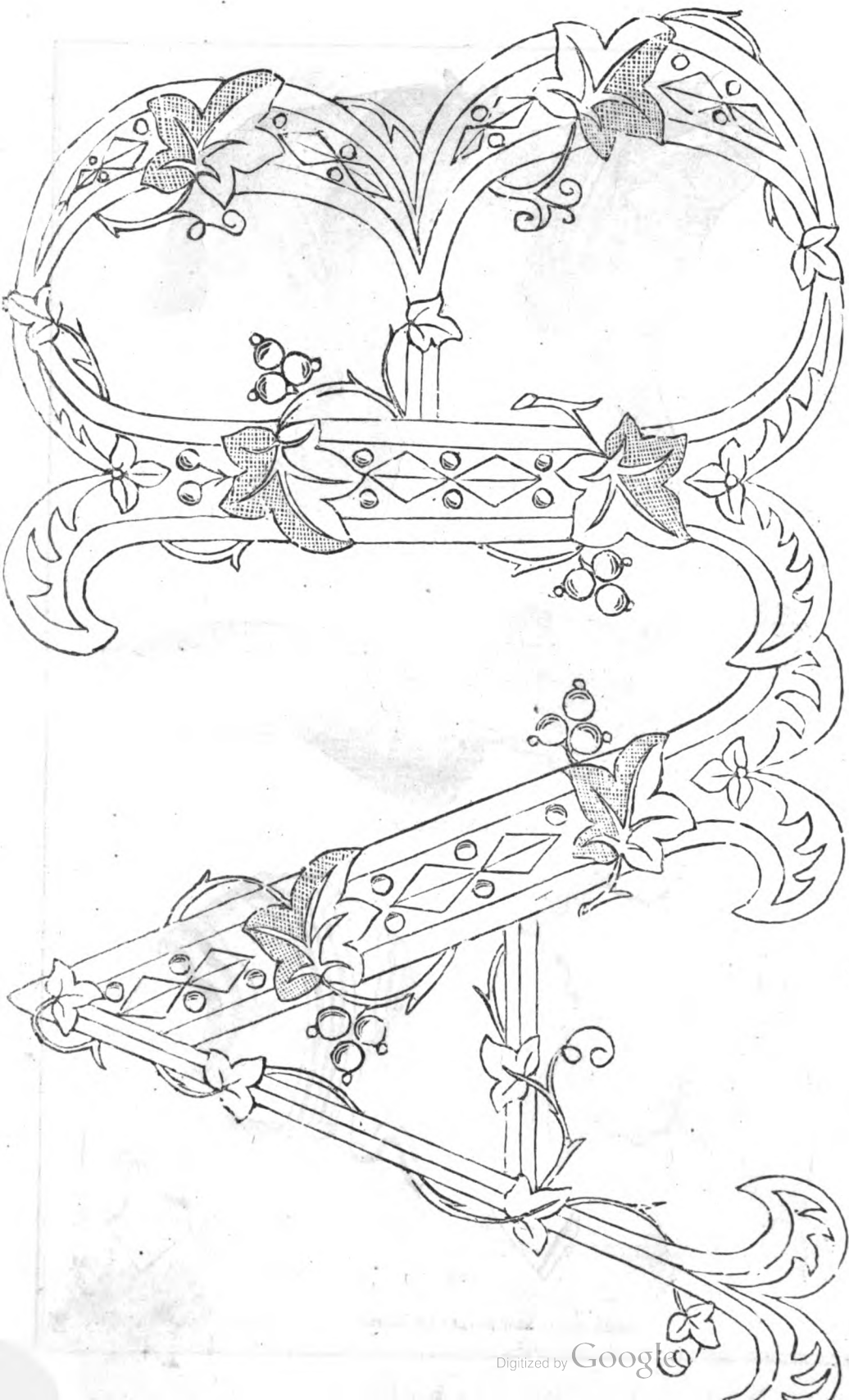


NEW STYLES OF BODICES.

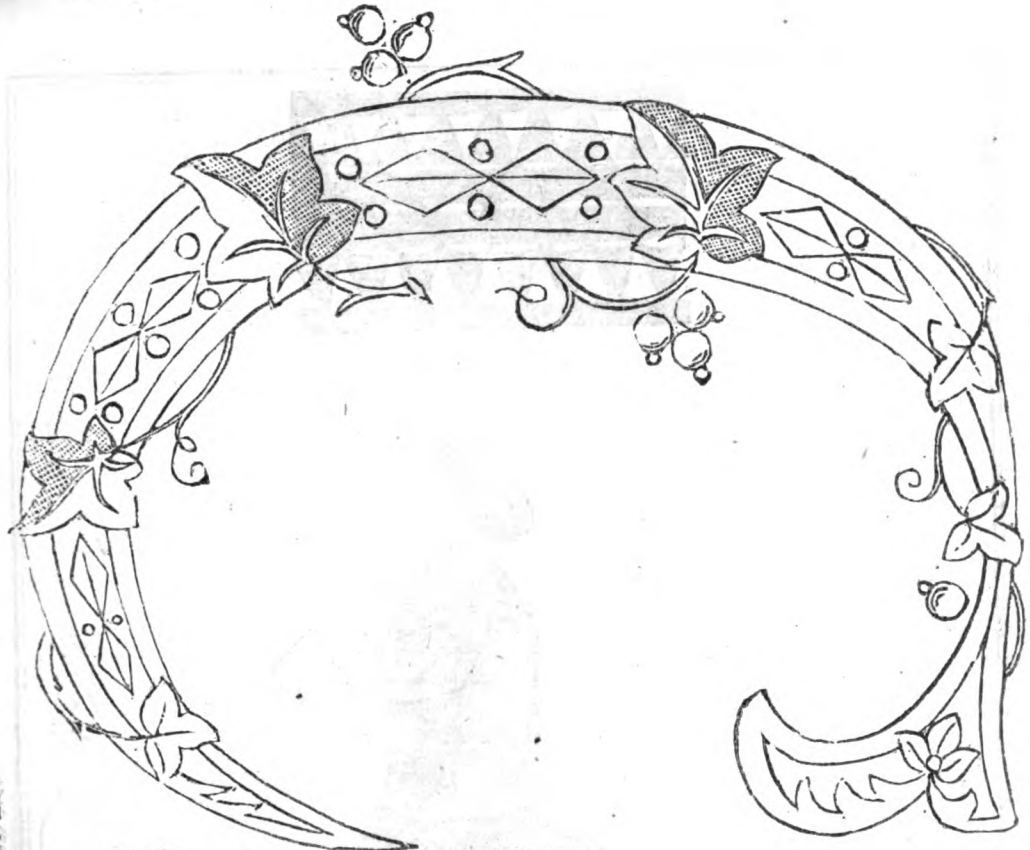


DRESS.

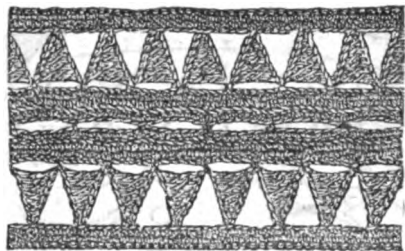




INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE



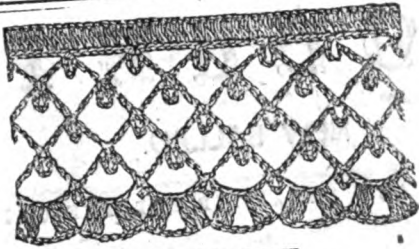
ENTRALS FOR PILLOW-CASE



**CROCHET INSERTION.**



**WALKING DRESS.**



CROCHET BORDER.



WALKING DRESS.



# THOUGHTS?

## NEW BALLAD.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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Piano.



Guitar.



1. 'Twere bet - ter that words were un - spoken That wound or dis - trees the fond



heart..... Than friend - ship at last should be bro - kon, And



near ones or dear ones should part; For sweet are the scenes that sur -



THOUGHTS.

round us And cheer us, if but for a day..... And

why! when a true heart hath found us Should cold-ness drive friendship a-

way..... And why, when a true heart hath found us, Should

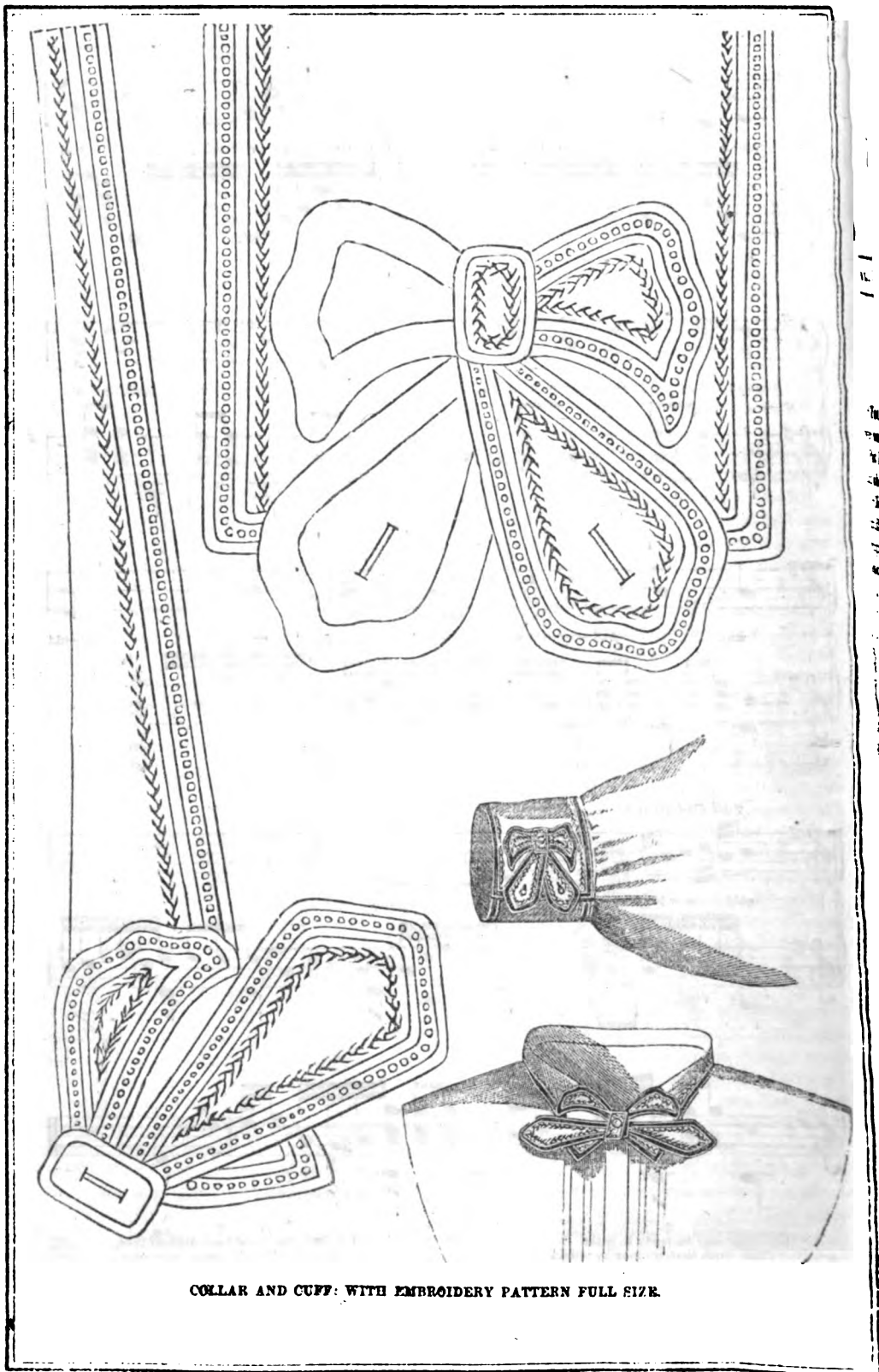
*rall-en-tan-do.*

cold-ness drive friendship a-way.....

*rall.* *tempo.*

2.  
 Our lips may be tardy to utter  
 The truth that we long to unfold,  
 But time should ne'er teach them to mutter  
 One sentence unkindly and cold.  
 For what is the dew to the flower  
 If frozen upon its frail leaf,  
 Or what is the joy of an hour  
 If followed by moments of grief.

3.  
 I would not, I could not distress thee,  
 The friendship I pledge is sincere;  
 Oh, how could I ever but bless thee,  
 So gentle, so kind, and so dear.  
 The world may be dreary before thee,  
 Tho' bright be the dreams of the past,  
 Then give me thy trust I implore thee,  
 And all will be well at the last.



COLLAR AND CUFF: WITH EMBROIDERY PATTERN FULL SIZE.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1866.

No. 3.

## PET LEIGHTON'S GAME OF CROQUET.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"You are certainly the most obstinate girl I ever saw in my life."

Pet Leighton made a saucy face at her sister, and shook her head.

"Now, Laura," said she, speaking very rapidly, and all the while deftly arranging the bright, wavy hair, which was one of her chief beauties; "I hold that you don't know what you're talking of. What possesses you and brother Harry to be in such a match-making mood? I've had beaux before, lots of 'em, and neither of you thought it worth while to say one word. Now, presto! A certain major enters upon the scene of my hitherto peaceful existence, and I find myself badgered on every side. A long letter from mother demands, 'What Major St. John followed me to Newport for?' and father sends word, 'No recruiting on his premises!' I vow, I won't stand it! Bad enough to have Messrs. Howland and Allyn looking 'drawn daggers' at poor me, without this blessed household's being upset."

Mrs. Craig's small fit of ill-humor had been rapidly evaporating during Miss Pet's tirade, and so she answered her pretty sister with an amused smile,

"No, you naughty child! I never was given to match-making. But, Pet, you *do* flirt outrageously. Come to think of it, after all, I should give my vote in behalf of Dr. Howland. He has a large fortune; and somehow, Pet, I don't believe you'd be a 'shining light' on top of an ambulance wagon."

It must be confessed Pet did not look much like "roughing it," as a soldier's wife, being about as dainty a piece of parlor furniture as could well be imagined. She was a little thing, from whence came her nick-name, "Pet." It's doubtful if her own mother remembered that she was christened Rosamond. Her figure, though alight, was nearly perfect, and her hands and feet exquisitely pretty. But the

crowning glory of her beauty was her hair and eyes. The latter were the long, soft brown eyes, that belong to the Cuban women, and capable of any expression, from grave sadness to piquant sauciness. Perhaps it was the color of her hair which gave the latter character to her face, for it was tinged with the merest shade of auburn, which ran like a bright thread all through the curling masses. She did not need any crepe-pins, or curling-tongs, where-with other girls endure nightly agonies.

"Truth compels me to concur in that statement," laughed she; "but as for the doctor! oh, Laura! that would be walking gently and comfortably 'out of the frying-pan into the fire;' (pardon the vulgarism.) Laura, listen to reason, and then just cease bothering. I'm only twenty-one, (a fact, by the way, that no one would accuse me of; all owing to my shining red locks, dear,) and I'm having such a good time this season. Consequently, Mrs. Laura, I shan't be hurried, even by *you*. Now, if you won't go and tell Harry I'll give you the benefit of a rich scene I officiated in last night. I consented, after long teasing, to go down on the beach with little Harding. You see, dear, the poor boy is quite spoiled by being all his life brought up in such strict propriety. Why, I don't suppose he'd dare to squeeze a girl's hand, unless—unless—well! unless she showed him how! The poor little wretch was as solemn as an owl; so, after I'd duly admired the moon, and said all the pretty, sweet things I was capable of, I said, 'Don't you think we'd better go home, Mr. Harding?' Behold! in answer to my innocent question, down plumps the little fellow into the sand on his knees, in the most approved novel style. Unluckily for him, he never picked out the spot beforehand, and so my admirer splashes down into a lovely little hole full of water! I nearly shrieked with laughter. You see, he went down so quickly

that it about took his breath away, and he hadn't wits enough left to pick himself up. So I gravely extended my hand, and said, in the most innocent way, 'Did you trip over a clam-shell? I'm afraid you're very wet.' And then I made him hurry home for fear he'd take cold, and kept stuffing my handkerchief into my mouth every five minutes to keep from shouting. His white vest and trousers were in such a condition; so I left him at the gate, and that's why I rushed off up stairs and changed my dress, before coming down to greet our friend, the major."

"Pet," said Mrs. Craig, between her bursts of laughter, for the young lady had been wickedly acting out the ludicrous scene, and came gracefully down on the matting, *a la* Mr. Harding. "I won't say any more, for you're incorrigible. I always told mother you were too much for me to manage, and you won't mind Harry a bit better. But, Pet, seriously, I warn you, as far as Major St. John is concerned. Every one knows what his reputation for flirting is; and it's folly to play with edged tools. Legitimate warfare I don't object to, but——"

"I need not croquet the same ball too many times, Laura—is that it?"

Mrs. Craig smiled. "I don't know which is the ruling passion just now, Pet," she said, "coquetting, or croquet. Here come the horses, however, and there stands the major ready for you. Can I help you, dear? Here's your whip; good-by."

Pet gathered up her habit, and kissed her sister as she went down stairs, but looked back, wickedly, over her shoulder.

It was a magnificent morning, and the soft sea-breeze brought a lovely rose-tint to Pet's cheeks as her spirited horse flew over the sand. Major St. John seemed in the very best of spirits, and no one knew better than he how to make himself thoroughly agreeable. Moreover, Miss Pet became conscious of a hasty beating of her willful little heart, whenever the dark-blue eyes met hers; but this only made her more obstinately aggravating than ever. Perhaps the major desired to provoke her. At any rate, he began upon what was always a sore subject between them.

"Miss Pet," said he, quite gravely, "what is the reason women tell such outrageous fibs?"

"They don't," said Pet, promptly. "Or," she added, "they wouldn't, if you men didn't provoke them into it."

"In which category, I wonder, would you place the dreadful one you told me last night? I mean in regard to your friend, Miss Carryl?"

Pet suddenly became rosy red. If there was one person on earth she utterly abominated, it was the lady in question. And especially as Major St. John had been particularly devoted to Miss Carryl during the past year. But she looked up in his face very innocently, and said,

"I haven't the least idea what you allude to."

"Don't you remember, Miss Pet, telling me that you never let any woman know your opinion of your gentlemen friends? Now Miss Carryl assures me that you have told her various uncomplimentary things of me."

"Well," quoth Pet, fractiously, "I think it's very likely I did. But since when have you metamorphosed yourself into a friend of mine?"

She said it stingingly enough; but the major only smiled with the utmost good-nature.

"Now, Miss Pet, take that back. You cannot quarrel with me, if you would. Tell me, don't you feel a little remorseful for trying it?"

"I never felt remorseful but once in my life. Major St. John, and that was when two of my cousins fell in love with me! Not one at a time, but two, all at once; and one bored me to death; and the other I was just a little bit sorry for."

He could not help laughing at her solemn tone and mirthful eyes.

"Poor little girl! I can imagine you with two tall cousins on your hands, bothered and annoyed, until you forgot how to be provoking. Pet!" and he leaned forward in his saddle and touched her bridle-hand gently, "about how sorry would you be for me?"

She shot a glance at him full of piquant mischief, and moved her horse away from him.

"Not a fraction of pity; and not a shadow of danger of your doing anything so foolish," she answered. They were nearing home now, and Pet, feeling instinctively that his tone meant something serious, had but one idea; to keep him from making the declaration she half feared to hear.

But again he moved close to her side, and said ever so lovingly,

"Pet, how much *do* you care for me?"

That provoked her woman's pride, "For," she thought, "he has no right to try and make me say I love him before he gives me a chance to say, Yes. No, monsieur,

'The fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Is rather too mellow for me!'

I'll not be one on the list of 'killed and wounded.'"

So she archly put her finger on her dainty chin, and made answer,

"Hum! That requires consideration. There's Charley Graham, and Andrew Foster, and Dr.

Howland; well, you and the doctor may join hands in my regard."

He was dreadfully vexed; she could not now stop the eager, passionate words.

"Pet, by heavens! you *shall* listen. I want you for my very own, to gladden my home, and be the light of my eyes. Tell me that you love me, dear; give me ever so little hope of winning you."

The willful shoulders shrugged themselves, and the pretty lips pouted out an answer,

"Why will you take everything *au sérieux*. Major St. John? Of course, I like you—a little?"

He had lost his head for a moment, and bitterly regretted giving her such an opportunity to exercise her woman's power of aggravating; but they were within a very short distance of the cottage, and he must say what remained to him hastily.

"I believe you do love me, after all! I am coming this afternoon to the cottage—will you promise me, Pet, to listen to me then, and give me an answer?"

A mischievous thought popped into naughty Pet's fertile brain, and she acted upon it instantly.

"I shall be very happy to have you join a Croquet party at three this afternoon, to which my sister desired me to invite you. And, if you beat me at the first game, Major St. John, I will give you an answer—perhaps!"

Oh, Pet Leighton! what a coquette you were. The last word came out lingeringly, accompanied by a soft glance from her bewitching eyes, that went straight to the gallant major's heart. As she finished her sentence, they drew up their horses at the door, and Major St. John was prevented from even a farewell whisper, by the appearance of Mr. Craig and Dr. Howland, who came to escort Pet to the house.

"St. John," said Mr. Craig, greeting him with much cordiality; "won't you dine with us to-day at six? I believe my wife has a Croquet party; but, of course, you officiate."

"Thanks for both invitations. Miss Pet," raising his voice a little to reach her ear as she was slowly walking up to the house, "I am a very poor player in general; but if I add laurels to my chaplet to-day, will you make me a cup of coffee with your own fair hands at dinner?"

She made him a playful military salute with her whip. "If you *win*, yes, Major St. John. If you *lose*, I'll not be so complaisant. *Vae victis!*"

It will not do to tell whether the major did

not relieve his feelings by a mild oath, under his silky mustache, as he rode briskly off. But Pet fairly danced up the walk; and when she gained the parlor, enchanted her auditors by dashing into a spirited bravura, which she rendered with all an artist's power and brilliancy.

About three o'clock, Pet looked into the library on her way to the front piazza.

"Laura," said she, "I wish you'd be kind enough to arrange the loops of my dress. I twisted and turned in front of the *cheval* glass until I got disgusted with my entire toilet."

"Why, Pet," answered her sister, "you're the very *beau-ideal* of a *Croquetiere*, if one may invent a descriptive word."

And Mrs. Craig must have been about right, for Pet's costume, from the jaunty hat to the faultless gloves and dainty boots, was the envy of every girl on the ground that day. Mary Carryl was more showy, but she never possessed the talent of adapting colors to her face and form as Pet did; and Mary Carryl was the only approach to a rival belle that Pet Leighton ever knew. So Pet stood buttoning the final button of her little glove, and made a picturesque tableau unconsciously, as a beautiful pair of bays dashed up, and Major St. John handed out Miss Carryl. But there wasn't a shade of pique in Pet's manner as she welcomed them, and Miss Carryl's greeting was warm.

"Pet, my darling," said she, embracing her after the fashion of every woman who mortally detests another, "I've been scolding Major St. John all the way from the Ocean House, because he will say unfair things about us poor women. What do you say to him when he talks in that horrid manner? Rate him soundly?"

"Bad policy in you, Mary; just let him run on till he contradicts himself."

"Not fair, Miss Pet," said the Major, trying to meet her eyes, which were skillfully engaged in another direction. "Who are your new arrivals?"

"Miss Davidson, and Miss Ray, from Baltimore; and here comes one gentleman. How will you arrange the sides, Dr. Howland?"

"Good-morning, Miss Pet," said the gentleman addressed, "I only petition for a place near you. Have you ever seen Miss Pet play, St. John? She's a regular little vandal. You get into a nice, comfortable position behind a wicket, and the first thing you are aware of down comes Miss Pet's ball, and off you go, luckless wight, into the nearest fence. You'd better not take up arms against her."

"Indeed, Dr. Howland, I am not going to play with the major; on the contrary, I know

he desires 'some foeman worthy of his steel.' Suppose we say Miss Ray, Mr. Allyn, yourself and myself, against Major St. John, Miss Carryl, Miss Davidson, and Mr. Harding?"

So they placed their colors with much laughing and badinage, Pet leading off with the red. There was a world of merry mischief in her eyes, and perhaps never, during the whole season, had she looked so lovely as she did that day in her picturesque croquet dress.

They played nearly round to the first stake. Major St. John was playing finely, so well that Miss Pet saw it behooved her to be careful. Privately, she would not have missed winning the game for worlds; and so back and forth went the red ball, and finally came out "Rover" with flying colors. But Pet's game was much hampered by the bad playing of one of her partners, Miss Ray; and slowly, but surely, one by one of the opposing side went out, until there only remained the red and blue, Pet's and the major's ball. Both balls lay near the stake, but in such a position that unless Pet croqueted the major, she would inevitably lose the game. A knock!

"Hurrah!" shouted Dr. Howland, gleefully, in great excitement; "send him to the other end of the field, Miss Pet, and the game is your own."

Pet placed her little foot on the ball, and lifted her mallet to strike, when she glanced up at the major, the first time she had looked him fairly in the eyes that afternoon. She blushed violently, and to cover her confusion, struck in

haste. His ball went flying off, but alas! poor Pet! As she turned, her foot slipped from her own ball to the ground; an agonizing pain shot through her whole frame, and she quietly fainted away.

The first thing Pet saw when she opened her eyes, was her sister's terrified face at the head of the stairs, up which she was being carried in Major St. John's arms.

"Clarence!" said Pet, too faint to know what calling him thus implied.

"Yes, darling!" whispered the delighted major. "You'd never, never have got back to that stake before me; but you've won the game." And as he laid her on the sofa, poor little Pet fainted again.

It was at least a month before Pet left her sofa, where she was a meek and submissive victim to the combined tyranny and teasing of her sister. In fact, Mrs. Craig was so triumphant over Pet's surrender, and "so indebted," she declared, "to the major for taking that child in hand," that Pet finally vowed she would not be snubbed any longer.

"So, Clarence," she said, one morning, with a smile that winked away a tear, "you'd better marry me out of hand before I grow naughty again, and do more mischief than spraining my ankle."

And the handsome major, as he kissed the dear little penitent, only said,

"Never mind, Pet. As you loved me dearly all the while, I'll forgive you for playing, as you did, your GAME OF CROQUET."

## THE TOKEN.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"WHAT shall I send you, little May,  
That shall be to you a token;  
As, afar in a sunny clime I stray,  
And leave you to follow the same old way  
We have trod together for many a day,  
That our troth is still unbroken?"

"What shall I send you, little May,  
From the land where I am going?  
There are bright-hued birds in that isle of the seas;  
There are tropical flowers much fairer than these;  
And the rarest fruits on the green-wood trees,  
Thro' the long, bright days are growing."

"What shall I send you, little May?  
Some gem from the deep blue sea?  
There are glistening pearls for your auburn hair;  
There are branches of coral you think so fair;  
There are shells with such tints as you love to wear—  
Shall I send of these to thee?"

"Or a silken robe from some foreign loom,  
As blue as the skies to-day?  
Or a cross of rubies? a diamond band?  
Or an antique ring for that slender hand?  
There are priceless gems in that far-off land—  
But what shall I choose for May?"

"Not the merry birds, with their plumage fair;  
Not even the gems of the sea:  
Not the rarest flowers from that land of bloom;  
Not the spices breathing their soft perfume;  
Nor the azure silk from a foreign loom;  
Oh, no! not of these for me."

"But send me messages fraught with love,  
From that fair isle of the sea;  
Let 'white-winged messengers' come to cheer;  
Let me know that your thoughts are hovering near;  
For, oh! there is naught in this world so dear—  
So dear as thy love to me."

## JESSIE'S LESSON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A FORMER generation would have called her a madcap, or hoyden, or by some name that had nothing offensive in its reproof; but, unfortunately for Jessie Doane, she lived in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and before her first winter "out" was over, the wretches stigmatized her by that most abominable epithet ever applied to womanhood.

They called her fast. I hereby pronounce a solemn anathema on the creature who first gave that word its present significance! It is not that young people are worse than the young folks of by-gone generations—no, nor as bad either, in spite of all the croaking; but that beastly word makes things sound worse, and people have got so that, whether with reason or without, they apply it to every young fellow, and every third girl of their acquaintance—and I'm sick of it; and if I had an "oldest son" to christen, I'd christen him Fast, and they might be saved the trouble of changing his name, and be—quiet.

Jessie had lived a great deal with an old uncle, who had considered her the gem of the earth, and taught her to ride like Diana; shoot like an Amazon; swim like a mermaid; and row like an Adirondac guide. In fact, he taught her to make use of her muscles, and develop her limbs by exercise, and all without the slightest idea that he was doing anything which could ever call down condemnation on his darling's head; for he was an antique, and probably did not even know, to the day of his death, the new meaning of that word I abominate.

Then, after he trimmed his wings for an upward flight—God bless him! he was a thorough Christian gentleman, and a heart at seventy which seventeen might be glad to own—Jessie was condemned to boarding-school because— all girls are sent there; and none of the guardians or relations wished to be troubled with her during what they supposed would be the bread-and-butter age.

But the summer before my sketch begins, Jessie had appeared at Newport with some of the family, a little fairy, with something so ethereal about her that, no matter what she had done, it would have looked lady-like.

The first week most of the relations pronounced her pretty, but insignificant. Poor

child! the restraints of her school torture were still upon her. Then a lot of the young men cousins arrived; and behold! to the horror of aunt Cora, and the envy of the girls who wanted to be mannish, Jessie came out the head and front of all trials in rowing, or shooting, or billiards, and similar enormities.

Uncle Phil had taught her—so it must be right; other women did it—so there could be no harm. Besides, she cared for none of her relations, and had no reason to. Aunt Cora's misdirected reproofs and harshness, and the girls bitter speeches, only made her more obstinate; and she behaved like a little witch.

Nor have I any intention of saying that she was not perverse and willful; and a fondness of approbation, which had always been at the bottom of her character, developed rapidly into a love of admiration, which got her into more mischief still.

Everybody was preaching that it was her duty to marry. She was not dependent even upon aunt Cora, although not by any means a rich girl.

Indeed, her uncle really wanted to do her duty by her, but, unfortunately, she always tried to do it in a disagreeable way—that had been the great fault of her life; and Jessie rebelled against her good, as young people always will, if you attempt to administer it as if it were doses of allopathic medicine.

So the Newport season came to an end, and Jessie left her lovers to despair, or hope for better success on another trial, according as their respective temperaments might dispose them.

She went to make a visit in the neighborhood of her former home, to an old friend of her uncle's; and perhaps the relief from aunt Cora's lectures, and the removal of the dangers toward which she had shown so decided a proclivity, flirting and doing careless things—you see I won't use any harsh words—might afford her an opportunity for a little seasonable thought.

Down she went into that place hallowed by pleasant memories, which might bring out all the softness that lay at the bottom of her character.

One of Jessie's chief troubles was, that in order to preserve her real sensibility from the



danger of being hurt; she had, from the first, appeared so careless and hard as to shock aunt Cora, who was fond of airing her griefs, and considered it a solemn duty to moan over her dead relations, when there was anybody near to listen, and a predisposition to dyspepsia made her believe herself sorrow-stricken. Jessie was like a brilliant gem, from which the light only glances off in all directions; and finding every effort to touch her feelings fail in the same way, aunt Cora decided that she was just as hard as the opal, to which her admirers compared her.

After all, the comparison was not a bad one. You remember the old superstition that, in the hands of certain persons, the opal would lose all its brilliant lights; and with Jessie all the real sweet and womanly traits of her character seemed completely hidden when she was under the hands of her guardians and advisers.

And there she met again Richard Falmore; and here we are at the little secret and bit of romance of Jessie's early years and girlhood; for during her residence with her uncle, Richard's father had been a neighbor, and Jessie and Richard had been child-lovers in the sunny days.

But during the season of incarceration in the boarding-school, for which Jessie doubted if she should ever attain Christian grace enough to forgive aunt Cora and the guardians, the pair had not met; and, indeed, only heard of each other through the medium of the old relative of Richard's, whom Jessie had come to visit.

Perhaps that seeming coolness had piqued Jessie; but she did not know that, during one of the last conversations Richard ever held with her uncle, the old gentleman, wise enough to have perceived his feelings toward the girl, had pledged him not to entangle her in the web of an early engagement, perhaps led to his horror thereof by some youthful memory of his own.

But this, of course, Richard could not repeat to Jessie, since it would have been presuming that she did love him; and though he had every right to believe that such was the case, it might have seemed an impertinent assumption on his part; and even before her Newport days it was not quite safe to touch her dignity or pride.

But the first morning after her arrival, as she sat bewitching old Mrs. Falmore with her stories of things that had happened since they parted, and looking prettier than was allowable, Richard made his appearance. He stood an instant in the door-way, unperceived by either, to regard the charming picture with a heart

beating more tumultuously than any one would have supposed possible from his usual staid, quiet demeanor.

Jessie was exclaiming,

"And I said——"

"What?" demanded Richard, coolly.

"That you are just as impertinent as ever," cried Jessie, turning at the well remembered voice. "Oh, Richard! how do you do?"

It was a pretty sight to see them meet; and old Mrs. Falmore sat smiling at the thought which came straightway into her motherly heart; and for the time it was like the childish frankness with which they had sat side by side, and shared their happiness till neither was complete without the other.

"We must visit all the old places, Richard," Jessie said, after she had asked all sorts of questions about the neighborhood. "We must go up to the wood, and——Don't you remember the hill where we used to gather chestnuts?"

"And how you would prick your fingers trying to open the burs?"

"Yes; and uncle teased you by saying he thought there must have been a lack of gallantry on your part——"

"And then you were angry," interrupted Mrs. Falmore, rather injudiciously.

"I don't remember about that," answered Jessie, suddenly recalled to herself; "but I never could bear even the appearance of injustice, no matter who was concerned."

Then she did not recall any more childish memories, and unexpectedly changed into something like the dazzling girl the world knew. She rattled on concerning her summer's amusements, after a fashion that somewhat bewildered Richard and gave him an odd feeling, as if, after that brief glimpse, the Jessie of old times had disappeared, and this brilliant, mundane creature had taken her place.

"You intend spending the winter in New York?" he asked, rather coldly.

Something in the tone of his voice roused the spirit of opposition that had grown so strong within her since she had been deprived of her uncle's beneficial influence, and she answered in her most heartless manner,

"Anything else would seem worse than being shut up alive in a vault. I assure you I anticipate a delightful winter. I invite you to come and witness my triumphs."

All that was nothing, and they soon got back to the old style of conversation; but it was enough to show that unless reason and judgment were exercised on both sides, there might very dark clouds arise to sweep away the

summer palace of childish dreams, where it had been so pleasant to linger.

That first week was a very charming one. Ah! more than that—something to look back on in after years as a glittering mark along life's dusty way, if content and happiness kept with them. Only a funeral cross, hung with withered garlands, if the idyl ended as so many of our summer poems do end, in emptiness and vain regret.

Only a week, for then a gay party collected in the neighborhood, and Jessie could not resist making herself queen of the little circle; and her new delight in tormenting grew keener since she found that she could make strong, self-centered Richard feel acutely.

She gave him no chance to speak that which she saw in his eyes every time they met; she liked to bewilder him with occasional gleams of her old self, and then leave him dazed by her sudden change.

She could not herself have accounted for the half of her vagaries. She loved Richard; she could not have borne to have him leave her; but all the while there was the feeling of unacknowledged pique in her mind, because of his reticence and silence during her absence. Besides, she had a great horror, which she could not have explained to herself, of feeling that her destiny was settled—her wings clipped; that she belonged to some one else, and had lost her maiden sovereignty over her own soul; and then, too, the dash and glitter of life had taken a wonderful hold of her excitable temperament.

And the autumn weeks went on in that delightful but tantalizing way, till at last Richard was quite determined to wait no longer; and he did succeed in capturing Jessie when there was no one near to interrupt or bring out her opaline colors. Nobody need laugh, that is just what I mean.

She and Richard had ridden over to the old house where she had been so happy. A visit she would not have made with any one else for the world—one that she had deferred from time to time, because she knew the opportunity it would give Richard, and mistrusted the softening influence the place would have upon herself.

And as she feared, yet always with a pleasant flutter at her wayward heart, Richard did take advantage of time and place, and just at the moment, too, when the associations of the spot were strongest upon her, and all her queenliness, and assumption, and coquetry, had cowered before better impulses, like fire-lights dying in the radiance of the blessed sun.

"Do you remember the May-day feast?" Richard asked, suddenly, as they stood on the piazza opening toward the pine-wood, where the front groups of trees looked like gigantic golden lances in the light evening. "Do you remember, Jessie?"

Did she remember? They had been king and queen; and the old uncle had jested until she took refuge under Mrs. Falmore's wing; and Richard, the sly imp, had crept up to whisper that she belonged to him for always and always, and nobody else!

"Have you forgotten, Jessie?" and her two hands were held fast and the eager words were spoken—he so impetuous, and she standing so still and silent, that they seemed, for the moment, to have exchanged characters.

"I love you, Jessie," he said over and over again; it was so sweet to utter the words that had lain so long like a crown of light on his manly heart. "I can't tell you of any time when it began as other men might, my darling. All my life you have been the best and dearest portion of my life—my Jessie, my Jessie!"

No word from the parted lips; but a quick breath, as if some thought had failed of utterance.

"Can it be, Jessie? Do you love me?"

All that was best of her rose up in response to the noble offering he made.

"I do love you, Richard," she said, shyly enough, but quite untroubled now. "I can't tell when, either. I'm a foolish, spoiled child; but you'll make me better and more patient, won't you, Richie?"

"You are perfect!" he cried; and believed it, too, as he spoke.

Her spirits rose from the reaction, and she gave the old willful laugh.

"Indeed, I'm not; and I'm not as good as you think; but you won't tyrannize, will you?"

Oh! the promises they made, and the dear words they spoke; and the heaven, the woods grew wherein they wandered!

I have always an odd, ridiculous feeling when I try to describe such a scene, as if I was exposing the secret of some treasured friend; and I believe that is just why it always sounds stiff and cold.

The moon was up when they left the dear old place once more to solitude, and mounted their horses to return.

Before they reached Mrs. Falmore's, the keen air and rapid gallop had brought up Jessie's spirits again; and she was laughing and talking gayly to get away from the shyness and restraint which began to creep over her, when

she remembered that it was done now—settled and over; that now Richard had a right to put his hand on her bridle-rein; to check her when she endangered her seat by an unnecessary leap; his treasure, valued as priceless, truly—but still his property; the bare thought made her restive.

"I won't be bound and fettered, Richie," cried she, so naturally taking up the dear, childish name. "I want my freedom. I'm a wild animal, and I can't bear being ticketed and labeled, to show I'm no longer my own good and chattel."

He laughed heartily at her absurd way of expressing the matter, but he understood the feeling much better than most men would have done.

"You shall not be fretted, darling."

"Upon your word?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"And we won't be stupidly engaged——"

"What are we then?"

"Oh! I don't know—I can't find names! Just let me forget it all and be myself. I may teaze you, but I'll come out all right."

"Not quite forget, Jessie."

"Well, maybe not; but pretend to. Oh, I can't! Don't make me feel like a wild animal just caught and chafing against its chain."

"God forbid, Jessie! I am sorry you have the idea. I offer you an equal bargain—my heart for yours——"

"Yes, yes, I'm bad and willful, but humor me!"

"As if I had anything to do but please you. Only, dear, remember how much alone you are; think of being free from any who do not understand you; having a home——"

"We are here," interrupted Jessie, and galloped on to the house.

He overtook her, and sprang off his saddle to assist her to dismount.

She stole a look at his face, and whispered,

"You aren't vexed?"

"Not a bit."

"Good boy! I'll make you a promise."

"Quick—quick!" and he held her fast, and looked so eagerly into her eyes, that she would have had to be provoking if she died for it.

"Why, next spring I'll hear you finish that sentence; but I'll have my liberty till then; yes, and my winter in town."

She bounded into the house; and Richard stood looking after the well-trained horses, who had been taught to trot stableward at his command; saw the groom come out, then he followed, still treading too much on air to think

of anything beyond the joy of the time, the thought that his dream was made real.

Dear Mrs. Falmore saw plainly enough that the explanation had come; but she wisely held her peace for a day or two. It rained—company could not intrude. Jessie's womanly fairy kept her demons of mischief down, and Richard was benighted.

But those days passed; the sun came out; the visitors poured back; gallops, sailing, impromptu dances at night were the rage; and Jessie was changeful as an opal once more.

Then the old lady was forced to whisper,

"But you do care for Richie?"

"Do I?" said the sprite.

"Ah! don't teaze an old woman who loves you; it's enough to teaze him."

"I will; trust me!"

"But you don't care for these whiskered dandies——"

"Old lady," and Jessie caught hold of her, "Richie's little finger is worth all their lives. There, repeat it to him, and I'll waltz you into spasms, and then tell your clergyman of your wickedness."

Of course, the old lady promised, and meant to perform; but I am afraid that that very evening, when Jessie was fooling a beau to the top of his bent, aunty was afraid "the boy" might be distressed, and that when she whispered in his ear the avowal came out. Anyway, he looked brighter—and the best people will do wrong; and I dare say the old lady's guardian angel was good-natured, and pretended not to hear.

But the golden autumn days passed quickly, and the last ones had clouds like some of the November afternoons. Aunt Cora came down to visit Mrs. Falmore for a brief space, and take Jessie back; and aunt Cora always did the wrong thing, and upset whatever she wished to establish firmly.

I fancy the elder dames talked the matter over. Aunt Cora was mightily pleased with Richard; but, lo and behold! she dreaded the winter, and the fast cousins, and the whole set; and would have liked to rush on a marriage.

Nothing outright to Jessie, but Jessie understood. Perversity took possession of her soul; and the rest of the stay she tormented them all, so that aunt Cora was in a state of uplifted eyebrows and chronic horror, and even Richard's patience almost gave way.

"Then let me alone," said she, when aunt Cora tried a lecture.

"But you are engaged——"

"Aunt Cora," interrupted Jessie, "you say

that word again to me, or anybody else during the next six months, and I'll marry the Khan of Tartary within a week, if I have to go to him in a balloon."

She looked blue with anger and desperation, and frightened aunt Cora believed she would keep her vow.

"One word more," said Jessie, ruthlessly disregarding her mutters, and expostulations, and apologies. "You asked me to spend the winter with you. If I am going to be a bore, only say so, and I'll go to cousin Lane's."

Into the very heart of the fast set. Aunt Cora's cap-border stood out straight.

"My dear, I look upon you as my child. I want you with me, but——"

"No buts, you blessed! There, let's drop it; kiss and make up!"

Off she danced like a fire-fly; and aunt Cora was silenced for the time. But ill-luck threw Richard in the sprite's way before her feeling of being a bound panther had gone.

"Did you set her at me?" cried she, austere.

"My dear girl!"

"No, I'm not—I'm my own property! Mr. Richie, do your lectures *viva voce*. I'll have no old lady made a proxy! I tell you, honestly, these last days have tried me. Aunt Cora sets me wrong. Upon my word, she does me more harm, by her horrible goodness, than all the Lane set by their wicked ways."

"Dear Jessie, don't talk so; just be reasonable——"

"Never!"

But he looked actually pained, and the good fairy came back.

"Dear old Richie, you are good. There!"

She rose on tip-toe and fairly kissed him for the first time; but still things were not quite right. Many another argument came up, and Jessie was a little perverse even at the farewell moment.

It was the very height of the winter season—such a mad winter as that was—and Jessie was the gayest of the gay, and flattered and adored till, I insist upon it, she was excusable for having her head turned.

But, unfortunately, the Newport recollections would come up; and it was the habit, even among people who considered themselves her friends, to call her "fast;" but nobody told her; and, after all, if they had, it would have depended on the mood she was in whether she was horrified into prudery, or angered into defiance.

Aunt Cora had made things worse, just as

Jessie had prophesied. She humored her one moment, and scolded her the next; held her engagement over her head until Jessie stopped that by showing her a dreadful letter she vowed to send the next time the word was named.

Richard had been on for several weeks, and, indeed, it was not pleasant to see her acting as if he had no claim; and aunt Cora groaned and sniffed till she helped on the difficulty.

"You promised not to scold me," said Jessie, piteously, when Richard expostulated.

"But I am not scolding, dear!"

"Well, you sermonize, and that's worse. Oh! don't act like an elderly griffin."

"Oh! my dear child, don't say such things! Why what you said last night about Mrs. Lucy went all over the rooms."

"What did I say?"

"You called her a promising pelican!"

"Well, dear, she had robbed herself of her diamonds to bedizzen that red-haired daughter—it was really pelican-like devotion."

"But, for a young girl——"

"Then let her alone! She nagged because I waltzed three times with Col. Wayne——"

"In succession!"

"What of that? You aren't jealous!"

"Of that padded goose?"

"Oh! who's calling names now; don't teach me any more slang! But you don't mind. You know I regard him no more than a top—and it's nobody else's affair."

But before he went on to Washington, where he expected to be detained by business until near the close of the season, a more real difficulty occurred.

Just from aunt Cora's clumsy attempts to keep them apart, Jessie struck up a friendship with Mrs. Morris Clay—and everybody knows what she was.

Thanks to unlimited wealth, her husband's good nature, and influential relations, who were so clannish, that they stuck by each other "through thick and thin," she did keep her place in society; but the stories were terrific, and the scandal in Paris had been beyond belief.

The worst of it was, she hadn't a good heart. I can stand a good deal of wickedness, if there is only that to make amends.

Even Richard scolded when he found that out; but it was too late. Jessie absolutely seemed fascinated by her.

"I thought you hated scandal," cried Jessie.

"I do; but in this case. My dear, just to see the woman go on."

"No worse than half the others!"

"I tell you she has a bad heart. If she got into mischief, she would throw the blame on you, or any young girl intimate with her; make you the guilty party; hurt you dreadfully, and go scot free. It's that I dread, my gem, my opal! I know how pure you are; but think how terrible that would be."

They coaxed—they got angry; they had it over a dozen times, the same scene, with variations.

"One thing, Jessie! With that Kellinger, who is about her, I will not see you—a miserable Prussian, with a dozen names——"

"I hate the man!"

"But you'll meet him."

"I will be careful—I promise."

Altogether, the second parting was dreadfully unsatisfactory; and Richard carried away a very heavy heart. Jessie knew that she had done wrong; but that, of course, made her more reckless: aunt Cora's worryings, and Mrs. Clay's sympathy did the rest. Jessie was bewitched with her. The devil wasn't more artful than that woman; she read Jessie's generous nature at once, and bound her to her by confiding a secret and getting her help.

Jessie believed implicitly her stories of a lonely life; a morose husband; a love in the grave; a desire to fool men, because the only girl she ever loved before Jessie had died of a broken heart. Jessie believed and gave her heart, and let the imp read it, and Jezebel Clay led her into more follies than she could repent in ten years.

It was after Lent. Spring was beginning to show signs of making her appearance. Rational people considered the season over; but Mrs. Clay gave a last ball, it stimulated other people to give last balls—and the whirl began anew.

Jessie was jaded and tired. She was longing for Richard at last; but, unfortunately, in the very letter he wrote to announce his arrival there was matter for irritation.

He felt obliged to write about a mad freak that had come to his ears; kindly enough done, but it angered Jessie. She flew to Mrs. Clay for sympathy; and Jezebel, seeing how the new face brought fresh crowds about her rather stale self, gave it in floods.

"They'll fret you beyond endurance at last, dear! Oh! I know how they do it; better be a slave in a dungeon! If they try you too much, come to me, *anima mia*. I understand you, sister, twin soul!"

And the night Richard was to arrive there was a soiree at Mrs. Dunfield's, a crony of Jezebel's; and Jessie had made up her mind to stay

at home; but the letter, aunt Cora's fretful commands that she should not go, and Jezebel's counter expostulations, made Jessie determined to be present.

Worse than all, the dress she ordered put her debts in such a state that it was absolute dishonesty to buy it. Young ladies, many a one of you understands; but Jezebel made her buy it, and never gave her time to think.

Aunt Cora absolutely refused at first to go. She would stay at home and receive Richard; then Jessie would go with Mrs. Clay—and to prevent that the old lady arrayed herself for the festival, thinking she felt like an early Christian martyr; but, unfortunately, showing a very wrong spirit, fretting and scolding until she passed all bounds, and Jessie flew out, and they quarreled famously, and then went to the party.

Jessie was gorgeous; but Clay and her set got about her; and every time aunt Cora could get near her, she groaned and choked till Jessie could have wished her at home in a fit—and people were absolutely noticing it.

The climax came. Jessie never had danced with Kellinger—ugh! the white-teethed, devil-eyed, silky-voiced wretch—and Clay guessed the reason; and she had registered a private vow that this night she should. They were all about her; Jessie was doing her best.

"I'm tired; the colonel dances too fast. I won't be teased; perhaps I don't want to——"

But aunt Cora rushed up,

"My dear, you are worn out. I beg you will sit down."

"Bless me, aunty, I am not so fragile."

"What a treasure of a dragon," sneered Mrs. Clay. "She has had her orders from the absent, and means to keep them. Give in, Jessie, I exonerate you, and will say no more. You are conquered!"

And just as the insidious whisper was hissing through her brain, Jessie looked toward the door. Richard was entering in compliance with an invitation left at Clay's request.

"Oh! there's Richard," said aunt Cora, in a stage whisper, pinching Jessie's arm in her excitement. "Come away—come."

"Take care," hissed Jezebel, on the other side, "there's the lord duke himself. Jessie, sit down—I'll call off the colonel, I'm afraid you'll get into a scrape."

At the same instant she signed to Kellinger.

"May I have my waltz?" he said.

With a feeling at her heart as if something gave way; mad with the enactment of that scene; blind with dread at what she read in

Richard's eyes, and more furious than ever because of that, Jessie let the serpent-arm glide about her waist, and was floated round and round in the syren dance.

It seemed to her that it lasted an eternity; the weird German music was like a dismal wail. She felt nothing—saw nothing, save that every time as they circled past the spot where Richard stood, the sad eyes seemed looking into her very soul.

It was over; he was leading her to a seat. Suddenly the room reeled, and Mrs. Clay approaching them at the moment, caught Jessie in her arms. Everybody was startled then, but they carried her up stairs; and as Richard could not go in, Jezebel lorded it over aunt Cora, and drove her frantic till Jessie came to herself.

"Let me go home," were her first words.

Aunt Cora flew for her things.

"Dearest," whispered Jezebel, "they'll kill you! I am afraid to let you go. Oh! if you hadn't danced! If you were only a relative of mine, that I might carry you off."

"Call for me in half an hour," said Jessie; as she bundled herself in her cloak, swept out, and took the arm of the first man she met, and left Richard to follow with aunt Cora down to the carriage.

They were home at last—nobody had spoken a word. Once in the house, aunt Cora began to wail; to cry out to Richard that the girl was possessed; that she had done her best; she was a broken-hearted woman; till even Richard begged her to be silent, and Jessie stood in a still frenzy white as a ghost.

"Jessie," he cried, "how could you, after your promise—after—"

"Your promise!" broke in aunt Cora. "We are disgraced; sister Owenson says so—disgraced."

"Aunt, will you have the kindness to allow me to speak?" said Jessie, in a low voice, that stopped aunt Cora as if it had struck her dumb, and made Richard shudder as though an evil spirit had spoken in her likeness.

"Mr. Falmore," continued Jessie, "I deny your right to question me; I deny your right to remain one instant longer and listen to our conversation. From this time forth there is no shadow of a bond between us—we are strangers."

"Jessie, for God's sake—you are mad!"

"Hush, sir! You have no right to insult me because I am a woman. I said we were strangers."

He stood motionless, useless to speak. He

knew her so well, perhaps he had not made up his mind that he could forgive her; but to be cast off thus; to see her rush away from the last safe-guard, made him feel the depths of his love.

"Jessie!" groaned aunt Cora.

"One moment, Mrs. Wakeman! An instant since you dared to use, in connection with me and my conduct, a word which must be atoned for before we meet again. I am going on a visit to my friend, Mrs. Clay. I shall leave orders for my trunks to follow me there. You will have to come and beg my pardon before we meet again."

She heard the sound of wheels, Jezebel's carriage driving up. She swept out of the room like a flash of light—out of the house before either could move, and was borne away half insensible in Jezebel's arms.

The next day Mrs. Clay left, as she had intended, for her country-house, only a short drive from town, and Jessie went with her.

Richard brought aunt Cora partially to reason; but Jezebel spread the story far and wide, and swore to Jessie they had done it, and was believed.

The fast cousins applauded what she had done. People were divided between considering her a martyr and a dreadful tempered girl; and Jezebel gave a dinner and exhibited her in triumph—and a week went by.

Just a week, and then the retribution. Ah! my poor Jessie, wrong, and willful, and wicked; but it was so pitiable, because there had been nobody to guide.

They had been over dining at the house of one of the great relatives, who helped to keep Jezebel up because they would not have open disgrace come so near themselves. Kellinger had accompanied them home in the carriage—came in for a little chat, and said good-night. He had a hack waiting for him, because Morris Clay was from home, and Jezebel said that propriety forbade two lone women giving him even the smallest and most remote corner of that immense house.

When they were alone she sent Jessie at once to bed.

"Because you are worn out, my dearest: and if you should get ill, they'd swear I had poisoned you."

Long after midnight before Jessie could force herself to lie down. Once, after her head touched the pillow, she fell into a doze, but it was only to wake, terrified by some dream which she could not recall.

There was a hysterical oppression in her throat, which absolutely prevented her lying

still. The fire had burned low in the grate, but she held her watch over it to see the time—three o'clock.

The feeling of suffocation increased with the whirl of thought which overtook her when left alone. She ran to the window, throw it open, and leaned out in the night.

The moon was going down in the west, and shone full on the shrubbery into which her room looked, just over a side entrance to the house.

She heard the outer door close; she saw a man going toward the shrubbery. In her hysterical fit she could not restrain herself, and cried aloud. He turned—it was the Prussian!

"Col. Kellinger!" she exclaimed, wild with the ideas that flashed through her mind; first, that he must be intoxicated; then that Richard's words were true—and he a thief; and again she cried desperately,

"Col. Kellinger!"

He began to stammer something; but on the instant there was a noise below—a window flew up, Jezebel's voice called,

"Who's there? I have a pistol here; there are plenty of men servants in the house."

"Don't, don't!" shrieked Jessie, only thinking that the man might be killed.

Then she heard Mrs. Clay exclaim in Rachel tones,

"Jessie's voice—Col. Kellinger. What do I see? Good heavens, I must be mad!"

She stepped out into a little balcony, the lattice of which ran up to Jessie's window, and hurried on.

"Jessie here at this hour talking to that man——"

"How dare you?" cried Jessie.

Then she saw it all. Pure minded as she might be, she could but understand the truth. Mrs. Clay found that she was discovered, and even in the first moment could thrust the blame on her.

She could not speak; a servant came out. Mrs. Clay would not allow Kellinger to utter a word——

"Go!" she exclaimed. "Miss Doane, our friendship ends forever. A rendezvous at this hour; my husband gone. Oh, heaven!"

The Prussian disappeared. Jessie roused herself and dashed down stairs too late. Jezebel was in her room, and would neither speak, nor open the door.

For a time Jessie believed that she went mad. It all burst on her—ruin, disgrace; no friend—her money spent. On the morrow absolutely

as homeless as the most degraded beggar, from whom she had ever shrunk in the street.

She saw daylight come; then, as if she had taken some powerful anodyne, whose effects she could not resist, she had just sense enough left to reach the bed and fall on it in a slumber that was like death.

When she woke the sun was streaming in. She woke to a full consciousness of what had befallen her; sprang to the floor with a groan, and seized her watch—it was ten o'clock.

She was like a person just up from fever; but she was dressed at last, and down stairs in search of her enemy. Gone, the servants said—gone to town!

Gone to tell her story far and wide. It had come—no help now; ruin, shame; and this was the end!

Jessie rushed into the hall like a mad thing, only conscious that she was trying to get away, and fell into the arms of a lady whom the servant had just admitted. It was Mrs. Falmore—dear old Mrs. Falmore!

"Do you know?—have you heard?" gasped Jessie, as the old lady led her into a reception-room.

"Everything," she replied, meaning about the quarrel with Richard.

"But I am innocent. I saw him from my window. He was leaving the house! She has gone to say it was I who received him. Kill me—kill me!"

Then her friend knew she had not heard the worst. She had reached town the night before, and, at Richard's request, had driven up to see if she could not rescue Jessie.

She explained as well as she could that she did not comprehend. Jessie could speak—could tell her story; the old lady was quick to seize the whole.

"We'll save you," she cried: "Richard knows all about both of them; he'll stop their tongues."

"I can't see him—I can't see him!"

"Hush! Trust me—the dear uncle's friend; he trusted me, Jessie, dear child!"

They were in the carriage and on their way to town; and when they reached her hotel, Mrs. Falmore led Jessie into her room, put her in bed, and flew to find Richard.

He soon sallied out, and was in Kellinger's lodgings in spite of anybody, and there—was Mrs. Clay. Probably she was arranging a story with him preparatory to going back and frightening Jessie into silence by threatening to turn the tables on her.

Never mind the scene that followed. It was a brief one, but decided. Jezebel's fangs were

exterminated. Let her crawl away and hide herself.

When Jessie woke, her old friend was by her side. She told her all was settled; that no mortal would ever know the story, and Jessie asked no details.

They had brought her luggage with them. Mrs. Falmore dressed her, and insisted on her coming out into her parlor to have some tea, for it was now late in the day.

She went out, and there was Richard. When she cowered and shrunk before him, he held her to his heart and whispered,

"My darling—my wife!"

"No! no!" she moaned; "I am not worthy. I cannot!"

But he said,

"Hush, dearest! You gave me up, but I held fast to the bond. You could not be released."

And in spite of her shame and remorse, there was peace in Jessie's soul once more.

All three would have been glad to go at once to Mrs. Falmore's home; but to silence all stories it could not be. Jessie must return to aunt Cora's; the discipline would be good for her, too, I must own.

But it did not last long; for only three weeks after there was a grand wedding, at which the whole family and "society" assisted—and Jessie was lovelier in her pallor than ever she had been in the bloom of full health and an undisciplined soul.

The relatives never talked, because they knew nothing; the world ditto; Kellinger disappeared; and the only remark Jezebel ever ventured to make was, that she gave Jessie up because she found that, after all, she lacked any heart or freedom from old-fashioned prejudices.

## NO MORE!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

**How the heart sickens, and the eyes grow dim,  
That look their last on the beloved face  
Which death has robbed of all its sweetness, while  
He left a token of love's presence in the smile  
That sheds o'er all a beatific grace.**

**No more shall the sweet eyes their lids unclose;  
No more the voice awaken on our ear,  
Though fancy dares to cheat us of our grief,  
And rouse a frenzied hope into belief,  
That still again those loving tones we hear.**

**Her voice, indeed—it haunts each well-known spot;  
Each place where her dear feet were wont to stray;  
And through the mist of tears there rises oft,  
A vision of the loved one, clad in soft  
And brighter garments than she wore away.**

**My heart has chanted dirges ever since  
Her fingers slipped through mine; and quickly o'er  
Her face fell that dread shadow; at the sight  
My soul drew back with horror and affright;  
"No more!" I shrieked—"my darling is no more!"**

**No more! no more! The very flowers that grew  
And bloomed within my garden, all have fled.  
Whate'er I loved and cherished, met a blight,  
And, like a ghostly visitant of night,  
I walk not with the living, but the dead!**

**Oh! when I think of all that made the past  
Like a sweet dream of beauty; and the days  
Were golden links, that bound the years along,  
And echoed all the richness of a song  
From hearts too happy to do aught but praise;**

**Like a lone pilgrim on the sands I lie,  
In life's drear desert; all my hopes are o'er,  
The hot sunbeam is rushing rapidly,  
Scorching my treasures far, too far, from me,  
And I shall welcome them again—no more!**

**A sweet voice whispers, "Weary pilgrim, rise;  
The burden on thy heart I come to share;  
Close the dark record of the past, and see  
How much the future has in store for thee—  
How much of joy thou art not yet aware."**

**"No more, indeed, these hands of thine may clasp,  
In one dear, rapturous embrace,  
The forms of those beloved, who have trod  
The narrow stairway that leads up to God;  
And now behold the glory of His face.**

**"Alas, for those bereft! who cling, and cling  
To memory, till she stabs them to the heart;  
Who sit in desolation, with a crown  
That weighs their spirits and their foreheads down,  
And draws them from their fellow-men apart!**

**"No more for thee, indeed, the voice and smile,  
And sweet communings; but for them, for them,  
No more of pain or anguish; no more tears;  
Nor agonizing doubts, distressing fears;  
No more life's tide of troubles shall they stem.**

**"For they have won the victory; and the fight—  
The terrible encounter now is o'er;  
The pain of disappointment, and the woe  
Of hope deferred, they ne'er again shall know;  
They lay their weapons down to fight no more."**

**So, while I bear life's burden, pressing on  
Toward the goal to which my footsteps tend;  
I'll think that those departed ones are safe  
From all the ills that press, and grind, and chafe  
My toiling spirit, as my way I wend.**

**Heaven is not so far but I may reach  
Its crystal heights, and tread the shining shore;  
Nor do I know how soon He may command  
My presence, where the angelic hosts do stand,  
To meet my loved ones, and to part no more!**



## THE STOLEN BOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE morning sun shone pleasantly into the upper room of a house in one of the monotonous blocks of Spruce street. There was not much heat in the light, however, as the day was late in January; a cold wind blowing a flake of hail, now and then, against the window-panes, and a sodden mass of gray filling up the horizon down beyond the Point, giving promise of a storm before night.

The wan light, however, struggled bravely through, all the morning. Chestnut street was gay with its usual throng and bustle—the accretion of all the life in the city, apparently; leaving the back streets as paralyzed and motionless as only back streets in Philadelphia know how to be.

Although it was the time for the high-tide of business to set in, nothing broke the quiet of the long rows of Quaker houses, in Spruce street, but the occasional cries of a passing huckster, or the roll of some square-built family carriage, in which could be caught glimpses of dove-colored ribbons, and mild, passionless faces.

The room, into which the sun seemed to shine with more than the strength it spent elsewhere, as if to atone to some inmate for the loss of country air and unalloyed light, was filled with half-worn furniture; but never was any coziness more suggestive of comfort and warmth. Somebody, with a picturesque eye and unstinted hand, had filled up the plain background with the thousand little trifles that give the home look to the place we live in—flowers, books, music, clear, brilliant, color here and there, and, for a voice to the whole, the open fire crackling in the grate.

When the old State-house bell struck for noon, Berenice Van Epp came out of an inner room, and drawing a work-table toward her, sat down, as if waiting for some one. The two months she had passed in the city, or, perhaps, the wider hopes and plans for the future she had given herself leave to build while there, had altered her face into a bright, firm likeness of her old self; her step was lighter, her motions more careless and free. "We seem to have gone back into the spring of our lives," she used to say to Jane sometimes; for, when Wharton

assured her that no progress could be made in the suit without her actual presence, and that he could induce Dr. Sinnett to give her rooms at his house, she had brought both Jane and Phil, and settled down with them for the winter. Her dress even hinted at the cheery light that had shone in on her lately. The old, grave-stuff gown was replaced by a robe of soft blue, whose silken folds showed every supple movement. The yellow hair was drawn back, as of old, and knotted behind; but a few light rings were suffered to curl over the blue-veined temples.

Let us be just to Berry. If she was conscious, every day, of a growth of beauty when she looked in the mirror, or of a new strength and impulse given to her mind with each fresh out-look into a broader world than that compassed by the Jersey beaches, every thought or vanity went back loyally to John. It pleased her, when any of her new friends commended a book which had been one of the few which he read; and when they flattered herself for any beauty which, in the days of their courtship he had loved, she began to think she had underrated him, had not credited him with discrimination enough.

This morning, however, Mrs. Van Epp's face was cloudy and impatient. When her expected visitor appeared, who proved to be Wharton, she met him with a dry formality, unlike her usual courtesy. "I have waited not very patiently for you, Mr. Wharton," she said. "Three days have elapsed since I sent a message desiring to see you. You were not wont to be so tardy."

Wharton looked irritated. "Simply because then I was a bearer always of good news. I have a habit of thrusting off pain for myself or others. It is not a good habit."

"No," said Berenice, with an involuntary change of position, as if nerving herself. "You have disagreeable tidings, then? There is some impediment in the way of the suit? I feared as much from your delay."

"No." He hesitated. "It goes as well as we could wish; but— The truth is, my dear madam, in leading you to expect, to recover so large a sum, I grossly deceived both you and myself. I have suspected my mistake

for two or three weeks; but it is only since I last saw you that the truth has become evident. After the lawyers' fees in Washington are paid, and other necessary expenses, I myself making no charge, the sum remaining—I am ashamed to tell you how paltry the sum remaining will be."

She motioned him to go on, not looking up, or she would have seen the cowardice in his furtive eye, as he balked once or twice before speaking.

"It will amount to about six hundred dollars," he said at last.

Berenice sprang to her feet with a half cry; then a flush of relief came over her face. "You mean the first payment? I did not comprehend you."

"I mean the entire amount," resolutely.

She stood steadily facing him a moment, then turning, walked rapidly across the room once or twice, holding her hands to her head; stopped as suddenly. "Why," she cried, in a shrill voice, that made Wharton start and grow pale, "it was an almost princely fortune you talked of to me. Six hundred? The mortgage itself is worth twice as many thousands. It is due in April. The pittance you talk of will not pay Dr. Sinnett for all that he has done for me!" She turned on him like a savage animal. "I do not hold you guiltless, boast as you will of the labor you have spent in my service—unrewarded labor. I suspect foul play, sir! You and Dr. Sinnett induced me to come to the city; have led me into every extravagance in which I have indulged—the very clothes I wear," catching at her dress with shaking hands, "are unpaid for! You cheated me with the certainty of a fortune that would warrant any outlay. I see a plan in it. I suspect foul play, now, when it is too late!"

"What do you mean by too late?" said Wharton, coolly, when she had gasped out the last broken sentence.

"I mean that I am powerless in your hands," looking him full in the eye. "I have left this matter in your charge alone. You have sole control of the profits, if there be any. You keep or give them at your pleasure; prefer what bills you choose for lawyers' fees in Washington, or your own. Absorb the whole claim, if you will; there is no power to restrain you. I mean, that I suspect you of deceiving me from the first, for the purpose of obtaining my signature where it was needed; and now, when success is sure, I am thrown out a beggar, to meet my husband with a debt which his daily toil must pay."

Berenice, always confident of her judgment,

having trusted this man like a fool, accused him now like a maniac.

When he was gone, she remembered nothing of his indignant remonstrance; his patient explanations; had not even heeded the cool, watchful scrutiny, under all, with which he regarded her, as a keeper might who was trying the temper of some blooded hound. She only was conscious of an utter helplessness, as she sat looking in the fire, when left alone. The daylight had waned; the shadows thrown by the gathering storm, threw the pretty little room into gloom, broken only by the cheerful circle of ruddy heat about the fire. Berenice glanced hopelessly about her. Not one of those costly toys, which she had gathered with so much pride, that did not add its mite to the mass of debt staring her in the face. This was the end of paying off the mortgage! This was the end of her clear business talent—her nice judgment! She was to bring to her husband this tale of stupid credulity, of wastefulness, of debt for him to pay! She was a true child of the woman for whose guilt he had suffered for years!

The Sutphens were a race who fell into white heats of passion or pain. Berenice sat motionless, looking into the charred fire, only moving her dry lips, now and then, as if trying to moisten them. Jane, coming in, in costly velvet and furs, that brought out her peachy, delicate girl's face into positive beauty, and beginning some foolish story about Phil's and her own adventures, suddenly checked herself, and took the child out of the room, seeing an expression on her sister's face, which had long been a stranger there, and which Jane had no courage to brave. Berenice rose at last, and putting on her bonnet and cloak, went out, walking in the driving sleet until the night fell, and the lamps on the street were lit—a woman's old expedient for working off intolerable pain. She came back to the house in Spruce street with a clearer head, and more courage. "I'll find a way of escape yet!" she said, resolutely, going up the steps. The way was nearer than she thought. When she had reached her own chamber, and turning on the gas, prepared to lay aside her wrappings, a letter on the toilet-table caught her eye. It bore a foreign post-mark, was addressed to herself in a free, bold hand, which she had never seen before. She looked at it dully, went on unfastening her cloak, and forgot it. Little Phil came in, and his mother lifted him on her knee, and sat holding him close to her breast, stroking his head softly with a vague feeling of comfort and rest. She felt like some beast at bay, turning from side to side for some des-

perate chance of escape. When Phil had left her, she rose to cross the room, and again perceiving the letter, took it up and broke the seal mechanically, glanced at the name with a puzzled look, and then, in her usual deliberate manner, began to read it. Whatever was contained in the four closely-written pages touched Berenice Van Epp as no blow of pain could have done; her whole face glowed a sudden blood-red; her stern, beautiful eyes flashed defiance; her tall figure dilated—she rose out of her meaner self a grander, truer woman. But, the momentary shock over, she turned the pages again and reread them, this time without visible emotion, her lips compressed; folding it carefully, crease by crease, when she had finished, and burying her head in her arms for a long time. When she lifted it, all trace of heat had gone out of her face; it seemed to have become haggard and sallow in these few moments.

"It is but a little thing to do, as he says," she muttered; "and it would save me from all this terrible future. I could pay my debts, clear off the mortgage, and meet John in his own house once more." She made a motion toward the fire to burn the letter, but, changing her mind, she stopped beside a low, ebony cabinet, and placed it carefully in a secret drawer which opened from the side. "Dr. Sinnett," she thought, "would purchase a sight of that letter with half of his fortune; but I owe him no kindness. I have been trapped—trapped!"

If the writer of the letter hoped to work ill to Sinnett by means of this woman, his lines had fallen on a lucky moment; for, although Berenice could not determine in what way he was to be benefited by the part she had played this winter, she was filled with distrust and chagrin.

An hour afterward, the tea-bell rang; and she went down with her accustomed quiet, reticent manner. She had never chosen to make friends of Sinnett's wife and daughters; they were coarse and under-bred, she thought, with all the rank perfume of a merely fashionable life about them. She treated them always, therefore, with a cool, grave courtesy. Going back to this evening, afterward, when it became important to remember her every tone and look then, they could recall no trace of difference; even Sinnett, who had heard Wharton's story, and watched her keenly as the meal went on, found her, as usual, calm and moderate. The conversation ran on some rare editions of Massinger and Ford, which the doctor, who was a book-fancier of no ordinary taste and judgment, had brought home from some auction

that day. Berenice joined in the discussion, apparently with interest; and before she passed to her own room, went into the library to examine them. As she turned to go out, she took a rapid survey of the apartment, and nodding carelessly toward a quaint old piece of furniture, half book-case and half secretary, she said, "You have a case for your books almost as old and curious as themselves. The wood is aged until it is the color of bog-oak," going closer to inspect it.

Dr. Sinnett bustled up, proud of the praise bestowed on his pet curiosity. "Right, Mrs. Van Epp!" he exclaimed. "It is inlaid with bog-onk, and a most rare bit of workmanship it is," going over its history with growing zeal, while Berenice stood, a sad half-abstraction on her face.

"You do not keep books here?" she said, as he opened it.

"No; papers only—my private, important papers. The lock, you perceive, is a peculiar one; my own invention, in fact. I hold that it is more secure than any I can buy. A man must put faith in his own work, you know—so I keep my papers here," locking it and unlocking it, explaining the special excellence of the contrivance to her, while she listened carelessly, her eye wandering incessantly over the neatly labeled papers within. "A knowledge of mechanics is necessary to every man in my profession, if he hopes to excel," he said, giving the key a final click at last, and dropping it, with the bunch to which it was attached, into his pocket. "I've invented two or three useful little tools for my business; but that lock is my *chef-d'œuvre*. Nobody could open it, key in hand, without first learning the secret of it from me. I think of having it patented."

"I am surprised you have not done so before now," she said, listlessly; and, bidding him good-night, left the room, leaving the little doctor in a glow of gratified vanity.

He went back to give the lock another admiring glance before sitting down to his desk. "There are very few inventors with the genius of Nicholas Sinnett," he said to himself, smiling and rubbing his hands softly; then turned down the light, and sat down in his easy-chair, to dally over the yellow pages of his precious Massinger.

## CHAPTER VIII.

PHILIP CALDWELL'S NARRATION.

I AM a detective police officer in the city of Philadelphia; or, to be more accurate, I was

one at the time when these occurrences transpired. At present I am not connected with the regular staff, but serve sometimes on difficult cases, when called upon.

I have been asked to tell what I know of the affair in which Mrs. Van Epp and Dr. Sinnett were concerned, and will do so in as few words as possible, while trying to avoid the language of the reports which we are in the habit of making. Men are apt to fall into a species of slang, in the pursuit of any one calling; and slang, I hold, is not fit to be introduced into a narration intended for genteel society; though many writers, following Mr. Dickens' lead, have indulged in it lately. The language of Oliver Twist is strong, but exceedingly low, in my opinion. The thieves, in that book, talk like the thieves out of doors, which no well-bred person would tolerate in literature.

However, I wander from my subject. My own share in this matter was but a small one, and soon despatched; so my story will be brief. It was somewhere in the first week in February, 1860, that Pike, the chief of the force, sent for me one morning. After some desultory talk, "Caldwell," said he, "there's a job ready for you this evening," giving me a name and address—*Dr. Nicholas Sinnett, No. 1—Spruce street*. "Papers stolen. There's the place. The servants are suspected, I believe; so you had better see how the land lies in the house. Sinnett has just left me. I told him he might look for a friend from the country this evening."

Just before dusk, therefore, I put on the ultra fashionable dress and jaunty air of a western clerk, visiting the city to buy goods; and sauntering up to the house, rang the bell. Sinnett was a dentist, and had his office in one of the front rooms—for the house was a double one. I heard him read the card which the black boy, who came to the door, took in. "Joseph Fife, Massillon, Ohio? Ah! Tell your mistress, Sam, that Mr. Fife is in the city, and will be with us for dinner," coming to the door with outstretched hand, while Sam bolted, opened, first in the kitchen to tell the news. Sinnett was a mild-mannered, self-possessed little man, with coolness and tact, I saw, to carry out a plan of detection. Detectives are oftener baffled by the stupidity of their employers, than by the acuteness of the criminal.

When we were alone in a room opening out of the office, used as a library, he closed the door, and we drew our chairs close up to the register, and in a clear, succinct manner, that pleased me, set the case before me—

wasting no time in giving me his own surmises about it.

"The paper lost," he said, "is a bond held by me against a man named Jacob Wardell, of Brooklyn. The amount of the debt would cover more than two-thirds of my property; in fact, the bulk of my savings for thirty years. Wardell and I have been friends since our school-days. The money was loaned to him in '44. He was considered sound then—a fur-trader in New York; but, last spring, met with losses heavy enough to make the destruction of my claim a matter of vital interest. I kept it here," opening a quaint old desk at the side of the room; "and, luckily, too, I can fix the precise time of the theft; for, at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, having occasion to open the cabinet, I changed the paper from this drawer to the one immediately below. I then locked the case, and, after sitting down to write for about five minutes, went out to attend a sale of books; but not succeeding in the purchase of the one I wanted, came home. I remained in the library alone, working out a chess-problem, until after eleven; then went to bed. On coming down the next morning, I found the bond gone."

"The lock broken?"

"No; it was locked, and nothing else disturbed." Sinnett then proceeded to explain the peculiar construction of the lock, which, it appeared, was one of his own invention, and of which he seemed to be a little vain—amateur-like. No one could open it without both the key, and a knowledge of the manner in which it works."

"After changing the place of the paper on Tuesday evening, what did you do with the key?" I asked.

Sinnett colored. "I am ashamed to say that I left it, with the bunch to which it was attached, lying here, on this table, where I had been writing."

"You found them there after your return from the book-sale?"

"Yes."

"Did you then examine the cabinet?"

"No. I asked my wife if any one from outside, on business, had been in the library; and on hearing from her that such was not the case, troubled myself no farther."

"You took better care of the keys at night?"

"Yes; I usually slept with them under my pillow. There was money in the case," he added, "and rings, belonging to my wife, of some value. They were not touched. This bit of paper was laying on the floor, by the desk, in the morning—a scrap of the warrant

attached to the bond, you perceive. It had caught in the lock, and so been torn."

"After making a close examination of the desk, lock, etc., we sat down, waiting for dinner.

"My wife, Mr. Caldwell, will so arrange it that you can see all of the servants, without their suspicions being aroused, this evening. Mr. Pike tells me your skill in reading the human face is like intuition."

I said that that was chaffing. Detectives were like Red Men—they had no better eyes than other men, but they kept them wide open.

"Well, sir," he said, with a bow, "I put the matter in your hands with confidence, though it involves all that I am worth. Only let justice be done."

There was a look on his face, as he paid the compliment, which I did not like.

"Where is Wardell?" I asked.

"Traveling in Europe since New-Year's."

"When did you see him last?"

"In December, just before he started. He spent a fortnight with us."

"Did you then have any conversation about the bond?"

"Yes. He expressed his anxiety to be free of it, as he termed it; but said it would be impossible for him to raise the money for a year; that he was going to Liverpool now to try and straighten his affairs. He seemed very uneasy about the bond."

"Had he any opportunity of tampering with your servants at that time?"

"He may have done so. Two of them have been with us for years; and Wardell has come and gone to the house like one of the family."

We were called to dinner at this moment. Sinnett and his wife had but two children—grown daughters. Two other women were present at dinner, however, and a fine, manly boy; all seemed to be inmates of the house.

The women attracted my notice as being plainly but richly dressed; and of different deportment to the Sinnett girls, who were flashy and hoydenish Misses.

When we had returned to the library, "Well," said Sinnett, eagerly, "you have seen the servants?" waiting for my opinion.

"Let me look into it more closely," I said, asking him a few more questions. The conclusion summed itself up rapidly in my mind. The paper had been taken between seven and eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, during Sinnett's absence. A night-thief would have made ruder work with the lock, left a door open, or window unhasped. Now, no one could have entered the house, at that hour, without the

knowledge of the servants. The theft, therefore, had been committed by some one in the house, or with their connivance.

"Who are those women?" I asked.

"Friends," he replied, indifferently, "from the country, spending the winter with us."

"They have means?"

"Yes," he said, dryly, as if resenting the inquiry as an impertinence; and then, glancing at me, said in a different tone, "I forgot that your business was to ask questions. No, they have not command of ready money at present. They are here to prosecute a claim against government, and, I'm sorry to say, it is running against them. Should it fail, their strait will be desperate."

I dropped the subject as of no import.

"The servants have been sent out of the way" he said, after leaving the room a moment. "Would you wish to examine their apartments?"

"I did so without result, as I expected."

As we came down the stairs, we passed the open doors of a suite of rooms on the second story, furnished with a taste and richness different from the rest of the house.

"Mrs. Van Epp's apartments," said Sinnett.

"They are vacant?"

"Yes; the ladies have taken Phil out to the Park to see the skating. Phil is a pet with all of us."

"We will search here," I said, decidedly.

Sinnett started forward. "No," with vehemence; "they are friends of mine—you comprehend what I mean by that, Mr. Caldwell? They shall not be insulted under my roof. You do not understand the position in which Mrs. Van Epp stands to us," he persisted, as I walked into the room.

"I understand my duty," I said, quietly; "the matter has passed out of your hands."

I examined the rooms thoroughly; Sinnett pacing up and down with a good deal of heat. There was much to indicate refinement in the apartments; in some instances, however, evidences of a lavish display, and a love of art that lacked education.

"These people have not long had control of money?" I asked.

"No; they have had but the hope of it, in fact, and that is slipping from them: this trumpery is unpaid for."

I glanced over a note in a wastepaper-basket. "They have had business with Nat Wharton?"

"Some trifling matter of no moment here," he said, impatiently, as if feeling that I transgressed my duty, and wishing to warn me off."

I searched to the bottom of the wastepaper-basket—nothing remained but some bits of crumpled envelopes, apparently. As I smoothed one of them out on my knee, I took from my pocket the torn bit of warrant and laid the two fragments together.

Sinnett stopped, took a hasty step toward me. "What are you doing? What is that? Good God! it matches!" He strode to the fire, and stood with his back to me in great agitation.

"A proof, but not a convincing one," I said, quietly, straightening the pieces and putting them in my pocket-book. "I will look farther."

There was an ebony cabinet in the little parlor; a glance told me it was unlocked. "Have you a key to open this?" I said; and while he was gone to find one, I made a hasty, but thorough search. Loose, in one of the drawers, and half open, I discovered a letter addressed to Mrs. Van Epp, in a large, clerky hand, and post-marked at Brussels. I had only time to secrete it in my pocket when the doctor returned, pale and visibly shaken, with a bunch of skeleton keys.

"There is nothing here—you will find nothing," he repeated, nervously.

"You are right, there is nothing here," I said, closing the door of the cabinet.

"You have looked thoroughly?" he said, opening it and peering in anxiously.

"I am quite satisfied," I said.

He was still pulling out drawers and looking for secret springs, when the door-bell warned him of their return, and he hurried me, with breathless speed, out of the room.

When he had shut the library-door behind us, he pulled his chair up to mine and caught at my sleeve. "They are innocent," he cried, in a sharp whisper; "but get to the bottom of the matter. Spare nobody."

"Justice shall be done, doctor," I said, rising and drawing on my overcoat; "and the guilty shall not be spared, be they whom they may."

"You will not proceed to have her arrested at once, then?" anxiously.

"Mrs. Van Epp? Upon the finding of the bit of warrant?"

"Of course not," he rejoined, hastily. "It would not be sufficient. Yet it looked badly, and it was a clue—a clue. What will be your next step?" after waiting a moment for a reply.

I thought it best to tell him frankly. "The first English mail, since the robbery, goes to-morrow evening. A letter, or perhaps the bond itself, will be sent to Wardell, and most probably from the central office, as the least

likely to incur detection. I shall have a watch posted there."

I was not idle in the matter the next day, and made some discoveries which proved to be of weight. I placed my report in the chief's hands, together with the letter which I had abstracted from the cabinet. It proved to be from Wardell to Mrs. Van Epp—a cleverly-written production, apt to touch a woman who had quick feelings, and but little judgment or knowledge of business. The paper, he told her, was a claim unjustly wrung from him by Sinnett, and which he now pressed to the ruin of his family, when a few months' time would save him. For this purpose he besought her to obtain possession of the bond, and either hold it secreted herself, or forward it to him. He was engaged in a speculation which would prove successful without a doubt; and then he promised solemnly to redeem the bond. In return for this act of kindness, ("the simple holding back," as he termed it, "of a hand raised to crush him,") he would ask her to accept of a check for thirty thousand dollars, payable whenever or wherever she might appoint. The appeal, of which I have given the barest outline, was written with great skill and pathos, and every semblance of honest intention. He alluded, at the commencement, to their intercourse at Dr. Sinnett's in December. An intimacy, it appeared, had sprung up between the two, founded on a similarity of taste in books, pictures, and the like.

Pike retained the letter; and toward evening, disguised as a porter, I took up my station on a wheel-barrow near the door of the post-office; having first ascertained that the letter had not, as yet, been posted. I waited for two or three hours in vain. At last, however, the receiving foreign clerk made the expected signal; and going out, I trundled the barrow along the street, following the woman who had deposited the letter. The streets were dark, for heavy snow-clouds shut out the waning light, and the lamps were not yet lit. The woman was closely veiled, and walked rapidly, keeping close to the houses, and hesitating, as if uneasy at being abroad so late. She was tall, moved with a free, graceful action, like one bred in the country. Her dress, of gray silk, was the same I had seen Mrs. Van Epp wear the evening before. I passed and repassed her as she turned down one or two obscure streets, evidently for the purpose of concealment; but, after leaving my wheel-barrow in a yard, and keeping her in sight at a long distance, I traced her at last to Sinnett's door. Once, when startled by a car-

riage nearing the crossing, she had dropped her handkerchief, which I, of course, at once secured. It was delicately fine, plain, with the initials B. V. E. embroidered on one corner. An hour later, I met Dr. Sinnett in Pike's office, by appointment, and the facts were all placed in his possession.

As I walked home that night, one little circumstance occurred to my notice for the second time. About the handkerchief (which I still retained) hung a peculiar odor, neither patchouli, nor musk, nor any of the perfumes with which vulgar women insult the senses of passers-by. This was a salt, pungent scent—astringent, I should have called it, if it had been a taste I was describing. "It is given by sea-weeds dried," my wife pronounced at once—and Jane knows every herb that grows. I remembered then that Mrs. Van Epp was from the coast somewhere. The next morning I had read the letter mailed for Wardell—for even mail-bags open, perhaps, too often for a detective. It contained only these words: "It is useless to reason as to the right or wrong of this matter—let that go. I did the work for the price you offered. I will keep the paper in my possession until the time you specify." There was neither date nor signature.

This letter, by Pike's advice, was not shown to Dr. Sinnett, nor did he know we had obtained possession of it. The ensuing two or three days were rainy, I remember; the streets deep with muddy slush, the air thick and foul. No women ventured out, and men were wrapped in their India-rubber coats, and sunk in high boots. Yet three times, in these days, I met Mrs. Van Epp walking, and alone, in unfrequented streets and lanes of the city; a peculiar pallor about her skin, and a rigidity in the set of her jaws, that gave her the look of a woman hunted down. She walked straight on rapidly, looking neither to the right nor left, with the unseeing stare of an opium-eater. I pointed her out to Pike one day, who followed and scanned her.

"There is nothing underhand in that face," he said; "conceited, maybe, but the outline is good, noble. If she be the thief, she yielded to strong temptation."

I stroked my chin, and said nothing. I had not told Pike all I had thought of this affair. I never did take him into confidence in my own job; he was too visionary a man, built his plans on too slippery hypotheses.

Dr. Sinnett haunted the office in these days; a new agitation or emotion exercising him at each visit. He would have availed himself of the aid of the law; but he was afraid of it, that

was evident. "If I arrest her, it is no longer in my power to check the matter," he would cry, and then whimper over the hard-earned savings of thirty years gone. She was alternately his friend, in whom nothing could shake his trust, and a spendthrift, robber, a viper, that he had warmed until it stung him. "How shall I proceed? What do you advise?" It was not yet the time when it suited me he should act. It came at last.

One day, I received a note from a lawyer named Wharton, asking me to call at his office that afternoon. Wharton and I knew each other. He was a gay, dashing fellow of the town, apparently, but had a lynx's eye in his especial calling. He had a good deal of practice, too, of a certain kind; had married lately, and not for money, it was said—which was the strangest part of the news.

I entered his office a few moments after the time, and found Sinnett there, as I had expected. Both men seemed heated, and had been quarreling. Wharton turned to me.

"I understand," he began, in the loud, overbearing tone, which he often found did good service in court, "I understand, Mr. Caldwell, that, at your instigation, Dr. Sinnett purposes to arrest a client of mine for larceny? Mrs. Van Epp, a lady on whom no breath of slander shall fall, if I can prevent it."

"I waited until he had finished.

"Not at my instigation, Mr. Wharton," I said; "though I am not surprised that Dr. Sinnett should proceed against her from the facts collected by me. Do I understand," turning to the doctor, "that you intend to take out a warrant for her arrest?"

"I give you my word," eagerly stammered Sinnett, "that it cuts me to the quick to do this thing—to the quick! Wharton, you know what my intercourse with that family has been."

"I know," interrupted Wharton, dryly.

"You have not forgotten that it was through my influence Mrs. Van Epp came to the city;—began her suit—"

Wharton gave him a look whose meaning I could not fathom.

"I have forgotten nothing, Dr. Sinnett," he said, in a tone which suddenly silenced and abashed the other.

"I have determined to proceed, however," the doctor said, in a dogged tone, at last.

"When?" I asked.

"I took out a warrant this morning, and will bring up the case before the next court, three weeks hence."

I had been looking out of the window,

drumming with one hand upon the sill; turning suddenly now, I saw the eyes of both men fixed upon me with a keen scrutiny. Their faces instantly changed, Wharton's growing hot, and Sinnett's troubled.

"You will depend upon me as a chief witness?" I said.

"Of course. Without your skill, the bottom of this matter never would have been reached."

I bowed.

"You are an essential witness, Mr. Caldwell—essential. With your testimony, the case is clear—the chain of testimony complete. Wardell's letter to her—the torn warrant discovered in her room—the fact that the lock was a peculiar one, the secret known only to my own family and herself—and, the climax and clinching nail of all, her mailing a letter addressed to Wardell, by the next steamer."

"By the way," I said, "Pike has that letter; it will complete your evidence. Do not neglect to have it brought forward."

Sinnett's face flushed with triumph. "Why, that is all that is needed! There is not a jury in Christendom but would give her fifteen years in the penitentiary on testimony like that. What a fellow that Pike is! I suggested to him again and again to try and secure that letter; but he pooh-poohed me silent. I'll warrant he had it in his pocket all the time."

"Very likely."

"Well," the doctor continued, rubbing his hands in his accustomed fashion. "The matter is complete. Wharton, here, will prove how sorely the woman needed money. Nobody understands that better than he."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," growled Wharton, who had been turning over some papers, gruffly, while we talked.

"You will appear when subpoenaed?" said Sinnett, coolly.

"You will defend your friends, undoubtedly?" I asked, looking him full in the eyes.

He stammered. "I am willing to spend and be spent in their service. Dr. Sinnett knows how willing. But Mrs. Van Epp is a woman of extravagant habits. I have ventured lately to

remonstrate with her on these, and, consequently, there is a coolness between us—on her part—on her part, solely. But it might interfere now, and prevent her choosing me as counsel." He became more confused as I waited for him to proceed. "There is—is a want of confidence in my skill, on her part, I regret to say, that would make me hesitate to proffer my aid."

"You have decided wisely, Mr. Wharton," I said, gravely. "It is a case that threatens badly; and the less you are seen in it the better." I bore the searching look he gave me with a stolid face, and picked up my hat. "You have no farther business with me, gentlemen?"

"No," said Sinnett. "I'll walk with you, Caldwell. I only wanted to be sure that I could depend on you to help on with the cause of justice. We will go down to Pike for the letter, and then I must look for counsel."

We bade Wharton good-morning, and went down the steps, leaving him standing at the door, looking at us sullenly.

"Never saw a fellow more cut down," whispered Sinnett. "He has been hand-in-glove with the family so long, you see? In fact, he married an adopted sister of Mrs. Van Epp's. Here she is, by-the-by!" stopping, as a carriage swept up to the door, and a lady descended, and passed into the house, with a haughty inclination of the head to Sinnett. Her clothes touched me as she passed.

"A glorious bit of flesh and blood!" said the doctor, rapturously, as we went down the street. "A sea-foundling; washed up in a storm from some wreck or other. She is one of the reigning beauties this winter—quite the pet of the town."

I stopped at the next corner, and turning down a cross-street, left him to go on to Pike alone. In spite of my assumed confidence, I had left Wharton's office with the feelings of a baffled chess-player; but I bade Sinnett good-by with fresh courage and a light heart. Yet it was only a breath of air that had given it to me; as poor Ophelia says, "The perfume and supplance of a minute."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A WAIF.

MATTIE LEE looked down on me,  
And smiled as I went by;  
'Twas not a smile in merry wise,  
Nodded to mine from loving eyes—  
I wonder why!

Mattie Lee looked down on me,  
And drew her robes aside;  
Oh! woe that I should flush with pain!

Why not return her proud disdain,  
With equal pride?

Mattie Lee looked down on me—  
The smile was treachery.  
An orphan I; a worker lone,  
All sweet delights, all dear ones gone—  
Oh! Mattie Lee!

M. A. D.



## MAGGIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"HERE, pet, this 'll buy you as fine a rig as the best o' 'em 'll hev on; an' nary gal thar 'll show a prettier face over her new gown—hey, wife?"

The old farmer rang down a broad piece of gold on the kitchen table as he spoke, and turned toward his wife with a fond, proud smile. She looked up from her Christmas cookies with an answering light in her eyes, but said, half chidingly,

"Come, father, don't make her vain."

Maggie sprang from her perch on the arm of the old-fashioned settle, and clasping her father round the neck, half smothered him with kisses; then catching up the shining coin, she danced up and down the kitchen till her bright curls were in a shimmer of light. The old man watched her with fond delight; but the prudent mother said, sharply,

"Why, Maggie, I'm surprised at you to act so foolish."

Maggie sat down obediently, the gold clasped tight in her hand, her blue eyes dancing with happy expectation. In a moment she sprang up again.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "may I go and get it?"

"Get what, child?"

"Oh! you know, mother; the blue silk—the one we looked at; and the white gloves."

Of course, the mother knew, and was almost as much pleased as her daughter; but she answered gravely enough,

"Well, I 'spose so, Maggie; and call by Miss Tabby's, and tell her to come round to-morrow and fit the dress for you; but, child, don't be so proud o' your clothes, it's a sin."

"Oh, mother! I'm not proud, I'm only glad," laughed Maggie, winding her white comforter round her head, and dancing off in the direction of the dry-goods establishment, in whose window the long-coveted blue silk was displayed.

There was to be a great ball on Christmas-night; given to the young people of the village by Squire Stebbins. Of course, Maggie was invited, for she was a great favorite with the squire; but her old merino frock was sadly faded, and all the girls were getting new and handsome dresses.

"If I only could get that silk, mother," she

had said, as the obliging clerk displayed it in gleaming folds; "it is so lovely. Oh! I wish I could."

But the prudent mother shook her head, and said, "Too costly, too costly. You must have a plain merino, Maggie."

Maggie pouted; but her doting old father said nothing until after he had sold his last lot of oats, then the broad gold piece rang down on the kitchen table.

With a light heart, Maggie danced over the snow on her way to the dry-goods establishment. "No one has got it before me, I hope," she mused to herself, "there'll not be such another dress at the party. Dear, dear papa: Miss Tabby must put white lace on the cuffs and round the neck; and I'll wear the gold chain that Henry give me. Oh! won't Henry be surprised when he sees me—won't he?" and, giving way to her feelings, the silly little thing indulged in a variety of unlady-like capers, to the secret amusement of a sober young man who was making his way along the opposite side of the street.

But there was the store, and there, in the window, the identical silk, gleaming with all the splendor of heaven's own blue; and suspended above it a dainty pair of white gloves, trimmed with lace cuffs and knots of blue ribbon. Maggie's heart began to palpitate so joyously that she could scarcely get her breath.

"What is the price of that silk, and the trimmed gloves?" she asked, timidly, stepping into the store.

"Twenty-five dollars, Miss; and cheap as dirt," replied the clerk.

Twenty-five dollars! just the amount of her money.

"I think I will take——" she began; but an eager hand plucked her sleeve, and turning, she met a wan face looking pleadingly out from the remnants of a tattered hood.

"Please, Miss, I never begged before; but help my poor mother; they're turnin' her out in the street; and poor father's a dyin', the doctor says."

The slender, plaintive voice went to her heart like a knife.

"What can I do?—how can I help you?" she asked.

"Oh, Miss! it's twenty-five dollars we owe—rent, you know; and poor mother can't pay it. Please help her!"

Maggie closed her fingers over the gold in her hand, and looked toward the blue silk with a swelling heart. Seeing her hesitation, the clerk came round and took the child by the shoulder.

"Go out," he said, roughly, "and don't let me catch you in here again. Don't heed her, Miss," he added, closing the door, "it is all lies they tell. Shall I wrap the silk up?"

Poor Maggie, for an instant self was predominant. She must have the blue silk; she must go to the Christmas-ball and dance with Henry; but in a little while something nobler got the supremacy; something that made her young eyes outshine the silk that the wily clerk so temptingly displayed.

"No," she replied, resolutely, "not now. I must look after that poor child first."

Half an hour later, a poor woman wept tears of gratitude and joy over her dying husband in the cheerless garret she called her home; and Maggie went back to the old farm-house with a step slow and sober enough.

"Well, pet," said her old father, fondly, "I s'pose you've got the blue silk at last?"

"No, papa, no!" faltered Maggie, with a gush of tears that she tried in vain to repress, "I didn't get it. I—I gave the money away to a poor little girl."

It was Christmas-day. The snow lay white and crisp on the chain of hills that shut in the old New England farm-house; and the sun, just dropping out of sight, tinged their summits with a soft glow, and gave the strip of wintry sky beyond a rosy warmth, so suggestive of summer twilights, that one forgot the keen winds and biting frost, and fancied the notes of the ring-dove in the wood, and the breath of violets on the air.

But Maggie was not indulging in any such reveries as she stood on the front stoop, her pretty curls pushed back, and her blue eyes brimful of tears, as sleigh after sleigh flew by, with its merry peals of bells, bearing a freight of happy girls to the gay party.

"Oh! I did want to go so bad," she murmured; "but I can't wear my faded merino. All the girls will be there, dressed so nice, and so happy. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and a little sob choked her, and the tears brimmed over and stained her pretty cheeks just as another sleigh dashed up, and Henry jumped out and ran up on the stoop.

"Why, Maggie," he called out, "not dressed

yet? I thought you'd be all ready. Come, hurry, it is getting late."

"I—I'm not going," she faltered.

The young man turned round in surprise.

"Not going, Maggie? Why, you said you were on Sunday."

"I know; but I've changed my mind. I can't go."

"Pshaw! this is nonsense. Go and get ready, Maggie; it's no use to fool."

His tone irritated her, and she replied sharply. "I'm not fooling, Henry. I'm not going, and you needn't wait."

"All right—I won't. Some one else will go, I guess," and he sprang into his sleigh and drove off.

Poor little Maggie, this was the cruellest blow of all. She could not brave it out any longer. So she ran into the old kitchen, and laid her head down on her father's old leather-cushioned chair for a good, childish cry.

The old clock ticked on the mantle-shelf; and her father and mother dozed over the "keeping-room" fire. Christmas-night was going by! Maggie cried, and cried, till her head ached, thinking of the gay party, and some one else dancing with Henry; then she stroked the cat, and listened to the cricket chirping under the hearth, and finally fell asleep.

A soft touch on her brow awakened her just as she was dreaming of the ball and the blue silk; and starting up, she saw a bewhiskered face bending over her.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, scrambling to her feet, "how you frightened me. What's the matter? What have—"

"Nothing, Maggie; only I've come to spend my Christmas-night with you, if you'll let me."

"But I thought you went to the ball—"

"So I did; and heard the story of the blue silk dress; and found that there was no one I cared for at Squire Stebbins', or anywhere else in all the world, except in this old kitchen, Maggie."

Maggie blushed, and shook down her yellow ringlets over her tear-stained cheeks. What a change had come over the old kitchen, so dismal a little while before! How bright and cheerful everything looked. What a happy, happy Christmas-night it turned out to be, after all!

The next morning, the dry-goods' clerk brought up a package for Maggie, containing the blue silk and the dainty gloves. She guessed well enough whose hand had sent them. Miss Tabby was called upon, and the dress got up magnificently; but when Maggie wore it, it was to no Christmas-ball—but to her own wedding.

## HOW TWO WOMEN FOUND SOMETHING TO DO.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It was a raw morning in March—a damp, discouraging morning; and, overcome by a severe fit of “the blues,” I had betaken myself to Hettie Driggs’ sanctum, where I always found comfort and consolation. Hettie Driggs was my particular friend—not one of a “dear five hundred”—for my disposition was not gregarious, but bottled its love for the favored few; and she was such a strong, self-reliant damsel, that I leaned upon her opinions and counsels.

She was an inestimable comfort in many ways; and had such an infinity of resources in herself, that she was not, like most girls of our acquaintance, eternally harping upon the subject of “young gentlemen.” Many a time did we moralize on the exceeding folly of young girlhood, and lament that its brains were so seldom furnished with more than one idea. No wonder that men were so disgustingly conceited! Was not everything done to make them so? Now neither Hettie nor I objected to beaux in their own proper place; but we classed them with ice-cream and music, which, as every one knows, are luxuries that belong properly to evening, when one’s work is done, and one’s conscience in order for enjoyment.

I found Hettie that morning, where I was very apt to find her, at that wonderful desk of hers, manufactured after a pattern of her own invention, by a lame old cabinet-maker; and containing at each side rows of shelves for her pet books—among which Ruskin, Thoreau, and De Quincy, glittered conspicuously. In the center was a generous receptacle for papers and writing materials; and I must confess to a twinge of envy whenever I looked upon that piece of furniture. I felt that I could almost achieve something worth doing at such a desk. But the time had not yet come for me to have one.

Hettie possessed the delightful faculty of casting an air of brightness over all her surroundings; and her room always seemed sunshiny, no matter how leaden the skies. Her bird hung in his pretty cage just where the sun could reach him best; and near by, a plant of English ivy clasped its tendrils lovingly around a beautiful engraving of “Evangeline.” Geraniums, fuchsias, and roses, filled the windows, and were in full health and bloom.

Now I had tried an ivy plant, and it grew

about an inch in six months. I had invested a small fortune from my limited pocket, in flowers that were ungrateful enough to droop and die; and becoming discouraged, I abandoned the idea of a bed-room conservatory.

Little brackets, tastefully carved out of sedge-boxes, adorned the corners, containing a little picture, a vase, or some other souvenir from absent friends. Hettie was busy with mucilage, pasting a grape-vine cross on card-board; and scarcely looking up as I entered, she said, “Sit right down in the camp-chair—I have a scheme.”

Hettie was prolific in schemes, and would, doubtless, have gotten up the South Sea bubble, if some one else had not done it.

“Here are you and I,” she continued, “with an earnest desire to do something, and be something. We have neither of us sufficient money to carry out our tastes; and we, neither of us, wish to teach school. Our being women, or girls, is, of itself, a great disadvantage; but, nevertheless, I am firmly persuaded that we can find something to do, if we are thoroughly in earnest. Where there’s a will there is a way—and this is what I came across this morning.”

I took the daily paper extended to me, and read the marked advertisement, which ran thus: “A few ladies wanted to learn the art of painting on glass—a light, agreeable, and refined employment. Materials furnished, and paid while learning. Constant and remunerative employment, after a course of a few lessons. Apply at No. — Peters street, up stairs.”

I looked at Hettie, and our eyes exchanged an “Eureka!” This was the climax of many secret meetings, in which we plotted darkly against the fate that had tied our hands from accomplishing our desires, and resolved to lose no respectable opportunity of throwing off the yoke of dependence. We had talked a weak dilution of Mrs. Swisshelm and Lucy Stone; were indignant at men for monopolizing everything; and considered it high time to show that women were something more than weak, dependent simpletons.

“I don’t believe,” said Hettie, “in strong-minded women; but if ever I love, and marry, it will be for some better reason than because

I want some one to cling to. I don't intend to play ivy to any one's oak."

I applauded this sentiment rather timidly, for my propensities were ivyish in the extreme—hence my affection for Hettie.

We were still discussing the advertisement, when the door was pushed suddenly open, and a fat cherub of five burst noisily in, followed by two or three others.

"Oh!" said Hettie, with a groan, "the Philistines are upon us! Now go away, do! like good children!"

But the "good children" preferred staying where there promised to be some excitement; and climbed into their sister's lap, and smeared her plump cheeks with little hands that were full of bread-and-butter, until they were finally turned out in disgrace, and the door securely locked upon them.

"Dear little duds!" said Hettie, as we settled down once more into quiet, "they haven't an idea what an awful plague they are!"

Here was a "balancing principle," I thought. Hettie, with her pretty room, and desk, and belongings, frequently longed in vain for the opportunity to enjoy them.

We soon came to the conclusion that a speedy visit to No. — Peters street, would best further our object; and Hettie lost no time in lacing her balmorals, and getting on her hat and thick veil.

We threaded our way cautiously along in the unfamiliar localities; and Hettie showed a marvelous talent for ingratiating herself into the affections of small boys, that caused them to act as guide-posts with the most flattering alacrity. We reached Peters street, and found ourselves in the midst of business men, old clothes' dealers, and unrefreshing odors. I think we both had a guilty feeling, as though about to commit a crime of unaccustomed magnitude; and when No. — became visible, we shrank from the narrow stairs, that seemed to lead into unknown depths of darkness. Hettie presently advanced, however, with a decided air, and I followed.

"Painting on glass!" Dim, beautiful pictures of old cathedral churches, and memorial windows, rose up before me—delicate vases, and exquisite creations of all kinds; and I toiled up three flights of stairs after the panting Hettie, who, being afflicted with more than her share of flesh, was particularly averse to this sort of exercise.

Arrived upon the third landing, we looked about for information. An unpromising door of dirty glass bore the inscription, "Moses

Rosegarten, painter on glass. Pupils wanted." We knocked timidly, but there was no answer; and, after a little consultation, we opened the door, and entered.

"What do you want?" growled a rough voice; and the most repulsive specimen of a German Jew upon which our eyes had ever rested, emerged from a distant corner. We felt thankful for the protection of thick veils; and, under cover of this armor, Hettie mentioned the advertisement.

The man approached unpleasantly close, as he questioned us; and I noticed two very bold-looking girls, who were working at a table. "*Ladies!*" I saw none. Hettie maintained her ground admirably, and insisted upon seeing some specimens of work before we laid aside our veils, as the man was very anxious for us to do.

With evident unwillingness, he produced some daubs of very red roses, and very green trees—such as usually ornament the fronts of kitchen clocks.

"Make lots of money," said the man, familiarly, in answer to our looks of disgust; people always buy clocks, you know."

We whispered together a moment, This coarse work possessed the advantage of being easily done, although my airy fabric of beautiful creations was completely demolished; and we had almost concluded to try it, when the man observed, with an unpleasant grin,

"Ten dollars a-piece, ladies, for the entering-fee."

Hettie's indignation was completely roused, and she replied, angrily, "How dare you put such an advertisement in the paper, that 'pupils are paid while learning,' and then demand ten dollars of us, after we have taken the trouble to come to such a place as this?"

"Just so that you *would* come, my dears," continued the man, still more repulsively "But let me see your faces, and if you are pretty—"

The wretch laughed with unconcern, as we slammed the door in his face; and one bound seemed to take us down the first flight of stairs. But here a woman grasped us each by the arm, and fairly hissed in our ears,

"Young girls! be thankful for your escape, and never visit such places again, as you may not always be so fortunate. That man is a liar, a villain, and *my husband!*"

We found ourselves in the street, we scarcely knew how—and fairly cried from indignation and excitement. Hettie promised to spend the evening with me soon, and talk the matter over; and with this understanding, we parted.

My aunt and I boarded, genteely, in a very respectable house, and did embroidery in an underhanded, lady-like way, for a large establishment, that paid liberally, and kept us well supplied with work. But I was very tired of scalloping and punching eyelets; and I always felt, when thus employed, that I was intended for better things. My aunt, too, who frequently did double duty, with the kind desire of sparing me, was getting pale and thin, and often sighed over her work.

We were almost alone in the world, we two; and my aunt never wearied of telling me how we had been wronged out of a princely fortune by an abominable quibble of the law. How I hated the miserable man who was now enjoying what belonged in equity to us! And how I repeated his name, "Edward Blossomford," with the feeling that it expressed everything detestable. But he had power and possession on his side; and auntie said that our rights had been hopelessly resigned long ago.

It is a very hard fate to have a taste for luxurious things; to feel that you are entitled to them, and yet not to be able to get them. This feeling had lately been stirring within me to such an uncomfortable extent, that I would sit brooding over my sewing with my brain fairly spinning with all sorts of wild plans, until auntie would say, plaintively,

"Why, Margaret, how quiet you are! I wish you would talk a little."

"Quiet!" little did she know of the tempest raging within. But this always recalled me to my duty, and I tried to "make talk," and bring myself down to ordinary matters.

Of course, I had tried my hand at authorship—few educated girls, now-a-days, in need of a new dress, and without the means of getting it, neglect this promising field—and some stories had actually been printed and paid for. Auntie pronounced them beautiful; but I could not help thinking that the greenbacks, which I placed triumphantly before her, contributed materially to her enthusiasm. So tangible a proof of appreciation in others never fails of its due effect.

Of course, dear auntie was to be kept in ignorance of my dreadful adventure. I would not have divulged it to her for the world, as all future schemes of a pecuniary nature would have been instantly condemned. But it was uncomfortable to feel that I was hiding something from her. I persuaded myself, however, that it was "for her," as I hoped yet to surprise her with a fortune.

Hettie did not feel disposed to make a confi-

dante of her care-worn mother, or her somewhat stern father; and when she came to me, the next evening, no one but our two selves knew of our disappointment.

"I suppose that you two girls won't miss me particularly," said auntie, with her pleasant smile, "if I go and spend an hour with Miss Plummer?"

This was very sweet of auntie, for I knew that she did not particularly enjoy Miss Plummer, who occupied a hall bed-room, that I called the Chamber of Mysteries. Almost everything in it was something else but what it professed to be. She had a book-case that was a bedstead; a queer-looking table that was a wash-stand; and a chair that was a little of everything. Miss Plummer was always crocheting a shawl for some "dear friend;" and she talked a great deal about her brother, whom no one ever saw.

Auntie was often charitable enough to go and see her from pure benevolence; and, knowing this, my conscience was quite easy on seeing her depart; and Hettie and I immediately fell to work to do three hours talking in the space of one. After demolishing the German Jew with all the epithets that came to hand, and agreeing that it would be a great satisfaction to expose him in the papers, if it didn't cost so much, we proceeded to other plans in the most hopeful manner.

"Could you write a book on etiquette?" asked Hettie, with a suddenness that was quite startling.

A book on etiquette! Something to tell people what they should do, and what they shouldn't—how to eat, walk, and talk, and make themselves generally agreeable. The idea was pleasing, on the whole, apart from all considerations of profit. I had been so often provoked by people's behavior, that it would be quite a comfort to give them a sound rating. Yes, I thought I could do it; but who would want to buy it when done?

Hettie had been conning over the list of publications of a firm that dealt in cheap literature of the yellow-cover stamp; and as no book of etiquette appeared on the list, it was quite probable that such a work would be accepted. We decided at once upon its length, and drew up the headings of twelve different chapters that very evening.

The indefatigable Hettie had conceived the idea of a work on gardening; to be compiled from various other works, and interspersed with original reflections of her own; and at it she accordingly went, while I attacked the sub-

ject of etiquette in every possible form, and enjoyed myself exceedingly in scolding people on paper for various provoking ways. Such a preface as I had! containing a lengthy exposition of the word etiquette, and reminding me somewhat of a youthful composition of mine, in which I asserted that education was a very good thing, and one which every child should learn.

The grand scheme was not yet divulged to auntie; she only knew that I was suddenly possessed by a writing mania, and carefully refrained from interrupting me, except to inquire if I could not make use of so and so's story, or put in that remarkable dream somewhere; which, like all propositions of a like nature, were as foreign as possible to the subject in hand.

How I toiled over these wretched pages, scarcely allowing myself time for necessary rest and refreshment—for I must push the thing through for fear some one else would supply the yellow-cover publishers with a book on etiquette; and when, at length, with a darning-needle, and auntie's coarsest spool, I set about the pleasing task of sewing my sheets together, my hand was quite unsteady from excitement and fatigue.

The publishers lived in another city; and after many clumsy attempts at putting it up properly, my manuscript was finally despatched to them by mail. This is as convenient a place as any to mention that I never heard a word of it again. Whether it was lost on the road—whether the publishers in question were mythical people, without any foundation, in fact—or whether my presumption fairly paralyzed them, I could not tell.

Hettie's work on gardening progressed more slowly; but I could see that she felt very sanguine about it.

"What shall I do now?" I exclaimed, one morning, when I had reluctantly come to the conclusion that my last attempt was a decided failure.

"Write a blood and thunder novel," said Hettie, coolly.

I felt myself insulted, and scarcely deigned to answer; but my energetic friend talked so eloquently of "large print," "wide margins," "plenty of capitals," "heroines with long hair," "mysterious Indians," "Dowie-knives," "thunder-storms," etc., etc., that I became fairly wrought up, and quite agreed with Hettie that this would be the easiest thing I had tried yet. Such a novel could almost be written out in a day, if one were in the proper frame.

That evening, we had our first radishes for tea; and as I have a weakness for radishes, this may account for the hideous, troubled dreams with which I was afflicted at night. They helped me on wonderfully, though, with my novel; and the next day I sat bravely down to the first chapter—in which a husband and father became a raving maniac from jealousy, murdered his own child, and drove his young wife forth to begin her wanderings through the world. Could anything possibly be more "thrilling?" I was almost in love with the horrors I had created, and worked in a sort of frenzy, until, at the end of a week, the first rough copy was completed.

It was much tamer to write it out again; but Hettie was in a perfect state of rapture with the opening chapters—said it was just the thing to take with the class of people who read such books, and prophesied that I was now on the high road to fortune. I lingered affectionately over the neatly-written pages as I copied them off; and finally despatched the work in a very hopeful frame of mind.

In the course of three or four days, I received a polite letter, informing me that my story lacked at least one-third of the required length of their publications; and that it was of too domestic a nature to meet the taste of their readers.

"Domestic!" In spite of my disappointment I laughed aloud. If that were their idea of domestic life, I pitied their wives.

These disappointments only made me more determined. Hettie had met with the most exasperating encouragement. She had written to a publisher describing the plan of her work; and he had returned answer that, if the execution suited him as well as the plan, he would be glad to undertake it. Somebody says in Homer, (I'm sure I don't know who.)

"My own great mind  
I then consulted;"

and though, for a time, it seemed like calling spirits from the vasty deep, I fully resolved to perfect some plan, and accomplish it without consulting Hettie.

Fortune favored me that very day, by putting an advertisement in my hand; although, after that experience of "painting on glass," I felt rather shy of advertisements. This one said, that "an editor would like the assistance of a well-educated lady, accustomed to writing, on a periodical of unexceptionable reputation;" promised liberal terms, and requested communications from competent persons, addressed to "A. W. — Building."

The situation of the — Building was more than respectable—the purposes to which it was devoted widely known and approved; and, although I shrank from even a business communication with a perfect stranger, I felt that, here at least, I knew the ground upon which I was treading. This was my first attempt at anything of the kind; and I wrote, of course, several notes before I produced one that satisfied me; but, finally, I managed to tell "A. W." that a lady of some experience in writing would like to undertake the work in question, provided we could enter into satisfactory arrangements, and gave him my address.

I received a speedy invitation to call at No. —, in the building abovementioned; and I scarcely knew which feeling predominated, hopeful expectation of success, or terror at the ordeal before me. To go alone in quest of an entire stranger, and that stranger a man, was decidedly formidable. Hettie Driggs had left the city on a two weeks' visit, even were I disposed to break my silent vow of keeping my own counsel; and auntie was not to be thought of.

I spent an entire day in weighing the matter—quite unlike my usual proceeding—and then found myself just where I had been in the morning; fully alive to the consciousness that it was just the most disagreeable business that could possibly be undertaken, but that no other avenue was likely to present itself by which I could accomplish my ends. Then the pleasure of surprising Hettie on her return, if I met with success, (and I felt almost sure that I would,) to say nothing of auntie!

This decided me; and I tremblingly arrayed myself in a blue-and-white suit that was considered especially becoming; but which represented to me so many tedious yards of scalloping and eyeletting, that I did not take the pleasure in it I otherwise would. How much more elevating and satisfactory constant employment for my pen would be!

I knew when I laughingly kissed auntie, and told her that I was going to seek my fortune, she looked wistfully after me with the feeling that it was the positive duty of some prince in disguise to cross my path, and fall in love with me. Her dear eyes said it; but I saucily thought that it would be far more delightful to carve out my own fortune.

I was not very strong, and all that unappreciated toil of mine had worked the season along into June. The pavements were hot and dusty, and green branches flickered before my eyes with tantalizing dreams of rural freshness and

peace that could not be realized. I was an inveterate dreamer, as well to myself as on paper; and even the uneasy omnibus, in which I rode for a mile, did not shake the enthusiasm out of me on that most summer-y afternoon.

But when the vehicle deposited me on a corner, and my feet, unsteady from the long, jolting ride, turned tremblingly down the busy street, I experienced all the well-known emotions of a visit to the dentist. Stairs again, of course; and I felt scarcely equal to the effort of mounting them.

The door of No. — stood wide open; and I found myself in the presence of an iron-gray man, a woman in a green veil, and a quantity of books and papers. A gentleman, with an exceedingly nice face, was looking over some prints at the farther end of the room; and I felt sorry that he did not seem to be the one with whom I had to do. The iron-gray man looked as though he would have been surprised at my entrance, if he had ever been in the habit of indulging in anything of the kind; and I did not think the gentleman with the pictures saw me at all.

The green-veiled woman was taking her departure, evidently in disappointment; and I sank into the nearest chair, and gasped out something about "advertisement." The man looked puzzled, and I then reminded him of my note and name.

He smiled, showing a set of fine teeth that quite illuminated his face, and replied politely, "Excuse me for saying that I expected to see in "Miss Romer" a lady better calculated——"

I felt the color coming into my face, as I exclaimed nervously, "I have been in the habit of writing for publications, and if you will show me one of your periodicals, I think I can promise to give satisfaction."

"With pleasure," said he, kindly, as he handed me a pamphlet that opened with an article of ten pages on "Soberism," (whatever that may be,) and was written in an unknown tongue. My heart sank within me at the aspect of this bewildering work; but the proprietor kindly explained that he judged, from my appearance, it would not be agreeable to me to spend several hours a day at the office, revising MSS., and correcting proofs—and this was the nature of the duties required in an assistant.

I sat there perfectly quiet, pondering over my fresh disappointment, and feeling bitterly the utter hopelessness of all future attempts. I had not strength to rise; but I whispered, "A glass of water, please," and most inconveniently fainted.

I opened my eyes to find myself extended on the green morocco-covered lounge, and the nice-looking gentleman bending over me.

"Do not be alarmed," said he, pleasantly, "we are not strangers in reality. There is some connection of the families, which I will explain to your aunt. Let me get a carriage now and take you home."

I had noticed his start at the mention of my name; but this seemed almost like a chapter of romance.

It took some little time to convince auntie that I was quite sound in limb, after the extraordinary step of driving to the door in a first-class hackney-coach; but this point thoroughly established, and my adventure partly related, (to her intense astonishment and disapprobation,) she naturally turned to my escort with thanks and apologies.

"Perhaps," he replied, somewhat sadly, "you will not feel so well-disposed toward me when you hear that I bear the name of Edward Blossomford."

"His son?" interrogated my aunt, drawing herself up stiffly.

For answer, he pointed to the deep crape hat-band that told of late bereavement; and feeling that they could get along better without me, I slipped into our little sleeping-room.

Auntie told me all about it afterward; and my amazement was so extreme, that I scarcely thought to congratulate her or myself. I do not know when I have seen the dear woman so excited.

"I could not help being rather distant at first," said she; "and when he spoke of his father, it was with difficulty I could refrain from telling him what a close-fisted, get-all-you-can, and keep-all-you-get, old sharper he was; but *this* Edward Blossomford really appears to be a man of deep feeling, and the most delicate sense of justice. It seems that his father took great pride in boasting of his triumph over our family in that abominable law-suit; but he, himself, always doubted their right to the Bayhurst property; and after the old man's death, which put him in entire possession of it, as he is an only child, he examined carefully into the case, and became convinced that he held what was not wholly his. He says that we are fully entitled to *half*—including the old homestead, for which I have so often sighed—and nobly insists upon our taking at once what lawfully belongs to us.

"He says that, as soon as his mind was made up on this point, he lost no opportunity of seeking the remaining heirs, who were com-

hended, he was told, in an aunt and niece. It seems that he was present with that editor friend of his when a queer note from you was received, mentioning your name. Oh, Margaret! how could you undertake such a thing without consulting me?"

"Don't say a word, auntie," I replied. "If I had consulted you, you would have forbidden my doing it; and if I had not done it, we would not have come into possession of our fortune. So, go on, please."

"Mr. Blossomford immediately concluded that it was the aunt who was desirous of assisting his friend in his literary labors, and resolved to be present at the interview. He described their great surprise, and something more, (I shall not tell you what it was—I know it was all owing to that blue dress,) when your young ladyship beamed upon their vision; and he thought it particularly obliging of you to faint, and place him under the necessity of conveying you home. So, there is the whole story in a condensed form; and I must say that, although Mr. Edward Blossomford has only performed a simple act of justice, I admire him very much for it—for very few men are willing to do that."

I was in a bewildered dream—the most prominent feature of which was, Mr. Blossomford figuring as the hero of a three-volume novel; but when auntie spoke of our going to Bayhurst, I began to realize what it was to come into possession of a fortune. A fine house, with lawn and grounds, and servants, and horses—what perfect felicity! I was so glad, too, that Mr. Blossomford would still be rich, in spite of his goodness to us; and when auntie put on her very best dress for every-day wear, it seemed more and more like reality.

Of course, I flew to Hettie with the news as soon as she returned, and she was properly surprised and delighted; but I could not help noticing the very frequent mention of a "Mr. Wendover" in her remarks, until I finally questioned her about him.

Hettie colored a little. "Oh! hadn't she mentioned him to me? She had met him before, but they had become much better acquainted during this visit."

Just then, I noticed the flash of a diamond on her fourth finger. "What has become of the gardening-book?" I asked, abruptly.

Mr. Wendover had very kindly taken it in hand, and fully expected to get it published.

"Nothing more to be said," I remarked, as I rose to take my leave, "except to ask when you intend to commence playing ivy?"



Hettie looked quite embarrassed, and called me "a mean girl;" but I ran home in a very amused frame of mind.

Somewhat later, auntie asked me, rather indignantly, in the course of a conversation between us, if I supposed that Mr. Blossomford came so frequently to see *her*? We were inter-

rupted by the appearance of the individual in question, who considerably allowed us to get settled at Bayhurst before he fully solved my doubts on the subject.

I always insist upon it that I really got auntie a fortune, after all; when a certain individual never fails to ask if I still want SOMETHING TO DO!

## OUT OF PRISON.

BY E. A. DARBY.

FROM out the narrow window of my prison wall,

When, sick of solitude, I can look forth  
Upon a green and sunny spot of earth,  
Whose beauty half-forgotten memories recall,

Of days when I was young and innocent,  
A brook whose pleasant murmurs even here  
Falls soft and soothing upon my ear,  
Like some sweet song that warbles of content,  
Glides through a tiny mead of deepest green;

Its banks are fringed with willows, that keep time  
With zephyr like an undulating rhyme.

My eyes grew moist while gazing on the scene;  
For, lying in my father's fields, before

My bed-room window, was a spot so near  
Like this that holds my vision spell-bound here,  
(With meek-eyed daisies thickly purpled o'er)  
You'd swear they were the same. The picture grows  
Into my soul until I do forget

These stony bounds that are around me set,  
Hoary and grim, and drenched with human woes;  
And I go forth, unmanacled and free  
As winged imagination cleaves the pole,  
Or, at the bidding of the living soul,  
Sweeps, like a lightning-flash, across the sea.

My prison is behind me, cold and gray;  
Free as a bird, and chainless as a thought,  
From out the fire of inspiration caught,  
My curbless spirit, spurning this vile clay,  
Goeth where'er it listeth—out from hell;  
Yea, from the very regions of despair,  
Where Hate and Fear, crouching together, lair,  
Holding the curst abode beneath their spell.

Whatso of God is in me, grows apace;  
The devils that are tugging at my feet,  
To hold me down for fear that Fate will cheat  
Their hellish maws, and bear me into space,

I shake off spurningly, and boldly soar

Where Lethæan waters fill me with a calm,  
And sweet forgetfulness affords a balm  
To sorrows, that will haunt me evermore.

What now are prison walls and bars to me?

They held me for another's crime; but here  
Their horrors can no longer thrill with fear,  
For God is gracious, and my soul is free.

Out here, where human shadows are unknown,  
And silence reigns around me like a dream,  
With a soft sympathy that is supreme.  
Where comfort falleth from the Great White Throne,  
The odd, material world, I do forget,  
And in God's image stand erect, maintained  
By Truth's immortal arm, my hand unstained,  
The seal of peace upon my spirit set.

The jaundiced eyes of Jealousy, that glared  
So fiendishly upon me, have no power  
To mar the peace of this thrice blessed hour,  
Or tear the heart-strings that their lightnings bared.  
The sharp, gaunt fingers, clutching at my heart,  
By fiends incarnate, devilishly inspired,  
And by the worst of hellish passions fired,  
To rend my soul's most sacred coils apart,  
Are impotent to reach me here. No more  
Fettered with chains that diabolic Hate  
Bound me withal, I soar above my fate,  
E'en to the margin of the Crystal Shore.

By the remembrance of the blissful days,  
When innocence made life so beautiful,  
The burning sense of injury grows dull,  
And I can thread what was so wild a maze.  
The light divine, that glides the place I tread,  
Melts my hard heart, so that I pray for those  
Whose fiendishness has covered me with woes,  
Asking for God's best blessings on their head.

## OUR LAUGHING JEWEL.

BY P. H. PETERS.

Sn's gleeful—"our Hettie"—there's none so gay,  
With her sportive tricks, and her mirthful way,  
And her laughter gives thrills of delight;

Her clear voice ringing,  
Her merry singing,

Gives joy to the heart—old sorrows despite.  
Bright is her dark eye, 'witching her smile,  
Thrillingly sweet is her silvery laugh,

And her carcases sorrows beguile—  
Worth to the heart more than worlds, by half.

She's pretty—"our Hettie"—there's none so fair,  
With her rosy cheeks and her silken hair;  
And the nymphs love to trip by her side.

Her bright eyes glisten,  
Her quick ears listen,

As her merry laughter the winds do ride.  
Bright is her dark eye, 'witching her smile,  
Thrillingly sweet is her silvery laugh,

And her carcases sorrows beguile—  
Worth to the heart more than worlds, by half.

## POOR AND PROUD.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

"I'm afraid we can't go to Saratoga this summer," said Mrs. Whitby, to her eldest daughter, a stylish-looking girl of nineteen. "I have pinched and skimped in every possible way, and yet I can hardly make both ends meet."

"But what will everybody say of us?" answered the daughter.

"Very true," replied the mother.

So they went to Saratoga. By what strategy it was effected, we cannot pretend to tell. Some people have a way of cutting down their servants' wages, and of haggling with a seamstress about the price of a day's work; and Mrs. Whitby was one of these. It was by what she called economy, but plain people call meanness, that she saved the money for her summer-trip.

The day had been fixed for their departure, and the elder daughter had begun to pack her trunk, when Mrs. Whitby came into the room, with an open letter in her hand, and dismay written on her countenance.

"You might as well put your things back in their drawers," said the mother. "Here is a letter from your aunt Ellen. She is sick, and out of work as well as out of money, she says. I declare it's too provoking. She has always been a burden to the family. She might have married when she was young; and then your father wouldn't have had to support her, as he has had to do, half the time. There was old Mr. Smith was dying for her, when she was your age, and still pretty. But, with her ridiculous notions about love, and similarity of tastes, she refused him; and now, without a penny, would starve, if it wasn't for us. And, goodness knows, we've enough to do to take care of ourselves."

"But, ma, we can't give up Saratoga," said the daughter. "We should never be able to hold up our heads again, if we do. People will suspect the truth. We've talked too much about it to stay at home. Besides, I told Dr. Burnet we were going; and he said at once that he'd meet us there." And she looked quite conscious.

For Dr. Burnet was no antiquated physician, with a gray poll and a gold-headed cane, but a handsome young man, just entering his profession, and the inheritor of a competent fortune. All the girls in the Whitby set, declared him "a love of a man." He was, in reality, very much more than this silly term

implied, having first-rate abilities, a high sense of honor, and a manly character. The pretty face of Miss Whitby had pleased him; and he had been showing her considerable attention lately.

"That alters the case," said the mother, decidedly. "Your aunt must get somebody else to help her. She's no right, either, to ask us; we've already done enough for her. Besides, she'll get sewing again, if she looks out sharp for it. Of course, it won't do to sit with her hands folded. I wonder what would become of us all, if I did it?"

So they went to Saratoga. To have seen the Whitbys at Congress Hall, a stranger would have thought they had not a care on earth. Little did people there imagine the shifts to which Mrs. Whitby had been driven, in order to raise funds for this expedition.

Meantime, Dr. Burnet was hurrying through his engagements, so that he might follow a certain pretty face to Saratoga. He was not one to neglect a duty, however; hence, while one or two patients continued so ill, he could not persuade himself that it was right to leave. But one day, after watching a little boy through a dangerous illness, he was drawing on his gloves at his final visit, when the mother spoke.

"I wish, doctor, if you could, you would go up stairs and see a sick lady. She has lodged in our front attic these two last years; you know we let part of our house out to lodgers. She's a real lady, too, and has rich relations."

"Rich relations!" said the doctor, "and she living in a garret!"

"Well, they live in good style, and pretend to be somebody. But they let her starve almost. She's been out of work for a long time; the sewing-machines, you know, make it hard for people that live by the needle; and now, I fear, she is really sick."

"Have these relations been applied to?"

"Oh! yes. She sent, I know, just before they went to Saratoga. She was too sick to go herself, so she wrote a note, and got my eldest boy to take it. But her sister-in-law wrote word back that they'd enough to do to take care of themselves."

"Yet they had money, it seems, to go to Saratoga."

"That's just it. If they were starving themselves, there might be some excuse. But people that can afford to go to Saratoga, can surely afford to help a relation. I don't believe Miss Whitby has had anything to eat for a week, except what I've sent up to her."

"What name did you say?" asked the doctor, a strange feeling coming over him.

"Whitby. She's an own sister to Lawyer Whitby, who has the pretty daughter."

"I will go up," said the doctor. "As you say, I may do some good."

Half an hour later, as the doctor again drew on his gloves, he paused on the stoop, to say to the woman of the house,

"She is in the last stages of consumption. I can do nothing for her, except to alleviate pain. I will send some medicine here directly, and will depend on your kind promise to see a little to her. To-morrow I will come again."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor, to himself, as he rode away, "what an escape I have made. To think that there should be such people in the world. Poor and proud! Poor and proud! That, I suppose, is the whole story. To keep up appearances, they let their own flesh and blood die of starvation. The last time I made a morning call at the Whitbys, Miss Clara was sitting in the drawing-room, in costly slippers and morning-dress, dawdling over a novel. What shams they are! It is clear, too, that the heartless indifference of her relations is hastening this poor old creature's death."

Dr. Burnet did not go to Saratoga. The Whitbys wondered why, and still hoped he would come, till, at last, their time was up, and they were forced to go home. But, when

there, the mystery was explained. A note was found on the table, which had been left there that day, announcing the death of their aunt. The note was in the hand-writing of Dr. Burnet. A little inquiry revealed to the Whitbys that the doctor had supported the invalid during the last month of her existence, and even made arrangements for her burial, "unless," as the note said, in conclusion, "Mr. Whitby, as the nearest relative, would prefer assuming direction of the sad ceremonies."

No explanation that could be made would satisfy, they saw, the doctor. So they did not attempt it. But Mr. Whitby paid the undertaker's bill, and forwarded a check to Dr. Burnet, in a formal note, for "professional services." The check was returned in a blank envelope.

Dr. Burnet is now married. He first met his wife, we happen to know, in the house of a poor family, where the same common humanity had led them both. He met her there several times, and had fallen in love with her before he knew her name. At last she passed him one day in one of the stateliest equipages of the city. But he married Helen Wakefield, not for her fortune, but for her accomplishments and worth.

This was many years ago. As for Miss Whitby, she is still unmarried. She was always a little fast; but she is faster than ever now. An old visitant at Saratoga, who had been abroad for seven years, went there last summer and saw her.

"Why there's Miss Whitby," he said, "still in the market. She was on hand when I left, and she's on hand still. After all, these fast girl's don't get husbands."

## RESURGAM.

BY HARRIET BENEDICT.

AND first the sunbeams softly fall,

Across the lonely church-yard mould;

And then the shadows rest o'er all—

Rest o'er the tombstone white and cold.

Thus come, by turns, the light and shade;

Thus, go the changing day and night,

Above the grassy mound they made,

And the closed eyes, that once were bright.

'Twas long ago they laid her there,

Her white hands folded on her breast;

And on her forehead, cold and fair,

The seal of everlasting rest.

Oh, Death! thy withering hand is laid,

Of earth's fairest, sweetest flowers;

O'er many a home doth fall a shade;

But none more deep than rests on ours.

Yet, as the sower seed doth fling

Within the earth, in Autumn hours,

In faith undoubting, that the Spring

Will bless his toil with fruit and flowers;

So, grave, in silence dark and dumb,

We laid our treasure in thy dust,

Awaiting till the morn shall come,

When earth shall render up her trust.

Sweet hope, to cheer our darkened day,

Till comes its twilight, calm and blest,

And wearied wanderers on life's way,

We go to share her peaceful rest;

Till as the Spring in brightness wakes,

From dreary Winter's cold and gloom,

O'er us the eternal morning breaks,

The resurrection from the tomb.

# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145.

## CHAPTER V.

TWICE Anna Burns had changed her costume, first to satisfy Mrs. Savage, that it would be all that she desired for the *Ivanhoe* tableaux; and again, that no detail of poverty should be wanting to that picture which, alas! has been so often duplicated in real life, "The Soldier's Destitute Family." As she was putting on a Jewish garment a second time, in the little drawing-room, a rather heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice that made her start, from the deep tragedy of its tones, sounded in her ear.

"Are you the young person?"

"I—I—— What young person?" faltered Anna, turning crimson under the touch of that hand.

"Mrs. Savage has a dependent, or protegee, here, who is to stand in the *Ivanhoe* picture. Are you that person?"

Anna turned suddenly and looked her tormentor in the face. She was a tall, angular person, with a complexion that seemed washed out and reddyed, pale blue eyes, full of impatient ferocity, and a mouth that was perpetually in motion.

"Are you that person?" she repeated, giving the shoulder she pressed a slight shake.

"I came here at the request of Mrs. Savage, if that is what you wish to know," answered Anna Burns, stepping back with a gesture of offended pride.

"And you are her Rebecca?" answered Miss Eliza Halstead, shaking out her laced handkerchief, and inhaling the perfume which it gave forth with a proud elevation of the head. "So she is determined to monopolize everything. Has Miss Georgiana Halstead arrived yet?"

"I do not know the lady."

"Not know her, and she is to be your foil—your rival. When you go off the stage she will come on, robed in azure velvet, crowned with pearls—my pearls; while I—— but never mind, there is blood in my veins which can protect itself. Oh! here she comes. Say nothing; be secret as the grave! You will see! You will

see!" Miss Halstead put one long finger to her lips, and glided backward out of the room just as Georgiana Halstead came in by a side entrance.

For a moment these two young girls stood looking at each other, one with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a smile on her lips; the other shy, pale, and shrinking. She felt like an intruder there.

Georgiana was the first to speak.

"I suppose, from that dress, that you are Miss Burns," she said, with graceful cordiality. "There is no one here to introduce us; but I am Miss Halstead, as the dear, delicate, stupid Rowena, who is to get *Ivanhoe* away from you."

A flush of scarlet came over Georgiana's face, as she became conscious of her own light speech, and felt the strange look which Anna turned, unconsciously, upon her; but she turned this embarrassment off with a sweet laugh; and throwing aside her velvet sacque, stood out in the dim room a picture in herself.

"How beautifully you are dressed," she said, scanning Anna's costume with an admiring glance. "That crimson velvet tunic, with its warmth and depth of color, has singular richness. And the diamond necklace, how the light quivers over it. Upon my word, Madam Savage has exhibited a taste for once. The whole effect is wonderful."

"It is her taste; I had nothing to do with it," said Anna, glancing at her own loveliness in the glass. "The diamond necklace, if it is diamonds, belongs to her. Indeed, I scarcely know myself in this dress or place."

"But I hope to know you, and intimately, some day," answered Georgiana, with prompt admiration. "But here comes the madam, with a train of committee-ladies, ready to give us inspection. Don't let them change a fold of that turban, or a single thing about you. Remember, those who have the least taste will be the first to interfere."

"Here they are all ready, and looking so lovely," cried Mrs. Savage, sweeping into the room, followed close by half a dozen associates,

whose silken dresses rustled sumptuously as they moved. Isn't she perfect, dear child? But when is she otherwise?"

Here Mrs. Savage stooped and kissed Georgiana's white neck with a glow of natural fondness, which the girl felt in her heart of hearts, and became radiant at once.

"And Miss Burns, too. How completely she has followed out my idea. Isn't she the most fascinating little Jewess that ever lived? Ah! are they ready? Come, Georgie, child, you are wanted. Ladies, hurry back to your seats. I would not have you lose this tableau for anything."

A little storm of exclamations followed this speech. Then the silks began to rustle violently again, while the committee made a rush, and, with a confusion of whispers, diffused itself in the audience, which was soon enveloped in darkness. A bell tinkled; the dark curtain swept back, and through a screen of rose-colored gauze Ivanhoe and Rowena were seen surrounded with rich draperies, heavy carvings, and all the appointments of a feudal picture. Rowena was looking down overpowered by the love-light in Ivanhoe's glance; a soft rosy bloom lay on her cheek; a smile hovered about her lips; no flower ever drooped more modestly in the sunshine that brightened it. The young creature did not move, but you could see the slow heave and fall of her bosom. There was no acting there; the presence of love, pure and vital, made itself felt, though it might not have been thoroughly understood. Ivanhoe gazed down upon her with admiration, and it may be that more tender feelings called forth the bright smile on his face. But young Savage was thinking of the character he was to maintain—she was thinking only of him. A single minute this noble picture defined itself before the crowd; then the curtain fell, and all was dark again.

The tableau was one which had been designed to repeat itself by a change of position in the characters, while the applause was loudest; and young Savage stood behind the curtain holding Georgie's hand, while he described the position she was to assume, a rather impatient voice from behind the scenes called for Miss Halstead. The young lady, who was blushing and shrinking under the careless touch of his hand, ran out, and found one of the servant girl's in attendance, who said that she must come at once and speak with Mrs. Savage before the curtain rose again.

Georgie followed the girl in haste, and the moment she disappeared, a figure came out

from one of the dark corners and entered upon the stage, which was but dimly lighted from behind the scenes. Savage saw the glitter of her dress, and without looking closer spoke in eager haste.

"Just in time. They are getting impatient. There, stand there, with your head averted, as we arranged it: now your hand."

Savage dropped on one knee as he spoke, took the hand which dropped lovingly into his, and lifted his fine eyes to the but half averted face. A start, which brought him half up from his knees; a quick ringing of the bell, and every face in the audience was turned in amazement on Miss Eliza Halstead, whose tall, gaunt form was arrayed in blue satin, surmounted by a tunic of maize-colored velvet. A band of pointed gold girding her head like a coronet, and from under it flowed out a mass of dull brown curls, wonderful to behold. Her head was turned aside; one hand was half uplifted, as if to conceal the blushes that lay immovable on her cheeks, and a simper, which had a dash of malicious triumph in it, gave disagreeable life to her face.

Young Savage had sunk back to his lover-like position as the bell rang, and went through his part with a hot flush on his cheek, and a quick sense of the ridiculous position he filled quivering around his handsome mouth. But though master of himself, he heard the bell ring with a sense of infinite relief, and instantly sprang up, uttering what I am afraid would have been a very naughty exclamation had it been allowed to go beyond his breath.

"Ah! I thought you would be surprised," cried Miss Eliza, beaming upon him in the twilight of the stage. "Believe me, dear Mr. Savage, I never suspected that you had any share in the conspiracy to keep me in the shade. But I have defeated them for once; and I saw by that flush on your cheek how completely you triumphed with me."

Savage struggled to keep from laughing, and submitted to the pressure which Eliza gave his hand between her two palms with becoming philosophy.

"I suppose they will expect us to give place to the next tableau," he said, quietly releasing his hand. "This way, if you are going to the dressing-room."

Miss Eliza took his arm, and marched triumphantly off the platform. At the first step she met Georgiana coming back breathless.

"It is over," said Miss Eliza, solemnly; "the evil machinations of my enemies has, for once,

been defeated; tell Mrs. Savage and her crew this, with my compliments. The audience out yonder can tell you that, for once, they have seen a genuine tableau, truthful, artistic, rich in passionate silence. Mr. Savage here can tell you how it was received with touching and intense stillness; then a ripple of admiration, then a buzz of admiring curiosity. We came away to avoid the outburst of enthusiasm which was no doubt overwhelming."

"What is this about? What does it all mean?" said Georgiana, bewildered. "Am I too late? After all, it seems that no one really sent for me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Eliza, with a toss of the head. "Have you just found that out?"

"The tableau is over," said young Savage, laughing in spite of himself. "Miss Halstead has honored me by taking your place."

Georgiana was dumb with angry astonishment; a flood of scarlet rushed over her face and neck. She even clenched her little hand, and, for once, made a fist of it that would have done great credit to a belligerent child ten years old. Then she burst into a laugh, musical as a gush of bird-songs in April.

"You didn't do that, Miss Eliza. Oh! it is too, too delicious. Savage on his knees, you—"

Again she burst forth into a musical riot of laughter, while Eliza stood before her frowning terribly. I am afraid Savage joined her; but the two voices harmonized so well that Miss Eliza never was quite certain.

"Georgiana Halstead, I hate you!" she cried, with a sweep of the right arm.

"I—I can't help it," pouted the young girl, pressing a hand hard against her lips; "the whole thing is so comical. What will Mrs. Savage say?"

Georgiana might well ask, for Mrs. Savage had been in front, and sat aghast during the whole performance, which only lasted a few minutes. After which she went into something as near rage as well-bred women permit themselves; and absolutely tore a handkerchief made of gossamer and lace into more pieces than she would have liked to confess even to herself. A half-suppressed giggle, which came from that portion of the room where the committee was clustered, brought the proud lady to her composure; and leaning toward her most inveterate rival, she whispered confidently,

"It went off tolerably, after all, just as I expected."

"Oh!" said the lady rival, smiling sweetly, "then you arranged it."

"Georgiana Halstead was so kind. It quite

annoyed her to have Miss Halstead cut out so entirely. Such a lovely disposition. Then there is great power in contrast, you know; and my young friend, who comes next, is directly opposite to Miss Halstead. Contrast, contrast, my dear, is everything. You'll see that I am right. How splendidly Savage bore himself. But I knew that we could trust to him."

During this long speech, the lady to whom Mrs. Savage addressed herself, took an occasion to whisper to her next neighbor, who bent toward the person who sat next her; this swelled into a buzz, which ran through the committee, and beyond it, checking all laughter as it went.

Then Mrs. Savage rose with dignity and went back of the scenes, rustling her silks like a green bay-tree, and biting her lips till they glowed like ripe cherries. She met Miss Halstead sailing majestically toward her carriage, still clinging to the arm of young Savage with desperate pertinacity.

"Here comes your mother, sir, my bitterest enemy. As a defenceless female, I claim your protection," cried that lady, pausing suddenly, and clasping both hands over his arm as Mrs. Savage came up.

"My dear Miss Halstead, how beautifully you did it. I came at once to thank you. Fortunate, wasn't it, that my messenger overtook you?"

Mrs. Savage said this, smiling blandly, and with her gloved hand held forth with a cordiality perfectly irresistible.

"Messenger, Mrs. Savage," said Miss Halstead, drawing herself up with an Elizabethian air. "I do not understand!"

"Not understand, and yet acted the part so well. Oh, Miss Halstead!"

Miss Halstead was eccentric and headstrong, but she was not quite a fool. In fact, few people possessed so much low cunning. She had all the craft and calculation of a lunatic, without being absolutely crazy. It flashed across her mind instantly that she would do well to accept at once the doubtful invitation hinted at, and thus escape the odium of a rude intrusion.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Savage, you are so good," she cried, bowing her head, but still keeping both hands clasped over that reluctant arm. "Still I was but just in time. I am so glad you were pleased; Mr. Savage here was delighted."

"The whole thing was charming," answered Mrs. Savage, setting her teeth close and turning away. "The ladies are all delighted. Horace, pray make haste and escort Miss Halstead to her carriage, if she must go; the ladies are

ding to thank you for this surprise. How prettily Georgiana entered into our little conspiracy. Good-evening, Miss Halstead; be careful and not take cold. Adieu!"

"What a charming woman your mother is—so queenly, so gracious," whispered Eliza, leaning toward her companion. "So magnificently handsome, too. Never in my life did I see a son and mother resemble each other so much. Thank you, Mr. Savage! thank you! If I remember rightly, Rowena gave Ivanhoe her hand to kiss—ungloved, I fancy—there, this once."

Miss Halstead leaned out of the carriage, and held forth her hand, beaming gently upon young Savage, who took the hand, pressed it, bowed over it, and laid it gently back into Miss Halstead's lap.

"I dare not presume! I have not the audacity!" he said. "Adieu! adieu! Believe me, I shall never forget this evening!"

"Oh, heavens! nor I!" exclaimed Miss Eliza, kissing her own hand where he had touched it, with infinite relish. "Of all the nights in my life this is my fate!"

Young Savage was at a safe distance when Miss Eliza uttered this tender truth; but, as she declared afterward, "Her soul went with him, and joined its home forever more!"

As Horace Savage returned, he met Anson Gould, a young man about whom all upper-tendom raved, as the most splendid creature that ever lived; so rich, so distinguished, so talented, and so on.

"Hollo! Gould! what are you doing here, wandering about like a lost babe in the woods? Searching for my mother, eh?"

"No," answered Gould, laughing; "I am in search of what is called the gentlemen's dressing-room. Your mother has booked me for Bois Guilbert, with a Rebecca that she promises shall be stunning—a Miss Burns. Tell me who she is, Savage. I do not remember the name in our set."

Savage felt a hot glow coming to his cheek. His light, off-handed way of mentioning that young girl annoyed him exceedingly.

"Miss Burns is a friend of my mother's—not in society yet, I believe," he answered, quietly. "But I keep you waiting; that is the way to your dressing-room."

"Gould moved on, and, for the first time, young Savage remarked how wonderfully handsome he was. I think he congratulated himself somewhat by remembering that the Templar was also a splendid specimen of a man, and yet Rebecca could not be persuaded to love him. Still the

young gentleman's spirits became somewhat depressed from that moment, and, forgetting that he had promised to make himself generally useful in his mother's behalf, he crept away into a corner of the audience-chamber, and there, half of the time in semi-darkness, watched the curtain rise and fall, dismissing each picture presented with something like angry impatience.

At last the bell sounded with a vim; and the audience was all on the alert. The noise of more than usual stage preparation had whetted curiosity; and it had been whispered about that something superb was coming, in which Anson Gould would be a principal character—Anson Gould, the greatest catch of the season. No wonder there was a buzz and rustle, as if summer insects and summer winds were playing among forest-boughs in that portion of the room where young ladies most prevailed.

As I have said, the bell sounded with a vim; the curtain swept back, and there was a picture worth seeing. Just a little scenery had been introduced into the background. An antique window, showing glimpses of a battlement beyond, and, poised on this battlement, with one foot strained back, ready for a spring, and her face turned back, with a gesture of passionate menace, stood one of the most beautiful girls that eyes ever dwelt upon. She was superb in her haughty poise; superb in that proud outburst of despair which had sent her out on that dizzy height, choosing destruction rather than dishonor. Her dark eyes, like those of a stag at bay, were bent on the kneeling Templar, whose face and form would have won the general attention from any one less gloriously beautiful than that girl.

Young Savage started to his feet, and leaned forward, absorbed. His heart stood still for the moment, and a strange feeling of pain came upon him. By what right did that man gaze upon her with such passionate admiration. It was real; the wild love-light in those eyes knew no dissembling. Young Gould was his rival—yes, his rival! There was no use in attempting to deceive himself, he was in love—really in love—for the first time in his life—and with whom? He remembered that low garret—the old woman—the child; and that young creature bending with such sad, loving pity over them both. He remembered the pile of oyster-shells in the chimney-corner, and all the poverty-stricken appointments of the room with a strange thrill of passion. His love should lift her out of those depths. Gould should never have an opportunity of kneeling to her again, even in

the seeming of a picture. But then his mother, his proud, aristocratic father—what of them?

Mrs. Savage came up to her son where he stood, and laid one of her white hands on his arm. "Was there ever a success like that?" she said, looking back upon the tableau with enthusiasm. "It sweeps away that absurd scene with the old maid. How did that happen, Horace? Don't tell me now, some of them may be listening. Oh! I see you admire this as I do. It is the great triumph of the evening."

"Mother," said Horace Savage, rather abruptly, "why did you cast Gould in that piece?"

"In order that you might stand with Georgiana, Horace. I thought you understood," answered Mrs. Savage, a little surprised.

"Yes, yes, I understand. It was very kind. See, they are clamoring for a second sight. I

don't wonder. How confoundedly handsome the fellow is!"

The curtain was drawn aside, at the demand of the audience, and once more Rebecca was seen ready to seek death rather than listen to unholy vows, which could only bring dishonor. The room was still as death; not a whisper sounded; scarcely a breath was drawn. The picture was more life-like, more replete with silent passion than before; while the breath stood still on every lip, and all eyes were turned on the beautiful girl, a deadly white settled on her face; her lips parted with a cry that prolonged itself into a wail of pain that thrilled through and through the crowd, and the poor creature fell headlong into the darkness, carrying the mock battlements with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE CROSS ON THE HILL-SIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MISS NELLIE BENEDICT.

ALL the vale was dim with shade,  
Where the crags their shadows throw.  
Hushed in silence lay the night,  
And the stars, their lesser light,  
Paled before the moonbeam's glow.

Towering high above the rocks,  
On that rugged mountain-side,  
Shifting shadows o'er it thrown.  
Gleamed the white cross, still and lone,  
In the moonlight glorified.

Dimly showed the narrow path;  
Darkly o'er it hung the pine;  
But the cliffs had caught the light,  
Changing, shifting through the night,  
Ever resting on the shrine,

Which, for countless years, had been  
Sacred unto pilgrim feet;  
Over it a glory shone,

As it stood, in silence lone,  
Where the light and shadow meet.

Ah! for ages hath it been  
As a type of Heavenly rest,  
To the pilgrim, worn and weary,  
Toiling on his journey dreary,  
Looking upward, cheered and blest.

Ancient men, with locks of gray,  
Blessed that sacred symbol white;  
Knights, with ardent zeal o'erflowing,  
To the Saracen land going,  
Watched it fading from their sight.

Long its pilgrims have had rest;  
But the cross still stands and shines,  
Where the mountain shadows fall;  
Where, with low, sweet music call,  
Sighing winds among the pines.

## THE ZEPHYR'S MISSION.

BY EMILY J. BROWN.

BREEZE of the Summer morning,  
Sweet with the breath of flowers;  
I hear thy rustling pinions  
Sweep through my latticed bowers.

A moment pause ere flitting  
Across the moaning sea;  
A mission of love and pity,  
I fain would give to thee.

Far in the burning Southland,  
Kindly, but stranger eyes  
Watch by a bed of anguish,  
Where a youthful sufferer lies.

Parched are his lips with fever,  
And he sighs, as his senses roam,

For the cool rose-perfumed breezes,  
That haunt his Northern home.

Go, then, sweet breeze of the mountains,  
And shed from thy healing wings,  
The cool breath of New England,  
To calm his murmurings.

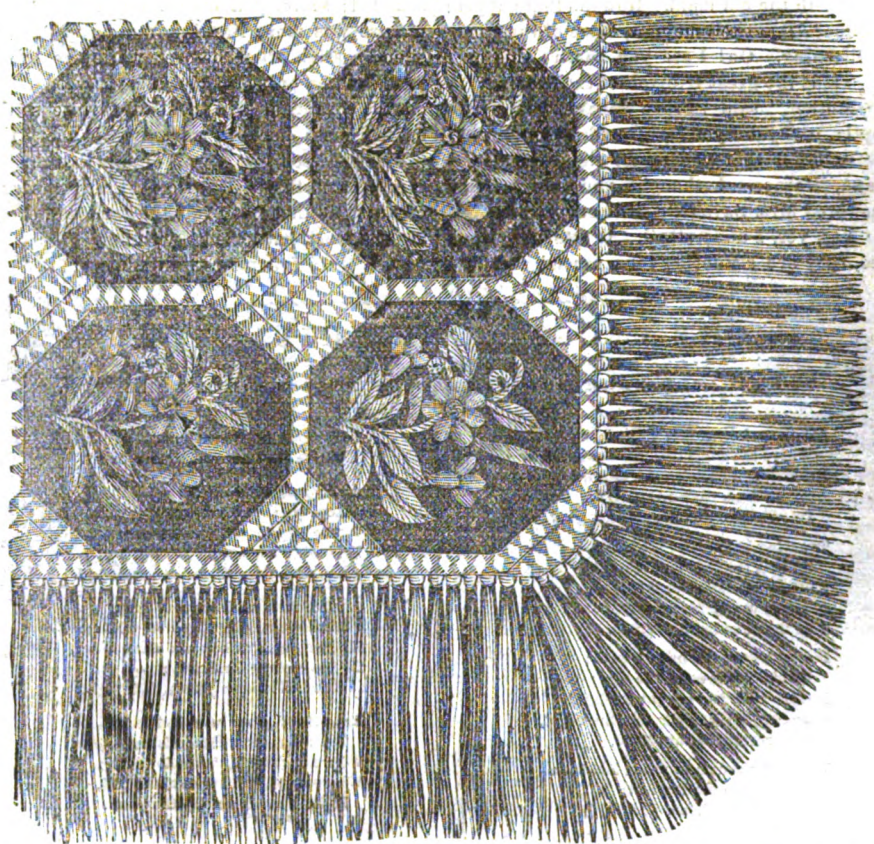
Go, toy with the chestnut ringlets,  
That o'er his forehead stray;  
And touch his eyelids like kisses  
From soft lips far away.

Then, though he lie at Death's threshold,  
Weary and faint with pain;  
Thy gentle and sweet carresses  
Shall win him to life again.



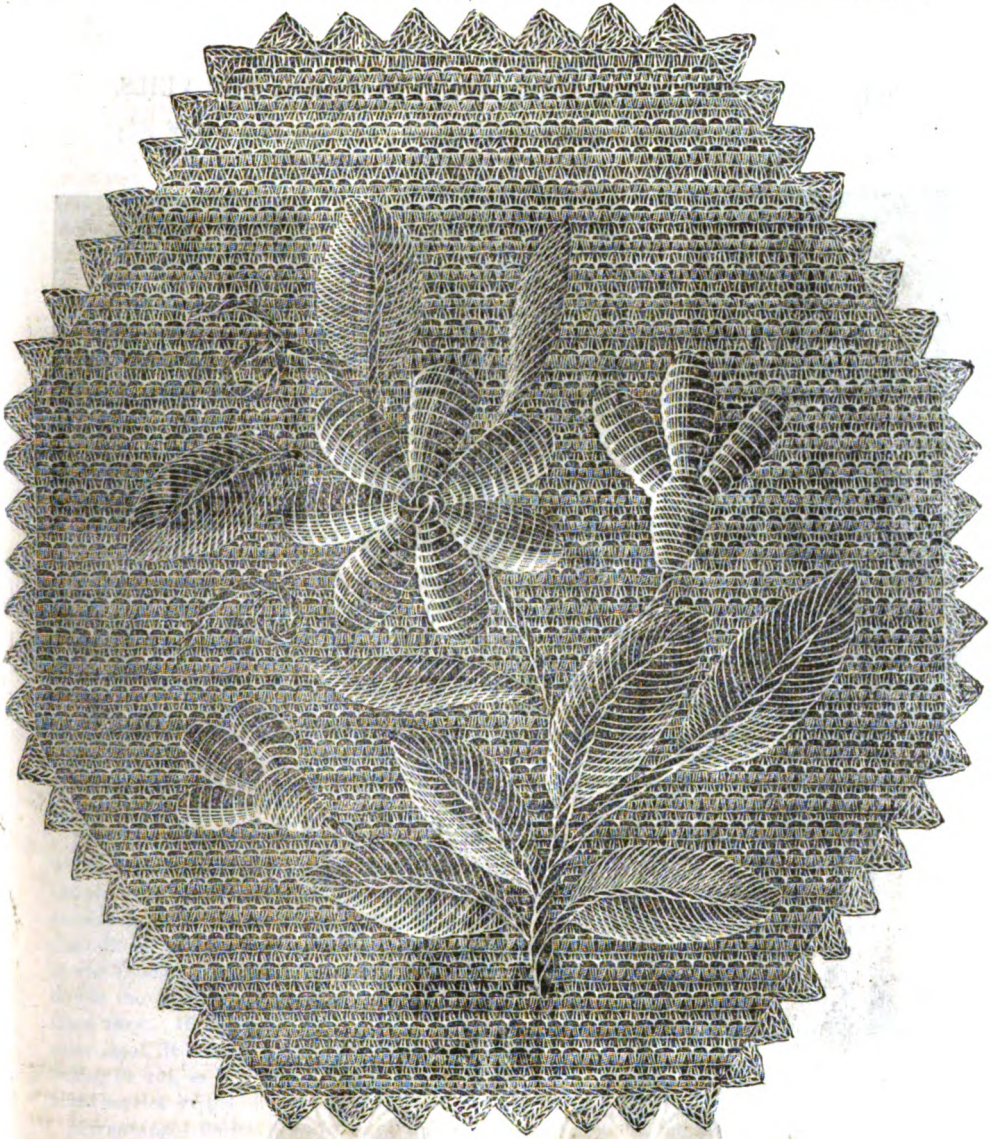
## PATTERN FOR A QUILT IN CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Knitting cotton, No. 12; crochet cotton, No. 16.

This quilt is composed of octagon pieces of crochet-work, ornamented with satin-stitch and *broderie a la minute*. The octagons are worked in close double crochet, inserting the needle under both parts of the stitches, in rows, backward and forward. Make a chain of 25 stitches, and increase at the beginning of each row until you have 51 stitches; work 25 rows with this same number of stitches, afterward decrease in the same proportion as you increased before. When the piece is completed, it should be of the shape of our pattern, No. 2. Trace out the outline of the pattern upon the crochet-work with the knitting cotton, and raise it with the same. Work in satin-stitch the leaves and the lower part of the buds. The stems, branches, and veinings are worked in overcast; the flower and the upper part of the buds in *broderie a minute*; this last is done by twisting the cotton tightly round the needle, the needle being placed across the petal which is to be worked, and the end of cotton coming upon the point of the needle. The number of times the cotton has to be twisted round depends upon the length of the petal or leaf. The needle is drawn out while the twisted cotton is held down with the thumb, and laid across the leaf; the needle is then inserted once more in the same direction, to form a fresh petal. In the center of the flower work one dot, with a circle of stitches



QUILT: FULL SIZE OCTAGON.

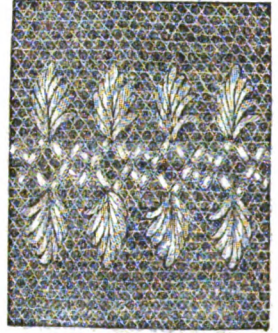
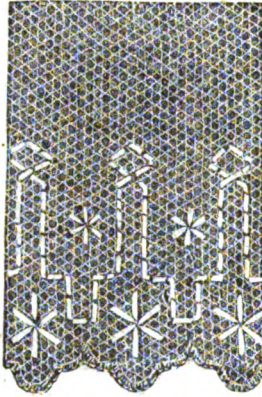
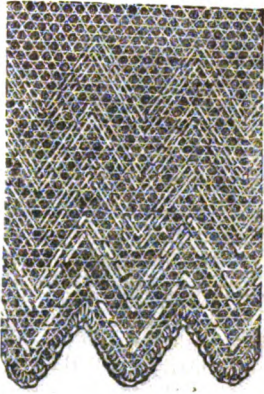
round it. Each octagon is edged round with loops made as follows:—With the crochet cotton work 1 slip-stitch in one of the stitches of the edge; \* make 5 chain, miss the last, turn and work 1 double, 2 treble, 1 double, 1 slip-stitch upon the octagon. Repeat from \*. Our illustration shows the number and position of these loops. On each of the four slanting sides the octagons are joined one to the other by slipping each 5th chain-stitch into the center-stitch of one loop of another octagon. This, however,

leaves square and triangular spaces empty. These must be filled up with similar loops. The corners of the quilt are finished with two rows of the same. The work is completed by one round formed of loops of nine chain fastened by one double-stitch to those of the edge. The fringe is tied within the loops of this last round.

This quilt is one of the handsomest pieces of work that can be made in crochet; it may also be worked in wool with the same embroidery, or a pattern in cross-stitch.

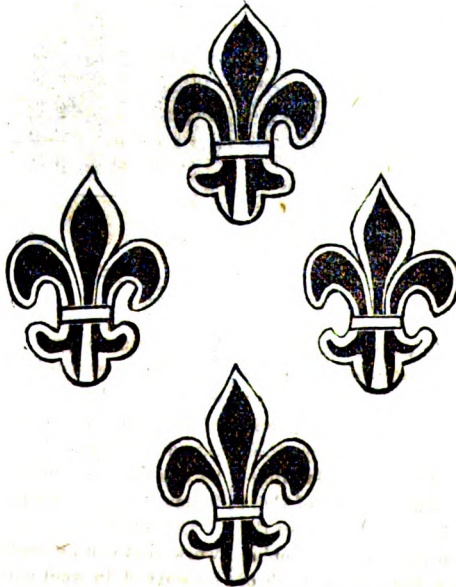
# THREE PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERING BLACK NET VEILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



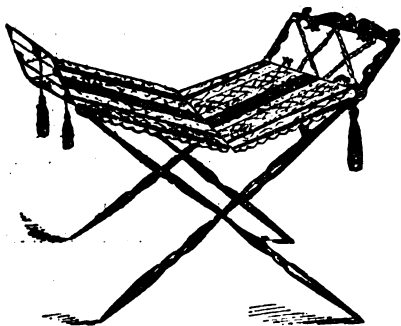
TAKE the net the required size and follow the designs, running an embroidery-silk, or fine black chenille in and out of the mesh, as indicated by the lines. The stars in No. 2 are done by carrying the thread over the mesh from a common center. Do the edge in a simple button-hole stitch, taking care not to stretch, and equally not to draw the same. No. 3 is a beautiful pattern to work above either of the above described borders. It needs no description. These veils are now very fashionable.

## EMBROIDERY PATTERN,



## CAMP-STOOL IN TICKING EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a drawing of a Camp-Stool, to be done in embroidery on ticking. The ticking, which is sold for blinds, is the best to use, because it is made with stripes of unequal widths. To make our directions plain, we also give a drawing, reduced, of the embroidery pattern. The upper part of this drawing shows the stripes of the ticking, before it is embroidered; the lower part, after the embroidery has been worked on it.

This ticking, which is in stripes of scarlet, white, and black, is usually one yard in width, and therefore can be used for a variety of purposes beside the one we have illustrated. The Camp-Stool will require only thirteen inches in width, and twenty-four in length; at least, this is the general size; but the frames sometimes vary. If the work is to cover a particular stool, it should be measured before the ticking is cut, as it is intended that one of the broad scarlet stripes should be in the center.

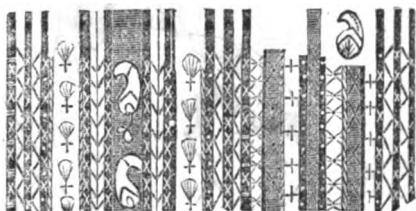
**MATERIALS.**—Berlin, or coarse netting-silk. Colors: amber, crimson, black, white, imperial blue, light and dark green, mauve, and a skein each of shaded red and green.

Six yards of the narrowest black ribbon velvet, and twelve of the next width; also, four yards of scarlet velvet, (half an inch in width,) six yards of gold braid, a skein of gold twist, and a few rows of the smallest chalk beads. Walker's sewing-needle, No. 9, for the beads, and a small and large chenille-needle for the gold twine and twist.

**THE EMBROIDERY.**—The palms on the center stripe, to begin with. These palms are only

intended to be worked upon the scarlet center stripe. The easiest way to draw them is to cut the outline in paper, placing it on the scarlet stripe, and tracing it round with a pencil; they should be about one inch apart. This outline should then be worked with black silk in chain-stitch, including all the black lines in the palm at the right-hand side. When this is finished, take the amber silk, and chain-stitch all the looped stitches shown in the right-hand palm; form the dots by French knots. Then, with white silk, make the straight lines, merely passing a thread perpendicularly. Fill the black oval with blue and white stitches. Work a row of chain-stitch in blue above the French knots, and fill the rest of the palm with long stitches of amber, blue, and white. The white beads are sewed, at intervals, on the black chain-stitches of the outline.

For the two circles between the pines, stitch the outline with black silk, and the inner line with amber, making a few stitches in each circle with mauve and light green.



**FOR THE SECOND PALM.**—Work the outline in black and amber as before; but green, mauve, and white, are used in place of the other colors.

The narrowest velvet is placed on each side of the scarlet stripe; and on it, cross-stitches of alternate gold twist and white silk. The next velvet stripe is crossed with amber, the stitches being about an inch apart. Between the two velvet stripes, the small pattern is formed by blue chain-stitches, with a chain-stitch and French knot between them, alternately of claret and amber.

The next white stripe is edged with the gold braid, caught down with stitches of blue across it. The fan-shaped pattern on it is formed by

overcast stitches on it, worked alternately with shaded red and green; the lightest part of the silk should not be used. The cross is of mauve and black.

Cover the three black stripes with the broader black velvet, and on the first make crosses with crimson silk, and a white bead between each; the second stripe is crossed with the gold twist; and on the third, a white cross and two straight threads of crimson, alternately. On the two small white stripes between them work a row of chain-stitch, in blue for one, and claret for the other.

Work a row of hem-stitch, with blue on the narrow scarlet stripe; edge it on both sides with the narrowest black velvet, stitched down with white beads.

THE BROAD WHITE STRIPES.—Tack the scar-

let velvet down the center of each, and make the crosses on it with two lines of blue silk, fastening it with a white bead in the center. Edge it with gold braid crossed with black silk; this leaves a white stripe on either side of the velvet, the first of which should be worked with two straight stitches of light green crossed with claret, and then the colors reversed. In the other white space, the three stitches nearest the edge are of dark green, with a French knot of amber in the center. The star is of mauve and light green, alternately reversing the colors.

When the whole is worked, it must be lined before fastening it to the frame, for which purpose it is as well to use a piece of the same ticking.

The frame should be ornamented with cord and tassels corresponding with the embroidery.

## A SENORITA BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern of a SENORITA BODY, rounded off in the front, and forming a large, square Postillion Jacket at the back, and a WAISTCOAT to be worn underneath: the style is shown on the two figures above, except that, as some ladies may not like the square form of waistcoat, we have given it with double points at the waist, (for which see diagram on

next page,) which will, we think, be most worn. The pattern is for a lady of medium height, measuring about  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches round the chest. We have given the pattern complete, consisting of back, side-piece, with its postillion skirt, front, sleeve, and the front of waistcoat, which is sewn in with the shoulder and side-seams of the body.

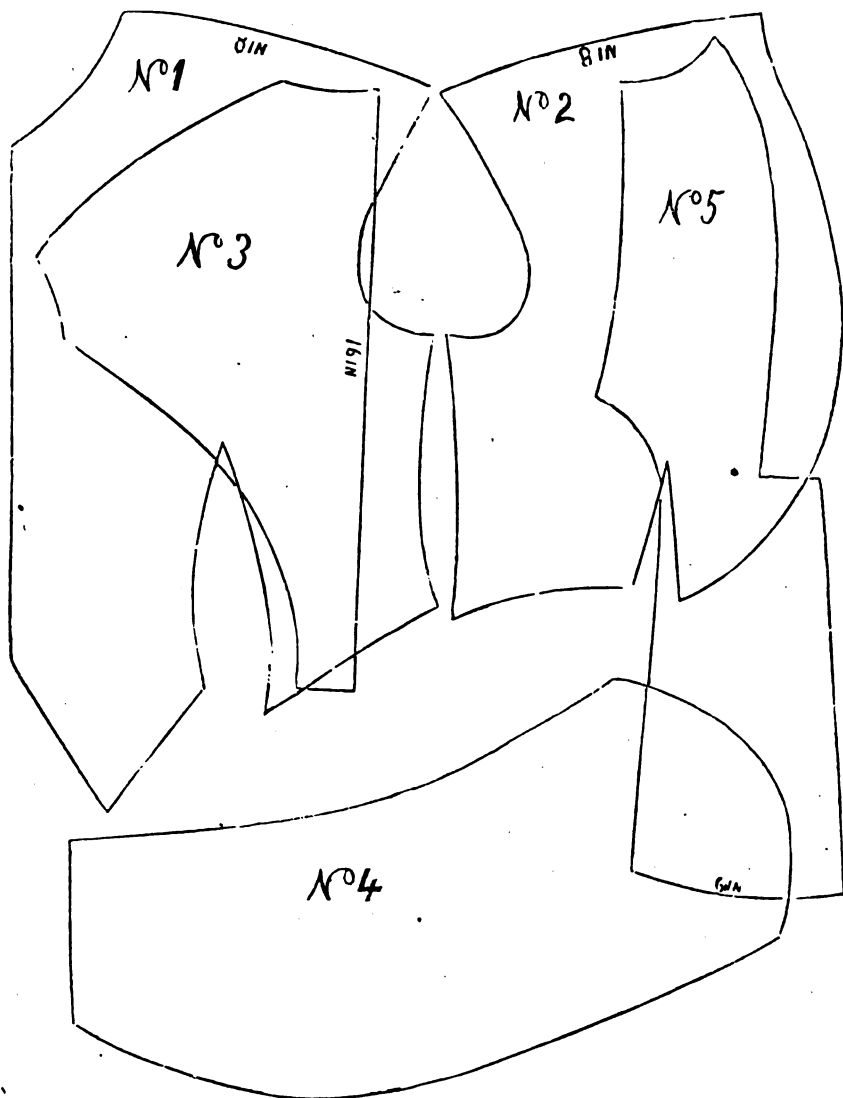


DIAGRAM FOR SENORITA BODY.

NEW STYLE SONTAG, IN TUNISAN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—4 oz. of white double zephyr; 4 oz. of gray double zephyr; 8 oz. of white single zephyr; 3 oz. of gray Chinohilla; buttons, bone or ivory.

The center of this Sontag is done in ordinary Tunisian crochet, (which is the same as the Princess Royal Stitch we have so often de-

scribed,) and is composed, alternately, of one row white, and one row gray.

Commence at the front part of the left side, and make a chain of 50 stitches with the white double wool. Work 6 rows. After the second row increase at the commencement of each round 8 stitches; (a round means the two rows



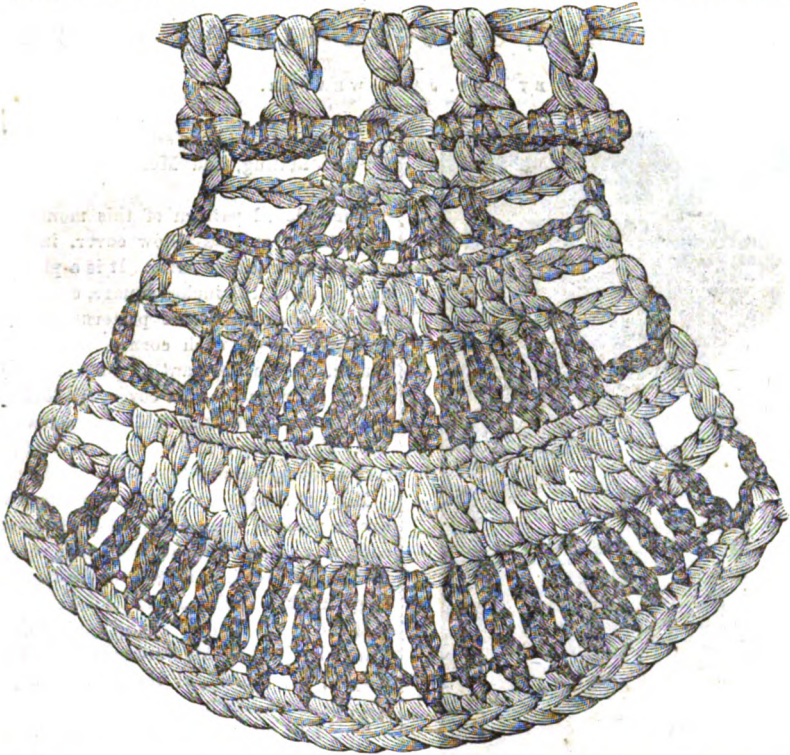
of work which it takes to complete the Tunisian stitch.) At the end of the 1st row of each round make one stitch; the 6th row, in consequence, will count 70 stitches.

From the 7th to the 26th round always increase 2 stitches at the commencement; at the same time diminish 2 stitches at the end of each round. The number of stitches do not vary to the 26th round. In the 27th round begin to shape the neck by dropping the last 20 stitches of the preceding round. In all the following rounds always drop the last stitch; but increase 2 stitches at the commencement of each round. The 32nd round has 57 stitches. From the 33rd to the 35th there is no increasing or diminishing. This terminates the half of the Sontag.

You make the other half in a similar manner, only observe to reverse the work—that is, begin at the back of the right side and work toward the front. Complete the shaping of the neck at the front, by working three rows, diminishing one stitch each row. This is to be done on the last 6 stitches of the 27th round. Upon the left front side you make 11 rows of simple crochet. Continue up the front and round the neck, finishing with 1 row of gray wool. The trimming for the right front and round the neck is

to be made in the following manner: Take the white single zephyr, make a chain the desired length; upon the chain do one round of Tunisian crochet; on this make a row of chain-stitches, working them into the loop-stitch of the preceding row. On this row of chain-stitch to one row of single crochet with the Chinchilla wool, sew the fringe up the front and round the neck. The two halves of the Sontag are to be sewed up the back.

The outside border of the Sontag is commenced by one row of open crochet in the white single wool. Work as seen in design No. 2, where we give the full size of the fringe. Do with the white and Chinchilla wool as seen in the pattern. For the basque, the same wool and same stitch as for the center of the Sontag. Make a chain of 6 stitches, on which you work 9 rows. From the 2nd to the 9th make a stitch at the end of each row. There should be 38 stitches in the 9th row, which is done by making 3 at the end of each 2nd row of each round. By this 2nd row of each round we mean, make the 3 stitches as you take the work off the needle. Then do 4 rows without increasing or diminishing the stitches. From the 11th row, which forms half of the basque, work as before, only reversing. For the border around it, make



1 row of plain crochet, and on it work 4 rows of the trimming, same as around the shoulders of the Sontag. For the belt, make a chain the required length of white double wool, 3 rows Tunisian, the middle one in gray. Border the belt with one row of single crochet, and fasten it before and behind upon the Sontag. The basque is fixed under the belt with two buttons at the back. Finish with six buttons up the front.

## A GLENGARRY CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

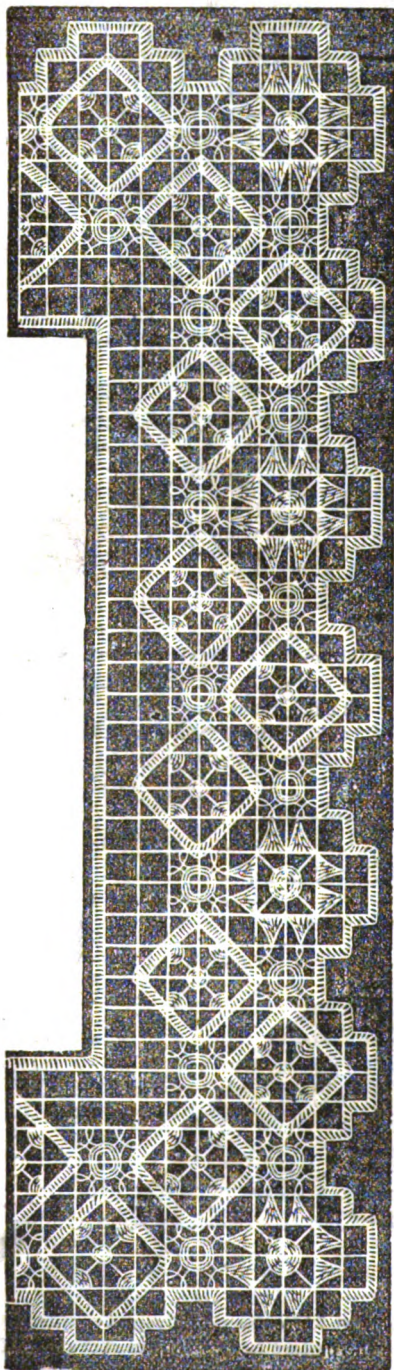


THESE Caps are very nice, either for traveling, or to smoke in. They can be of cloth, or velvet, and are very easily made, when you have the pattern before you, as above.



## WORK-TABLE, OR SOFA-PILLOW COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Boar's-head cotton, No. 10, for the netting, and Mecklenburg thread for darning.

Our colored pattern of this month is for a work-table, or sofa-pillow cover, in imitation guipure and quilted satin. It is a piece of blue quilted satin,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches square, over which are placed three handsome patterns in imitation guipure, one in each corner, and one in the center. A most elegant guipure lace edging is added all round. This cover will look equally well upon a small work-table, or upon a sofa-pillow. By adding a few more patterns of guipure lace, a lovely bassinette quilt might be made.

Each of the three separate patterns is worked over a piece of netting formed of fifteen squares each way; these fifteen squares are equal to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the foundation being worked on a rather large mesh. Each pattern is different, except that the double border round each is the same. The outer part of this border is worked in *point d'esprit*, the second, or inner part, in *point de toile*, or linen-stitch.

The first pattern—left side, at the top—is composed of large rosettes worked entirely in darning-stitch. The crosses between these rosettes are formed of twisted loops of cotton made across one square of the netting. The outer rim of the rosettes is worked in button-hole stitch.

The second square—right side, at the top—has a sort of Maltese cross in the center, worked in darning and button-hole stitch. The four diamonds round this cross have a rim of button-hole stitches, with crosses in the center. These crosses are begun in the center like an ordinary wheel, or rosette; the four branches are then formed of loops of cotton worked round one thread of the netting between two squares. The half diamonds, which complete the pattern, are worked in *point d'esprit*, with an outer border of squares worked in the corners in darning-stitch, over threads forming a cross within the square. The crescents, in the corner of the pattern, are also worked in darning-stitch.

The third and center pattern is not very difficult to work. The cross in the middle is formed of five stars in darning-stitch. The four spaces between the stars are filled up with wheels. Round the cross comes a sort of framing, worked in linen-stitch. Then, in each corner, a rosette, formed of four half-circles in darning-stitch, and a wheel in the center.

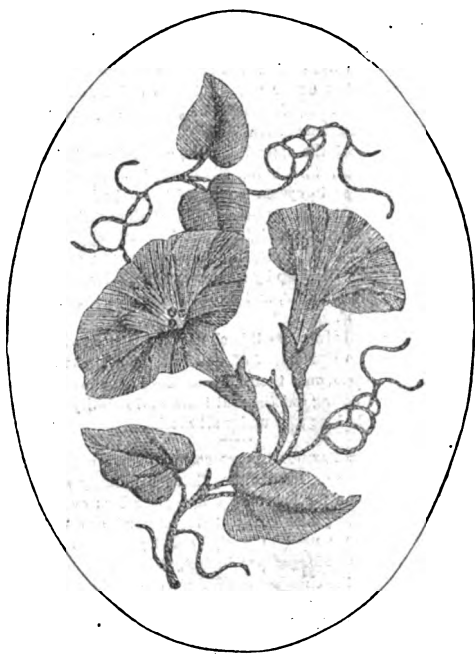
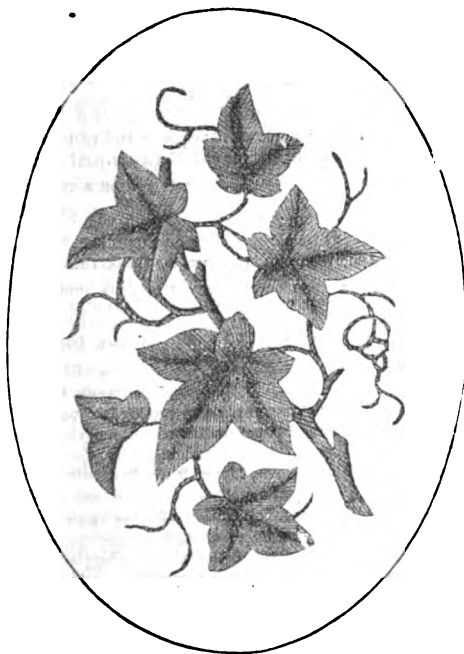
The lace border, of which we give the pattern here, is worked in the same style as the square patterns, the outlines of the diamonds in button-hole stitch, as well as the outer edge, which has to be cut out. The large stars have branches, worked in button-hole stitch, the smaller ones in darning. The wheels are made as usual. The corners can be copied from our illustra-

tion, but the length of the border must be increased.

In order to make the cover complete, (that is, square,) you must now repeat the first and second patterns, taking care, however, to put the second pattern in the left-hand corner, and the first pattern in the right-hand corner. This finishes it.

## TWO MEDALLIONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give these Medallions as pretty, simple, and effective designs for ornamenting card-cases, segar-cases, the back of albums, etc. The design No. 1 is done with shaded green chenille (fine, of course,) for the leaves, and brown shaded for the stems. Worked upon drab kid, and made up for Porte-Monnaies, or segar-cases, nothing could be prettier; or upon black velvet, or gray cloth. No. 2, the Con-

vulvulus, do in shaded purple, or blue; leaves and tendrils green. If chenille cannot be procured, fine embroidery-silk, using two or three shades, quite as good an effect may be produced. These same designs may be enlarged and adapted to smoking-caps, foot-stools, or even chair-covers. The mode of shading, also the placing of the stitches, can easily be seen in the design.

## EDGING.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ON CHESTNUT STREET.—The fashions, in the main, for the present season, are becoming. If, in looking at the rich and tasteful toilets that are to be seen on Chestnut street, we could forget the swaddled misery that meets the eye in the city's lower haunts; the pinched, ragged, and vile children; the coarse, sensual, and wretched grown-up humanity; or if we could keep in the background visions of poor, pale women, stitching in cold rooms, for the pitance that is to hold soul and body together, and that is all; we should enjoy this display of beauty and of wealth. But there is always a skeleton at our feast; and these almost overwhelming contrasts may be forced upon some, that the thoughtless, or the gay butterfly of fashion, may be reached.

There is an old saying that there is many a diamond in the rough; that under coarse clothes and repulsive surroundings, the man, if brought out, might become worthy of the most exalted station.

So equally of the splendid belle, or the languid beau of Chestnut street. She, in her silks and diamonds, that have always been, so to speak, a part of herself, may have the noblest aspirations, may be capable of the sublimest self-abnegation, if only the right touchstone was applied; and he so insipid, so faultless, so altogether vanity, and worse than vanity, waked up by some stern reminder, might become a blazing meteor, and light the world, where now he only darkens it.

So we should always look in charity upon those who seem to us only the ornaments of existence; perhaps the true metal is in them, only their surroundings have made them incapable of acting out the real truth and nobility of their nature. God alone sees under all masks.

OUR DOUBLE FASHION-PLATES seem to have carried the country by storm. Beautiful as that for January was considered, the one for February was regarded as even more elegant. These plates cost us twice as much as the single fashion-plates we used to publish; and yet we do not ask any more for the Magazine: in fact, at two dollars a year, "Peterson" is the cheapest monthly in the world. In consequence, we have, for 1866, not only a larger circulation than any other magazine, but a larger one than we ever had before. We flatter ourselves, too, that these double fashion-plates excel all others in beauty. Such is certainly the verdict of the newspaper press. Such is what dozens of letters tell us every day. Our stories, meantime, are better than ever. No other lady's magazine pays as much to its writers, or has such excellent ones. It is only the other day that our old favorite, Frank Lee Benedict, won a thousand dollar prize with one of his stories: and the story was no better than dozens, by him, which we have published, and shall publish. Everybody tells us that it only needed our double fashion-plates to make "Peterson" unrivaled.

"Isn't SHE POOR?"—Our little Ned looked up from his building blocks suddenly, and said, "Mother, do you like Mrs. —?"

"Yes, Nedly, I like Mrs. — very much," replied his mother.

"And haen't she got any dear little children?" queried Master Ned.

"No; she has no little children," his mother answered.

"Oh, mother!" cried Ned, regretfully, "ain't she poor?"

Rather a quaint conclusion for a child of four to come to.

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THE SHOP WINDOWS in Paris, owing to the prevailing fashion of the day, of loading every possible article of wearing apparel with gold, silver, and steel ornaments, have assumed this year a peculiarly glittering aspect. Mercers' shops, at a distance, may easily be mistaken for jewelers' establishments, so great is the abundance of tinsel, representing gold and silver, worked up into fringes, chains, buttons, and trimmings of every description. Antiques and cameos, formerly supposed to lie in the domain of the artistic fanciers only, are now produced (in imitation, of course,) as ornaments for bonnets, paletots, etc., etc.; and though the taste which adopts them for such out-of-door wear, especially in winter, is a very questionable one, yet, as the fact stands, that it is the fashion, nothing can be said against the abuse. Ribbons are made embroidered in gold and silver, with butterflies, bees, and other devices, and are used lavishly to trim dresses, bodices, and hair. Incessant endeavors are made to reduce the length of the waists into "Empire" dimensions, and to draw the skirts tighter and tighter round the body. "My only hope," as a French lady writes, while deploring these unbecoming tendencies, "lies in the good taste of the Empress, who is becoming too stout to look well in short waists." Now, as we all know that an Empress looks well in anything she wishes to introduce, we think, the "hope" very groundless and slight. If mercers' shops are filled with tinsel and trumpery, the jewelers' front windows have, perhaps, at no former period, been so richly and magnificently filled. In fact, luxury and expenditure are still on the rise.

NOW THAT SHORT SKIRTS are again coming into vogue, it is curious to observe what coquettish boots and shoes are making their appearance. For dancing, either Louis XV. boots, made of *poult de soie*, to match the dress in color, or a shoe with a sham silk stocking attached, and elastic sides, are fashionable; bows made of either *guipure* or blonde are added. For home wear, ladies patronize the mule slipper, made of *gras de Torres*, and embroidered by hand in silk, and lined with satin, to match the embroidery. The design for this embroidery is sometimes a bouquet, sometimes a large butterfly, and occasionally a simulated buckle; a cord of the same color, finished off with tassels, terminates the decorations of the mule slipper. Others, still more costly, are made of white velvet, bound with cerise satin, with cerise cords and tassels in front. Gold is lavished in profusion even on ladies' slippers. For wearing with velvet dresses, trimmed with gold, it is now usual to see boots to match; patent or fancy velvet is used for the purpose, because it is stronger, and wears better than silk velvet, and a narrow fur bracelet is added to the top of the boot. For out-door wear the unglazed black kid boots, with as little ornament as possible, are considered the most lady-like, as well as most useful, especially for those who take much walking exercise.

SATIN NECK-TIES, studded with small gold flies, and edged with *guipure*, continue fashionable. These satin ribbons, festooned with *guipure*, are now used for trimming Garibaldi bodices, made either of fine white, or poppy-red cashmere, and also for house jackets of the same materials. This novel style of ribbon produces a very brilliant effect, and takes the place of the Persian braids which have now become common.

**PATTERN FOR A BABY'S FROCK.**—We have been asked for a pattern for a frock, for a baby from three to six months old. We give one in the front of this number. The frock is made of fine white jaconet. The body, consisting of the front, back, and shoulder-pieces, is entirely pleated. It is trimmed round the top with a scalloped and embroidered edging. The short sleeves are formed of one billion of the material, trimmed with insertion and the same edging as the top. Two strings are run into the waistband, which is also covered with a strip of insertion, embroidered with small raised dots. There are two small pockets put on outside in front, and trimmed to correspond. The skirt is ornamented with three rows of blue silk braid, which may be replaced by narrow tucks.

**TO COPY ENGRAVINGS EASILY** use kerosene oil. Sponge lightly good, thick paper with the oil, and apply it, while transparent, to the engravings, penciling or inking in the outlines. Then lay it aside for a few days, when you will find that the oil has evaporated, leaving the paper as white as at first. Then fill in the shading or coloring at leisure. By hanging the prepared sheet near the fire, you reduce the time required for drying it an hour or two. To avoid soiling the book, and to fit the paper better to receive the ink, dry it by the stove for a short time before using. On some specimens which we have seen, we could perceive none of the peculiar smell of the oil; nor was there any other trace of the simple means by which such admirably exact copies had been secured.

**POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS** in Paris are now embroidered with pictures of buildings, instead of horses and dogs, as last year. A lady may now carry away all the monuments of Paris in her pocket-handkerchief-case, if so inclined. The Louvre, the new Trinity Church, the Sainte Chapelle, Notre Dame; in fact, all the ancient and modern edifices which adorn that capital, are reproduced on cambric, with an exactitude and delicacy perfectly marvelous.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Liter Lyrics.** By Julia Ward Howe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A few years ago, a volume of poems, entitled "Passion Flowers," attracted the attention of American readers. The poems appeared anonymously, but it soon became known that the author was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the wife of Dr. Howe, the instructor of Laura Bridgman. A new volume, from the same writer, is now before us. We recognize in it even more than the old power and originality, but with higher finish, and greater felicity of expression. Mrs. Howe combines rare qualities as a poet. She has not only positive genius, but also varied culture. She is at once emotional and reflective. Her verse is passionate, earnest, on fire with the true lyrical spirit; yet it is intensely thoughtful, even, at times, to the saddest wall over this great mystery of life. Some of her strains are as grand and solemn as cathedral music; others have an almost infinite tenderness. Beyond question, she is the best living poet of her sex. But were she less subjective, she would achieve greater results. Poetry is not philosophy; and though the latter beats at the core of all true poetry, yet it should be seen no more than the heart, which, though the center of all life and beauty, reveals itself only in the quick-coming color on the cheek. Let us learn from nature, who never shows her skeletons or processes, but only results; and who hides the granite ribs of the globe beneath flowery prairies and wooded hills, lovely meads and solemn seas. If we had space to quote three or four of Mrs. Howe's best poems, we could better illustrate, we think, her merits and her defects. As it is, we have room only for the following, which, of its kind, is nearly perfect:

"I cannot make him know my love;  
Nor from myself conceal  
The pangs that rankle in my breast,  
Sharper than flame or steel.

Could I but reach a hand to him,  
My very finger's thrill  
Would close, like tendrils, round the strength,  
Of his beloved will.

Could I but lift mine eyes to his,  
My glowing soul, unrolled,  
Would flash like sunset on his sight,  
In fiery red and gold.

Yet pause, my unfecked soul, and think  
How vexed Penelope  
Forsook her nuptial joy, that love  
Should wait on modesty.

For gentle souls must keep their bounds,  
Nor rudely snatch at bliss:  
The very sun should lose his light  
In giving it amiss.

So, when I die, cross tenderly  
My palms upon my breast,  
And let some faithful hand compose  
My tired limbs to rest.

But thou shalt fold this kerchief white,  
And lay it on my face,  
Saying, "She died of love untold;  
But she is dead in grace."

**Herms; or, Young Knighthood.** By E. Forster. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This novel has been advertised so extensively, and was praised so much by good-natured critics, that we expected to see something, at last, worthy of American literature. We are disappointed. The tale is hardly second-rate. It is quite time that this indiscriminate puffing was ended. No author should be praised merely because he means well. Trash is trash, whether the aim be good or otherwise.

**An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction.** By William A. Wheeler. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Many persons will find this a very useful book. It is not only an explanatory and pronouncing dictionary of noted names of fiction, but it also gives familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed on eminent men, and analogous popular appellations often referred to in literature and conversation. For reference, it will prove quite valuable.

**The Belton Estate.** By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A better novel than "Miss Mackenzie," and one infinitely more agreeable, though still not equal to "Orley Farm," "Barchester Towers," or "The Small House of Allington." This is a cheap edition, in double column, octavo.

**The Gentleman.** By George H. Colvert. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Dutton & Co.—This is the third edition of a book which first appeared about two years ago; and it fully deserves its success. We know of no other work in the language which describes so well, and from so noble a standpoint, what constitutes the real gentleman.

**The Life of Philip H. Sheridan, Major-General U. S. Army.** By C. W. Demison. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—An authentic biography of "Fighting Phil Sheridan," as the army loved to call him; the only really reliable one, we believe, that has yet appeared.

**Work and Win; or, Noddy Newman on a Cruise.** By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A story for young people, and by an author always popular. It is one of the "Woodville Stories."

**The Crock of Gold.** By M. F. Tupper. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A republication of an early prose-tale by Tupper. Better, at any rate, than the "Proverbial Philosophy."

**Poems.** By G. H. Newncomb. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Curston.—There is nothing in these pages which rises above mediocrity.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## FISH.

**To Pickle Oysters.**—Take two hundred of the plumpest, nicest oysters to be had, open them, saving the liquor, remove the boards, put them, with the liquor, into a stewpan, and let them simmer for twenty minutes over a very gentle fire, taking care to skim them well. Take the stewpan off the fire, take out the oysters, and strain the liquor through a fine cloth, returning the oysters to the stewpan. Add to a pint of the hot liquor half an ounce of mace, and half an ounce of cloves; give it a boil, and put it in with the oysters, stirring the spice well in amongst them. Then put in about a spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pint of white-wine vinegar, and one ounce of whole pepper, and let the oysters stand until they are quite cold. They will be ready for use in about twelve or twenty-four hours; if to be kept longer, they should be put in wide-mouthed bottles, or stone jars, and well drawn down with bladder. It is very important that they should be quite cold before they are put into the bottles, or jars.

**To Cook Scallops—Scallops Browned.**—Be very careful to free them from sand. Wash the shells, rub dry before opened; put them into a saucepan, close covered, without water, until the shells open. Strain the liquor, take off the skirts, (outer edge,) leave on the red and black tongues; wash them in the strained liquor, freed from sand; butter the shells well, lay in as many scallops and crumbs of grated bread, with small pieces of butter, white pepper, mace, nutmeg, some of the liquor, well covered with grated bread-crumbs. Cook them in a Dutch oven until quite browned. **To Serve Scallops:** Open, and separate the liquor from them, then wash them from the grit, strain the liquor, and put to the scallops a little mace, nutmeg, lemon-peel, and a few white peppers. Simmer them very gently, and add a gill of cream, a little butter, and a little flour.

**Salmon Boiled.**—Take out the liver, put it by, and boil it in a separate saucepan. Wash and scrape the salmon well; put it into boiling water sufficient to cover it, with a little salt; take off the scum as it rises, and let it boil very gently. A piece of salmon will take nearly as long boiling as a whole one; the thickness, rather than the weight, being attended to. A quarter of an hour to a pound of fish is the time usually allowed; but a piece of ten pounds weight will be done in an hour and a quarter. Serve up with shrimp, or lobster-sauce.

**A Nice Way of Using up Cold Salmon.**—Remove the fish from the skin and bone, and break it up small. To one pound of fish put half a pound of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and four eggs, well beaten. Mix all well together with a seasoning of pepper and Cayenne. Butter a dish and press the mixture down in it. Score the top with a fork. Bake half an hour in a quick oven. The top should be nicely browned.

**Macaroni Fish.**—This is a good way of dressing salted codfish, or haddock, which has been hung up with salt for several days. Cut the fish in pieces, and parboil it, taking care to extract all the bones. Have ready some good white stock, into which put the fish, and also some macaroni previously boiled in milk and water. Let this simmer on the fire, and about ten minutes before it is taken off, put to it some good cream. Boil three eggs quite hard, cut them in pieces, and put them over the fish after dishing it.

## MEATS.

**Beef-Steak and Oyster-Sauce.**—Select a good, tender rump-steak, about an inch thick, and broil it carefully. Nothing but experience and attention will serve in broiling a steak; one thing, however, is always to be remembered, never salt

or season broiled meat until cooked. Have the gridiron clean and hot, grease it with either butter, or good lard, before laying on the meat, to prevent its sticking or marking the meat; have clear, bright coals, and turn it frequently. When cooked, cover tightly, and have ready nicely stewed oysters; then lay the steak in a hot dish and pour over some of the oysters. Serve the rest in a tureen. Twenty-five oysters will make a nice sauce for a steak.

**Stewed Veal.**—Cut the veal as for small cutlets; put into the bottom of a pie-dish a layer of the veal, and sprinkle it with some finely-rubbed sweet basil and chopped parsley, the grated rind of one lemon with the juice, half a nutmeg, grated, a little salt and pepper; and cut into very small pieces a large spoonful of butter, then another layer of slices of veal, with exactly the same seasoning as before; and over this pour one pint of Lisbon wine and half a pint of cold water; then cover it over very thickly with grated stale bread; put this in the oven and bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and brown it. Serve it in a pie-dish hot.

**Roman-Pudding.**—Oil a plain tin mould, sprinkle it with vermacelli, line it with a thin paste; have some boiled macaroni ready cut in pieces an inch long; weigh it, and take the same weight of Parmesan cheese, grated; boil a rabbit, cut off all the white meat in slices, as thin as paper, season with pepper, salt, and shallot; add cream sufficient to moisten the whole, put it into the mould, and cover it with paste; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, turn the pudding out of the mould, and serve it with a rich brown gravy.

**An Irish Stew.**—Take a loin of mutton, cut it into chops, season it with a very little pepper and salt, put it into a saucepan, just cover it with water, and let it cook half an hour. Boil two dozen of potatoes, peel and mash them, and stir in a cup of cream while they are hot; then line a deep dish with the potatoes, and lay in the cooked mutton-chops, and cover them over with the rest of the potatoes; then set it in the oven to bake. Make some gravy of the broth in which the chops were cooked. This is a very nice dish.

**Meat-Cakes.**—Chop any kind of fresh, cold meats very finely, season with salt and pepper, make a nice batter; lay a spoonful of the batter on the gridiron, which must be buttered to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then a spoonful of the batter; when browned on one side, turn carefully and brown the other. It makes a palatable breakfast dish. Serve hot.

## DESSERTS.

**Fig-Pudding.**—Procure one pound of good figs, and chop them very fine, and also a quarter of a pound of suet, likewise chopped as fine as possible; dust them both with a little flour as you proceed—it helps to bind the pudding together; then take one pound of fine bread-crumbs, and not quite a quarter of a pound of sugar; beat two eggs in a teacupful of milk, and mix all well together. Boil four hours. If you choose, serve it with wine or brandy-sauce, and ornament your pudding with blanched almonds. Simply cooked, however, it is better where there are children, with whom it is generally a favorite. We forget to say, flavor with a little allspice or nutmeg, as you like; but add the spice before the milk and eggs.

**Thun-Pudding.**—Chop very small two ounces of almonds, and some lemon-peel; put them in a saucepan with a pint of milk, and sugar to taste; when this begins to boil stir in, slowly, a large cupful of ground rice, and let it boil ten minutes, stirring the whole time. Pour in a mould, and when cold, turn out. Put two ounces of white sugar in a pan, with a little water; stir until melted and becomes a light golden-brown; add a pint of milk; bring this to a boil, then strain it, and add the yolks of four eggs; put the strained milk and eggs on the fire and stir until it thickens; when this is cold, pour it round the pudding.

**Bosom Apple-Pudding.**—Peel and core one dozen good apples, cut them small, put them into a stewpan with a little water, cinnamon, two cloves, and the peel of a lemon; stew over a slow fire till soft, sweeten with moist sugar, and pass it through a hair-sieve; add the yolks of four eggs, and one white, quarter of a pound of good butter, half a nutmeg, the peel of a lemon, grated, and the juice of one; beat well together; line the inside of a pie-dish with good puff-paste, and bake half an hour.

**Farmer's Pudding.**—Heat one quart of milk to boiling, then stir in, slowly, one teacupful of maizena. Mix with this about six good apples, pared and sliced, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of butter, and a little allspice and nutmeg. Pour the whole into a deep dish, and bake until done, which will be in about forty minutes.

## CAKES.

**Hot Cross-Buns.**—Two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, and a small quantity of grated nutmeg and all-spice mixed together. Make a hole in the center of the flour, and into it put two tablespoonfuls of yeast, pouring in also half a pint of warm milk. With the latter and the surrounding flour make a thin batter; cover the dish, and let it stand before the fire till the leaven begins to ferment. Now add to the whole half a pound of butter, melted, and sufficient milk to make all the flour into a soft paste. Dust it over with flour, and let it rise again for half an hour. Make the dough into the shape of buns, notch out on each the form of the cross, and lay them separately in rows on buttered tin-plates to rise once more for half an hour; after which, put them into a quick oven, watching them carefully lest the color should be spoiled by over-baking.

**Puff-Paste.**—Very good puff-paste may be made with lard; in fact, lard makes a more flakey paste than butter, especially if all the water be not previously squeezed out of the butter into a coarse, dry cloth. Paste made with lard is softer than that which is made with butter; and if made entirely of the former, a little salt should be added to the flour in the mixing bowl. Another very good substitute for butter, is to pick, shred, and pound the requisite quantity of fresh beef-suet in a mortar, adding, if necessary, a few drops of oil to bring it to the consistency of butter. If carefully prepared, beef-suet thus pounded makes the finest pastry, and may be eaten with impunity by children and persons of delicate digestion, when every other description of pastry has been found to disagree.

**Arrow-root Biscuits.**—Rub together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and the same weight of butter, until they rise; beat three eggs well, and mix with it; then stir in two cups of sifted arrow-root, and two cups of sifted flour; roll them out thin, cut them with a biscuit-cutter, place them in buttered tins, and bake them in a slow oven. For plain arrow-root biscuit, mix together two cups of sifted arrow-root, and the same quantity of flour, with one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and a little yeast; knead all together, roll it out, cut it into biscuits, place them on tins, and let them stand to rise for half an hour, or more, before you bake them.

**Gingerbread.**—Flour, one pound; carbonate of magnesia, quarter of an ounce—mix; add molasses, half a pound; moist sugar, quarter of a pound; melted butter, two ounces; tartaric acid, dissolved in a little water, one drachm; make a stiff dough, then add powdered ginger and cinnamon, (cassia) of each, one drachm; grated nutmeg, one ounce; set it aside for half an hour, or an hour, and put it in the oven. It should not be kept longer than two or three hours, at the utmost, before being baked. It produces superior thin gingerbread.

**Tea-Cakes.**—Take one pound of flour, half a pound of common raw sugar, the yolks of three eggs, some caraway-seeds, and a little nutmeg. Make all into a stiff paste; divide this into flat cakes, and bake them on tins.

**Rochampton-Cakes.**—Rub three ounces of fresh butter into one pound of flour, add one egg, well beaten, a tablespoonful of good yeast, as much new milk as will make it into a nice dough. Set it before the fire for an hour. When made into cakes, let them stand a few minutes to rise; add a little salt and loaf-sugar.

**Almond-Cakes.**—One pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of bitter almonds, pounded in a small quantity of brandy, and two eggs. The cakes are not to be rolled, but made as rough as possible with a fork.

**Eccles-Cakes.**—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter; mix into a paste; add two tablespoonfuls of currants, and one of sugar; roll them into cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

## SANITARY.

**A Sore-Throat Salve.**—Take four ounces of mutton-suet, stripped clean from the skin, also three ounces of unsalted butter, two ounces of yellow beeswax, and four ounces of pounded resin. Let the suet be put in a clean, glazed earthen pipkin, and suffered to scethe gradually over a gentle fire till it is fully melted, removing the indissoluble particles with a spoon. Add to it the butter, the beeswax, and the resin, and continue to keep stirring these ingredients round until the whole of them are thoroughly mixed. Pour the fluid off carefully into a gallipot sufficiently large to contain it, and let it stand in a cool chamber until it becomes a consistent salve. *Mode of Application.* Take a strip of clean linen about two inches in breadth, and long enough to pass under the throat for the extremities to meet at the ears. Let the salve be liberally spread over this, and afterward adjust it around the throat, holding it steady until a linen band three inches in breadth is passed over it, the ends meeting at the crown of the head, where it should be securely fastened by means of a strong pin. Over the latter a second band of fine flannel of equal breadth should be put, and fastened at the extremities after a similar manner. The plaster should be removed after twenty-four hours from its application, when small heat-spots will manifest themselves upon the surface of the skin, denoting that the plaster has taken effect. Two separate dressings will effect a cure. N. B. The above salve is also invaluable in almost all cases of outward sores.

**Small-Pox.**—The following remedy for this loathsome disease is very simple, and on the authority of a surgeon of the British army of China, it is said to be a thorough cure, even in extreme cases:—When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs.

**Jelly and Cold-Liver Oil.**—Take of cod-liver oil, one ounce, isinglass, two drachms, water, a sufficient quantity to dissolve the isinglass. When the latter is dissolved, add the oil gradually, stirring constantly, aromatizing it at the same time with anise, or other oil, four drops. A large tablespoonful is a dose.

**For Corns.**—Get some oiled silk; cut a strip about an inch wide and three inches long, and wrap it round the corn; wet the corn morning and night with lemon-juice. The oiled silk will want replacing about once a week, and will not come off even in bathing.

**A Good Cough Mixture.**—Take purgoric elixir, sweet spirits of nitre, tincture of the balsam of tolu, of each equal parts, mix them together, and take a teaspoonful, in cold water, three times a day.

**To Relieve the Pain in Cases of Cancer.**—If in the month, a free use of lemons is very advantageous, or a solution of citric acid, if the cancer is otherwise.

## FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed *en tablier* with pink silk, and a ruching of the same on each side. Short sleeves, and tucked chemisette.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF SILVER-GRAY SILK.—The skirt is gored and full; the trimming on the same can be made of ribbon or silk, cut bias, edged at the top with guipure lace, and on the ends with fringe. The waist is plain and round, with a narrow coat-sleeve trimmed like the skirt, with sash of the same.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF EMERALD GREEN SILK.—Besque of the same material, with short pieces of velvet ribbon pointed on one end, and sewed on lengthways about four inches apart. Bonnet of puffed illusion, with tulle veil tied at the back; pink roses and green strings.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED SILK.—The waist made high, and vandyked coat-sleeve. The trimming of lemon-colored crape, puffed; the same to form a cap. Hair very much crimped, with a bandeaux in front, and large rolls at the back. Silver ear-rings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are being made much as they have been for some months past. Unquestionably, if crinoline is not wholly abolished, its dimensions are becoming rapidly restricted. Now the general tendency, on all sides, to diminish skirts is so very marked, that very wide skirts, as distinct from trained, are remarkable for their want of distinction.

SKIRTS are made as long as ever for home wear. The looped-up skirts are more fashionable than ever, from the fact of their being economical; they are made of every conceivable material and color, from solid scarlet to plain white moreen, and trimmed in every manner. Bias bands, stitched on with the machine, are neat and elegant; and we have seen some trimmed with fur; but fur never was intended to be put to such a use as that.

ROUND WAISTS still hold their places. They can be worn with belts of ribbon, leather, or silk, folded and tied to form a rosette on one side.

BASQUES are still worn. The prevailing number of points for dresses is three—one only of which is seen behind. They are deep and rounded, some being trimmed with white guipure.

JACKETS are very much worn. A self-colored velvet jacket is very useful on many occasions; such a thing is now usually trimmed with small gold hanging buttons, which sometimes take the form of bells, and sometimes of elongated pears and small flowers. Many *Senorita*-jackets are vandyked round the edge and dotted all over with beads; others are made of either pearl-gray or gossillonatin, and bordered with Cluny guipure, worked with pearls.

SLEEVES cannot be said to have changed much; coat-sleeves are very plainly made.

EMBROIDERY is not as much used as formerly; as spring advances, and thin dresses are needed, it will give place to fringes, etc., which are made much prettier than in their last reign. However, gold and silver trimmings are not used in that profusion that they were in the winter.

BUTTONS of immense size are the fashion; but if the Egyptian mode should take, the round button will have to be dispensed with, and the triangle substituted in its stead.

BRIDEMAIDS still vary the sameness of effect by adopting sashes and flowers of bright hues, although white, by many, is greatly preferred.

EVENING DRESSES are passing through a remarkable change. The *bertha*, instead of passing round the edge of the bodice at nearly the same width all round, now, rather than otherwise, assumes the shape of a scarf. *Tarlatan* and thin muslins are composed of many diaphanous skirts over a puffed under-skirt. The bodies are slightly pointed back and front. Jackets, made of lace, will be stylish and pretty for spring wear. They can be made in either shape

of either black or white dotted net, and trimmed with black or white thread or Cluny laces. Some sew colored ribbons under the edge, giving them a bright and more finished look. Buckles, ear-rings, and brooches of immense size, are popular; those made of silver are the prettiest, as the others, unless of gold, have such a cheap look. Cuffs, for short sleeves, are also worn.

PALETOTS are quite short in front, but certainly a quarter of a yard longer in the back. The front is cut almost straight across, and the back of the skirt forms nearly a half circle; again, some are cut straight around, and slashed up as far as the waist, both in the back and on the hips. For walking and traveling wear they are made of the same material as the skirt and petticoat, and trimmed in every way. They are pretty, of a thin material, ornamented with a rosette of bias silk on the shoulders, with two cords of silk to the waist, with another rosette like the one on the shoulder.

BONNETS are in a variety of shapes. One of the prettiest bonnets we have seen was of white crepe, laid in folds to look as though it were stitched, trimmed with a small veil confining a tuft of peacock's feathers, the eye of each feather remaining whole, while the fringe was gilded. The inside of the bonnet was to match, with strings of blue. Hats will be more worn as the season advances.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR have, to some extent, become abolished. More hair head-dresses are worn than any other description; by these are meant such things as rows of small curls, which are attached to a comb, and then fastened across the forehead, and sometimes even all round the head; occasionally a scaffolding of these small curls, powdered with gold, is to be seen. Then bunches of long ringlets are prepared with a comb in the same manner, and fastened at the back of the head; the false plaits and twists are extremely thick, and these are pinned round the head to form bandeaux. As all fashions are but fleeting, few ladies care to submit to have their front hair cut so as to be able to wear the short frizzed curls so much in vogue; consequently, with few exceptions, every one submits to wear those already prepared and mounted on either combs or ribbon bandelets.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—The skirt trimmed with three bands, cut bias, of graduated widths. The basque made of the same material as the skirt, trimmed with rows of buttons, lapels in front, cords and tassels on the shoulders and pockets. Hat trimmed with blue velvet, with boots to match.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF CRIMSON CASHMERE, made Gabrielle, trimmed with black velvet, laid on straight, and then cut in scollop at the top, the front edged with velvet ribbon, box-pleated, and a row of velvet buttons. Black velvet hat, with white gauze veil.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF SIX YEARS OLD.—Sack, Knickerbockers, and hat of black cloth. The sack made to come to the knees, edged with white or light plush; round collar, with lapels; sleeves and pockets trimmed to match. Polish boots.

FIG. IV.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, made with two skirts, the under one of which can be made of thinner material, while the over-dress serves for an out-door covering. The pique, or over-dress, is cut slightly Gabrielle, and rounded off in front with scollops, bound with white braid, with a button in each scollop. Ribbon-sash, tied at the left side.

FIG. V.—SUIT OF BROWN LINSEY-KNICKERBOCKERS, vest and jacket to match, trimmed with two rows of alpaca braid, worsted leggings to match. Round hats, with scarlet cock's plume at the side.







Painted by Miss Kate Swift.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

"A SEWING IN THE EVENING"

Engraved expressly for Littlewood's Magazine.



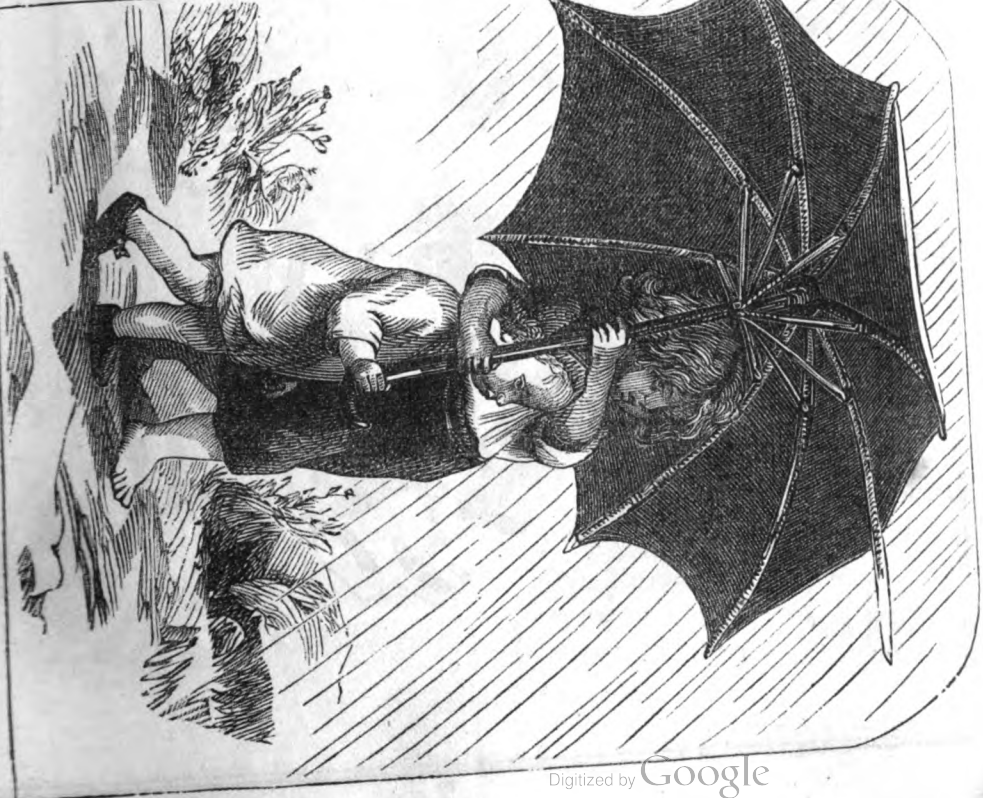
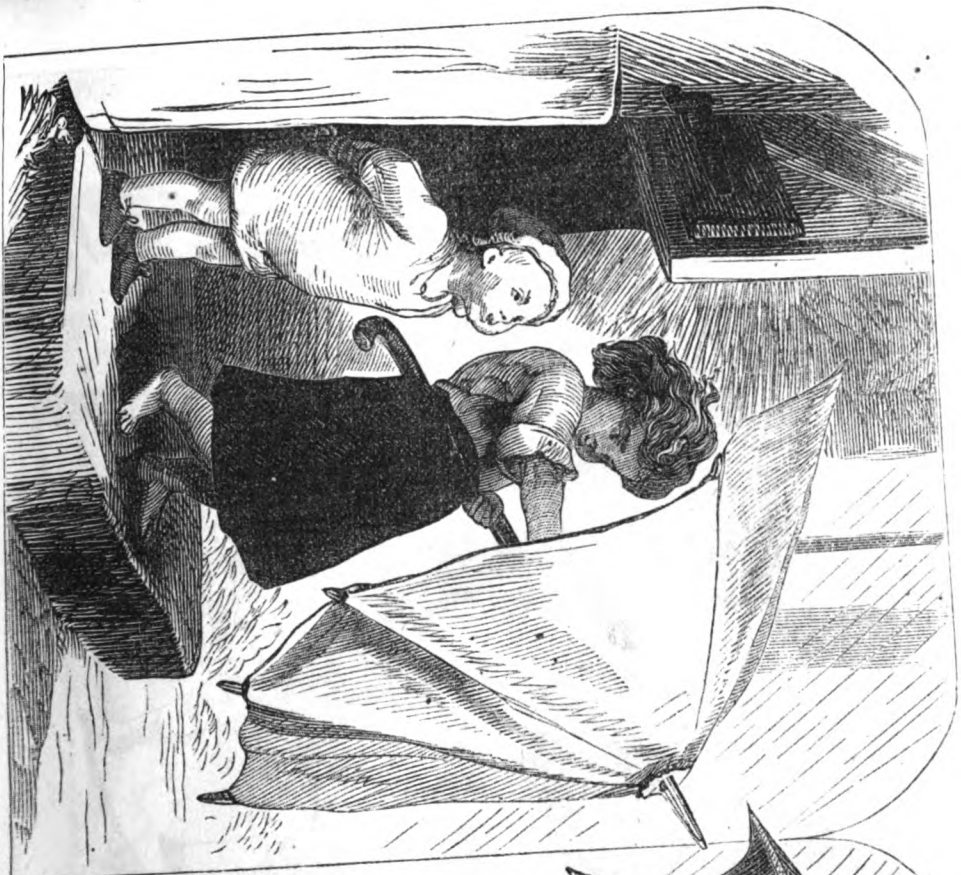


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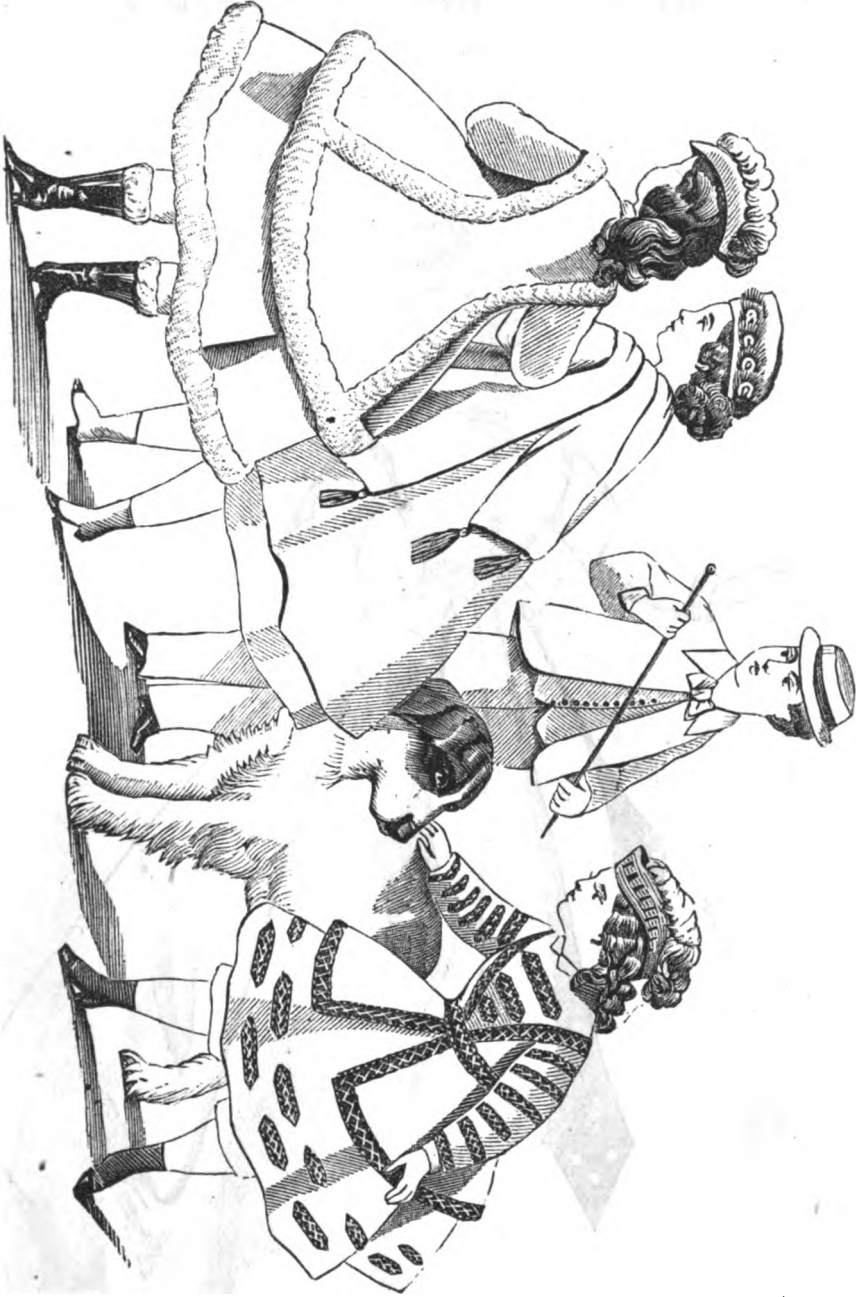
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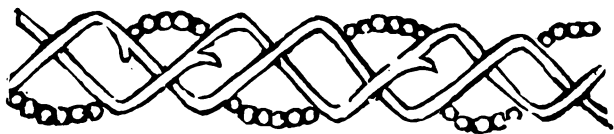
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



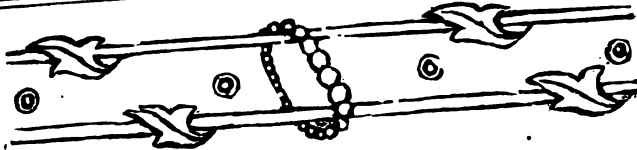




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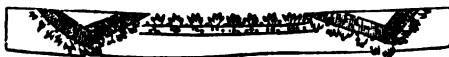
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WALKING DRESS.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESSES.



COLLAR AND CUFFS.



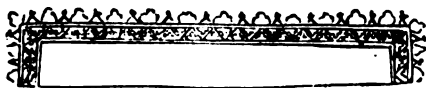
EMPIRE HEAD-DRESSES.



CAP.



CAP.



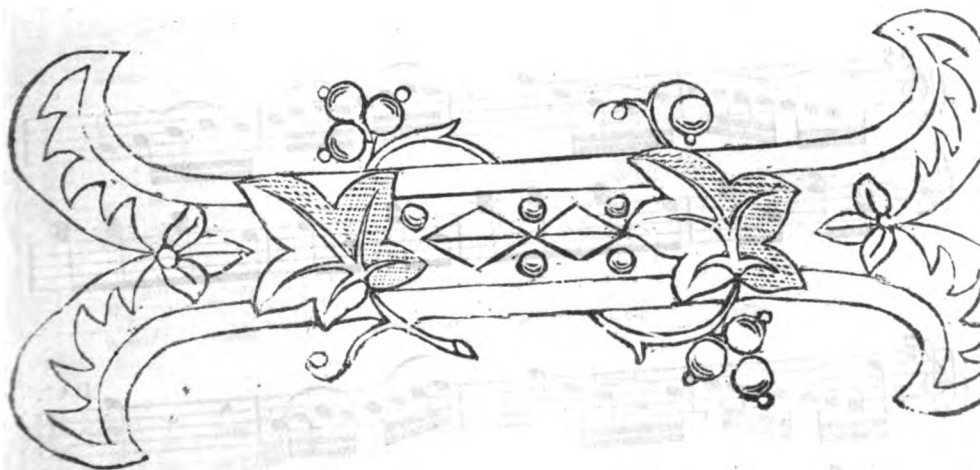
COLLAR AND CUFFS.



NEW STYLE BONNETS.



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



# SCALEY POLKA.

BY SEP. WINNER.

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*Animato.*

PIANO.

The first system of musical notation for 'Scaley Polka' is written for piano. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is marked 'Animato'. The treble staff features a complex, rhythmic melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The treble staff continues with its intricate melodic line, while the bass staff provides harmonic support.

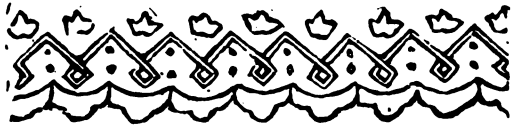
The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff shows a continuation of the fast-paced melody, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

The fourth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. It ends with a double bar line and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The treble staff's melody comes to a final resolution, and the bass staff provides a final accompaniment.

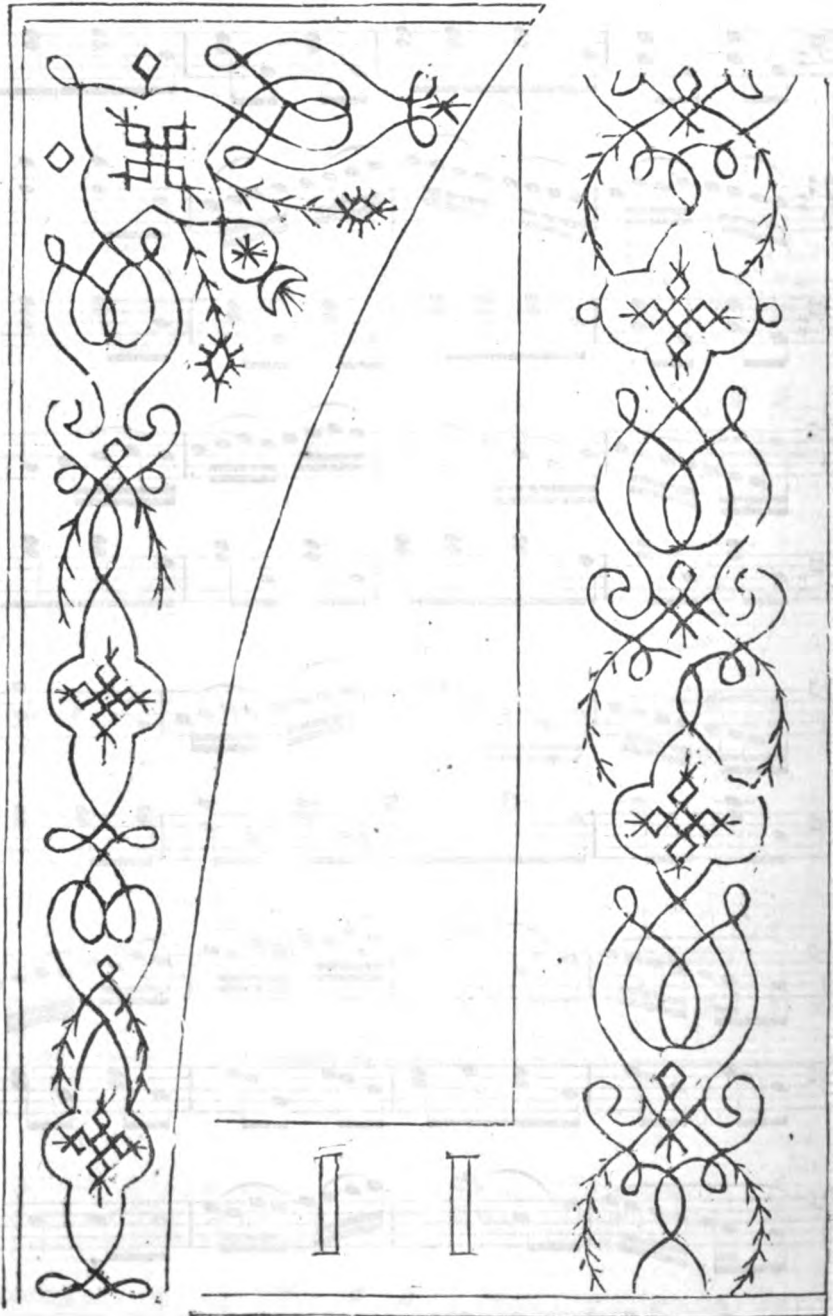
SCALEY POLKA.

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "SCALEY POLKA." The score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is characterized by a lively, rhythmic melody in the treble staff, often featuring slurs and accents, and a steady accompaniment in the bass staff. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the initials "D.C." (Da Capo) in the bottom right corner of the final system.





EDGING.



COLLAR AND CUFF IN CHAIN-STITCH.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

## A TALE OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY JOHN G. SPRAGUE.

THE traveler who visits the Rome of to-day, if a classic scholar and antiquarian, occupies himself with the ruins of ancient Rome—that “mother of dead empires.” The ruined temples, triumphal arches, inscriptions, medals, coins, are full of interest to him. Seated upon the summit of the Capatoline Hill, or on the ramparts of the Coliseum, he rebuilds the ancient city, making it rise around him in massive grandeur, as it stood in the days of the Cæsars!

The artist who visits Rome, spends his time in the galleries of pictures and statuary; or, if he visits the churches, it is to inspect “The Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo; “The Transfiguration” of Rafael; the wonderful frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, or the works of art that crowd St. Peter’s. He cares little for the Rome of two thousand years ago, or the Rome of to-day, except in so far as they contribute to the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit.

While there is a Rome for the artist, and another for the antiquary, there is a third Rome for the Christian visitor—a Rome of three hundred churches, with St. Peter’s, a world in itself, and the treasures accumulated through fifteen centuries in the Vatican. In this he finds a world which occupies all his attention. And when he has seen all that presents itself upon the earth’s surface, he finds that there is another Rome beneath the ancient city—the Rome of the Catacombs.

Why these excavations were made originally, no history tells us. But in the second century of our era, they were used by the Christians in Rome as places of refuge from persecution, of secret worship, and for the burial of the dead. Here were deposited the bodies of the martyrs, the bones of those who were devoured by the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and the ashes of others.

These catacombs are of great extent. There are long galleries, with recesses on each side for burial, looking like the tiers of berths in our steamboats. When the bodies, or relics, were deposited, the recess was walled up and plastered over with cement, and the inscription, giving the name and age of the deceased, and commending his soul to the prayers of the faithful, was carved in stone, or traced in the soft mortar. The lamps are found which were kept lighted before the graves of the martyrs, either as a mark of veneration, or to light those who came there to pray; and in many of these tombs are found phials of martyrs’ blood, and the instruments of their torture.

The curious reader who cannot go to Rome, will find in the Astor Library, and can see, if he finds the librarian in good-humor, two or three large folio volumes, in which the galleries, chapels, tombs, and relics of the catacombs are represented with a masterly fidelity. The chapels of the second and third centuries, even in these subterranean retreats, he will find ornamented with pictures, which show the early attention given to Christian art; and the elaborate ornamentation, by historical and emblematic pictures, of places of Christian worship.

Our story opens in the second century. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher, was emperor. A fierce and general persecution drove the Christians to the catacombs. The necessities of gaining a livelihood compelled them to attend to their business and labors; but their churches above ground were deserted, and the mysteries of religion celebrated by the graves of the martyrs in the bowels of the earth. Many were thrown into prison—many were tortured and slain.

At this period, and at frequent intervals during the three first centuries, the pagan who was zealous in his own worship; the malicious

man who wished to gratify a spite against his neighbor; or the plunderer who coveted his worldly possessions, had only to denounce him to the public authorities, if he was a Christian, to satisfy his zeal, his malice, or his cupidity.

Octavian, an officer of the emperor's household, proud of his rank, his wealth, and his position as a favorite of the good and philosophical emperor, distinguished himself by his talent and zeal; and in no way more than by the activity with which he pursued those enemies of the old religion enshrined in the history, literature, and arts of Rome.

In one of his expeditions against the Christians, he entered the house of Agrippa, a citizen of high position, who had been accused as a convert to the new and despised faith. He did not find him. There were Christians everywhere; even in the imperial palace—and one of them had warned Agrippa of his danger.

But in place of a Christian, whom he would have joyfully dragged to prison, to be consigned, in turn, to the torture and the wild beasts, Octavian found a young lady, whose beauty was accompanied by a sweetness which charmed the young and susceptible officer.

As he knocked for admittance she met him at the gate. His soldiers were scattered about the mansion to prevent escape. Calm and sweet, with an air of purity and resignation, the maiden met him.

"You seek my father?" she said. "He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?" asked the officer, gazing at her with an admiration he cared not to conceal.

"If I knew, would you ask a daughter to betray her father?"

"That father is accused of being a member of an infamous and superstitious sect, which is endeavoring to undermine and destroy our ancient religion."

"My father," said Claudia, "belongs to no sect, and nothing infamous can attach itself to the name of Agrippa."

"Is not your father a Christian? Does he not worship a man who was executed as a malefactor?"

"Again you ask a daughter to betray her father. When you have found him, he shall answer for himself. He is a man of truth and will not deceive you."

Surprised at the mingled dignity and sweetness of the beautiful maiden, Octavian was forced to withdraw, baffled in his search. But he could not forget her. She came like a vision. He could see the flush of her face as she had

defended her father; and he asked himself the question, which he had not been able to ask her, so awed had he been by her presence: "Can she, also, be one of those Christians whom we have undertaken to exterminate off the face of the earth?"

Her image sank deeper and deeper into his heart. Her presence—her sphere, as modern philosophers have termed it—her spiritual being had impressed itself upon his memory and heart in ineffaceable characters. A sensuous woman makes her impression upon the sensual nature. An intellectual one impresses the intellect; but a pure, high, spiritual, loving woman goes home to the most sacred recesses of the human heart; and when it is said that the Greeks and Romans knew little of the love of sentiment, we must remember that the reason is, there were but few women fitted to inspire it.

The persecution raged on. Octavian was not so zealous as formerly; but the taunts of his companions spurred him forward. One day a spy brought him word that he had found the entrance to one of the secret hiding-places of the Christians. Losing no time, he took a file of soldiers, and, following his guide, came to the entrance of one of the catacombs. They descended to the dark passages, their steps lighted by torches. Octavian read the inscriptions on the graves of the martyrs of past eras of persecutions. He heard music in the far distance, sounding as if it came from the bowels of the earth. Then came the smoke of incense. Following the guide with stealthy steps, they came to a subterranean chapel crowded with worshippers. They were all upon their knees in a posture of adoration, while a white-haired priest, robed in flowing vestments, stood before an altar made of a martyr's tomb.

The armed men gathered in the dark space, in the back of the chapel, for the altar was lighted with tapers, and lamps were suspended from the ceiling. All was hushed in a profound silence for a few moments. Then the worshippers arose; and a woman, turning her head, discovered the soldiers, and was surprised into a cry of alarm.

The venerable priest turned from the altar, and approached Octavian.

"Is it I for whom you search?" he asked. "I am ready. Lead on."

But before Octavian could give an order to his soldiers, another form stood before him. Claudia, in her white purity; Claudia, in her more than mortal beauty, as it seemed to Octavian, threw herself between him and the aged priest, and said,

"I am the one he seeks. Look upon me. I am a Christian. Carry me to your judges; bring me to the emperor. You will need no proof—I avow it. I am a Christian. Leave this old man—leave these poor people. You want a victim—I follow you."

Agrippa, her father, took her gently by the arm, and said,

"Not so, my child; what can he have against thy youth and innocence? It is I for whom he has come. This is he who sought for me at home. Here I am, sir; you shall not be a second time disappointed."

Alas! for Octavian. The spy who brought him was also a spy upon him, and would not fail to give notice of any lack of fidelity to the emperor and the laws. The soldiers, too, acting under his orders, might report against him. He had no choice but to arrest some one; and how could he refuse those who offered themselves?

With a pang, which went to his heart, Octavian ordered the soldiers to arrest the priest and Agrippa.

"Will you not arrest me, also?" asked Claudia. "Where are my fetters?" said she, holding up her little hands with a smile.

"Let men answer for their deeds," said Octavian. "We need not burthen ourselves with women."

"I go with my father and my priest," said the heroic girl. "Who will hinder me?"

She knew that it was to the prison. If she refused to sacrifice to the gods, it was to torture, or those more infamous and terrible outrages, so much worse than torture to the Christian maiden, and which pagan Rome did not hesitate to inflict. And there was death—she knew it well. All knew it; and yet there ensued this extraordinary spectacle. Men, women, and even children pressed forward, and said, "Take me, also!" and held up their hands for the chains.

Octavian drove them back, and ordered the soldiers to take the prisoners he had selected. He could not hinder Claudia from going by the side of her father. If he could not have taken her and flown—there was no such possibility! He was compelled to lead on to the prison; and he had no power to resist, when the peerless Claudia, holding the hand of her father, said to the jailer, "I, also, am a Christian; lock me up with my father!"

Octavian, filled with love, remorse, and despair, went to the palace of the emperor, and made his report. He could not stay the course of what Rome considered justice. He knew

the course of the trial, for he had been a witness to many such. He knew the tortures that would be applied to that delicate woman, scarcely more than a child; and he knew, also, and shrank in agony from the far more horrible outrages to which she might be exposed.

The trial was over. The aged priest, the father of his beloved, and she, whose image never left him night or day, were sentenced "to the lions!" What a joy to Rome—*Christianos ad leones!* The old cry rung out once more from the ferocious Roman mob. "The Christians to the lions."

Octavian resolved to make one effort to save them. He threw himself upon his knees before the good emperor—the wise emperor, and begged him to pardon these three Christians.

"Three Christians!" said the philosophic Marcus Aurelius. "Why should we forgive three Christians? Have they been tried?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Condemned?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Then they must be punished. Who ever hears of a Christian being pardoned? The religious tranquillity of the empire requires that the impious sect should be exterminated."

No more hope. The day came; the emperor went to the amphitheatre, and Octavian attended him. The old priest standing in the midst of the arena, his hands spread out in prayer, was devoured by a great Numidian lion. Agrippa, father of Claudia, sunk under the spring of a ferocious tiger; and as he fell, seventy thousand Romans sent up shouts of triumph and applause.

But even this blood-thirsty mob was hushed to silence, which gave place to a murmur of admiration, when Claudia, pale as a lily, but with a higher beauty than ever, walked with a graceful dignity into the arena. She gazed around a moment, her eye pausing with a look of tender pity on the group of officers behind the emperor. Then she looked up to that heaven in which alone she trusted, and which now seemed open to receive her.

Two lions bounded forward from the two sides of the arena. But they had not half way reached her, when an officer of the imperial suite sprang into the arena, and placed himself at her side! The people were paralyzed. The emperor, who was not a cruel man, made a signal to rescue them. It was too late. Before the guards could gain the arena, two more martyrs had moistened its sands with their mingled blood—two more souls had ascended to heaven.

## TRIUMPH IN DEFEAT.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

LOUISE'S bright eyes were cast down, and her whole attitude bespoke a tender reverie. In truth, her mind was just now filled by a single image; not, as you might conjecture, by some Apollo or Antinous of her acquaintance, did any such exist, but by a figure of her own sex, and apparently about her own age.

"Mamma," said she, "did you notice that lovely girl at church, with the Burtons, this morning?"

The lady addressed did not immediately respond. She, too, was indulging in reverie—a little deeper than her daughter's. Her head leaned against the back of her well-cushioned chair, and Edwards on the Will lay in her lap. Mrs. Reynolds atoned for some laxity of practice by exceeding rigidity of belief. Not a dogma could you propound that was too hard for her; she took in the severest with an acquiescent solemnity which told that she had felt all that, and more, from the beginning. Edwards was her favorite Sunday reading; and it is proof of the wide range of her powers, that she could turn at any moment from the contemplation of his mighty themes to be solicitous about the tint of a ribbon, or the fit of a glove.

"The Burton's?" she said, half roused. "Yes, my dear; very vulgar, pushing people. Ever since they grew so rich they have been trying to get into our set; but they never shall while I can prevent it."

"You don't understand, mamma; I didn't mean the Burtons, but the young lady with them."

"A short, lean girl, with black eyes and sallow complexion? Yes, I think I did observe her. At least I saw that she had on an imitation lace veil and collar."

Mrs. Reynolds, still a fine woman, was a blonde of the most liberal pattern; naturally, she bore rather hard upon opposing styles.

"Dear mother, how can you? She was charming. *Petite*, to be sure; light as a sylph, with such delicate features, and great, dark eyes. It is sheer profanation to call her sallow. She had no color, certainly; but her face was clear and lucent as alabaster."

"My dear girl, you are always full of some new enthusiasm; very nice to you, I presume,

but wearying to us steady, older people. One comfort is, that you are soon through with one and ready for another."

"But, mother, this girl was so very pleasing. I can't tell when I've seen a face that interested me so much. I should dearly like to know her."

"Well, my dear, that's quite impossible. It would imply your knowing the Burton's also, which is what I never can, and never will consent to."

Louise was too good-tempered to pout. Also, not to give her more praise than she deserved, she was too confident of success. It did not surprise herself nor Mrs. Reynolds, and, therefore, need not surprise the reader, that three days later she was calling on these same impossible people, and their guest, Miss Agnel.

Rose Agnel—mind that you accent the last syllable—was even more charming at home than she had seemed at church. Her sweet voice and graceful manner completed the conquest of our impressible young friend; she went away delighted, and resolute to cultivate the acquaintance to the utmost of her power. The Burtons were loud in her praise as soon as the door closed upon her.

"You know," said Jane, "we always thought her rather uppish; the Reynoldses, and all that set, are so exclusive. But I'm sure there wasn't a sign of it in her manner; so affable! You must be the secret of the call, though, Rose; she never was here before."

"'Uppish!'" Miss Agnel inwardly exclaimed, with scorn. "What an expression! I don't wonder they have never called. But how very simple to let me know it. Jane, you are a dear, good-natured goose! And 'affable!' Well, such people deserve to be condescended to, that's certain." Spite of these internal musings, however, her manner to the "people" in question continued gracious and amiable as ever.

Louise gave her mother a most rosy account of the interview, and repeated it to Fred Randall, when he came in the evening. Fred was a young, but not very young, man, who held in the Reynolds family that equivocal position between friend and cousin, which is commonly accounted so dangerous. He had been intimate in the house as the comrade of her elder brothers

while Louise was yet a child, and continued his visits, now that they had all left the paternal roof. At dinner, tea, or breakfast, no one was surprised to see Fred drop in. He advised Mrs. Reynolds about her plants, read new poems to Louise, and made himself useful and agreeable as occasion offered, without ulterior plans on the part of anybody. He entered kindly into her new interest, just as the young girl expected.

"I noticed her at church—a striking sort of face. Not that I should ever have thought of calling her pretty."

"She is a great deal more than pretty," pronounced Louise, with decision. "I wonder what you want?"

"It is what she wants, not I—that is the question. More height, more fullness, more bloom; whiter hands, a sweeter smile."

"You are very fastidious, sir."

"What has made me so? You should not complain."

"Oh! that's very obliging," said Louise. "Of course, I know what you imply. But I suspect your compliments are more than half cowardice. Own, now, Fred, that you would not dare to praise one girl to another. You believe such a venture would be the signal for an outbreak of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"If such ever were my faith, I am ready to recant."

"Good! And you will honestly admit that Miss Agnel is a very captivating girl?"

"Just as soon as I find her so."

At these words a pretty little plan sprung up in Louise's mind. How very nice if this cool, critical gentleman should be brought, by-and-by, to an unconditional surrender. "We'll not talk about her any longer now," she said, "particularly as mamma is not my ally."

"No," said Mrs. Reynolds; "imitation-lace is my aversion." She had yielded to Louise's whim, but principle demanded this one protest.

The sternest devotees of "real" things might have pardoned Rose, could her heart be looked into. She hated pretences as much as Mrs. Reynolds herself, and was bent on one day discarding them. There was a great family at home, and the smallest means; it was an important event when Jane Burton, with whom she had a school friendship, asked her for this visit. Such a time as there had been to get her ready! Such sewing, and contriving, and cutting over, and sitting up at night to furnish her scanty outfit. Why the very veil and collar, that so offended Mrs. Reynolds' virtuous in-

stincts, were an act of extravagance long debated and timidly ventured on. After all the toil and hurry, Rose found the tranquillity of her visit most delicious. Late breakfasts indulged her love of morning slumbers. The house was full of things, comfortable and pretty; there were horses and carriages, ample attendance, pleasant society. She went about in the midst of all, leisurely and unconcerned, as if born to that sort of life; but she never forgot the very different home she had left, and to which she must presently return. Not one well-served meal came on the table that she did not congratulate herself in having no part in its preparation; that she did not recall with distaste the cracked teacups, the worn silver, to which she was accustomed. Being a person of some energy, and considerable mental resources, she determined to use the present interval of enjoyment in arranging her future.

The friendship of Louise held out the hope of numerous opportunities. It opened the way to a better class of associations; and Louise was so fond of her, that, perhaps, when the visit to the Burtons were over, she might be asked to continue it in the Reynolds family. She was aware that the mistress of the mansion looked upon her with no favoring eye, and endeavored to propitiate her by numberless little attentions. To Frederic she was calmly polite, not having quite made up her mind with reference to him, and feeling sure, meanwhile, that she would lose nothing in his eyes by a maidenly reserve. With Louise she was impulsively affectionate; and as she did not lack for pleasing gifts, the girl was completely charmed. Rose talked well. She managed to give spirit and color to the most ordinary narration. If she merely described to you how she went to the well for a glass of water, she could put in little graphic touches that interested you. She had abundance of surface enthusiasm for poetry, and genius; and possessed decided skill in music. There were morning walks and evening talks; and Louise thought that her friend developed daily some new charm. But with her plans in regard to Mr. Randall she was not fully satisfied.

"I am disappointed," she said one day, "that you and Fred do not get on better together."

"Why so? We are very polite to each other."

"Exactly! But that was not my idea. I looked for something more."

"I would not wish to interfere with your claims, Louise."

"My claims! I have none in that quarter, I assure you."

"In what quarter, then? Oh, Louise! how

you blush! Naughty, deceitful girl! Here I've opened my whole heart to you, time and again, and you have been keeping such a thing from me!"

"Indeed, there was nothing to tell."

"I know better. All those pink flushes meant something."

"You imagine a great deal too much, as I can prove to you. You know my uncle Darwin?"

"I have heard you speak of him."

"Edmund Calvert is his oldest son. He was very fond of me as a child, always singling me out among his cousins; and it is well understood among the older people, that it would be a very satisfactory thing if we happened to like each other. That is all."

"How should you fancy that—a cousin?"

"We are not cousins, really; it is a relationship three or four times removed. And I don't in the least know how I shall fancy it—that remains to be seen."

"Is this Mr. Edmund Darwin handsome?"

"Edmund Calvert, my dear; but, of course, you don't know. My aunt Darwin was a Calvert; she had a rich brother, who died without children. He left his fortune to Edmund, on condition of his assuming his name."

"And arms, I suppose?" said Miss Agnel, a little satirically.

"Well, there really *are* arms. I have seen the crest on some of my aunt's old silver."

"Relations of the Baltimore family?"

"Rather distant; but there is a connection."

"You haven't told me yet if he is handsome."

"I don't know. He was, as a boy; but I have not seen him for some years. You can judge for yourself; he is coming here next month to stay with aunt Granger."

"And view his destined bride! Really, this is quite a novel in high life. I never fancied you such a heroine, you quiet girl. Does not your heart flutter at the thought of seeing him?"

"Not a bit," replied Louise, laughing. "I've told you all there is to tell; and you might have heard it long ago, if it had ever seemed worth mentioning—just nothing, you see; but it is natural, don't you think, that I should be rather interested in meeting him?"

"Very natural," agreed Miss Agnel.

Fortunate Louise! she thought; one lover, actual or possible, always at hand, and rich friends looking out for her interests, and providing her with another. What, she soliloquized, if a portionless little maid, whom nobody planned for, should step in and spoil this pleasant pro-

gramme? She began to look anxiously forward to next month and its hero.

At last he came—a tall, shapely youth, dark-haired, dark-eyed. Miss Agnel met him with polite indifference. She praised him so very cautiously, in the first confidential interview with Louise, that the latter was almost hurt.

"So you didn't think him handsome? I am so sorry."

"Dear Louise, I never said so. It would have been very rude."

"I know you did not really *say* it. Perhaps he is not, to every one. I may be prejudiced in his favor."

"Very naturally, dear. Who could wonder at it?"

"But I felt sure you must like his manner. I thought him so improved. And it seems you were not favorably impressed at all."

"How unamiable I must appear to you, darling. But we cannot help our fancies, can we? and it is fortunate that I am so hard to please. It would be a thousand pities if I found him as charming as you may be allowed to do."

"It is very ungrateful, too," continued Louise, "for he was quite struck with you."

"Indeed, that was very gracious of him! I must try if I cannot remodel my impressions to make them correspond with his."

Rose felt that she was on the right track now, but she proceeded cautiously. It would never do to make Louise jealous; least of all, would it answer to awaken the maternal alarms of Mrs. Reynolds. She continued to treat Mr. Calvert in the most formal manner, giving him the slightest notice consistent with politeness. At first Edmund hardly observed this; he was taken up with Louise, who had altered so much, and so beautifully, since they met. But after a week or so, he began to wonder why that slim girl, with the spiritual eyes, treated him with such entire indifference. It was not the sort of manner he was accustomed to in women. He had been used to see bright eyes grow brighter, and sweet lips smile more sweetly at his approach. What could be the cause? Was it possible she could be so deficient in taste as not to approve him? He sounded Louise, and, spite of all efforts to soften the truth, she could not conceal that Miss Agnel was by no means charmed.

Edmund was more piqued than he would have chosen to acknowledge, even to himself. He recalled the beautiful women he had known, the favor they had shown him—they queens of society. And who was this that manifested such supercilious coolness? A little village

girl without, so far as he could judge, a single claim. Really, she must be taught better taste. He owed it to himself that she should find him irresistible; and if in learning that lesson her heart suffered, why it must be her own look out. Henceforth she shared with Louise in his attentions; he sought her, talked with her, tried to draw her out. She remained perfectly calm, neither flattered nor fluttered by his approach. He grew more piqued and more determined to succeed.

One night there was a great party at one of the best houses of "the set." All the girls were there, more or less lovely in youth and evening dress. Louise, in pink and pearls, was exquisite; her swan-soft contours, her dazzling fairness, fixed and enchanted the eye. Edmund surveyed her with an admiration that sent thrills to her heart; she was beginning to count and treasure up his looks. Mrs. Reynolds viewed her with business-like satisfaction, in the certainty that she was the belle of the evening.

"Has he said anything yet?" asked aunt Granger, magnificent in orange-satin and nodding feathers. The seniors were watching the progress of the affair with kindly interest.

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Reynolds.

"He will to-night, you may depend," said aunt Granger, assuringly. "Nobody could resist her in that dress. How beautiful she looks! As the girls used to when we were young, Matilda."

Rose's toilet had been a difficult one. She meditated a grand *coup* to-night, and would have rejoiced in the assistance of becoming dress. She looked over her slender wardrobe—should it be the pink tarlatane? No, Louise would wear pink much more elegant, and entirely fresh—that would never do. Her blue muslin had been done up and was too thick; besides, there was nothing for it but her white Swiss. She had worn it twice already, and no variation was possible, save in the color of her ribbons. Oh, dear! but there was no help for it if she stood and debated till midnight. The cherry sash and shoulder-knots must go on, and she must try to fancy herself as well-dressed as she could. She shook her head as she contemplated the effect in the mirror.

"How thin I am!" she thought, dissatisfiedly. "What different arms and shoulders from Louise's. What a complexion that girl has. But she might be glad to give it for these eyes," she added, consoled, as the starry reflection met her glance. "There," and she tried a long, dark, drooping gaze. "I believe I am

well enough, after all. And then my hair, black as jet, and smoother than satin. Nobody's hair is quite like mine, that's certain." But no trace of these complacent meditations was visible in the modest maid, whose entrance was half hidden by that of the tall Burton girls, and who slid into a quiet corner, as if glad of such refuge for her timidity.

Edmund sought her presently. Louise was lovely, bewitching; it was delicious to see her blush and look down when her eye met his. He almost thought, with aunt Granger, that he should not be able to resist her. Still he did not quite forget the little iceberg, as in his thoughts she had been christened. He must continue that lesson which she seemed so slow in learning. This must be said for Rose, that it was hard for her to be denied the adjuncts of dress and fashion—she understood so admirably how to use them. In her white muslin and ribbons she looked simple, indeed, but elegant. Edmund's practiced eye did not fail to note her air, nor did the arrangement of those raven locks escape him. How admirably it defined the shape of her beautiful head; what lustrous folds, what silken smoothness. He felt that he was staring.

"Pray excuse me," he said; "but you are really an artist in *coiffure*. I observe that you never wear ornaments in your hair."

"Against my principles," she answered, smiling. The truth being that handsome decorations were expensive, and she had too good taste to wear inferior ones.

"That alone distinguishes you among so many be-netted and beaded heads. But it is not all hair that is like yours, where one feels that it would be a sin to place anything unless, perhaps, a flower."

"Oh! my hair is nothing," said Miss Agnel, with the most complete indifference. "Look at Louise's." The blonde, abundant tresses were prettily arranged, but they had not Rose's style; of which fact she was well aware in calling attention to them.

Silence ensued. Miss Agnel looked down at the hand that lay in her lap. It was very small, and the glove prevented unfavorable contrast with her dress. It was pretty, and she let it lie. Edmund Calvert studied it, too. Was she ever going to say anything? It appeared not. She sat so unconcerned, so apparently oblivious of his presence, that he was fairly vexed.

"Miss Angel," he said, with some impatience, "can you tell me the cause of this perpetual *gene* between us? It appears that I have never the happiness to succeed in pleasing you."



"How unkind!" she answered, with childlike simplicity. "I'm sure I try to like you for Louise's sake."

"Louise!" he exclaimed. "Can I never be viewed except through that medium? I did not know that I was regarded simply as an appendage, a piece of your friend's property. Really, you mortify me, Miss Agnel."

"Most men would be delighted, instead."

"Louise herself has given me no such privilege," he explained, fearful of having said too much. Pause the second. "I fear you find it too hard a task for even friendship to achieve," he presently observed.

"Indifference is always wise."

"How so—in what way?"

"It is *safe*," she said, hurriedly, as if anxious to close the discussion. He looked at her, a little surprised; she turned from him in apparent confusion. Edmund felt ashamed. Had he persecuted her into—what? A betrayal of feeling? Had she feeling—and for him? Curiosity, astonishment, gratified vanity, stirred his breast with emotion.

Some one came up and spoke to her. "I am going to sing now," she said, and rose without once looking toward him. Edmund followed her to the piano. She had kept this gift carefully concealed from him during the fortnight of their acquaintance; he had heard Louise praise her voice, but had taken that as part of the dear girl's enthusiasm for her friend. She had never sung as she did to-night; those to whom her power was familiar were taken by surprise. There was a thrill, an ardor in the rich notes that went to every heart. Edmund's was entirely vanquished. He adored music; skill in it was to him the highest art. And here was more than skill—genius. Ah! that was what those dark eyes meant. He had been puzzling himself these two weeks to divine what, in that cold girl, such eyes could indicate. And was she interested in *him*? Did that wild pathos, that passion in her singing, which he felt so perfectly, have *him* for its source? Vain were all pleadings for another song; she left the instrument, and, escaping from her praises, sought a lonely seat by a window at the farthest end of the long rooms. Edmund followed her instantly, one impulse controlling him. He sat down by her without looking at her, yet every fibre of his frame felt her presence.

"Did you sing that song to *me*?" he asked, in a low, intense tone.

"Yes—to you," she answered, in the same voice.

"Rose!"

This was going too far; she felt it so. She had meant to take him by storm, and had succeeded. But she had not the courage to let him commit himself, then and there, in Louise's presence, and that of her friends and allies.

"Pray leave me," she said, in a tone of distress; "every one will notice. Louise——"

"What is she to me, if you——"

"Hush! I entreat, I command—not one word more to-night."

"To-morrow, then—promise me."

"As you will," she answered, rising, and darting toward him, ere she left, one swift, bewildering glance. As their eyes met she turned pale. The game grew interesting for its own sake. She went immediately to her friend's side, and remained there till Edmund joined them. The rest of his evening was devoted to Louise, who found him strangely grave and *distracted*; and the party, which began so happily, ended for her in a vague sense of uneasiness and disappointment.

Rose went home in a comfortable state of triumph and self-gratulation. "How silly of Louise," she thought, "to expose her lover to attractions greater than her own. I believe," she added, being very candid with herself, "that it is shabby for me to try and get him away from her—but how can I help it? Who would not wish to escape from such a home as mine?—and this is my best chance. And I like him as well as she; I did from the very first. He suits me every way. Some time he shall know how I was feeling while I seemed so cold. Dear Edmund!" and for three minutes she indulged in unwonted sentiment. Being of a practical turn of mind, she came out of it at the end of that period, and began revolving the scene of to-morrow, the declaration, the engagement, the ring, and all the subsequent splendors.

Edmund had not gone quite so far. The girl bewitched him; something dark and mysterious about her drew him on. There was nothing of that in Louise, so simply frank and sweet. And yet this last was so beautiful. He could not quite feel, as in that moment of excitement, that she was nothing, if only Rose regarded him with favor. And the thing was expected in the families—desirable. He was not ready to renounce it. Yet, whenever he closed his eyes, and the wild waves of that song surged over him, he forgot all but the siren voice. He lay awake all night, nearly, and came down to aunt Granger's breakfast-table pale and harassed.

The good lady saw it, and took no notice.

She gave him a cup of the strongest coffee, richly creamed. She talked of the party, and exalted Louise. Edmund agreed with her.

"Such a contrast to that skinny little thing! Only that our dear girl is so artless, I should think she kept her about for a foil." Edmund colored with displeasure. "Oh! you needn't blush because I praise Louise," said she.

Breakfast was over. "Your uncle will be working about his grapes presently," said aunt Granger. "When you see him in the garden come up to my sitting-room." Edmund obeyed, wondering much what she could have to say.

"Well, my dear boy," began the old lady, regarding him benevolently, "are you going to keep your appointment to-day?"

"What appointment?" he asked, surprised.

"Surely you haven't forgotten? 'To-morrow, then—promise me!'" said aunt Granger, in an eager, excited tone.

Awkwardly as he felt, Edmund could not forbear laughing at this representation. "How could you have heard?" he asked.

"My good child, people in your state should keep their eyes about them. Anybody might have seen me on the verandah outside the window. I was talking with old Mr. Terry, and had a dreadful fright lest he should hear it all; but, luckily, he is quite deaf in one ear. And I've sent for you," she continued, in an altered tone, "to say that I consider your behavior very unhandsome and deceitful toward Louise."

Edmund was so much ashamed that he was glad of an excuse for being angry. "I think, aunt," he said, in a very lofty way, "that there has been quite too much of this. Louise is a sweet girl, but I am not to have a wife chosen and forced upon me. I claim to be a free agent still."

"And a nice choice your free agency has brought you to," said the old lady. "Singing at you in such a style, like one of those creatures on the stage! and owning it, too. I was amazed at your impertinence till I saw how she received it. But there is no use in our exasperating each other," she continued, "and I've only a few plain words to say. I shan't threaten to leave my fortune away from you, for the property is your uncle's; and he has such dozens of nephews and nieces that you never had any chance of it. I don't say you'll break Louise's heart; her face and her father's money are not likely to go begging for a husband."

"Not at all," said Edmund.

"And the other one hasn't a penny."

"No matter—I have several."

"All I say is, look at the two and take your choice. Only remember that a girl that will court you will—well, I'll stop there; have which you like. But, of course, you can't expect that I can allow anything underhand; I can't have my own niece trifled with before my very eyes. If there is to be another word of this affair, I will tell my sister Reynolds what I heard last night—and that ends all between you and Louise. I don't want to influence you, but you must make up your mind."

Poor Edmund, this was hard for him. Gladly would he have temporized, but aunt Granger was as inexorable as doom. Give up Louise and declare boldly for the newer love, whom he never dreamed of in that light till a few hours before? How could he? Break loose from the enchantress, and in defiance of her charms acknowledge himself her rival's? He was not ready for that, either. How soft, how fair, how radiant was Louise; what a sweet, tranquil nature! And Rose! a wild, dark charm; a glamour of poetry and mystery hung over her. Then was he not committed by those few hasty words? But if he acted on them, what consequences must ensue. Rose was delicious to love—but, as a wife— He grew desperate.

"Aunt," he said, "you are a tyrant. I must have time for reflection."

"Not here, I tell you."

"When you like—name the place."

The old lady thought for five minutes. "Edmund," said she, "go on a mackerel voyage. Start this afternoon. When you know your own mind, come back."

"But Louise, aunt, and Miss Agnel—what will they think of such abruptness?"

"So you wish to bid each good-bye, do you? That is no part of our compact. Leave your adieus to me; I am quite competent to them."

Edmund went.

That afternoon Louise stood by the window, just a trifle *triste*. Fred Randall was on a sofa near at hand.

"How delightfully Rose sings!" said she.

"Yes; better than almost any one off the stage."

"How I wish I had such a voice."

"Wishes are valueless in such cases, my dear. And if you had the voice, you have not the knowledge or the skill to use it. There Louise," he added, with a smile, "see the first fruits of my practicing on your assertion of the other day. I praise your friend, and you look vexed at once."

"Do I?" she asked, her brow clearing. "Perhaps I was a little disconcerted. People do not

usually speak with quite such candor. And, besides, Fred, you know I have been accustomed to nothing but praise from you. You have quite spoiled me for fair criticism."

"I don't think you are entirely spoiled," he said. "And, besides, I never told you that I didn't prefer your clear little warble to all these operatic tricks and graces."

Just then entered to them our Rose. All day she had waited and wondered in vain; and now she came in hope of news. While she was planning how to gain it, aunt Granger made her appearance.

"Well, Edmund is off," she said, after the first greetings, and some casual talk. Both girls were silent.

"Sudden, wasn't it?" asked Fred Randall.

"Not to me. He told me all about it, and I perfectly approved. He left his love for you, Louise. When he comes back he'll bring a fresh supply."

Louise brightened. Aunt Granger knew, and she thought it all right—so it must be. She began to look forward to the pleasantness of his return. But Rose felt that the words were a death-warrant to her hopes.

"Disappointed, arn't you, dear?" said aunt Granger, kindly, when she could get a private word with her. "But young men will flirt, you know."

"Yes, they will," answered Rose; "but it isn't every one that has such a good aunt to watch over him. How Louise ought to love you."

For a moment aunt Granger looked savage,

then recovered. "Right," said she; "you're a girl of spirit; I don't need to waste any pity on you."

Nevertheless, Rose felt that night alone, quite broken-hearted. She had been so sure; and now the excitement of the chase was over, the game was gone. What next? For she never could go back to rye coffee and plated forks again.

Genius can turn the humiliation of defeat into a brilliant victory. Rose devoted herself to Fred Randall; she sang sacred music to him, sonorous jubilates, swelling anthems, and daring invocations. He forgot the operatic tricks, and the stage manner. All the little graces that, tried on other men, would only have awakened his derision, seemed very pretty and appropriate when addressed to him. After no very long siege he succumbed; and Rose congratulated herself on secure and comfortable prospects. Louise watched it all approvingly. When they married, she gave her friend that handsome coffee-pot you may have seen upon her table.

Edmund came back when the engagement was made public. Louise had only grown more beautiful; she welcomed him with charming blushes. He felt that his time had come, and yielded gracefully. Fathers and mothers gave consent; aunt Granger bestowed her blessing; and Edmund acknowledged his indebtedness to her by the present of an India shawl, which will be the envy of the neighborhood for a quarter of a century.

## BESIDE AN OPEN COFFIN.

BY M. E. COWLAND.

Good-by! This is our parting place!  
 Your face is white, and still, and cold;  
 Your hands are clasped, your eyelids sealed,  
 And, standing here, my heart is old  
 And heavy with this bitter loss;  
 Though you are here, yet still alone;  
 And you, so free from this dumb pain,  
 Unto eternal glory gone.  
 I could not wish you happier lot;  
 But, ah! without your true blue eyes,  
 The light which shows you now to me,  
 Will darken in the arching skies.  
 The sunshine will be golden gay;  
 But sunnier far I found thy smiles;  
 And then, will it be bright to me—  
 Falling upon thy grave the while?  
 You lie so still—you do not speak;  
 You look so proud, and calm, and still;

Too pure to place away so deep.  
 But then we know it is His will,  
 Who sends us clouds, and shine, and rain—  
 Most bitter rain—to loose the soil  
 Of earth around our hearts, and gives  
 Us dreamless rest after our toil.  
 I hear a sobbing in a room  
 Beyond us; but we weep no tears—  
 Your eyes are dry forevermore,  
 And I, perchance, must weep out years.  
 When o'er you weeps the Summer rain,  
 My heart will weep, though I seem gay;  
 Through all my seeming gayety,  
 I shall remember this sad day.  
 Good-by! Some day I, too, shall rest,  
 With frozen lips, and heart as cold;  
 And then I'll meet thee, and be young—  
 Just now I feel so tired and old.

## THE STOLEN BOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 201.

### CHAPTER IX.

PHILIP CALDWELL'S NARRATION CONTINUED.

I TURNED into a restaurant to take a moment's breath for thought. I confess, this case had been more intricate and baffling than any put into my hands for years. I had chosen, willfully, perhaps, to view it from another stand-point than the circumstances would suggest, taken in their apparent meaning. I had persisted in this opinion in spite of the evidence which Sinnett considered so overwhelming. But in all my efforts to give the opinion palpable effect, to support this vague theory by any tangible proof, I had been, so far, thoroughly balked.

I had, during the interval between my visit to Sinnett's house and the present time, been occupied in trying to find counsel for this woman, who, as I believed, was to be falsely accused. I had applied, by turns, to different leading lawyers in the city, with whom my business had thrown me into contact, and who always had listened to anything I had to say with attention, and gave more importance to my opinions often than they deserved, which is the usual good fortune of reticent men. With this case it was different; the whole weight of circumstantial evidence was against me; and to this I had nothing to oppose but an opinion, founded on the characters of Sinnett and Mrs. Van Epp, as they appeared to me, and two or three isolated facts, which lacked the connecting points. "They all, with one consent, began to make excuse," like the timid in the old parable. Some joked the whole matter away; told me that "Mrs. Van Epp's beauty had blinded me to as clear a case of guilt as ever they saw;" or that my "old grudges against Wharton had left cobwebs in my brain;" others "had no time to take the case, though they did not doubt my judgment in the matter was correct as usual"—while but one was thoroughly honest in his answer. It was young Barbour, who, by virtue of belonging to one of the old families in Philadelphia, and of having a pleasant, kindly face and temper of his own, was stepping into a first-class practice.

"I've no doubt of the justice of all that you

say, Caldwell," he said, after listening gravely to my story; "and that the woman has been led into this crime by connivance between Sinnett, Wharton, and Wardell, for purposes of their own—for that is the way I view the matter. But what then? Her actual guilt is the same; and if there be a conspiracy, you have not counted the cost of exposing it. Sinnett and Wharton both have influence, which a poor devil of a lawyer like me, just beginning the world, would hardly like to invoke against him. Wharton is a controlling ward politician; he can bring his men up to the polls by the thousands, and——"

"I understand," I said; "you are going to choose that road to success yourself. Well, you at least are frank, Mr. Barbour. But I'll defeat Wharton yet," at which he laughed, and wished me luck.

This had been my last attempt made that morning. I sat down to my chop and glass of ale with a more defeated sense than Phil Caldwell would have liked to acknowledge to his best friend.

Somebody at my elbow breaking out into "Molly Bawn," half song, half whistle, made me look up. A tall, broad-shouldered fellow, at a table covered with empty dishes, was chafing his red whiskers, and glancing over the evening paper at once. "My Molly Bawn, my Cullen Oge," he broke out aloud. I looked at him a moment—a bold, handsome face, blue eyes full of Irish shrewdness, kindness, deviltry.

"O'Neil!" I called.

"Well, Caldwell, my boy!" throwing down the paper, "how goes the world with you?" seeing that I hesitated before speaking again.

"Badly enough. I need you, Mr. O'Neil. Turn your chair this way a moment."

He did so; calling for another bottle of wine, and swearing that we fellows of business drove a man into the grave. "I've not one case per term; consequently, I eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy life with an empty pocket—and you do neither of the three."

O'Neil had taken a glass too much already. I pushed the bottle away. "Listen to me first," I said, "my story will make you thirsty."

He composed himself, listening after his usual

fashion; beating a tattoo on the table, arranging his chain and seal, glancing out sideways at every pretty woman on the street. Presently he quieted, watched me keenly, intently, as I proceeded. My story had sobered him. I plainly laid the facts of the case before him, concealing the names, however.

It was seldom that this O'Neil appeared before any of the courts. He was known as an idle, rollicking, slovenly Irishman; and in most cases where people had been induced to trust their business to him, his own laziness had suffered it to go to wreck and ruin. On two or three occasions, however, he had pushed a case with such sharp, acrid energy, such keenness of wit, and under all, such a fierce clinging to the abstract right, that he had carried judge, jury, and audience with him. It was a forlorn hope to expect aid from him; but it was all I had.

I had succeeded in interesting him; the trifling, fickle manner fell from him like a mask, and he followed me with grave, acute eyes.

"You have applied to other counsel?"

"Yes; to C—, and F—," naming all that had refused me.

"They gave you the cold shoulder? It was too muddy water to meddle with, eh? You have not told me the names of the parties," after a pause; "but I fear I know them. I catch Sinnett's trail in it. It's the end of a plot that I saw hatching down in a Jersey farm-house, last summer, where we boarded at the same time. Van Epp was the man's name."

"This is his wife."

"I thought as much." He sat silent, strangely moved at the story, I thought.

"You will undertake the case?"

"I?" starting. "Of course. If they will suffer me to be a friend—now. Come to my office."

He rose and walked briskly down the street. He touched his hat to numberless, smiling, fine ladies as we went, who greeted him as an old acquaintance. I joked with him upon his remaining so long a bachelor with such temptations about him every day; and was surprised at his prompt and serious answer, as if I had broken in upon the same thought in himself.

"When Corny O'Neil takes a wife, Caldwell, my boy, it will be none of your town-women, polished and hard as mock diamonds. I mind my sister whenever I've a new attack of the tender passion; she was country born and bred; a plain, dull-headed, loving girl, that had little book knowledge outside of her Bible. But she kept me out of many a scrape, when I was a

boy; and the remembrance of her has hindered many a match I might have made. I'll have a wife like Susan—or none."

I had a fancy, from his raised color and earnest tone, that he had found Susan's likeness somewhere, and that my business, in some curious way, had brought it freshly to his mind. Men of our calling are apt to be suspicious. However, not being much interested in Mr. Corny O'Neil's affairs, I hurried on to his office, where we discussed the matter thoroughly; O'Neil showing an Irish keenness of insight that was like intuition, and a steadiness of purpose that was most un-Irish.

There were many points in which we were both at fault. "A few words from Mrs. Van Epp could give us the clue," he said.

"No doubt she is now under arrest," I replied; "Sinnett took out the warrant to-day. I think I can procure the information in another way. If Sinnett and Wharton suspected any collusion between Mrs. Van Epp and you, they could block your way completely. Remain in your office to-night until ten o'clock, and I will bring you a witness as effective as Mrs. Van Epp herself."

He looked up with a sudden lightening of his face, and an inquiry flashing out of every feature. I had touched him home, I saw; but I continued to fold up my papers slowly and put them in my memorandum-book.

"Mrs. Van Epp had a sister," said he, turning away to light the gas; "has she been in the city this winter? You are going to bring her here?"

"Yes."

If I had expected to see any evidence of the "tender passion," as Wharton called it, which seemed to have attacked him so often, I was mistaken. He laughed. "She's a silly little body; made a demi-god of Wharton, I remember, last summer, and— Well, I'll be here. Sharp ten, Caldwell."

As I went out on the street he followed me. "I'd—I'd be tender with that little girl to-night, eh? if I were you. Careful of alarming her. She's a childish thing, not like town women. She'll have a sore heart, too."

I bowed, and laughed to myself as I went off. Jane Grierson had entered a retainer for us that held O'Neil secure, that was plain. By a little manoeuvring, my messenger brought Miss Grierson out of Sinnett's house without the knowledge of the family. I could form no opinion as to her capacity for use, in the present crisis, in the short interview I had with her, when I saw her at Sinnett's dinner-table.

I perceived that she belonged to the great mass of young women; pretty to look at, but with characters as mawkish and undeveloped as a baby's face. I never can base a conjecture on them; "true no-meaning puzzles more than wit." Trouble, or hard work, cuts features and darkens shadows in them generally, to which the years of school-books, crochet-work, and pertness give no index.

As I conducted Miss Grierson to O'Neil's office, therefore, I looked at her sharply, to discover how this trouble had touched her. It had fallen on them unprepared that night. Sinnett had caused her sister's arrest immediately upon leaving Wharton's office. She had gone without remonstrance, or outcry, being, I suppose, one of the colder-blooded species of animals, who grow dumb when they are hurt in any mortal part. We meet such women often in our calling, and find them the most obstinate criminals, if guilty.

"She took Phil with her. Dr. Sinnett did not explain to me what the charge was against her," Jane Grierson said, dully, as she walked steadily beside me down the street. Her voice was as steady as her step; she neither wept nor sighed after the fashion of hysterical women; but I could see the dilated nostril, the blue lips, the blood-marks under the eyes—signs which I knew well how to interpret.

I said what I could to rouse her as we went along. I would have been glad to see tears on the child's face; but she replied, unmoved and hopeless, as though years of hard fight with the world had fallen on her in this first touch of pain, "If she could do anything, or O'Neil could do anything, she was glad; but the world had gone against them of late," and then walked on in silence, asking no questions.

When we came to the door of the little office on Pine street, (a door which few clients troubled, I fear,) I heard O'Neil whistling about "Molly Bawn," as usual, but in a gentler, softened tone. There had been a fruitless attempt, too, to make the den more tidy, I saw, on entering. The light was subdued; and on one side of the empty fire-place, an old lady, in a stiff gown of brilliant pattern, sat, spectacles on nose, feigning to read the evening paper, while her sharp, black eyes kept watch over it on the door. O'Neil, resplendent in a buff waistcoat and fresh regalia of cheap jewelry, sat nervously beating time on the table. He met the young girl with a grave, quiet respect, leading her at once to his mother, "who wishes to be a friend to you, if you will permit her, Miss Grierson?" The old lady had scanned her in the first moment

of her entering the room. She had a good eye for a detective, Mrs. O'Neil, hard and keen—but it dimmed suddenly. She drew Jane into her fat arms. "The poor child!—the poor, motherless child!" she said, in a rich Cork brogue, patting her head slowly, as if she had been a baby. The girl began to cry at that. O'Neil beckoned me out. The big, burly fellow was all in a tremble, his face red and pale by turns. "Let the women be alone a bit," he said, as we stood on the steps; "let them alone," and stood, his hands in his pockets, looking down at the rain, which had begun to fall in big drops upon the pavement. The Irishman's voice was gentler and sweeter than the girl's own. When he spoke of her I had often noticed O'Neil's voice; it had a clear, deep ring in it, a capacity for pathos which belonged to no other pleader at the bar.

"Your mother will take Miss Grierson home with her?"

"Yes. Do you think I'd let her go back into that devil's workshop again? I'll not break the matter to her to-night. Let mother have her will to-night, codling and petting; to-morrow her head will be clear, and she'll be ready to help us. But it's a long trail you have to follow, Caldwell man; and you'll find but a feeble scent, I'm afraid."

"I have that already," I said, laughing, and bade him good-night.

As I turned down the next corner, I saw the light dim in the little office, and flash out in the cozy parlor beyond, where the young girl was, doubtless, gaining from the Irishwoman and her son, a new insight into the depth of trouble, and kindness, and comfort there was in the world.

I have, I think, gone far enough in my narrative. The conduct of the case had passed into O'Neil's hands; whatever work I did afterward was under his control.

## CHAPTER X.

Six weeks later, a woman sat by the window of a prison-cell, trying to catch the cold breath of an early March morning. Above the court, which the grim, gray walls of the jail shut in, lay a patch of space, which was all that she could see, a square frame-work of stone, beyond which rose the clear, free air, freshening, yellowing with the early warmth of spring. The cell was narrow and oblong; the stone walls and floor clean, but damp. The air made the boy that sat on her knee shiver now and then. She sang some silly song to him; told him some old

story of Indians, or wolves; and when he fell asleep, with many an uneasy motion and restless sigh, laid him on a wooden bench beside her, where she could watch the ugly, honest little face. The clock in a neighboring steeple struck eight. In an hour she would go out to her trial—her trial! Yet the words seemed to have no meaning for Berenice Van Epp; she sat erect and unbending, her straight-lined figure, in its brown dress, and stern, reticent face, brought into sharp relief by the dim light of a barred window.

The story she had told Phil was one that an old Jersey boatman used to tell her when she was a child. She went on idly finishing it to herself, remembering the bit of burned spar on the beach where old Steve used to sit mending his seine as he talked—the low swash of the tide at their feet—the rolling purple of the farther sea.

Across two of the iron bars of the window a spider had woven its net. Even that trifle drifted back in the slow current of her thought to the old childish time, and found its place there. The dewy gossamer on the marsh-grass glittering, as she took the cows out to morning pasture; even then she had liked to note how exquisite was the work which the hideous, crawling insect had done, how compact the lines. She was a prim, silent little body even then, fancying order and quiet to be the great good of life, knowing her own home to be a hell of discord and disorder.

She had begun to force herself down into rules then. As she grew older, one model after another had risen up for her; and God knew how she had striven to bring her nature into them; to crush out every impulse and passion; to make common sense and prudence the soul of her soul. This was the end of it! Her self-confidence, her sensible, reasonable doubts of her husband had brought her to this. A little weakness, a foolish, blind trust in him might have saved her.

She thought it over (for in its bitterest stings and reproaches Mrs. Van Epp's conscience was a calm, reasoning conscience) from the moment that occurred tempting letter came to her. I do not think she felt remorse—women never do; but she grew weak and silly, as she had never been in her most childish days, with her great pain. The jailer's wife, a kind red-faced Welsh woman, had put a white hyacinth of her own, in a broken bottle, on the window-ledge. The perfume filled the cell; it seemed to belong, in her heated fancy, to a part of her that was not here—not the vile Berenice Sutphen, upon

whose clothes hung the prison damp, and whose soul was clogged with error. The pure fragrance, and the pure air, yonder, free up to heaven; and the sleeping boy; and, far-off, the little worn figure on shipboard, drifting farther and farther away from her into unknown seas; all belonged to her as she might have been; to the weak, loving woman, who broke now into sobbing, hot tears; who cried out to her husband, to her child, whose feet and hands she kissed, not for forgiveness, but for leave to die out of their sight, and be forgotten.

"I have done them nothing but harm," she said, leaning her aching head on poor Phil's shoulder, wishing he would waken and smooth her with his tender, little fat hands; thinking of the years coming for her in a closer cell than this, when her name would be the only word husband and child would never name. What other miserable fancies came to the poor woman she herself never knew. The jailer sent in his wife to bring Phil out. She found her holding the boy's head close to her breast as she sat on the floor; tears undried on the long lashes, her head fallen sideways on the chair.

"It is time you made ready," the woman said, wakening her roughly.

"I have had some sleepless nights," Mrs. Van Epp said, rising with something of her old dignity; and, bathing her face, she put on bonnet and cloak, and waited. Phil was gone, she saw—that was better; she would see him once again before—

But after the penitentiary doors closed on her, she hoped they would tell the boy his mother was dead. She never could live for him again in this life or in that beyond. And she remembered the mother she had tried to be to the boy, and shivered.

The clock struck nine. Devitt, the jailer, appeared at the door, talking to some one who stood behind him in the corridor. "In a moment, Mr. Wharton," he said; "the locks are rusty—in a moment." Then, as he opened the doors, preceded the new comer into the cell, and contrived to slip a scrap of paper into Mrs. Van Epp's hand, whispering some words which she did not understand.

She glanced at the words scrawled on it with a bewildered face, and, holding it in her hand, turned to face Wharton. Perhaps the physical strength and beauty of the man never appeared with surroundings so effective as now; coming out of the dusky gloom of the corridor, the narrow bar of light from the window striking broadly on his massive chest; the noble head

thrown back—a genial, kindly smile beaming from his face. He came toward her with outstretched hands.

“Leave the doors open, Devitt,” he cried. “They are open to you, Mrs. Van Epp, never to close again.”

She drew back coldly. “I am going to my trial.”

“No! In the name of justice, no!” with heat and agitation on his face. “Stay! Listen to me a moment! Look at this!” holding out a folded paper to her.

The sight of him seemed to have changed her, as by a blow of hardening iron, into her resolute, obstinate self.

“I am ready,” she said, to Devitt, buttoning her cloak about the throat. “For you, your cunning brought me here. But it was your nature to plan and scheme petty villainies! Stand aside! It is not my custom to reproach a dog that bites me!”

Wharton hid a smile at her impotent rage. “It is your custom,” he said, gravely, “to build too firmly on your own judgment. It will fail you oftener than you think. Knowing what I do of my conduct toward you, your petty spleen seems to me only petty and ludicrous, befitting a weak, revengeful woman, and can forgive it.”

Berenice stopped; his courage surprised and daunted her. Then there was truth in his taunts.

“Look at this paper,” he said, in the same composed tone of conscious superiority. “It is your release. I procured it for you from the magistrate who committed you. I brought testimony before him which— No matter; you are a free woman now. The door, yonder, is open to you as me.”

He stood watching her dull and puzzled face a moment, then put on his hat. “That was my errand. My work is finished. If—” he hesitated, “your welcome of me had been different, I might have claimed the privilege of an old friend to congratulate you that the trouble of your life is over. But it matters nothing. I know you, Mrs. Van Epp,” sharp and hotly. “I know that when a prejudice enters into your narrow brain, you cling to it as if God sent it, and it was not begotten of your own puerile suspicion.”

Again he had struck home; and with every coarse word, she gave him more credit for sincerity. That was his aim—it mattered nothing to him if she were friend or foe.

She took the order for release from him, and read it attentively, and gave it to Devitt, saying, “Does this warrant you in releasing me?”

“Yes, Mrs. Van Epp.”

Again her suspicious eyes read Wharton's face.

He smiled ironically. “Do you look for farther service?” he said. “I spent labor and means to push your claims through the courts. I did it for Olive's sake. She owed you a debt, if not of kindness, a debt which money could not pay. I would have wiped it out if I could; now, when your own guilt has brought you here, I have saved you from the penitentiary. I did that for Olive, too. Your disgrace was, in a measure, hers.”

“That sounds plausible,” muttered Mrs. Van Epp.

“Did you think it was for you I was working? Nat Wharton is no philanthropist,” with a bitter laugh.

The weak, childish woman of an hour ago was gone; her brain had been drowsy then, beaten with pain until nothing was real to her but some miserable fantastic fragments of remembrances. We all know what that is; too much pain will have the effect, or too much medicine—over-work soonest of all. Now either the sleep had brought back the tone to her mind, or, the danger being new, roused a different set of emotions and faculties; but it was a wakeful, keen, defiant woman with whom Wharton had to deal.

“I am to go out free, unsuspected?” still regarding the paper, as if to find a flaw. He could not tell how madly the blood was throbbing against her temples, as she peered closely at it. A free woman! To go back to John—to her boy!

“Free,” he said, drily, “but scarcely unsuspected. The proof, you know. You cannot hope to clear it without counter proof. You are a shrewd woman, and know the world. Damned spots like this on your record, nobody tries to wash out with charity or perfumes of Arabia. Counter proof might have done much if you had been brought to trial; but if you had no defence.”

She was silent, holding the paper still close to her eyes; he could not see her face.

“One other thing would have been more effectual,” in his cool, probing tone. “I, godless wretch as I am, believe that innocence always triumphs in the end.”

A shudder crept over her. “If I go out,” she said, at last, not replying to him directly, “all I gain is leave to breathe outside air. I am condemned all the same; the guilt will rest as heavily on John, on my boy,” crumpling up the paper in shaking, unconscious fingers.



Wharton paused before answering; her words had irritated and troubled him curiously. "My own advice would be," he said, slowly, marking the effect of his words on her narrowly, "to leave the State at once, taking your sister and child with you. Go to some place where you are unknown, and begin a new life for your boy."

"When my husband returns."

He turned his back to her suddenly, as if he caught some passing shadow at the window; it was a bird that had stooped low in its flight. He waited until it was gone before he replied. "If your husband returns, he need never know what has passed; the sale of the house and schooner will be sufficient reason for your removal from a place so painful to you. Your influence over him, you know; you can easily induce him to leave the country with you forever."

He waited anxiously for her reply, shuffling uneasily on his feet, passing his white, ringed hand nervously over his mouth.

"I will stand a trial," she said, finally.

There was a deathlike silence for a moment, the man choked once or twice, as if forcing down an oath; the ruffian and bully, that lay hid beneath the factitious polish, glared out of his smooth mask of a face and brilliant eyes. She was quiet and resolute.

"I will not accept this release; Sinnett and you shall be forced to bring me before a jury. The prison for life would be easy to bear beside this living hell of dragging on a lie, year after year, before my husband and child; a cowed, guilty woman, not knowing what moment the storm would break on us. I will stand the trial."

She held out the order of release to him. He did not take it, but leaned forward, glancing about him first as though the walls had ears.

"Look at the question on all sides," he said. "Be cool; it is worth more to you than mere life or death. There is another point of view to take. Your husband may never come back—"

He stopped, awed by the sudden pallor of her face; then went on relentlessly. "The voyage was long and perilous. You know how feeble his health was before he left you; there are unnumbered dangers that may delay his return, should he come at last; what of your boy in the interval? You willfully choose a felon's cell, leaving him unprotected and helpless, with the stain of your guilt upon him. Whether you are guilty or innocent, God and you alone know; but in either case, your condemnation is equally certain—there is no chance of escape

from a trial. I open the door for you; show you a free life to give to your boy, and you refuse it. Besides," he added, a new thought striking him, "free; there is a chance of your proving your innocence; there will be room for effort."

"There is truth in that." She paused; then, either suspecting a plot under all, or from her old habit of adhering to a resolution once formed, she repeated, "I will stand the trial; and now John Van Epp shall find his wife's fame as pure as when he left her. God does protect the innocent."

"What if I tell you, then, that your resolution comes too late?" he broke out savagely. "John Van Epp will never come back to the wife that cursed his life. I would have left it to others to break the tidings to you, if you would let me. If you are proved guilty, and sentenced, you leave your child alone."

Even he stood appalled at the quick and awful change that passed over her face; her lips moved, but refused to utter her question. It came at last in a hoarse whisper,

"Dead?"

Wharton stood irresolute; and in that moment Devitt brushed past her, going toward the door. It was but a word he spoke, but she caught it; her clasped hands fell; her whole body stiffened; terror, doubt, rage swept, by turns, over her face. She made a step toward Wharton, and caught him fiercely by the shoulder. He cowered; the reasonable, self-sufficient woman had a will and temper that could blaze in as hot and coarse a flame as his own.

"God's vengeance light on you if you deceive me!" she cried, her fingers sinking into his flesh in the extremity of her passion. "To cheat me with a story of his death—me, that loves him! What do you know of love?" She paused, trembling, her eyes downcast.

When she looked up, she saw beyond Wharton the little jailer standing, making energetic signs to her. She raised the slip of paper he had given her and read it, considered a moment, and then said, "I will accept the release on condition that I am taken before the magistrate who issued it, to-day. Evidence sufficient to warrant him in doing this must be sufficient to exculpate me. I must know what it is."

Wharton hesitated, stammered.

"It shall be as you wish," she said, at last. "But you doubted the truth of the tidings I brought to you. Look at this," drawing a newspaper from his pocket, and leaving the room as soon as he had placed it in her hands, the sheet turned down at a marked passage.

Devitt came up and peered under her arm, reading aloud, "The Bonne Louise gone down off Honolulu, and all on board lost.' Your husband's vessel?" he said. "Gone down? It's just as it may be. O'Neil's a keen chap; and he told me there was no soundings to the villainy of this Wharton. But it might be true; there's been a storm off them islands—here, in the next paragraph, d'ye see?"

Berenice shook him back; a stinging, physical cold penetrating her every limb; she could not comprehend this irritating swarm of troubles that closed about her. The world seemed intent on angering her. What was this they said about John? She was not quite herself, she thought. John? The Bonne Louise? That was his ship; he was coming home in August—and she must come before him free from stain. She was going now to clear herself; her head ached, her eyes grew numb with sudden cold. She closed them, staggered, muttering something about the magistrate.

When she recovered consciousness, she was in a shabby carriage, driving rapidly through the streets, Wharton seated opposite to her.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE carriage turned at last into a narrow lane; one of those dingy outlets on which the great houses that flaunt their gaudy face-trimmings on the fashionable pave, turn their backs contemptuously, insulting them with rows of gaping rents of cellar-ways, and slip-shod, unpainted doors. Before one of the dingiest offices of the dingy square, Wharton drew the check-rein, and alighting, led her up one or two wooden steps, and, pushing open a door that stood half ajar, motioned her to enter.

It was a small room, with the usual complement of high office desks; a table covered with green baize; a plaster bust of Clay, covered with dust, on the mantle-shelf, some yellow envelopes stuck behind it; a meager array of law books scattered through a huge book-case; two or three arm-chairs, with scuffed morocco covers, in one of which Pettibone, the magistrate, dozed over the evening paper and a segar that had gone out. One or two other men, whom Wharton did not know, sat about the office on chairs tilted back against the wall, rousing themselves eagerly when the newcomers entered, as though tired of waiting. Wharton glanced at them impatiently; then, pressing forward in advance of Mrs. Van Epp, said testily, "The business of this lady with you is private, Mr. Pettibone. You may surmise it."

The old man pushed back his rusty wig, which was in danger of covering his eyes, took off his spectacles and slowly rubbed them. "Mrs. Van Epp? Dear me! Yes, I surmise, Mr. Wharton; in fact, I know all about it. You, young Roberts, hand her a chair, and then step into the back room. Let Mr. Wharton finish his business, and then we will hear your case. In the back room; yes, gentlemen—thank you," as the other men rose and went out through a door half panel and half glass, leaving it ajar.

Pettibone had slowly droned out all he said through a pair of snuff-stained, thick lips, adjusting the ends of a brown gingham neck-tye as he spoke, but keeping a lynx-like scrutiny on Wharton and his prisoner from under his shaggy gray brows.

Wharton placed her chair by the table, drew his own up closely. Berenice seated herself, and laid the release before Pettibone. She moved stiffly, as if her legs were cramped, moistened her dry lips frequently, spoke with a harsh, constrained voice, every sign indicating the nervous tension to which mind and body were drawn.

"I want to understand why you signed this," she said, sharply. "I do not choose to be flung into a jail, and taken out at the whim of any man. I want——"

Wharton raised his hand authoritatively. "Patience, madam. Pettibone," in a frank, off-handed manner, "let me explain why our friend uses tones so offensive, ungrateful, I might almost say, to you. She fears, and not unwisely, that the stigma of guilt, unremoved by a trial and acquittal, may cling to her, and afterward to her child. She wishes to know upon what evidence you were warranted in releasing her, in order to judge if it will carry her through a trial. I suggest," with a knowing look at him, "that it would be useful to Mrs. Van Epp to hear the evidence against her, also, summed up. Do I state your wishes correctly?"

She bowed mechanically.

"The report of the loss of the Bonne Louise," pursued Wharton, fluently, "I have communicated to her, knowing that to a clear-headed, practical woman like our friend, it would have its effect in determining her resolution."

"Faith, you've a ready tongue of your own, young man," grunted Pettibone, leisurely mending a quill pen. "Ye drive pell-mell over grave-stones in your talk as if they were boulders. But to business!" suddenly rousing himself, sitting erect, facing Berenice. "Ye'd like to hear the evidence on which you were arrested. Here it is in a nutshell.

"The bond stolen from the house where you were boarding was supposed to be taken by an agent of Wardell's. A letter from him was found in your possession, offering you a certain sum to procure the paper. It was known how necessary it was to you to obtain this money. The temptation has its weight, in determining the probable guilt of a party. In addition to this, you were followed from the post-office to Sinnett's, the first mail-night after the robbery. The letter deposited by you was found to be an acknowledgment of the abstraction of the bond, intimating that you would hold it in your own possession. A part of the torn warrant was found in your chamber, and——"

"You need go no farther!" said Berry, letting her head fall, and covering it with her arms. "No farther!"

"You never had heard the details of the evidence against you?" said the magistrate, compassionately.

She made no answer. After a few minutes, she threw back her head, gasping for breath. "I'm tired!" the men heard her say, as they bent forward, seeing her lips move. "I want John—John!"

Pettibone pushed her back in her chair, leaning her head against the back of it, gently enough. "Poor wretch! She'll cry loud to reach John, where he lies," he said. "This play's been nearly too much for her."

"Well, what now?" said Wharton, impatiently. "This woman is almost insensible. My best plan would be to remove her from the city immediately. I have personal reasons, I acknowledge," he added, perceiving Pettibone's doubtful look. "I married into her family, you know that. I have no mind that my wife shall be brought to shame by the bruited about of this story. I wish to smuggle her out of the town as soon as possible, and hush this miserable business, if it is not too late."

"I understand; a very natural desire in you; but—— You shall be gratified in what you have asked," he said, turning abruptly to Mrs. Van Epp, who had tried to raise her head, a weak change passing over her features. "You shall hear the evidence, which, if you choose to bring the matter to trial, will be your defence."

"This is sheer absurdity, paltering with time," Wharton broke in, roughly. "I am in no mood to humor the whims of a guilty woman, who ought to thank God and me that she has escaped the penitentiary. Come! I will take you to Phil," putting his hand on her sleeve. She rose mechanically.

"Stop, Mr. Wharton." Pettibone's voice assumed a different tone here. "She shall be satisfied, as I said. Ah! here is Sinnett! I sent for him, that he also should be convinced that justice was done him in the matter."

"Which was quite unnecessary, my dear sir," said the little doctor, rubbing his hands as he entered the room. "I am satisfied to have the woman released upon the evidence submitted to me by Wharton."

"Who does not know the half of it. Sit down, gentlemen—sit down. We will be through with this matter in a trice; but we will proceed according to order. Robert's business is one with this."

He went to the back door and pushed it open, saying something in a low voice. Half a dozen people followed him in, two of whom, women, went up to Berenice Van Epp, bent over her and soothed her, standing between her and the others, that she should not hear what was said.

Sinnett glanced sharply around the room; at Pettibone, who had assumed his chair with a magisterial air; at O'Neil, who stood leaning against the window-frame, playing with his watch-chain, his face and whiskers more redly defiant than ever; but, last of all, his eyes fell on a tall, broad-shouldered man, with gray hair, hook-nose, and wearing spectacles, out of which looked a pair of unusually quiet, slow eyes, totally divorced of meaning.

He made a step nervously toward him. "Caldwell? Yes. I understand Caldwell was my principal witness. But there was no need of your presence now, my good fellow. I have allowed the whole business to go by default. Mrs. Van Epp——"

"I am here at Mr. Robert's instance," said the man, with a furtive smile, purposely made visible.

Sinnett glanced from side to side with the half fierce, half cowed look of a cur driven to a corner; then, catching Wharton's cool look of warning, dropped suddenly into a seat, put his rattle to his lips, and looked carelessly out of the window.

"Ready, Mr. O'Neil," said Pettibone; "let us hear what testimony you have to support this strange story which you tell me."

The Irishman had fallen into his ordinary lazy swagger.

"Ye'll hear me friend, Burkitt, thin," with an utter abandonment of brogue. "On with you, Burkitt, me maa."

Burkitt, a sharp, red-headed young fellow, in brown clothes of country make, stood up, the better to enforce his words, and told, in a jerky,

shrill voice, that he was clerk of the county court in Berks. That, in the term of that court just past, a suit had been brought in the name of Berenice Van Epp, by her attorney, Nathaniel Wharton, for property in said Berks county, assessed at the value of fifty thousand dollars. Burkitt proceeded to give the description of the property, which consisted of different parcels of ground, two houses in the town of Reading, a mill, etc. It had originally belonged to the great grandfather of Berenice Sutphen, and by him left in trust to one Andrew Meyers, for the payment of debts of Sutphen's; when said debts should be paid, the property was to revert to his heirs. It had, however, remained, unclaimed, in the possession of the son and grandson of Meyers. Burkitt produced the record of the court to prove that the suit had been gained by Wharton; testified also to the power of attorney shown by him, and signed by Mrs. Van Epp, in which exclusive right was given to him to conduct the case, receive possession of the property, in trust for Mrs. Van Epp. Burkitt stopped at a nod from Wharton.

John Starr, high sheriff of Berks county,

being called, gave corroborative testimony; adding, that the assessed value of the land was as stated, but that owing to the undeveloped mineral resources of two of the tracts, its saleable value was much higher.

When this witness, who was a purple-faced, pompous, plump politician, was winding up one of his rounded sentences, Wharton started forward, nodding, apparently, to some one passing on the street, and begged Pettibone's indulgence until he attended to some important business, for which a moment would suffice. The magistrate said nothing, stared blankly, rubbed his thick fingers across his snuff-stained chin and mouth, and Wharton turned to the door.

Caldwell touched him lightly on the shoulder as he passed, facing him with his ordinary stolid, impregnable countenance; but Wharton cowered, shivering at the touch, and shrank down into a chair.

O'Neil watched him. "We'll trouble you for your company a bit longer, Mr. Wharton," with a smothered laugh. And he began rubbing his big-ringed hands softly together.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## JUST SEVENTEEN TO-DAY.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Just seventeen to-day, my love;  
Just seventeen to-day;  
And life to thee seems bright, fair one,  
For thou art young and gay.

The turmoil and the clashing din  
Of battle-fields of strife,  
Have never brought a message that  
Could shadow thy young life.

Around thy gentle path, sweet flowers  
Are always springing up;  
And thou hast never known the draught  
Of sorrow's bitter cup.

Life, like some sweet and pleasant dream,  
Beguiles thee day by day;  
And adds fresh roses to thy cheek,  
And makes thy heart more gay.

And thou art dreaming of the days  
That soon will come again—  
The Summer days of joy and love,  
With all their gladsome train.

And, oh! may each returning year  
Still find thee bright and gay;  
As young in heart, if not in form,  
As thou art, love, to-day.

## AT LAST!

BY LINA SPENCER.

ONLY a form of clay—  
The immortal spirit fled;  
Earth's fever passed away;  
Leave her! She is dead,  
At last!

Only a vacant chair  
For us, a lonely hearth;  
For her, a crown to wear—  
The new, immortal birth,  
At last!

The toil and strife are done;  
The weary struggle o'er;  
The victory is won—  
The rest forevermore,  
At last!

Beneath a grassy mound—  
A little burial sod;  
Above, an angel crowned—  
A spirit with its God,  
At last!

## MY LOST TREASURE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I REACHED the spot soon after the accident occurred. Oh! such a terrible scene!

A long train of passenger-cars had been swept over the steep embankment, and lay piled in horrible chaos in the ravine below.

I can give you no idea of it to this day. I can never think of it without that terrible feeling which seizes us in nightmare; when every bodily faculty is powerless, and the mind only grasps more vividly each particular of the vision from the icy torpor which locks the physical frame.

The shrieks of the wounded and dying; the mangled bodies released from among the broken timbers, and born in ghastly procession up the hill; shapes crushed and distorted out of every semblance of humanity, still quivering and agonized with life; faces calm, as if in sleep, marred by no appearance of injury, yet mercifully struck on the instant to senseless clay—mad confusion—the insane rushing to and fro—the unutterable realization of human helplessness; and the blue of the mid-summer sky bending over all, but human eyes, blind to the angels that passed to and fro, and conscious only of the agony and wreck down here, where we crouch in our impotency and pain.

I had done what I could. I am not a physically courageous man, but with my slow acting intellect, a sudden misfortune does not overwhelm me as it often does those of acute and brilliant powers.

I cannot tell how long it lasted—that dreadful work. I know the hotels and nearest houses were opened to the woeful processions; an extra train carried on such as were uninjured or could bear removal; and a dull, awful quiet crept over the place, that was almost more terrible than the confusion of the past hours.

They were carrying past me a man lying senseless in the arms of those who bore him. The face was turned toward me—the pale face, from which the dusky gold hair fell back like a rich setting to some picture of sleep; and with the first glance I recognized Laurence Grey.

I was too stunned by all the suffering I had witnessed to feel any sharp sensation either of surprise or pain. I followed the men up to the hotel! I brought one of the surgeons to examine him; and when they told me that he

could be taken away, I made ready to have him moved at once to my house.

It was not a long drive; we lived down the lake road, just where the avenue of elms parted and gave a sudden view of the beautiful sheet of water nestled in among the lofty hills. Our little cottage was set in the foreground, so embowered among the vines and flowers so beloved by wrens and thrushes, that I used to tell Alice I believed they considered it a mammoth birds'-nest settled in the sunshine for their express benefit.

I hurried into the house to prepare the little wife for that which was coming. News of the accident had reached her already; and her white face could not grow whiter when I explained to her what I had done.

She knew Laurence Grey's name. She had heard me speak of him; not often, perhaps, for he had gone so far out of my life, that a silence had grown over his memory in my heart, although he had never ceased to have a place there, as a man might remember some glorious star which he had seen years before in tropical skies.

There he was in my house; everything that was possible had been done. Now we could only wait to see, when the sudden shock that had stunned his faculties wore off, whether any vital injury had touched the life that had always been so strong and vigorous in that beautiful frame. It is so brief a story that I may stop to tell it here, how I had known and loved Laurence Grey.

Years before, when I was a dull school-boy, he had been sent to the same quiet place. The very first day of his arrival, when we were in bathing, he, with his usual recklessness, miscalculated his strength, and we saw him struggling in the deep water far beyond our reach.

God let me save him; and from that day I felt as if Lawrence was mine—a special gift to my odd life. I loved him as we can only love those whom we have been able in any way to aid; and I admired and wondered at him, as I can imagine some ugly, commonplace pony, meant for the uses of every-day life, might at some wild Arab steed of the desert, in all the pride of his untameable strength.

The years passed, and out in the world the

bonds that joined us did not seem to weaken. He had such a brilliant career—no wonder he grew spoiled; rich, handsome, with so many and such varied talents. Dear Laurence, I could always understand and feel the tenderest sympathy, even when he went the most astray.

Other people might call him hardened and wicked. I knew better! I pitied him for the excitable temperament, the mad heart, the untamed imagination, that drove him into wrong. He showed me, unconsciously, the best side of his nature. He took my lectures patiently, or laughed me out of my gravity. But it is of no use, I can never make you understand what a wonderful power he had of winning love and friendship. I felt always certain that his faults would wear gradually away.

I knew that at heart he did not believe half the theories in which he indulged—the appearance of hardness and unbelief. No, no! I trusted him.

You may say what you like, but beauty is a wonderful gift; and it is almost impossible for any of us to believe that such perfection of form and feature can hide mental deformity and spiritual unsightliness.

Then the exigencies of life parted us; and for years we had not met. Laurence had been a wanderer in foreign climes, petted and worshipped wherever he turned; winning fame, and sunning himself in a golden sea of prosperity. That was nearly all I knew.

My life had been very different. I was past thirty now; and the years which carried me away from my youth, had not been easy ones.

Perhaps I had known my dreams, too—the thirst for ambition and wealth. But there were other paths shown me—work to be done—dear ones to be shielded and protected; and I was helped to do it.

Those days were over—the poor, ailing, second mother, and her younglings, had gone into the other life. But long before they went, I had been able to earn their love; to teach them in the sudden wreck of fortune which swept over them, when they seemed so secure in the possession of that wealth for which the poor mother had thrust herself between my father and me, that I wished, indeed, to forget all harshness and wrong, and lead them by the hand down toward the eternal gates, where the husband and parent, who had loved them so, waited to take them to his arms again.

Then I met my Alice; and, as one in a dream, I reached forth to grasp the bewildering happiness that streamed like the sudden glories of an Eastern morning upon my solitary life.

I had not known her long. I was enabled soon to take her from those who were not fit to appreciate her worth; who had wasted the orphan's wealth among them, and clouded her youth so darkly.

We came to the little cottage to live—and heaven opened to me. I do not speak irreverently. I can employ no lighter words to portray the bliss of that year—my year of roses, when the blossoms of Eden clustered in living sunshine over my heart.

My Alice, my idol, my all! So shy and reticent! Ill in body and mind when I took her home, growing into new health and beauty day by day, like a glorious passion-flower opening to to the light.

It had all been so sudden. The suffering of her life had so quickly forced me out of my reticence, I was obliged to stretch out my arms and snatch her to their shelter; and she came so confidently, so wearily, like a wounded bird that nestles, unscared, in the hand that offers to protect it.

A new and strange delight to grow into her acquaintance; to see the dew upon the flower, and know that it was mine; to peep cautiously deeper and deeper into her heart, and read one of its crimson leaves daily with fresh wonder and pride.

A year of unutterable content! I never asked if she loved me; all I wanted for her was perfect peace and rest, upon my very soul—and she was at rest; that I knew and felt. Oh, my Alice!

But this is of what had gone before; and now I reach the present again.

There Laurence lay, in that deathlike stillness; and we were all too busy for many words with one another—too busy, even when there was nothing to be done, but sit and watch in utter quiet—you know the feeling.

For days after, when the fever set in, every moment of my leisure time was occupied; and I could only steal opportunity enough to make Alice rest, forbidding her to share my vigils; and she was going about so pale, and with the old scared look coming back into her eyes, which had so brightened and cleared in the sunshine of the past months.

It was such pleasure to me that my profession enabled me to care for him myself. There was not muffled sickness in the neighborhood at that time, so I could devote myself to him.

I had been absent for several hours, and Alice met me as I entered the house, to tell me that he had awakened conscious.

She was a good deal excited—she had so shared my suffering.

"I have made him understand everything," she said; "he is much stronger than you would expect."

She was so pale and troubled, I had not much leisure to notice, I was so anxious about Laurence. Once, on the way to his room, she caught my hand suddenly—

"Robert!"

"Yes, Blossom."

She did not finish, and drew me on.

"What did you want to say, dear?"

"Nothing—I forget. I believe I am quite dazed! You go in and see Mr. Grey."

She went to her own room, and I went to meet Laurence.

After that he grew rapidly better. I should need a volume to tell you how charming his convalescence was. His mind only seemed rendered more acute by his physical weakness; and there was a charm about that very feebleness which no other man, I think, ever possessed—a childishness that suited him so beautifully, and only drew me closer to him, with the old protecting feeling come back in full force.

"You delightful old Robert," he said, the first day he was able to be helped down stairs, into what Alice called the summer-room; "you are bound to do me good till I hate you: always saving my life, and being guilty of every species of abomination."

How we laughed—how glad I was.

"Now sit here," he said, with the old imperiousness; "and Alice, too. I may call her Alice, mayn't I, Robert?"

"You shall be punished if you dare to call her anything else," I said.

"Such an old tyrant! Why, Alice, he is worse than ever."

The color had returned to Alice's cheeks. She looked better again, and all that afternoon we were so quiet and happy—just spell-bound by that creature's fascinations.

I cannot give you the details of the days which followed. There was scarcely an event, and you would think them singularly uninteresting, but to me they were only a widening of my Eden. I was going into richer sunshine with those two beings, dearest on earth, on either side.

Several weeks passed, but there was no thought of Laurence's going away.

"How I rest here," he said to me one day; "why, dear boy, all these absurd, black years seem so far off."

"I don't believe they have been altogether wasted," I answered; "you always would be unjust to yourself."

"And you always would think of me so much better than I deserved. A poor life, Robert—a wretched life! I wish I could be better. I wish I had kept near you, and maybe I'd have been different."

A worn, tired look crept over his face, which it troubled me to see.

"It's never too late, Larry——"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted; "it never would be for you. But you never will understand how different I am—such a poor, aimless creature, always drifting off on some new impulse and landing in the darkness."

I abused him heartily, and he laughed out with one of the revulsions of feeling so common with him.

"Well," he said, "it is not my fault if you won't be convinced—you will not believe how worthless I am! I tell you, Robert, I'm not to be trusted. I am capable, at times, of despising you for the very trustfulness that makes your heart so generous."

He lay silent for awhile. He had been walking a little about the garden, and flung himself on the sofa to rest when we came in, and a great many changes swept over his face as I watched him.

I knew that he was not happy. I knew, too, that much of the reason lay in himself, but I pitied him so that there was no room for blame.

"A poor, worthless creature!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Why, old boy, I've no business here—I ought to go away!"

He started up suddenly, and I pushed him back.

"Are you going this minute?" said I. "What do you mean? I believe your head's not right."

He laughed again; and just then Alice came into the room.

"This fellow talks of running away," I said. "Alice, what shall be done to him for venturing even to have such a thought?"

She looked so oddly, and smiled in so constrained a way, that when I saw Laurence looking at her, I was afraid he would get some wrong idea in his head—he was always so morbidly sensitive—that she did not enjoy this visit as much as I, and I said quickly,

"You see Alice is struck dumb by your impertinence. Tell him not to talk such nonsense for weeks yet, Blossom."

"I am sure Mr. Grey knows how much you enjoy his stay here," she said. "I don't think it needs any words to prove that."

"Nor on your part either?" I added.

Alice came round to where I was sitting and leaned on the back of my chair.

"Mrs. Olcott does not echo your remark," said Laurence, in his quick, impatient way, while a look that seemed annoyance shot over his face.

I could not bear to have him hurt, and I said, "Put your welcome in words, dear; he is such an odd, absurd fellow."

"Any friend of my husband's is welcome," Alice answered, and her voice sounded cheerful.

"Why, that's as it should be," I cried. "Now I am going to leave you two indolent people to amuse one another; my other patients begin to complain. Ally, get a book and read to him, else he'll be tiring his eyes."

So I went away to my duties; and day after day I was forced to do it more and more, for the mid-summer approached, and it seemed to me that everybody's children were determined to be as ailing and troublesome as possible; and there appeared to be more of them, too, than usual.

So I was kept very busy riding about, carrying what help and comfort I could from house to house, and often detained from home until late at night.

It made me more glad than ever to have Laurence with us, since Alice need not be left alone; and it was such a gratification to have the two beings dearest to me in the world become better acquainted.

Laurence was quite recovered now; no trace left of his illness, beyond a little pallor, which only added to the extreme beauty of his face—a beauty that would have been almost effeminate, but for the eager, restless eyes, that were weird and changing in their lights as emeralds.

The days grew into weeks; the summer deepened to its prime, and began to wane; the skies wore their deepest purple; the fields of stubble lay bronzed and golden in the sun; the air was balmy and soft; and night after night the moon hung bright and luminous over the lake, changing gradually from crescent to circle, and waxing more glorious with every change.

I was perfectly happy—surely I use the word advisedly—perfectly happy! Maybe it was wrong and wicked; maybe I made my heaven too much in that flower-crowned home, and forgot the higher heaven, which had sent me such gleams of light from its glory.

Other men talk of presentiments; omens of ill stealing over their brightest moments; warnings of the great tempest, which sleeps just below the horizon's verge, ready to burst forth in

its dread might when the culminating instant arrives.

I had none; not a whisper disturbed the fullness of my content; not a shadow, even in dreams, crept over my soul, to bid me rouse and be prepared for the earthquake.

Better so! Those highly-wrought natures, which by some mysterious power are brought nearer the intuitions of a loftier sphere than common mortals, suffer a double anguish—the anticipation and the blow. No preparation can be made; no strength can make ready the soul; and I am glad that in every crisis of my life I have, at least, been spared the frenzied horror of waiting for the stroke to fall, conscious that it cannot be obviated, so paralyzed and dumb that even a prayer cannot be reached in the darkness to bear in a ray of hope.

I came home one evening quite late; neither Alice nor Laurence were in the sitting-room. I passed through the house, and walked down the lawn toward the lake.

A thicket of laurel grew near where I had stopped for an instant to look about; through its leafy screen I saw them standing there together.

He was holding her hands fast—she making no effort to release them; her face pale and agitated in the dim light.

"If I had only told him that I knew you long before," she cried; "if I had told him the truth."

I heard the passionate answer that broke from his lips. I saw him make a movement as if to snatch her to his heart; then Alice turned and ran toward the house, and, with a smothered exclamation, Laurence disappeared down the winding path.

As she ran by me her white face was turned so that she saw me standing there. She did not pause; that one glance showed her that I had seen all, and on she rushed like a terrified ghost.

I stood there perfectly still. I cannot tell if that which I felt will seem natural, it is what was in my mind.

A terrible impulse to follow that man and trample his life out under my feet, yet with no lessening of love toward the Laurence of all those years—only to murder the man who had come between me and my heaven.

Then, if Alice cared for him. Oh! I cannot force myself to use any other word; this would only add to the darkness and misery; and even in that first moment of stupefied horror there was no thought of anger toward her; nothing but pity and tenderness, with a feeling that a



distance greater than the world's width swept between us.

I went into the house and shut myself up alone. The dawn streamed in gray and cold at the casement, and found me still watching; but I had decided upon no course—I could not tell what to do, what step to take first.

I waited there until the sun came up red and beautiful. There had been no sound that had reached my ear; perhaps I should not have heard if the whole world without had crumbled into ruins.

I rose at last and went out; the rooms were empty, with a strangely deserted look, such as a house will wear wherein a corpse is lying.

I had made up my mind then—I must see Alice. I went up stairs to her room and opened the door—it was vacant.

Mechanically I moved forward, a strange awe and horror fell upon me. It seemed to me that I should see her stretched upon the bed, cold and silent forever.

No Alice; the pillows unruffled—no sign.

Upon the table I saw a letter. It was directed to me, and there, in the chamber to which I had brought home my treasure, I stood and read these lines.

"I leave your house forever; let me pass as completely out of your life. I can write no explanation; none could change your mind after what you saw and heard.

"The only thing I can do is to relieve you of my presence. How much I have suffered during these weeks you can never know. That suffering cannot be the slightest expiation for my deceit and treachery. I feel even more deeply than you can.

"Hate and loathe me more than I do myself is out of your power. I have nothing to say. I do not know why I write, or what meaning these weak words may have.

"I only ask you to forget me. If I can pray at all to God, it shall be that His blessing may fall upon your life—your useful, noble life, which I have so utterly wrecked and destroyed.

"I am going now—going! If I might say that, even in this terrible moment, never had the dear home been so dear to me as now; if I might say that never have I loved you as I love you now—but that you could not pardon. Oh! Robert, Robert!

"If I was sure that when I am dying I could hear your voice, not uttering forgiveness, but just calling my name; if I could crouch in the darkness to hear it, not daring to look in your face, then I think I could bear whatever may come! But there is no hope. Oh! Robert—"

There was nothing more. The letter ended with the blotted syllables of my name.

I understood. He had summoned her just then—they were gone forth together.

If a world had been suddenly flung into chaos, and one blinded wretch had dropped upon this lower earth, he could as easily paint the dissolution throes of that planet as I describe to you where and what I was that day; a creature lost in the depths of Hades, bound hand and foot among the devils howling there!

I cannot tell you my life for weeks. I had no life! I was far away from that cottage home. I believe I was searching for them. I know that whatever came I must live to seek Alice, if I trod every inch of ground to the farthest confines of the globe.

It was late in the autumn. I had reached one of our great seaport towns, and lingered there. Oh! I can't tell you whether it was days or weeks.

I had wandered out of the city to some fields that stretched gray and desolate beyond the streets.

I was standing on the bank of the river that poured tumultuously down to the bay below.

I saw a little boat making toward the bank—lost sight of it as it swept under the hill; and with some mad impulse, such as often frenzied me now, I dashed down the steep and reached the spot just as the rower sprang on land.

I stood face to face with Laurence Grey!

There was a burning flame before my eyes; no sense, no act of volition—we were struggling upon the ground. I was uppermost with my hands clenched about his throat, his convulsed face looking into mine.

The hot fires separated into a myriad of burning sparks. I could see then—could think. I loosened my hands, still keeping him on the ground in a grasp which, powerful man that he was, he could no more have resisted than a child.

"Alice!" I cried. "Tell me where Alice is?"

The white face that had been defiant, courting the death which seemed inevitable with the old mocking smile, changed suddenly into wild surprise.

"Tell me where she is?" I repeated. "The world is wide enough for both; the devils will separate us far enough; but I shall save her. Alice, Alice!"

"I don't know," he gasped, for my iron fingers had left a deep, red mark upon his throat, which made utterance difficult. "I have never seen her since I left your house."

There was truth in his voice—I felt that! I

sprang up and dragged him with me, he tottering still from the effects of his fall.

"Tell me," I cried; "I am blind, mad. Alice, Alice!"

"I don't know; God is my witness! When I rushed away that night I knew that she was going to tell you all! You know it was not cowardice. You might have stood up to shoot me, and I would not have stirred; but I could see that if I went there might be peace for you, that Alice might go back to your heart——"

"She's gone—she's gone! I can't find her! Man, man! if there's any mercy in your heart, tell me the whole truth. I only know that she disappeared that night; I thought you had gone together."

"God forgive me!" he groaned; "God forgive me!"

Down he sat on the ground, and covered his face with his hands. I think a lost soul in the first moment, when his eternity of suffering bursts upon him, might crouch away from the right as he did then.

Only one thought in my mind—Alice, as much lost to him as me. Alice free from having yielded to that last temptation. Alice somewhere in the world, and I so powerless.

"My Alice, Alice!"

The cry that broke from my lips roused him. He uncovered his face and stood upright.

"Try to understand," he said; "I see how you are in the dark. Will you listen?"

There we stood in the gray light, not looking at one another, not a feeling of bitterness in my heart; nothing but a resolute will to preserve my senses while this night was cleared, and I could see where I was.

"You don't know that I had met her in Europe?" he cried.

"I heard her say that—nothing more. Tell——"

"I can't be cursed worse than I am," he interrupted. "Oh! you never would believe! I knew her there and loved her. I can't tell how much she loved me. Those people made me think lightly of her; but I never spoke a word that could startle her ear.

"After we parted, I learned how false they had been. I didn't know where she had gone. I never saw her again until I woke from my fever in your house, and she was there.

"My God! I was so wicked that I felt a great rage at having lost her. I had some letters of hers. I made her think it was best you should think us strangers; better that nothing should be said, so that no explanation would be necessary of those stories her relatives had told, for

fear she could not set herself right in your mind."

"Set herself right! Wouldn't I have believed her against all the world——"

"I know—it was all my fault! You will believe me; but it wasn't deliberate wickedness. I had no plan——"

"Go on, will you!"

"So the weeks passed, and I was madder than ever. That night I spoke. Oh! I don't know what I said; she ran away from me. Then, somehow, a gleam of right feeling came back. I hurried away, determined never to see either of you again. I meant to have written to you. I wanted you to forgive me—there! I'll fight you, if you like. You may kill me, if you like. I've done!"

"I don't want to kill you! Man, what is your life to me! I want my Alice!"

He started forward and seized my hand.

"Robert, let me help you! I'll give up my life to the search. Go one way, and I will another. I never can rest till she is found."

I did not refuse. I did not think much about him in any way; there was no room in my mind, so entirely was it filled with Alice's image.

I understood it all easily enough. She believed that after what I had seen and heard, no explanation would be possible. The reticence and cowardice which had grown out of the tyranny she endured during her girlhood, made it impossible for her to confront me with the simple truth, which ought to have been spoken long before.

Laurence Grey and I walked back to the city, and there we parted, each on his errand.

The winter passed, the spring brightened—my search had never ceased; you know what came.

In a little village, where lived an old woman who had been her nurse, Alice had found a resting-place. Oh! my poor Blossom!

As long as her strength held out she had supported herself by teaching a school of little children; as much removed from all possibility of contact with her old life as if she had gone into another planet.

I found her, weak, ill, dying, it seemed—but I found her!

There was no preparation possible; but the meeting did not kill her—that had been my only fear.

She was lying faint and helpless in my arms, but able to listen and understand when I said,

"Darling, how could you doubt me? Even if you had not loved me, I would have shielded

you; been your brother—anything! Oh, Alice! Alice!"

But she did love me. Ay, she told me so! She had been fascinated by Laurence. There had been no wrong thought in her heart beyond that useless concealment on which she insisted.

When he spoke that night, and she supposed that I had heard everything, it seemed to her overwrought mind that she was utterly guilty and lost—nothing left but flight, since she could not die.

I cannot tell how other men might have felt, there was only one possible course open to me. I took Alice away. I cherished her into health, and then with neither fear or jealousy in my heart, I continued the work of making her wholly mine, soul bound to soul in a wedlock that even death would be powerless to sever.

Did I succeed?

All these things happened years ago. We are back in that cottage-home, the voices of young children round, blithe as bird-songs through our dwelling. And Alice?

There is a face bends over me as I write—a face where, as youth steals away, a more perfect loveliness is visible; and hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart we go down toward the Eternal Gates.

My boyhood's friend—my Laurence—my record must end with our last meeting.

It was more than a year after I recovered my lost treasure, Alice and I were staying at a quiet place on the sea-shore, happy in the tranquillity of the spot, and never weary of the grand old hymns the ocean sung night and day.

There had been a fearful storm in the night. When the day dawned the sound of minute-guns broke through the deafening war of the sea.

In the gray light we were on the beach, looking out into the white surge, where a wreck reeled to and fro, like a living thing struggling in a last conscious effort against the waves.

So little possibility of help—no boat could live in that sea. We saw her reel and totter; heard the last shrieks from those hapless beings clustered on the wave-dashed deck; saw her go down, down—and the great, hungry waters crested over her in one triumphal rush.

Down on the white sand of the beach Alice and I stood, and saw the waves lifting a body nearer and nearer the shore.

One powerful sweep left it stranded on the shore. I bent down and looked at the pallid face, from which the wet hair fell back in golden masses; the worn, changed face, but with a look of peace and rest it had never worn in life.

I motioned Alice back. I sank on my knees there, not with a feeling of keen sorrow, only a sweet regret; a joy that he had gone where his soul might be free from the temptations of his mad heart. I was kneeling by Laurence Grey.

## IN MEMORY OF ———.

BY PATTY K. BAKER.

There were two eyes of kindly blue,  
That used to seek for mine;  
And when they met them leal and true,  
Their loving beams would shine.  
They wept with mine, they laughed with mine:  
A merry dance when glad;  
But, oh! what depths of tenderness  
They grew, when I was sad.

There was a mouth that gave a wealth  
Of dear, dear smiles to me;  
I basked within their light, nor thought  
If aye those smiles might be.  
Sometimes its voice wise counsel gave,  
With grave, befitting air;  
Or gayly laughed a soft reproof,  
Or breathed my name in prayer.

There was an ear attuned to mine,  
That loved each self-same song;  
The blackbird's pipe, the katydid's,  
When Autumn nights grow long.  
There every joy or grief I poured,  
And often marvelled how,  
So quick, when shared, they lighter grew;  
Alone, I bear them now.

There was a head dear, dear to me,  
With locks smooth rippling down,  
I from a pale, dead forehead have  
Some of its dark nut-brown.  
It thought for me; it planned my weal;  
Its wisdom was my guide;  
I blindly trust now, for I've braved  
The worst that can betide.

There was a heart so warm, yet brave,  
I made it my strong hold;  
No Wintry storms could reach me there,  
No earthly blast blow cold.  
I searched each nook, and found its truth;  
Its brave strength was my trust;  
Now, in my last, my mighty trial,  
I faint—my strength is dust.

There was an arm I leaned upon,  
Within this shadowy vale;  
I gloried in its might, nor dreamed  
Its time would come to fail.  
My God! My God! Why vex thou me?  
To night why turn my day?  
His answer comes. No child of mine  
Shall trust in arm of clay!

## MY SEARCH FOR A WIFE.

BY A. S. SARGENT.

"Not married yet?" said my uncle, last spring, when I went home for a week's visit.

"No, sir," I replied, with a frown and internal growl.

Pardon me for it; this question was the intolerable bore of my existence. From boyhood up I had been pestered by this matrimonial scheme in one form or another. It was desirable that I should marry. If I didn't, the family name was doomed to an untimely end. A respectable fortune which I enjoyed would, in default of heirs, go back where it came from. A bachelor uncle held over my head a house, and a comfortable income, suspended by this one condition—a wife.

These were the great inducements; not to mention the minor points, such as the increased importance, the domestic felicity, and the darned stockings of a married man. Why I wouldn't do it, was hard for my relatives to say. Girls were pretty and plenty, circumstances all favorable—how could I remain a bachelor?

To me the case was a plain one. My negative reasons were: that the family name wasn't worth preserving; that when I was dead I shouldn't care who had the fortune; that I didn't want a house with a wife in it; didn't want any more importance, nor felicity, nor darned stockings. My affirmative reasons were the various delights of freedom. I have repented, of course, or I should not dare to make these confessions. I was strongly entrenched in my position; but, after all, was only one against many, and "the continual dropping wears away the stone;" hacked, but true.

Young ladies were thrust upon me at every turn. If I grew weary of work in the city, and took a turn up home for a few days' recreation, the house was immediately besieged by some fair damsel—if nothing worse, a feminine cousin, for whom my mother had despatched a messenger the moment my valise hove in sight. My evenings were seized, and instead of solitary segars by moonlight, or long, drowsy lounges on the piazza, lulled by the monotonous songs of the tree-toads, I was martyred to a parlor full of white muslined nymphs, and obliged to dance, and entertain them; or else was forced abroad, to undergo the same with a change of parlors merely. Worse still, I was constantly

finding myself thrust into awkward situations, and embarrassing *tele-a-teles* by my solicitous mamma. If I drove her out, she made a point of calling somewhere, and leaving me in the parlor with the young lady while she investigated some compound of currants that wouldn't jelly, or showed Mrs. B— how to cut the pattern of a cap. If I rambled out into the grove, I would find the good lady, with the meritable young one, seated in an arbor. I would have to join them, and in ten minutes mother would be off on some suddenly remembered errand.

These were my country tribulations; in the city I had a constant succession of letters. "Miss So and So, a lovely girl, in whom I am greatly interested, is staying with friends at No. 123 B— Avenue, and I beg, for my sake, that you will call and make her visit in N— as pleasant as possible." Or, "Miss K. D—, daughter of my old friend Mary E—, will be in N— on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, on the five P. M. train. I have ventured to promise for you that you will meet her at the depot," etc.

Under all this I grew fairly savage, and must record, to my shame, that on one occasion a pretty school-girl, who was consigned to my tender mercies to be conveyed from the cars to Spingler, wrote home that she did not feel a bit homesick until she reached N—, and then, "Mr. Harding was so cross that he completely discouraged her."

Now I am afraid you are thinking I was some sour, old bachelor, whom nobody wanted, and that this fact was the clue to my prejudices. I plead not guilty. I did like the ladies, enjoyed and preferred their society, if they were only married. My favorite pastime was an evening with some pretty little woman in her pleasant parlor; all I asked was, that her husband should be within sight and hearing. Under those circumstances I enjoyed the quiet home evening; could be interested in the blunders of Biddy, or the trials of unexpected company. I could hold a baby comfortably, ride larger children on my foot, feed them with candy, and be complacent at their noise, and not mind much about their sticky fingers. Altogether, those who were good judges, said I was domestic in my tastes, and cut out for a family man. It must have been Yankee obstinacy that made me cling

so tenaciously to my bachelor existence. Probably, if I had been the only dependence of a widowed mother, and several small brothers and sisters, I should have had two or three wives; but I didn't like being made. I looked upon every young lady as about to attack me, and lived in a perpetual state of self-defence, ruffling my feathers like a cross, old hen at every flutter of a dainty dress, or glance of a bright eye in my direction. I grow conceited in a sense, and exceedingly disagreeable, also. But all things have an end—and so had my resistance. Worn out by ceaseless persecutions, I yielded the point, and wrote down in my diary, "It is no use; I must marry. The torment of one woman can't be worse than that of the whole race."

Making up my mind was one thing, and carrying out the plan was another. I had some thoughts of advertising; and visions of eligible matches calling "at my office between the hours of ten and twelve, A. M.," flitted through my brain. But divers considerations barred this avenue. I might have applied to my mother, but dreaded a scene, and feared her delight would result in an overwhelming one. I did not like to state the case to my married friends, lest they should laugh at me; and the unmarried ones, of course, had never secured a wife for themselves, and couldn't be expected to get me one. I trusted to luck, and luck helped me in a very commonplace way—by a letter from my mother telling the usual story.

Miss Netty C— was staying in the city. Would I call?

Luck still farther aided me by sending into my office a youthful cousin of Miss Netty, and, with great skill, I led the conversation to the fair topic.

"It is awful dull," yawned the youth.

"What!" I exclaimed. "How can that be? I thought I heard to-day that you had a lovely young lady domiciled with you."

"Who? Oh, cousin Net! She's no good."

"How ungallant, my boy."

"Nonsense! She's one of your quiet, solemn, good-for-nothing creatures, that never says 'boo to a goose.' Too slow altogether."

So, with this recommendation, I started on my pilgrimage to her shrine. Quiet—and a nonentity—next best to no wife at all. I dressed properly, and walked up town to a proper parlor, where sat a highly proper old lady, with a still more proper young one. She was small, with light hair and eyes, and a dark dress, and some very pretty fancy work in her small, thin hands.

The old lady talked very pleasantly. I liked the old lady; but she was soon called out of the room—and my time was come.

I asked the young woman how she liked N—.

She said, "Very much, indeed," and stopped.

Then I asked how my mother had been when she saw her last, and she said, "Very well, thank you;" and then blushed, apparently from a vague perception that the "thank you" was not required. Next I asked how her mother was. She said pretty well, and stopped. With a desperate plunge away from the weather, I asked whether she did not think "Rutledge" was a little like "Jane Eyre." She said yes, she did. I asked whether she preferred the winter season to the summer; she said no, she didn't.

By this time you have had enough—for I had. As soon as possible I made my escape, and rushed in upon my friend, Mrs. May, exclaiming, "Say something to me!" I wanted a quiet wife, but did not desire to make any such cowardly compromise with my bachelor existence as a marriage to this woman. I went home disgusted, and excited, too, by my first failure.

One day, in a merry mood, I told a friend of my adventure, withholding, however, my purpose in the call. He enjoyed it, and offered to introduce me to a young lady of a different stamp. You may emphasize the word *different*—I learned to.

He appointed an evening for our call; and when it came, I joined him in spite of fatigue and a headache. These discomfords could not be permitted to weigh when such great considerations were at stake; besides, the novels tell us that sweet, low voices, and gentle looks, are cures for headache, or rather for throbbing temples; which I suppose to be a worse form of the same complaint. We went. Before any one appeared, we heard a door shut violently, then a loud, ringing voice, and finally a firm step. The young lady entered. A showy girl, with black eyes and dark hair, and red cheeks; the hair elaborately rolled and waterfallled, and bedecked with ribbons of a vivid scarlet; this was my first impression. She wore a showy dress, too; a Zouave, or some other jacket, and collar and cravat, all in the detestable mannish style of the day. She acknowledged her introduction to me by a clasp of the hand, as strong and fervent as that of my best friend—took a comfortable chair near us, and talked. Such a stream! Fashions, politics, books, sentiment, were all poured forth in a loud voice, and with abundant gestures. The familiarity with which she treated me was peculiarly shocking to my nerves,

educated to fancy themselves the object of such worshipful consideration. She made plans with me, and finally commissioned me to make sundry purchases for her the next day. Meanwhile, every ringing tone, and every energetic movement went through my head like a pistol-shot. The endeavor to leave was attended by fearful peril; for she invited us to come again, and took it for granted we would do so in an overpowering manner. At last, however, we were on the steps, with our faces streetward, hearing through the closed door some one going up stairs three steps at a time, and humming a rattlely-bang tune. That girl was too much to begin on.

I next tried a musical genius—a true genius—for her clothes looked as though some one had thrown them at her, and she had caught what she could; her hair stood on end, and there were sometimes holes in her stockings. She was a fine musician, and, in spite of all defects in appearance, was usually surrounded by admirers, which fact proved an insuperable objection; for by this time the wife I was seeking had become so real a personage, that I felt able to be jealous, and wished her voice to belong to me, and not the public.

Now I decided that my ill success proceeded from the very matter-of-fact manner in which I went to work. I must be more romantic, or Cupid would never grant me the boon I craved. So I commenced to be romantic, and I assure you it is harder work than digging. I let my hair grow, wore my smoking-cap, turned down my collars, that my bodily condition might conduce thereto. Read poetry till I could not speak without rhyming, to bring my mind to the proper poise. I walked by moonlight, I sat alone and gazed into the fire. In short, I went to all ridiculous places, and did all ridiculous things, and thus far was rewarded.

One day there came into the omnibus a pretty, lady-like girl, in a bewitching street dress. My fate, of course. She kept her veil down, and I obtained only tantalizing glimpses of the fresh, young face. She dropped her handkerchief, (all orthodox so far,) I returned it, received a sweet-toned "thank you, sir;" and saw by the mark that her name was "Alice Ingersoll." She left the omnibus; so did I. It rained, but that was only the romance of it. I muddled my boots, caught a cold, lost my dinner, and had no doubt at all but that I was at last going the right way to work; in proof of it I carried home the number of her house. To it I repaired frequently in the next fortnight, making myself foot-sore by my monotonous promenade in front

of the dwelling; and to it I sent bouquets, fruit, and other trash, accompanied by very romantic little notes, which were written so readily that I began to credit myself with a latent talent for flirtation. My reward was to see her frequently at door or window; or, better yet, issuing forth and getting into a carriage, or walking down the street. If she did this last I followed her—and I followed once too often for the success of my first love affair. One day, while I was in a photograph gallery, trying to get a likeness worthy to pay a visit to her, she came in, too. My business was finished, but, of course, I did not go. On the contrary, I absorbed myself in the contemplation of a picture that hung near the sofa, where she and her friend were sitting. Her cheeks were crimsoned with the winter air; her eyes bright as the glistening snow; and her lips so red and pretty, that I was just helping myself to a dream-kiss or two, when they parted, and her pleasant voice said,

"So long as Stewart hain't got none, tain't no use to go any further. I mean to turn around and *make tracks* for home. Be you goin' in to Mirandy's?"

Oh! Did anybody ever step on your corns? Did you ever deluge yourself with castor-oil by mistake for cologne? or hit your crazy bone? or let cold water touch the exposed nerve of a tooth? If you have ever suffered all this in one breath, you may try to fancy my feelings; if not, do not dare to attempt it. When I recovered my breath I moved away, half hearing as I passed, "That's the same feller."

I went home and wrote a savage article against republican institutions. I shut myself up to my work, repenting in sack-cloth and ashes of my absurd goose-chase, and vowing renewed fealty to my solitude. Time has softened my feelings, or I should not live to tell it; but the word "shoddy" still makes me wince; and when I read fairy-tales to my little niece, I always skip that about the girl who had tons come out of her mouth when she spoke. I have, also, a habit of sneering when the efficacy of our common school system is extolled.

I pursued my wife no farther; other thoughts crowded her entirely out of my mind. I joined the army, and tried to do my part of the bitter task laid upon the nation; coming home, toward the close, with a wounded arm and side for trophies, and going to my sister's to be mended generally. With my sore self well shaken by a long railroad ride, I stood upon her door-steps, and, to my disgust, discovered that there was company in the parlor. My sister had been told to expect me two days in the future; but,

in no condition to be reasonable, I was so cross that my wounds alone saved me from being deservedly turned out-of-doors. In consideration of them, however, my sister and her husband made as many apologies as if they really outraged my rights by entertaining their friends. Alfred excused Julia in the parlor while she coaxed me to eat a refreshing supper; pillowed my arm on a sofa-cushion, and fanned me with a degree of care that really was superfluous, but so pleasant that I did not tell her so. At last she left me, and I sank back in my chair to rest, and—as it proved—to hear the following:

"Oh, girls! Have you seen him? The dear man!"

"Seen him? No. Have you?"

"I passed the door and looked in. He couldn't see me as he sat. It made my heart ache, he looked so pale and thin. To think how he has suffered! I wanted to kiss him, poor fellow!"

Now I suppose you think how lovely and sympathetic; but my thought is best expressed by the interjection, bah! It was her voice, I fancy. She had one that would have made Shakespeare sound as flat as any sonnet to the moon a school-girl ever penned. It was not harsh, but a sweet drawl, so flat and so weak, and so shallow; and thus, when it talked great things, so hypocritical. Nobody answered her rapture, and she continued it.

"It seems wicked for us to dance, and laugh, and talk so merrily with that dear soldier-boy in the house."

"Put him out, then," said a new voice. I liked that.

"Why, how naughty! And he such a hero!"

"Such a bear! That is nearer the truth. You should have heard him growl at Julia. If he should display a little of his heroic temper to you, your enthusiasm would take to itself wings."

"You're a bad, bad girl to talk so about a poor wounded soldier."

"Wounded! Nonsense! A furlough is what has wounded him, I fancy. It's fine to wear a sling, and on the strength of it get a month's lounge at home; but it is entirely too common to get excited about."

Here I thought it time to interrupt, and so called out, "John, bring me a glass of water!" There was an instant scampering and tittering. I sat up straight and could see them run; the back of the chair had hidden me. One stood her ground, and instinct told me that she was my defamer. I looked toward her, but she never flinched. The light from the room fell full on her face. It was an oval face, and rather

pale—at least she had not red cheeks. Her eyes were dark, and her mouth was beautiful; small and proud, with lips as rosy as an infant's. Our eyes met; both stood fire—hers defied me. She knew that I had overheard her comments, and her look bade me make the most of them. Then she turned and walked away.

When my sister came back she found me amiable. I insisted on her devoting herself to her guests, telling her I wanted to look on, although not able to join them. After an affectionate argument, I obtained possession of her bed-room, which was on the opposite side of the hall, and commanded an unobstructed view of the parlors. There I laid in the darkness, and enjoyed it all like a philosopher of the Epicurean school; the light, the music, the gay dresses, and graceful dances, were all mine, purified from the dross of heat, fatigue, bores, and all other miseries of participation. The young lady I had seen was the beauty of all; and I watched her at discretion, gathering up every bright look and smile, and every strain of her musical laugh with an eagerness that I had never known before. At last Alfred came and pointed out the different ones, telling their names and histories, when they happened to have any.

"That is my cousin," he said of the beauty; "my cousin, Mary M—. She is staying with us, that is why Julia had this company. You ought to be good friends, you're in the same box."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Why, she is a martyr to match-making friends, and doesn't take to it more kindly than you do."

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed, "why need she be?"

"Oh! for various family reasons that it would take forever to tell. If they had not made such a row she would have married long ago; but she doesn't come of a race that likes being made."

Then he left me, and I watched her again with the new interest of sympathy. You see how natural is the transition I am about to make. Sympathy is a species of pity, and "pity is akin to love." The next morning at breakfast, I found that not only the beauty, but the woman, also, who wanted to kiss me, were guests. I was introduced to Miss M—, and to Miss D—. This latter, at sight, proved to be of an age with which raptures are as congruous as gambols in an old cat. The breakfast was a scene of annoyances. I sat opposite the beauty, and next to Miss D—, who almost

drove me wild by her assistance in the way of buttering toast and stirring coffee. I was sensitive, as most people are, especially those who expect to recover the use of crippled limbs, and so don't feel the necessity of learning to carry it off with a high hand. I felt very like a goose under her pressing attentions, and affectionate inquiries after my health, and worshipful ones after my exploits. Meantime, the handsome face opposite me appeared to be sneering.

After breakfast I hid away from Miss D——, and all the rest. My arm needed dressing, and I sent for the surgeon, waiting for him in the library. He came at last, and proceeded to business then and there. I suggested retirement to my own room, but the hearty old doctor saw no need of it; one room was as good as another; and a handsomely bound copy of Irving's Washington just the thing to spread plasters on. Presently the doctor needed some assistance with a bandage; my own useful hand was already in his service.

"Where is your sister?" he asked.

"Gone out, I think. Ring for some one."

"Do you suppose I want a thick-headed Irisher? Here's some one. Miss Mary, I want you a moment, if you please."

Of course, a remonstrance sprang to my lips at demanding such service from a stranger, and still more because I felt that gashed and mangled limbs, and young lady nerves did not accord. But the remonstrance was checked in consideration of the doctor's inability to appreciate the case, and the certainty of calling forth a volley of rough jokes. To be candid, there was a sentiment of latent spite gratified when Miss M—— stood in the door asking, "Did you call me, sir?" I gloried in the ugly swelling and jagged edges; she should see what a furrowed wound looked like.

"Come here, my child," said the doctor, "and hold this bandage, will you?"

She came forward in a most unconcerned manner, saying simply, "How—on this side?" Very cool she meant to be, but a treacherous mirror showed a sudden change of face; her lips turned white and quivered. It was an ugly sight; the doctor was a heathen. I started, but the old man only thought I winced under his manipulations, and she only tightened her hold on the bandage. It was evident that she preferred facing the disagreeables to showing weakness—so let her do it. Her pretty fingers were so skillful, too, that the doctor made the most of them, and she was not released until all was bound up again. Then she did not accept the freedom, but lingered even behind

the doctor. I essayed some blundering thanks and apologies. The color deepened in her cheeks, and mounted her forehead till it hid itself in the shadows of her hair.

"Col. Harding," she said, firmly, though with evident embarrassment, "I want to beg your pardon for saying what you overheard last night."

I smiled. "It is my fault, not yours, Miss M——. I shouldn't have listened."

She shook her head. "I was sorry right away. Please don't judge me by those unfeeling words. I can't tell why I said such things. Only there is such an endless talk, and everybody has the same story so glibly now-a-days, that sometimes I lose sight entirely of the reality and almost think it cant. Then I say shocking things just to make people exclaim, and to get out of the beaten path."

"Indeed, I appreciate your feelings, I have experienced the same; and it seems to me that the more one really knows, or feels of the reality, the less one wishes to talk of it, and the more irritating is the stereotyped sympathy or admiration."

"I don't know what right I have to such a construction, and yet sometimes it does seem that if they felt as I do, they could not be talking it at parties, or calls, or anywhere, to anybody. But never mind, you need not try to make me out more tender-hearted than others, if you will try to believe that I was only talking at random, and was thoroughly ashamed of myself even before I saw your poor arm."

"Just let me confess now, and then we shall be more than quits. I am going to say something very ungallant and inhospitable, far worse than your remark. Do you know I experienced nothing but pleasure at hearing it; it was so gratifying to hear somebody stop that overwhelming Miss D.——"

She laughed. "You are in a fair way to excuse me, I believe. It really does please me to shock that woman, or stop her ecstasies. And yet she is very good."

"She is just the woman whose devotion I should like to test in a hospital full of wounded, bloody, and dirty soldiers. However, we won't backbite her more than is necessary for our mutual understanding. Ah! don't go. Play the good Samaritan a little longer. Don't you sing? Can't we have some music?"

You, who are experienced in such matters, can easily see that all was over with me; but I did not suspect myself. Already I had two things in common with a beautiful young lady—a common persecution, and a common dislike.



We had commenced by a little difficulty, ending with mutual explanations, which is the best foundation for a friendship; we had shared a morsel of abuse, which is, of all things, best calculated to ripen an acquaintance; and now we sat together, she at the piano, and I near it, and we sang songs together, or separately, for each other's ear; we talked of music, and then of poetry, then feelings, and—I did not suspect myself.

The knowledge of my condition came suddenly at last. After some six weeks, she went home with an acquaintance, to stay over Sunday. I watched her drive away without a dream of the discovery awaiting me. I went back into the house. What was the matter? It certainly wasn't the house I had left a few minutes before; that had been a cheerful home, full of summer sunshine and beauty; this was a place with a dinner-table set in it. Dinner was stupid—the afternoon endless. What had become of all my employments? They seemed to be there before my eyes; but when I endeavored to seize them, they vanished like the enchanted castles and fairy gems. The walks seemed romantic; but on trial proved only long. My pet books lured me, but they, too, were changed. Poetry was a jingle; prose read like statistics. Flowers would not be put into bouquets; songs would not be sung. I declare, even my pipe would not be smoked. The next day was rather worse; and when, about six o'clock in the afternoon, I found myself insanely patting and smoothing the back of her low sewing-chair, it came upon me to examine my case seriously. In half an hour I had found out the secret. I was in love; and justice compels me to add, that I sustained the shock with resignation. It was a severe attack—remember, I was not acclimated. A remedy was a pressing necessity. If two days from her so affected me, where should I be when the end of my convalescence sent me back to business for good? My handsome rooms at the — Hotel yawned upon me like horrid dens; my office seemed a rack. The extreme measure, marriage, was my only hope; and that was unattainable, for her time had not yet come, if mine had. She was as I had been two months before. My cup of retribution was full to the brim. I could fancy impish little Cupids grinning at me from all points, and chuckling over my downfall.

Miss Mary came back, and I played moth to her candle for another fortnight. My mother came to Julia's and spent a few days; so did Miss Mary's father. I know now that Julia

sent for them; she wished to cheer my mother's drooping hopes, and shift from herself the responsibility of Mary. To me their coming and going meant nothing; my mind was too shattered to put two things together.

Shortly after mother's return she sent me a box of clothes, and between the garments she slipped the following *billet-deux*.

"MY DEAR BOY.—You will be ready to call your mother an unreasonable old woman when she tells you how many tears she has shed over these clothes, thinking that other hands than hers will soon minister to your comfort. Yes, my son, although I have always urged you to marry, I must confess to being most inconsistently jealous, when last week I saw that the wish of my life was about to be granted; but that was only a moment. You make me very happy in consenting to be so yourself. Your Mary is everything we could wish for, most lovely in person and character. Forgive me for speaking to you first. Mother has not forgotten the ways of her shy boy, and is only too glad to open the path for his confessions. Moreover, dear, I wanted to tell you that I have had a long and confidential talk with Mary's father, who has a high opinion of you, and will gladly receive you as a son. We both agreed to write to our respective children, and assure you of our approbation. I must not wait to say more. Remember how much I want to hear of your joy from yourself, and write soon to your loving mother."

Such sensations as ran from the crown of my head to the end of my toes! The sentiments that I had supposed were hidden from all the world, were furnishing gossip to all mother's intimate friends. They had been seen in my face and manner as plainly as if I had been a green school-boy. The young lady would hear of it, and laugh. No she wouldn't, she was to be put in the same box, "write to our respective children." This second thought dawned just as I gave utterance to a powerful expletive or two, and crammed the letter into my pocket. We were at the tea-table.

"What is the matter?" asked Julia. "Was there an infernal machine in it?"

"Something like it," I replied, looking across the table with a face so radiant, that Albert says now, he took it for granted that my letter was from the old gentleman containing my acceptance on his part. So it did; but it was a sense of the ludicrousness of the whole performance that possessed me. I watched eagerly for her letter—the next day it came. I brought it from the post-office, and she, as was her

custom, came to the gate and took it very demurely. I walked by her side, and tried to look sober; but sobriety failed when about at the point where I had exclaimed, "Fiddlesticks!" Our eyes met, and both burst out laughing.

"Do you know what is in my letter?" she said, when she could straighten herself.

"I'm afraid I do," I replied. "Isn't it like this?" and I handed her mother's. She read it blushing, laughing, and half crying, with vexation and amusement. The last conquered. We had so often laughed together about the zealous friends to whom we were both victims, that there was nothing to do but laugh now; and the letters were absurdly alike.

"We are sadly persecuted, Miss Mary. I don't know but we shall have to marry each other in self-defence."

"You are a poor soldier, Col. Harding, if you are so soon ready for surrender."

"Soon! Haven't I fought for years?"

"Well, then, take courage; a few more will make us both so old and ugly, that even our dotting parents will not have the face to marry us any more."

"I know it. I used to look forward to that blissful period eagerly; but now I never expect to see it. I shall have to surrender—a man can do no more than he can do. Even Leonidas had

to surrender when the foe got behind as well as before him. You see it was easy enough to withstand mother; but the mischief is, I have fallen in love myself—and with her before, and my unruly heart behind, there is no help for me."

A pause.

"Miss Mary, I acknowledge humbly that I would give my other limb if mother's letter could really mean what it says, and be a fact instead of such a man-in-the-moon romance."

Her face was sober enough then—and so was mine. Just at our side was a shady walk, leading in the orthodox way, by the river bank, to an arbor. We took it—and on the way I found my wife. Just how, I shall not tell you; for I was not used to proposing, and, perhaps, did not do it according to your ideas. But the result you may see.

Next time you visit me, instead of dinner on the European plan, we will take it on the matrimonial one—a pretty dining-room, with a pretty hostess. You may feel some inward scruples about putting your boots on the center-table, and scratching matches on the wall-paper; but I am confident that I shall soon convince you what hallucinations these bachelor privileges are; and send you forth to follow, in my footsteps, up the flowery path that leads to the temple of Hymen.

## ECHO.

BY GERTIE JOHNSON.

In days of yore, when nymphs were seen,  
With forms of matchless mould,  
To gambol gayly o'er the green,  
With freedom uncontrolled.  
Their golden tresses to the breeze  
Disportively were flung;  
And fairy music o'er the seas,  
From their rich voices rung—  
Narcissus lived.

His form erect, his eye was bright,  
His step was light and gay;  
The fairest youth upon whom light  
Had shone for many a day.  
But tender thoughts no'er moved his breast;  
His heart was cased with stone;  
For when by fairy sprites carressed,  
He turned away in scorn.

At length one nymph with passion burned—  
And she Narcissus loved;  
But, ah! with chilling pride he turned—  
His heart would not be moved.  
For shame! Narcissus, cruel boy,  
To treat a fair nymph so;  
You spurn her as you would a toy;  
You fill her heart with woe.

Now day by day she pined away;  
Her step grew faint and slow;  
And sister nymphs were sad, each day  
To see her grieving so.  
That fatal wound from Cupid's dart  
No healing balm would know;  
And her, with longing, loving heart,  
Remorseless Death laid low.

Though now her bones lie ghastly white  
By lakelet's pebbly shore;  
Her voice is heard by many a wight,  
As sweet as o'er of yore.  
Still gentle Echo's spirit dwells  
In Nature's leafy groves;  
She wanders forth in shady dells,  
And silvery river coves.

Oft in the stillly night or morn,  
She answers happy swains;  
And like the Fairy's silvery horn,  
Sweet are her murmuring strains.  
Though Echo's form no more we see;  
No more her beauty praise;  
Her low, sad voice will ever be,  
As in those fabled days.

# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was the voice of a child that had struck the life from that young heart; a voice so changed and lost in anguish that it seemed to cleave its way through her whole being.

"Anna—sister Anna, come down! Our father is killed! He is dead—he is dead!"

As the last syllable trembled on the boy's lips, his sister fell upon the floor at his feet, white, cold, and insensible. He thought the news had killed her. Down he went upon his two knees, and strove to lift up her head, around which the turban gathered like a mockery.

"Oh! lift her up! Take off these things," pleaded the poor boy, lifting his agonized face to those who crowded around him. "She is dead, too! I killed her—it was me! Take them off—take them off; they look so hot and bright—she so cold. Won't she move? Try and make her look up. See how limp her hand is. Anna, Anna! Oh, sister Anna! must you go, too?"

Robert fell down by the side of his sister, shaking in all his limbs, and moaning in piteous sorrow. It did seem as if his cry had killed that fair young creature, who lay there under those rich vestments like a pure white lily in the glow of a warm sunset.

The boy lay with his arms on the floor, and his face buried on them, sobbing piteously.

The noise of his grief reached that benumbed heart. Anna moved, and lifting her arm feebly, laid it over her trembling brother. He started up with a cry, and rained tears and kisses on her face till she, too, rose up clinging to him.

"Was it you—was it you, Robert, that said it?"

"Yes, Anna! Don't cry; don't break down again. I could not help telling you; my heart was breaking. Oh! Anna, Anna! my heart is all broken up!"

Anna sat upright on the floor. Her hands wandered upward and took the hot turban from her head.

"Oh! if these things were put away—if I had my old dress on! How shall we get home, Robert, I—I am so weak!"

"Come with me," said a sweet voice—"come with me. Your dress is all ready; I will help you put it on."

It was Georgiana Halstead, whose pretty face, all anxiety and tender compassion, bent over her.

"Come with me, Anna, for I am so sorry for you."

Anna looked up piteously. "My father is dead!" she answered.

"I know—I know. There, lean on me; the dressing-room is close by."

Georgiana was crying softly as she spoke; and she wound her arm around that poor girl, supporting her tenderly as Robert followed them to the dressing-room door. Patiently, and with tears stealing down his face, the boy waited for his sister. She came out directly in her brown dress and modest bonnet.

"They want me to wait for a carriage, Robert; but I cannot—I cannot. You and I will go alone."

"No," said a voice at her elbow. "Come, both of you, I have a carriage ready."

Anna looked up, and Savage caught a glimpse of her face. It was white and quivering, like a white rose wet with rain.

"My poor child, this is terrible!" he said, folding the thin shawl around her; "but you shall not bear it alone, you have friends."

Anna gave him a grateful look through her tears, and fresh sobs broke to her lips.

"It may be possible that there is a mistake in the record," said Savage, making a desperate effort to comfort her.

Anna looked up suddenly with a gleam of light in her eyes; but her head drooped on the moment, and she answered sadly,

"I feel that he is dead! If he were alive, there would be some warmth *here*."

A carriage waited near the entrance of the fair, and young Savage lifted her in. Then he made way for Robert, and when the lad hesitated, took him up bodily and landed him on the front seat. It was a gloomy ride; few words were spoken, and those were lost in sobs.

"How can I tell her? Oh! it will kill my grandmother. He was her only son—all she had in the wide, wide world."

Savage took the two hands which Anna clasped in her lap, and pressed them between his.

"Shall I tell her for you?" he said, gently.

"No; that would be cruel."

"I—I will do it," sobbed Robert, who was huddled up in a corner of the carriage. "It is my place, for I am all the man left to take care of her. When there is anything hard to do, I must do it; and I will."

"That is a brave boy," said Savage.

"No, sir, I'm not brave. I tremble all over at the thought of telling her; but I'll do it," sobbed the boy. "Poor little Joseph, too; how he will feel when he knows how it is. Oh, sir! you'd be sorry for little Joseph, if you knew how miserable this will make him. He won't eat a morsel for days and days. He's so delicate—Joseph is—like a girl."

"Yes, Robert, I can understand that," said Savage. It is all very pitiful; but, remember, your father died for his country!"

"Oh! I wish it had been me—I wish it had been me," cried the boy, with a fresh outburst of grief.

They were at the door now, close by the gloomy entrance of that tenement-house, which was darker than ever to those unhappy young creatures. Savage went with them to the door. There he hesitated, reluctant to leave them. He feared to intrude on their grief.

"Shall I bid you good-night?" he said, addressing Robert rather than Anna.

"Let us go up alone," said the boy, shivering. "Good-night, sir; Anna and I had better go up alone. We thank you all the same."

Young Savage watched them sadly as they went up the dark stair-case, hand-in-hand, slowly and mournfully, like criminals mounting a gallows. The young man's heart went with them every step; and he returned home with strange tenderness brooding in all his thoughts.

Up one flight of stairs after another those two young creatures crept, pausing more than once to cling together and comfort each other. At last they reached the door of their room, and stood there breathless without daring to turn the latch. A glow of light came through the crevices, and they could hear the childish voice of little Joseph chatting to his grandmother with unusual glee.

"Hark! I think I hear 'em; something stirred outside," they heard him saying. "I'll open the door—I'll open the door."

They heard the quick patter of his feet coming that way, and turned the latch.

"There, didn't I say so? Here they are!

Look, Anna! look at grandma in her new shawl. I made her put it on; and the cap, too. Isn't she grand? Isn't she just the handsomest, darlinest old grandma——"

"Joseph, dear," said the old lady, "hush! hush! or we'll never let you go out again."

"But isn't she splendid?" cried the boy; "and just look at me. A pocket here, and here, in the trousers, too; bright buttons everywhere. Oh! how I love that old man! Why, we've got a pint of peanuts left! Don't she look like a lady?"

It was, indeed, a bright contrast from the dark stair-case, and from the usual gloom of the apartment. Joseph had lighted two tallow-candles, and kindled a good fire, by which he had been a full hour admiring his grandmother, who had the soft worsted shawl over her shoulders, and a cap of delicate lace on her head. She did, in truth, look like a lady, every inch of her.

Joseph, also, was resplendent in his new clothes; the very buttons seemed to illuminate the poverty of the room with gleams of gold.

"I tell you what we'll do," said the happy child, pointing to his old garments piled on a chair, with the frontless cap lying on the top. "We'll give those things to some poor boy that hasn't got friends to take him to fairs and put him in pictures, like us. We mustn't be mean, if we are rich."

Robert went away to a corner of the room, and pretended to be very busy untying the bundle which held his own old clothes; but his hands shook so violently that he gave it up, and stood looking mournfully at his grandmother, with no heart to speak.

Anna was a long time in taking off her shawl and bonnet. She was afraid of revealing the sorrow that seemed to have turned her face into marble. Robert saw how she shrank away and shivered when those kind old eyes were turned upon her. He was, in truth, a brave boy, even with that terrible sense of desolation upon him. Lifting up his young head, and choking back the sobs that swelled in his throat, he went up to that dear old woman.

"Grandmother," he said, laying one hand on her shoulder, and bending his face to meet her startled glance, for his voice troubled her, "grandmother, let me put my arms around you and lay your head on my shoulder. It reaches high enough. I am almost a man now. Let me kiss you, grandmother."

She lifted up her sweet, old face, and the boy kissed it, his lips quivering all the time.

"Grandmother!"

"Well, darling!"

"Grandmother!"

"What is the matter, Robert? This has been such a pleasant night; but you seem troubled—what is it?"

The boy fell down upon his knees, and cried out in a wild burst of grief. "Oh, Anna, Anna! tell her that our father is killed! I cannot do it. Oh, I cannot!"

Anna came forward and fell on her knees by his side; but she said nothing, the mournful truth had struck home in the passionate words which Robert had uttered. The old woman clasped her withered hands quickly, and held them a moment locked and still. Then her head fell back, her meek eyes closed, and two great tears broke from under the lashes, and quivered away among the wrinkles on her cheeks. Her lips moved faintly; and the children, who knelt with their awe-stricken faces lifted piteously to hers, knew that she was praying.

Little Joseph crept close to his grandmother and stole his arm around her neck. She bent down her head and rested it against his, praying still.

Never, in this world, was grief so intense, and yet so noiseless. At last the old woman unlocked her hands, and laid them on the young heads bowed before her.

"Children," she said, in her meek, low voice, "God knows best what is good for us."

"Oh, grandmother!" cried Robert, "shall we ever see him again?"

"All—all; and I very soon," answered the old lady.

"Oh, grandma! don't talk so; we could not live without you," said Anna, in a burst of tender grief.

"Remember, my darlings, when death divides a family, it is not forever. How lonely it would be if no one we love were on the other side of the grave to meet us when we go there."

"All the brave soldiers that died on that battle-field will bear him company," said Robert.

"And mother—will she be there to meet him?" said little Joseph, in a low voice. "I remember her so well!"

Anna lifted her face from the grandmother's lap, and, reaching up her lips, kissed the child.

"Yes, Joseph, dear, they are together now. It is only their poor children who are lonely."

"And grandmother!" said Joseph.

"Grandmother can live or die, as God wills," answered that meek, old woman. "Here, she has three dear, dear grandchildren. There, she has them."

The children had almost stopped weeping. There was something almost holy in the calm of that gentle woman's grief that subdued theirs into sadness.

"He died for his country!" said Robert, with a gleam of pride. "Died bravely, I know."

"How glad mother must have been when he came," whispered Joseph. "I wonder if they thought of us."

"They will never cease thinking of us, darlings," said Anna. "God help us! we are not alone. Thousands of helpless children are made orphans with us, all mourning as we do."

"Oh! how sorry I am for them!" cried Robert. "Some may be little babies, with no brother that can do things to take care of them. You are better off than that, grandmother."

"I dare say a great many are in a worse condition than we are, child. Some have no friends. Let us be thankful and patient."

"Yes, grandmother, we will."

"Now go to bed, boys, and try to sleep,"

"May we say our prayers here—the closet is so dark?"

"Yes, dear!"

"Will he know it? Will he hear us?" whispered Joseph.

"Yes, darling, I think so; I am sure of it."

"That is almost like having him here," was the gentle answer.

"He is here," said Anna, smiling through her tears, "my heart is so still and quiet. It seems as if a dove were brooding over it."

## CHAPTER VII.

Two young men sat in the parlor of the Continental. It was after dark, and the chandelier was lighted over a small, round dinner-table, spread elaborately, at which the two young men had just completed a sumptuous repast.

They had both taken segars, as a luxurious conclusion to the meal; and, leaning back in the coziest of Turkish chairs, were chatting socially together, while clouds of thin purplish smoke curled and eddied lazily over the rich confusion of the table, where fruit glowing in silver baskets; claret-jugs cut into sharp ridges of light like splintered ice; tiny glasses, amber-hued, green, or ruby-red, half full of rich wines from many a choice vintage, were crowded close and huddled together like jewels on a queen's toilet. Here and there the glossy whiteness of the table-cloth was stained, like a map, with a little sea of pink champagne, or oceans of claret, proving that there had been some unsteadiness of the hand at the latter portion of

the banquet. Indeed, the cheeks of these two young men were hotly flushed with scarlet, which glowed through the smoke as it curled from their lips.

"So you are at last taken in and done for?" said one of the men, flirting the ashes from his segar with a little finger, on which a small diamond glittered like a spark of fire. "I don't believe you are in earnest yet, and shan't till you've slept on it at least forty-eight hours. What kind of an angel is she—blonde, or brunette, *petite*, or queenly?"

"No matter about that, Ward. I have no taste for showing up a woman's points as if she were a race-horse. She is beautiful, and that should satisfy you."

"But who is she?"

"That is the question. She is somebody that Madam Savage chooses to patronize without deigning to make explanations."

"Did she introduce you?"

"Why, hardly. She just named us to each other, and hurried us off into a tableau, where I found myself kneeling to one of the loveliest creatures you ever saw, whose duty it was to scorn and avoid me with a tragic threat of throwing herself down a battlement of paste-board at least six feet from the floor. Upon my soul, Ward, she was so beautiful in that position that I could have knelt forever, just to keep her in that one graceful pose; but in the midst of my enchantment away she plunged over the battlement, breaking up the picture in a twinkling, and leaving me on my knees startled out of my wits. The curtain fell, and all was confusion for a time. Before I could get out of the darkness, the girl was gone. I waited half an hour about the scene, hoping that she would appear again. She did come at last, but young Savage was with her, looking confoundedly handsome and tender. I could have knocked the fellow down with a will."

"Did you see where they went?"

"Into a carriage—the madam's own carriage—no hack. There was a boy with them, too."

"That looks respectable."

"But her dress, when she came out, was poor; a brown merino, or something of that sort, with a straw bonnet, pretty, but out of fashion."

"And you wish to know something of this girl?"

"I will know something of her."

"Why not ask Savage?"

"I tell you, the fellow loves her himself. I saw it in his eyes, as he looked under that outre little bonnet."

"And you?"

"Don't question me in that way, Ward. Of course, I'm deucedly in love with her. You must find her out for me by some means."

"That would be easy, if I were intimate with Mrs. Savage's coachman. He would, of course, know where he drove the party."

"Well, get intimate with the fellow."

"I will think about it; but now to other business. You haven't a check for a thousand about you—or two five hundred notes in greenbacks? That was about the amount of your losses the other night."

"What, was it so much? I had no idea of it. No, my bank account has run down to nothing; and as for ready money, I dare not trust myself with it. This filmy paper is so handy to light segars with. One does that sort of thing occasionally. I did the other night. But I'll tell you what, Ward, instead of paying you the thousand, I'll introduce you to a fellow that's throwing away his money like wild-fire, thousands on thousands in a week. One of those petroleum chaps, with wells that gush up fortunes in a day."

"And what is the fellow doing here?"

"Spending his money."

"Thank you for the offer of an introduction; but, Gould, upon my word, I am in want of ready money."

"My dear fellow, so I am."

"I must have it!"

"Indeed, I hope you will not be disappointed."

Gould leaned back as he spoke, rested his head on the crimson curve of his cozy chair, and emitted a soft curl of smoke from his finely-out lips.

"Now, Gould, this is too bad," said Ward, impatiently. "Remember, this is a debt of honor."

"Can't help it, my dear fellow! Haven't got ready cash enough to pay for these segars; to say nothing of the wine, and so forth, that a fellow must have."

"But there is your uncle. He refuses you nothing."

"Hark! that is his step; speak of— Ah! my dear uncle, I am so glad to see you. Called at the house this morning, but you were out."

The person who entered to receive this greeting, was the old man whom we have seen at his dinner in that solitary house, and who afterward gave so much happiness to the soldier's orphans in the fair. He entered the room with a grim smile on his face, and stood near the door a moment with his brows bent, and his sharp eyes turned upon the sumptuous disarray

of that dinner-table. The smile on his thin lip turned to a sneer as he took in the picture. Tiny birds, with their bones half picked; fragments of a delicious dessert; and all that rich coloring of half-drained wine-glasses, gave an idea of satiety at a glance, which brought out the disagreeable points in the old man's character, and brought the color to Gould's face.

"Take this seat, uncle," cried Gould, starting up, eager to divert the old man's attention from the debris of his little feast. You will find it comfortable. Let me take charge of your hat and cane."

The old man looked at his nephew with a sharp gleam of the eye, and drawing a chair to the table, laid his hat and cane on the carpet. Then he took up the glasses, one after another, and tasted their contents with great deliberation, occasionally pouring a little from the bottles and decanters, while he muttered to himself, "Champagne, Burgundy, sherry, claret, old Madeira, and the Lord knows what, with roasted canary birds, and peaches of ice by way of substantial. Wholesome eating for a young man."

Gould pushed his chair away, and came to the table; all his indolent composure gone, and with the hot-red of a school-boy on his handsome cheeks.

"Shall I ring, uncle? Will you try one of these birds served hot? They are very fine."

"No; thank you, nephew; they are too expensive eating for an old fellow like me."

"Too expensive for you, uncle—the idea amuses me."

"Remember, young gentleman," said the old millionaire, with grim pleasantly, "that I have no rich uncle to depend on. A moderate glass of port, or claret, now and then, is as much as I can afford. But, then, it is so different with you."

Gould bent over the old man's chair, and whispered with deprecating humility,

"Uncle, don't be so hard upon me before my friend."

"Your friend!" repeated the old man, aloud. "So this is one of your friends. Let me take a good look at him."

With cruel deliberation he took out a pair of gold spectacles, fitted them to his eyes, and searched Ward from head to foot with one of his sharp, prolonged glances. The young fellow colored, winced, and at last turned fairly around in his chair, muttering, "Hang the old fellow! his eyes seize on me like a pair of pincers!"

"Gould," said the uncle, folding up his

glasses, and shutting them in their steel case with a loud snap of the spring, "Gould, I congratulate you."

"What for uncle?"

"That this exquisite young gentleman is your friend. He does credit to your choice—great credit. Such honors do not often drop into our humble way. Sir, I am your servant."

The old satirist arose, and making a profound bow, sat down again, where he could see Ward's face burning like fire.

"I found your note at the counting-house, Gould, speaking of the serious nature of your illness, and came up to see if a consultation of doctors would be necessary."

"That was written this morning when I was seriously ill. You remember, Ward?"

"Oh, yes! Upon my honor, sir, Gould was desperate with—with a—that is, neuralgia in the head. You would have been quite concerned about him. We tried chloroform—a great thing that chloroform. Did you ever try it, sir?"

"So the chloroform cured my nephew. I am delighted to hear it. That is it upon the mantle-piece, I dare say. Give me a little."

The old tormentor pointed to a flask of Bohemian glass, dashed with gold, that stood on the mantle-piece.

"That, uncle? Oh! that is extract of violet. It sometimes serves to carry off a headache better than anything else. Will you try it?"

The old man held out his hand for the bottle; took a great red silk handkerchief from his pocket, and emptied half the extract into its folds, scenting the room like a violet bank in May.

"Your note, Gould, asked for money—an unusual thing; so unusual, that I brought the check in my pocket."

At the mention of a check, Ward started round in his chair, and fixed a hungry glance on that hard, old face. A check! His thousand dollars might not be so very far off, after all.

Gould bent eagerly over his uncle's chair.

"You are too good, uncle. I—I——"

"Oh! not at all, Gould. You deserve all that I am going to do for you—richly deserve it. Give me a light while I sign the check; thank you. There now, see how careless. You haven't a stamp about you, I fear."

"Oh, yes!" cried Ward. "Here is one."

He reached over in handing the stamp, and caught a glance at the amount.

"By Jove! it's for two thousand!" he said, inly. "Gould shall go halves before I leave him."

The old man smiled one of his iron smiles as he pressed the stamp in its place. Then he signed the check, with a broad, old-fashioned flourish under the name.

"Will that do?" he asked, lifting his face to that of his nephew, who bent over his shoulder delighted.

"Is the figure large enough?"

"Oh, uncle! It is more than I dared hope for."

"Not at all, Gould. Remember, I filled it in thinking you ill. No, no! do not put out the taper yet. What a pretty stand you have for it; filigree gold, as I am a miserly old sinner! That makes a pretty blaze, doesn't it?"

Gould made a snatch at the check, but it was in a light blaze; and the old man held it till it burned down to his fingers, and fell in black flakes over the taper, and the daintily warm gold that held it.

Ward jumped up from his chair with an oath on his lip. Gould turned white, and staggered back.

"Uncle, uncle! I owed every dollar of that money," he cried out. "My honor is at stake."

The old man picked up his hat and cane with silent deliberation.

"Sir! Sir, I say! Gould owes me half the money; and, by Jove! I must have it," cried Ward.

"Owes you! What for?"

This curt question made the young gambler start and bethink himself.

"What for? What for? Why for money I lent him the other night for the Soldiers' Fair. That nephew of yours, sir, is one of the most benevolent, tender-hearted fellows that the sun ever shone on. That night he met me in front of the fair, really distressed.

"Ward," said he—my name is Ward, sir. Gould forgot to present me, but Ward is my name—"Ward," said he, "I've just done a foolish thing. You'll say so, when I tell you what it is—"

"Said I, interrupting him, I'll lay five to one that you've been at your old tricks—emptying both pockets to help some miserable soldier's family out of trouble. But it's in you, this tender-heartedness; and all I can say will never drive it out.

"No," says Gould, "you're wrong there. It is no family this time; but you know a draft has been made."

"Yes, I know," said I, "and you have been drawn.

"Wrong again," says your nephew. 'But every man owes a life to his country. I cannot

serve; it would break my dear uncle's heart should I be killed; and he is too good a man for me to give him one moment's pain.' I beg your pardon, Gould, for saying this; but truth will out, and your uncle will forgive me.

"Well, what have you done?" said I.

"Simply this," replied Gould, blushing like a girl. 'I've given every cent that I have on hand to a brave fellow to take my place in the ranks and fight my battles. It's a mean way of doing things; but I could not leave my uncle, not—not even for my country; and Burns was determined to go.'

"Who? What name did you say?" cried the old man, grasping his cane hard.

"Burns, sir. Burns was the name I used."

"A man who left two boys, a young girl, and an old woman behind, to suffer while he fought? Was that the person?"

"Yes, sir; no doubt of it. Gould would never tell you of it; but these were the facts."

"How long was this ago?"

"I—I—how long was it, Gould? I know when you told me, but it was before that."

"I cannot say. All this is unauthorized, sir. I never dreamed that he would tell this story. Indeed—"

"I cannot say the exact time," cut in Ward; "and he won't. But it was long enough ago to keep him in hot water month after month. You have been very liberal to him, I know, sir; but it has all gone that way. 'Soldiers' widows, soldiers' children—they must be fed,' he argues. 'What if these things do plunge me in debt; if my uncle knew, he would not condemn me.'

"Then tell him," said I; "tell him at once, and relieve yourself from all embarrassment."

"No," he said, "that would be making him responsible; that would be forcing my charities on him. Only help me, as a friend should, and I will find my way out of this trouble. He is generous—munificent; this good uncle of mine, let men say what they please. Some day he will give me all the money I want; and while he thinks that I spend it in extravagance, perhaps, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing where it goes, and who it helps."

"The very day that your nephew told me this I lent him a thousand dollars; five hundred of that sum went for subscriptions in less than an hour. The rest would have been given to a family that composed the most touching picture of distress that I ever saw—but I prevented it. I would not let him go home penniless."

"Was it a tableau within the fair? Did an old woman—a lady, every inch of her—sit in the picture? Was there a young girl, and two



boys—bright, handsome little fellows—crouching at her feet?"

The old man asked these questions eagerly. His hand worked around the top of his staff; his eyes kindled under those bent brows.

"Yes, sir. Yes, that is the very family."

"And you gave the father of this family a thousand dollars when he went to the wars, Gould?"

Gould shook his head. "I did not say so, uncle. I never would have told you so."

Ward broke in upon him with breathless haste.

"But he did it, sir—he did it."

"I saw this family. I was at the fair that night," said the old man, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "Can you tell me where they live?"

"No, I cannot. Doubtless they have been moving from place to place since then, as poverty sent them."

"But with that money they should not have been so poor," said the old man, with a return of keen intelligence.

"But it did not go to them, sir," said Ward, hastily. "This man Burns was deep in debt, and the money went to clear him."

"Ward! Ward!" exclaimed Gould, starting up; "this is too much. I will not permit it!"

"Be silent, Gould!—be silent! I ought to know this. You should have told me yourself; perhaps I should have been glad to help you," interposed the uncle, with strange gentleness in his voice. I may condemn such extravagance as this. I do condemn and repudiate it utterly. Extravagance is always wicked, coarse, unbearable. I was angry—"

"Not with your nephew, I trust, for that which is altogether my fault," interposed Ward. "I confess to it, my tastes are ruinously luxu-

rious. Gould would never have thought of anything so absurd; but I was lonely, and asked leave to share his parlor awhile. The unfortunate dinner was served by my order, and at my expense. As for the pretty gim-cracks, it is my fancy. I like to have such things around me. But, my dear sir, you must not think me effeminate and worthless, for all that."

The old man's face brightened wonderfully after this speech. He dropped his cane and placed his hat on the carpet once more.

"Bring back the pen and ink! Give me another stamp! Here, Gould, take that. But, remember! find out where this family lives. I wish to know—I must know."

Gould took the check, which rattled like a dead leaf in the old man's hand.

"Uncle! uncle!" he said, "I ought not to take this; I have no right."

The old man snatched up his hat and cane, while these honest words were on his nephew's lips, and left the room.

When he was gone, Ward snatched the check from Gould, and leaping on the seat of his chair, brandished it on high.

"What author ever got so much for a single romance, I wonder!" he cried. "I say, Gould, I must turn my attention to literature, or the stage. Did ever a lie out of whole cloth tell so famously. Pour out bumpers, my fine fellow, and let us drink the old fellow's health!"

"Be silent sir!" Gould's voice trembled with passion. There was too much good in him for a relish of such companionship, when it took that form of broad dishonesty. "Be silent, sir! if you would not have me hate you, and myself also!"

With these hot words the young men parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE WIND-HARPER.

BY M. B. LADD.

Thou grand old harper, solemn Wind!  
Methinks thy mournful echoes say;  
Beyond the clouds, in realms sublime,  
You'll clasp the form that passed away!

You kiss the maiden's rosy cheek;  
You wanton with her flaxen hair;  
But there's a lip that will not speak,  
Though long I've called in my despair!

You shake the petals of the rose;  
You whisper to the violet,  
Which blooms above her calm repose,  
And mingles with the mignonette.

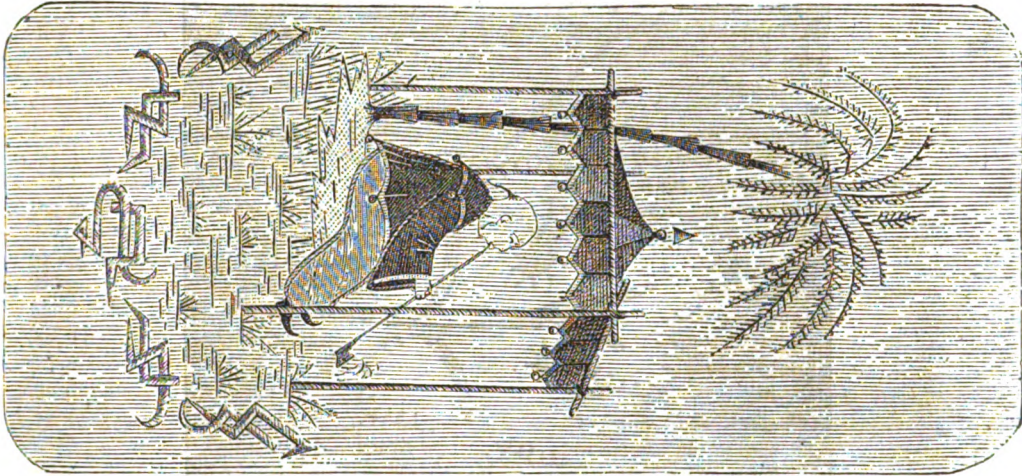
When stars look down from yon blue sky;  
And throbs thy harp's sweet minstrelsy;  
I fancy, love, that thou art nigh,  
And speaking tenderly to me.

And I have kept, through all these years,  
Thy beauty, love, and truth, in view;  
In faith that He who wipes all tears,  
Will bring me up at length to you!

Thou grand old harper, solemn Wind!  
Thy hues, all fearful and sublime;  
Thy sweet soprano-melodies  
Are set to poetry divine.

## DESIGN FOR END OF CRAVAT.

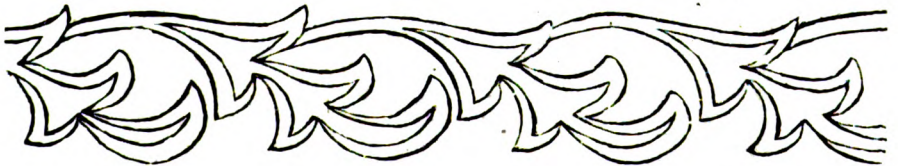
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE Chinese, so gravely smoking inside of his Kiosque, will serve equally well to ornament a segar-case, or the end of a cravat, particularly at this time, when there is such a ragé for these subjects in embroidery. Gray kid or cloth is the best material for embroidering upon. The dress of the personage is in application; the vest of blue silk or velvet; the pantaloons of yellow satin. Border the application with fine gold cord; the seat is done in fine dots, with a dark shade of brown silk; the face and hands

are indicated by fine strokes of a pen and India ink. Embroider the pipe with fine brown silk: and the top of the Kiosque with various colors of coarse silk; the poles do in gold cord, which is also employed for the edge of the lambrequin; the foliage of the palms do in point Russe, partly in green silk, and partly in gold thread; also use gold thread for the hieroglyphics; and the grasses indicate with the point of a pen. Use fine brown silk for the trunk of the palm. Fringe the ends of the cravat with various colored silks, interspersed with gold thread. This will be found very rich and pretty.

## EDGINGS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



# DESIGN FOR SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



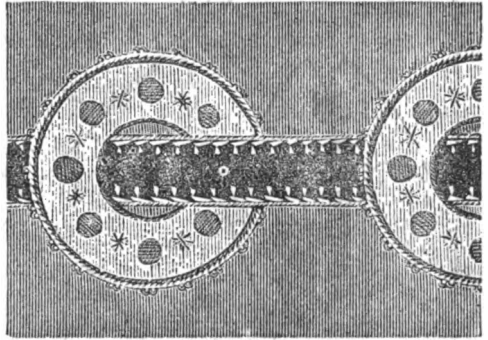
**MATERIALS.**—Drab cloth; white velvet and scarlet velvet ribbon; gold thread. Take the drab cloth for the foundation of the pillow; on it place the scarlet velvet ribbon in

squares, which are to be fastened down with the gold thread in cat-stitch, as seen in the design. The little stars at the points, where the velvet crosses, are of scarlet velvet application, and fastened down with the gold cord, and fastened down with the gold cord, stitches in the center are of gold thread. The leaves in the center of the squares are of white velvet, fastened down with button-hole stitch of black silk. The stems and tendrils are of gold thread and black silk. This design is sewed at regular intervals with black silk; the very pretty for a chair-cover.

## BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS border may be used for ornamenting the petticoats and dresses of little girls. It is composed of black velvet ribbon, traversed by circles cut out of white cloth or cashmere. These circles are fastened down with fine black braid, and the designs inside are embroidered with black embroidery silk. The velvet ribbon is kept in place by one row of button-hole stitch on each side, done in white embroidery silk. A pretty variety may be made by substituting other colors in place of the white cloth. Scarlet or blue, with the black velvet, would be very effective.



## CHILD'S DRESS:

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a child's dress, accompanied by a diagram, from which it may be cut out. It will be seen that each piece is marked with its name.

DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

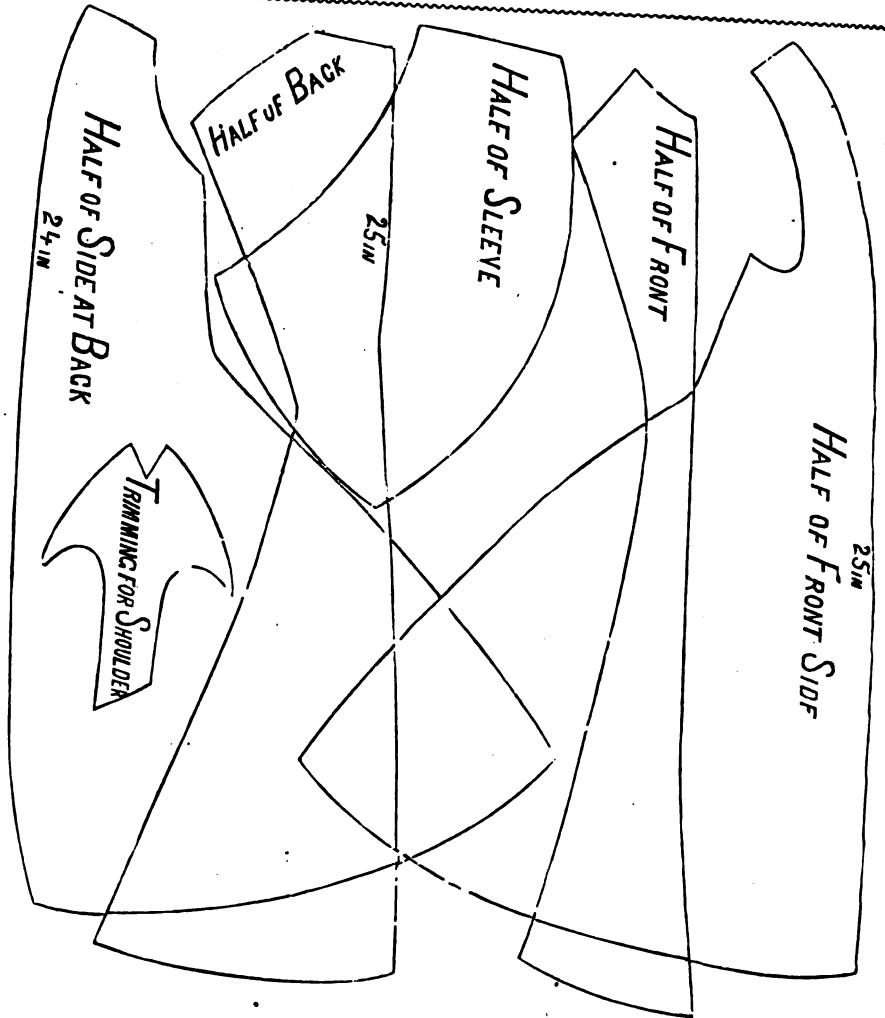
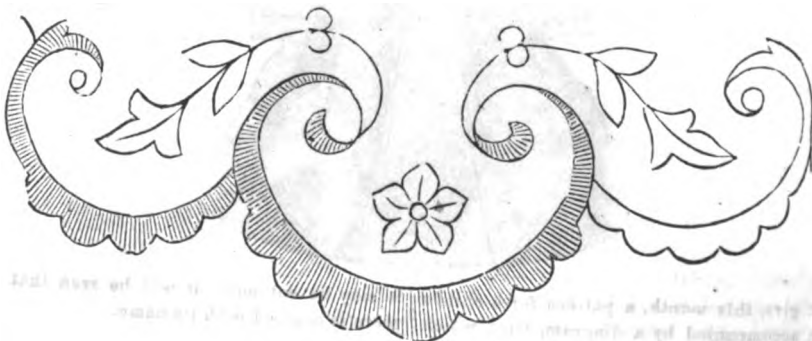


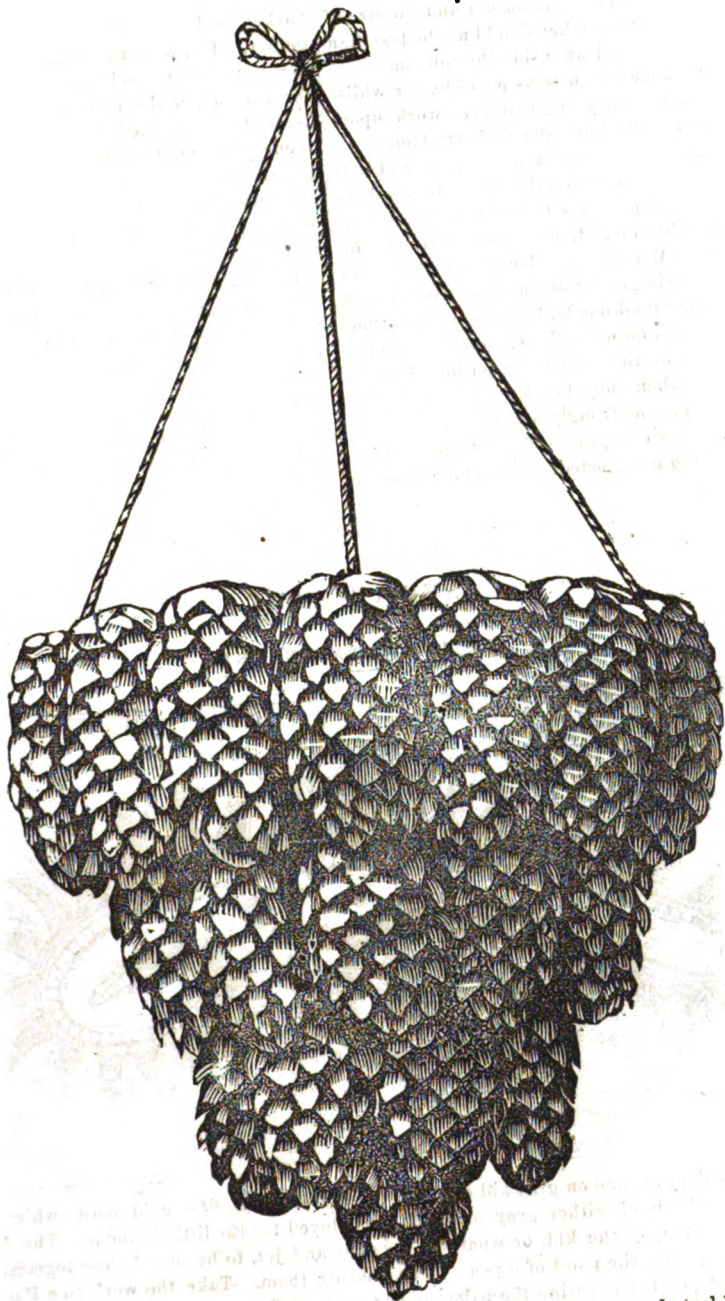
DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

SILK EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



# FIR-CONE FLOWER-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pretty affair is very easily made. The materials required, besides the cones, are a few yards of copper or zinc-wire, about the thickness of whip-cord; a good steel brad-awl, long and fine, or a fine gimlet, perhaps, both would be better; a pair of flat pliers; a pair of cutting

pliers; a small cutting file; a piece of Mackintosh cloth, to line the basket; and a chain or cord to suspend it by.

The number of cones used will, of course, depend upon the size of the basket and the size of the cones; but the basket should not be less than six inches in the clear inside the top rim.

Use the cones as new as possible, for whilst they are green they are better to work upon. Choose cones all of one size for each rim.

Bore a hole through each cone, top and bottom, about an inch from the end. Before boring, see that the cones to follow each other fit neatly side by side. Lay the cones side by side in a row. Measure the length of the wires needed, allowing about an inch to spare at each end. Turn round one end of the wire, so that those threaded do not fall off; sharpen with the file the end of the wire to be pushed through the cones; when they are threaded, form the circle, and fasten strongly and neatly.

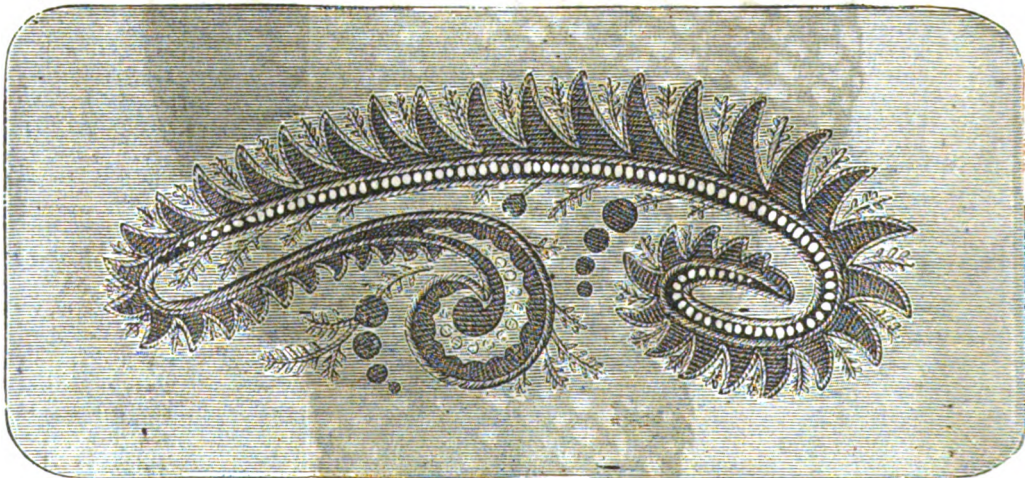
Repeat the above process for as many smaller rims as are to be inserted. Then place three or

four pieces of wire, at regular intervals, under the top wire ring of the inner rim of cones, and over the bottom ring of the first rim. Bring the ends of these binders together inside the basket, and twist them tightly and neatly together. For a third ring, fasten in this manner from the second rim. When the basket is formed, fasten the cord or chain, by which it is to be suspended, to the upper wire, and secure it inside the basket; next put the Mackintosh cloth inside; this will not need fastening. Fill your basket with mould, and plant in it some pretty hanging flower. For the winter months, we would suggest ivy and periwinkle, supposing nothing better to be at hand.

The designs of Cone-Baskets may be varied. If made firmly before the cones are dried, they will materially improve in appearance, as the heated atmosphere of the room opens them; but if not worked green, they are so brittle that construction becomes difficult, if not impossible, and to produce a proper effect, this should not be lost sight of.

## SEGAR-CASE.

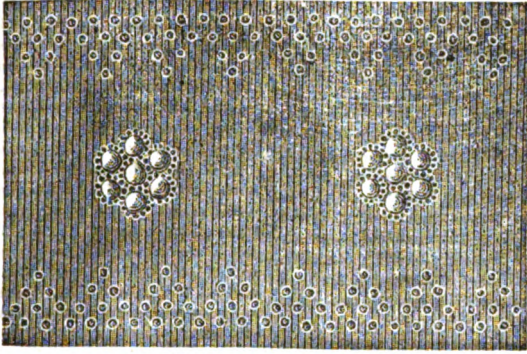
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



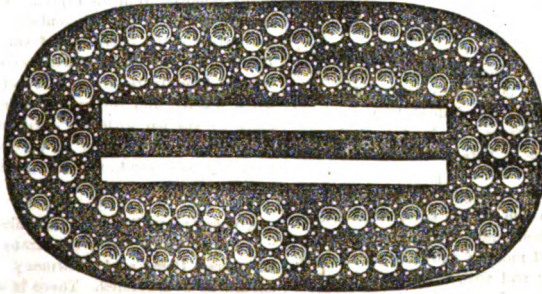
THE embroidery is done on gray kid or cloth, or velvet may be used, either gray or black. Draw the design upon the kid, or whatever is used, very finely with the point of a pen. Then embroider the points composing the palm, and all the parts indicated by the solid black of the design in silks of various colors of the Oriental kind. The outer edge of the indentations is bordered with fine gold cord, which is also employed for the little branches. The beads are gold and jet, to be sewed close together, alternating them. Take the work to a Portemonnaie manufacturer to be made up; or it can be made up at home by making a foundation of pasteboard, neatly covered upon the inside with silk. Finish with a gold cord all around.

## WAISTBAND AND BUCKLE.

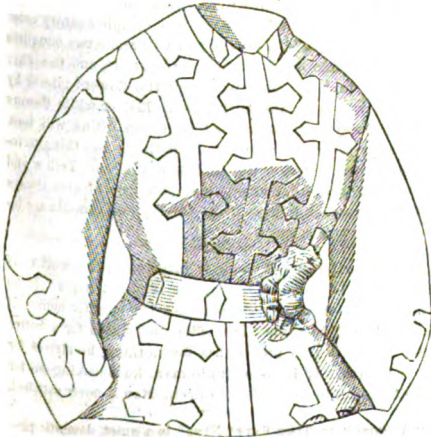
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



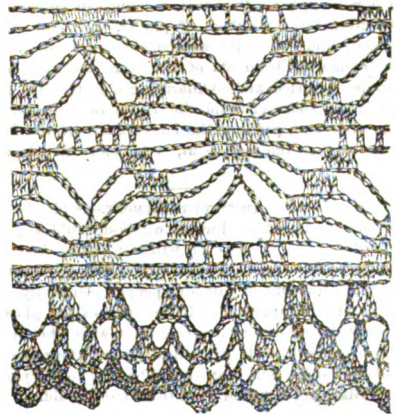
The band is of silk, or of the same material as the dress, ornamented with beads of two sizes, as seen in the design. The smaller beads may be steel, and the larger ones jet. The buckle is of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk, and ornamented with beads of two sizes, to match the band; the small beads forming a sort of frame-work round the larger ones.



## BRAIDING AND EDGING.



BRAIDED BODY.



CROCHET EDGING.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**A DOCTOR, NOT OF MEDICINE, BUT PATIENCE.**—One of our contributors writes to us of a new doctor they have in her neighborhood. He is not a doctor of medicine, but of patience, or rather of courage and care. He is very quiet with his sick. Listening with fixed attention to the story of their distresses, he neither laughs at the most whimsical, nor betrays apprehension at the most serious. To the end of the consultation, to the end of each succeeding consultation, his face is lighted with an even intelligence and serenity. He gives no medicines, he does not touch his sick; but he tells them that they must be well; that to be well is one of their highest duties, as it certainly is one of their highest privileges; that health is the only true, right condition of men and women.

He talks to them of life—makes much of it; of the life here "on this beleaguered earth;" tells them what joy may be in it; how it may beam if one ceases to be troubled with its troubles; ceases to worry, fret; keeps a bright face, a bright, composed heart; if one *will not* be conquered by its ills, but will learn easily to conquer them with one's serenity. He talks less of patience than of that higher grace, faith; and of that still higher, love.

And people come away cured. They can eat anything they want, they say; adding that they find they do not want to eat anything that can harm them, now they have learned how precious their bodies are, and their souls. They say this with beaming faces; indeed, they speak of most things with beaming faces. At least, so it is, she says, with two dear friends of hers, who have tried this new doctor.

They can walk five miles easily, they say, enjoying every step of it; whereas she is, she says, witness that one of them had not walked a mile for months; that one of them had kept her bed most of the time for months, laden with spinal disease; and with such utter, hopeless misery, that she would have hungered and thirsted for death, had not the life beyond seemed as gloomy as the life this side.

A few other doctors, unselfish, Christian men, are, I learn, beginning to employ this new agency in connection with their hydropathy, their homeopathy; these enlightened notions have, therefore, a chance of spreading and benefiting large numbers of pining, worrying men and women; and especially women, who, shut in from the wholesome medicaments of air, exercise, the sights and sounds of varied and exhilarating objects, have to bear the larger share of headache, backache, heartache; and who, therefore, perform the larger share of the fretting, tear-shedding, the fading-out, even before life's legitimate prime.

**ITEMS WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY.**—A bit of glue, dissolved in skim-milk and water, will restore old crape. Half a cranberry, bound on a corn, will soon kill it. An inkstand was turned over upon a white tablecloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared. Picture-frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped into a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not used until three months old.

**THE APRIL PROMENADE** of the young couple, as seen in our principal wood-engraving, is really quite funny.

**A HINDOO TOILET** is a very curious affair. The Hindoo ladies pay great attention to their personal attractions. Each morning, as soon as the sun is up, little companies of Hindoo ladies may be noticed, seated under the verandahs of their respective dwellings in a crouching position, waited upon each by a native female attendant. Their toilet furniture is of a very simple character, consisting of a capacious, highly-polished brass hand-basin, a burnished water-pot, composed of a like material, a complement of coarse muslin cloths, a hair-brush, constructed from the fibres of the cocoanut, (for the bristles of the swine they hold in abhorrence,) a bowl of pea-flour, and a box of pulverized charcoal, produced from the beetle-nut, highly calcined, for the use of the teeth; a large *jakah* of pure water completes the service. Seated on a coarse mat, the lady undergoes copious ablutions of water at the hands of the attendant, who afterward applies the dry cloths to her person, rendering it perfectly free from moisture. The convenience of the head is successively consulted; this is effected by means of two or three handfuls of pea-flour being rubbed thoroughly into the hair for some time, until the whole of the oil and other unctuous *fecula* are effectually removed from the capillary surface of the head; the same is then well washed, combed, and brushed, and finally submitted to the operation of various fragrant unguents. The teeth, then, in their turn, receive a full share of attention; and finally, the hands and feet are considered, which, when washed and thoroughly dried, the finger and toenails are stained with the juices of the scarlet berries of the Indian privet shrub. A dress of fine white muslin is then adjusted over the lady's figure, and she retires to her apartment to take breakfast.

**A WORD ABOUT BOUQUETS.**—A subscriber writes to ask:—"Are there any rules for the arrangement of cut flowers?" Of course, there are! Harmony of color and contrast should be well studied. There is a simple plan whereby to find out the contrast of any color; it is this. Cut a small circular piece of one of its petals, place it upon white paper, look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without allowing the eyelid to close; then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This circle is called the spectrum, and is the true complementary color or contrast required. Now if you will make two bouquets up, and arrange one according to contrast, and the other according to harmonies, we fancy the flowers placed by contrast will have the best effect. Red or white flowers should always be surrounded by green. Blue will look well next to orange; and white is the proper thing to interpose between two colors that do not agree. Yellow and violet suit each other nicely, and dark green leaves always set off a vase of flowers best; the ivy and camelia are invaluable in this respect.

**NEVER SATISFIED.**—Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man, he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes for a better one. If he is rich and wants for nothing, he strives for more wealth. If he is a single man, he is looking out for a wife; and if married, for children. Man is never satisfied.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE" is a quiet, domestic picture, which, we think, our readers will like particularly. It is by an eminent foreign artist.

**A HINT ABOUT COFFEE.**—Never, if you can help it, purchase coffee ground, but always whole; and, above all, see that the coffee-pot be thoroughly clean and well dried, so that it may be quite free from all unpleasant smell of stale coffee, which will entirely spoil the flavor of the fresh. After having ground a sufficient quantity of berries to allow one tablespoonful for each person, the white and shell of one egg must be thoroughly stirred about and mixed in with the coffee. After this, pour upon it as much boiling water as it is supposed will be required, and boil it up as quickly as possible; pour out about a teacupful and put it back again; take it from the fire, and pour half a teacupful of quite cold water into it, and let it stand five minutes by the fire; but do not let it boil again, before you transfer it to the coffee-pot it is to be sent up in. Be very careful not to shake it in doing this, as the egg-shell and coffee-powder will have settled at the bottom, and the liquid ought to be perfectly clear, and of a dark golden-brown color.

**MEALS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**—In the thirteenth century, the two chief meals were dinner and supper; the first at nine in the morning, the supper at five in the afternoon. The greatest luxury and magnificence were displayed at those repasts; and the side-tables were highly ornamented, and covered with various fermented liquors, as meads, ale, beer; and, above all, rich wines of English growth.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Social Life of the Chinese: with some account of their Religious, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions.* By Rev. Justus Doolittle. Fourteen years Member Fuhchau Mission of the American Board. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The present time is very opportune for the publication of a work on China. Owing to the opening to the commerce of England, France, and America, of several ports of China, the value of this work, which is full of original information of the Chinese, cannot be overrated. The reverend author disclaims all pretension to a high literary excellence; and in a book of travel, we can readily pardon a laxity of style, yet we have a right to expect the author to confine himself to matters relevant to the title of his book, which, we would suggest, he has not done, in his attacks upon his Roman Catholic coadjutors. Apart from this objection, these volumes merit, and will receive, large attention. No other work of which we are acquainted, is so complete an epitome of the social and religious life of the Chinese as this. If the work has no pretension to style, it is characterized by great simplicity and clearness, and an earnest tone of reliability and truth. So far as the publishers are concerned, the work is issued in a very creditable manner. The illustrations—over one hundred and fifty in number—are finely done, and appropriately relieve and explain the letter-press.

*Half A Million of Money. A Novel.* By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The authoress of this novel has already given to the public several others, of which the two best known are "Barbara's History," and "Miss Carew." Miss Edwards writes with ease; her sentences are concise and clear; her characters have individuality and consistency. Her plots, however, are but shadows of plots; yet there is such absolute power in her genius, that whatever she writes is full of an absorbing interest.

*Simplicity and Fascination.* By Anne Beale. Boston: Loring.—This new novel gives pleasant pictures of English country life. The characters are clearly drawn; the incidents naturally follow each other, and lead up in a very agreeable manner to the sequences of the story.

*Mosaics of Human Life.* By Elizabeth A. Thurston. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Under the respective headings of "Betrothed," "Wedded Life," "Babyhood," "Youth," "Single Life," and "Old Age," are grouped some of the most exquisite gems of literature in prose and verse. The collection evinces good taste and extensive research. The publishers have given the volume a very pretty binding of green and gold; paper and printing are alike excellent.

*A Noble Life.* By Miss Muloch. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This apparent outline of a novel is, perhaps, the most artistic of Miss Muloch's books. It is the story of a certain Earl of Cairnforth born dwarfed and diseased, and what he did with his mischance of life. By a peculiar skill in the use of homely diction and detail in description, the narrator has given to her story the effect and power of truth.

*A Light and a Dark Christmas.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We think this pleasant Christmas story of Mrs. Wood's will go quite as far toward maintaining her wide professional reputation, as the best of her more pretentious novels. It is very simply told, and it is marked by a consistent truthfulness not frequently met with in her earlier efforts.

*Ned Musgrave; or, The Most Unfortunate Man in the World.* By Theodore Hook. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Whatever Theodore Hook did was well done, whether it was novel, comedy, or practical joke. This work cannot fairly be considered a test of Hook's great power; yet it is well done, and deserves to be more widely read and known than it now is.

*The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton.* With a Historical Preface and Memoir of the author. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A biographical novel, very famous and popular upon its first appearance. The Messrs. Petersons are doing good service to the reading public in republishing works of such acknowledged ability as the one before us.

*Miss Ona M'Quarrie.* By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A rarely beautiful story, and a charming conclusion to "Albert Hagart's Household." Either author or publisher is guilty of dividing and selling in two parts, under two distinct names, at double cost to the reader, a novel which will bear such dissection less than any other of which we know.

*Wilson's Third Reader.* Intermediate Series. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The method of instruction laid down in this work has the merit of originality and perspicuity. The choice of subjects is judicious and attractive, and the illustrations are numerous, and above the usual style met with in school books.

*The Queen's Revenge.* Author of "Dead Secret," etc. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This new novel from the pen of Wilkie Collins, is printed by the Messrs. Peterson from the advanced proof-sheets, and is published simultaneously with its appearance in England. It is a story admirably conceived and told.

*Canary Birds. A Manual of useful and practical information for Bird-Keepers.* New York: Wood & Co.—This valuable treatise abounds with exactly the information desired by bird-keepers, and we recommend it cordially to our lady friends owning canaries.

*The Lost Bride.* By T. S. Arthur. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The "Lost Bride," Mr. Arthur's latest novel, is characterized by the same "high moral tone" which pervades this favorite author's former works.

*Guy Deverell. A Novel.* By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another clever and readable novel by the author of "Uncle Silas."

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## MEATS AND POULTRY.

**A Beef Stew.**—Take two or three pounds of the rump of beef, cut away all the fat and skin, and cut it into pieces about two or three inches square; put it into a stewpan, and pour on it a quart of broth; then let it boil, and sprinkle in a little salt and pepper to taste; when it has boiled very gently, or simmered two hours, shred finely a large lemon, adding it to the gravy, and in twenty minutes pour in a flavoring composed of two tablespoonfuls of Harvey's sauce, the juice of the lemon, the rind of which has been sliced into the gravy, a spoonful of flour, and a little catchup; add at pleasure two glasses of Madeira, or one of sherry or port, a quarter of an hour after the flavoring, and serve.

**Queen's Dish.**—Take cold fowl, and mince it, cutting it into small square pieces. Make a white sauce with a small piece of butter, some flour and cream, or milk, but no stock. Put the mince into the white sauce, and set it aside to cool. When quite cold, make it up into balls. Cover them with egg and bread-crumbs—do this to prevent them from bursting. At dinner-time fry them in hot lard, or dripping; serve them up on a serviette, garnished with parsley.

**Mock Hash Mutton.**—Two or three cloves, a little allspice, one tablespoonful of red currant jelly, and the same quantity of port-wine. Thicken with a little flour. Season to your taste. Cut the mutton in slices, and let it simmer a few minutes. Part of a cold leg or shoulder of mutton, very underdone, is best for this dish. Cover the bottom of the dish with toasted bread.

**Chickens Pulled.**—Remove the skin carefully from a cold chicken, then pull the flesh from the bones, preserving it as whole as you can. Flour them well, and fry them a nice brown in fresh butter; draw them, and stew in a good gravy well seasoned; thicken a short time before serving with flour and butter, and add the juice of half a lemon.

## VEGETABLES.

**Salads.**—It is a great mistake to soak lettuces for salad; the process materially injures their flavor; though still, if your vegetables be at all stale, you had better let them lie in water for an hour or two; and small salad, such as cresses, radishes, etc., require very thorough washing. But a fine, freshly-gathered lettuce should be only well rinsed, shaken, and well wiped with a soft cloth, then shred into small pieces. You can add, according to taste, cresses of any kind, or radishes scraped and sliced; also, beet-root, and, if desired, spring onions, chopped fine. A few fresh-gathered leaves of green mint are by many people esteemed a great improvement. If you do not care to make a regular salad-dressing, just season lightly with pepper and salt, throw in one tablespoonful of best salad oil, two of vinegar, and a large teaspoonful of moist sugar. Mix all well together with the salad-spoon and fork, and serve.

**White Beans.**—These beans are called haricot beans, and require a great deal of boiling. The best plan of cooking them is to soak them in cold water for three hours, and then to put them in a large saucpan of cold water, with some salt and a lump of butter in it, and let them simmer gently until quite tender; on no account should they be boiled quickly, otherwise the skins will burst. Strain them in a colander when they are tender, and put them into another saucpan, with some butter, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. Stir the beans continually, until the butter is well mixed with them; add some strained lemon-juice, and serve them hot. They are excellent when eaten with roast mutton.

**Potatoes Grilled.**—Boil well; skin them; choose the most floury; roll them in yolk of egg, and place them before the fire to brown.

## EGGS.

**Eggs.**—To choose eggs, the safest way is to hold them to the light, forming a focus with your hand. Should the shell be covered with small, dark spots, they are doubtful, and should be broken separately in a cup. If, however, in looking at them, you see no transparency in the shells, you may be sure they are only fit to be thrown away. The most certain way is to look at them by the light of a candle. If quite fresh, there are no spots upon the shells, and they have a brilliant yellow tint. New-laid eggs should not be used until they have been laid about eight or ten hours; for the part which constitutes the white is not properly set before that time, and does not obtain its delicate flavor. Three minutes are quite sufficient to boil a full-sized egg; but if below the average size, two minutes and a half will suffice. Never boil eggs for salads, sauces, or any other purpose, more than ten minutes; and, when done, place them in a basin of cold water for five minutes to cool. Nothing is more indigestible than an egg boiled too hard.

**Sweet Omelet.**—Four eggs, well beaten, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, and a teaspoonful of cream; mix thoroughly, and pour into a round tin the size of a small plate. Bake it for twenty minutes in a moderate oven; spread apricot-jam over it; fold in half; sift sugar over, and serve. This will be found far more delicate than any fried omelet.

## DESSERTS.

**To Make a Pine-Apple Pancake.**—Take half a pound of good flour, three fresh-laid eggs, three to four slices of a mellow pine, and a fresh nutmeg, with half a pound of white sugar. Beat up the eggs till they become fluid; mix the flour with the milk gradually, until the same becomes a light batter; add the eggs to the latter and stir the whole well round; bruise the pine slices in a mortar until they are reduced to a pulp; put this into the batter, with a portion of grated nutmeg and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; then stir the whole of the ingredients round, mixing them well together. Have a clean pan, furnished with good butter, over a clear fire; scatter a few currants, well washed, into the batter, and take out a teaspoonful of the latter and drop it into the pan with the butter; let it fry until one side is brown, which you can ascertain by lifting up the sides of the batter with a knife; turn it, then, on the other side, and let it be fried also brown. Repeat this practice until the whole of the batter is used up. As you take up each pancake, add a spoonful of sugar to them, laying them one over another until the whole of them are done.

**Light and Cheap Yorkshire Pudding.**—Five tablespoonfuls of flour, gradually made into a smooth batter with a pennyworth of new milk, and one egg, well-beaten up, and half a teaspoonful of salt; add cold water till you have batter enough for a small pudding-pan; place it in the oven to set, and then put it under your roasting meat, taking care to turn both ends toward the fire. Your pan must be well greased, or the pudding will, perhaps, be broken in slipping it off on to the dish. When you take it up, pour off all the dripping; it can either be eaten with the meat, or with gravy, or salt, or sugar, as preferred. This pudding is not substantial, but it is easy of digestion; and if well managed, very custardy; it will serve four or five persons very well. When eggs are cheap, a second may be added; but it is not necessary.

**Marmalade Pudding.**—Take three ounces of fresh butter, clarify it, mix it with three ounces of pounded sugar, three tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, four eggs, one tablespoonful of flour. Beat the mixture all together for ten minutes with a wooden spoon. Line a mould with sweet tart paste; pour the ingredients into the mould. Bake it in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. Stick the pudding with almonds, and serve with custard sauce.

**Rice Cream.**—An agreeable and economical substitute for custards, or blanc-mangé. One pint and a half of new milk; two eggs; four large table-spoonfuls of ground rice; a small wineglass of brandy; a few drops of essence of almonds; half a teaspoonful of cinnamon—of course, the cinnamon is optional, some people disliking it extremely—and moist sugar to taste. Mix the cinnamon thoroughly with the rice, and add, first the eggs, well-beaten, then the milk, and, lastly, the sugar, brandy, and almond flavoring. Pour the mixture into a pan, and let it remain on the fire till it has boiled about half a minute—stirring all the time, or it will lump and burn; then pour into a basin; stir occasionally to prevent surface scum, and, when nearly cold, cover, and set it in a cellar, or cool place, until wanted. Serve in cups or glasses.

**Cocanut-Pudding.**—Pare off the rind and wipe the nut dry; dissolve two ounces of sugar in a small teacup of water. Boil the sugar a few minutes, and add the grated cocanut; keep stirring the mixture until it boils. When nearly cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessert-spoonful of orange flower-water, a wineglassful of brandy, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Line the dish with pastry. Pour the mixture in; bake it, and sift sugar over it before serving.

**A Very Good Pudding.**—Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the rind of an orange, or two lemons, grated, six ounces and a half of flour; add one pint of boiling milk. When nearly cold, mix in the eggs and sugar, and add a wineglassful of brandy, half a pound of melted butter. Bake it an hour and a quarter, and turn it out.

**A Good Rice Pudding.**—Cover the bottom of the dish with a quarter of a pound of butter. Stick saffron in the butter, half a pound of rice, picked and washed, in cold water. As quick as possible throw the rice over the butter with a quarter of a pound of brown sugar; then pour over it three pints of milk. It must have two hours baking at least.

**Lemon-Paste to Keep.**—To one pound of butter put one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, (leaving out the whites of two,) the rind grated, and the juice of three lemons. Put all in a pan, and let it simmer till the sugar is dissolved, and it thickens to the consistency of honey. Put it into pots, and tie down; put brandy papers over it.

**Simple Pudding.**—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one pint of new milk, the yolks of four eggs, whites well beaten, a pinch of salt. Boil it for one hour and a half.

## MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

**New Mode of Making Coffee.**—Dr. Ratler assures us that the aroma of coffee is better extracted by cold water than by hot. For this purpose, he recommends that four ounces of good coffee, properly roasted and ground, be mixed into a pap, or thin paste, with cold water, and left to steep, covered closely, for a night. Next day pour this pap carefully on fine linen, placed in a glass funnel, in a bottle. A single spoonful of this very strong infusion, poured into a cup of boiling milk, will give the whole a delightful aroma. Or, one part of the infusion, and two parts of water, put on the fire till it just boils, will yield a delicious coffee. The strong essence should be kept in a closely-stopped bottle.

**Stewed Apples.**—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples, without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready; to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel, cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

**English Toffee.**—Ten ounces of molasses, one pound of sugar, six ounces of fresh butter, and a little lemon-peel. The butter is to be dissolved first, then the whole to be boiled very quickly.

**To Increase the Sharpness and Strength of Vinegar.**—Boil two quarts of good vinegar till reduced to one; then put it in a vessel, and set it in the sun for a week. Now mix the vinegar, with six times its quantity of bad vinegar, in a small cask; it will not only mend it, but make it strong and agreeable.

## TOILET.

**A Semi-Liquid Pomatum.**—A flask of salad oil, one and a half ounce of spermaceti, half ounce of white wax; scented as desired. Cut up the white wax and spermaceti into small pieces, and put them into the oven to melt with a small quantity of the oil. When the lumps have disappeared, and all the ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, pour in the remainder of the oil and the scent, and stir with a spoon until cold.

**Camphor-Ice for Chapped Hands.**—Melt spermaceti, one drachm, with almond oil, one ounce; and add powdered camphor, one drachm. It will be improved by adding a couple of drachms of glycerin, using as much loss of the almond oil.

**To Whiten and Soften the Hands.**—Half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, quarter of an ounce of powdered camphor. Mix them with as much olive oil as will form them into a very stiff paste, and use as often as you wash your hands.

**Oil of Roses for the Hair.**—Olive oil, one quart; otto 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.

**Hard Water.**—A little camphor, placed in hard water, will soften it, and prove delightfully refreshing as well. River water is considerably softened by boiling and exposure to atmospheric influence.

## WARDROBE.

**To Restore the Pile of Velvet.** stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterward, 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.

**Grease-Stains in Silk.**—A sure and safe way to remove grease-stains from silks, is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease. Or: Lay the silk upon a table with an ironing-blanket under it, the right side of the silk downward; put a piece of brown paper on the top, and apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. I have found this receipt more efficacious than any scouring-drops ever compounded.

**Tincture to Destroy Moths.**—One ounce of gum camphor, and one ounce of powdered shell of red pepper, are macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for seven days, and then strained. With this tincture the furs or cloths are sprinkled over, and rolled up in sheets. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of "Chinese tincture for moths," and is found very effective.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. 1.—DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, SPOTTED WITH BLUE.—The waist cut with three long basque ends at the back, trimmed with bias silk, and lace laid on straight; underskirt of blue silk; coat-sleeve.

FIG. 2.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, embroidered with cherry. The waist high and plain. Empire bonnet of black frosted chip, cherry and black flowers in the face, and on the sides, black lace bows and ends in the back; black strings, edged with cherry.

**FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF SILVER-GRAY SILK.**—Basque to match, cut not to fit the figure closely. The skirt trimmed with blue silk, and inserting of black laid over it flat. The basque trimmed round the neck to match the skirt, with lapels in front, finished with three tassels of blue and silver. Hat with turned-up sides; blue velvet bow, white feather and veil.

**FIG. IV.—HOME DRESS OF EMERALD GREEN SILK.**—The skirt gored and wide, bound with a large cable-cord, trimmed with long hanging buttons of black jet; and smaller ones on the sleeves at the hand, and the same ornamenting the waistband.

**FIG. V.—HOME DRESS OF BLACK SILK.**—The skirt made plain. The waist trimmed with black silk cord, finished at the ends with barrel-shaped buttons. A fringe of the same, forming an epaulet. The coat-sleeve cut slightly pointed, and trimmed to match.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Black dresses, striped with white, and white dresses, striped with black, have been so long in favor, that we are not surprised to hear that the white stripes are at last to be superseded by gold ones. It is a pleasant change, for white in winter certainly looks very uncomfortable. These dresses are trimmed with black silk and with narrow silk braid, which matches the gold stripe. As a fact, wide waistbands are going decidedly out of fashion; and the rosette, which we mentioned in our last number, gains favor every day. As the season advances, too, they must be very popular, being made of the same colors as the dress.

**SKIRTS** never were so thoroughly trained—indeed, it appears to be the rule to have the bottom of the skirt three times and a half wider than at the hips. This tendency to narrow and lengthen the skirt has given the impetus to the Gabrielle. Pockets are often placed at the back of the skirts to these dresses.

**WAISTS** remain high and plain—the only difference is, that some have them with two points. The waist is often cut on the cross instead of lengthways of the material, thus ensuring a more satisfactory result; but we would advise our readers to try this on something of no value first, as it would be a waste of material should they fail with the other.

**JACKETS** are more popular than ever, and are frequently seen upon all occasions. The Raphael jacket is a novelty which has lately appeared. It is buttoned straight down the front, does not fit the figure, and is cut out squarely at the top, so as to admit of the *guimpe* underneath being seen. For dressy occasions it can be cut short; but it is generally worn as long as a paletot. It is made in heavy materials, such as velvet and cloth, and the trimmings are of the most sober description.

**EMBROIDERY** is losing its favor, and now everything is trimmed with Cluny lace and inserting. Collars and cuffs are made of Cluny, and worked with pearls. Some very elegant petticoats are made very rich and elaborate by its use.

**GLOVES** are now worn, for the evening, trimmed with small gilt bells; these bells are fastened to the silk braid, terminating with a tassel, which secures the glove at the wrist. These fancy gauntlets are very new.

**BUTTONS** are used of every description—some triangle buttons are to be seen. Oxydized silver is serviceable and pretty. Brooches, and ear-rings, and sleeve-buttons of this metal are in the stores, and make very nice ornaments for negligé dress.

**EVENING DRESSES**, for married ladies, are mostly made of velvet, moire, or other heavy silks; the former always makes an expensive dress, but requires little trimming. The gossamer fabrics, known as tulle, tarlatane, or gauze, are literally loaded with ornaments. Such a thing as a single skirt is never to be seen now-a-days. The arrangement of skirts runs thus—first, there is a short skirt, made either of tulle or velvet, or some material embroidered

either in gold or silver; then follows a tulle skirt of formidable dimensions—somewhat about seven yards wide and nearly two long. This tulle dress is worn over a silk skirt of the same color as the tulle. Young unmarried ladies also wear the same complicated style of ball-dress, and tunics, embroidered in either gold or silver, are now considered the most fashionable style. Tulle, striped with thin lines of silver, running perpendicularly, is also in vogue for dancing dresses. The flowers employed for looping up the upper skirts are usually water-lilies, with long sprays of frosted silvery leaves, mounted on silver stems. These harmonize well with the silver-lined tulle.

**CLOAKS** are made in a variety of ways, being mostly trimmed with steel and jet. It is quite fashionable to line them with red, and edged with trimming to match the outside. Tobacco and red browns are good wear for spring, but will only do to wear with contrasting colors.

**THE PAMELA BONNET** gains in favor, it being much more coquettish and dressy-looking than the Empire, which, even in the gayest materials, and under the most tasteful management, will never look smart, but always stiff, straight, and dumpy. The Pamela is cut off at the ears, being rounded as it turns toward the back; the strings form the cap at the sides, thus concealing the ears; and what there is of a curtain is pointed in its center, which point falls naturally at the bottom of the *chignon*. For the present these Pamela bonnets are rather conspicuous when the wearer is on foot; but for carriage wear they are well suited, being newer than the Empires, and more graceful.

**HEAD-DRESSES** are composed of gold, silver humming-birds, flowers, and of every conceivable material that has ever been used for that purpose. Those worn during the day differ essentially from those worn in full dress. In the evening veritable wreaths and coronets of frizzed curls are worn; and these are enlivened with flowers imitated either in diamonds, or enamel, or filagree work. For the back, the *chignons*, composed of bows of hairs, are replaced by a row of thick curls, which are wound round the finger, the ends being concealed and pinned up. Formerly these curls were called *boudins*, and they are now arranged, one after the other, in regular rotation at the back of the head, looking rather stiff and inelegant.

**NATURAL FLOWERS** are much worn, at parties and balls, by ladies of all ages. Metallic humming-birds and butterflies are making their appearance; they are made of foil paper of the most dazzling colors. Not many of these imitations are as yet to be seen.

**BOTH STEEL AND JEWELLED COMBS** are very popular; the ornamental tops are about one inch and a half wide, and are always straight. Those who can afford it purchase combs with gold tops, studded with precious stones; the more modest purses content themselves with either cameo, pearls, or enamel, all of which produce an extremely pretty effect at candlelight.

#### \* CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

**FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.**—Basque made of the same material as the dress, cut loose, with two seams; coat-sleeves; the whole trimmed with bands of swan's-down. High Polish boots, edged with fur. Hat with drooping sides, and feather.

**FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF NINE YEARS OLD.**—Bonnet and dress made of pique. High kid boots. Cavalier hat, trimmed with peacock eyes.

**FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A BOY OF SEVEN YEARS OLD,** made of French *assimere*, and otherwise describes itself.

**FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FOUR YEARS OLD,** made of poplin, and trimmed with jet trimming and velvet. Hat with feather.





Painted by J. Perinelli

Engraved & Printed by James Brindley

THE GARDEN

THE GARDEN OF THE VIRTUES

THE HISTORY OF THE  
ARTS AND MANUFACTURES OF GREAT BRITAIN









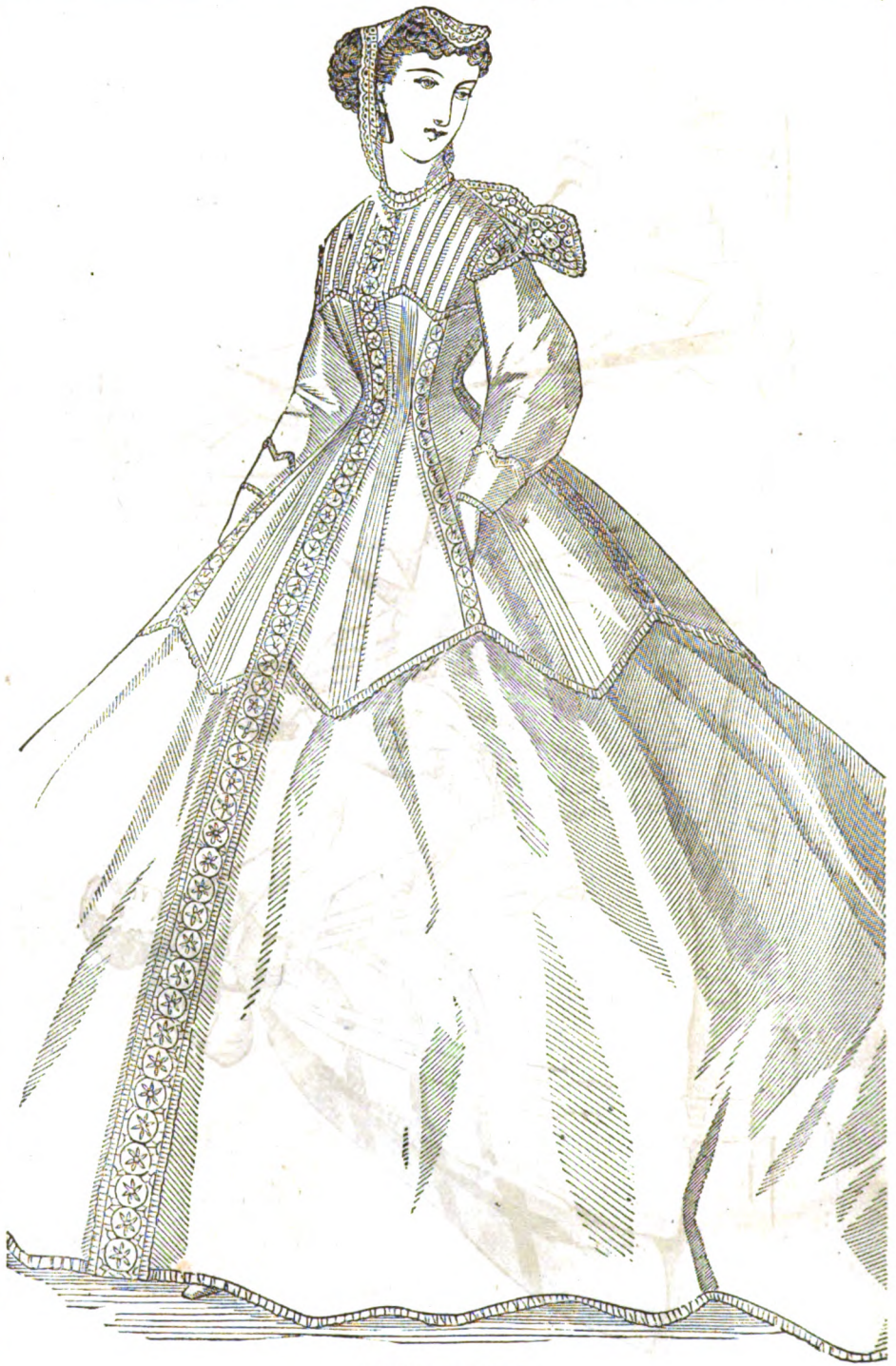
SPRING DAYS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.



WILLIAM WELLS



KANSOOK WRAPPER.



DINNER DRESS.



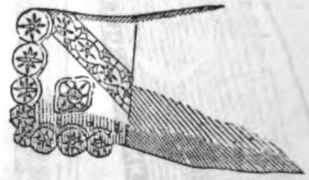
BONNET FOR SPRING.



BONNET FOR SPRING.



CHEMISETTE.



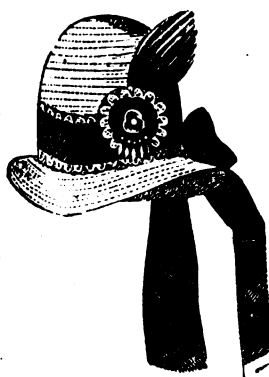
CUFF.



MUSLIN BODY.



OPEN WAIST



NEW HAT.



WAIST OF DOTTED NET.

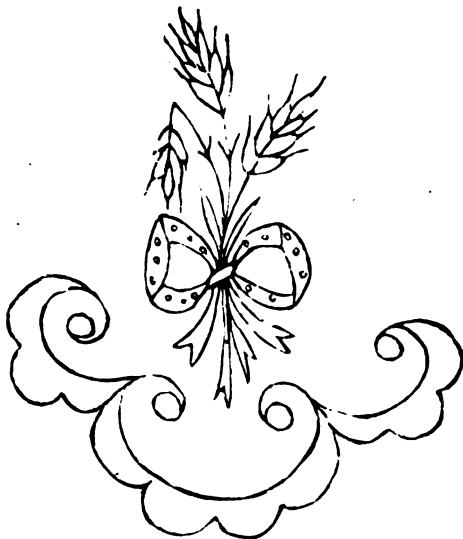


PAMELA BONNET.



CAPS OF DOTTED TULLE.





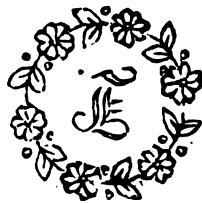
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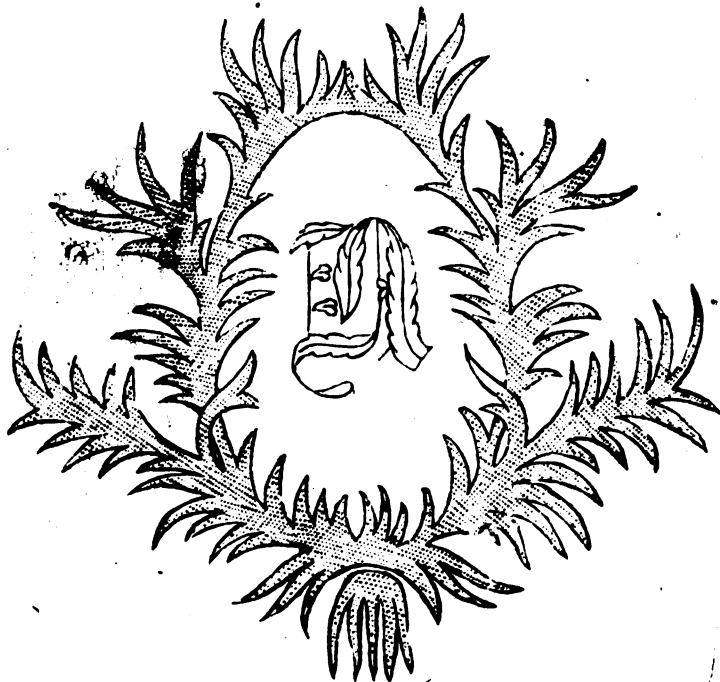
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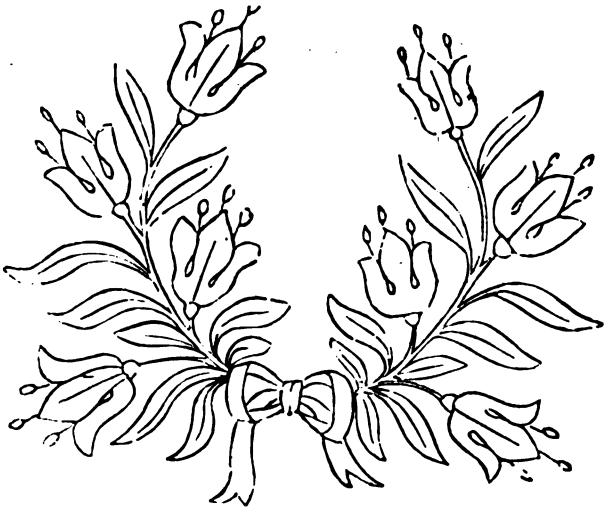
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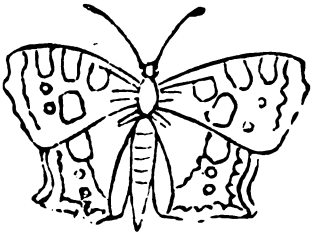
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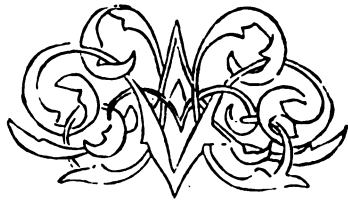
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BUTTERFLY IN SATIN-STITCH.



MONOGRAM IN SATIN-STITCH.



DRESS-CAP



HEAD-DRESS.

# HOME EVER DEAR.

BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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*Moderato.*  
VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 9/8. The piano part consists of a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Home ev - er dear, how sweet the hour That brings me to thy door, How

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "1. Home ev - er dear, how sweet the hour That brings me to thy door, How". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

great the joy to new - ly share, Thy welcome rest once

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "great the joy to new - ly share, Thy welcome rest once". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

# HOME EVER DEAR.

more, The months may pass e'en as a dream In

peace from day to day, But oh how sad and

long they seem, When roam - ing far a - way.

2.  
Home ever dear, how sweet the joys  
That charm us like a spell,  
To dwell with those we hold so dear,  
And all we love so well.  
O tempt me not with other scenes  
In regions far to live,  
For there are comforts found at home  
No other place can give.

3.  
Home ever dear, thy very name  
Gives pleasure to my heart:  
Tho' friends I find in other climes  
From whom 'twere sad to part.  
Yes ever dear, art thou to me  
Thou sweet and cherished spot,  
The world can give the heart no rest—  
If Home affords it not.



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1866.

No. 5.

## CLARICE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"CLARIE!"

"Coming!"

A chill wind whistled through the bare elm-branches, and tossed and whirled the dry leaves on the common in front of Reuben Slater's cottage. The evening was a drear one, raw and comfortless, with a lowering, leaden sky, that held out an almost certain promise of snow. It was late, too, and the shadows of the early winter twilight were beginning to gather along the ledges of the hills, and under the eaves of the old barn, where the bay pony stood whinnying for his evening meal; and the hens came flocking in to settle themselves to roost on the worm-eaten rafters. But the old-fashioned buggy was drawn up before the cottage-door, and old Reuben stood muffled to the chin, evidently equipped for a journey.

"Clarice!" called his wife, coming out from the kitchen just behind him.

"Coming!" and fast following the silvery response came a tripping little figure clad in homely gray, and a winsome, childish face, whose blue eyes were half blinded by the flossy curls that the unmannerly winds would blow about.

"Clarice, child, what does make you so slow? Bring the red comforter, will you? It's in the third bureau-drawer under that pile o' spun-yarn. Hurry, child, the wind cuts like a razor, and Reuben's late anyhow."

The tripping little figure flew back into the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed cottage, reappearing almost instantly with the long, red comforter. The good wife received it with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It's warm," she said, folding it carefully before putting it into her husband's pocket. "I knit it myself, only two years after I was married; Keziah Stebbins spun the yarn; and old Miss Church dyed it—good yarn it's been, too, for last. Benjamin always liked to wear it—so don't forget it, Reuben; 'twill be cold

to-morrow, I can tell by the sound o' the wind. You'd better hurry, Reuben, or it'll come on before you git to Simon's, and 'twill be sure to make your rheumatism worse."

Reuben drew down the ears of his fur cap, and, mounting into the old-fashioned buggy, took up the reins in his blue yarn mittens. The roan mare, mother to the bay pony whinnying at the barn, looked wistfully toward the warm stable, and started forward, and the old buggy, creaking and groaning in every joint, rolled after her.

"Make an early start in the mornin', Reuben," called his wife. "I shall have dinner all ready by one o'clock, and I don't want it to spile wi' waitin'."

"Ay, ay, Charity!" and the roan mare, and the bonnet-topped buggy, disappeared behind the elm-grove; and Charity went back to the kitchen, followed by the little tripping figure clad in homely gray.

"Now, Clarice," she said, tying on her check apron, and giving the damper of the stove a vigorous jerk, "let's be s'ry, if ever we was in our lives. There's lots o' work to do 'fore everything's ready, and I don't want a single thing left undone. Jest to think, Benjamin ain't been home for a whole year—a whole year. Dear heart! I don't see how I've managed to live through it! What a long while it seems since your last birthday, when he went away! I remember it jest as well as if it was this mornin'. Poor Ben! he was kind o' piled that mornin'—but I don't blame you, Clarice. It was all Pamelty Titcomb's fault, lettin' her tongue run about things as didn't concern her—and it was enough to hurt your feelin's. I like to see a girl have sperit—and so does Ben. I b'lieve he liked you all the better for what you said, only you was a leetle too hard on him. Poor fellow! there was rale tears in his eyes when I went to put the bundle o' seed-cake in his pocket that mornin'. He always liked seed-

cake, Ben did. We must make some this blessed night, Clarie—I've kept my best caraways on purpose. We've lots o' bakin' to do. Dear me! we never shall get through. Run, Clarie, and bring half a dozen apples—them golden pippins in the big chist."

Clarie ran as fast as her tripping feet could carry her, shaking back the flying curls from her flushing cheeks, and struggling hard to keep the hot tears from blinding her blue eyes. Picking out the golden pippins, she sobbed once or twice thinking it all over. Ben Slater was not her brother, only by adoption. Years before—she remembered the night well, a dreadful stormy night, when her poor mother died, leaving her a little, helpless thing, shivering over the scanty embers—Mrs. Slater took her to her comfortable home, and presented her to her husband as a daughter.

"And she's to be your little sister, Ben," she added, leading her to the curly-headed lad, who sat cracking hickory-nuts on the broad, slate-stone hearth; "you must be good to the poor little thing."

And Ben had been good to her, better, perhaps, than any brother could have been, wild, rough fellow that he was. Half of his yellow porringer of milk and bread was always hers; half of his store of nuts and apples; in winter, he drew her on his sled, and taught her to skate on the pond; and in summer, when he went after berries, or on fishing expeditions, he always pinned on her flapping sun-bonnet, and let her trip along after him. In later years, he shook down the rosiest apples and brownest chestnuts into her Holland apron; and attended her to "meeting," and to singing-school, in preference to all the other girls in the village; and the very first spending money he ever earned went to buy a gold ring to grace her slender finger. Ben Slater loved his adopted sister with a love warmer than a brother's. Everybody in the village said so; and old Reuben and his thrifty wife, Charity, thought as much with secret satisfaction. This little Clarie, with her fair face, and violet eyes, and flossy, golden curls, and shy, winsome ways, had grown very dear to them, almost as dear as Ben, their only child.

"Ben's a rough lad, and a leetle too wild, but he'll make the girl a good husband; and I've nothin' to say agin it, if they have a likin' for each other—and I'm sure they have," Mrs. Slater said, in private conference with her husband; and the old man gave his usual response of, "Ay, ay, Charity!"

So it was a settled matter, in the old couple's

plans for the future, that these two, dearer to them than all the rest of the world, would become one some day, although no definite word had ever been spoken concerning it. Shy, little Clarie herself must have had some suspicion of this secret hope cherished by her foster-parents. At any rate, she was very docile and obedient to all their commands; and very gentle in her manner to Ben, receiving his rough gallantry with timid gratitude, and hoarding up all his little gifts, even to a nut, or a blossom, with a tender carefulness, that betrayed something else besides mere sisterly affection. As to Ben, himself, the great, overgrown fellow, he was by no means demonstrative; and it was rather a difficult matter to come to any definite conclusion concerning his likes, or dislikes; the only known facts were, that he had given Clarie a ring, and paid her a good deal of attention—all the rest being based upon the surmises of the village gossips; unless, perchance, the keen glance of his old mother detected something in his brown eyes, when they followed the tripping figure of his foster-sister, which betrayed more than Ben cared about making public.

Matters stood thus, when all of a sudden Ben made up his mind to go Westward. It was time, he said, that he was doing something for himself, and the West was the place where swift fortunes were made. His father and mother offered no objection. It was natural, they said, that the boy should be wanting a home of his own; a wife would be the next thing. Clarie blushed brighter than the damask roses that shaded her window in summer time at old Reuben's wink; but she dropped many a tear amid Ben's clothes as she folded and packed them away. It was very hard to part with him. The harder because the time when he had to leave fell on her birthday eve.

A day or two previous, Miss Pamela Titcomb came over to the cottage—she always came when there was anything special on hand.

"So you're goin' to lose Ben, Miss Slater," she said, unrolling her knitting, and seating herself in the chintz-covered rocking-chair. "I didn't think you'd ever consent to part wi' him. I know it must go hard wi' ye."

Mrs. Slater went on picking her caraway-seeds, as she answered quietly,

"Well, yes, it's hard to part wi' him; but, then, I don't object. It's natural he should want o' be doin' somethin' for hisself; an' he can git on faster there than here."

"I s'pose so; and he'll be thinkin' about mar-ryin' soon, now—don't you think he will, Miss Slater?"

"Don't know. I never heard him speak about it."

Clarie bent lower over the socks she was darning for Ben, and shook down her curls to hide her tell-tale blushes.

"I did think," Miss Pamela continued, "he was keepin' company wi' Clary there—least-ways folks said so; but 'pears like he's turned to Jemima Jenkins now—men's so changin', there's no dependin' on 'em. I was by Jemima's this mornin', and she's terrible put out 'cause Ben's goin'. She showed me his pictur he giv her—'twas the very spit o' Ben, and in a locket wi' a gold chain; it cost purty smart, I guess. Everybody thinks he and Jemima 'll make a match of it when he comes back."

"Go up stairs, Clarie, and stone them reasons. I wan't o' make some cake to-morrow," said Mrs. Slater; and Clarie obeyed, just in time to hide the tears that all her struggles could not keep back.

"Clarie's in the dumps—what's the matter with her, mother?" Ben said, as he was getting ready to start.

"I'm sure I don't know; s'pose you ask her?" replied his mother, a little stiffly.

Ben took her to her word.

"What is it, Clarie?" he asked, standing by her side in the kitchen door—"what makes you so shy?"

"Nothing!"

"Oh! I know better; something's out. What is it, Clarie?"

Clarie did not answer. Ben looked at her a moment, his brown eyes growing tender and humid.

"You're not sorry I'm going, Clarie?" he said at last.

"Not so sorry as I might have been, Ben."

"What have I done? Tell me, Clarie!"

"Nothing at all. Good-by, Ben!"

"So you won't go down to the gate with me, Clarie?"

"No, Ben."

"I've got a birthday gift for you."

"I don't want it, Ben."

"You don't. Well, good-by, then."

His voice choked a little, and Clarie felt the hot tears coming as she gave him her hand.

She remembered it all, picking out the golden pippins, and listening to the winds howling round the cottage gables. The year had been a long one, and very dreary. She missed Ben sadly; and when she went to singing-school, and saw Jemima Jenkins with her gold chain round her neck, the little stinging thorn in her heart rankled deeper than ever. Ben was

coming back now; she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. But her foolish little heart would flutter when she thought of his honest brown eyes, and clear, kindly voice—it would be so pleasant to have him back again. But he would go to see Jemima, and bring her a second gift, no doubt. He should not see that she cared, however—Clarie was too proud for that; so she dried her eyes, and ran down with the golden pippins.

One o'clock on Clarie's birthday found everything in trim order, the dinner steaming on the stove, and the old walnut table laid with the whitest damask, and best china. Mrs. Slater, in her Sunday gown, stood in the door-way, looking out with anxious eyes into the fast-falling snow.

"What can keep 'em, I wonder?" she said, for the twentieth time. "I told Reuben to make an early start; and now the dinner 'll all spile—and Benjamin never *did* like cold vittils."

"They can't travel fast on account of the snow, mother," Clarie said, reassuringly; but at the same time her blue eyes wore a troubled look.

Two o'clock came—three—still they did not come! The poultry baked dry, and the gravies burned to the pans; Mrs. Slater's dinner was in perilous danger of spoiling. Just before the clock struck four, Miss Pamela appeared, ploughing through the snow, wrapt in her gray serge cloak.

"I knowed you'd be waitin', Miss Slater," she said, stamping the snow from her feet, and seating herself before the fire that Clarie had just replenished, "and I've come to tell you the news—though I've bin down full a dozen times in gittin' here. Squire Stebbins heerd it down to Brown's, an' he was jest up from the station; an' says I to mother, I'm goin' right up to tell Miss Slater. I b'lieve it's my duty."

Mrs. Slater withdrew her eyes from the winding, snowy lane, and said with evident unconcern,

"Well, Miss Pamel, what is it?"

But Clarice, who was listening intently, sprang forward with clasped hands and paling cheeks.

"Oh, Miss Pamela!" she whispered, "is it about Ben?"

"Why, yes," continued Miss Pamela; "but I didn't think as you'd keer so much, knowin' as he had a hankerin' arter Jemima; but I may as well tell you, you've got to know—it's about the train. There was a 'lision, or whatever you call it, this mornin'; an' the down train from the West was jest smashed right up, and every



soul killed! If Ben was aboard, as I s'pose he was—why, God help ye, Miss Slater, that's all I can say."

Charity uttered not a word; but her face took on a stern, rigid expression, that reminded one of the cheerless, leaden sky without.

"It mayn't be so," Miss Pamela continued. "I hope it ain't; but I thought it was my duty to come and tell ye; an' seein' as Ben may be dead, Clary," she went on, turning to the poor girl, who stood white and stunned, with her hopeless eyes fixed upon the dreary, snowy lane, "I may as well tell ye that it was a mistake about that pictur' o' Jemima's. Ben didn't give it to her, as she said; he only let her keep it that night to show round, and tuk it back next mornin'; an' they do say Jemima's engaged to her cousin."

Mrs. Slater had wrapt her shawl over her head, and started down the lane to see if the old buggy was in sight. Without a word, Clarice caught up her hood and followed her. Twilight came down, gray and cheerless, on the two watchers standing knee-deep in the freezing drifts. At last, far down the lane, they caught a faint glimpse of the old roan mare. Clarice ran forward with a glad cry. If only Ben might be coming! But the old buggy came creaking up with poor old Reuben sitting back on the cushions, his face white and vacant, his hands hanging limp and powerless by his sides.

"Where's Benjamin, Reuben?" the poor mother cried. "Why didn't he come with you?"

"He'll never come again, Charity—never again!"

All night long, over the dying embers, sat the three heart-broken mourners. The dinner remained untasted on the table; all the little delicacies the poor mother had got up for her boy, who would never come home any more. The wintry winds howled without, and whirled the snow about in great, blinding drifts. Clarice sat in Ben's favorite chair, with her golden head bowed down, and hot tears falling from her eyes.

"If he could only have forgiven me—if I could only have seen him once more," was the one cry of her heart.

Slowly, slowly the terrible night went by. Toward morning a few rosy tints began to brighten the leaden sky, and the winds lulled; but poor Charity's sobbing did not cease; like Rachel, she wept, and would not be comforted. Clarice raised her head, and saw through her tears the crimson flushes in the East, and somehow the sight of them awakened a faint hope in her heart. Maybe it might not be—Ben

might come back to them again. Just then a quick step crunched the freezing snow, and a tall figure passed the window. The next instant the door-latch was lifted, and a familiar face—Ben's dear face—looked in upon the sorrowing group.

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my boy!" cried the poor mother, clasping him in her arms. "They told me you was killed; but I knowed you'd come back to me."

"Certainly, mother; but we had a big smash, I tell you. I had the luck to escape, and waded all the way home on foot. Hey, father, don't cry about it. Come, Clarie, won't you even shake hands?"

"Oh, Ben!" she said, coming forward with crimson cheeks and overflowing eyes.

"Well?" clasping both her hands.

"I'm so glad you've come. Won't you forgive me?"

"For what—being glad?"

"Oh, no! For being so cross the morning you went away."

"What made you?"

"I'll tell," his mother interposed, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron. "It was all Pamela Titcomb's fault, gabbin' about Jemima Jenkins, an' you givin' her your pictur; but I knowed it was a lie."

Ben's face brightened like a summer morning, and said,

"That was the matter, was it, Clarie? Why, I didn't think you were so foolish. And I didn't dare to hope even," he added, his voice dropping down to a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "that you cared so much about my poor picture. But I didn't give it to Jemima. I intended it for you; but you said you didn't want it. If I offer it again, will you refuse it, Clarie?"

Clarice did not answer; but she bent her bright head until it rested on his shoulder. He took the little locket from his pocket and clasped the golden chain round her neck.

"There," he said, proudly, "you shall wear it for your birthday gift; and one of these days, when I get the little nest I'm building done, I shall ask you for something in return. You won't refuse me, will you?"

"Of course, she won't," the happy mother interposed. "Any gal would be a fool to refuse you, Ben, if you are my own boy. But bustle round now, Clarie, and we'll have our birthday dinner, after all; and it'll be the happiest one we ever eat. Won't it, husband?"

And the old man, smiling through his tears, responded,

"Ay, ay, Charity!"

## THE STOLEN BOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 269.

### CHAPTER XII.

"I'll have the pleasure of showing you," said O'Neil, when Wharton had been thus forced to remain, "that Dr. Sinnett became acquainted with the fact of this property being only held in trust by the Meyers, and not rightfully theirs by inheritance, as was commonly supposed. Cartright, tell what you know of this affair."

Cartright, a bald-headed, stoop-shouldered Scotchman, deposed to his finding in an old cabinet, bought at auction, a miniature portrait of a lady, "a weel favored wench enough, like, about the eyes and jaws, to that one," pointing to Mrs. Van Epp. "There was a date on the back, 1707, and the name Berenice Sutphen. Along with it was a deed, or copy of a will, dated in this country, which was so yellow that I could not make it out, but put it away with the likeness as belonging to the same kinsfolk." He then told the story we already know, of Sinnett's finding the portrait and deed some fifteen years before, and buying the first from him. About three months ago he had come with Wharton, and, after long searching, found the deed in the bottom of an old chest. Cartright had heard the men say, when it was found, that it would be worth a good thirty thousand a-piece; and, also, that it would be better to put it in the light of a government claim, as a good blind, Wharton adding, that "The woman was a tory, like all Jersey people, and it would be charity to furnish her with proof that republics were ungrateful."

"As soon as they had possession of the deed, and found it available," O'Neil continued, "they went to work, as I will show you, Mr. Pettibone," summoning Miss Grierson, with a heightened color and perceptible uneasiness, not looking at the young girl as she came timidly forward.

Jane had acquired a new gravity—a set, firm little mannerism, that became her graceful figure and pretty doll-face. She spoke earnestly, but to the point, and concisely. O'Neil and his mother had drilled her well. She gave evidence as to the inducements set forth by Wharton for her sister to remove to the city; the story concocted by him as to the government claim; the

signing of all the papers which he brought to Mrs. Van Epp, without a word of question. She also told of the actual pressure upon her sister to raise money before April, and the reasons for that pressure.

"My sister was almost maddened by the want of the sum Wharton had insured her, and by the debts she had incurred when they laid their plot to charge her with theft," said Jane, with flashing eyes and failing voice. "It was cruel—cruel!" with a downright burst of tears. "It was just what you might expect from Wharton!"

O'Neil placed her a chair, and drew her down into it. "I beg you to consider the evidence of this witness, Mr. Pettibone," he said. "I also have the affidavit of Mrs. Van Epp's lawyer, Cozzens, from Freehold, as to the terrible anxiety which she felt that the mortgage on her husband's farm should be paid, and the reasons for that anxiety. Brought to the city and induced to plunge, woman-like, into extravagance, by the representations of these men, you may judge how strong was the temptation set before her, when, on the same day on which Wharton announced to her that her claim would yield her nothing, Wardell's letter, with the offer reward for the abstraction of the bond, was p in her hand. Keep it in mind, also, that at the very time, her suit was successful, and these men empowered to enter into possession."

"You cannot prove this," cried Wharton shrilly. "You cannot prove that I did not hold that bond for her in good faith; and, now that you have pushed us to the wall, as you fancy, Sinnett will enforce a trial against her. You have no evidence that she is not guilty. We will enforce her arrest, Pettibone, at once," growing louder and sharper.

"Philip Caldwell," said the old man, coolly—and the detective was sworn, and gave the facts which he has related in these pages, in his slow, methodic manner. Sinnett interrupted him when he had reached the point of the detection of Mrs. Van Epp in the act of depositing the letter to Wardell in the post-office.

"You have that letter, Mr. Pettibone?"

"Yes!" fumbling in a greasy pocket-book. "It is an important link in this affair."

"Let me look at it again," stretching out his small, white hand, which shook visibly. "It is mine—part of my documentary evidence against this woman."

"Gently, doctor," interposed O'Neil. "Let us see first who the woman was who deposited the letter in the post-office, and who the writer of the letter."

Sinnett drew back, looked carelessly up at the cobwebs that festooned the wall; at the half-dried geranium in a crock of baked earth on the mantle-shelf, and tapped his boots with his rattan.

"We will hear the evidence of Dr. Sinnett's servants," said O'Neil.

Two women were then called, who testified, that on the evening when Caldwell traced the woman to the office, Mrs. Van Epp had ridden out with her sister and a little boy; and Mrs. Wharton had come to the house, and, with the aid of the Sinnett women, had assumed the dress worn by Berenice the evening before, and, closely veiled, had gone out, returning in the course of two hours. That on re-entering the house, she had appeared much excited—her eyes and cheeks blazing, they said. Sinnett and his wife had met her at the door with her husband. There was much eager talking and laughing. That she had finally gone up stairs and changed her clothes, saying, as she came out of the chamber again, "The handkerchief did the work. Our detective is as credulous as the Moor." That a week afterward, Mrs. Wharton had again come to Sinnett's house, and been closeted for an hour with him and his wife. That the servants, listening, had heard her sobs and hysteric cries, the others apparently endeavoring to pacify her. That she had exclaimed once, she "was traitor to her best friend;" that she "had stung the hand that nursed her, like a viper;" that she "would sacrifice her right hand to undo that night's work." That they had succeeded in quieting her partially; and she had visited the Sinnetts since that time, apparently calm and friendly, as before.

"With a few more words from Mr. Caldwell," said O'Neil, "my testimony closes for the present; though, if these men are committed for trial, I will be able to produce witnesses to prove that, at the very time when Wharton assured this woman that her claim was worth nothing, he was preparing to transfer one share of the land for valuable railroad stock amounting to about ten thousand dollars."

Caldwell came up again to the table where the magistrate sat. There was a breathless

silence in the room; Wharton and Sinnett breaking through the forced carelessness they had hitherto maintained, and leaned forward to catch the first words. The detective, unconscious, apparently, of all scrutiny, thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and drew out a paper, which he laid on the magistrate's desk. Tapping it with one finger, to summon Pettibone's attention, "I have here," he said, "the stolen bond."

In the stir of surprise and excitement that followed, Sinnett turned on Wharton, shaken with inarticulate passion. "You have played me false," he gasped at last, catching him by the coat. "I would to God I never had trusted you."

Wharton shook him off contemptuously. "Nothing is more easy," he said, "than for Mr. Caldwell to present the bond stolen by his client; for so, I presume, I may designate Mrs. Van Epp."

Caldwell stood immovable.

"Where did you obtain possession of this document?" asked Pettibone.

"It was handed to me two hours since by Mrs. Wharton," said the detective. "Her present mood is that of repentance, quickened, probably, by my statement of her personal danger. She took the paper from her husband's private desk, and is ready to confess her own part in the conspiracy."

Pettibone nodded, took snuff violently, then wrote a few lines hastily, which he handed to Roberts. "You are committed for trial," he said, shortly, to Sinnett and Wharton, and motioned the officer to take them out. Sinnett turned and went out of the door, holding the policeman by the arm, his head down, his eyes closed, his lower jaw fallen—his very clothes hung on him with a limp, defeated look.

We will let the door close on him forever. He was tried soon after, and sits to-day in a corner-cell of the Eastern Penitentiary, his lean, eager face bent over a cobbler's last. Whether he will come out of that living death, with soul and brain stiffened, perforce, into the lineaments of crime, which began to develop before his entrance there, or whether the little good that was in the man will have had space and encouragement to grow into a strong purifying element, is a question that belongs to those mediciners who profess to cure the immortal part of humanity. If they have too often neglected the system of our jails and penitentiaries, and the great parish that lies therein, there is a Physician whose work, let us remember, is never left undone.

Wharton was not cowed. He went out with the usual buoyant step and lithe movement, tossing back a sickly smile to Pettibone as he reached the door. Caldwell stood by, drawing on his gloves, and buttoning his coat, preparatory to going out.

"You have made a neat job of this," said Wharton. "I see your hand all through, Caldwell. These other people have been but tools."

"You but compliment me," said the detective, gravely.

"No; you know your work in its details, and do it. There is where I have met with failure. Some untied thread, or neglected link has given you the clue." He bit his lip until the blood started; then suddenly recovered his light tone.

Roberts, the officer, was consulting Pettibone in a low voice, and the prisoners waited.

"That," said Wharton, confidentially, to Caldwell, "was the principal work I had in hand. There were lesser undertakings—but this was the grand *pièce de resistance*; I trusted all my future to it."

"It was not illy conceived," said the other, with a look of almost respect.

"I have a favor to ask of you," said Wharton, frankly. "It is too late now to make secrecy requisite on your part. What was the clue which gave you an insight into the matter? Where was the flaw? I have a curiosity which you will understand about this thing."

"The clue," said Caldwell, pausing with his hand on the door-knob, "was given when your wife left dried sea-weeds in the case where her handkerchiefs lay."

The color left Wharton's florid face for the first time. "Olive, then, has been the motive prompter of it all?" with a bitter laugh. "And yet, Caldwell, the only unselfish love of my life was given to her."

He went out with Roberts at that moment, forgetting, as Caldwell noticed, to assume the jaunty swing and half martial air he usually wore.

There was an uncertain silence in the office when Roberts and his charge were gone; the men looking doubtfully at Mrs. Van Epp, who sat with one elbow leaning on the table, tracing lines on a dusty ledger with her finger, her face dull and vacant. Jane, at a glance from O'Neil, took her gently by the arm, with a quiet authority that became her well.

"Mrs. O'Neil is waiting for us, Berry," she said. "You understand what this means? The mortgage can be paid."

"Am I to be free?" looking up, her face unaltered.

"Free? Yes, child; and the mortgage is to be paid—paid," raising her voice, and measuring her words slowly.

"I don't think that matters," holding her hand to her head; "I can see things now as I never did before. When John comes back, it is not the money, nor the want of it, as in the old days, that will make life for him and me. There's something better," she looked steadily in Jane's eyes, unconscious, apparently, who was before her, the words falling from her in a slow, vacant voice. "There's something better than reason or than duty; it will last, here and yonder, where we are going. I know now."

Mrs. O'Neil silently tied the strings of her bonnet, and helped her to rise. She did not call her "poor creature!" or stifle her with noisy caresses, as was her wont; but the blazing red of her cheek grew a little paler, and the tears were in her black eyes. Somewhere under her fat, motherly bosom there was a sudden thought of a narrow grave in the churchyard at Ballymore; and of a lank, lazy body laid to rest there, after a long unhelpful life. She might have been a better wife to him—the tears started hotter and more bitter. This woman was to know the same loss. She touched her gently as if she were a child. "You'll tell her the truth, mother?" said O'Neil, following her to the door. "Then I'll not, Cornalius. Let them that's nearer to her insense it into the poor sowl. I'm but a rough hand at the best," and so led her off down the street.

Pettibone looked up. "Is there no chance of a mistake about the loss of this vessel?" he said, in a tone less gruff than usual.

"None," said O'Neil, who was preparing to go. "The owners of the *Bonne Louise* have received their money already from the underwriters, I understand. They certify that all the hands on board perished, excepting two, whose names are given. There is no hope that John Van Epp escaped."

### CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE years later. The tide of war in that time had surged up from the depths of our national life, done its work, and ebbed more rapidly than it came, leaving a land ghastly with the wrecks of old systems, and pregnant with the promise of those to come. The sun, that set on the last of our battle-fields, had marked no day with a meaning so clear or decisive, in the long history of the march of humanity to its promised land, since the morning when the sallow-faced monk fastened his

parchment to the church-doors, and with every stroke gave a death-blow to the soul-serfism which had lasted for many centuries. The sun set clear that night with calm, unclouded, unconscious glow, on battle-fields alike with peaceful homesteads. God's work all, and all well done. But the sky caught deeper colors than usual; the sea subdued its moan; the very air, one fancied, held in every fragrant breath of brown mould, of damp forests, of yellow harvest fields, the whispered story of freedom and of peace. Men's hearts, wearied with the strain and uncertainty of the last four years, sank down suddenly into an astonished quiet, tremulous and afraid to believe that the long hoped-for Sabbath had come at last.

The long, level rays of the setting sun fell nowhere upon a calm so entire and akin to stupor, as in one of the village suburbs of the Quaker city. Down in the heart of the town myriad flags were waving, and the noise of cannon shook the air; but here the pale smoke rising from the long rows of monotonous houses was scarcely stirred. It was a closely-built, flat suburb; block after block of unvarying red brick tenements, with doors and windows of glaring white; in front of each the exact number of square inches of grass, and stunted evergreen in the midst. Genteel poverty crept out here to die, perhaps, but make no sign; at every door the yellow-lettered carts left the same pint measure of milk; the huckster dragged at each bell with the cry of "cheap fish, and clams alive;" at every door-step knelt the inevitable small servant, with pail and brush, and red heels protruding from ragged stockings; while the mistress stood above, watching the work, in gaudy thin silk, and a greasy mass of some dead woman's hair netted on her neck.

Here came literary men without work; actors whom the public had dismissed; unfashionable milliners; clergymen with small incomes; refugees from the cotton and border states; an Alsatia without vice; a Bohemia without vigor or wit; shiftlessness, misfortune, life with startling change, cased in red brick, and slabbed, tombstone-like, with marble. One woman made use of none of the little tricks in vogue to hide her want. The uncurtained windows were flung open to catch the cheery sunlight. The carpetless hall was a welcome asylum for all the dust and drifting straw of the neighborhood. When a fit of cleanliness attacked her, she came out in a slatternly print gown, her mass of hair uncoiling down her back, and scrubbed and swept, blind and deaf to all passers-by. She had just been seen coming home from the cor-

ner grocery, with a brown paper bundle containing rice for her supper—for the woman's appetite was oddly meager for a frame of such muscular proportions; the stimulant she craved, perhaps, was of another sort; on the mantleshelf, a glass half full of some red liquid, and a bottle of laudanum beside it, said so much.

The room was large and unfurnished; the pine floors bare, save for the heaps of dust-sweepings in one corner; one or two well-worn trunks, half open, in the midst, and a curious heap of wrinkled dresses of silk, costly laces, ragged under garments, forcing their way out of them. A man had made a pillow of one of the valises, and lay asleep on the floor; the woman near him, sitting on a low box, her white, large, nervous hands clasped about her knees.

The freak had seized her to be clean, decent that night; nay, more, to make a picture of her body and face. It was an old art with her, no woman understood it better. What mattered it if no eyes were to see her success but those of the half drunken, satiated animal yonder on the floor? Olive dressed to heighten her beauty for her own pleasure alone. She looked up, now and then, at a broken mirror that hung near her, a cracked and mildewed old thing, in a wooden frame, bought at some auction—but it served to show her a stately woman, robed in a cloud of delicate lace, that revealed the creamy shoulders, the dimpled arms; a head bending under a coil of loose, curly hair, a face mobile with such passion and change that no man could look on it unmoved.

Her blood grew hot as she looked, satisfied, on herself; her vanity was imperious as that of a savage. She tried to gratify it; tried for the same reason that she danced, ate opium, sang and prayed wildly at Methodist revivals, to quench a raging devil within that must have its daily food of emotion, relief.

I am drawing no imaginary character. I knew this woman well. You may find her like in any class, or rank; women with limited, but powerful brains and huge passionate natures. They are the saints of religious sects, whose influence depends on emotional action. They are the attraction and terror of brothels; they are the rigidest of ascetics; they are the successful of their sex everywhere—the Lucy Landons, the Joan d'Arcs, the Maria Brooks, the St. Therasas of their day. You find them in any rank—in Irish hovels, in nunneries, in the children of Scotch Presbyterians, waiting for circumstances to drive them with headlong speed on some road through life; by which road men shall judge

them, but not, let us believe, He who fashioned these hearts overcharged with animal blood, as well as all others, and who sees them with other eyes than ours.

For us, the story of Olive Wharton is finished. I wished only to suffer you to look at her once more before she goes on her way to the end.

She had reached the day which will come to all of us when the uncertainty of life was over. Every man or woman attains a tolerably sure knowledge of their own powers, the chances for their success in life, and of their path in the world at her age. At sixteen, life is as vague as the Sahara' desert; we build in it cloudy castles to-day, and cottages to-morrow. We shall meet there our favorite heroes, Achilles, or Gerard, the lion-killer, the courtly Stuarts, or Greatheart, and Giant Grim. At thirty-five, we calculate how much oil stock will buy the brown-stone house around the corner; and we know that in every year, on to the end, we shall meet only Brown, and Jones, and Pratt, under new names and faces; and, worst of all, we have found that Greatheart, or the Stuarts, were no more and no other than these.

Perhaps, with natures like Olive's, the child's chimeras last longer than with any other; but even to her the world had grown into hard and commonplace faces. She had no deeper insight to see the eternal mystery and wonder that lay beneath the hackneyed outside. She plunged, therefore, madly from pain to pleasure, from strenuous labor to the sheerest inaction, to find the illusion lost. Through all she had dragged her husband. I do not think Olive was an affectionate woman; and the rages of emotion into which she fell never degenerated into sensuality; but whatever love she had to give belonged to Wharton. She had bidden him farewell at the gate of the Eastern Penitentiary, with a silent oath never to see his face until she brought him his pardon, partly prompted by pity, partly by remorse. She had succeeded. The Governor, an old gray-headed widower, prided himself on his knowledge of the fine points in women and horses; he pronounced Mrs. Wharton a work of nature and art *bien fait*. He was a country lawyer, and it flattered him, with all his gubernatorial honors on him, to promenade with a woman to whom the first men of the day touched their hats. Over a charming little *dejeuner*, which she gave to him and to his brother, a cloddish farmer from Westmoreland, he had handed her husband's pardon.

Olive used to mimic him to Wharton's companions afterward, and his pompous shake of

the fore-finger, until she made them shout with laughter, and declare that a great comic actress was lost in her.

Philadelphia was barren ground to them, however, after this Van Epp affair, so far as gleaning a living was concerned; so Wharton and his wife went to New York. Anybody there can live by his wits. Wharton "fought the tiger;" and Olive wrote squibs for Vanity Fair at fifty cents per joke. She had a vein of bizarre humor in her which never had been developed; but it was exhausted soon, one of her moody, sullen spasms came to deaden her brain and blood. Wharton drank; saw the dice unsteadily. There was a pungent excitement in fighting the wolf from the door; in stinting and scraping pennies together; in dodging from one obscure haunt to another; in cheating bakers, grocers, boarding-house keepers. But it all palled *vanitas, vanitatum*. Then the war came. It fired every drop of her blood. She was a Southern sympathizer assuredly. They were the weaker party—she was chivalrous. The very feudal system of master and slave appealed to her domineering, generous nature. In the few weeks when she and Wharton lived in Maryland, she had crowded the house with servants, loaded them with dainties and finery one hour, and sent them to the whipping-post the next. It was natural to her as if she had been born in one of the most tender of Southern families. Indeed, it is my belief that the ship, which went down and left Olive as its only record on the New Jersey coast, came no farther than from Virginia, or the coast of Carolina.

Wharton did not enlist, he had a prudence which was not in his wife's nature. He remained loyal, therefore, and hung around the Treasury buildings at Washington for odd jobs of writing. It might be as safe, however, to have a hold on the other side in case of their ultimate success. He made no objection to Olive's frequent journeys to and from Richmond in various costumes; a widow going to bring home her son under a flag of truce; a drummer-boy in Dahlgren's corps; a young cavalryman under Stoneman, when he made his famous raid. She carried despatches, maps, draughts, in her hair, in the gauntlet of her glove, in the heels of her boots. They knew her at Richmond as one of their most trusty and capable spies; and she, perhaps, never had so thoroughly and keenly relished life before.

But one day she found all mode of egress from Washington closed to her—she was forced to remain inactive for a month or more. She visited the hospitals for the first time; she wept

silently, came out with blanched cheeks and quivering lip. Here was her work; she had been blind before. She put on the coarsest clothes to be bought for money, a light cap, (when she could not persuade them to shave her head,) and went into the largest hospital in Washington as nurse, dressing wounds, cooking gruel, and reading tracts assiduously for three weeks.

A glance at these four years is enough—you may surmise the rest. The war was over; so far as she could see, stagnation was to follow. They were passing through one of their semi-annual straits of poverty, but that troubled her little. So many chapters were read—a new one was now to open. She had only a dull curiosity as to what it might contain; whatever it might be, she would put into it blood-heat and fire akin to that which she had just drank from yon glass on the mantle-shelf.

She had made an experiment last night; the old hint of the men that she was a native artist for the stage had always clung to her; she had tried a part at the — street theatre, in a sensation play, to please the manager, who was an old friend. She had not found herself impeded by shame, or *mauvaise honte*; had scaled the paper rocks; drowned herself in muslin seas; fallen in and out of high, heroic rages; it was a better stimulant than hospital-work; but not equal to blockade-runnal. The *habitudes* of the theatre had laughed good-humoredly at her ignorance of stage rules; but the pit had risen to her beauty and novel dressing of her part. The way was open to her; she was thinking it over now, as an epicure might a new taste, not certain if her mouth altogether relished it, or not.

Wharton had applauded his wife earnestly. He was sinking into a dull fellow, fond, and henpecked, it was said; but forgetting all trouble of that sort by admiration of his afternoon's elaborate toilet. After all, the promenade could boast no showier figure.

Do you care to follow them farther? If not, let us leave her sitting in the bare room, the glaring sun falling on her royal beauty and its robe of laco. As she lifts her eyes to the patch of hot sky, she thinks of a woman she saw that morning on the Camden boat, in one of her restless, wandering strolls. A pretty young thing, with two fantastically dressed little ones, clucking about them like a hen over its chicks. Olive had watched them, herself unseen. She knew the woman well, and thought of her now, and of her babies, with a scornful smile, thanking God for her different fate in life, and that

she had no whining children to torment her and drag her down. She looked, then, at her fingers and arms, at the blue veins dimly showing through the white, and the pink flush at the elbows, with a smile pleasanter to see than the last. As the twilight came on, a distant strain of music reached her, and she listened breathless, her eyes growing full of tears.

Many animals, you tell me, will hear sweet sounds with as pure a pleasure as this woman; and, in a word, the dog that lies at your feet may have a temperament and character better worth study than hers. It may be so; yet God finds a place in His great universe for dogs and their inferiors; and if I have dwelt unduly on the type of woman whom this Olive represents, it is because I think that of all His creatures there are none more pitiable, or more worthy of charity.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the sun set that evening, the woman, whom Olive had seen, had reached her journey's end. There was quite a family party of them: father, grandmother, mother, and nurse—attendant on two babies, who ruled the whole. They had come by railroad and Jersey wagons through the deep, white sand to the farm-house where they were to rest, and were standing on one of the long porches, while the wagon trundled off on the road winding through the green fields. You could see on every face that the occasion was the opening of a grand holiday; there were welcomes, and kisses, and unfastening of wrappings, eager as Irish hearts could make them; and then a general mounting of the whole party to their chambers to prepare for the supper, the savory smell of which was filling the cool, hungry air. They came down presently, freshened and more ready for joking and laughing, if that were possible, coming out to look at the old, familiar pine-woods, and the red, broad beams of the sunset behind them, before they went into the cool, long room, where the table was set with its snowy cloth and blue china, with here and there a glass full of June roses and sweet-brier. Every year O'Neil and his family (for it is our old friends we have met again) came down to spend the summer with Berenice Van Epp. She looked forward to their coming anxiously from month to month. They were the only friends the widow had with whom she felt at ease and quiet; and with the weight of a great sorrow, and a heavier remorse beneath that resting on her; the long winters, with no companion in-doors but little Phil; and without, the unceasing cry of the sea, in which

her husband lay dead, became charged with insupportable gloom and loneliness. When they had gone up stairs, therefore, she waited in the hall, nervously as a child, for them to come again, sitting on a low settee, with Phil restlessly hanging round her. The two had worked together for weeks preparing the house for their guests—had gone over it, not an hour before, to be sure that nothing was omitted. She was a thin, worn woman, clothed in deep black—widow Van Epp, as the country people called her, with no trace of the beauty which had won her husband's heart but the clear blue eyes; she had a bent head, an humble face, uncertain, appealing eyes, the record written by a life that had been a failure, and which stood now balked, groping, waiting for a guiding hand.

She got up eagerly as they came down, holding out her arms for the baby, who fretted to go to her; all children loved this quiet, sad woman, with a touch and smile for them so unutterably tender. One would fancy, to see her, that remembering the cruelty in her old life, all the love and kindness of her nature was struggling breathlessly to escape while yet there was time. O'Neil gave her many anxious, pitying looks, furtively, as he sipped the tea, at the foot of the table, stroking his red whiskers, and joking with his usual loud guffaws. Her sunken cheeks brightened with pleasure as the meal went on. She was a real country hostess, pressing the dishes on them until the fried chicken, the tongue, in rich brown slices, the waffles, and honey, had each been tasted, and pronounced each more perfect in its kind than ever before.

Old Mrs. O'Neil tried in vain to keep "Cornelius" and the children in order, her red cheeks beaming under her gay ribbons all the time. "We'll go out and look at the say," she said, when the last tardy plate was pushed away; "that'll quiete you."

But O'Neil was quiet and grave enough as he passed his wife, and found her looking anxiously at her sister, who lingered behind them.

"Berry has more healthy color," she said.

"It is but transient; she is much shaken since last summer. These long, solitary winters are doing their work slowly, but sure."

Jane's eyes filled; then, as she hesitated, a curious expression passed over her face, when Berry drew near, and she only said, "It may not be too late;" going out before he could answer.

It was a solid homestead, now, full of beauty as well as comfort; for Berenice Van Epp's

tastes had ample and certain means of gratification. But nothing had been removed of the worn furniture in which John had taken such delight, because it had belonged to the old Van Epps'. The chamber and little parlor he had fitted up for her as a bride, were closed. She never had entered them since the day she came home, knowing how unworthy she had been to call herself his wife.

For Phil's sake, however, she had tried to banish all shadows from the house. She "spoiled the boy," Jane said; "she governed him too much by love, never by reason." But she never ventured to hint this to the widow herself. "He is all she has," she was wont to add; "let her do with him what she will."

They all were tender and watchful of her. Jane, whose heart was not wide enough to hold the world, or any great part of it; and who, therefore, was apt to be uncharitable and harsh in judging anybody but "Corny and the twins," found a space in it for her sister, and kept an anxious scrutiny over her. She was apt to be anxious, this young mother; her brows had learned a trick of knitting sourly, and her lips of contracting—housekeeping was doing that. But her laugh came quicker and more genial; there were rich, loving tones in her voice that her girlhood never knew. O'Neil's broad, lazy, warm nature, would save her from the fate of American women of the middle class—she might be something more than a bundle of fleshless bones, of nerves and prejudices, when she came to die.

They sat down under the brown shadow of one of the broad horse-chestnut trees that darkened the sweep of grass in front of the house. It was very quiet and cool; a faint, dull red lingered at their back, far in the west; behind, a river, up which the fishing-smacks stole lazily, their white sails growing dim and dream-like as they passed out of its glow into the lengthening twilight. The pine-forests closed in the horizon to left and right, a black belt of night; in front of them, the broad, salt marshes swept down to the beach, and beyond, the sea, whence, it seemed to Berenice, all the pain they had known in life, seemed to call aloud to them that it would come again.

She turned her back to shut it out, and listened eagerly to O'Neil's rollicking nonsense—stories full of humor, with now and then a word or touch that brought the tears into her eyes. Yet she fancied that there was a secret restraint in all of them, that she never had known before. She detected them watching her with the same grieved, pitiful look she had seen on



O'Neil's face. It annoyed and embarrassed her. She grew silent. They had some ill news, it might be, to communicate. O'Neil was her business agent; he had to tell her of losses—of the loss of all, perhaps. The fortune so suddenly acquired seemed to her always held by a most uncertain tenure.

She fell to wondering what she and Phil would do, if this were so. She thought that the change would be almost welcome. In this life of inaction, her stifled pain grew intolerable at times. As she sat there holding one of Jane's babies in her arms, Phil, half asleep, stretched out along the grass, his shock of curly hair in her lap, she sank into one of her accustomed fits of silent musing, and did not notice that, one by one, they had quietly left her, and gathered into the shadow of one of the porches, where some eager consultation was going on, Jane sobbing nervously on her husband's arm.

"I will go and take the baby," she said, "then make the house ready, while you tell her. You are so much more tender and delicate than mother and me, Corny, in things like that," looking up into his burly red face with devotion in her brown, bird-like eyes; whereat O'Neil blushed, and laughed, and stroked the soft, smooth hair.

"Run and bring your baby, then, little one. The sooner this is over the better for us all."

But, man as he was, he drew one or two choked breaths as he walked down to the widow, sitting under the horse-chestnut, holding the child in her arms, the shadows growing heavier about them.

Jane touched her, trembling. "Let me take little Berry in, dear. Corny wants to talk to you."

"I know," said Mrs. Van Epp, with a quiet smile. "I have guessed this secret you are keeping from me."

O'Neil glanced at her sharply, then sat down beside her, while Jane, after a frightened look, hurried to where the old woman sat, and the two women whispered together with anxious faces.

"I understand," said Berenice, her hand playing with Phil's damp curls, "you have some trouble, or loss of fortune, to tell me of, and fear my courage to brave it."

"If it were so," said O'Neil, "would the loss give you pain? I have fancied not, sometimes?"

Her eyes were fixed upon the pine-woods: with a lonely, questioning look, she answered her own thoughts rather than his query. "If I worked; if we were poor, Phil and I, it would

be more like his father's life. It would be more apt to make him a man, like John." There was a long pause. She added, in a lower voice, "I am alone here; I have nothing to do but remember. Sometimes I think I shall go mad. If I had work——"

"You wish that?" answering her first sentence. "You wish Phil to be a man, like his father?"

"God knows," with sudden energy, "if I have prayed and labored for it! But what can I do? What will my poor talk show him of him that is gone?" She held the hair of the boy close in her fingers, looking off into the gloomy woods, that seemed to have grown dull with looking into a grave.

O'Neil looked at her steadily, then he rose, and stood beside her. She turned a vacant face to him, not seeing how the house had grown astir—lights flashing from window to window, Jane, busy as a bee, hurrying from chamber to chamber.

Around the widow and her son only the gloom of night fell like the shadow of the great loss they had borne—the salt marshes silent behind them, and far off the moan of the sea.

"Has it never occurred to you," said O'Neil, his voice faltering, "to question of his fate that is lost? How he lived in those few months?—how he died? If there were no message for you, to come long after he was gone?"

A terrible chill shook her; she did not speak for a moment. Then she said, "Is it well to say this to me? You do not know what I suffer——" She held her hands to her throat, her face bloodless and cold, adding, "Unless you bring me such message?"

O'Neil did not answer.

She sprang to her feet with a shrill cry. Phil started up, half awake, beside her. "You have brought me some last word of his!" she said, catching his arms fiercely. "God! how I have prayed for it! Do not torture me! I——"

O'Neil stammered, held her falling form. "By Saint Dennis, but they chose an unlucky messenger! I've no more tongue for this work than a mule itself. I've no last word from him, woman. What if, instead of that, he had *not* gone down in the Bonne Louise, but been picked up by a French frigate or English—but what the devil's difference is that? And what, if illness and poverty had kept him from you till——"

"He's alive!" gasped Phil. "I understand you, uncle Corny; he's alive, and—and here!"

But Berenice sunk down, silent and motionless; and when the dark figure that had crept softly toward them through the marshes, pushed

the boy aside, and caught her as she fell, it was a dead weight that lay in his arms. Phil stooped and held his mother's feet to his breast, looking up doubtfully at the father of whom he was a little afraid.

Corny O'Neil went up to the house and left them together. He was a little gruff and surly. "And a pretty job I made of it, after keeping John waiting in the marshes an hour to prepare her mind! What are you about, Jane?" he growled.

The little woman was too busy over a cozy little table, set for three, to answer at first. "The man's had nothing to eat since morning," she said, finally. "I'll tell Berry that presently, and it will bring her to her senses," poising her little head on one side to see if the dishes were set to her satisfaction.

"You've a queer idea of a hymn of rejoicing, such as that woman's soul is lifting to heaven just now," he said.

"Maybe I have. Bring in the lamp, Sally; John always liked Berry to make his tea herself."

She waited awhile; then she went down to the chestnut-tree, where the three dark figures sat, a low murmur of a man's voice reaching her, and a stifled sob from Berry as she lay on his breast.

She pretended not to have heard either. "You are wet," she said, in her gentle, quiet way, touching his sleeve; "the marshes were damp, and you must be weak from hunger."

Berry and Phil started up, both of them, as if they would have carried him in.

"I have been selfish, dear Jane, as I always was, but——"

Jane put her arms about her, and stopped her mouth with a kiss. Something in the kiss said that Berry's joy was as sacred to them all

as her grief had been; that none in the house should rudely handle, nor touch it.

When the long-lost husband came in, therefore, with his wife and boy, they met him with quiet, happy faces—but as if he had gone out but yesterday. Jane waited on them at table, where the tanned, hardy little man, whose face bore no sign now of want, nor disease, sat rubbing his hands softly, spreading his napkin over his coat, looking at Phil's face, which could not relax from its broad grin, and at the thin face opposite, on which a pink color had risen, and the soft, tremulous blue eyes, that lowered shyly before his as they had scarcely done in the old courting days.

"Bless my soul!" said John, with one of his old, merry laughs, "this is home! Here is the old silver lamp, and Berry making tea!"

He could not eat; but they sat long over the table. It seemed the beginning of the new life which they were going to lead; and Corny, noticing this, glanced at his little wife admiringly, thinking that, after all, she knew best how to make the hymn of rejoicing for home, and the home itself real to them.

They sat all together, after supper, very hushed and happy; then O'Neil motioned the others away, to leave the father alone with his wife and boy; but John stopped him. "God has been so good to us," he said, "we ought to thank Him together, I think."

Then he read that wonderful psalm, wherein they who have been bound in prison and in iron, and they who have gone down to the sea in deep waters, arise and praise Him. But when he came to the words, "Then are they glad, because they be quiet; for so He hath brought them into the haven where they would be." His voice choked, he grew silent, and his eyes were full of tears.

## BERTHA CLARE.

BY BELLA B. BABCOCK.

I AM thinking of thee, Bertha Clare;  
The night wind fans my brow;  
And visions of the long ago,  
Replace the dismal now.

And I wonder if you've forgot the day,  
When down by the sounding sea,  
The waves grew still to hear you say,  
That you'd be true to me.

And though you dwell in a palace fair,  
With diamonds to deck your brow;  
I still remember you, Bertha Clare,  
As you breathed to me your vow.

The river of Time, with its sullen roar,  
Bears me resistlessly on;  
And I see the outlines of that shore,  
Where the good and true are gone.

I am going to join that white-robed throng,  
In the mansions of the blest;  
Shadewy fingers beckon me on,  
Where the weary find peace and rest.

We may meet again there, Bertha Clare—  
For you can come to me;  
And together renew the vows we made,  
Beside the sounding sea.

## THE SENORA'S JEWELS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

WHENEVER a man or woman—who is, as years go, still in the bloom of youth—has come to regard the simple condition of rest as the boon most to be desired upon earth, and to consider happiness as a thing of negations—the absence of certain evils recurring diurnally—you may be assured that this typical man or woman has suffered experiences so crushing and bitter, that any surviving vitality suffices for endurance only, and prompts no more to action.

When I mention, therefore, that to me—Ellen White—existence had degenerated into a something capable of extorting the bare, sullen emotion of endurance only, I have told all I have the heart to tell. Were I to relate the series of facts from which this state of being was educed, you would be prodigal of sympathy, perhaps, for which, at the time, I might have been grateful; but how? Though we shower fairest blooms upon the dead, I fancy they are still indifferent; and the dead past of my life is just as insensible to any gift of tear, or word of sorrow.

When the wheel of circumstance, which is Providence, threw me into the society of Mr. Bronson, who said, "I am seeking a teacher for my little daughter, Madge—will you come? If we suit one another, the arrangement will be a permanent one." I was as glad as a creature, so spent and weary of emotion as I, could be of anything.

Mr. Bronson met me at the railroad station with a "Bless my soul, Miss White! so you're really here." Just as if I were the last being in the world he expected, and as if he had been waiting nearly two hours, as I presently learned, for a totally different person.

The house, before which we presently alighted, was a whole-souled—in my theory even houses have souls—hospitable-looking mansion, with wide doors standing open, that seemed to invite entrance from the passer-by; and a charming old-fashioned garden in place of a lawn, so running over with flowers that they were fain to climb the palings, and nodding their pretty heads, say gayly, "How d' ye do? We're very glad to see you."

Mrs. Bronson, a mild-featured, low-voiced woman, repeated to me exactly what the flowers had just said at the garden-gate, and then called Madge, my pupil that was to be.

From some unseen recess a small figure came toward me, regarded me with large, discerning eyes; then, apparently contented by the survey, slipped a slim hand into mine, and declared in a clear, ringing voice, "I am glad you are to be my teacher, Miss White."

That wee hand, that fresh, young voice, made some inmost chord of being vibrate within me. Darling, when you read this, know that the warmth that crept into my chilled heart that day has never left it—that the woman, Madge, is yet dearer to me than the child!

"Show Miss White to her room, pet," presently requested Mrs. Bronson. With the light, springing step of one to whom ranging through wood and field, and over hills is familiar pastime, Madge led the way.

Fatigued from my journey, I followed more leisurely, and noticed, as we descended, how wide and airy the halls were, and wondered at the scent of flowers floating through them.

I stopped at the first landing to look at a great clock in a large, wooden case, which time had hardened to ebony; for to me, city born and city bred, it was a curiosity inviting investigation.

As I regarded it, its loud, cheery tick seemed to iterate the welcome I had received below. Indeed, so hearty and genial affair of a clock was it, that I could have shaken hands with it upon the spot; but reflecting that such a process would be more damaging to it than gratifying to me even, I refrained, and followed Madge, who, turning her head, remarked, "Clumsy old thing, isn't it? But we all love it dearly. It has been in our family—oh! nobody knows how long."

Nor was the old clock the only thing that struck me with a sense of quaint, delightful oddity. The kindness that I, a stranger, received from strangers utterly amazed me. That people, to whom I was entirely unknown, should call upon me and appear to take a genuine interest in my welfare, seemed like a taste of the "primitive, pastoral ages." In fine, I had not been long with the Bronsons before I could say of them and their surroundings what Jane Eyre said of Rochester, "they suited me to the finest fibre of my nature."

I made another discovery as well, which was,

that the child, Madge, was virtual mistress of the mansion. She held the reins lightly, however, and was not, for a wonder, the least spoiled. There was not in the whole world anything too choice for her. The high china jasson, her mantle-shelf, embalmed the choicest spirits of the garden to make the whole year sweet for her. She slept in scented sheets of finest linen. The gilt dove above her window let fall from its bill curtains of the most delicate lace; and if a certain simplicity, not without a latent touch of dignity, pervaded the rest of the household arrangements, whatever appertained to Madge herself, was dainty enough for a princess.

This was scarcely strange, however, for she was the only child now. There had been another, she told me, with her sweet child-mouth all in a tremble—a brother Edward. He had been captain of a vessel that sailed to the Indies, but touched at Cuba most frequently.

There were trophies of his journeyings scattered throughout the house. Huge conches, whose opaline linings might have been furnished by a sunset; branches of rare coral, and cases of tropical birds saluted one everywhere.

"There never was a better boy than my Edward," Mrs. Bronson told me, with a sigh; "but he made one mistake," she added, with a doleful shake of the head, "he married a foreign woman."

"Yes, indeed," broke in Madge; "she was a Spanish Senorita. Just to think of my having a sister-in-law way off in Cuba, where the oranges and bananas come from, and where it is always summer! If I could only see her! If brother Edward had lived I should; he promised to bring her with him the very next trip. If I could only see her," she finished longingly.

Within the next fortnight Madge's wish was gratified, for, unannounced by letter or messenger, the Senora Engracia Juana Anita Bronson brought the bloom and luxuriance of the tropics into our quiet New England life.

She was what would generally be designated a "splendid woman." That is, she was large, moved about with stately grace, had handsome Spanish eyes—capable of a limited range of expression—and a slow, luxuriant life of her own, which disdainful action, yet found expression in her very repose.

She brought with her a maid, whose name, Paquita, describes her as well as I can hope to do. She was swarthy, pungent, vivacious, gay in the matter of bodices, and fond of twinkling the long rings of red coral pendent from her small dusky ears. As great a contrast in

the way of a servant as could be presented to our two domestics, Jarvis and Dorothy, who had been man and wife these twenty years, and were as staid and sober as two mortals well could be.

We were to have gone to the sewing-society that day—an institution upon which the good ladies of the parish expended their superfluous time and benevolence in supporting—and Mrs. Bronson had said to me, with a sigh, "How is it some people can never speak of a minister without sighing? I shall make you acquainted with our minister, Miss White, a dear, heavenly-minded young man. You will like him, I'm sure."

But the new arrival changed everything. Mrs. Bronson could not leave her guest. Madge, fascinated by this new experience, would not, though coaxed by Ellen White, who, vilely timid, dreaded being sent alone—which event came to pass; Mrs. Bronson said some one must represent the family—"Wouldn't I, please?"

I went, glad, after all, to get well rid of the bustle attendant upon this new arrival. After all, people had become accustomed to me now, and I should have a quiet time to myself, thinking my own thoughts and following my own desires.

A nondescript article fell to my share, upon which I sat patiently sewing, wondering sometimes what induces sewing-societies always to cut their garments after some unearthly and complicated pattern, which they delude themselves into believing is a marvel of simplicity; and stopping to listen sometimes to the little rills of talk circling and eddying around me.

Suddenly a hush came upon the buzzing and humming. Somebody said, "Mr. Hill has come," and the young ladies all made themselves very straight, and looked as if they were saying, "prunes and prisms" to themselves.

"I'll take a look by-and-by," I remember thinking to myself. So I sat with eyes on my work, nestled into a quiet nook, quite secure from observation, as I thought.

"What have we here?" said a quick, decisive voice, that was yet dashed with sweetness to one who had an ear for voices.

I looked up to see a face dark, and yet bright, somewhat to be feared, yet certainly to be trusted.

"What have we here?" repeated he, taking up the work-box which I had put beside me in a little recess. Does he mean me, or the box? puzzled I. He set the doubts at rest by drawing up a chair beside me, and taking possession of the box, began leisurely to inspect its contents.

As he did so, a secret pang shot from my heart into my cheek and reddened it—for this woman's trifle was the only visible thing in my possession that linked me to a dead memory—a hope forever crushed.

Yet had I dared to keep it—dainty affair of sandal-wood, inlaid with pearl, violet velvet inside, and furnished upon a tiny, but perfect scale with all womanly conveniences. Mr. Hill having taken out each article separately and inspected it, returned each to its place; then regarding me intently, said,

"Nature has made you a Sybarite, Miss White."

"And necessity has made me what you see," I returned quietly, once more my pale, calm self.

"Ay, what I see; and who knows," musingly, "but that I am the only one in the room who sees you as you are."

It wasn't right, I know. I repented of it presently; he was a minister, I should have been more respectful. But his keen, incisive gaze, his quiet assumption that in this brief time he had fathomed my woman's experience, nettled me, and I retorted quickly,

"If you understand me so well, Mr. Hill, you will know that I am content to sit here quietly by myself; and you had best seek those who will appreciate you better."

He went away then; and I began to wonder if he had read that tiny legend within my little box—just a quaint lettering enclosed in arabesque—To E. W., from R. G. Those dark, keen eyes—I feared no secret was safe from them. At all events, I had offended him, and he would take care not to seek me again. Had I not read pride—minister as he was—in the dark, bright face?

Nevertheless, when it was time to go home, who should stand ready to help me into the light wagon, in which Jarvis had driven me, but he. Touching me lightly on the shoulder, he said kindly, almost tenderly, "Is your shawl quite thick enough, Miss White—the night-dews are so heavy now?"

As he spoke, he stood in the moonlight, showing a clear, pure face, with just now a wistful look about the mouth and eyes that I could scarcely interpret.

I found myself saying, "The parsonage is on our way, Mr. Hill. May we leave you there?"

He smiled like a girl, I thought, who is pleased and doesn't care to hide it, and sprang in lightly beside me. What charm was in the moments that made them fly so quickly? And what new feeling of content was this that

knocked at my weary, weary heart, asking, "May I come in?"

"This is the parsonage," said Mr. Hill, as we stopped before a Gothic cottage set in a mass of shrubbery—its pointed roofs and gables fretted by the moonlight, and making a pleasant picture, not devoid of antique grace as he stood regarding it.

"Oh, would you view Melrose aright!" laughingly quoted Mr. Hill. Then, sobering down, he looked up at me as we parted, and said, "My parsonage, like some women's faces I wet of, bears the moonlight bravely. You cannot imagine, Miss White, what rarely sweet lines, for instance, this same moonlight brought out in your face. I watched you coming this distance, and though I know you'll rebel, I must tell I feel better acquainted with you than ever. Good-night." Then so softly I scarcely heard, "Good angels guard you."

When I arrived at Mrs. Bronson's, I found the household quite thrown off their usual track by the phenomenon of this foreign existence, so entirely unlike their own. The Senora, disdainful of the bed dedicated to her use that graced the spare bed-room, an enormous puff of snow and lace, straightway ordered a hammock to be swung from the ceiling, and reclining therein, consoled herself for the fatigues of traveling by smoking an endless succession of *cigarettas*. And this was but one of the luxurious phases of tropical life with which our newly-arrived guest bewildered our household, heretofore conducted upon strict New England principles.

But if the rest of us were bewildered by the strange ways of this foreign exotic so suddenly transplanted into our midst, so was not the child Madge.

I wondered often from whom she had inherited her impassioned ideality and imaginative temperament. Not from her father, certainly; and I could scarcely believe from her mother. Yet who can guess from a faded rose what it might have been in its freshest bloom?

However this might be, Madge literally reveled in the Senora, and her swarthy attendant *dama Paquita*. Their Southern vivacity and grace; their tropical mingling of *insouciance* and *abandon*, seemed to bestow contrast and color upon the child-life hitherto so quiet and coolly tranquil, save in the sphere of its own romantic imaginings.

I saw, moreover, that this Spanish sister-in-law of hers excited Madge strangely, and fascinated her absolutely. This was especially the case when the Senora was in a mood particularly gracious. At such times she would call Madge

to her side, shower upon her caresses and compliments; and finally, taking her guitar, would tinkle some languishing love-song, or melodious romance; and Madge, through all, would watch her with still observant eyes, fascinated, absorbed, but never thoroughly approving, even when best delighted.

Did the child, with her keen sense of right and wrong, learning early from the stern catechisms of her forefathers that to fear God is the "whole duty of man;" dimly understand that she who thus excited her admiration was a creature who lived for the present only, owning no law, save that of inclination; and if good at all, was so by chance, never from principle?

A few words as to the relations which had sprung up between myself and our visitor. We were as antagonistic as the antipodes. So utterly diverse in feeling and temperament, that I could not help watching her with the interest, cold yet keen, we are apt to accord to those essentially different from ourselves.

During the first stage of our acquaintance, the Senora had beamed upon me quite graciously, supposing me at least to be a relation of the family; but when she discovered I was simply her sister-in-law's governess, her arrogant Spanish pride asserted itself. From henceforth contemptuous glances, insults, veiled, but exasperating, and slights, small, but piercing like needles, were directed to me.

One day, as I sat quietly making some little birthday trifle, intended for child Madge, my very silence attracted one of the insults she was ever so ready to level at my very inoffensiveness; for by being a quiet thing of negations, I hoped to escape remark, and to pursue the tenor of my way unnoticed.

The woman sat and fanned herself with indolent grace; chatting with the others when it pleased her, flattering them with soft caressing nothings, and laughing gayly at the odd mistakes they made in striving to learn her native language.

Presently, bending her black, liquid moons of eyes full upon me with a glance of concentrated contempt, she said, slowly, "Mees Elaine Vite, I tell you vat you are. You are born of de snow and ice. Even my sun of Cuba could never warm you. And I tink very much zat no one has loved you, and no one sall."

Why should her insolence hurt me so? My whole woman's nature arose and protested. But I was not the thing of snow and ice she imagined me. I called past passion, past agony to disprove the assertion. But not aloud, only in the depths of my soul. Quietly gathering up

my work, I left the room, and donning bonnet and shawl, fled from that insolent presence into the open air to cool my cheek, hot with this last insult.

Let me tell you how strangely that day shifted and changed. A day that brought with a crash the past and present together; that mingled strangely bitterest bitter and sweetest sweet, in the draught it held to my lips.

The sky was gray, a mist disguised the distant hills; the rain fell in a fine, penetrating drizzle. Regarding nothing, I walked on, looking, I thought to myself, like something born of mist and vapor, for my dress was gray from head to foot, and my face quite pale enough, I suspect, for a phantom.

The mist became a fog, when suddenly out of it two strong hands grasped me, a stalwart form loomed up, a pair of flashing, steel-like eyes, beneath a halo of living, golden hair, met my gaze—Ralph Granger! Sent by demon or angel—which?

Oh, memory of a far-away night! when, in the flush of girlhood, I had stood in an enchanted garden, whose every tree bore a many-colored fruitage of light—amber, and rose, and violet; the air heavy with sweet scent of flowers, sound of music, and, above all, this man catching me by the hands even as I ran, and ravishing my soul from me by the tenderest words that ever beguiled a woman's heart!

Then I thought him a god come down. I found too soon that he was a man stained, dishonored, unfit for the association of any woman who meant to be pure and good. So I wrenched my heart from him, and fled; for, whatever he was, he loved me—and so was dangerous. I had thought myself secure; but here I was in his grasp, and something assured me I should not easily escape.

"Oh, my little Ellie!" he murmured, in that sweet, sweet voice I had loved so well to hear; "how changed you are—how pale and wan! You have loved me all this time, I know!"

A great and sore temptation beset me. Here was love offered me. I was thirsty—maddened; let me drink, though the draught should presently turn to gall upon my lips!

The man saw the look of relenting in my face—saw the hungry longing for love in my eyes; and dropping my hands, then opened wide his arms, and, with broad chest heaving, cried, "Come, little Ellie! You are mine, and you know it."

A prayer for aid in this great temptation, and then, with a cry that was scarcely like any human sound, such shrieks and anguish was

in it, I fled, even as I had done once before—fled, like a wild thing, through the storm and gathering darkness.

A man's hand once more stopped me; but this time it was to succor. It was Armand Hill who held me, soothed me; opened the stone-gate, and led me up the garden-path into the parsonage.

He said that out of the storm a woman's voice had pierced his ear; that, strained and discordant as it was, he had yet known it for mine. He asked nothing, but with his own hands kindled a fire, warmed me, gave me wine, and said to me such tender, beautiful words that my heart gathered rest and comfort, and I was no more forsaken.

Lastly; when the storm had somewhat abated, he brought me home safe and warm, quiet and most peaceful; and when he left me, I sent a prayer after him into the night, that at his need Christ might succor him, even as he had succored me.

"I have invited Mr. Hill to meet my daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Bronson to me a few days afterward. Then she murmured, pensively, "I do hope her outlandish ways won't shock him; poor, dear young man!"

I told her that I thought his nerves were of firmer material than she gave him credit for. But she shook her head doubtfully, and slung to the belief that ministers were made of more fragile material than other men.

So that afternoon I took up my abode in the best parlor—a room especially dedicated to the use of company. It differed from the rest of the house in a more abundant display of shells and corals; and the birds that perched themselves on every "coin of vantage," were gayer of plumage here than elsewhere; and looked so surprisingly alive, that one expected them every moment to break into a merry twitter of song.

I was thinking how pleasant it all was, and feeling a little flutter somewhere, at the thought of seeing Armand Hill, when something flashed athwart my gaze. Bewildered, I looked up. Had the queen of the sunset glided into the room upon the last ray of sunlight? And did she stand before me, haughty, imperious, in a robe of golden-colored gauze? While from brow, and neck, and arm, streamed dazzling prismatic lustres—miniature suns of diamonds, stars of blood-red rubies.

The fancy passed, and at once I knew it was the Senora, decked in her ancestral jewels, that met my gaze.

Sweeping by me with magnificent contempt,

she lounged in indolent state upon the divan. Here Madge entering, ran to her with a cry of delight, exclaiming, "How beautiful you are!—how grand! Like some wonderful picture!" Then fingering the jewels, she questioned, "Will you sometime let Madge wear them, just to see how I'd look in such fine feathers?"

But the haughty woman pushed the child from her, exclaiming, "To break and lose dem, eh? Vat for you take me—a fool?"

Madge, ill-accustomed to such refusal, threw back her spirited head, then taking a seat at my feet, said, half to me, half to herself, "She is beautiful and grand, but not generous. If you had diamonds and rubies, Mis<sup>s</sup> White, you would care no more for them than bits of glass? You are my own true love, after all; and I'd go through the world for your sweet sake, as it says in the song."

Here Armand Hill came in, and the Senora straightway set herself to charm him. She said pretty things to him, in her broken English, assumed an attitude, and tinkled love-ditties and romances upon her guitar, casting, meantime, sidelong glances at me, evidently deriving much pleasure from the conviction that I envied her, and was insanely jealous of her superiority.

Mr. Hill sat beside her, jested with her, showed what he had never shown to me—courtesy politeness; read her through with his dark, keen eyes, in which, for the first time, I saw a light most cynical; and, by-and-by, came over, and leaning down, said softly, "I am going to say to you what Madge was saying when I came in; 'You are my own true love after all; and I'd go through the world for your sweet sake.'"

"He is jesting with me now," I thought, with a pang; but, looking up, I saw the cynical light was gone; a rare tenderness shone in its place, and I dared not disbelieve him.

The next day Madge came to me with some wonderful tale she had gleaned from Paquita, respecting the Senora's jewels; how her ancestors had been pirates; how they had come by these same rubies and diamonds in some unlawful and cruel way; and how, at some future day, the wraith of their some time possessor, would certainly appear and claim them again. I put the whole thing by as an idle tale; but I saw it had taken strong hold of Madge's fancy; and, to be candid, I felt a little shiver of superstition myself at the relation.

The mysterious element in Senora's history, which had thus come to the knowledge of

Madge, appeared to give added zest to the interest which she had excited in the child's mind. This was especially the case when the Senora was arrayed in the ornaments of piratical derivation; at which times Madge was apt to regard her with a curious compound of feelings expressed in her face.

Indeed, this very thing began to trouble me exceedingly. Madge, of late, had begun to roam strangely. She became restless, irritable; and nothing seemed to soothe her so effectually as long rambles in the open air.

I had to call to mind old theories of temperament, viz., that certain persons carry with them an occult atmosphere, by which a peculiar mould of organization may be disturbed and influenced to its harm. Knowing Madge to be an exceptional child, I was about to extend the application of this theory to herself and the Senora, when a terrible reality, that scattered all theories to the wind, befell me.

The Senora put off her ancestral jewels, one night, and the next they were no more to be found. This was bad enough; but when, with cruel Spanish hate, she dared assail a choicer jewel—my fair name—declaring that I, and no one else, had taken them, I sat down a woman too crushed to speak or move, trying in vain to reason upon the horrible calamity that had befallen me.

At last, gathering up my strength, I went about my daily duties. I did not know that any believed the charge; but there was no peace more for me, if even a breath filmed the clear surface of my life. I must be as clear before man as before angels.

Did he, Armand Hill, know of the charge? When I met him, should I read surprise and distrust in his eyes, God help me—that would be too much! So I resolutely shunned him; and when he came to the house, was nowhere to be found.

Days passed on, and the lost jewels were still missing; and as I passed wearily up and down the stair-case, I looked longingly at the great clock on the landing, whose genial appearance had so caught my fancy on my first arrival, and thought that, perhaps, it had beheld the midnight thief creep stealthily up the stair-case, and glide away with the missing treasure. If it would only speak! But it had confined itself to merely ticking its sentiments for too many years to alter its course at this late day. But, as it counted out the hours and minutes with a hearty good-will that never tired, I fancied I could discern beneath it all an undercurrent of cheer that would not let me quite despair.

Then a strange tale began to circulate through the household, of a glittering shape that flashed in the shrubbery at night, and which, laugh it down as we might, sent a shiver of superstitious dread through us all, making the girl Paquita pater prayers over her rosary, muttering fragments of some fearful history, in which the missing jewels played a conspicuous part.

After one of these scenes I went in search of Madge; her presence would, perhaps, dispel the nameless dread creeping over me. As I opened the door of her room, a peculiar, unfamiliar fragrance greeted me. Madge was not there. Outlying on her dressing-table were several sprays of flowers thrown down at random.

I took them in my hand; they were strange blossoms, certainly; large, of a brilliant, creamy white, and in the center a spot of vivid red, like a drop of blood. They must have been gathered where the dew fell heavy, for it was clustered thickly upon them in large, clear spangles. Bear with me, reader; but the glow of the red, the sparkle of the dew, were a sickening reminder of the missing diamonds and rubies.

At this Madge came in, and, holding a spray of flowers aloft, I asked,

"Where did you get these, Madge?"

"Why, I found them here when I arose this morning, and thought you had placed them there."

"But I did not, Madge, dear."

And the mystery remained unsolved.

In the meantime it was August—sultry and oppressive beyond precedent. The days passed by, wrapped in murky gloom, and closing with brassy sunsets, hung low down in the horizon; and Madge, strangely fatigued and restless, an unfathomed mystery within the house, a nameless dread without.

"I shall say no lessons to-day, Miss White," said Madge, impatiently, on a morning peculiarly murky and trying to a sensitive organization; "you must walk with me instead."

I looked at the child's face—the transparent skin showed every purple vein that traversed it, and the eyes were heavy and weary. I would not gainsay her in this state, so I put on my bonnet and went.

"We will follow a new path to-day," said Madge. So, with a quick, nervous step, she preceded me.

We wandered past bits of marshy land, bright with cardinal flowers; and through copses dark and cool, until we came where rocks in heavy boulders were piled high on either side, showing through clambering vines and many-beed



moss, mellow tints of purple, and gray, and yellow-brown.

Suddenly Madge clutched my hand, and pointing upward, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss White! see, see!"

There, on the very summit of the rocks, and trailing over their sides in pendulous, creamy sprays, were the mysterious blossoms I had found on Madge's dressing-table.

Devouring them with my eyes, I exclaimed, "These, assuredly, are the very flowers! But what mortal foot so agile as to enable its possessor to pluck them? I think wings alone could perform the feat."

A strange clairvoyant look came into the child's eyes, as with a little mocking laugh she answered, "Oh, I'll tell you! A bird brought them to me—a bird with a red breast, like my sister-in-law's lost rubies, and eyes shining like diamonds."

"Hush, Madge! you pain me," I interposed; and in a moment her arms were about me, and she asked my forgiveness.

"Though you have no reason to mind," she added, "no one believes what my sister-in-law was so naughty as to say of you."

Clasped close in those loving arms, was it by intuition, or some flash of reasoning, too instantaneous to be analyzed, that the secret was revealed to me? At all events, in that brief interval I understood how the flowers, waving there above us, were transported to Madge's dressing-table, and dimly discerned a thread of light that would lead me to the missing jewels.

As I wended my way home in a quiet of intense thought, whom should we meet but Armand Hill. Madge stopped to speak with outstretched hand; but, with a quick bow, I passed by him like the wind, yet not so swiftly but that I caught a keen arrow of reproach, shot from his eyes into mine. "Never mind!" thought I to myself. "Courage, Ellen White! Ere long you may show the tenderness that glows at your heart for the man who rescued you in your time of sorest need, and clasp his dear, kind hand without a shadow of self-reproach."

That night I left my door wide open, determined nothing earthly should pass without my consciousness. One—two nights I slept a sleepless vigil in vain. The third, worn out, I slept a brief, light slumber, from which I awoke with a start, feeling, rather than hearing, that something had flitted by in the darkness.

With heart beating violently I lighted my lamp, and presently was in Madge's room. As I had more than suspected, it was empty. With

swift, unpausing steps I aroused the house, and in a short space of time we were all assembled below.

I was engaged in soothing Mrs. Bronson, who was quite overcome, when the Senora, followed by Paquita, made her appearance, half awake, and swearing mildly in her native tongue at being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour.

Then Mr. Bronson—Jarvis hovering in his wake, lantern in hand—looked in at the doorway, saying in his hearty, cheery way, "Bless my soul! good people, there is no occasion for alarm! We'll find the child, never fear!" And so left us shivering and nervous.

It would never do to sit there by the light of that one small lamp. So I lit the wax-tapers in the sconces until the room was full of light; then placed myself near the door ready to catch the slightest sound. We made a curious group sitting there, speechless, hardly breathing; while the night without, wrapped in sultry stillness, seemed watching and waiting also.

The Senora reclined, in her customary fashion, upon the lounge, her heavy black hair falling in coils and braids almost to the ground, while Paquita waved over her a fan of crimson plume; and to beguile the time, her mistress made *cigarettas*, and smoked them, half awake.

How long we sat thus, waiting, would be difficult to say. To measure time by emotion is ever an impossible task. At any rate, I was the first to hear the outer door swing softly open, and the light footfall that followed. As I snatched up my lamp, they all started to their feet and hurried after me.

At the end of the wide, long hall, coming toward us, was the child Madge, a scarf she was fond of wearing floating about her bare shoulders.

Wandering out into the darkness, had the night become enamored of her young beauty, and adorned it with a shower of stars? Advancing my lamp, its flame was straightway absorbed, then thrown back in streams of prismatic lustre and ruddy shafts of light. I comprehended, simultaneously, that the missing jewels were found; and that the eyes of Madge were fixed somnambulistic—the eyes of one who walks in her sleep.

Of this first discovery the Senora became aware as soon as I, for with a cry she sprang forward—the immemorial Spanish greed gleaming in her eyes—and would have torn her jewels from the child; but with an arm nerved by excitement I held her back.

With weary steps Madge passed up the staircase, and paused before the great clock, for

which I had always cherished such a friendly liking. After all, my belief had been correct—a chimera of the brain, as it had seemed. The old clock had been able to explain, all along, the mystery which had so puzzled us all, and been the source of such keen anguish to me.

With familiar hand Madge touched the ebony case, and straightway a compartment disclosed itself, in which she carefully placed the jewels; then, sighing wearily, passed on.

The child's constant feeling of weariness was now accounted for. I shuddered to think of her, poor child! wandering out in the night, mimicking the stars with the glistening ornaments she wore, and climbing rocky heights in her waking moments inaccessible.

Of old, fabulous virtues attached themselves to precious stones. But, like all things else in evil hands, their influence may change, and they may imprison imps of mischief, that bring disaster wherever they may go. And if the gems are the price of blood?—but I am foolish to attach importance to Paquita's story.

The next day the Senora and her maid departed, for they felt they had outstaid their welcome. They had no sooner gone than the clouds that had veiled the sky so long fell in drenching sheets of rain, leaving a dome of crystal clearness behind, while the air became once more cool and life-giving.

The weeks passed by in sweet procession—

for out of disaster and gloom God had thrown down to me one of his most blessed gifts, a good man's love—until they brought the choicest time of all the year—Christmas day. For me there was a wonderful light on sea and land. Whatever others thought, I knew the light wreaths of snow that gleamed on every tree were garlands thrown down by the angels in honor of their King. The bells that chimed through the air were harbingers of peace and joy; for the quaint Gothic parsonage was to be my home henceforth—my happy, hallowed home. So every room therein was bright with holly, and warm with leaping Christmas fires. I entered it a happy mistress, to the chime of bells that seemed like angel-voices calling me to a nobler, better life; and a happy mistress each Christmas day has found me ever since.

Madge has bloomed into beautiful womanhood, fairer and dearer every year, making an atmosphere of balm wherever she goes.

As for me, if ever beside my hearth-stone, a dream of flashing azure eyes, beneath locks of living gold, fits around me, I clasp the hand that always has been so tenderly kind; I turn to the face that, through all those years, has never given me a frown; and breathing a prayer for that spirit, grand, if fallen—for the wanderer, Ralph Granger, wherever he may be, on sea or land. I forget the terrible past in the beautiful present God has bestowed on me.

## ETTIE.

BY BELLE BUKER.

SITTING in my quiet chamber,  
Dreaming olden fancies o'er;  
Of the pleasant days departed,  
And dear friends I've loved of yore;  
See I, peering up before me,  
Such a sweetly witching face;  
Wide I ope my eyes with wonder,  
At its gentleness and grace.

Soon I hear a sweet voice murmur,  
"Sister Belle, I love you so;"  
To my heart I clasp the darling—  
Cannot let the birdling go.  
Closer, closer still I clasp her,  
Lest, bird-like, her wings she try;  
And the world's sad shadowy hours,  
Dim the lustre of her eye.

Now a pair of lips, like cherries,  
Ripe and luscious, rich and rare,  
Poutingly are turning to me,  
Quick to meet an older pair.  
And the pouting lips, like cherries,  
Tell to me a tale of love;  
Not in words—'tis better language—  
Suited to my little dove.

Rounded arms, so white and dimpled,  
Close around my neck entwine;  
(I should sadly miss their clasping,  
Shouldst thou leave me, birdie mine.)  
But in love the birdling lingers;  
Can I always keep her so?  
Hark! I hear, "God saves His angels!  
Canst thou keep her? No! Ah, no!"

Ah! my sweet and pleasant fancies!  
One by one they quickly fly,  
Like the sunbeams, when dark storm-clouds,  
Shadow o'er the Summer sky;  
For I find not here, my Ettie;  
And I mourn that it must be—  
That my heart must wake from dreaming,  
To her grave's reality.

Yet there comes a peace in knowing,  
Though sweet Ettie here has flown;  
There may be a blest reunion  
For us, near the "great White Throne."  
In the bright and blest hereafter,  
Standing near the "jasper sea,"  
I shall find my own pet birdling,  
First to meet and welcome me.

## "SUNKEN ROCKS."

BY JUDITH HENDRICKS.

DING-DONG! ding-dong! rang the engine-bell, as the way-train dashed up to the platform at Brandon with its freight of bright-eyed girls, fretful babies, anxious matrons, young men in very white hats, and fathers of families taking Wall street into Berkshire, talking stocks incessantly. How the throng chatted and laughed, and lost each other as they poured out on to the platform! The world seemed so full of youth, and health, and prosperity.

The through passengers left in possession of the car, proceeded to "settle themselves" by opening windows, putting down shades, changing their seats, and generally doing all they could to make the day more insufferably hot, as people invariably do. Not quite invariably, after all, for one figure never moved, never had moved since the train left New York. A perfect hand, beautifully gloved, a pink ear, and a glimpse of white throat, were all a thick veil allowed to be seen. She was leaning against the blind, listening languidly to the buzz of voices outside. "Good-by, Grey." "I will go to papa." "Mamma, where is Spider?" "Three trunks and a bag."

Suddenly her attention was fixed by a voice just at her window, which said, "You remember him; graduated first; buttons his coat up to his throat, and puts candles on his altar, and all that sort of high-church thing. Well, she's going to spend the summer with him—very wise to give people time to forget that Saratoga business."

"I heard of it," answered another voice. "But I am not going to that part of the country; and I don't think I should need your caution, if I were. I don't care for those *eclat* women; why she is a perfect beacon; it's only sunken rocks that are dangerous."

They passed on, talking of other things. The bustle went on inside and out of the car. The girlish figure never moved, but ear, throat, and averted cheek were crimson now, for it was herself they had been talking of.

The Rev. Frederic Powell paced slowly up and down before his pretty parsonage, with heavy step and clouded brow; and he sighed heavily as he drew forth, for the fiftieth time, his mother's last letter. It was a thoroughly feminine epistle, crossed and recrossed with an

all-important postscript. "As I wrote, my dear son, we sail the twentieth, and I feel that the charge of Laura would be too much for your father's health. Of course, I cannot allow her to go to watering-places with Matilda, so I have thought of such a charming arrangement. You have seen so little of each other of late, and a bachelor establishment must be so lonely, that I am sure sending dear Laura to you will be a mutual advantage."

The more he thought of it, the more hopeless it seemed. His orderly little establishment invaded by a spoiled belle, cut off from her accustomed excitements, and dependent on a village for amusement. The last time they had met they had clashed on every point. She had derided his scruples and defied his authority. Rumors had reached him of some affair at Saratoga, the year before, when people spoke harsh things of her thoughtlessness and heartlessness; but he had rarely seen her in the past four years. What would the parish say to her, or she to it?

Luckily his dream of horrors was here arrested by the arrival of the stage, that deposited half a dozen trunks, a trig maid, and a languid, lady-like looking girl.

Nature is nature, after all! In spite of her chagrin at her involuntary exile, and his dismay at the invasion of flounces and frivolity, the sister and brother met each other with a good deal of cordiality.

The first hour went off to a miracle. She had admired the little church from the right standpoint, had singled out his pot water-color at once, and enjoyed his lunch. Mr. Powell went off to a vestry-meeting much relieved. As for Laura, she had left New York full of indignation and *ennui*; then came the mortification at Brandon; and with cooler thought, acquiescence in the inevitable: so handing her keys to Julia, she went placidly to sleep.

Mrs. Powell would have been very much surprised if she could have looked in upon her "charming arrangement," and seen how well it really was working.

To do Laura justice, she behaved wonderfully well. If she was bored she never showed it. She seemed perfectly content, basking in the sunshine whole days together, very much

like a little white kitten she had adopted, stagnant, sleepy, and satisfied. She read theology, and every other book in the house; and when it rained, or occupation failed, she went to sleep over a French novel and a box of pralines.

Powell felt some trepidation about the annual vestry-dinner before it took place, and much delight afterward. It was a great success. Julia proved a valuable addition to the parsonage *cuisine*; and Laura took the elders by storm with the tact that was with her a talent. Their wives and daughters were not quite so much impressed; they said she was "sweet," but they warmed to something like enthusiasm over her clothes. Mrs. Jones, whose little boy ruined her freshest organdie with jam, without drawing forth more than a placid smile; and Mrs. Brown, to whose interminable stories she had listened with heroic endurance, declared her "a real beauty;" but the verdict of the others was, that she wasn't half so handsome as her brother, which was true, and that she was a little white thing without any spirit, which was not true.

Laura Powell was twenty-three; rather striking, from the peculiar opaque white of her complexion, with dark, wavy hair, delicate, high-bred features, and a pair of large, soft, hazel eyes, shaded by heavy black lashes; a very pretty figure, and quite perfect hands and feet. Her great charm lay in her clear, musical, perfectly managed voice. She never sang a note, but she had done more with her sweet, trained organ, than most amateurs do with their loudest *bravuras*. There was a passive, tranquil gentleness pervading all her movements, that was very attractive in the dog-days.

One day bonbons and French novels came to an end, and then Alexander sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. She kept Julia all the morning dressing her hair in various ways, when she was startled from this important occupation by the click of the garden-gate; and looking out of the window, she saw her brother, followed by a gentlemanly, rather uninteresting youth, evidently a divinity student.

Ill-fated Edward Ransom! Your fate was settled from the hour that Miss Powell, cool and languid in white muslin and lilac ribbons, appeared at the dinner-table.

He was a well-meaning young man; quite clever, and very conceited—rather amusingly so. He had come up for a course of theological reading before he settled down to a parish. So he was always in and out of the parsonage; and Frederic, very grateful to Laura for good-naturedly relieving him and amusing his eleri-

cal brother, never suspected any other attraction than his library. So the days passed on tranquilly, and Mr. Ransom had become almost an inmate of the parsonage, when fate brought another actor on the scene.

One morning, joining Ransom and Powell at the brook, Laura found a third fisherman, blonde and gentlemanly, with an easy air of society, that was very grateful to a woman banished from that atmosphere for the first time. She did not remember that he had said anything clever when they parted that evening, but he had used the commonplaces of society so gracefully that she did not feel the want. Frederic was delighted to renew his college intimacy. So Major Carew and Laura became easy, noncommittal friends. Her pet cat, Minette, purred on his knee, and Ransom was not even jealous!

One hot August morning, glancing up from the table in the library, Laura found Philip Carew leaning on the window-sill.

"At last!" he said. "Here have I been, for twenty minutes, turning your vines into tobacco-plants, and drawing courage from your dark room and white wrapper, to face the glare and dust of my rooms."

"But for your segar you might have stood there all day. Will you come in?"

"No, thank you. I wished to see Fred; and I have letters to write. I'll come when they are finished, and he at home."

"I am writing myself; but Fred will be in soon; it will save you a hot walk to write your letters at his desk." She pushed writing materials across the table, and took up her pen.

"A thousand thanks, most thoughtful of women," he said, and swung himself over the window-sill. Miss Powell opened her eyes. Though not very powerful-looking, he seemed as light and strong as a leopard. The face was as noncommittal as the figure: the features were well-cut; the eyes rather cold and observant, as blue eyes often are; the mouth was almost hidden under a long, heavy blonde mustache, and *barbe d'Afrique*; what beauty there was lay principally in the setting of the well-shaped head and slight throat. Not a very young face, Laura thought, as she glanced at him, after their pens had raced in silence for half an hour.

Scratch! scratch! went the pens for ten minutes more; then both laughed as their eyes met.

Miss Powell carried the war into the enemies country.

"Who are you writing to?" she said.

"A man—and you?"

"A woman."

"How very correct and uninteresting."

"Meaning, I suppose, that I am correct, and you uninteresting!"

"The fault lies with me, then, certainly not with my subject."

She crossed her white arms on the table, bending forward with an imploring look in her dark eyes, and a sudden, syren-like softening of her voice.

"What are you writing about? Show it to me, please!" she said

Carew leaned back and examined her critically. "Please!" he mimicked. "No wonder poor Ransom." Miss Powell took up her pen with a gesture of annoyance. "I won't be intimidated or wheedled," he went on. "Letter for letter—is not that a fair exchange?"

Her eyes met his quite frankly and innocently; but the color she could not control rose slowly but perceptibly. "Thank you! I don't think I am much interested," she answered; then catching the major's quiet, irritating smile, she, with much consistency, held out her hand for his letter.

Laura's eye glanced carelessly over a page of affairs and people of whom she knew nothing, till she reached metal more attractive. "Powell and I fish as eagerly as in old Brandon days," the letter said; "but my chief amusement, the last month, has been to watch Miss Powell's innocent recreation. What bunglers we men are! It really annoys me to see such a perfect *mise en scene* so ruined by the *jeun premier*; not that the star is not fully equal to both *roles*. Such a tranquil, St. Cecelia face, and such a cool, calculating, worldly little machine as it covers! No wonder, poor boy! that he is bewildered! She is quick-witted enough to know that a hobble-de-hoy will be taken by those indolent, tired, woman-of-the-world manners, and is as unlike anything he ever saw before as possible. She really is charming, cultivated, and clever. Luckily, lookers-on see most of the game, and, as I said, at Brandon last spring—" here the letter stopped.

Major Carew, on his part, read, "One day goes and another comes, very much as when I last wrote. Fate has dropped down on us an old friend of Fred's, Major Carew, *le voila*"—here followed a clever drawing—"as you see, he has the mustache and imperial of Nena Sahib; and, as you probably don't see, he is otherwise a mild-looking gentleman of thirty-five, or thereabouts, without any strongly-marked characteristics; never in extremes, always pleasant-tempered and well-bred—the

sort of man which, at thirty, a woman would wish she had married at twenty, but at twenty would never fall in love with."

Miss Powell and Philip Carew faced each other across the table. Before he could say a word, Laura rose, tore the sheet in fragments, and swept out of the room. Fred Powell coming in some time after, found Carew still staring at the door, his segar out, and a hard look about his mouth.

"Almost tired of waiting for me?" asked Powell, rolling up a scrap of paper he found on the floor. "There, light your segar with that, and listen to this."

Carew settled himself to his segar and the last Blackwood, idly twisting and untwisting the taper. He was still playing with it when he went home an hour afterward; but he put it carefully in his pocket when he passed out.

Miss Powell was, for once, fairly roused. The sneering tone of her unscen critic had cut too deeply to be easily forgiven. Hitherto her summer had brought out the best side of her nature, but at this taunt, all the darker side was in arms. For a strong nature, brought up in a manner whose foolishness was its only consistency, she was not a very bad result. With good impulses, strong feelings, and considerable talent, she had found no vent for her surplus energies, save in one direction. Mrs. Powell first indulged her, and then resorted to a system of espionage and admonition utterly intolerable to the girl. She had heard she was wicked so often, that she never disputed the fact; received reprimand and exhortation with unwearied sweetness and silence, only flirting more desperately and more demurely—for her intense regard for conventionalities and proprieties only equaled her utter disregard of authority. She had gusts of penitence, in which she blamed herself somewhat, and the age she lived in a great deal, and was temporarily better—and then followed sharp reactions, which left her permanently worse. She had made one attempt to "*ranger*" herself, and had mistaken security for strength, self-esteem for dignity. But one morning she found her "Guy Darrell"—a very ordinary individual, with a good deal of buckram and bombast, and had been a little bitter and cynical ever since.

"Minette! Minette! Why can't you hit something your own size?"

Miss Powell and Mr. Ransom started and turned toward the gate, where Carew, with his back toward them, was gravely watching the kitten, her pink bow twisted coquettishly under her ear, making little, graceful, spiteful dabs

at a large moth on the gravel-walk, picked her up, and came toward them.

"You should teach her to strike for higher game, Miss Laura," he said, and he dropped the kitten in her arms, and nodded to Ransom. As he stepped over her pink dress to pass in, he laid a paper in her hand, whispering, "Forgive me for doubting the frankness of your letter this morning; *this* proves its accuracy."

The paper was a singed, ragged strip. It was a part of Laura's letter, which had fallen on the floor, and which her brother had rolled up for Carew to light a segar with. It said, "I forgot to mention a Mr. Ransom, who is reading theology with my brother. I occasionally see him when he comes to Fred. He seems wrapped up in his books. Is he the Ransom who is engaged to Mary Grey, that pretty albino?"

Carew was surprised to find Miss Powell sweet-voiced and gentle as ever at tea. "And I spoiled such a pretty tableau, too," he thought, fairly puzzled.

Things went on calmly for some time. If Laura was vexed with the major, she only showed it by singing a softer song to the poor divinity-student. Carew smoked and watched, and was finally rewarded by Ransom's confidence.

Sitting at her window, in the moonlight, Miss Powell became aware of Major Carew and his segar in the orchard beneath.

"Where is Fred—at the vestry meeting? Well, Ransom's in the study, and I have walked two miles, over wire fences and cucumber-frames to warn you!"

"What of—your destructiveness, or Mr. Ransom's designs on the furniture?"

"Miss Powell, you have played your hand well; but will the Rev. Fred approve the game?"

Laura disappeared. Carew sat down on a hen-coop, and waited patiently. In a few seconds she stood beside him. "You don't mean—" she began, hesitatingly.

"Precisely," he answered. "He wishes to see Fred before he speaks to you. Rather an inconvenient piece of propriety."

"Oh, Major Carew! what shall I do?" She clasped her hands. "I never meant—"

"Do you know you put me in mind of my little nephew?" he said, meditatively, watching the blue rings from his segar. "He stoned a hot-house for hours; and when he finally broke a pane, was immensely surprised and shocked. No," he added, almost sternly, "I don't suppose you meant it, any more than you meant it,

last season, at Sharon or Saratoga, New York or Newport. The question now is, to save yourself and the victim at once. Go and take him into the garden. I promise you shall not be interrupted. Upon my honor," he added, more kindly, as she moved away a few steps, and then came slowly back. "I believe his vanity will suffer more than his heart."

She went off quite meekly, The easy insolence of the whole thing never struck her till afterward. For fifteen minutes Carew watched; then he heard the gate snap, and Miss Powell came slowly back.

"Is it over?" he asked, throwing away the stump of his segar.

"I am so sorry," she said, earnestly, leaning on the trunk of the old pear-tree.

"Lavender is very becoming," he said, after a pause, touching her sash. "A *coup de grace* from such an executioner must be like Clarence's butt of Malmsey."

"Please, don't!"

"Why not? Man was made to mourn!" he said, lightly.

"You are very unkind!" and she turned away with a sudden sob in her voice.

Carew sprang up, quite ashamed of himself. She looked so pretty in her woe, and being wrought up to the proper point of sympathy, he did his best to comfort her. The voice was so pitiful, and the attitude so graceful, that it was only when he reached his own door, that the thought struck him, "How much of that was tears, and how much handkerchief?"

It was a grave, rather ashamed face, Miss Powell met in the glass when she left the garden. While she was pensively staring at the reflection, thinking it over, a change passed over the mirrored face. A queer little, wicked light came into the hazel eyes, and hovered around the corners of her mouth. Just then the candle flared up and went out. Left in the dark, Miss Powell, being a young lady of the nineteenth century and not a heroine, went quietly to bed.

Many were Frederic Powell's suppositions and doubts at Ransom's sudden departure, all skillfully parried by Major Carew, whose study seemed to be to shield Laura from annoyance.

The bond of confidence was a strong one. He ceased teasing her, and she infused more warmth into her manner. Miss Powell had not forgiven "sunken rocks"—and she did not mean Major Carew should forget it. She knew her adversary well. It was not often she played "*carte sur table*;" and it was only after she had studied him carefully, that she took the role of

"*ingenue*." She never manœuvred her beautiful eyes, or softened her flexible voice for his benefit; but she was everything that was easy and natural, and a little bit pathetic. There was much apparent frankness in the little whipped syllabubs of confidence. She favored him with confidences which amounted to nothing, but which were highly mysterious and bewildering.

Carew was amused, flattered, and almost deceived—but not quite. "She is a delicious little humbug, and it's all very nice, you know; but it's not going to interfere with my meeting you next week," he wrote to his companion at the Brandon depot. "That's an idea," he thought, dropping his pen. "I'll go and tell her I'm going away." Was he getting afraid of himself?

As Carew stepped out of his door, he was met and pounced upon by Mesdames Jones and Brown, with an appeal to his aid in a grand school picnic. His announcement of his departure carried consternation to the two ladies, who had relied much on his good temper and energy. They hastened to Mrs. Grey's, who was to help them; and here they met Miss Powell.

As Miss Powell passed quietly up to her room, a puff of wind brought a familiar segar-scent from the study. Julia was summoned to assist at a *recherche* toilet. Well satisfied at the result, Miss Laura settled her scarlet cravat, and shook out her snowy draperies, scornfully repeating, "Going away, indeed!"

As they drew round the little table, so gay with flowers and glass, Laura gave them a sketch of the threatened *fete*. Fred exclaimed,

"And here is our best ally deserting us! Oh, Phil! you mustn't go!"

Laura's spoon was hovering over the jelly. Carew heard the dull click, saw her hand tremble.

"Allow me," he said, taking it from her. As their hands met, she raised her lashes and gave him one look—such a look! half imploring, half startled. It thrilled through and through Carew. Even so the Trojan's arrow found the vulnerable heel!

Philip Carew drew a long breath as he reached his house. "At thirty-six, after all I have gone through, I must be case-hardened," he said. He stood a moment looking up at the moon; then he added a postscript to his letter. "Don't expect me, Harry. There is to be a great festival, and Fred really waxed pathetic over my dereliction. My friend, there are mirages beautiful enough to follow, feeling them a delusion and a snare."

For the next three weeks everybody was in a bustle of preparation. Never was there a more efficient aid than Major Carew. He was deep in every one's confidence; managed the most unmanageable old ladies; unraveled Laura's most inextricable difficulties; and barricaded the Rev. Frederic's door, saving him from all reference.

One morning he burst into the parsonage kitchen, where Laura, who had caught the epidemic, was surveying the preparations, with the news of his appointment as one of the marshals to conduct the children to the grove. "But I am to come back with Miss Brown, and Fred, and you, in the Brown ark; think what a come down for a marshal!"

"Be good enough to get off that dresser, and take off that napkin, and stop beating those eggs. If you will go and see Fred, I will send you in some lunch."

"No lunch for me, thank you. I have tasted Mrs. Jones' pies, Mrs. Grey's cakes, and Miss Lelwyn's custards already, besides pronouncing judgment on the deacon's lemonade—and you scorn my assistance."

Laura was inexorable, and he retired to the study to fight his battles over again for Frederic's amusement.

Laura was beginning to feel that she had undertaken more than she meant. Ever since the night Carew had decided to stay, she had lost ground, borne on by his stronger nature. Under all the *bonhomie* and simplicity of his disposition, lay strong passions and an iron will. Laura was a bold and skillful engineer; but her engine was running away with her: one effort and she would run it off the track.

The picnic came off. By six o'clock the children had lost all power of eating; and Laura glanced from her rapidly thinning table to the play-ground, where Powell's kindly smile and ready sympathy had drawn most of the elders and babies around him; and where Carew's blue badge was conspicuous, starting games and exploring parties.

At last Carew managed to disengage himself, and came up.

"Do look at Fred!" he said. "The Rev. Cream Cheese's popularity was as nothing to his!"

"Don't speak that way; he is worth a dozen of both of us."

"You are quite right. You and I are of the world's children. But though he is my ideal, you come closer to my sympathies."

"*Merci!* what are you doing?"

"What few philanthropists do, proving my

sympathy practically—cutting up cold chicken for a very tired and rather bored young lady. Now will you come and have your dinner under those trees?"

Everything seemed taking care of itself; so she followed him to a little clump of trees, through which the brook rippled over its brown bed with odd flecks of sunshine in it, for all the world like Laura's eyes, as Carew told her. The shade, and silence, and cold chicken, were very grateful after the noise and glare of the afternoon. Philip fixed her a seat under the willow, arranged her dinner, and brought her water from the brook, and she enjoyed it all lazily and thoroughly.

Neither had spoken for some time. Laura was listening dreamily, with half-shut eyes, to the murmuring brook and rustling leaves. Major Carew, leaning against a tree, watched her softened, languid face. "Laura!"

She showed no surprise, just lifted her heavy lashes and looked at him gravely. The sunshine was subdued now, but he thought the shadows softer still. In his face she read the confirmation of what she heard in his voice. Trained coquette as she was, Laura felt her breath come quick, and her pulse spring fast as she listened. When he was quite through, she raised her head, a hard smile on her lip, a bitter light in her eye; but she was very pale, and spoke with an effort.

"This is hardly a case requiring much sympathy or regret, Major Carew. You will soon rejoice at having escaped a 'woman of that *écâtante* sort.' The next time you select the Brandon depot to discuss a lady in, and the way-train passengers for audience, I hope you will mention that 'sunken rocks' are not the only dangerous ones." Then looking at her watch, she added with a quick change of tone, "It's long past seven—don't you think Fred must be longing for succor?"

"I begin to see," said Carew, slowly, after a long pause, "you have taught me a lesson I shall not easily forget. But don't expect me to thank you, just yet, for destroying the remnant of belief in womanly faith and heart, that has survived a good deal, and been very dear to me lately. You are quite right about Fred," and raising his hat, he moved quietly away.

The sun had gone down now, and the brook

brawled sullen and lifeless through its fringe of willows. Miss Powell realized the truth of the aphorism, "The next greatest misfortune to a great defeat, is a great victory!"

Frederic was beginning to look a little tired, and hailed a deliverer in Carew, who carried off the boys for a game of "tag." Laura, reinforced by some of the elder girls, at the same time, created a diversion among the children. Nobody would have thought she had just refused Major Carew. Nobody would have thought he had just been refused.

It was nearly nine o'clock before the party broke up, and the excited, the tired children were packed into the huge hay-carts and started for town. Then a caucus of managers was held, who pronounced it a great success. The fragments of the feast were gathered up, and after every one else had started, Miss Brown, the Powells, and Major Carew, deserted the scene of action. Miss Brown installed herself on the front seat, and Powell held the reins; so Carew put Laura in behind, and took his seat beside her. Miss Powell leaned back, pleading a headache, while Powell and Miss Brown laughed over the afternoon's adventures.

The road lay through a wood, the overarching trees shutting out the moonlight. Carew could barely distinguish the motionless figure beside him. Her dress fell out on the wheel, and he bent down to rescue it. As he drew his hand back, something pattered down on it; it was not rain, for just then a glint of moonlight crept into the wagon.

That little dress was a revelation to Philip Carew! Laura made a desperate effort to conceal her face in her hands, as he bent forward in the dim light; but they were fast in his, and Carew saw the bright drops still sparkling on her dark lashes and burning cheeks. There was a ring of triumph in one laugh, that followed unconscious Miss Brown's droll story.

"Go in, Phil, and wait for me," said Powell, when they reached the parsonage gate. "I won't be long." The carryall rattled off.

"Shall I come in?" asked Carew.

She gave him one look, half defiant, half tearful, and ran into the house.

And Philip Carew, closing the little gate behind him, followed her up the walk, and through the porch into the moonlit porch.

## OUR PHILOSOPHY.

For every ill beneath the sun  
There is some remedy—or none.

If there be one, resolve to find it;  
If not—submit, and never mind it.



## LITTLE MAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

They had loved each other as boy and girl—been engaged for several years; and in spite of the quiet opposition of friends, had kept their youth bright by the thought of the happiness which should one day crown her devotion, and his patience and energy, amid the struggles which beset a man trying to make a foothold in this hard old world.

Then Cecil Raymond's ambitious and intriguing mother took her away to Europe, and Lasley Payne was left alone to fight the battle on toward wealth, distinction, and that most glorious Pentecost of his hopes, the winning of his wife.

But by the time another year went by he was doubly alone, for the dream had fallen in ruins at his feet, and crushed his heart under; and the blasted hopes mocked him as bitterly as if they had been curses returned to the soul that sent them forth.

No answer to his letters; not a word from Cecil; no clue to her movements beyond the vague rumor that she was about to sell her beauty for a coronet—a growing weakness with American girls.

So it ended—he could do nothing more; he had tried every means, nothing was left him now but to preserve at least the dignity of manhood, and let the world separate them, since she so willed it.

I think he hated her for a time—hated her with that horrible bitterness which is only love misdirected. He could understand how it had been—the world had conquered; that deceitful old mother had carried her point. He knew her thoroughly, and knew that, in spite of the blood on which she prided herself, she would only have needed to have lived a century or two earlier, to have deliberately chosen for her child a golden infamy in preference to humble honesty.

He hated the girl with fierce, hot love. He despised and made excuses for her, and cursed himself both ways for his folly—and then went on his course.

Life will not stand still for people. There is no possibility, except in rare instances, of giving up existence to wretchedness. There is a great deal else to do. Men must live—the world must go on. There is eating, and

drinking, and work, and every-day aims; and though hearts may break, most people learn to live comfortably with the fragments. And I suppose they stop aching at last, except when some chance touch stirs up the old pain in a numbing way.

So Lasley Payne lived and prospered in his profession, and made friends; and nobody knew what he had lost under the waves; and it was not particularly romantic; and at last life would do very well—oh, very well!

The second year after—almost three years, perhaps, I am never certain about dates—what we call fate, without ever thinking that it is absolute atheism thus to misname God's providence, threw May Jordan in his way.

Blithe May Jordan! Nobody ever thought of calling her anything but May; and she had not yet lived enough for any one to decide whether the pretty pet name, or the grave, clear-sighted Margaret, which she had been christened, was most in keeping with her character.

It was a match which everybody approved—and he was attached to her. And how many of the marriages which have come under your observation have possessed any better foundation than that?

I can tell you sincerely that he did not think of her money. Indeed, there was no occasion, for he had been successful, both as regarded prosperity and reputation; but he was not a man to have thought about it any way. He thought it odd enough that he should dream of marrying her at all—her or any; he could not explain. She vested him with her pretty ways. Every time he heard her girlish laughter, it seemed to charm the mournful echoes in his soul. She had such caressing, womanly habits. She was so delicate—such an atmosphere of *ladyhood* hung about her.

He said to himself that she was not a woman of intellect. So much the better! She lived on the surface of life, and would rest contentedly among the outer folds of his heart, without ever paining herself or him by straining after dark secrets. So much the better! She was not imaginative or morbid. She would be perfectly content with what he had to give, and never dream that he had in him capabilities of being different; that, in spite of his gentleness

and affection, an impassable gulf swept between their souls.

All this, with a man's insolence of pride, he felt, without acknowledging it to himself. He decided upon her character according to his keen perceptions, and was satisfied that he had made no mistake.

And she? Why she was accustomed to being petted, and treated like a child; his grave, sweet way of doing it was the pleasantest of all. And the time when he spoke the words that bound them for life—the volume-words that so seldom receive their full significance in our minds.

He had not really thought to utter them—it might happen some time. But that pleasant spring-day which they were spending out of town; the delicious feeling of rest that came over him; the idea that here alone he could find repose.

Then, too, only the night before that false woman had troubled his slumber. He would not permit even that. This pure rose-bud should lie on his heart and guard it from all possibility of her intrusion.

Yet he had not thought to speak, I say; the words were on his lips almost before he was conscious. Sitting there looking at her face shaded by the bands of soft hair; listening to her voice; feeling the past recede, the future stand aloof; the whole world offering nothing so pleasurable as that strange content—the more pleasurable, perhaps, because he knew how close outside of it watched the old pain.

"Will you stay with me always, May? Will you be my wife, and let your voice be my music? Will you soothe me when the world galls, and life makes me bitter? Give me your hand, May! Do you love me, little May?" And never knew how his selfishness filled up those holy words—his comfort—his repose! And could not even pity the wild tremor of maidenly bashfulness that shook her very soul, and cried again, impatiently, "Do you love me, May?"

Could she answer! Die for him, yes—that is little! Live for him, suffer for him—but utter a word then! And she was close to his heart, and he felt hers beat; and it was a moment of restful pleasure to him and to her. The kiss on her lips was her life's Eucharist,

Then the bitterness and unrest swept back. Before the first hour was over he began to wonder and think. But it was best. Yes! he was more content. She was a child—would be always! Better so.

"Dear little May! My blossom, my spring-flower!"

Three months of rapturous delight to May; three months of mingled emotions to Lasley Payne; then he grew impatient to end it, to have his destiny settled—and he hurried on the marriage.

He meant to do right. He was certain that it was full and complete happiness for her. He could be content, and he was tender of her. He said that over and over again to his soul. She was like a rare flower to him—a very sunlight. She pleased taste and sense, and he never remembered that it was a human soul he took in his keeping, do you understand?

They had been married two weeks—he was so happy that he did not think at all; a season of complete rest, and May—

Don't call me sacrilegious; but I can write no word to express what it was to her, because there is no human one to answer; only the psalm that bursts from the lips of our freed souls, when the higher life opens, could express what I wish to portray.

Lasley had taken a little cottage by the sea. The solitude had been complete—the peace entire; and, oh! the golden radiance of the summer days, with the pearly beach, and the molten glory of the sea stretching out fill it seemed to meet infinity! The wonder of the nights, when the moon rose suddenly, full-orbed, from out the waters, and beauty became an ecstasy of pain from the very weakness of our human senses.

For the first time their retirement had been intruded upon—only visitors for a few hours. Lasley had gone into the house to write a letter, which he wished to send by one of the gentlemen whose holiday was over, and who found himself obliged to accept the dusty city streets once more.

Lasley's letter was partly written. He sat in the shadowy room, idly holding his pen in his hand, and listening, absently, to the murmur of voices that came up from the beach—May's rippling laugh striking his ears with a pleasant sound.

He was content; he had not thought at all. Surely the old life must be lost entirely—buried worlds out of sight; but he had not thought.

His servant came in with the parcel from the post-office. Absently as ever, Lasley Payne took up a letter, opened it, and began to read.

This is not a romance; it is one of the real, terrible things that happen occasionally in this life—worse, oh! so much worse than death!

That letter was from Cecil Raymond—written

from the North of Europe. Her mother was dead. She had learned the truth at last, she wrote it to him. She had never changed—never married. Her mother had intercepted their letters, convinced her of his falsehood. She had sunk into silence, proud as his own.

She wrote now to ask him to forgive her that she had ever doubted; to tell him, with all the abandonment of a proud, generous woman wishing to atone, that she loved him—loved him! She would wait there until her letter was answered.

He read it all. Reflection left his mind—everything was forgotten. He only knew that Cecil called him, and he must go. He sprang to his feet as if to rush away at once. Again the sound of voices echoed up from the beach, and May's rippling laughter struck his ear once more.

The whirl of insane thoughts seemed to consume years in passing through his brain. Anything appeared possible—suicide, murder! only to claim his stolen happiness—to avenge his murdered heart.

They died; he saw what he had to do—the stern sense of right and justice came back.

He wrote that letter in fragments; he wrote the simple truth—he was married—all was over.

Leave him alone; say a prayer for him, if any experience can give you a perception of that hour.

And then, without any respite, the ordinary tide of life rolled back; the guests were in the room; May was by his side, her hand on his arm, with a right to be there, not for once, but always—years and years, and nothing but to be silent and to bear; and then they tell us that death is the hardest thing to endure.

When they were gone, and the pair left alone, May said, softly, "We are together again—together!"

She spoke more gravely than her wont; and, oh! what a terrible significance the words had to him!

Together! Yes, and for life; and no sign could be made. Even his dreams to be watched, lest that name, written on the fragments of his heart, should escape his lips.

She talked gayly for awhile, then said, abruptly, "Ain't you well, Lasley? You look pale."

"The heat—it often affects me so."

She made him lie down; she would read to him. First she must bathe his forehead, and saturate his pillow with perfume. Once, in spite of himself, he made an involuntary movement of impatience. She did not appear to

notice it, and while she sat reading, he thought to himself, though the whirl of agony went on all the same, how fortunate it was that she was blind—a child. She would sit by his side during all coming time, and never dream of the gulf that lay between them.

The days passed. Lasley Payne's line of action was laid out; he would not vary essentially from it. He had the strength to go through with what he had undertaken. He believed, as most men would, that his determination was grand and magnanimous.

But I have my doubts. The older we grow the more plainly we see, that, even for our own daily comfort, the entire truth is wisest. If Payne had opened his whole heart to her when he wooed her, at least he would have been relieved from the burden of an eternal something to conceal.

But he chose his way, and he trusted to his estimate of her character, and believed that he could make her happy, in spite of his own misery; and that she would rest tranquilly his child-wife—his little May, as he was fond of calling her.

The days passed; the ordinary routine of life went on; the intense heat lasted, so there was an excuse for Payne's pallor and lassitude—and May's cheerful voice was cheerful as ever; and Lasley knew that his secret would never be suspected, growing sometimes bitter in his thoughts because the blindness to which he trusted was so complete.

I hold him worthy of all pity and sympathy. I think there must be something grand about a man who could bear as he did, and make no sign. But now I have done with his feelings; for I have but a brief space to tell my story, and it is the character of little May that I wish to make clear to you.

I said she had so far gone through life on the surface; there had been nothing to rouse the real strength, if such there was. Happiness had been so entire that she had never dreamed of the possibility of suffering.

But from the first hour that Lasley Payne's fresh suffering began, she knew it. The beautiful Eden where she had dwelt reeled into chaos, and she knelt amid the blackness praying to God for help.

This is the broken record that was written by her own hand. You will understand her nature by reading the voice of her heart—written at intervals, without date, only meant to be destroyed—the one outlet, except prayer, to the anguish which tagged at the very springs of life.

"He calls me always little May, sweetly, with an undertone of pity in his voice that is worse to bear than harshness would be.

"Little May! A child—a poor, blind thing! A butterfly that he caught unwittingly; and out of the great tenderness of his nature will not crush, though the poor butterfly is a daily torture to his eyes, because it reminds him of some summer forever gone by.

"How did I know this—why do I feel it? Can I tell? But it is the truth. He pities me. He would die to shield me from a knowledge of it. But my husband's heart is a world beyond my reach.

"My husband? Why, God help me! I am not even a wife in the sight of heaven. God's word says heart joined to heart, soul cleaving to soul! And I must make no sign. I must let him press his lips to mine. I must let him believe that my whole being is content, and—

"I am trying to see clearly. If I were only wise and could form a definite plan; but I can pray; maybe our heavenly Father will pity me all the more for my weakness and helplessness.

"How did it begin? I can hardly tell. It is just like trying to recall some terrible dream. I don't know how I felt it. I don't know what it is even now, this black trouble; but I have not my husband's heart. I say he pities me; he is so good that he would love me a little, if he could.

"Oh! what is it? Did I show so plainly that I loved him, that he married me out of his great generosity? Oh! that can't be—that thought is too bold and horrible! I was a child, but I was not unmaidenly. I thought he loved me—I never dreamed. Oh, my God! if even his pity is so tender, what would his love be?

"The days get on. It is all clear to me—each one makes me see more plainly. Why I have grown to understand even the slightest gesture. Oh! I know, too, when the very sight of me is a pang; then I creep away.

"He has loved some woman! Maybe I shall never know the story. If it's right for me, God will set it before me; if it could not help to guide me, better not to know.

"Then why did he marry me? I can't think about that. I only know that he is a good, grand man, and his motive must have been a right one. He might have made a mistake, but he meant all for the best. I am only a poor, weak, little creature; but I think God will show me how to act. I needed the trial, or it would not have come near me.

"If he was like many men, I could tell him what is in my mind. I could free him; but that

would only add to his wretchedness. If he thinks I suffer, or even have a gleam of the truth, he will suffer more.

"Only one thing for me to do—I can do it. Not I, but our heavenly Father's strength working in me.

"I must be his child-wife, his unthinking bird, content to sing when it can soothe him, never being conscious of a cloud on his face; not only content, but happy with whatever he can give.

"So his life will not be utterly wrecked, he must cling to his profession; he must make himself as many interests as he needs away from me. There may be times when my blindness and lightness can cheer him. When the dark hour comes I must get away; even then I can pray for him.

"I think to-night I understand a little more. Since he married me something has occurred to stir up the old life—for at first he was content; if he had not been, I should not have been so blessed. I can't tell what. Perhaps he has learned that if he had waited; if he had not caught his poor butterfly, he might have had his happiness.

"And I can't even pray to die—that would be a sin; only to help him if it be possible—I pity him so. If I had not loved him, I might have daily hurt him in a thousand ways; but I knew by my own love what he suffers, and I can guard against that.

"If only God gives me strength, and He will—He will, the years may come and go, and life shall pass for one, or both; and when we meet in eternity—oh! even there he cannot love me—"

It was winter, and they were settled in their own home; and success crowned Lasley's professional labors, till the very hurry of life left him no time for rest.

When he came home, there was the little May awaiting him, ready to sympathize with every mood; but the child still—all done, he knew, without thought—she was happy. Once she wrote:

"We are to be very gay. He says I can help him socially—ah, I understand! Less chance for being left alone—less time for thought. Any way he pleases. If I can only soothe one hour, it is reward enough for my life's work."

Before spring came there was something bliterer yet.

"Now he has his rooms in another part of the house; there are things I cannot say even to myself—no words for them even in prayer.

"I knew—I am a woman—I should lie to my

own soul, if I denied that I knew, sometimes, it was madness to see me where that lost woman ought to sit—in the very holy of holies of home to find the stranger. Oh! my God, help me!

"How he snatched at the pretext, when I laughingly chided him one morning for having disturbed me so late. Better he should have a room to himself while he was so busy, and must often write all night; and I said yes—and he has it. I made it so pretty; and when he sits there alone, I know the lost woman sits beside him.

"Among the books of his poetry, which I laid on his table, are some always arranged in a peculiar way. I know that is the way she kept them on her table; perhaps those very books—and they once read them together! However busy he may be, since he has that room, he never comes home without a bunch of violets, or some sort of white flower, which he puts in a little vase on that table. Sometimes they wither there—sometimes they are trampled under foot. So I knew she loved those blossoms, and when he can dream he likes to see them. When I find them torn and broken, I know the mad agony has burst all bounds for a season."

Cecil Raymond came home to reside with her relatives. Nobody had known of her engagement to Payne; no allusion could ever meet May's ear. She came home a noble, proud, generous woman. No longer a girl, but still with the bloom of youth on her face, and all her powers of intellect brightened and de-veloped by those years of suffering.

She knew that she must meet Payne—it was inevitable. She could bear it for a time—she would not think.

He heard that she had come. May saw another change in him. She knew that fresh revelations awaited her; but while they bore up with the sullenness of pride, she prayed.

It was at a party, where May was lovely as a ray of sunshine, and there was nobody wise enough to read the changed language of her eyes, from whence the soul would look out. Somebody said to her,

"Cecil Raymond was before your time, wasn't she?"

"I used often to see her when I was a child. I thought her so beautiful; why I haven't heard her name in ages."

"She has been in Europe—there she is. How young she looks."

And May, who never forgot her childish enthusiasm, wanted to make her acquaintance over again, and she must needs do it in her quaint, pretty way.

She watched an opportunity when the proud, stately woman was not occupied, and she went up to her.

"Spring has come back," said she. "Aren't you glad to see her, Miss Cecil?"

Cecil looked smilingly at the pretty vision, but wonderingly, too.

"I can't think who it is," she said; "but, indeed, it is a lovely spring."

"Oh, Miss Cecil! And the summer at Lenox, and the daisy-chains, and you petted me so; and you said, if it was years after, when we met, I'd only have to say, 'Spring has come back.'"

"Little May Jordon!" cried Cecil, catching her hands; and her heart went back, with a bound, to the summer when they had met in the quiet of the country. Cecil, a young, impulsive girl; and May, a lovely child, who had returned her affection with a positive worship; and since then they had not met, and Cecil had forgotten her; and May had, perhaps, not mentioned her name for years, so many memories were holy to her.

"I am very, very glad to see you," continued Cecil; "you are so much what you used to be—you make me a girl again. This is worth coming home for."

For a few moments they talked only of that old summer, and recalled the walks; and May told her how she had thought her the most wonderful creature in the world; and even in that first moment remembered how sweet it would be in her loneliness to have such a friend.

"And where do you live?" cried Cecil. "Tell me all about yourself; you are not married?"

Just then May saw her husband approaching. She made him a signal—there was no help. On he came, and her own lips spoke the words,

"Cecil, this is my husband. Lasley, I want you to thank Miss Raymond for having been so good to me when I was a troublesome child."

Nothing happened—there never is a climax in real life. They shook hands—they spoke. Cecil Raymond said,

"Mr. Payne is an old acquaintance, too."

And thus they met who had parted betrothed lovers! Cecil Raymond was always pale; Lasley Payne was one of those persons who only grow more quiet in moments of terrible mental agitation.

No pause made May,

"I am so glad; this is better than all! Mayn't I call you Miss Cecil, just as I used? You may think me a child yet—Lasley does."

And more words from Miss Raymond, and a little contraction of the muscles about Lasley's

mouth, that he meant for a smile; then somebody rushed up to claim May for a waltz.

"Stay here and talk," said she. "I'll come back; and the last they saw of her was the smiling face as she floated away.

"Always a child," broke involuntarily from Payne's lips.

"And the sweetest, purest one ever placed in a man's hands," Cecil Raymond said.

"I know it," he answered.

That was all. They stood and talked as two ordinary acquaintances would have done; and when other men came up Payne made way, as was proper; and such were to be their meetings hereafter.

When the waltz was over May found Lasley.

"You are tired," she said. "Well, so am I—let's go home."

"Very willingly. You're a good little May."

"But oh, Miss Raymond! I mustn't rush off so after being so glad to see her. Will you come?"

"Oh! there's a crowd of men——"

"Shan't I go?"

"Oh, yes! I'll wait."

May went up and said good-night, and offered to visit her; and they went home—little May, the child still. And alone in her room that night she prayed.

"Our Father in heaven, I beseech Thee, have mercy upon us according to our several necessities. I beseech Thee to help and strengthen my husband in his great sorrow. I beseech Thee to remember Cecil, and so to fill her with faith in Thee that no farther discipline may be necessary for her. I cannot ask to bear their burdens, because that would be contrary to Thy will. I cannot ask Thee for death, because it is in Thy wisdom that I am here—only to bless and strengthen them; to make their trials a harvest of exceeding great reward; to guard and guide them always; to be about their steps, sleeping and waking, and to give them the great treasure of Thy peace. Amen!"

This was May's prayer—for she knew that her husband's lost love was Cecil Raymond.

The season glittered to its close. May was just the same, only less strong—but nobody knew that. Lasley was on the full tide of success, and each wave that bore him higher was bitterer to the taste; and always he kept to May the same gentle demeanor, and was glad that she was a child, and marveled a little at his own fortitude.

Cecil Raymond published her book, and was the avowed author of two anonymous ones that had made a great sensation; and people courted

her, and even the London Athenæum vowed her a genius; and in her solitude she trampled upon the *critiques* her friends showed her, with such pride, and rebelled in the face of heaven till she wondered why the worst curses of beauty and genius must be added to her misery.

When summer came, May longed in her heart for the sea once more, but she would not speak lest it should be painful to Lasley; but he wished it, too. He took her there to die. Without much warning—with no pain or suffering, she was passing rapidly away; not dying of a broken heart, she had never been rebellious enough for that—going because her work was done.

It was only a brief space before that Lasley learned the truth. He did suffer; he would have given all his success, his ambitions to have kept her alive. There was not one thought in his mind of the possible future yet in store; but amid all his sorrow, he still had the feeling, "I have kept her from all trouble. She has been happy—perfectly happy." And he believed that he had done a good work; he had acted kindly and well. But when we poor human creatures trust only to our own wisdom, we are very blind.

To the last she was the same, radiant with a new childlike beauty—the beauty of the children of God. It was not like dying; sometimes her face was so glorious that those who watched felt a thrill of awe, as if the angel-halo were made visible to their eyes. Once in her sleep she sang, in a voice that was like an angel's, a melody no mortal musician had ever composed, and uttered words in a language incomprehensible to mortal ears, only so sweet and grand that they knelt in silence about the bed; for they knew that the seraphs were teaching her their hymns of praise.

I have not drawn on my imagination for these details of her last hours. I have related a simple fact, a very solemn one to me.

And on a radiant morning she went forth, her last look fastened upon Lasley's face, her last words,

"I am going home."

Lasley Payne went away at once; the cottage was sold; the house in town shut up. For two years he did not meet Cecil Raymond.

He married her then. He was right to do so. He had tried to do for the best; he had a right to grasp happiness when it came within his reach.

And they were happy—a noble pair, nobly mated. They had not forgotten May; they talked of her often; their voices softened, and the tears came into their eyes. The loveliest,

purest child; but so completely a child, that even before her translation the angels could visit her. No being who had really lived and suffered could ever have been purified enough for such a grace.

Lasley in his grief had never looked at her possessions; it was necessary now. There was a gift for every friend; for Cecil Raymond there was the black oak cabinet, where she kept her treasures—priceless from its age and carving.

To the last she had never given way; every line she had written in her anguish had been destroyed, as she believed; but it pleased a higher wisdom than ours that some of those records should be left, to teach those two a lesson all the pride of intellect had never taught.

Cecil was taking out the drawers one day, when a roll of paper fell to the floor; it had lain under the drawer where it had been accidentally pushed.

She read May's journal—she read it to Lasley; and before they had finished it they were reading it on their knees, such an awe and penitence came over them they could do nothing else.

They learned the whole truth from those fragments. They learned that this child whom they had pitied, and honored themselves for regretting, had lived a grander life than any warrior that ever wore immortal laurels—a grander life than ever the greatest child of genius lived, and "then was not, for God took her."

And May's earthly work was done.

## MY BOYHOOD'S LOVE.

BY MRS. J. S. CRISSY.

My boyhood's love! I see her still,  
All radiant in her girlhood's prime;  
And feel once more my pulses thrill  
With joy, as in the olden time.

Again I walk the village street,  
The lights upon the lamp-post shine;  
I hear the coming of her feet,  
And soon her arm is linked in mine.

Her hand I for a moment press,  
As o'er the flags we slowly glide;  
And then one lingering caress—  
She's promised to become my bride.

'Tis strange these scenes can seem so now,  
So long she's slumbered with the dead;  
But time seems brief as I review  
The moments which so sweetly sped.

She passed away, my boyhood's pride,  
With youth's bright sunlight on her brow;  
It seems but yesterday she died,  
Though wide the space 'twixt then and now.

Perched on the pinnacle of age,  
I look back through the misty years,  
And read her life's half-written page—  
The blank I fill up with my tears.

For me these years have wrought decay;  
Just look at these poor, shrunken hands!  
These once brown locks are turned to gray—  
Spent nearly are life's flowing sands.

But though I'm ripening for the tomb,  
With undimmed faith I look above;  
For there, in all her youthful bloom,  
Resplendent waits my boyhood's love.

## SUBMISSION.

BY H. F. CARTER.

Submission to our daily lot  
We sadly need;  
Full freedom from the restless thought  
We so much heed.

A thousand precious blessings fill  
Our waiting cup;  
With thankless heart and chafing will  
We drink them up!

We see, perchance, a richer land  
In corn and wine;  
And with enough, and more, in hand,  
We still repine.

We see another rich in gold,  
And wish it ours;

When God's own wealth the days unfold,  
In friends and flowers.

We see, we wish, we wonder, still  
It flies our call;  
Forgetful of our Father's will,  
Who meteth all.

He knoweth ever what is best  
To give His own;  
And be it love, or food, or rest,  
That comes alone.

Why, then, but satisfied in part,  
So richly blest?  
The glad, contented, trusting heart,  
Has God its guest.

# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 290.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE orphan brothers sat together under the shadow of a garden wall, talking with earnest energy, as if their young lives were in the subject under discussion. A tender sadness lay on their faces; tears now and then broke through their words; and more than once their small hands clasped lovingly, as if companionship gave sweetness even to grief. A carriage drove by as they talked, scattering drops of mud on the sleeve of Joseph's jacket. Robert brushed it off with great care, and patted the child on his shoulder in finishing.

"Now you see how it is, Joe, you and I are the men of the family. Grandma is splendid at mending and darning, and making things go a long way; but she can't earn money. So it all comes on sister Anna. Isn't she a beautiful darling? Wasn't she stupendous that night in the turban and red velvet jacket?"

"She's always good and handsome," said Joseph, with touching simplicity; "but I like her best in that brown dress and the straw bonnet. She didn't quite seem like our sister in the other things."

"But she outshone every one of them, Joseph."

"Yes, I know; but yet she wasn't exactly like our sister Anna."

"I was proud of her. It did me good to walk by her side. I tell you, Joseph, Anna was born for a lady."

"So was grandma. She is a lady."

"She's a dear, old blessed grandma, she is!" cried Robert. "If it hadn't been for her my heart would have burst. It was wonderful how she quieted us all down. I wonder if the angels are more still and sweet than she is? Oh, Joseph! it isn't many soldiers' children that have a woman like that to comfort them when bad news comes; but we came out here all alone to have a sort of private convention about things in general. As I was saying, Anna is too pretty for a working-girl; men turn round and look at her in the street when she goes out. I've seen it, and it made me so mad that I've longed to knock them down.

Once I did stamp on a big fellow's boots, and it did me good to hear him cry out, 'Oh!' He never knew why it was done; but I knew, and his Oh! made me dance with joy on the pavement. What business have strangers to be looking at her?"

"She doesn't mind 'em—she doesn't know it herself," said Joseph, lifting his soft eyes appealingly, as if some one had been blaming him. "She never looks up, nor seems to notice."

"I know that. Of course, she doesn't. I'm not saying she does; but she's very, very pretty, Joseph—too pretty for a poor man's child; and now that she's only a poor soldier's orphan, who will take care of her, if we don't?"

"But I am so small, I shouldn't even dare to stamp on a big fellow's boots. It isn't her fault if she's so pretty, you know, Robert. I dare say she'd help it if she could."

"This isn't exactly an idea of mine," answered Robert. "I never should have had the sense to think of it, but I heard father grieve about Anna being so handsome before he went away to that glorious death of his! It troubled him then—and it troubles me now."

"Still I like to see her so pretty," said Joseph, smiling, "it makes my heart swell here."

Joseph put one hand on his breast, and sighed, as sensitive people will, over a remembrance of beauty in anything.

"Well, brother, it is natural. I love grandma for her beauty, too. Other people, I dare say, think her a little, old woman; but I know there is something more than that, just as I feel when a rose is near by its scent. How lovely she looked that night when we knelt around her! Anna is pretty—but grandma looks so good. Her beauty seems to have turned to light, which shines from her eyes and makes her old mouth so lovely. I can't just say what I mean, Joseph, but there is something about grandma that is sweeter than beauty."

Joseph had lifted his young face to that of his more ardent brother, with a look of tender interest in all that he was saying that seemed beyond his years.



"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "I feel that when grandma looks at me. Besides, she never hurts one. Her hand is so soft and light, it seems like a bird's wing brushing you. Then she steps so softly. Dear, old grandma!"

The boys looked into each others faces, and saw dimly through unbidden tears, of which the elder was instantly ashamed.

"Why, Joseph, this is children's play. We came here to talk like men, not whimper like babies. Wipe up—wipe up! that's a brave little fellow, and let us go to business at once."

"Well, I'm ready," answered Joseph, wiping his eyes. "What shall we say next?"

"Joseph, these two lovely women—for they are lovely, we both agree on that—have got to live. All hopes from our brave father is dead and gone."

"I know it! Oh! I know it!"

"Don't cry, Joseph—that is, if you can possibly help it; but listen. You and I must support the family."

"You and I? Oh, Robert! think what a little shaver I am!"

"Yes, I've thought of that over and over again; but in this world there is something that every one can do. Think how soon little chickens begin to scratch up worms for themselves."

"Yes, Robert; but then the worms are about, and they know where to find 'em."

"So is money about, and we must learn how to find it."

"But what can I do? Studying double lessons won't bring money, or I'd get them every night of my life."

"No," said Robert; "we can have no more school."

"No more school?"

"Both of us must go to work in earnest."

"I will be in earnest—but how?"

"Joseph Burns, I'm going to make a newsboy of you."

"A newsboy of me?"

Joseph was absolutely frightened, his eyes grew large, his lips trembled. "Of me?"

"Yes, little brother. It must be a splendid business. I saw one of those chaps with a whole jacket full of money; besides, it's a healthy occupation, and leads into a literary way of life."

"I—I would try it, Robert, if I only knew how to begin," faltered the gentle child, with tears in his eyes.

"Begin! Why you'd learn in no time."

"Would I?"

"Of course; why not?—and bring home your

fifty cents a day, clear profit, in less than no time."

"I—I'll try, of course. I'll do my best."

"Why, how you shake! Do keep that poor little mouth still. Nobody's going to hurt you, Joseph, dear."

"But—but have I got voice enough?"

"Voice! You little trooper, I should think you had. Can't you yell, oh! no?"

Joseph laughed through his tears.

"I'd like to do it."

"Well, that's settled. As for the schooling. Grandma is a lady, and could teach, if they ever let old ladies do that. Why, she's grand in figures, and writes beautifully. You shall study with her night and morning—so will I. Work shall not cheat us out of our education, you know."

Joseph began to brighten up considerably after this suggestion. He had his dreams, poor boy, and loved books with a passionate longing. The very idea that boys sold a species of literature went far to reconcile him with their noisy pursuit.

"Yes," he said, cheerfully, "that would be almost like school."

"Besides all that," persisted Robert, "a boy that has learned to read and write, who can cipher a little, and so on, must be a poor creature if he can't teach himself—reading and spelling is the key which unlocks everything else."

"Besides, I can read the newspapers at odd times," said Joseph.

"Certainly you can. But I tell you what, Joe, if there comes news of a battle, and any poor boy looks at you longingly, hand out a paper for nothing. I know what it is—I know what it is."

"I'd do that—you know I would. But, Robert, I wish you were going along. How we would make the streets ring."

"I'm thinking of something else, Joseph. If that fails, perhaps I shall take the lead with you."

"What are you thinking of, brother?"

"You know that old man, Joseph?"

"Yes, I know—how can you and I ever forget him?" answered Joseph, glancing proudly down at his new clothes.

"I mean to offer myself at his place of business as an errand-boy, or something like that. I think he rather liked us, Joseph."

"Yes, he did; I'm sure of that."

"Well, I shall only ask for work."

"So I would, Robert; and I'll come down every day with the papers, you know."

"That'll be jolly. Hark! there comes a fellow along. What a voice he has! Splendid business for the lungs. I'll make a man of you, Joe."

The newsboy came up the side-walk, calling out his papers, and looking lazily from window to window. He had nothing very special that day, and was taking the world easy, scorning to lay out all his powers for less than a battle of fifty thousand strong. He came opposite the two boys, who were watching him so earnestly, and, thinking that they might be in want of a paper, crossed over to where they sat.

"Want a paper—morning Ledger?"

"No, no! we were only talking about papers; not in the least wishing to buy them," said Joseph, blushing crimson.

"Oh! that's all," said the boy, settling the bundle of papers under his arm, and resting one shoulder against the wall. "Seen you afore, haven't I, my jolly rover? Wanted me to sell you a paper for half price one night? I remember their eyes of yours. Jerusalem, didn't they look wild!"

"I—I was so anxious, so——"

"Don't talk about it. I feel the blood boiling into my face only with the thought. I never was so mean before, and don't expect to be agin. Will you take half a dozen Ledgers now, and make up? I went back to give you one. You won't believe me, but I did—you'd gone, though. Didn't get a wink of sleep that night, I felt so mean. 'What if his father was in that battle?' says I to myself. 'What if he wanted to look over the list, and hadn't got another copper? You're a beast,' said I to myself; 'a brute beast of the meanest kind! A generous Newfoundland dog, now, would a given that boy the paper without a cent; but you—oh! get away, a kennel is too good for you!' That was the way I pitched into myself all night long; but I got over it. Business was good, and it drove sich ideas out of my head. But the sight of you here, huddled agin the wall, like two rabbits in a box, riled me up agin myself again. If you don't want the paper, suppose we go round the corner and pitch into a pile of oysters. Sales are slack, and a feller may as well enjoy himself. Besides, I shall feel most friendly with myself again if you'll let me treat once. Precious nice mince-pies to be had if oysters don't suit that little shaver, and sich peanuts."

Robert got up and took Joseph by the hand. "Yes, we will go," he said. "My brother, here, is thinking of the literary business for himself; and I'd like to talk with some one who understands it."

"The what?" asked the newsboy, opening

his mouth in vague astonishment. "What business did you say he was thinking of?"

"Selling newspapers."

"That delicate little trooper, with eyes like a girl's, and lips that tremble if you look at him. He'd never do!—never!"

"But he is strong; runs like a deer, and shouts like anything," said Robert.

The newsboy faced Joseph squarely, and examined him with keen attention.

"Handsome as a picture," he muttered; "and looks as if he could run. Just give a holler, my boy; I want to know how far a gentleman could hear you if he was shut up and shavin' himself for church on Sunday morning."

Joseph stood up, half frightened to death, and gave out a dismal cry, while his face turned from crimson to white in the attempt.

"Don't be afraid, we ain't a college faculty, we aint! There's voice enough in the little codger's chest, if he wasn't too scared to let it out. Now let's see your fist clenched—savagely, remember."

Joseph clenched his right hand into as formidable a fist as he could make of the delicate material, and held it out.

"Whew!" exclaimed the newsboy, with a comical glance at the tiny fist. "Wouldn't knock down a canary bird; but mine will—so what's the use talking."

"It's small, but I'm strong," Joseph burst forth. "Ask Robert if I haven't punneled him splendidly. If anybody was to hurt him, now, wouldn't I fight!"

"It ain't to be expected that you could do a great deal among the boys; but they're generous, as a common thing, and only pitch into fellers that can pitch back; besides, I'm on hand, and they know me."

"And you'd be kind to him?" said Robert. "He's all the brother I've got; and you see what a tender, nice little fellow he is. We've got a sister and a grandmother to support, and we mean to do it, Joe and I do. Don't we, Joe?"

Joseph lifted his flushed face and sparkling eyes to the tall newsboy.

"Yes, we mean to do it, and we will," he said, with gentle firmness.

The tall boy threw up his bundle of papers, and caught it again as it whirled downward, in evidence of his warm approval.

"That's the time o' day! Here's the right sort of stuff done up in little parcels," he shouted. "Now look here, you feller," he added, turning to Robert, "I'll enter into a sort of partnership with you, and we'll join hands on it at once. I'll take this little chap under my wing, and

set him a going in the business. How much money can you put in?"

"Three dollars," answered Robert.

"That isn't a stunning capital; but then I began and set myself up on fifty cents—but that was in specie times. What I was going to say is this, I'll stand by this little feller tooth and nail. I'll take him down to the press-rooms myself and get his stock put up; and if any of the old stagers attempt to hustle him, or sitch like, because he wears bright buttons, and looks like a gentleman's son, let 'em try it, that's all. They've felt the weight of these mud-grapplers afore this, and know how much there is in 'em. Why, I've been in the business three years; but these extra times is a wearing me out, and my run grows longer and broader every day. He shall have a part of it—all the fancy work. Why them eyes, looking up to the windows where ladies sit in their muslin dresses and ribbons in the afternoon, would set 'em to beckoning you up the steps like fifty. They don't take to tall fellers like me, as women ought to. Yes, yes! I'll give you the fancy work, and no mistake. My! what purty girls I've seen looking out of the parlor doors when some gentleman has beckoned me into the hall. Molly! they'd let you go right in—shouldn't wonder a bit!"

"I—I should rather not," said Joseph, shrinking modestly from this magnificent idea. "Expecting grandma and Anna, I don't know much about ladies."

"Live and learn! Live and learn! I only wish them eyes and that face belonged to me, wouldn't I make 'em bring in the coppers and five-cent greenbacks. But then you are a little fellow, and don't know the value of such things."

"I only want to earn money for them," said Joseph. "I'm little, and don't know a great deal; but if you will be kind enough to let me run with you a day or so, then, perhaps, I might learn."

"And what are you going into?" asked the newsboy, addressing Robert.

"I—I was thinking of going into the mercantile way," answered Robert, blushing crimson; "an errand-boy, or something of that sort."

"Know how to read?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Fine print, and all?"

"Yes, all kinds of print."

"You don't say so. Next thing you'll be telling me that you can write."

"Write? Of course I can! Don't I look old enough?"

"Old enough? Why I'm twice your size."

"And can't write?" inquired Robert.

"Not a pot-hook; tried once, but broke down on the z's—couldn't curl 'em up to save my life; but I can count and read headings—and that's enough for the business. But you're bound to be a gentleman, anybody can see that; sitch an edecation isn't to be flung away on the street. What if I know the place that would suit you?"

"No, you don't say that?" cried Robert, beaming with hope.

"But I do, though. Gould & Co. wants a boy. I've got acquainted with the old gentleman within the last few days. He buys lots of papers, every extra. Anxious about somebody, I reckon. The other day he came after me full chisel, with his hat off, and the wind whistling through his gray hair like sixty. The way he snatched at my papers and pitched a dollar bill into my hand, was exciting. Wouldn't stop for the change—a thing I never knew of 'im in my whole life—but hurried back, and shut the door of his great, dark house with a bang."

"Poor man!" said Robert, mournfully; "perhaps he had a son, or some one, in the army, that he loved."

"Just as likely as not," continued the newsboy, "for, as I was going round the block a second time, he came out of his house, looking as white as a ghost. I saw his face plain by the street lamp; and he went off almost upon a run, like a crazy man. Something had struck him right on the heart, I'm sure of that. But come along, if you have a mind to try your luck with the old feller. I'll trust this little shaver with my papers till we come back."

## CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE Joseph received the bundle of newspapers offered to him, flushing crimson under the trust—and the two lads went off together.

"Don't go off the block," said the newsboy, looking over his shoulder. "Walk up and down, and who knows but a little business may drop in."

Joseph nodded, smiled, and settled the bundle of papers under his arm; at which the boy gave an encouraging flourish of the hand, and disappeared around the corner; while Robert paused a moment, and sent more than one anxious glance back upon his brother.

Joseph waited till they were both out of sight, then gathered up his courage, and began marching up and down the side-walk with a bold step, but stopped still, and turned his eyes away in dread if any one approached him.

Once or twice he attempted to cry out, but that was when no one was within hearing. Even then the voice fell back in his throat, and he looked around half frightened to death, terrified lest some customer should come upon him suddenly.

"Oh, dear! I shall never do it! There is no use in trying!" he muttered disconsolately. "If it was only play, now, what a shout I could give. Goodness! there comes a man! If grandmother was only here, I do believe I should hide behind her dress. But there isn't a place, and he comes on so fast. Dear me!"

The man was, indeed, walking fast, and seemed a good deal excited. Joseph made a brave attempt at boldness, and marched toward him, blushing at his own audacity.

"Ledger! Despatch!"

The words broke from his lips in a frightened cry; he trembled all over, and stood still, terrified by the sound, faint and hoarse as it was.

The very singularity of his cry drew the young man's attention, and he turned quickly.

"Give me a paper," he said, taking some money from his pocket-book. "Any one—I have no choice. Why what a young thing it is—so well dressed, too! Selling newspapers must be a prosperous business, my little man?"

"I—I haven't got a cent of change. What shall I do?" cried Joseph, looking wistfully at the twenty-five cents which loomed before him. "Please, sir, I never did this before, and don't know how."

"Never did it before," cried the young man, smiling upon the lad. "I thought you looked above the business. Then you are such a mere baby; keep the money. By-the-way, you seem a sharp little fellow, and I can put you in the way of earning twice that amount."

"Can you, sir? I'm glad of that. What shall I do?" cried the boy, all in a glow of delight.

"Nothing very difficult. Just keep along this garden-wall, turn the corner, and you will see the house it belongs to. Watch the door till a young lady in a brown merino dress and straw bonnet comes out: follow her where she goes. Be sure you take the papers, that she may not think it strange; take sharp notice of the house she enters; then come back here at dusk, and I will give you a dollar bill."

"A greenback, sir?"

"Yes; a new greenback, with Mr. Chase's picture on the end."

Joseph gathered up his papers in breathless haste; his cheeks glowed, his eyes sparkled with delight.

"I'll do it—I'll do it!" All at once his countenance fell, and his small figure drooped in abject disappointment.

"No, I can't," he said, with tears in his eyes. "These papers belong to another boy, and he told me not to leave the block."

"That's unfortunate," said the young man, smiling at Joseph's evident distress. "But you can stand at the corner and tell me which way she turns?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Better still," cried the young man, struck by a sudden idea. "She had a parcel in her hand, and appears as if she took in work. Speak to her as she comes out; tell her that you know a person who wants some fine sewing done, and ask her where you shall bring it to. She'll trust that face, no fear about that. So you shall earn the money, and keep that promise about leaving the block."

"I—I should be a little ashamed to speak to a strange lady, sir."

"Oh, nonsense! She isn't exactly a lady, you know, only a sewing-girl. So there need be no trouble about speaking to her; I shouldn't hesitate to do it myself. Just find out where she lives; but not a word about me, remember, and the dollar is yours."

"I—I'll try, sir," was the faltering answer.

"That's a brave fellow! Come here, just at dark, tell me all about it, and get your money."

The young man passed on as he spoke, leaving the money in Joseph's hand, forgetting, also, to take his paper.

"This is mine, all mine; he gave it to me," thought the boy, gazing upon the money. What a splendid man he is—and yet his eyes. I don't like his eyes, they seem so tired. I wonder is he sick, or can't he sleep at night? It looks like that. I wish he hadn't asked me to do that other thing. How shall I speak to her? Not a lady because she sews. Why, grandma patches and mends, and turns, and washes, too; but I know she's a lady, every inch of her. Then there's sister Anna—isn't she a lady, I wonder? I don't like that man. He hasn't the least idea what a lady is; I know he hasn't."

Joseph moved along the garden wall as these thoughts filled his mind, and found himself at the corner in view of a large, white marble house, with a good deal of ornamental ground lying around it. A flight of marble steps led to the side-walks, and scrolls of carved work ran down each side white as drifted snow.

Robert would have recognized this house at once; but little Joseph had never seen it before, and stood gazing upon the steps, wondering if

the lady, who was not a lady, because she took in sewing, would ever come out.

The boy had been watching, perhaps ten minutes, when a female came gliding down those marble steps, in a brown dress and straw bonnet, that seemed strangely familiar to him. He started forward, uttering a glad cry, and met his sister Anna face to face.

"Why, Joseph, is it you? Dear child, how flushed his face is! What are you doing with all these papers, dear? Why, you look like a little newsboy!"

"So I am, Anna—that is, I'm going to be, and earn lots of money. I've hollered out papers once, and it didn't frighten me very much. Some day, Anna, I'll come and call out, 'Ledger! Ledger!' right under your window; that is, when I can do it without shaking so."

Anna's face had brightened beautifully when she first saw the boy; but you could see that tears lay close to her eyes as he ceased speaking.

"Poor child! poor, dear child!" she said, laying one hand on his shoulder, "perhaps we may come to this; but I hope not—I hope not."

"See! I have got twenty-five cents already," cried the lad, holding up the tiny note. "A gentleman gave it to me, and forgot to take his paper; and—and—oh, sister! I forgot; he wants to find out where you live, and has got lots of fine work for you. He is in such a hurry to have it done, that he offered to give me a dollar only to find out where to send it. Only think! But then he didn't know that I was your brother. A dollar for finding you out! Isn't that splendid, Anna?"

"Joseph, dear, what are you talking about?" said Anna, a little startled by this intelligence. "No gentleman can want me."

"Oh, yes! there does. Only—only, now I think of it, he said you wasn't a lady; and I know you are, and will tell him so to his face; that is, I would, only I am such a little boy."

"Poor darling! It is of no consequence what any one thinks about us—so don't let it fret you; but tell me, what was this man like? Did you ever see him before?"

"No, indeed, sister Anna, I never did."

"Not on the night when we made pictures?"

"No; he wasn't there."

"It is strange," muttered the young girl, a little troubled. "What could any one want of me?"

"He said that it was work he wanted done," answered the boy, earnestly. "Perhaps Mrs. Savage has told him how nicely you stitch, and embroider, and hem handkerchiefs."

"I think not," said Anna, quite seriously. "Was he a tall man, Joseph?"

"No; not near so tall or large as Mr. Savage. But there he comes—there he comes."

Anna looked across the street, and saw a rather small young man, with marks of age on his features, which years had never given them; and those heavy, dim eyes, which grow out of sleepless nights and unsettled habits of life.

"It is a stranger; I never saw him before," said Anna, in a low, frightened voice. "Come home with me, Joseph—come away at once. He looks this way, as if he were coming over."

"No, he won't. He's walking on; don't be frightened, Anna. He's a very nice gentleman, and only wants some work done."

"No, no! Come with me, child!"

"I mustn't till Robert and the boy comes back; the papers are not mine, you know."

"True, true; but come home the moment you can, dear; and tell that man nothing about me. I am afraid of him."

"I won't tell a word, Anna; nothing shall make me. There, he's coming back again."

Anna caught one glance of the man and walked on.

The moment she was out of sight, that young man came across the street, taking out his *Porte-Monnaie* as he approached the boy.

"Here is your money," he said. "Now tell me where the young lady lives—where I can send the work?"

"She doesn't want any work, sir!"

"Won't you take the money, my boy?"

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

"Because that young lady is my sister, and told me not."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## E Z E R E N E .

We have tearfully folded her cold, white hands  
Lovingly over her breast;  
We have kissed the pale lips, forevermore closed,  
And laid her down gently to rest.

We have laid her to rest with a void in our hearts,  
In anguish wept over her tomb;

Yet we will not recall her, where earth's chilling winds  
Blight the flowers in their loveliest bloom.

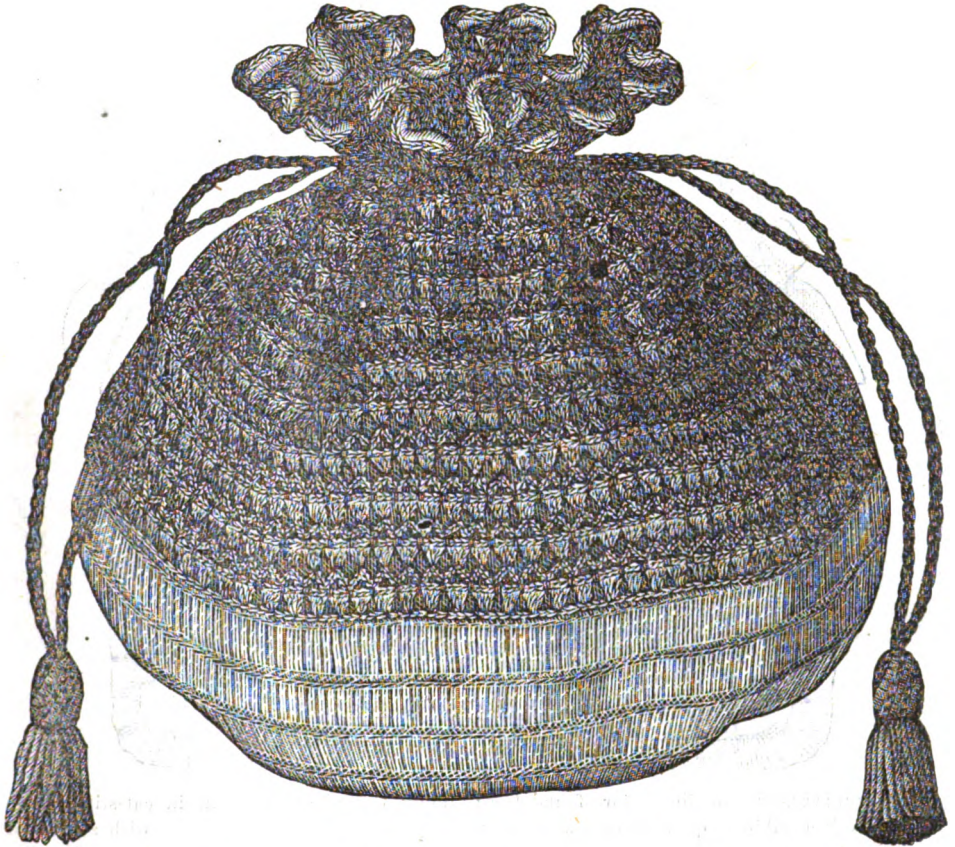
We would not recall her. Ah, no! she has gone  
Where life's surges can trouble no more;  
To that beautiful home in the land of the blest,  
On that beautiful shining shore.

For we know there's a home in our Father's house—  
A home for us all in the skies;  
And we know that the one we have loved so well  
Has gained that Paradise!

W. S.

# TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Purse-twist, or saddle-silk—blue, red, or green; also some white and black thick cord.

This pattern, very simple in form and easily made, is done in crochet.

Make a chain of 8 stitches—join.

1st row.—Work in treble crochet.

2nd row.—Work in single crochet 1 stitch in every stitch of preceding row.

3rd row.—Same as first row.

4th row.—Same as second row.

Repeat for 8 rows, observing to widen enough on every row of the treble crochet to keep the work nearly flat.

9th row.—Do in single crochet.

10th row.—1 row of shells; 3 treble crochet stitches to each shell.

11th row.—Make a chain of 7 stitches between each shell.

12th row.—Work the shells on to the middle stitch of the chain-loops of the eleventh row. Work 15 rows of shells with their corresponding rows of chain-loops between.

The last row must be of chain-loops; into this pass the two cords, in and out, making a twisted corded edge of black and white. Also run the cords between the eleventh and twelfth rows of shells to draw the bag. Where the cords join, finish with tassels of the colored silks. Line the bag with chamois leather.

## WORK, OR CARRIAGE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

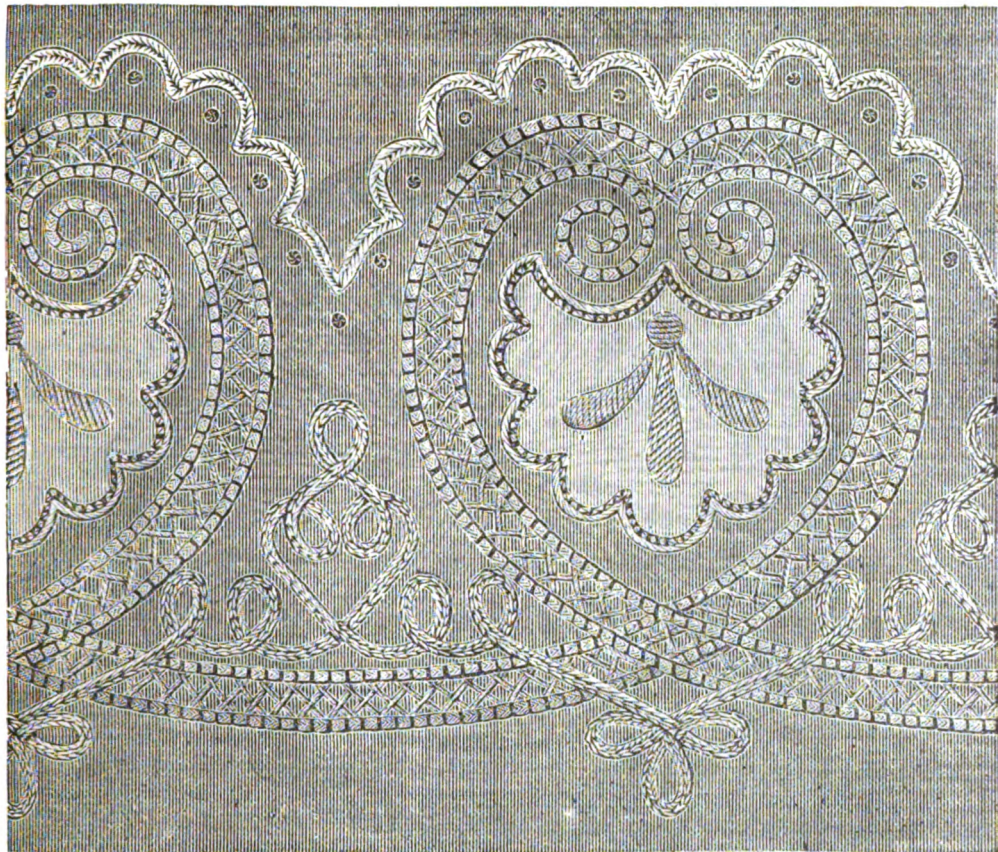


**MATERIALS.**—Some linen for foundation; black velvet ribbon, quarter of an inch in width; narrow white taffeta ribbon, a little wider than the velvet. Cut out of the linen a foundation the size you want the bag; on it sew the velvet ribbon and the white ribbon, alternating. The white ribbon is to be embroidered with floss silk, after the design; doing the vine in green, in cat-stitch, with very coarse silk, and the dots with scarlet or yellow floss. Line the bag with scarlet silk, trim it all round with a quilling of scarlet satin ribbon. Ribbon strings, finished with bows at the sides, completes the bag. It will be found very useful for a carriage-bag to put small parcels when shopping.

## BORDER FOR BALMORAL, IN APPLICATION AND BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

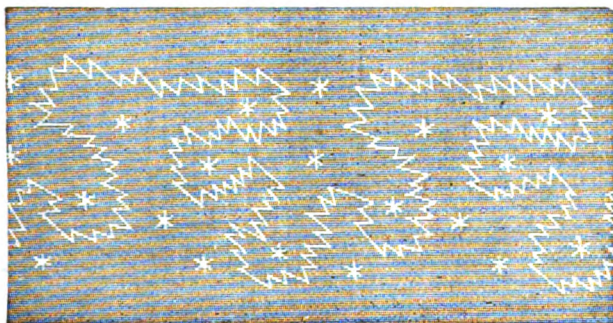
This very effective border is simple and easily done; and any small pieces of velvet or cloth may be made use of for the application. The design is full size, consequently easily transferred to the article to be embroidered. Cut the shells out of cloth, or velvet; place them, at the proper distances, upon the bottom of the skirt, edging them with white braid,



sewed down, at equal distances, with coarse, black embroidery silk. That part of the braiding, forming the medallions, is also done in white silk in the same manner. The herringbone stitch is done in scarlet silk, and the three leaves, in the center of the shells, with the same. The outside pattern is simply sewed on; and the dots in every scallop are embroidered in black.

Our design is upon red cloth, now so fashionable; the shells black; all the braid white; but, of course, the colors may be varied to suit the taste, or, rather to correspond with the dress of the wearer, as too great a medley of color is never desirable. This design in red and black upon white mohair, for summer skirts, would be very pretty. It is very chaste, and will be very popular.

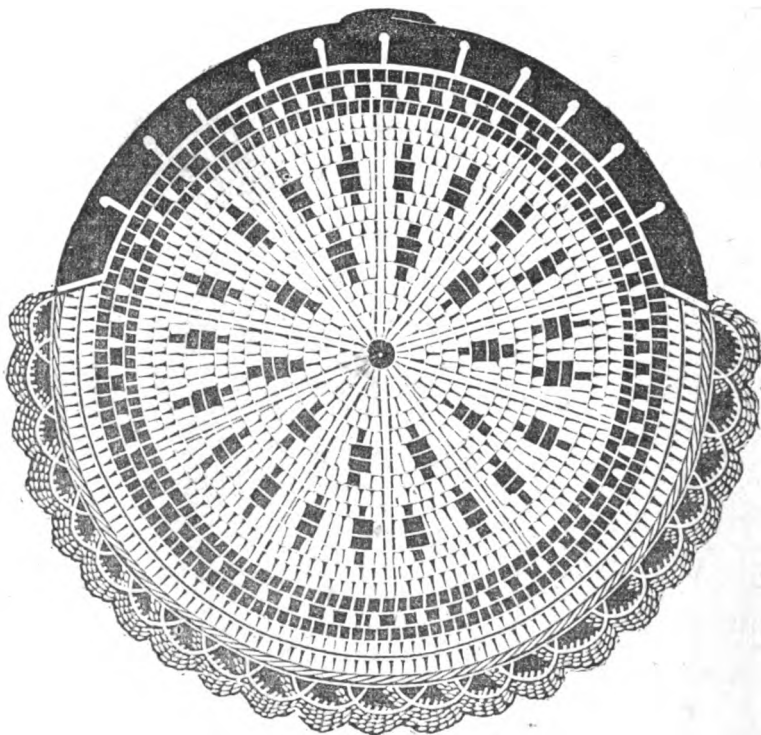
### POINT RUSSE.





## PURSE IN CROCHET.

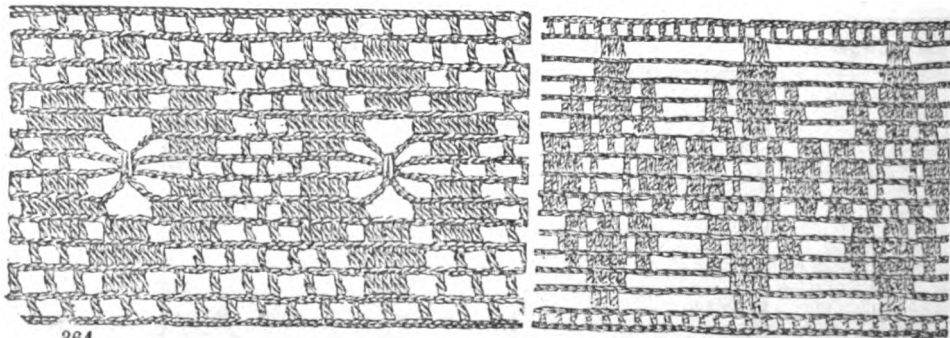
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our design needs no description as to stitches, one for the ground-work, and one for the dots  
or the manner of widening. It is sufficient to and border. Finish with a gilt clasp, and  
say, begin with five stitches, join, and widen to crochet edge of gold thread for the bottom of  
ten; the first row after that it is easy to count the purse; or jet clasp, with jet bead-fringe.  
the stitches from the pattern. Use two colors, } The design is one of great beauty.

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## CROCHET INSERTION.



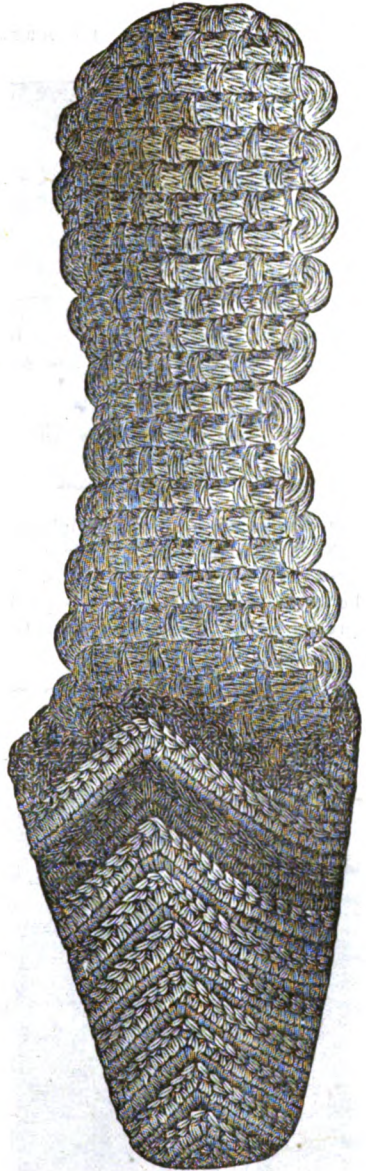
## TOILET SLIPPER IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—Two ounces of gray, double zephyr; one ounce of black, scarlet, blue, or any bright color.

With the gray wool make a chain of three stitches. Work in single crochet. In the first row widen by making three stitches in the middle stitch. 2nd row: Widen in the same way by making three stitches in the middle stitch of the last row. Repeat this for fourteen rows, which may easily be counted from the pattern; then work two rows black or colored, two rows gray; then work eight stitches on one side of the shoe; next row narrow one on the upper side; repeat until you have the work narrowed down to three stitches. Do the same on the opposite side of the toe. This completes the toe of the slipper.

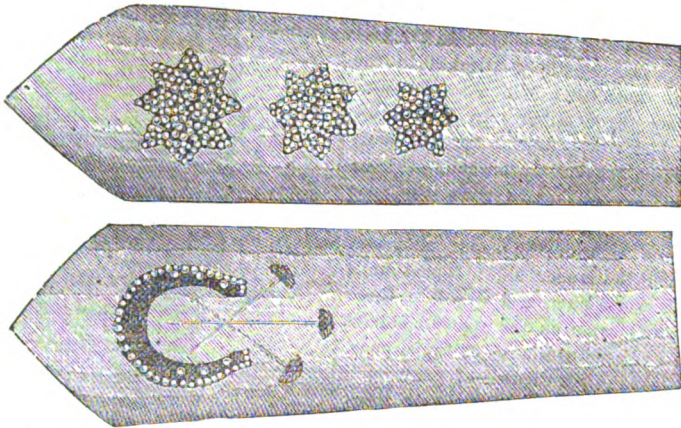
For the sole, take six threads of gray wool, wind them together, and use them as a thick cord, over which work in single crochet, widening and narrowing to fit the sole of a slipper the size to be worn. The manner of doing this is seen from the design. Sew the upper part of the slipper to the sole, and finish off by a row of shell-work (done with the black or colored wool) around the upper part of the toe of the slipper. A piece of black elastic braid, run into this row of shell-work, is an improvement, to confine the slipper to the foot; and a bow of ribbon on the top of the slipper may be added, either black, or the contrasting color with which the slipper is worked. To make the slipper firm, use a cork-sole under the crocheted one, binding it first with a narrow galloon, and then sewing it in place. Care must be taken to adapt the crocheted sole to the size of the foot and the size of the cork-sole. No direction can be given, as to the number of stitches, as all depends upon the size of the foot for which the slipper is designed; but by cutting a paper pattern the proper size, it can be done by increasing and decreasing the number of stitches to suit variations of the pattern. Let the cord, over which the crocheting is done for the sole, extend a little over the exact size of the sole of the slipper.



CHARLIE

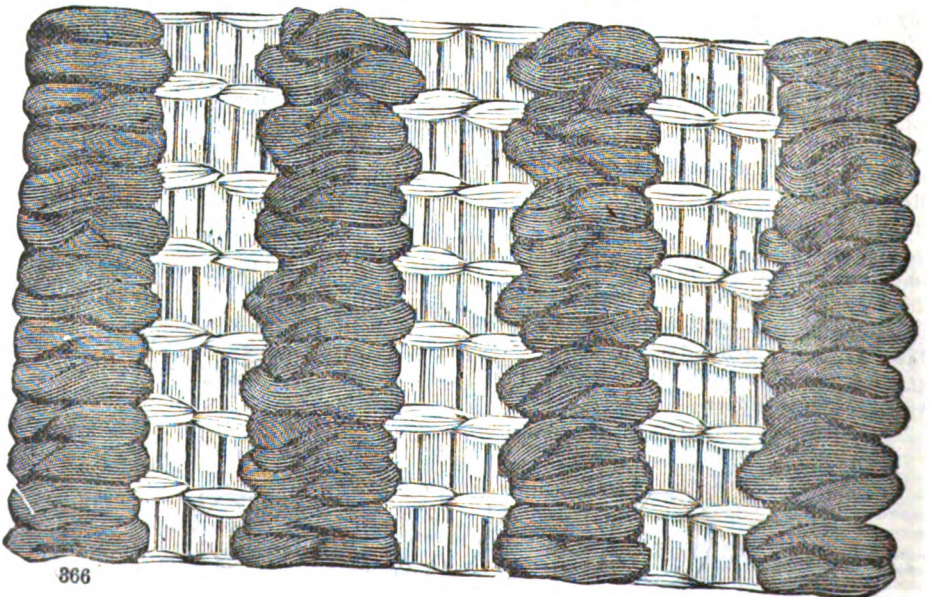
## CRAVAT ENDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



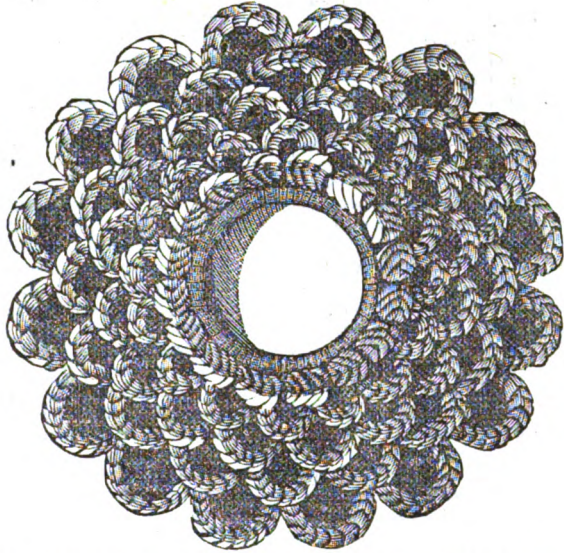
THESE cravats are made with bright-colored silks. No. 1 is ornamented with three stars, of graduated sizes, worked in steel beads. Velvet may be substituted for silk, if it is preferred for a ground-work. The illustration is the full size of the ends. No. 2 has an applique ornament of a horseshoe in black velvet, edged round with steel beads. The nails are worked with iron-gray silk in satin-stitch. These ties are now very generally worn.

## CROCHET A COLONNE.



## CROCHET ORNAMENT FOR CANDLESTICK.

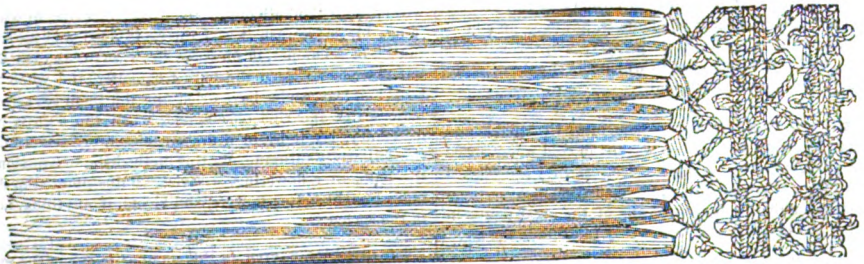
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



GET a ring rather larger than the hole in the candlestick over which it is to be used; cover the ring closely in double crochet with spangled black and silver wool, five shades of scarlet Berlin wool, and two shades of the same in green. Work into the ring with double crochet, and continue a row of double crochet of each shade of scarlet all round, and then a row of each shade of green, increasing sufficiently to keep the work quite flat. Next, with the lightest shade of scarlet upon the scarlet next the ring; fasten the wool into a stitch of the first round of scarlet. \* Make 3 chain, miss 2, 1 single into the next stitch; continue from \* all round. Next row with the next shade 5 chain, miss 3, 1 single into the fourth of the second shade of scarlet; continue all round. When you have worked a row of each shade of the scarlet, increasing in the same proportion each round, work the two shades of green, and the ornament is complete.

## CROCHET FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



FOR the foundation chain, work in the following manner:—\* 9 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the 6th; the three last form one *purl*. Repeat from \* until the chain is long enough.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"STAND UP FOR YOUR SEX."—So says a woman who knows how often the actions of women are misinterpreted. Women are too often the defamers of women. The reason is that they meet oftener, and in more familiar relations, than men, and from the habit of noticing and criticising peculiarities. We have been often hurt to hear some good wife and mother slandered, because her habits and manners did not satisfy the taste of her too critical friends; and we think we have a never-failing receipt for this infirmity.

It is to mark the prominent virtues of our friends. One does not quite come up to our ideas in the management of her household affairs, but she is a most loving mother, and delicate and prompt in all the offices of friendship. Another has a habit of untidiness, which is very apparent, but her good, honest heart triumphs in every success of the right; and her enlarged and liberal views are not overshadowed by the one spot wherein lies, perhaps, her only blemish. Another is straight-laced, too orthodox, but her habits of order are inimitable. Still another carries her love of dress to excess; but how tender she is of the reputation of all she knows; how careful when others are in trouble not to add to their cares.

We can always find something loveable in all we approach: and if women would only be more lenient toward each other, there would be less imaginary fault found by men. We are rather inclined, with "Uncle Leah," to think that, on the whole, woman is rather a useful institution in society, and in the world.

**WATER-ROOTS OF PLANTS.**—It is found that plants, growing in a dry soil, will produce roots destined for supplying them with water, and penetrating into the barren subsoil, drain-pipes, water-tanks, etc., for the purpose of obtaining it. This is true of plants which, in other circumstances, are not observed to have aquatic tendencies, and yet whose roots are found, in certain cases, to accumulate to an extraordinary degree in drain-pipes, etc. When, however, the plant depends for its supply of moisture on the infertile subsoil, or on drain-pipes, cisterns, etc., it continues to live; but, as might be expected, it does not flourish. The water-roots owe the good effects they produce, in a considerable degree, to their conveying water to those ordinary roots which are in the dry soil, and thus putting them in a state suited to the absorption of a greater or less amount of nutriment from the earth. The production of sickly crops may often be accounted for by the supply of moisture being confined to this source: thus it may explain what is known to farmers as the "clover sickness." This property in plants is, however, an admirable means intended for their preservation, through dry seasons, or in circumstances in which the supply of moisture is precarious or insufficient.

**PICKLE AND PRESERVE JARS.**—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous and unfit for use, since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE, in the season, to subscribe for "Peterson." Back numbers, from January, can always be supplied.

**ENCOURAGEMENT.**—We have often thought of a little girl we used to know, who, whenever she resorted to the maternal advice, would say, "Tell me yes, mamma!" She wanted encouragement, just as older children do. We often want to hear yes, when we know that the result will be no—and a very decided negative, too. We love to carry our broken aspirations and fading hopes to somebody that will make them look not quite so black.

The son is depressed, because something he has done has failed to attract the consideration it might have merited. The old mother rates the public roundly, and declares to her boy that she shall live to see him recognized yet—standing where it is his ambition to stand. The dear old lady is partial, but how her words soothe the sore ache in his heart! He knows it may never be—failure after failure has occurred; but it is sweet to feel that one human being appreciates him, even if he have small faith in her assertion.

We assure you, dear reader, that you will never lose anything by encouragement. It cannot injure, unless it is injudiciously administered, or by an unfaithful hand, and it may encourage to deeds of the highest ambition. It may often keep up the sinking soul, and bridge over the abyss of despair. We have all heard of cases where one word turned the entire prospects of an immortal career. Let it be yours always to give the one word of encouragement.

**SKELETON LEAVES** are best made in May, June, or July, as vegetation is then in full vigor, and the woolly fibre, necessary to the production of the skeleton, is at that time properly developed. Skeletonizing, in itself, is simple enough, and only requires the leaves and seed-vessels to be well macerated in pans of water, which must not be changed while the decomposition is progressing. If, on examination, the green matter is soft to the touch and comes off on the finger, the leaf is ready to be taken out. After having been washed in clean water, it must be laid in a shallow saucer, or plate, still under water, held there with the finger until the decayed part shall have been removed by means of a small, short-haired, rather stiff brush, when the skeleton will be displayed, and after being dried, must be submitted to the bleaching process in a solution of chloride of lime. It is impossible to say how long the leaf will require macerating in the first instance, as temperature and situation affect this in no small degree. In the height of summer, and in a sunny spot, the work of decomposition will go on rapidly. A little practice will soon initiate any one in the art of skeletonizing.

**PRESERVING HYACINTH BULBS.**—As soon as the flowers wither, take the bulb out of the earth, or water, in which it has bloomed, wash it and the roots clean, and lay it on the lid of a hamper, or on clean straw, in an airy, shaded, but dry place. Turn the bulb frequently, and when the roots and leaves, etc., have dried up, trim them off, remove loose scales and ripe offsets, and, when the bulb is perfectly dry, lay it by in a drawer, closet, or basket, until the following autumn. By this method the exhaustion of the bulb, after flowering, is saved. Bulbs planted in September yield better flowers, and bloom, if anything, later in the spring.

**THE STEEL ENGRAVING,** in this number, is one of the most beautiful we have given this year. And we have the reputation, with the newspaper press, of excelling all other magazines in the beauty of our steel engravings.

**DRESS.**—Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances. For instance, a woman should never be dressed too little, nor girls too much; nor should a woman of small stature attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces; short throats should not carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl. From the highest to the lowest, there is not a style of beauty with which the plain straw hat is not on the best of understandings. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest; it gives a coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry; it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting; it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still.

OUR COLORED PATTERN gives some of the latest designs on blue ribbon, for the fashionable lady's cravat.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**Snow Bound. A Winter Idyl.** By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This beautiful little volume abounds in exquisite bits of genuine poetry and pen pictures, gracefully and tenderly painted as any work by an old Flemish master. The poetry of Whittier, with a few exceptions, is characterized more by its aim than for its beauty, or artistic finish. Snow Bound may justly be regarded as an exception, for in it the purpose and execution are alike full of beauty and tenderness. Our space will allow us to quote but the following passage, which is, of its kind, a perfect poetic picture, and as suggestive of the spirit of the entire Idyl as anything in it:

"And dear and early friends—the few  
Who yet remain—shall pause to view  
These Flemish pictures of old days;  
Sit with me by the homestead hearth;  
And stretch the hands of memory forth  
To warm them at the wood-fire's blazet  
And thanks untraced to lips unknown,  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unsewn meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;  
The traveler owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And pausing, takes, with forehead bare,  
The benediction of the air."

**St. Martin's Eve.** By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The admirers of Mrs. Wood's works have occasion to thank the Messrs. Petersons for their enterprise in publishing this story in advance of its appearance in England. They have printed it from the author's manuscript and advance sheets. The success Mrs. Wood has secured is only equaled by her great power of invention, which enables her to supply new scenes and characters in a manner truly astonishing. We doubt not that, with the exception of Dickens, she is, of all novelists, the most widely read, either in England or here. Her merits lie in a certain intensity of expression, in a subtle development of plot, and in artistic elimination of character. It must be confessed, however, that she sometimes slips in her English. Her present work is pronounced, by competent judges, to be superior to "East Lynne."

**Illustrated Life, Services, Martyrdom, and Funeral of Abraham Lincoln.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This volume gives Mr. Lincoln's career as a lawyer, politician; his services in Congress; with his speeches, proclamations, acts and services as President of the United States, and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, from the time of his first inauguration as President of the United States until the night of his assassination. To which is added the able Oration of the Hon. George Bancroft, delivered before both Houses of Congress in February last.

**Jealousy.** By George Sands, author of *Onsuelo, &c., &c.* 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This novel is prefaced by a very full and excellent biographical sketch of the author, Madame Duderant, better known by her pen and by her genius as "George Sands." Her father was a master bird-seller; that is, he sold wrens and canary-birds. These little birds "George Sands" ever regarded as mysterious patrons, with whom she had a particular affinity; and, indeed, so strong was this feeling with her, that this novel grew out of it. In it she has imagined a young girl possessing power, like the first Eve, over the birds of creation. She declares it is not all fiction; and that a great deal in it which appear to be miracles, result simply from natural causes. The volume is well printed and bound.

**Biography of Abraham Lincoln.** By Dr. J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter Sweet," &c. Springfield, Mass: Gordon Bill.—This book is a noble tribute to our great martyr President, written by one able and most anxious to do even justice to his memory. Dr. Holland enjoys a wide literary reputation, and deservedly enjoys the respect of a large class of readers. In this work, the most pretentious life of Lincoln yet written, his admirers will find new grounds for admiration, so well and conscientiously has the author performed, what evidently was to him a labor of love. This work is sold only by subscription, and can be procured of the agents, by sending name, address, and price, \$3.00, to J. D. Brooks & Co., box 267, Philadelphia P. O.

**A Text-Book on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.** By John C. Draper, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book, prepared for the use of the New York Free Academy, is something more than a mere school-book. It contains an exhaustive though brief abstract of the principles of medical science, applied to every-day life; written with a clear conciseness, and a vivid facility of expression, which should commend it to the general reader. The illustrations which explain the letter-press, are aptly chosen and well executed. We foretell for Professor Draper a thorough success in this, to him, new path of authorship.

**Agnes. A Novel.** By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Some of the choicest works of fiction written in our time, are by Mrs. Oliphant; but we do not think the present work will add to her reputation. It is what we may term a "Reform" story—the author's object being to show the evil growing out of unequal marriages. It is characterized by all of Mrs. Oliphant's purity and beauty of style; but there is not one gleam of sunshine in it—each succeeding page grows darker, and the culmination makes miserable all concerned in it.

**Memoir of James Louis Pettigru.** By W. J. Grayson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The manuscript from which this biographical sketch is printed, was found among the papers of the late William J. Grayson, of Charleston, S. C. Mr. Pettigru was eminent as a lawyer and patriot, and filled gracefully and well, many offices and positions of trust under the State and General Government. This sketch—for it is no more—of his life seems to have been written with very loving care and fidelity by his biographer.

**False Pride; or, Two Ways to Matrimony.** 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The two preceding works by this author, called "Family Pride," and "Family Secrets," achieve a large notoriety among novel readers. "False Pride" is a work equal, in all respects, to its predecessors; but we cannot conscientiously accept it for all it claims to be—a faithful picture of the best American society.

**The Brigand; or, The Demon of the North.** By Victor Hugo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This translation of Victor Hugo's famous sensational novel appears to be well done; and more from the fame of its author than from its own merits will find readers.

## HORTICULTURAL.

**OUR PLANTS AND FLOWERS.**—There is certainly a good deal to be said for ribbon-borders. It is a great mistake to sacrifice one's garden to such things, but at the same time we may gain great beauty by making use of them now and then—so much depends on adapting our arrangements to place.

Some people, mad after ribbons, would cut up a pretty lawn for them; others, devoted to "pin-cushion beds," would turf a long, narrow strip for the pleasure of making these pin-cushions.

Now, might it not be far better to keep the lawn for flower-beds, and to use the long border for what there suggests itself—namely, a ribbon-border, formed in such a way as never to be quite bare? As a rule, ribbon-borders are rather awkward to manage, because one flower failing to blossom at the proper moment, or one plant growing rampantly, or one other plant being *misfit*, has the tiresome consequence of throwing out the whole pattern. When ribbons are used, therefore, they should be woven of flowers, the growth and habits of which are perfectly well-known to us; and people who mean to make ribbons another year, should always be matching plants in their own minds for that purpose at the time that they see them growing. Thus they are reminded of flowers that will be flowering at the same time; and they should always note, too, any striking result or contrasts, being such plants as may do another year to beautify this said border. Ribbons have become far too elaborate; the prettiest borders still are surely the simpler patterns—two chains, for instance, simply crossing and recrossing—the chain being laid on turf, or filled up with a suitable color. Then the walls and borders under walls may be made brilliant and natural by the use of well-chosen flowers. Suppose a pattern thus:

1. An evergreen hedge—a low terraced-bed running along it.

2. Against the hedge, here and there, were white rose-trees.

3. All along, and between the rose-trees a thick belt of tall-trained dark-purple heliotrope. Heliotrope grows well on walls, and looked perfectly natural growing thus as a background.

4. A dense massive line of beautiful even-growing Tom Thum geraniums—a mass of dark, velvety leaves, and of glowing scarlet flowers.

5. A perfect shower, falling all down the low wall of luxuriant-growing pearly-white geraniums—the white ivy-leaf sort. These could be replaced by white verbenas.

A ribbon might be made here in autumn with a background of purple German aster, a center row of deep, clear rose-color, and the hanging fringe made of white verbenas.

Another arrangement for summer could be made thus:

1. Laurel hedge.

2. Alternate standard trees and tall white lilies.

3. A row of some blue or purple flower, a bright Mexican blue one, or a more slaty flower, or else blue campanulas.

4. Rose-colored geraniums of a sort with plain green leaves, as the light variegated foliage, pretty as it is, detracts so from the flowers.

5. A line of blue dwarf lobelias; or, if plain foliage was used for 4, there might be a line of variegated geraniums not allowed to flower for 5; and then for 6, the blue lobelia, or a row of nemophilas. You must decide, however, on two blues that either *match* each other or make a decided difference of *shade*, not *color*, or else the lines 3 and 5 will make the whole thing look muddy. For instance, there must not be Mexican blue and nemophila.

Another beautiful ribbon is most effective:

Scene—a long walk; a woody bank on one side, a wall about five feet high on the other.

1. Laurel hedge growing along the stone wall and clipped flat.

2. Row of hollyhocks and dahlias, planted alternately. (I should add orange or tiger-lilies for a show before the others bloom.)

3. A line of double white feverfew.

4. A line of compact scarlet geraniums.

5. A row of mignonette, for sweetness.

6. A row of nemophila.

The feverfew, the mignonette, and the nemophila sow themselves. They are merely covered in autumn with a sifting of light soil, and being autumn sown, blossom very early in the following spring. Supposing one saw they had failed, seeds, of course, would be sown in the spring.

Petunias and verbenas are, of course, most serviceable plants often. If one wants a clear, good pattern to look down on in a sunk-panel sort of garden, to look down on from a terrace, or from a window, no flowers are more effective. Scarlet, purple, and white verbenas, and the very pretty neutral gray-colored sort; the white and mauve petunias; the various shades of pink and rose verbenas, are quite like a box of colors with which one may paint any pattern. But in these flat things every plant should be strictly confined to such as the geometrical or kaleidoscope style, or to those which are formed of patterns and chains interlacing. Nothing is more effective than a long line of purple and another of scarlet verbenas, weaving in and out, and making together an open chain, the inside filled with white, and the whole framed in green. A chain like this might wind round the edges of a little lawn, and in the center there might be a decidua, if you do not wish to have the whole pattern flat, on a raised rustic bed or basket made of split wood, left with the bark on. A pretty pattern for this is three stems brought together supporting a round basket, or else two crossed posts supporting an oval basket. The shape of the center ornament should accord with that of the ground encircled by the flower-chain. Scarlet flowers and white creepers would be pretty for the center. Contrive to put in some heliotrope and mignonette for their scent.

If both the frame and basket are objected to, there might be, of course, a center bed—either a geometrical pattern or else a rather dark, massive bed, to which the gay outer chain would be a light, bright border.

Dark-blue heliotrope, edging widely a mass of scarlet geraniums, would be as suitable as anything. The white in the chain being perfect in itself, and filling thus the place of the "highest light" in the picture, it is quite unnecessary to repeat it in the center, and would only produce the effect of those marvelous drawings in which the lights are arranged impartially on each side. The pattern would be lovely for a spring garden, and easily arranged.

Yellow and purple crocuses would form the long winding chain, and a clear white crocus would fill up the links.

The center bed ought to have some evergreen in it. One sunk for the winter would be quite easy to move away later, and a quite flat winter garden does look so cold. An ancuba or a fir would give some warmth or depth to the picture. Then trace a narrow border of cloth-of-gold crocuses all round, the edge of the center bed, putting large mixed bunches, or a wide mixed border of purple and white within it. Large groups of snow-drops or of yellow townseels, or of red Van Thol tulips, might be placed in the center bed here and there.

As the cloth-of-gold crocus flowers rather before the larger sorts, it might be sometimes arranged to have the chain-links of purple and white filled up with cloth-of-gold, which, on going off, might be just drawn up gently and unbrokenly, and replaced by brilliant groups of the glowing red Van Thols or of Vermilion Brilliant—a tulip whose fiery glow is invaluable in spring gardens.

These flat, sunk gardens look lovely with steep, green banks around them; but, in planting crocuses, if it is at all damp, some sand under each clump is useful; and if mice abound, they are not partial to soot.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## SOUPS.

**Lobster Soup.**—Take a shin of veal, two carrots, two onions, pepper, salt, mace, and four quarts of water; boil it three or four hours. Break up a large lobster, take the meat out of the shell, break the shell up, and put it into a saucepan, with water enough to cover it. Let this simmer while the soup is boiling; then strain all this, and put it back into the soup-pot; cut the lobster very fine, and put it into the soup, and boil it two hours. If you have the row of coral of the lobster, grate it, and put it into the soup; it adds much to the appearance of the soup. Add quarter of a pound of butter, braided into two spoonfuls of flour, a cup of white wine, and a spoonful of vinegar, or the juice of a lemon.

**Spring Soup.**—Cut an equal quantity of carrots, turnips, onions, and leeks; stew them in some good stock; then add some French beans, peas, beau cucumbers, asparagus tops, lettuces, sorrel, and chervil; add a little bit of white sugar; let these reduce to nearly a glaze; then add them to some stock thickened with green peas rubbed through a colander. The soup might be thickened, to vary it, with asparagus rubbed through a colander; in this case all the vegetables should be strained off, and some asparagus tops served only in the soup.

## FISH.

**Salmon Cutlets.**—Cut your slices of fish about an inch thick, rub them over with salad oil, and season with pepper and salt; place them on a gridiron, over a clear fire, to broil, and carefully turn them over every five minutes, moistening them occasionally with a little butter, or oil, according to taste; they will be done through in about half an hour, as you may ascertain by gently pressing the bone, and if quite dressed it easily separates from the fish. Or else, butter sheets of white writing-paper, and lay each cutlet on a separate piece, with the ends twisted; they are, perhaps, more delicate cooked in this way, but in either mode they are excellent. Serve with melted butter, or anchovy sauce, if desired.

**Pickled Salmon.**—Take away the bone from your fish, and divide it, if you have sufficient, into handsome pieces. Take equal quantities of the liquor in which the fish was boiled and good vinegar, sprinkle each piece of fish with a little salt, and a very little pepper, throw in a few black pepper-corns, and a little whole allspice, if you like it; let the salmon be quite immersed in the liquid, and put it in an earthenware pan, and set the pan (covered) in the oven till the ingredients are quite hot. Or else, boil the liquor and vinegar with the spice, etc., for ten minutes, and when cold, pour it over your salmon. In twelve hours it will be quite ready to bring to table.

**Hot Crab.**—Pick the crab, cut the solid part into small pieces, and mix the inside with a little rich gravy, or cream, and seasoning; then add some curry-paste and fine bread-crumbs. Put all into the shell of the crab, and finish in a Dutch oven, or with a salamander.

## MEATS.

**Cotelettes à la Bourgeoise.**—Take six neck cutlets of veal, trim them neatly, and cut off the bone; put them into a frying-pan with a little butter, and let them brown; shake a little flour over them, and then moisten them with a little stock; add a bunch of fine herbs, some carrots, cut in forms, or scalloped, some small onions, mushrooms, salt, two cloves; when the cutlets are done enough dish them, and put the vegetables in the middle; skim the sauce, strain it, and pour the sauce over the cutlets. They must be well seasoned.

**Imitation Crab.**—This makes a nice relish for eating with bread and butter, either for breakfast or luncheon. The white meat of a roast or boiled fowl must be minced very fine with the liver, so as to make about six tablespoonfuls in all. To this put two tablespoonfuls of pounded cheese, two moderate-sized onions, four or five green chillies, (or, if these cannot be procured, some Cayenne pepper,) chopped very small. Mix all these thoroughly together, and afterward add one spoonful of anchovy and one of Harvey's sauce, a large spoonful of mustard, two of mushroom catchup, black pepper, and salt, and three spoonfuls of sweet oil. Well mix the whole.

**Sweetbreads Fricassee (White).**—Blanch and then cut them in slices; to a pint of veal gravy put a thickening of flour and butter, a tablespoonful of cream, grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, white pepper, to flavor. Stew ten minutes, add the sweetbreads, and let them simmer twenty minutes.

## CAKES.

**Gingerbread Loaf, to be Eaten with Butter, if Liked.**—Stir a cupful of melted butter into two cupfuls of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon, sift some flour, and stir in just enough to make a stiff batter; dissolve a small piece of alum, the size of a kidney-bean, in half a cupful of water, stir it in, and then add more flour. Put as much flour as will make a dough nearly stiff enough to roll out on a board; have your tin pans (they are like bread-tins) buttered, and your oven quite ready; mix a heaping (this means very full) teaspoonful of soda with half a cup of boiling water, and stir all up quickly; put the cakes in the oven at once, and use them when quite fresh. They should be brushed over with syrup when taken out of the oven.

**Light Tea-Buns.**—Take half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and the same quantity of bi-carbonate of soda, and rub them well into a pound of flour, through a hair-sieve, if leisure permit. Then work into the flour two ounces of butter, and add two ounces of crushed and sifted lump-sugar, also a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, and (if liked) a few caraway-seeds. Having mixed all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle and pour in half a pint of cold, new milk; one egg, well beaten, mixed with the milk, is a great improvement, though your buns will do without any. Mix quickly, and set your dough with a fork on baking-tins. The buns will take about twenty minutes to bake. From these ingredients you ought to produce a dozen.

**Sponge-Cake.**—This requires very fresh eggs; to the yolks of twelve eggs, beaten very lightly with a broad-bladed knife, add one pound of sugar; grate in one large sized fresh lemon, (only the oily part of the rind, avoid the bitter, white skin,) and stir this well. Whip the whites to a froth; stir in half a pound of sifted flour; add the whites last. Bake one hour. Sponge-cake is much lighter if the eggs are beaten separately, and the flour and sugar sifted together, and the eggs added lastly; it is liable to be sticky in inexperienced hands if the yolks and sugar are mixed together.

**Quick Waffles.**—Take a pint of milk, and beat into it three eggs, and enough wheat flour to make a thick batter; add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a little salt; bake them immediately. Some persons add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little cinnamon; others dust loaf-sugar and cinnamon, or nutmeg, over each waffle as it is baked.

**Children's Cake.**—Two cups of flour, one cup of cream, one cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar; mix the cream of tartar and flour well, and dissolve the soda in the cream, and add last. This is nice for children at tea.

**Cocoanut Pound-Cake.**—Three cups of flour, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of six eggs, one spoonful of cream of tartar, half a spoonful of soda, one cup of milk. Grate one small cocoanut, and put in two-thirds of it last.



## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

**FIG. I.—DRESS-SKIRT MADE OF LIGHT-BROWN SILK.**—Morning jacket made of white cashmere, cut square all around, trimmed with black guipure inserting.

**FIG. II.—DRESS MADE OF HEAVY BLACK SILK.**—The skirt is cut with an immense train. A blue under-skirt, which is exposed by the black dress being looped-up at the sides with passementerie ornaments, which are made for this purpose. The waist is made high and very plain, excepting for the ornaments at the shoulders and sleeves. White bonnet, with square veil, blue and white strings.

**FIG. III.—DRESS OF PEARL-GRAY SILK.**—The waist is plain; the skirt is scalloped around the bottom, and trimmed with a ruching of the same; also rosettes of the same ornament the front of the entire dress.

**FIG. IV.—SKIRT OF BLACK SILK, EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD.**—Jacket of sky blue cashmere, made with lapels; coat-sleeves and pockets, trimmed with swans'-down.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—There is no alteration in the style of dresses for out-door afternoon wear. The only novelties are in the trimmings—descriptions of which are given above. The fashion of trimming the backs of the dresses is increasing. Long sash ends are simulated with good effect. Thus, on a gray silk dress, a blue silk sash terminating with long fringe, will be simulated on the back breadths of the skirt. Crinoline is at last disappearing in evening toilets, although it is still seen under promenade and morning dresses. But for evening wear, starched petticoats are now adopted instead of steel cages. These petticoats are made quite plain round the hips, and have several flounces from the knees downward. About four of these skirts are worn at one time.

**WAISTS** are made in so many ways, that not one in particular can be called most fashionable. Very many of the dresses are cut in the Princess form; and it seems to be a favorite, although it requires a very round figure to adopt a fashion so trying.

**JACKETS** are as much worn as ever, because they have so many advantages; and those pretty, jaunty fixings are very becoming often to plain people. There are several different ways of cutting these garments.

**SLEEVES** still continue in the old coat fashion. We do not know why, unless that they are both comfortable and convenient. Thin dresses will have loose sleeves, however, and in the same style as was formerly termed "Angel."

**EMBROIDERY** confines itself to what is termed "German, or machine" work. Everything with trimming of this nature, either adopted the German work, or Cluny lace. The latter is put upon everything; and no one need be surprised to see it on boots or shoes; but for the cost of this article, we suppose it would supersede all other trimmings.

**SASHES**, with wide ends, are very much worn at present with dressy out-door toilets, and likewise with evening toilets. They have usually three ends to them, and the richest are made of velvet.

**STRIPES** appear to be the prevailing fashion on all kinds of goods—from the choicest silks to the cheapest fabrics.

**BOOTS** are once more being worn of the same color as the dress—more especially for evening wear. For example, blue boots have pink heels—and vice versa; and for full dress dinner toilets, boots are now made of pearl-gray moire antique, fastened with either crystal or mother-of-pearl buttons; the front of the boot, and likewise the top of it, being decorated with a band of pheasant's feathers. Other boots are made of soft, dull kid, (to match the dress in color,) and are decorated on the instep with a rosette, in the center of which is a buckle either of steel, mother-of-pearl, or silver. The heels of these kid boots are always covered with kid to match; but satin boots have frequently either silver or gilt heels.

**EVENING DRESSES** are rather giving place to those suitable for the sea-side. We only wish we had space to detail

some of the prettiest which we have seen. Many of these are made in white or colored Brussels net, which proves more durable than tulle. Large diamond bullionnes, about three-quarters of a yard up the skirt, which is made without going, is a very favorite style. One of this kind, made in pink, was linked at the point of every diamond by a large pearl; another, in white, caught together by gold coins. A very stylish tulle skirt was gored plain first, and on this bullions, arranged lengthways, and graduated narrow at the waist and broad at the hem. Ribbon velvet was placed between each puffing, and a narrow box-pleated flounce round the edge. A very stylishly made black tulle had the back and front breadths robed. This was done by puffings of tulle dove-tailed, a row of pleated tulle dotted and edged with real straw trimming arranged between each, and on either side of the entire trimming. Of course, the points were placed downward. On the bottom of the skirt, at the side, a large vandyke, point upward, was described by a similar trimming of puffed tulle and straw, and this nearly went round the rest of the skirt, but not reaching above the knees. Black nets are also much trimmed with satin pipings. One in this style had a tunic described by three rows of white satin piping placed on the skirt. Another row of satin piping headed a box-pleated frill, bound at both edges with white satin, and carried all round the hem. In the center of the space between the tunic a bunch of bows and ends of black net, edged with white satin, and fringed, were very prettily arranged. Two similar knots of bows were placed on each side of the tunic as it turned off near the hem. Cameos ornamented the bows. A white tulle dress was bullionnes about three-quarters of a yard deep round the skirt, and dotted with small blue flowers. A blonde ruching edged the trimming at each side. White tarlatan skirts, with a number of flat-colored tucks of narrow width laid on the lower end of the skirt, have been very much worn for very young ladies. Grenadines run through with ribbons in new varieties of patterns, and tarlatans with patterns on them, are very fashionable; amongst these patterns the device of a tulip, on variously-colored grounds, is much in favor.

**PALETOTS** are predicted for general use, to assume the circular form; very few, however, have appeared on the street. Carriage cloaks of a circular shape, made of pure white Astrakan, with a deep goat's-hair fringe, and lined with colored quilted silk, are stylish and new.

**BONNETS** are worn of the Pamela shape, although there are some Empire bonnets in the stores. There are twenty-one innovations on this shape; and it is very hard to tell which is the ugliest. The Pamela is like a saucer on the head, and is a compromise between a bonnet and a hat.

**HATS** are worn as much as formerly, many of which are three-cornered, although they fail to meet that for which they were intended.

**ORNAMENTS OF CAMEOS** are taking the places of all others. The ruby and emerald-green crystal ornaments are very effective, especially when they are frosted and made as large beads, and strung as bracelets, necklets, etc. The balls are as large as small nuts; in the two colors we have named they are very brilliant at candle-light.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

**FIG. I.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE**, trimmed with blue cashmere, cut out in points. Basque made to match. Straw hat, with white feather.

**FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF POPLINETTE**; belt and basque of the same material, trimmed with velvet.

**FIG. III.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF PIQUE**, trimmed with three rows of colored ribbon running round the skirt, and with two stripes of black velvet round, with a tassel on the end of each on every breadth; the waist is cut heart-shape, with an under-waist of muslin.

Vertical text on the left edge, likely a page number or index, mostly illegible due to the scan quality.



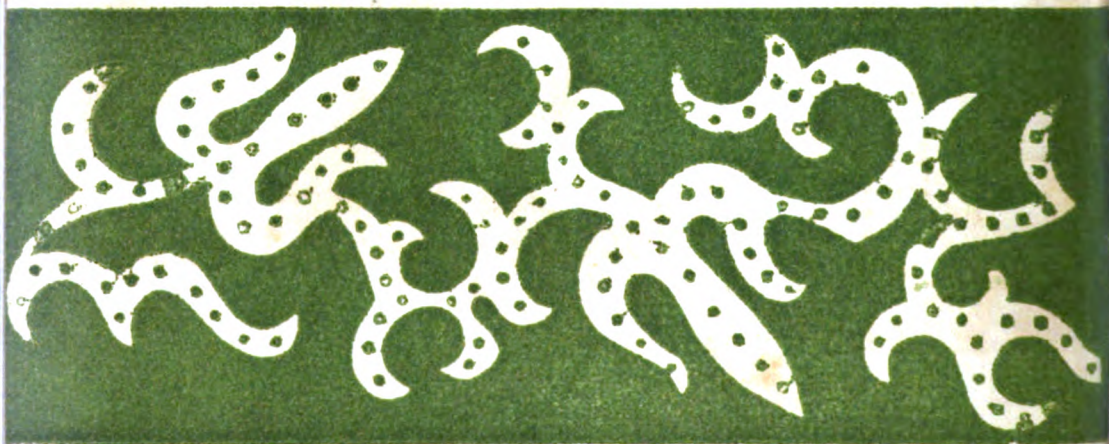
Painted by Maria

Engraved & Printed by William Birchmore

## THE ALPHABET LESSON.

Engraved expressly for Leonard & Meekins.





SMOKING CAP. IN APPLICATION.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY."



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE





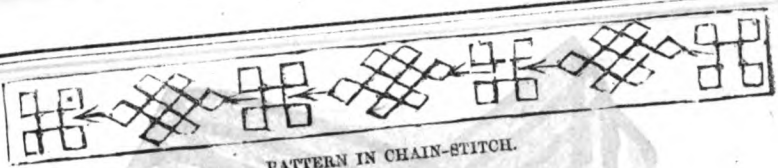


EDGING.



THE SICILIAN ROBE

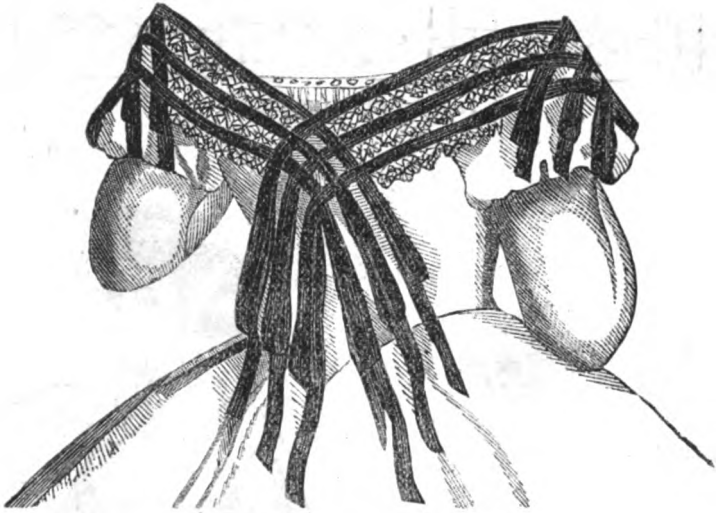
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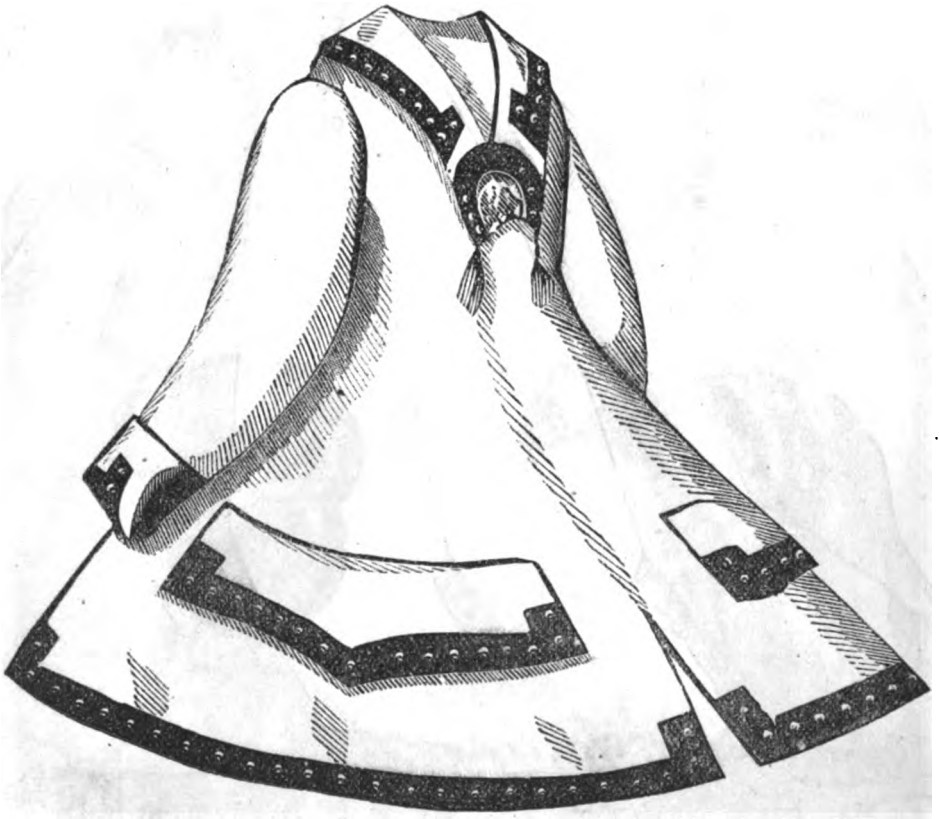
PATTERN IN CHAIN-STITCH.



WALKING DRESS, OR IN-DOOR TOILET.



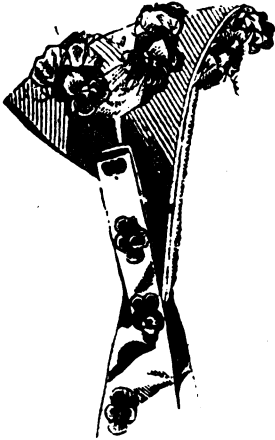
**BERTHE OF VELVET RIBBON.**



**ANNA PALETOT.**



INITIALS FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BONNET.



HAT.



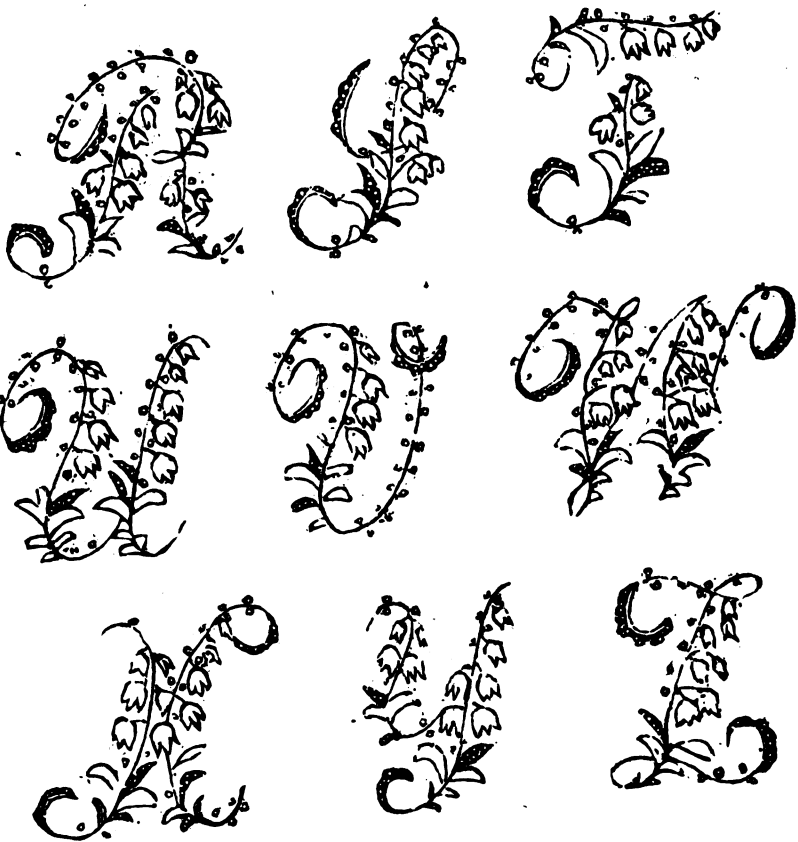
EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS



NEW STYLE HEAD-DRESS



INITIALS FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS.



INITIALS FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS: HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

# GRAND MARCH VICTORIOUS.

COMPOSED BY MRS. MARY MORRISON.

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*Maestoso.*

MARCH

*f* *mf*

*f* *mf* *f*

8va.....

*f* *f*

8va.....

*f*

8va.....

*loco.*

*p con anima.*

# GRAND MARCH VICTORIOUS.

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a *ff* dynamic marking. The bass clef part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system includes a dotted line labeled "8va..." above the treble clef. The treble clef part contains a complex, rapid melodic passage. The bass clef part features a dense chordal texture with many beamed notes. Pedal markings "Ped." with asterisks are placed below the bass line.

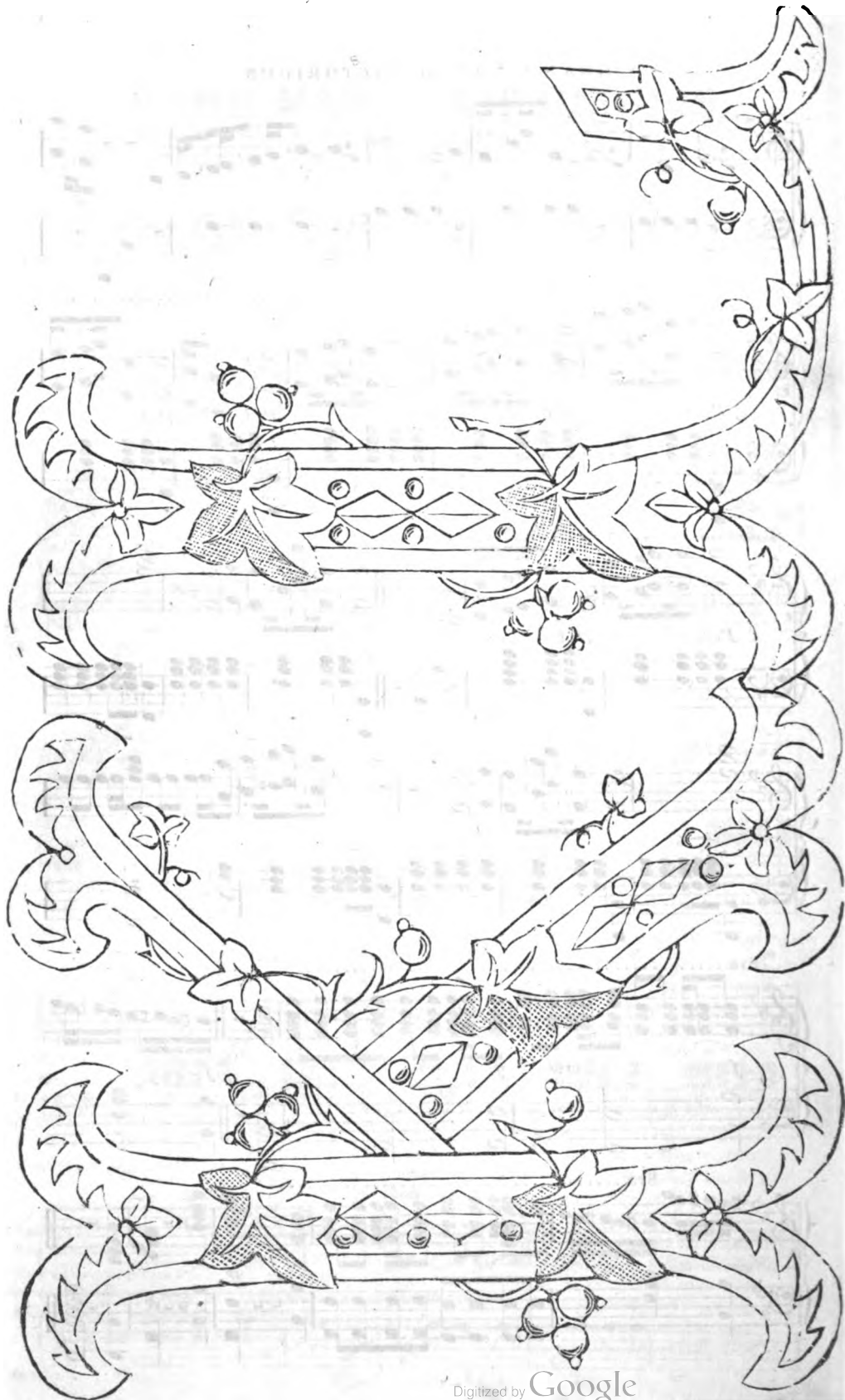
The third system also has a dotted line labeled "8va..." above the treble clef. The treble clef part continues with a melodic line, including a *V* (trill) marking. The bass clef part has a dense chordal texture with a *f* dynamic marking. Pedal markings "Ped." with asterisks are present.

The fourth system shows the treble clef part with a melodic line and a *V* marking. The bass clef part features a triplet of eighth notes and a *f* dynamic marking.

The fifth system includes a dotted line labeled "8va..." above the treble clef. The treble clef part has a melodic line with a *f* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has a simple accompaniment with a *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* dynamic marking.

The sixth system includes a dotted line labeled "8va..." above the treble clef. The treble clef part has a melodic line with a *ff* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has a simple accompaniment with a *ff* dynamic marking.





INITIALS FOR PELLOW-GARE

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

## THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

THE heart of summer was palpitating with her fullest tide of life-blood. Her cheek and lip were red with damask stain of rose-bloom; the blue of azure skies was in her dreamy eye; the curling tendrils of leafy vines were in her luxuriant, flossy hair; and her voice was drowsy with the murmur of the brooding sea.

And yet, amid all this opulence of warmth, bloom, and repose, the life of Maud Longfellow was strangely cold and dreary. When spring had come to thrill other pulses, and awaken them, alike with nature's, out of their sluggish winter torpor, no resurrection came to hers; nor could the growth of the beautiful summer time diffuse a glow through her being. Four years before, all that was warming and vivifying had been crushed within her heart; and, since that time, she had walked along a sterile, monotonously dreary path, in which no springing violet or blooming rose refreshed her eye, nor summer bird enchanted her ear, nor tropic south wind lapped her senses in its Circæan spell.

We do not customarily bestow great plenitude of pity upon those who, of their own free will, shut the gate on pleasant pathways, and turn, instead, into bleak and sterile ones—more especially if chill pride stands on her pedestal under the lintel of the gateway, and points, with stern finger, to the sacrifice. But Maud Longfellow had some shadow of excuse for her mistake, reared as she had been from earliest childhood, surrounded by influences that guarded her, vestal-like, within the temple; alas! that exclusiveness was the shrine on which she was bound, heart and soul, by her haughty sire, who stood high-priest at the altar!

No taint of common worldly contact had ever come to her in her stately mansion home, almost as ancient, in its two-century-old inheritance, as some castled-keep beyond the sea; and the blood of the Longfellows had been kept unsoiled from muddy plebeian mixture all those two

centuries, by intermarriage only with blood as patrician as its own.

But blood may grow thin and cold in two hundred years, and it needs the infusion of thicker tides to prevent it from turning pale and watery; and I have sometimes thought that Maud Longfellow's must have caught a foreign strata into that which circled through her delicate veins than descended from her long line of patrician sires, else she had never stooped from her high throne of pride to bestow a second thought on Albion Reeves—the young engineer and surveyor—who came down to draught out some new roads and rustic bridges on the borders of her father's broad estate.

From the first time when she saw him in the library, sitting with her father at the oaken table, busy with his maps, and charts, and surveying instruments—from that time, when Albion Reeves acknowledged the carelessly-given introduction to his employer's high-bred daughter with as much *empressement* in his bow as any of her wealthy suitors, his face haunted her. What business had a mechanic with such splendid physical beauty as this man? His figure was the model of a Greek athlete's; his head crowned the superb column of neck that rose from his broad shoulders like Antinous'; and his brow was magnificently developed as a statesman's. Sitting in her own *boudoir*, or receiving guests in her sumptuous parlors—walking, riding, or in her dreams—Maud Longfellow could not get that man's face and figure out of her thoughts. He looked the nobleman; but nature had placed him in the humble sphere of the mechanic.

His splendid *physique* was the first cause of Maud's interest; but I know that she was too thoroughly ingrained with her cultivated patrician pride not to have crushed down all thoughts of Albion Reeves, had not a circumstance occurred to bring their minds and tastes into finer contact.

One day, Maud's horse, whom all supposed entirely broken to the saddle, took it into his head to show no distinction to the Longfellow race; else he chose to assert his own royal contempt of restraint, derived from a noble equine stock of thorough-breds; for he spurned the control of his patrician rider, and reared and flung her, almost dead, just across the path of the young engineer, in the new road he was constructing on the outer edge of the Longfellow estate.

Just as he was, in soiled coat, and boots muddy with contact with mother earth, Albion Reeves bore the lady to a green bank; brought water from a spring hard by, and bathed her creamy forehead and blue-veined wrists; and almost gave a sigh, when he saw the pink flush of life creep back into the cheek and lips of the beautiful waif the fates had flung so suddenly across his way, since he must now resign her. But he faithfully wrought her restoration; then lifted her gently into the saddle of the animal, who now came back with drooping head and docile eye, and led her slowly home to the mansion on the elm-crowned hill.

To suppose that Ralph Longfellow would prove ungrateful to the brave young fellow who had brought about the recovery of his only daughter from that deep swoon, would be to write him destitute of the attributes of his courteous, high-bred race; but to state that Maud fell irretrievably and entirely in love with him, would be but to confirm the theory that the hearts of women are alike, the world over, despite the teachings of factitious pride, and to tell the truth in her case.

Had any one accused Maud of this at that juncture, she would, doubtless, have curled her rose-bud lips and dilated her thin nostrils with intensest scorn; had her father even conceived it, ever so dimly, a streak of ire would have warmed his calm, cold blood to the livid heat of passion. But so it was; and the stately old gentleman welcomed the young engineer to the hospitalities of his house; while the girl named her growing fascination by the ordinary title, "gratitude," and wove the meshes of the net closer about her whole being. As if only "gratitude" could stain her pale, proud cheek with crimson, or cause the thrill, whose eddies circled through her heart, when he was by!

Yet do not think, reader, that Maud Longfellow had weakly surrendered to some common man, simply because nature had endowed him with a magnificent *personale*. Those who knew Albion Reeves best, spoke of an intellect of the highest order, and royal parts of mind as well

as person; and prophesied that, from surveying country roads and building rustic bridges with his band of workmen, he would rise to posts of eminence and skill. And yet he was not born in the highest ranks of life—only of those oft quoted "poor, but respectable parents," who could give him no lift in the world beyond their tender love and good wishes, when he went out from the home-roof to fight the battles of his future.

But to the ambitious youth, with "Excelsior" engraven upon his frontlet, there is no such word as "fail;" and so, side by side with toil went study, and the midnight oil was not consumed in vain; and Albion Reeves had worked his way upward, until he had risen from the common to the master workman, and knew enough of cubes and compasses to direct the laying out of highways all over the land.

Still he was "only a mechanic;" and when Maud Longfellow awoke to the fact that she loved him—as she did one day—she felt as great a shock as though she had seen the patrician blood of her race run into the veins of peasants and churls. True, her heart, mind, and soul, cried out longingly, "He is more than my equal—he is my superior!" But position, habit, false education, and her inflexible pride, said, "It can never be! Drive him from your heart! Forget him!"

And so pride and will conquered; and if Maud Longfellow grew paler as she grew colder and statelier, none knew that she suffered from any wound beyond the effects of the one she received in the fall from her horse that day; and if over Albion Reeves' life-sky, which had, of late, been flushed with a warm roseate glow, dropped down a heavy pall, none knew it but himself; or that he only lived thenceforth to fight a harder battle than he had ever fought before with fortune or with fate.

And all that happened over four years ago—not much, seemingly, to those who met Maud Longfellow in her splendid home; but enough to chill her into an icy statue, and throw a blight over the tropic summer of her heart.

A soft, sweet wind of peace suddenly blew up from the South, scattering the ebon cloud that had for four long, dreary years hung over the land; and the hushed breath of the nation found vent again in a long-drawn sigh of relief and joy.

A great gloom was lifted alike from human hearts and the face of nature; for both had been drear while the lurid star of war hung, full-orbed and baleful, low in the Southern horizon. But now all was changed. The

heavens cleared till the blue sky shone through; the atmosphere was purified of civil and social contentions; the wheels of society slid back into their old grooves again; and the old order of things was restored. Hand-in-hand with peace came recreation; and pleasure beckoned to lay aside all cares for a season, and bathe the brow in her poppy-steeped waters.

And surely this is right; for when "the time to weep" has passed, the "time to laugh," whereof the wise man wrote, is come; and gladness entered many a household, whence sorrow, sad guest, had been banished erewhile by sweet-voiced resignation. And, in unison with human rejoicings, earth smiled anew with flowers—her soil washed free of the sanguinary stain of fraternal combat with the baptism of the late April rains; and June came, with her roses and her bluest skies; and the mid-summer deepened; and the blue sea sang his songs of joy upon the hard, silver sands.

With the pleasure-tide that swept away the heart-lightened throng to those haunts where "crowds do congregate," Maud Longfellow floated from her inland home to Newport.

And yet I think it was more to endeavor to rid herself of that spirit of unrest, which had all those late years pervaded her, than to mix with the gay world, that she left the quiet of the green country for the babble of the great hotel by the bounding sea. Maud was her own mistress now. Her stately father had, three years before, yielded to the fiat of that stern conqueror who is no respecter of persons, and gone to sleep among his ancestral Longfellows, with a costly marble obelisk above his breast. But she was doubly restless and wretched; and the heart of the summer, bringing a wealth of enjoyment, with its balm and bloom, to others, brought no summer glow of life or warmth to her.

But doubly lonely though she was, and possessed with the demon of unquiet, yet ever colder and more reserved in her pale pride grew Maud Longfellow.

At Newport the blood of her race proclaimed itself—not in the vulgar blaze of diamonds, or the sheen of costly silks, or in the show of such equipages as the Shoddies and Petroleums of the new regime delight in; but in that haughty exclusiveness which hedged her round, save from her chosen few, with a pale more effectual than any barrier any emperor of the Celestial tea-country could ever raise to separate himself from contact with the rude barbarians outside.

It was something, even to the fine gold of talent, intellect, and beauty, who mix ever with

the dross in the alembic of society, to be counted in Miss Longfellow's set; and many an envious pang stirred the breasts of the fashionable *parvenues*, who vainly attempted to climb, on their golden ladders, to the serene heights where this stately woman sat inaccessiblely enthroned.

And yet, if they could have only known how very lonely that pale, proud woman was, none would have long envied her. But the old gray stone tower in Truro Park guarded not its history more closely than she; while nature, always pitiful for desolation, had draped that in friendly vines and flowers; but not a green tendril curled over the walls of the icy barrier she had reared within her heart.

But Maud Longfellow was not wholly stone or ice; and there were hours when, walking by the sad sea and listening to its moanings, she bitterly repented the pride which had dwarfed her life, and would gladly have lain it down, with all that deep, strong passion of love, of which natures like hers are capable, at the feet of that man who was her being's only king.

Talk as we may of "suitable matches," and the equality of birth and fortune, they are but outward accidents, and never really decide the fitness of hearts and souls for each other. The only true nobility is that of the intellect; the only true knight-errantry is of the affection; and Albion Reeves, cradled in the humble farmhouse, and nurtured in the stern schools of poverty and privation, was more than peer of the patrician girl, who had been shielded from the rude breath of the world as carefully as the waxen-leaved camelia within the hot-house walls.

And there by the sad, twilight sea, always solitarily seeking those haunts where none could intrude upon her reveries, all the pride diel out of Maud Longfellow's heart; and she bitterly regretted the desolation she had brought upon her life.

It is not always permitted us to retrieve the errors of the past, else many a life that to-day jolts over rough or lonely roads, would slip at once into easier channels; but God was very good to Maud Longfellow. Perhaps He had decreed that she had expiated her mistake by her suffering.

One afternoon, when the sun was sloping to his western bed, casting a long track of blood-red glow athwart the sea, the girl stood upon the brink of that yawning chasm, known to the frequenters of Newport as "Purgatory," whose fissures seam the rocks so deep that a gazer may not look into the black abyss without a shudder of fear.

But, fascinated by the gloomy grandeur of the place, Maud, who had left her carriage at the edge of the sands, and climbed the rocky ramparts alone, stood bending over the edge of the abyss. It was a dangerous *locale*, for a sudden loss of equipoise, caused by the slipping of a stone, might have hurled her into the chasm; but she knew it not, and lingered with a strange fascination, held by the spell of the waters seething and boiling fathoms below, and striving to pierce the darkness with her vision.

On a sudden, a step fell close by her side; and a hand was lain upon her arm, and drew her firmly away from the edge of the chasm.

"Excuse me, madam; but I have been watching you from the beach, and thought you could not be aware of your danger. Purgatory is an ugly place to fall into, this glorious August afternoon."

Maud Longfellow grew dizzy and faint—not from the recoil caused by the sudden realization of her escape from danger, but because a voice had fallen on her ears which she had never thought to hear again. Albion Reeves stood before her!

One evening, two weeks later, a confession trembled from scarlet lips, as a pair sat in the shadow of the trees of Truro Park, with the white moonlight flinging the long shadow of the old Round Tower, aslant the sodded turf, almost to their very feet.

"I have planned other roads than the one on your father's estate four years ago," said Lieut. Reeves. "From the first bridge built across the Chickahominy, to the last laid by Gen. Grant, on his march to Richmond, have I followed the armies of my country. If I could only have known that you thought of me, sometimes, dear Maud!"

"Always, Albion!" was the reply. "There was no day, struggle as I did to forget you, when you were absent from my thoughts."

"And I always worshiped you as a star in the far-off heavens—too high for my reach," said Reeves, softly.

"But stars fall to earth sometimes," returned the lady, with a smile; "and then they are seen no more by any gazers."

"But you will not disappear thus, meteor-like, from my path? You will walk the long road of life with me, dearest Maud?" asked Reeves, eagerly.

There was no answer in words; but a delicate white hand stole into Albion Reeves'; and the trees whispered overhead; and the shadow of the ivy-draped, flower-garlanded old Round Tower crept nearer, and enveloped them in its folding embrace.

But there were no shadows on their joy that night; for the red blossoms of love had burst into sudden bloom in the sunny, tropical summer of Maud Longfellow's heart.

## I AM DYING.

BY E. ELLINGWOOD DIX.

I AM dying, darling, dying.

With our baby on my breast;  
And its low and gentle breathing  
Lulls me softly to my rest.  
Let it sweetly breathe and slumber  
Till my pulses beat no more;  
It will keep this heart then silent,  
Warm a moment when 'tis o'er.

I am dying! yes, I'm dying!  
And the world is fair to view;  
Fairer than in childhood wreathing,  
Fairy worlds of drops of dew;  
For your kind and gentle breathings,  
Like the fondly brooding dove,  
Hushed the wailing heart-strings bursting.  
Breaking all for want of love.

Should another hand as purely  
Tender you a wifely care,  
Tell her they are wife's and baby's,  
These two mingled locks of hair.  
Lay them on your heart, my darling;  
Never let them be misplaced;  
Let there be no jealous feelings,  
Nor let my memory be erased.

When I'm dead, oh! darling, darling!  
Take our Charlie to your heart;  
Teach it often of its mother—  
He and I so soon must part.  
Over us there now is falling  
Mists that veil the other shore;  
Come to me my babe and darling,  
To the blest, the Evermore.

Yes, my husband, you'll be grieving,  
Praying sadly o'er our child,  
And throughout the night be calling  
Plaintive accents, strange and wild.  
I'll be with you, darling, with you,  
Watching o'er our baby boy;  
Happy if his fond caresses  
Gives your aching heart one joy!

Lay this little tress, my darling,  
I have cut from off his brow.  
Full of golden sunlight gleaming,  
Brighter than the West just now.  
Clouds are heavy o'er the lowlands—  
Darker clouds will come to-night;  
But the brown and gold will mingle,  
Each will make the other bright.

## THE OLD MILL AT AMOSKEAG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

CAPT. BELL, of M——, was no Midas, like some of our money-makers. Only by touches, many and painstaking, did the products of his small factory, his store, and his few acres of land on the outskirts of the village, yield him the means of comfort, nay, I may say, of elegance, in his so-called expensive family.

For, you see, Lois' fingering the music that was in her, on every table and window-seat, must have a piano—and it must be a good one. Arthur, taking little part in the games, the mischievous devices of Sylvester, Walter, George, and—and, it must be confessed, of the little black-haired, black-eyed sister, Effie, but using every quiet moment for his beloved study, must be sent to college. Sylvester must be put to something, cost what it would, he was so hard for his good mother to get along with. Why, once, when she had used her faithful, industrious little hand in whipping his stout palm, to see if that would do any good, he ran away from her hiding under the hall-table, whence he put out his head, barking at her and the rest.

"Oh, dear!" said the gentle woman, then ready to cry with discouragement, "what *shall* I do with him?"

When at night this was told to pa by black-eyed Effie, who, although she loved Sylvester better than any other of her brothers, and went following him everywhere, roundly as he at times tormented her, yet loved her patient mother better, especially if she saw the patience wronged. So, planting herself before pa's knee, as, with a long breath of enjoyment, he seated himself in his arm-chair beside the bright sitting-room fire, and opening her eyes very wide, very angrily, she said, "Sylvester has been naughty, pa. He barked at ma, barked at me, and all of us; and made ma and all of us feel bad."

They all hid their smiles as well as they could, as was often done in the family, that the sensitive, queer child—this was their phrase, "queer child!"—who so often excited them, need not be hurt seeing them.

But one, Sylvester, sitting in the farthest corner of the room, hidden by the piano, felt his knees tremble, seeing to what tribunal Effie had brought him.

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Hannah's bell called them out, just then, to the pleasant dining-room, to the no small relief of the culprit.

"I tell you, Walt, I was splendidly relieved," he said to that brother, after they were carefully shut within their own chamber.

Hearing all about it from Mrs. Bell, after the rest had gone to their rooms, and filled with compassion for his helpmate, Capt. Bell said that must not be. An end must be put to it. So, taking into consideration the ease with which the boy handled his mathematics, saying, "Poh! that's nothing! Let me show you how it's done!" over the most difficult problems the brothers, and especially the sisters, stumbled upon; the fondness he showed for whatever kept him tramping over hills, across ledges, through woods, with Walt, or with wonder-seeking Effie, or with both—which was best—they sent him off to the excellent school at L——, and to such studies as would best qualify him for engineering.

And nobody mourned but Effie. The parents had their hopes, anxieties. Lois hoped he would come home a gentleman. Susy hoped he would find somebody kind enough to sew on his buttons; but Effie mourned, with only this one hope, that, through some marvelous means or other, when Sylvester got to his instruments, she could go and carry the lighters for him, and help him set them, and so go with him everywhere, finding birds' eggs, beautiful stones, and lichens, as she had done at M——.

George went to school in the village, getting along with his books after rather an indifferent fashion, on account, in part, of his own preference for the multiplicity of little cares and offices connected with mill, counting-room, store, house—at the last-mentioned place of which, were so many girls to be driven out to do their shopping, picnicking, prospecting; and the care of all this—and also of taking ma's baskets and bundles of flowers, fruits, of niceties for the sick, of benefits for the poor, in whom, for some reason, she was especially interested, fell upon the pleasant-eyed, willing, prompt George. So, while his Latin languished, his habits of oversight were quickened each day; and Mrs. Bell often said to the girls, "I don't think George cares much about his school; but he

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reads and observes, and is such a help to his father, and to us all, that I don't know what we would all do without him; or, if he were different, I mean. I can see that your father is pleased with his being just what he is; and I am glad, too."

## CHAPTER II.

In the house, there was Mrs. Bell, to see to all its minutest concerns; to see to the girls—and especially to Effie—that each was doing what she ought, was wearing what she ought; that no drawer, closet, toilet, or bed was left in disorder, even for a day. There was Anna, with pencils, colors, gums, varnishes, bronzes, wax, and boxes of beautiful materials, to turn each apartment into a temple of art, as she was daily doing, to the great delight and sympathy of all in the house.

Effie, it is true, gave but flying glances, flying remarks, as she went her very different ways; yet did her life gather from them one of its daily, hourly charms.

Susy made such pastry, such cake, and such sweetmeats as were to be found in no other house within many a mile. Everybody knew this; and, having one day taken the brown bread in hand, to relieve old Hannah's aching arms, the article came to the breakfast-table so light, so red, that Hannah never afterward dared to touch it. So Susy made the brown bread also; and from this time forth, everybody praised her. Those who, as they said, cared nothing about her pastries and her jellies, did care for her brown bread; and were careful that their own daughters should often hear about it. Ma looked at things, of course; but this was all—Susy did the rest.

Lois and Emily were at school. When at home, they had their piano-practice, their drawing, their plain-sewing, and their beautifully-executed embroidery. Effie, also, was at school. She, also, had her piano-practice, and drawing, and embroidery; but it was only at rare and most irregular intervals that she appeared to be doing anything at either. She gave her teachers any amount of trouble; still she knew more about her studies than any other in her classes did. At home it was the same. Only seldom at her regular piano-practice or her pencils, she yet often put Lois and Emily away from their seats, took their places, and told them how it was to be done. They all, at such times, saw with astonishment how her practice outstripped that of the painstaking sisters. And the astonishment was not lessened by recurrence; for they

still expected nothing from her, often and often as her superior powers had been shown. They called her, in the family, by such names as "Fly-away!" "Run-a-gate!" "The Ineffable!" "Witch!" "Queer Thing!" to say nothing of Hannah, who, when she really spoke her mind about her, said there warn't one in the whole house she loved as she did Effie; even she, polite to all the rest, as became their old servant, and all the rest polite to her, as became a family fortunate enough to have had such services so long, called her "Witch!" and wrangled with her like this. Putting her hair in order, one day, when, playing with the boys, she had got it over her ears and into her eyes, in what Hannah called "a great frowse," the latter said, "You witch, you! you look just fit to be with the Chockasees and Choctaws; and your ma would tell you so, if she saw you!" Effie, tripping round lightly to parlor and chamber, told her mother and sisters what Hannah had said, having a merry time over it.

## CHAPTER III.

ALL of us who have lived twenty years, have certain memories, more or less vivid and painful, of a time that people called "hard;" when men doing considerable business, found it a continual strain getting money to meet their bills; when one heard every day of a new failure; heard of the failures of such persons as made one lift one's hands, and say, "Well, whose turn will it be next?"

At M——, people said it at the period to which our story, with little aid of ours, as we more than half suspect, has arrived. It was in 1840—as we know by this day-book of Capt. Bell's, kept by his clerk, Orson, and in which we find whole pages of accounts against one, and another, and another; flour at twelve dollars a barrel, and the like; all upon credit, as men can nowhere be trusted to buy since the bankrupt act came in force. The act came in force about this time; and one after another of these debtors of Capt. Bell "took the advantage of it," as the phrase in those days ran; and he was left stunned, as it were, by witnessing the operations of the "new way of paying one's debts"—another phrase of the times; and by the depth it gave to the gulf at whose edge he found himself.

His clerk served him indefatigably. He did not know what he would do without him, the captain, five times every day, said to his neighbors.

"I don't know, I am sure, what I should have

done without Orson," he would say in his family, after the chief dangers of the crisis for him had been pretty well surmounted. "He let me have ten thousand dollars in one lump," he would add. "How he ever got so much together I can't see. But it is because he has saved, where other young men of his age have spent."

By-the-by, the clerk had had the use of more years than his principal had counted. He was above thirty.

"Now he's partner," Capt. Bell added; "and clerk, too. I was sorry to have a partner until it should be George; but it just saved me, that was all. I should certainly have gone to smash then, when I was pushed the hardest, if it hadn't been for Orson's ten thousand, and the partnership; so I can put up with it. We can all put up with it, I hope," with a shade of the anxiety left of the cloud just passed, speaking to the assembled family at breakfast. "It will make some change in our living for awhile, I'm afraid. I certainly shall have less money to spend for a few, I hope a very few, years to come; but——"

But here Mrs. Bell, the good, faithful, gentle woman, ready for much, just as ready and well-prepared for little, speaking most cheerfully, helped him fairly and at once to his old footing of courage and self-respect, by the ease with which she made it appear to him and to the girls, that they all had clothes enough; that there was enough of everything but provisions in the house, to last them well two years, if they did not purchase so much as one yard of cloth. That there was a year's stock of wood in the sheds——

"More than that, wife; two years," interposed the husband.

Yes; and—why, girls and all, their elbows on the table, their napkin-rings twirling on their fingers, joined in the loving-hearted refrain, until the father, finding he could not get along very well with the grateful, glad thoughts that were choking him, burst into a laugh, and took himself off, saying, "Yes, yes, girls! Yes, yes, mother! I see! We're ever so much richer for having lost a few thousands. I don't believe it is so in all families, do you?"

He went out to the store and told Orson about it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Now Orson was in no degree a blockhead; nevertheless, he did find himself in boots a little higher, for the good turn he had been able to render his employer; and especially for the good graces of the family—Mrs. Bell, the young

ladies, and all; Effie, Effie, and all, to which, as he was at once made to see, the good turn had given him familiar entrance. Before, as far at least as one, Effie, was concerned, it was as much as he aspired to do to come round the counter, the desk, and stand in the place where her feet had just been.

I fear he was silly; but it is true that, standing so, he felt himself surrounded, permeated with aromas and zephyrs, compared with which the spicy breezes, all the intoxications of the East, are but flat. True, that once, in helping her out of the carriage at the store-door, having touched the very little, bird-like hand, and no despicable glove between them, he could do nothing after it the whole day but press the lucky fingers in his other hand; that once or twice he kissed them. Oh! more than that! he kissed them ten times before he was done with it, that day and that night—although I am afraid it may be too wicked telling of it!

Now, why, had he not been in there three evenings out of the last thirty, a part of each evening playing backgammon with that very girl? Had he not touched her fingers with his ten times in the course of the game? He had, sir! He remembered every one of them, and could have told you the particulars.

Had he not?—but my readers can guess it all. They already know that if he was not in the beginning what we call a blockhead; if neither had his benefits toward the family rendered him such, he did, nevertheless, manage in innumerable ways, and at innumerable times, to make Effie feel that he was smitten. She found out at last that he was sorely smitten; that his love, in the disappointment she was obliged to lay upon it, had turned to a writhing despair.

So her good heart ached hard for him. She told him so; and then he broke down, weeping like—a woman, I was about to say; but it was like a man of thirty, to whom tears have not come twice since he was a little child, so hard are they to be started; and when one has said this, one has, indeed, shown to the reader a new-made grave; and in it are pretty much all the roses and buds stripped from the man's tree of life; stripped with his own trembling hands, and thrown in there in one poor, piteous pile. So it was there. Orson opened the grave before the wondering, awe-stricken child—albeit, woman—Effie, showing her the piteous pile.

Effie could not bear it. She told them all she couldn't. She was going away. Pa wasn't able, now he had just been losing so much, to send her away anywhere to board, and take some sort of lessons. If he was, that would be



capital. But he wasn't. She wasn't going to cost him a cent just now. They had no friends to whom she could offer herself for a long, long, long visit; what then could she do with herself for the whole year she wanted to be away?

Ah! I triumph! She danced thinking of it; so wide and accessible was the door of relief for him, over there—she meant Orson—and for her. For she, also, was sick at heart with him so near, just across the street; and his heart so sick all day, all night, day after day, night after night. Was not Sylvester at Manchester, the new city starting to grow up across the falls from Amoskeag?

Yes, they said; but what then?

Wasn't he to remain there engineering a long, long time, until the streets and lots of a whole city, until canals, dams, and whole corporations, corporation upon corporation were laid out?

Yes, they said; but what then, they wondered.

She would tell them. Now, now, beginning to draw nearer, and to settle herself down into a petitioner's attitude before them—before her mother and Anna, and Susy, that is—now, across the beautiful falls from Manchester was Amoskeag, they knew; the little, white, peaceful-looking place they all stopped to see and admire, when they were journeying in their own carriage to Massabesic Lake last year. In a yard, on the bank of the river, were some mills, they remembered, shut in there with trees, and grape-vines and the green grass. Did they remember, standing on the rocks in the falls, they saw them so? On an island, at the farther end of the bridge, was another mill, a large boarding-house, and there were tall pines back of them. It looked like a paradise for workers. Did they remember?

Yes; but what was she driving at?

She had been into Mrs. Hastings'; and Marcia was at home; was really a handsome, superior person; was wonderfully, wonderfully improved by her year away in the mills at Lowell. But she wasn't going to Lowell any more. She was going to Amoskeag, where her brother Tom was overseer. She was going there. And now do, ma! do Anna and Susy! coming closer, kneeling and wringing her little hands; now do be quiet and sensible, and let her go to Amoskeag, into the mill with Marcia, where she could see Sylvester every Sunday; and often, of course, evenings; where—well, where she could get rid of this—this—they knew what; this bother with him over there, tipping her head toward the store.

She wanted to stay a long, long time, she said—a year. That would be long enough for

him to forget her, and to find out how much better and fitter, every way, somebody else was—I suppose she meant Susy—to make him a good wife.

There is not often found eloquence so prevailing as Effie had always at her command. Her sentences flowed like a river when she was impassioned, which was as often as there was occasion, and to this stream, tone, action, the expression of her mobile features lent their aid.

So she generally had her way. As they said in the house, "The girl, somehow, always has her way, first or last."

This time it was not first, but last. There was a deal of opposition, founded chiefly on this one "piece of old-fogyism," Effie called it, they having always meant to keep the daughters together at home until—until circumstances—

Yes, interposed Effie, until some "Circumstance" having two legs in pants, two arms in fine coat-sleeves, and some sort of head under-cap, or beaver—said circumstance, so appearing, to be called husband—came and took them away. Then they could go?

Why, yes; then, of course, they would be obliged to let them go.

But she had her way. When they all saw how ill at ease she was there; saw Orson, pale and grave, and knew that from his place behind desk or counter, she could go neither in nor out, front door or gate, that his eyes did not fall on her, they wrote to lay the subject before Sylvester, whose advice was: "Let the girl come. Why, what is it? Only thirty miles from home; she can run home in a few hours."

#### CHAPTER V.

EVERY country village, even the smallest, which M— was not, has its *elite*, its cream of the *elite*. The Bells were the cream of the *elite* at M—. But they all and each held their pre-eminence with reins so loose, so unconcerned, or with no reins at all, so far as they or any one was conscious, that the whole village, and all the neighborhoods on the surrounding hills, quite adored them.

Only, only, I declare, when Capt. Bell began to feel the weight of impending disaster; when his family, the girls and all, began to feel it, so that elasticity, in no inconsiderable portions, went out of their lives, and so, of course, out of their feet, their fingers, their whole bodies, the villagers saw it. The families from the hills saw it at church. Indeed, more than one briak, well-to-do farmer drove into the village, and to Capt. Bell's store, or works, on purpose to feast

his eyes and warm up his vitals, seeing how "kind o' pale an' worried the cap'n looked." It was talked of over cups of tea. The women were constantly running about, making such a multitude of calls; and all the conversation was upon Capt. Bell's difficulties. They were afraid Mrs. Bell hadn't been so prudent as she ought. They knew the girls hadn't. And it generally ended in pretty much this strain.

The visitor, rising, gathering her shawl, drawing a long sigh, said, "Well, I'm sorry for 'em."

And the lady receiving the visit, answered, "So am I; very sorry, indeed." And she, also, heaved a sigh, heavy and hard to heave.

But—but, they both, in less than one half minute, looked happy enough to chirrup. I am very much afraid that much of their sorrow—so-called by themselves—if it had been analyzed in any first-rate crucible made for the purpose, would have shown itself as gladness. I am afraid it would have been so.

When it came to be told around that Effie was going into the mills at Amoskeag, how much panting there was with the surprise, and with the going round to talk about it.

"How you talk!" This was what Mrs. Evans said when it was told to her; adding, "Going into the mill? Effie! Don't it beat all?"

"Don't it beat all?" she said, a few minutes later, telling Mrs. Colby about it. "One of the Bell girls going into the mill to work!"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Colby, "why the Bell girls shouldn't go into the mills as well as other good girls. As well as the Prescott girls, for instance. They all went; all four of them, you know, when Mr. Prescott lost his property; and now one of them is married to Col. Carter, and he would have been our governor last year, and year before, if his party had got the majority. They tried hard enough, we all know. If he had been elected, she would have made as perfect a governor's wife as you will find in any State. She is an elegant woman; and her sister, Maria, is her equal, although she isn't married. Edna married Squire Thorn's only son—only child, you know. They are wealthy—very; live in first-rate style. There isn't another family at the Center that lives in such style. We know a good many mill-girls who have turned out pretty much so. And, now they need to be prudent awhile, and Effie wants to get where she can see Sylvester, I don't see anything wonderful in it at all. I don't see why so much need be said about it all over the village."

Whether this was said wholly out of her good sense, or partly out of her love of reining up

Mrs. Evans, when she got upon what her acquaintances called "her high horse," I do not know; but, at any rate, she proved a good friend to the Bells, now, when they needed such champion; and, pretty soon, when it was seen that Capt. Bell, and George and the girls, were as bright as ever, they let off their bad steam, and went to adoring them again; adored them hotly for awhile, loading Effie down with the best of wishes, the tenderest of good-bys. Sincere ones; I aver they were sincere, whatever some may say. They wondered they had ever been so foolish as to say anything against the good family, striving with all their hearts to make it up to them.

We read that Bishop Butler, author of the Analogy, when walking one day in his garden with his domestic chaplain, Dr. Tucker, afterward Dean of Gloucester, stopped short in the path, and said, "Why may not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals? Nothing but the principle that they are liable to insanity, equally, at least, with private persons, can account for a major part of those transactions of which we read in history."

In recounting the observation, Tucker says, "I thought little of that odd conceit of the bishop at the time; but I own I could not avoid thinking a good deal of it since, and applying it to many cases."

I do not know, I am sure, whether the wise, good man was right; but I certainly have seen one woman fix her mind in enmity against a person or a family in the community; through her baleful influence on other minds, have seen one woman after another starting up to get hold of the person or family, to pull them down, for some reasons given—no good, valid reasons could have been found; but they picked up a dozen, perhaps a hundred little, silly reasons, scattered over the years in which these women had lived there in perfect peace, respect, even in adoration of the family or individual.

And the women, one and all, pulled and tugged, getting their husbands, and brothers, and sons, and lovers into the melee; and they all pulled, and traduced, and strained innocent circumstances—past circumstances, accounted by them all as innocent until now—lying, yes, lying, as Jean Paul says, "Lying almost like sentimentalists;" and I, considering what Butler said, must add, lying like people, for the nonce, a little beside themselves. Families are, sometimes, pulled down into the mire, so; and in the street, in society, on the hills, where the prospect is fair, in the valley, where the coolness

and shade are refreshing, we see no more of them. One sees it in a clergyman's family, for instance. I think it happens oftenest there.

They go out, when they must, after such onset. He does. She is seldom seen. When she is, what pallor is there, where the roses were before the community went mad and gored them so cruelly!

They leave the place pretty soon; and I think are apt to be rather broken-hearted ever after. Their confidence in the world is gone, you see. That is the trouble. It went in the late encounter with the mad community.

Pity they could not have got hold of Bishop Butler's view. I think they would, in that case, have looked on the phenomenon with different eyes. While deploring the madness, they would have cuddled close to the peaceful Lord, and stayed there, biding the time of their affliction; would so have held inviolate their self-respect, their compassion toward poor human frailty, and kept their hearts from such distension, as should leave sickness and pain there for all the rest of their days on earth.

#### CHAPTER VI.

If there had been no Orson, with his ten thousand dollars, or any other friend or servant to interpose his helping arm, and Capt. Bell's affairs had culminated in what is called a smash-up, and ten cents on a dollar, I do not know whether that community would so soon have hauled up. There is no way of knowing.

So, all there is for us to do, is to be glad that they did so haul up, and that Mrs. Evans and a dozen others were at their doors, or gates, or even at Capt. Bell's gate, wiping their tears, some of them, to see Effie driven to the cars. True, that a hundred hearty little colloquies were held at those gates before the women separated; and here are a few specimens.

"She's gone!"

"Yes, she's gone; and I'm sorry. Such an active, good little thing. How we shall all miss her!"

"I shall, I am sure!" This was Mrs. Boylston, who also belonged to the *elite*. She was speaking, at her own gate, to Mrs. Evans, who hardly did so belong; but had come round the corner to see Effie go, and shed a few tears, and speak some of the big thoughts swelling in her bosom.

"I'm sure I shall!" Mrs. Evans replied. "Effie and I have always been on such good terms—the very best! But, I declare, I must go home and see to my dinner. Come in soon—do; you haven't been in for a long while."

Before another house, as two young ladies went up the path, it was said, "She took two trunks, I noticed. I wonder if she took her two handsomest silks? Do you suppose she did—the green and the brown? They're trimmed beautifully, you know!"

They wondered whether she took her finest, most beautiful things; her embroidered handkerchiefs, and so forth, and so forth.

They would have given much to have seen Effie, as we are about to show her to the reader, a few mornings before she left home, singling out only the plainest things to take with her; the plainest dresses, plainest collars, handkerchiefs, petticoats; with immense satisfaction packing away, in wardrobe and drawer, those beautiful things she would never have made with her own fingers, if you would have given her the big, round world as her guerdon.

They had been a burden to her, in fact, ever since ma, Anna and Susy clubbed together to make them for her; that, as they said over their planning and their laughter, that she might have something really fit for a young lady to wear.

And to do this packing-away with gentle, sensible ma's approval—this was sweet!

So, as far as wardrobe was concerned, Effie went away feeling something as if she were a bird. But she was rather sick at the parting, seeing the exertions they all made to be cheerful, even merry; and on the way, as I suppose most of the thousands of young mill-girls are, turning their backs upon their homes.

Marcia, at any rate, who tried to talk, to get up a little interest in the scenery they passed, told Effie that she could not. She never could, she said, in going away from home to the mills, well as she enjoyed being there, after she got fairly at work, fairly used to the new life.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THEY entered the factory-yard at a wide gate, down a descending way, littered with blue and white cotton waste, crossed with a carriage-way, and many foot-paths. Before them was a mill of considerable size.

"That's the ticking-mill," said Hastings. "This," conducting his companions to the right, "is the Old Mill, as we call it, where they make sheetings. You'll work here—an old building, you see," laughing, as his eye ran over the front. "A dirty place, too. Can't be kept clean very well, there's so much cotton and dust—but needn't be quite so dirty. There's my room—the card-room. These stairs go up to the spinning-room and upper weave-room,

on the same floor; and the dressing-room, on the floor above. They want you in the lower room. I'm ashamed to show you the stairs."

His hand was on a door without panels or paint, opening with a leather strap.

He laughed again when he opened the narrow door, showing them the dusky, winding way, up which a gush of the whirl and clatter of machinery came.

Down they went, trying to see their way, but forced to feel it out with their hands upon the wall, until they were near the bottom, when the light from the room below assisted them.

"We're here," said Hastings, again laughing, when they found themselves at the bottom of the stairs, and within the room. "The stairs won't seem so dark when you get used to them. I don't mind it now; but I remember I did when I first came. It's lighter here, after you've been here a few minutes. These lower rooms are always dark. There's Gardner putting in a web. He'll be out here in a few minutes. That's May Edwards. Those are her looms where Gardner is. She's capable. She belongs to a good family, they say—and I guess she does. She's got a young brother here. He's bobbin-boy, now, in the mill on the island; but his plan is to go to college—or, it's May's plan. She's engaged to a man who is at Andover, preparing himself for the ministry. She's helping him. You see she looks as though she'd make a pretty good minister's wife."

And his companions saw that she did, indeed. Her form was dignified, her movement graceful; her eyes were soft, her forehead low, but wide and calm; and she had the air of one whose life was by love and duty inwardly sustained and exalted. She was helping Mr. Gardner tie in her web, talking with him, and at the same time keeping watch over her other looms.

The room was small. A moderately wide space in the middle was clear of looms. Beams arose here to support the ceiling. Each side, running lengthwise of the room, were four rows of looms, two rows of girls, each girl having her looms on either side the alley where she worked. There were nine girls in the room—that was all.

Our heroine and her companion had been looking the room over and had made out so much, when Hastings, who also had been looking it over, said, "It's a low place, but I guess you'll like it. Some of the best girls we've got are here. They're all good girls. That one in that corner has got a flower-bed outside, you see."

They looked, and on a level with the bottom of the window outside, they saw the pink, white,

scarlet, and purple hues of columbine, tulip, geranium; saw the green leaves modestly softening and harmonizing the hues.

"I don't know much about Caroline, the girl that tends them," said Hastings, seeing the eyes of his companions withdrawn from the view outside, to rest on the slender form, neatly clad in light colors, bending over the loom within. "She's going to be married to a farmer and school-teacher over in Bedford. She works pretty close; lays up her money, I guess, for her housekeeping. Pale as a sheet, you see, lips and all; but she's very bashful—trembles if you speak to her; never stirs away from her looms unless she's obliged to for something, except when she goes out of the window to see to her flowers.

"That girl next to her—and she will be neighbor to one of you—is Hulda Frothingham. She's got color enough, you see. She's studying you. She's trying to make out which meeting you'll attend. She'll find out before noon to-morrow. She'll come to talk with you and ask you about it. She'll be solemn when she finds out that you don't go to her meeting. She'll tell you she's willing to spend and be spent, if she can be the means of saving one soul. Gardner says she says it to every one she talks with, the first time she talks with them."

He laughed in a low, musical way he had, just as he had laughed at the little, odd, greasy mill, which, after all, he so much respected.

"You two will have looms out here, I suppose," leading them toward the front row of looms, toward the falls. "Pleasant here. Plenty of light, you see. Grape-vines, trees, green grass, and the falls. I guess you'll both like it. It's the pleasantest part of the room, if you like to be where you can see the falls, the bridge, and the island. Marcia'll like it, I'm sure; and I guess you will, Miss Bell."

He led them to the nearest window after saying this; and I wish I could describe, as I ought, the beauties of the prospect, the majesty of rock and river, the repose of the green island of pines beyond the bridge; for, from their windows, they could see nothing of mill, dye-house, waste-house, with which a portion of the island was encumbered. One end only of the boarding-house was seen; "And this," says my heroine, who has just been describing it anew to me, "was there among the pines, which, high as the house was, rose a great way above it, and gave such a look of pleasantness that to this day it does my heart good to think of." The river—its name is Merrimack—was here of great width, forced into such proportions by the numbers of boulders

in its bed; was in a great tumult with the difficulties of making its way among these same boulders, not a few of which were nearly of the dimensions of many a wayside dwelling, and were so bestudded about with others of smaller sizes, that at that day—it was twenty-four years ago, just as Manchester was beginning to take shape on the other side—all the pedestrianism between the two places, Manchester and Amoskeag, was carried on across these falls. In one place a plank had been laid, and at each end riveted to the boulders. In another, a foot-bridge spanned a chasm between two of the largest boulders; the rest of the way was made without other difficulties than a few leaps, easily taken, and a few tremors, even for the most courageous woman, until repeated crossings had made her familiar with the rush and roar, with the sight of precipice and whirl.

This is all gone now; that is, foot-bridge and riveted plank are gone, as well as many a boulder, on the Manchester side of the river. They went when the growth of Manchester demanded a carriage-bridge across—demanded, also, that rough places should be made level for her canals and locks.

“But it does not matter so much,” my heroine says; “for all is gone, swept clean by flame. The windows that overlooked the prospect; that had before them, close to them, such thick emerald-green grass, and trees bending at the

edge, and vines of the wild grape hanging from the thin branches; the whole lower room, the cool, secluded place, that I would give so much to enter once more; the looms, the loom-handles, that I would give so much to touch; the old shuttles, one sliding back and forth, the other hanging with the bobbin in, that I would give so much to change; the old, dim stair-way—the whole little, peaceful, respectable, aristocratic old mill gone. The mill that stood by it is gone, too—it went out at the same time. That on the island went before. They all went out in flame; and the great brick walls of Manchester growing in sight over the river.”

But, at the time I speak of, it was as I have described it. I shall have many readers who remember it so.

Below the falls, after considerable reasonable fretting, after parting with a portion of its waters, which went under a bridge, and thence round in a circuit to create the island, and to keep the mill in motion, the river settled into its old placidity; and so went in a wide-sweeping curve round the east end of the island, out of sight.

On the Manchester side were signs of building, and green fields and pastures; cows feeding; here and there an old farm-house; and the blue sky and white clouds were spread over the whole scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINES,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO LEFT AN EARTHLY FOR A HEAVENLY CHOIR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

OUR bird had left her singing-bower,  
When Wintry winds were in the air,  
And hid the richness of her voice,  
We knew not where.

We only knew how great the void,  
How sad the memory she left;  
And, through the Winter-time, we felt  
Like those bereft!

Each Sabbath morn we bent our steps,  
• With others, to the sacred place  
Where, for our future needs and cares,  
We might find grace.

As the sweet anthem, full of praise  
And peace, resounded through the choir;  
Piercing the sanctuary's roof,  
And rising higher:

Then through the congregation swept  
A thrill, and every heart would raise  
Its aspirations, and exclaim,  
“This, this is praise!”

Upon the brain, within the heart,  
Still memory can those notes prolong;

And oft we think an angel 'twas  
That led our song!

Then Spring returned—bright, joyous Spring!  
With wealth of beauty in her track;  
And, “Oh!” we said, “we'll welcome soon  
Our song-bird back!”

We listen, while we breathe a prayer;  
A tuneful voice the silence stirs,  
And bids us join the rapturous swell—  
But 'tis not hers!

Ah! birdling, when the skies are blue,  
And tender grass is under foot;  
And all things full of life and song—  
Why art thou mute?

Hush! 'tis too early for the lark!  
And yet, methought her voice I heard,  
Soaring and singing, till she seemed—  
An Eden bird!

Vain is our watch! From Love's own bower,  
Our sweetest singing-bird has flown;  
And now the tuneful chorus swells—  
Around the throne!

## THE DREAM FULFILLED.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

### CHAPTER I.

"Go to Aix-les-Bains and seek your fortune!"

It was very curious that Antoine Le Sevres, a handsome young man of one-and-twenty, should thrice dream that those words were spoken to him.

"I can't go to Aix-les-Bains," he muttered; "that is in France, and here am I in Connecticut. What the mischief set me to dreaming after that fashion? 'Go to Aix-les-Bains and seek your fortune.' I should know him anywhere, that old gray-beard of a fellow—red gowa, green slippers, and a funny little, yellow cap set a top of his head. He sported a pipe, too—pretty expensive one, now I remember; and he puffed it before and after he spoke. How the dickens am I to get to Aix-les-Bains?"

Antoine lay back against a shabby, high chair that had once rejoiced in a garment of brilliant crimson, but was now dilapidated almost beyond repair. Two rickety stools stood near, and a second-hand music-stand, that he had purchased the day before, held several sheets of copied music. A green baize bag hung up in a small niche over the low cot bedstead, where the young man was wont to stretch his weary limbs.

Antoine was, by nature, a musician. His father and mother were both dead—himself and two brothers supported one little sister, who was boarded in the same house in a more comfortable manner.

Dolly, as they called her, but more properly Dora Le Sevres, was a lovely, girlish creature, scarcely yet fifteen, but looking and behaving much younger. She had ruddy cheeks, a slight figure, laughing eyes, and the deepest, most witching dimples. She was still going to school, where all the accomplishments she cared for were sewing and singing. In the latter she excelled. Her voice was bird-like in its upper notes, bell-like in its lower, clear, sonorous, deep. She loved her brothers very dearly, and often said, when she was a woman, they should not work for her so hard—she would go into a factory first; but the brothers, noting how beautiful she grew, only shook their heads and smiled significantly—it was plain that they did not fear any such fate for her.

"How in the world shall I ever get to Aix-les-Bains?" muttered the young man, uncrossing his feet, and crossing them again. At that moment a light step was heard—his chamber-door flew open, and there stood Dora on the door-steps radiant.

"Ah, Dolly! come in."

She obeyed him, still smiling, and burst out into a beautiful Italian air, in which her voice sounded angelic.

"Why, Dolly! where did you learn that?" he asked, lifting himself into an upright position.

"Heard one of the street organs," said the young girl. "I just stood there till I learned and could hum it. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes; it's in Sonambula," he replied.

"Oh! do get it—get your violin and try it; have you the words?"

"No; not the words, Dolly," he said, reaching for his green baize bag; "but I'll play it for you."

"Did you forget that Jerome and Harry are coming to-night to sing?" asked Dolly, after she had listened delightedly. Antoine was pulling aimlessly at the strings.

"No; I hadn't forgotten. I wish they would come. I brought home a new piece."

"A song?" exclaimed Dora.

"Yes, with quartette; there it is on the stand."

Dora went forward and hummed the air. "I like it," she said, decidedly; "it's prettier than the Italian one, to my mind. How sweetly that minor comes in."

She went back again. Antoine was still heedlessly snapping the strings.

"What makes you so quiet?" asked the girl, looking at him narrowly.

"Thinking," replied her brother.

"Of nothing pleasant, then, I'm sure. Come, please tell me."

"Thinking how much I should like to travel," said her brother.

"To travel—and so should I," cried Dora, vivaciously. "To see strange cities, the vineyards, the castles—above all, we should hear such singing! Oh! if we were only rich, and could."

"But we are *not* rich," said Antoine, sighing.

At that moment the two elder brothers came

in. They wore a downcast look, and were instantly plied with questions.

"The matter is, that 'Toil & Co.' have failed," said Harry, "and we are thrown out."

"That's bad," Antoine responded, a troubled look haunting his face.

"But you can find another store," said Dora.

"No; not in these times."

"Well, we can still sing," said the girl, hopefully; "hard times needn't stop that."

"By Jove!" cried Antoine, slapping his knee, "I believe we could do it!"

"Do what?" queried the three listeners.

"Strange I never thought of it before; why, we can sing, can't we? I believe there are not four such voices within a hundred miles. Let us sing, then—not only at home; the public shall hear us."

"We should fail, I fear," replied Jerome, the eldest of the three. "What could such homespun fellows as we do before an audience? Dolly's voice wouldn't sound louder than the squeal of a mouse, she'd be so frightened."

"I don't know about that," said little Dora, gravely. "I don't believe I should be afraid with you three in sight. And then Antoine would play his violin; I don't believe they ever heard such playing."

"Oh! of course not," said Antoine, smiling, and kissing her.

"I like it," cried Harry, after a few moments of thought. "I tell you I like it; but there's a heavy expense attending all such attempts. However, here's twenty dollars to begin with. I was paid off honorably."

"And here's thirty to go with it, if we could do anything," responded Jerome.

"And now we've really got at it, let's estimate," said Antoine, his handsome face all a glow as he took out pencil and paper. "We should have to get out handbills, of course."

"And tickets!" cried little Dora, clapping her hands—"only think! for our own concert. Isn't it grand?"

"Advertisements," ejaculated Harry; "they'll cost a mint, though."

"For halls and board," added Jerome; "but then we sing well together; we shall eventually make money."

"We're not able to lose any," suggested Antoine. "Jerome, you must be our business man. I'll compose music by the yard; write our own songs, you know—it's just the work for me; inspires my ambition. What shall we call ourselves?"

"The mountain bards," ventured Dora.

"Too aspiring, little maiden," said Jerome,

with his kindly, though grave smile. "I think it will be best under our own name—the Sevres family."

"How would you begin?" queried Antoine.

"Oh! in some of the towns about," Harry ventured. "As Antoine suggests, it will be best, to sing touching, simple home-songs, such as will appeal directly to the hearts of the people. We can advertise in their papers, and put our own bills up."

"Very well; prepare the posters, then, and the advertisements. I go for striking the iron while it's hot," said Antoine. "We must be in earnest about the matter. Dolly, what do you think you'll do when you come to stand before a hundred people?" He had caught her arm and twirled her about.

"Do! Why, I'll sing, of course," returned the girl, naively.

"Good! that's the right answer," cried the brothers, laughing.

## CHAPTER II.

BEHOLD our group seated around the fire in a pleasant little parlor devoted to them by a country tavern-keeper. The handbills in blue, red, and yellow letters, had been posted in every conspicuous place, to the delight of the village youngsters, who stood round-eyed before them. All the principal personages of the town had received cards to the effect that a new and well-trained company of singers would strive to entertain them—and all was expectation.

What should Dolly wear? had long been an anxious consideration with these good brothers. Dolly had decided the matter by very quietly entering in a crimson merino frock, with a white frill at the neck. She had tied two bits of black velvet round her little wrists, which one of her brothers had bowed for her, and her hair, in its natural curls, hung carelessly round a sweet, bewitching face. On the whole, the brothers unanimously declared that she never had looked better; but they were pale and anxious, while she was smiling and ruddy. Their bills promised largely—what if Dora failed? they were not afraid for themselves. The town-house was almost next door. At any rate, they could hear the stamping of feet along the hall, in goodly numbers, too, it seemed—that was encouraging. The landlord put his cheery face in at the door.

"You're to have a bouncing house," he said; "almost every seat is full. Hadn't you better go in?"

Fortunately, there was a back entrance; and during the day Antoine had rigged up a curtain, behind which Dora might retire between the pieces. As they entered, by some intuitive process their presence was ascertained; the little boys began to whistle and stamp, and make hideous noises with their fingers between their teeth, after the manner of rude audiences. Antoine gazed anxiously toward Dora. Her color changed a little.

"I don't mind it at all if they will keep still while I sing," she said, quietly.

Jerome thought that the three brothers had better go on alone first. Dora would not listen to the proposition. "It will give me confidence to begin with you," she said, with more than the gravity belonging to her age.

As they went on with beating hearts, looking so handsome, standing side by side, Dora childishly holding the hand of Antoine, there was silence for a moment—the silence of admiration. Then came a storm of applause—they had made a most favorable impression, that orphan family; and as their clear tones blended, trembling a little at first, the people listened almost breathless. Such singing had seldom been vouchsafed in that place. It gratified the ear; above all, it touched the heart, for the minstrels sang of their wants, their hopes, their losses, and their loves.

And when Dora stood before them alone, and in her childish beauty sang a little song, destined hereafter to be hummed by cradle-sides, the enthusiasm of the stranger-audience knew no bounds. They shouted for the youthful singer till she, blushing like a rose, came timidly forward and repeated the charming ballad. That first concert was a success. Over all their expenses they made a handsome sum. The two newspapers gave a glowing account of the singing and the singers, not forgetting to eulogize Dora in terms of almost extravagant praise, wisely withheld from the young girl, who was contented that she was aiding her loving, noble brothers. It was requested that the concert should be repeated—and this time hundreds were unable to obtain admittance.

Thus it happened that the brothers needed no more to depend upon salaries; for, go where they would, their fame preceded them. Dora's gentle ways, her beauty, and freedom from affectation, gained her friends wherever she went. People in great hotels petted and caressed her as if she were something sent for their especial love. Antoine studied constantly, took lessons from the first masters, and soon excelled as a violinist. The name of the family

became as a tower of strength. It was the fashion to attend these sweet, but homely concerts; to throw flowers at the feet of Dora, who, in her dress of simple Swiss muslin, devoid of all ornament, save the ribbon or the rose in her hair, looked at times almost angelic.

People began at last to hint, here and there, at a tour on the Continent. At this the elder brothers looked grave. They had made much money—why not invest it now and settle down? Where was the use in exhausting their means in traveling? What favor could they, the simple, the uneducated, possibly find in the lands of courts and kings, where only the greatest prima donnas, the most noted songsters of the old world met with special approbation? But Antoine, all in a fever of hope and desire, urged them to go. He remembered his dreams. Dora was not less anxious. The romantic child wished to see real castles, and, perhaps, a real queen. After many a long consultation, it was decided at last that they should go; and accordingly they took passage in one of the ocean steamers for England. To their great astonishment, thither had their fame preceded them. In a quiet, unambitious way they issued bills and tickets, anticipating utter failure. The great hall was crowded; their little songs, so simple and unique; the peculiar harmony of their voices; the lovely face of Dora, so exquisitely pure, and the native grace with which she poured out the silvery melody of her voice, took them by surprise—and the honest British audience emulated the enthusiasm of their brethren over the water. A summons came from the very throne—and Dora, in her sweet, maidenly innocence, sang before the queen as modestly, yet as freely, as in the presence of a cottage dame in her own Yankee land. Plaudits, favors, and money gathered as they went on. In all the English towns they reaped rich rewards, and found themselves, in six months, fortunate beyond their wildest hopes.

"Now," said Antoine, "let us take a vacation, and go sight-seeing on our own account. Dora wants to see Paris—so do I. We must visit the hillsides in some of those old towns where the grapes grow—what do you say?"

Of course, they were all willing; and, of course, they went. Dora was a little worn down; her cheeks grew pale. They must find a watering-place, where the sight of the sea might revive memories of home. They consulted guide-books and a physician. He directed them to go to Aix-les-Bains.

"At last, then," chuckled Antoine, "I am in the way for my fortune."



## CHAPTER III.

THEY found the French watering-place barely endurable. It was a resort for invalids *par excellence*. Hardly a ruddy cheek was to be seen; only men and women with straw hats, elongated faces, and grumbling voices, going hither and thither, bathing, sniffing, and grumbling. Even Dora's sunshine could not light them up here. They had decided to leave, and were taking, as they thought, their last breakfast at Aix-les-Bains, when there entered a tall, pale, hook-nosed gentleman, who rejoiced in a long, white beard, a fiery red dressing-gown with gilt frogs, a pale yellow smoking-cap, which he doffed, laying it beside his amber-pipe, or *meersch-schaum*, and a pair of bright green slippers.

Antoine flushed and turned pale again—the identical man of his dream! What was going to happen next? The stranger glared at the little company—gazed again, a look of keen pleasure lighting up his piercing gray eyes, and then addressed them in good, sonorous English. He talked rapidly—asked and told news; and after breakfast, fastening upon Antoine, he said, "You play well, sir—you have deserved success."

"How?" stammered the young man, to whom the other was a total stranger; "did you—have you—"

"I heard you in Islington—I heard you in London. I followed you up for six concerts, and feared I might never hear you again. Of course, you will give a concert here?"

"Among these French people? Oh! no, sir."

"Then you are only pleasuring?"

"That is our object for the present," replied Antoine.

The stranger thought for a moment.

"That is so much the better; for now my daughter can hear you."

"How?" interrogated Antoine; "we shall not give a concert."

"I mean," replied the other, "that if your chief object now is pleasure, 'I must have you all at my chateau. It is only five miles off; and my daughter is recovering her health there. I assure you it would lay me under great obligations, if your brothers and yourself, with that charming little sister, would consent to pass some weeks with us. We can promise you sport in the way of fishing, gunning, and sailing, and——' he hesitated a moment. 'I feel as if it would be well worth a thousand dollars to have Belle hear your delicious music. She has no companions; how she would love that angelic girl. Perhaps I can offer you other inducements,'" he added, seeing Antoine's cheek

flush when he spoke of money. "I possess a violin one hundred and seventy years old—a violin," he added, reverently, "that has felt the touch of the greatest artist Europe ever saw—Paganinni."

Antoine's eyes sparkled. To play upon such an instrument, what would he not attempt! A consultation was held—the brothers accepted the proposition; and one hour afterward they set out in the stranger's private carriage, leaving their baggage to be carried by stage.

At the end of their journey a house, beautiful as a palace, came in view. The lawn, shaded by venerable oaks of a century's growth, led to an entrance that, for majesty and splendor, could scarcely be excelled. The richly stained glass, statues of ivory whiteness, pillars and carved arches, were as bewildering as beautiful to the senses of the simple American minstrel. But if the house surroundings and adornments within were luxurious and stately almost beyond compare, the inmates, quiet, modest, and refined, were as simply unostentatious as though their environments were the American farmhouse and uncultivated woods. There were Madam Holdsworth, an elderly lady, a pattern of dignified grandmothers; and Belle Holdsworth, a little fragile creature, beautiful as the day, but pale, very pale and languid. Here our singers were made emphatically at home. Their songs charmed the invalid into sweet forgetfulness; and when Mr. Holdsworth brought in, with reverent touch, the enameled case containing an ancient, well-worn instrument, a genuine Cremona, and allowed Antoine to draw dulcet strains from its venerated strings, there could not be a happier heart than his.

"I have been offered ten thousand dollars for that instrument," said the old man, stroking his snow-white beard; "but nothing would tempt me to part with it. If my little Belle, there, marries a man, not only with music in his soul, but at his finger-ends, the instrument is hers. Otherwise I shall be obliged to bequeath it to my son, who is still at college, and unfortunately, though he loves music, cannot play. nor cares to."

Antoine felt the red creeping up to his cheeks. He looked over to the farthest end of the room where sat Dora, turning over the leaves of a book of famous prints. Belle sat near, her white arm over Dora's shoulder, enjoying her delight. "It would not be very hard to love such a woman," he thought, tenderly drawing a strain of magic sweetness from the old Cremona. But should he dare aspire to unite himself with the daughter of a millionaire?

However, when he had listened to the old man's story, he felt more hope. Mr. Holdsworth was born amid the mountains of New Hampshire, a poor American boy, the son of a worthy farmer. By early and steady application, he became a clerk in a rich Boston firm—then a partner; then, being through self-help a master of the French language, he was trusted to found a branch-house of the business in Paris. This and fortunate speculations had enriched him beyond his wildest desires while he was yet a young man. Belle was the youngest of five daughters. All the others had died at the early age of fifteen; but competent physicians had assured him that if Belle reached her seventeenth year, she would be likely not only to live, but to become a strong, healthy woman. The prediction seemed about to be verified; for the young girl was now nearly eighteen, and since the coming of the minstrel family a magical change was observable. Antoine, the handsome, frank, engaging Antoine, had interested

her heart. At his coming she blushed—at his going paled. He likewise loved her, but dared not tell his love—he wished to be perfectly honorable. Both father and mother, however, read the case—it was not difficult. They found in the young man high sentiments of honor, strict principle, and an unblemished reputation. The old merchant said one day,

"Antoine, you play so well, I don't know but I shall give the violin to you."

"And Belle!" eagerly exclaimed the young man—then turned his head away suddenly.

"Yes, and Belle, too, my fine fellow," was the response, "if she is willing."

This was joyful news, and joyful was the result. Antoine found a lovely wife—fortune enough—at Aix-les-Bains. The brothers were established in business by the old millionaire; and three years after, the student-son, now one of the best lawyers in Paris, led to the altar the little Connecticut warbler, Dora Le Sevres.

THE MILL BY THE RIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY NELLIE ROSALINE BENEDICT.

From the old gray mill, on the river side,  
I look o'er the flooded plains;  
Where the mountain streams that come foaming down,  
Are swelled by the Autumn rains.

A long, bright ray from the fading West,  
Has fired the high church pines;  
And the sullen land looks drearier still  
While the little light remains.

You stood by my side in a Summer gone,  
And gazed o'er the landscape fair,  
In the golden gleam of the dying day,  
That lighted the coils of your hair.

While the great mill-wheels sent showers of spray,  
That went on in a dancing rill;  
But the glad, sweet waters of life, for you,  
Like the well-worn wheels, are still.

The merry rivulet at my feet,  
Runs on in a gleesome flow;  
Like the ripple of laughter, low and sweet,  
In the days of the long ago.

And the splendor of sunset fades and dies,  
In the twilight cold and gray,  
As the visions that gladdened our hopeful eyes,  
Forever have passed away.

For a peaceful rest I have sought in vain;  
But the coming days, with their change,  
Will give me a quiet I have not found,  
In the years so sad and strange.

A rest by your side, in the grave-yard green,  
Overlooking the gray old mill;  
When the storm-tossed waters of life, for me,  
Like its well-worn wheels, are still.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

ALONE by the window she stands,  
Pushing the curtains aside;  
Half dreamily folding her hands,  
'And only an hour a bride!

Why is her face so pale, so white?  
Why are her cheeks wet with tears?  
Lies beyond her a starless night,  
Haunted by shadowy fears?

Oh! covenant sweet that she made!  
Oh! meaning words that she spoke!

Well may she ask for Heavenly aid,  
And strength from her God invoke.

Life is full of purposes now,  
They point to a distant goal;  
The shadows that rest on her brow,  
Come from a timorous soul.

Be ye kind to her then, oh, friends!  
Be true to her, favored one!  
Sweet the charm that affection lends  
To duties faithfully done!

## "OUR DOCTOR."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

We were in the old kitchen together, Nan and I—the old, old kitchen, for the house had belonged to grandfather years and years ago, and to his father before him, I believe. I think the furniture in this room must always have been arranged just as it is now, it wears such a settled, comfortable look. I know the tall clock has stood by the window ever since I can remember; and I'm sure the old-fashioned red cupboard, with its glass doors, would never have rested so contentedly in any other corner. All of which has nothing whatever to do with the night we sat there, only that I was thinking about it in a dreamy, wondering sort of a way, gazing into the fire the while.

Nan finished sewing in her white ruffles, and lo! the pretty crimson merino was all ready for wear on the morrow. She held it up in triumph a moment, then let it fall upon her lap, and looked over the table at me; and I, for want of something better to do, looked back again at Nan. In truth, she was not unpleasant to look at, this sister of mine. The dark hair: the brown eyes, with starlight in them; the crimson lips, and delicate curve of the pure white throat, made a very pretty picture.

"It's too bad!" pouted the red lips, indignantly.

"Too bad," meaning the six feet of masculine humanity cycled 'cousin Tom, M. D.,' who has just arrived, self, trunk, and larnin', in a high state of preservation, at uncle George's?" I queried.

"I expected to be deluged with 'our Thomas,' and his sayings, and doings, and perfections," pursued Nan, unheedingly; "that's the usual style, and we are all accustomed to it. The children, poor things! believe in it as implicitly as they do in the catechism. I could have borne that; but to have the delectable compound of virtue and drugs appear in *propria persona*, enveloped in broadcloth and glory, is one drop too much! Why couldn't he have tarried in his classic shades until after Christmas, if he must come home at all?"

"Turkeys and plum-puddings, Nan."

"Flavored with scraps of Latin, and anecdotes of the dissecting-room. Ugh! I shan't dare to sneeze for fear of hearing a voice from the heights of science, inquiring whether I have

experienced a compound fracture of the left branch of my trachea."

"Now, Nan, it is not fair, after all. We haven't seen him, you know, and perhaps——"

"'Charity suspects no evil;' 'Believe every man honest till you miss your spoons;' 'Never judge from appearances,' etc., etc. I know that lecture by heart now. Considering the lateness of the hour, and the scarcity of congregation, I think we had better omit 'sixteenthly,' Toot, and go to bed;" and the incensed young damsel flung the crimson merino over her arm, snatched up the lamp, and vanished. Having proper regard for the bumps and contusions that might follow an attempt to run the gauntlet of chairs and tables in the dark, I wisely followed her retreating footsteps.

Such a scattering as there was the next morning! To vary the old nursery rhyme:

"'Twas the day before Christmas, and of all in the house Not a creature was quiet, not even a mouse."

Such flyings up stairs, and tumbblings down stairs; such dashes into pantry and kitchen, and out again, leaving a trail of overturned chairs, pails, and pussy-cats to mark our course, never was witnessed before. Will hurried down with his jacket on wrong side out, and made himself useful by overturning the cream-pitcher. Tad wandered frantically about, spouting bits of patriotic orations, interspersed with touching appeals concerning his wardrobe—"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to—where's my collar? 'If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed upon my country, I would never lay down my arms! never! nev——' Nan, what did you do with my stockings? 'If this be treason, make the most of it!'"

Kitty was calling for volunteers to hook her dress, and curl her hair for her. Mother intent upon the marvel of quince jelly she was packing for aunt Hannah, and the bunch of "catnip," that must be slipped in somewhere for "Susie's baby;" while father wandered restlessly up and down, declaring it did "take women folks such a time to get ready!" Nevertheless, that time, like all others, came to an end; and we found ourselves "all aboard" the old sleigh, and gliding over the road, while the bells jingled a merry, mocking accompaniment

to the wishes that we had not forgotten the other thing.

"Toot," said Nan—I was christened Ruth; but my friends, having satisfied their consciences by giving me a Christian name to start with, have insisted upon calling me "Toot" ever since—"what a pity you didn't bring your Latin grammar with you! We might have 'read up' on the way; and one would like to have a glimmering idea of what the paragon is talking about."

I considered it my duty to protest.

"Positively, Nan, you are atrocious! We haven't seen him for the last seven years, and because uncle George believes him a paragon, you insist upon——"

"'Charity' sermon, No. 2. This congregation respectfully invited to attend," interposed Nan, with provoking indifference. "Just postpone it, won't you, while I brighten up my Latin? *Materia medica, multum in parvo, ipse dixit, E pluribus unum*——"

"Erin go bragh!" suggested Toot. "What on earth are you talking about?"

Nan laughed, and nestled her little feet down in the straw, drawing shawl and furs more closely around her. How lovely she looked that day, with the clear, frosty air bringing the color to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes! She seemed a new treasure to me, for the old home had missed her for a long, long year, while she visited a distant city; and when she had returned to us, two little months before, I thought her face the loveliest that had ever gladdened the old rooms; though I remember Robert Grey said—oh, dear! What am I thinking of? I'm sure I didn't mean to put that in. Well, Nan didn't like the city. She declared that the great quantity of silver, and the small quantity of weak soup, kept her constantly in possession of an "aching void" in the place where her dinner should have been. Holding cold toes over a register was a miserable substitute for the dancing, gleaming firelight that she had loved from babyhood. For the people, she averred that young Jones was exactly like Smythe, and Smythe exactly like Jones, and Browne was exactly like both of them; so she had come back to us, and was all our own again.

My thoughts had been wandering backward; but the faithful "grays," and the staunch old sleigh had meanwhile borne us forward. The sudden turning of a corner, a whirl of snow in our faces, a crash and jingle of bells, and we had reached our destination. Everbody and his wife, and all the children of the Willis tribe, were to spend this Christmas at uncle

George's; and really, the amount of grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, big cousins and little cousins, that made their appearance at doors and windows, was quite appalling.

"Cousins great, and cousins small;  
Cousins short, and cousins tall;  
Cousins tender, and cousins tough—  
Thank our stars we've cousins enough!"

parodied the poetic Tad.

I have no idea of the bewildering handshakings, kissings, and exclamations that followed, but suppose we must have passed through them and escaped with our lives; for presently we found ourselves before the fire in the large parlor, and uncle George was saying,

"Here, girls, this is the young doctor! this is your cousin Thomas. Nan, Toot, don't you know your cousin Tom?"

Not having seen him for the last seven years, it was questionable how we could. I placed my hand in the one extended, and raised my eyes to the face above me. Nothing remarkable—a pair of handsome eyes, a strong, manly face, and pleasant smile, were all.

"Such white hands!" said Nan, contemptuously. "I detest a man with white hands!"

Any one who has ever lived in the land where Plymouth Rock and family gatherings are included in the "by-laws," will understand the arranging of cap-borders, and the settling of spectacles; the click of knitting-needles, and the twisting of bright colored zephyrs over white hands. How Bob tried to help Nettie untangle her worsted; and how both together succeeded in getting it into a much worse snarl than one alone could possibly have done; and the "oh, myings!" and "oh, dearnings!" that followed the catastrophe. How the ladies discussed the new baby from its pink toes to its hairless head, and decided whether it looked most like its "pa," or its "ma." How aunt Mary's new quilt was pronounced the prettiest pattern yet seen. Receipts for the "lightest biscuit," the "best gingerbread," and the "surest cure for rheumatism," flew about the room in astonishing profusion; while the gentlemen, poor things! having no such airy topics at command, waded patiently through a compound of "crops" and "politics."

However, all the diverse roads terminated in one central point, *i. e.*, the dinner-table. One scarcely knew whether it was touching or laughable, to notice the pride in, and reverence for, his son that uncle George so constantly manifested. It was, "Thomas, what is your opinion of that?" "Ask the doctor, here; he can tell you all about it." "Our Thomas might give

you an idea or two upon that subject." Two of the little boys stole away from the table in company with a plate of nuts and raisins, and presently their voices, raised high in dispute, reached us from a distant corner.

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, he could—our Thomas could do it! Couldn't you, Tom?"

"Couldn't I do what, Benny?"

"Make a watch, if you had the tools and knew how?"

I dared not look at Nan, but was conscious that her gravity and coffee-cup were nearly upset together.

To do our M. D. justice, he was evidently annoyed by the conspicuous position he occupied; and even Nan was obliged to confess that, with all the punching and poking bestowed upon him, this lion of the occasion could not be induced to roar. If he had been some awkward, bashful school-boy, Nan would have been the first to bring all her womanly tact and kindness to the rescue. As it was, she declared herself "not at all inclined to walk in the dust of his lordship's chariot-wheels;" and, therefore, when the gathering of the circle around the after-dinner fire brought her in his immediate vicinity, she soon stole away to a distant window. Good aunt missed her, and, turning around, looked over her spectacles.

"Why, Nannie, child, what did you go away off there for? You'll be cold."

Nan thought not; her "head was aching slightly, and the fire made it worse."

"Headache, child? Why, a young girl like you ought not to be troubled with headache. You'd better let Thomas feel your pulse. I expect he could give you something that would help you. Couldn't you, Tom?"

I saw a mischievous smile flit over the young doctor's face; but it was grave enough when he glanced toward her.

"I think a shawl might prove beneficial, if she wishes to sit by the window," he answered, coolly; and gathering up a cloud of Shetland from a chair near him, he crossed the room and threw it lightly over her shoulders. A sudden glance of admiration flashed into his eyes, for the sweet face bent so low over the troublesome netting.

"Will you be quite comfortable here? I am sorry the heat affects your head."

There was far more of gentlemanly interest than of professional inquiry in his tones—but she would not understand it.

"It is not so much the heat as the light, I think; sitting near such a blazing light always

troubles me. I find it quite too much for my weak head," she answered, maliciously.

"Ah? I must have been sitting in a dark corner, then, for I thought it was expending most of its strength in making a great roaring up its own chimney. I did not think it glaring enough to dazzle any one."

What *did* the fellow mean? Nan gave a quick glance at his face, and began puzzling her brains with the possibility of his understanding some other things quite as well as he did Latin.

Just then the door opened, and Kitty's curly head appeared, the rosy lips brimming over with an important petition from the next room.

"Say, we are going to play 'Blindman's-Buff' out there, and we want all you big folks to come and help us. Nan, and Toot, and cousin Bob, and Nettie, and Dick, and——" shyly, "cousin doctor, too."

"Come here, Kitten!" said the last named personage.

She slowly advanced until he caught her, and lifted her to his knee.

"Now, little Kitty, say 'Tom.'"

"Tom!" said the child, lifting her blue eyes wonderingly to his.

"Cousin Tom."

"Cousin Tom!" repeated the little one, still more bewildered. But he only laughed, and placed her upon the floor again.

"You haven't the heart to resist that invitation?" turning to Nan.

It was unanimously voted that we should go and see what was required of us; and the books and embroidery were speedily disposed of. A pretty sight it was to watch the dancing, tumbled heads of every shade from black to gold; the tripping and gliding of little feet; and now a pair of blue eyes; then brown ones; then black ones disappearing under the dreaded handkerchief. Sweet to listen to the clear peals of laughter that greeted a clever escape, or announced a new victim. Over the chairs and under the tables went the merry, active troop, while we stood by watching and laughing.

"Take care, Kitty! not so near the fire!" called Nan, suddenly, as, wild with frolic, the little one dashed by. "Oh!"

The warning came too late. The delicate dress swept into the gleam, and in an instant the hot, pitiless flames enveloped the little form. With one terrified scream she sprang toward me; but a stronger arm than mine caught her first, pressed her face close to him to shield it from the deadly breath of the flames, and strove to tear away the burning clothing.

It seemed an age of agony, though it could

have been but a few brief seconds until it was all over; the burning dress only ashes upon the hearth, and Kitty in Tom's arms. But, ah! our bird! our pet lamb! our darling!—where were the white dimples we had kissed? Where the golden curls we had so worshipped?

The screams of the children speedily brought the inmates of the next room; but cousin Tom would yield his charge to no one, and passing through the pale, bewildered throng, carried her up stairs, leaving others to explain as best they could. I remember the rapid glance that swept the faces around him, and selected those that were experienced and calm enough to render him the assistance he needed, and how distinctly he gave every direction. So calm and self-possessed he was, that but for his pale face, and the memory of how bravely he had fought back the flames for her, we might almost have thought him heartless.

Sad and silent we gathered in the old parlor again—our hopes too faint for speaking, our fears too terrible for words. Occasionally some one of us would steal, with noiseless step, up stairs, and then as quietly descend again; so a long, long hour passed, then the door opened, and Tom came in. Every face turned anxiously toward him. He smiled faintly, and crossed the room to where Nan and I were sitting, with hands closely clasped.

"Kitty will live," he said, softly.

"Thank God!" murmured Nan, burying her face in my lap with a quick burst of tears, while I bent low over her to hide my own. He stood beside us a moment in silent sympathy, and a wordless thanksgiving went up from many hearts.

By-and-by he crossed the room to where aunt Mary sat by the window.

"Can you bind these up for me, aunty?" he asked.

Then, for the first time, we saw the burned and blistered hands.

A brighter Christmas morning never dawned than the one that followed that night of fear. The snow had clothed the earth in robes of bridal whiteness, and the sun, smiling down upon her purity, added gems of matchless lustre. So arrayed, she greeted the birthday of her Lord—her noblest, yet her lowliest, her son, and yet her king. Every breath of the winter wind seemed like the rustling wings of the angels, that brought "glad tidings of great joy;" and every church bell seemed repeating the old, sweet song, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace; good-will to men."

There were older and more experienced

nurses to leave with our little sufferer; and remembering how that Christmas morning might have dawned for us, every throb of our hearts answered the call of the church bells. So, with a tearful kiss on the little one's pale lips, we turned away.

Solemnly beautiful sounded the chant, "The Lord is in His holy temple." Sweetly earnest was the quaint, simple language of the silver-haired old clergyman, as he followed the gleaming star of Bethlehem, until it was lost in the darkness that enshrouded Calvary; and through the three terrible days that the orphaned earth stood bereft and shuddering, with naught of help or comfort left, save the treasure that lay cold in its bosom, until clear and bright the missing star arose once more above the sepulchre, high in the heaven, fadeless and unwavering, the center of all faith, and hope, and peace forever. Very narrow seemed the bounds of sect and creed beneath its far-reaching life; very natural and easy to give seemed the kindly charity asked for all, and the helping hand to the helpless.

Softened, grateful, tearful, we wended our homeward way. I think the service must have touched us all, for I recollect that when, in the course of the afternoon, the question came up for discussion, not one of us had any idea of whether Nancy Jones wore her new green silk bonnet or not.

Our poor little Kitten! that was a weary winter for her. After long days of pain, and when we had hoped she would soon be well again, she caught cold in the tiny foot that had been worst burned—and so was a prisoner between her couch and easy-chair the dreary winter through. "Our doctor" visited her constantly, adding to the physician's watchful care the brother's tender love—carrying her often in his arms when she grew weary; and she always averred that no other arms were at once so tender and so strong as his. Yet, with all our care, the trailing arbutus was lifting its pink head in the wood before she was able to run about again.

I don't quite know whether that fiery bath made Tom's hands any browner, or whether seeing them done up in bandages changed Nan's feelings toward them. I only know that, under the clear June moonlight, she placed one hand confidently in his; and he, not content with that, made a willing prisoner of the other, and, bending toward her, whispered,

"Mine, Nannie! mine, my darling!"

The year has dropped the months from off his chain slowly, one by one, "like an old monk

telling his beads," and to-morrow Christmas will come again. We shall celebrate it at our own home this year; and it will be a double festival—for Tom, selfish fellow! will carry off our Nannie. I do not know what I shall do, for home won't seem like home without her; but then Robert Grey says—oh, dear! what nonsense am I writing?

## THE BRIDAL.

BY ELIZABETH L. G. DOANE.

Through the cloudless ether streaming,  
Downward flashed the golden rain,  
With a softened lustre gleaming,  
Through each richly-tinted pane;  
Bathing in a flood of glory  
All the window's pictured story.

Vaulted roof and fretted ceiling,  
Wrought to fancy's wondrous sight;  
Caught a tinge of deeper feeling,  
From the richly glowing light,  
Till each Gothic decoration  
Shared the affluent oblation.

Through those lofty arches calling  
Rolled the organ's grandest tone,  
Till to gentler measure falling,  
Soft ducts were breathed alone;  
O'er the melting spirit stealing—  
Waking sweet, unwonted feeling.

Then with silken rustling, breathing  
Like the South wind through the pine,  
Smiles of tender meaning wreathing,  
Came a throng that seemed divine;  
White-robed train—transcendent vision—  
Beauteous gleam of dreams Elysian!

Moving 'mid her maids of honor,  
Queen of love and beauty rare;  
With the grace of youth upon her,  
Walked a maiden passing fair;  
Loadstar of the constellation—  
Goddess of the grand ovation.

Till beside the altar standing,  
Lo! a proud and princely pair!  
Manhood's royalty, commanding—  
Saintry woman, sweet and fair;  
And the solemn vows were spoken,  
Which might nevermore be broken.

Then a gentle tumult swelling,  
Softly shook the perfumed air;  
Hearts, with tender blessings welling,  
Pressed to pay their homage there,  
While the organ's grand vibration  
Quivered with sweet exaltation.

So the pageant slowly vanished;  
Music hushed her melting strain;  
Thoughts, to Fancy's region banished,  
Sought reality again;  
And those aisles and lofty arches  
Rung no more with wedding marches.

Still I lingered, half regretful  
That so fair a scene should change;  
And I mused, of all forgetful,  
Save its beauty, grand and strange,  
Till a shadow fell before me,  
And a sudden gloom came o'er me;  
And a glance my glance returning,  
Told the maniac's rising mood;  
Quick, I feared, to frenzy burning,  
It 'twere left to solitude.  
"Come!" I cried; he answered, "Never!  
Is not Alice lost forever!"

## TO AN OLD PORTRAIT.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WHAT was once thy song,  
Sweetest face?  
In what time of glory,  
Of what race  
Did thy life spring and flow?

What early cloud of grief  
In thy skies,  
Shadowed the Heavenly blue  
Of thine eyes,  
Bringing them troubled depths?

Oh! tender lips of rose,  
Half a-crush,  
To keep the secret in  
That would gush—  
What is it ye can tell?

Nay, 'neath the eyes and lips  
It doth lie;

Deep hidden in the heart,  
From the eye,  
Never to see the light.  
Though thy wounds were deepest,  
Tender one,  
Like dove thou cover'dst them  
Without moan,  
To suffer and live on.  
Keep thy saddest story,  
Sweetest face!  
Keep thy brooding sorrow,  
Mournful grace—  
I will not question thee.  
Only I will think me,  
Long ago,  
Thou hast had best relief  
From thy woe,  
To suffer never more.

## ESTHER GREY'S CHOICE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HAD it come to this, the choice between marrying for a home, or being stricken from her state into a commonplace woman, who had failed to accomplish her destiny, and was henceforth to be a dependent on the good nature of her relatives, whom she had ventured to disappoint?

Truly, she had, indeed, like Lady Macbeth, lived a day too long, since they could even dare propose to her such a decision as possible.

Marry! How sick she had grown of the world—what a loathsome significance it had in her ears. A union of heart and soul—wasn't that what it meant in some by-gone era? And now—why, a selling of body and soul, a galling bond—everything that was oppressive and detestable.

Esther Grey had been a disappointment to her step-mother, and all the rest of her pastors and masters—that is, all the tiresome herd of relatives who consider themselves at liberty to meddle with one's fate, because, after commencing her young lady life in the most brilliant manner, the waning of her fourth season found her still unmarried.

The first winter Mrs. Grey had been perfectly satisfied. She was very fond and proud of her step-daughter, and had such brilliant anticipations in regard to her future, that she was well pleased to see her queen it, and drive her adorers disconsolately away. Nothing would answer below a foreign coronet, and a rent-roll of fifty thousand pounds—they never talk of less in fashionable novels—and Mrs. Grey was not to be contented with less than falls to the fate of the most indulged heroine.

The next season her ideas had grown a little less magnificent; but Esther was no nearer being settled. She had troops of admirers about her as ever; she was brilliant, and greatly sought after; but, worldly as her education had made her, she could not utterly sweep aside the consciousness that, at the bottom, she had a heart and soul, and was behaving most wretchedly by both of them.

The third season came—admired and courted still; but people commenced to wonder why "she hung on so long"—the elegance of the phrase! Mrs. Grey began to be in despair, to clutch eagerly at every new *parti*, to be disgusted with Esther, and to remember that her

own daughter, Elsie, was being kept in the background in the most abominable fashion.

Elsie had thought that a long time, and had rebelled greatly; though she could not help leaning on Esther in all ways, and hating her the more cordially because she was compelled to like her.

But Esther did not marry, and yet she came, each winter, to town with the firm determination of settling her destiny before spring overtook her.

There never was a woman, in all this poor race for worldly troubles, who tried harder to throw herself away; but when it came to the point something had risen up and prevented her. Sometimes she said it was only the remains of her old girlish enthusiasm which stopped her, and she was ready to beat herself for being a fool; but other times, oftenest in the quiet of the country, she felt vaguely that some power exterior to herself, something higher and holier, had held her back; but it was all vague and unsatisfactory.

One dismal fact stared her in the face. The years were going on—her money was gone—she must marry—and oh! how she hated the bare idea.

They were not rich; a little fortune belonging to Esther had supported them handsomely in town since Esther's coming out. It had been a fair bargain between Esther and her mother; and Mrs. Grey had been so sanguine that Esther would make a great match, that she had allowed her to gratify all her luxurious tastes in a way that was completely foreign to her usual farsighted habits.

Esther had not been selfish—they had all profited certainly; but the money was gone—a good deal of Mrs. Grey's beside, and no marriage.

The fourth season began under very different auspices. Esther distinctly understood that, unless she married, she must hereafter live on a little place she owned in the country, where, during the summer, Mrs. Grey and the young children would economize; while Elsie was maintained by a rich aunt, and that future winters must be entirely for Elsie's benefit.

And now Esther hated the petty aims of her life, and despised herself heartily; but she



would marry, though, for the first time, she began to wonder if the monotony of her existence, should she remain an old maid, buried in the country, would be any worse than the monotony of that rush of excitement, in which she plunged from force of influence and habit.

The house was not pleasant any longer. Her step-mother could not help reproaching her with her wasted opportunities; Elsie was encroaching and insolent as only a fool can be; the ball-rooms were so many deserts to Esther; driving, and visiting, and chattering, grew more and more odious—but what to do?

If she had only loved anybody—she began to believe herself incapable of such a feeling. At last, Henry Munroe proposed to her. She had thought she would marry him—she liked him. He was rich, his position unexceptionable, agreeable in manners—why should she not?

She took a day to consider. Mrs. Grey was in the seventh heaven; there could be no doubt now.

The letter accepting his offer was actually written, and Esther went to bed feeling that her destiny was settled. There she lay, and saw her whole future rise before her. The man was a thorough materialist—she saw what her life would be.

She could not; better starvation—death! There should be an end of this; she rose and tore the letter into fragments. That night was a new experience to Esther. Truly, the angels wrestled with her; and when morning came, she had determined to live a real life, to give her soul more chance to grow—she had chosen.

Mrs. Grey went into absolute spasms; but Esther was firm. You can imagine what the house was like.

“We are ruined!” cried the poor woman.

“Only me,” said Esther. “Mother, let there be an end! If you are weary of me, I will leave you—”

“Now you want to disgrace us all!”

“Then I will stay with you; send away the governess, and I’ll teach the children. I won’t be a burthen upon you. Come, consider me disposed of; devote your time and money to Elsie. I tell you, I will not sell myself. I am sick of this life—”

“Oh, do stop! You’ll go and be a heathen missionary, or something, yet.”

“At least I should be doing a little good—”

“I won’t talk with you. I am only horrified at your wickedness in throwing away every chance—”

And the conversation was sure to end abruptly and unsatisfactorily. Indeed, those were

not at all pleasant weeks either to Esther or her mother. At one time there was danger that an entire rupture might take place between them; but, fortunately, the fact that she could act as governess prevented Esther’s being roused to any pitch of desperation from a feeling of dependence.

But it was all a great disappointment to Mrs. Grey in all sorts of ways. There was nothing for it, when the summer months came, but to take the children, except Esther’s companionship, and prepare to bury herself alive in the country.

Only one thing occurred to give her satisfaction. Aunt Ramsey offered to take charge of Elsie for the summer, more by way of punishing Esther than anything else. If she could have known how grateful Esther was!

So the summer found Esther Grey settled in that little country cottage; the trial season was over—she had chosen. No more queening it over obedient admirers; no more days of ease and vapid pleasure; she was only a governess, and there was the reality now to be essayed.

Mrs. Grey was not easy to get along with—Esther had disappointed her too much for that. The children were difficult to manage; life was dreary enough, but, hard as it was, Esther thanked heaven that, at least, it was more endurable than the slavery in gilded chains would have been.

And Esther found one comfort. Her father’s old friend, Park Manning, had been called to the charge of the little village church.

A man of middle-age, a quiet, studious man, odd and shy in his ways, but a perfect well of learning and queer information. Something better than all that—the tenderest, patientest nature that ever was; content to do his Master’s will in a humble, quiet way, not even feeling that he was making a sacrifice, perhaps making his life more perfect, in the sight of angels, than if he had created for himself what men call a brilliant destiny.

Esther had known and revered him when a child. She could tell him all her troubles freely now; and he taught her, what in her pride and restlessness she had never learned, the one sure way to find peace.

The latter part of the summer Elsie descended, unwillingly enough, upon their quiet, feeling generally ill-used because she was obliged to make a little pause in her amusements.

She was so elated with her triumphs that she could talk of nothing else; and Esther grew so weary of her petty aims, because they made her own past more contemptible from being a

sort of caricature of it, that she often lost patience, and there was warfare between them.

Poor Elsie had one solace—to look over her dresses, and make Esther look at her new things, probably expecting to excite her envy; though, of course, for all Esther cared, she might have dressed in cloth of gold, with a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand, after the fashion in which children picture kings and queens.

"This is my China blue," she said one day, floating into Esther's room like a gorgeous butterfly. Uncle Ramsey gave me this—isn't it sweet?"

It was marvelous in width, and so covered with flounces and ribbons that very little of the original material was visible.

"I'm a little too dark to wear blue," pursued Elsie; "but this shade suits me, doesn't it?"

"It's very pretty," Esther said, and went on with her work.

But Elsie could not submit patiently to such indifference. Her mother was asleep; there was no one but Esther to talk with, and it was brutal of her to be so careless.

She went over the record of her successes; and Esther's cheeks burned with shame at the stories she told of having deluded people out of presents, making her admirers really useful; and a thousand similar things, which I fear are only too common among the young women of this generation.

"Johnny Lane owed me a half-dozen pairs of gloves," said she; "and he paid them. He saw me with lavender ones on that were too large, and said he, 'Why, those gloves I sent were a size beyond you;' and I didn't say but what they were those he gave me; and so he sent a half-dozen more—wasn't that fun?"

And Esther thought,

"Mean as she is, were my faults any less?" and could have throttled herself as she looked back on the follies of the past four years.

"I think," said Elsie, recurring to the dress, "that it can be trimmed so as to look like new—don't you?"

"I am sure it is very pretty now," Esther replied, absently.

"Do you think I am going to wear it, and have all the girls tell me I had it this summer?" cried Elsie, vehemently. "I am sure you never used to; a pretty time there was fussing up your clothes!"

"Very well; have yours fussed up, as you call it."

Elsie gave her flounces a flirt, but did not answer. The truth was, she remembered that

Esther had the most wonderful faculty of turning a dress into a new one by fanciful decorations, and she desired to persuade Esther into aiding her dullness in that line.

"How would you alter it?" she asked, in a whine, being a compromise between the coaxing tone she desired to assume and the real spite she felt.

Esther saw her drift at once, and not having quite lived through the weakness of wanting to be a martyr, she thought,

"I may as well be a slave to her as anybody. There's one comfort, she won't even make the pretence of being obliged."

"Could I take off the quillings?" pursued Elsie.

"You want me to do it, and I will," said Esther; "so don't worry me about it."

Elsie was quite radiant, and rattled on like a weak steam-engine that wanted to make up in noise what it lacked in power.

"The first time I wore that dress, Johnny Lane said I looked like you. Did I tell you he was at Newport?"

Esther nodded. She might be excused for not being rapturous in her assent. Elsie had certainly given her that bit of information at least twenty times.

"I'd forgotten whether I told you. Well, from that night he paid me all sorts of attention—not because I looked like you, understand."

"I understand perfectly."

Elsie went on with her revelations. What Johnny Lane did, and what Joe Livingston said; and how people declared it was time Esther considered herself an old maid, and give her, Elsie, a chance; and then remembered that she blue dress was not yet altered, and added, heartily,

"But I never would hear that. I said you were younger than you looked; and though ma thought you had been very ungrateful, she would always give you a home just as if you were her own daughter."

"That was good of you."

"Joe Livingston liked my *cutt* colored dress," pursued the gnat. "He used to say my dress was queer, and so was I—a joke, you know; and he asked me if it wasn't made of a bit of Mrs. Judge Rossiter's complexion. There was no end to the funny things he said. I used to get provoked. I think he's a real bad man; and he must be awful old, mustn't he?"

"Oh! ages, of course."

"Now that's nonsense. People don't live like that man in the Bible; but real old he is and I don't believe he'd marry anybody."

Esther laughed outright at the idea of the selfish old bachelor committing a folly of that sort, which put Elsie immediately on the defensive.

"Oh! you needn't laugh, as if the thing was quite impossible! Ma says one never can tell what those elderly fellows may do."

"Any wickedness, you may be certain," said Esther; "but not matrimony, I think."

"Well," said Elsie, spitefully, "I'm not as old as you, so I'll not pretend to dispute you."

"I wish you would always remember that."

"Dear me! you're not the Empress of France, that one is never to open one's lips before you!"

"Don't people open their lips before the empress? Did Mr. Livingston tell you that?"

"You know I didn't mean anything of the sort."

"You will tear your frouces if you whirl about in that way."

"I don't care," said Elsie; "you're so aggravating."

"But it is not worth tearing your dress about."

Elsie softened again. She really must keep her temper, she wanted Esther to braid her a jacket among other things.

"I'll go and take the dress off," she said; "I am going to put on my buff morning dress braided with black. Oh, Etty! I've got such a lovely pattern for braiding a crimson jacket with gold wheat-ears. I'll just show it to you."

"It's a jacket now," thought Esther. "Upon my word, that creature's selfishness is sublime. I shall respect her soon for her impudence."

All harsh, bad thoughts; bad in their effect upon herself, however true they might be.

Elsie came in again, attired in her buff gown braided with black, and had to show Esther the wonderful pattern for a jacket, which was altogether astounding.

They got along tolerably for a time, but Esther's patience would give way; and at last Elsie grew very spiteful from the effects of Esther's sarcasm, and the pain of pricking her awkward fingers with her needle.

She said all the savage things she could think of; and finally taunted Esther with being a disappointed old cat and living on her mother.

"Not a bit of it," returned Esther, with aggravating calmness. "I am a governess—nursery governess and plain seamstress, please to remember that. Remember, also, that you are not one of my pupils, nor did I engage to take either your sewing or your impertinence; so please to walk out of my room pretty quickly."

Elsie would have refused, but Esther looked quite capable of ejecting her summarily, without the slightest regard to her new wrapper—so she thought it best to retreat.

"Just give me my dress," she whimpered; "you're a nasty, cross, old stick—I'll alter it myself."

"Nonsense!" said Esther; "don't carry your anger so far as to let it interfere with your selfishness. I'll call you when the thing is ready to try on."

That was a little consolation to Elsie; and she went away wondering how Esther could consent to be obliging after scolding her so heartily—acts of generosity not being easily understood by Miss Elsie.

Left alone, Esther grew heartily ashamed of herself.

"Why should I despise her?" she thought. "After all, I am just as petty! My life has been just as aimless as hers. I glossed mine over by reading poetry and longing for something better, and being too weak and cowardly to seek it—so I am meaner than she, since she knows no better."

They came up to say that Mr. Manning was down stairs, and Esther went to receive him. His presence always gave her an odd feeling of rest, something to cling to, and so be rid of the host of whirling thoughts which gave her no peace. To him she could talk freely, and he listened with such kind patience.

"If I only knew what to do," she said; "my life is so empty. If I only had some aim, some grand project to fill it up."

"Dear child," he answered, "that is not what gives peace. Learn to be content with the work that falls to your hand; be certain it is God's plan for you; only follow it, and power will come."

He told her, for the first time, the history of his life. He had given up his youth, and a world of ambitious dreams, for the sake of a family of relatives left suddenly dependent upon him; and the grandest thing of all was, that he had never felt he was making any sacrifice in doing it.

"I saw that it was my heavenly Father's plan for me," he said; "the choice was made me to follow His or mine. Child, if I had followed mine, do you think I should sit here to-day with such a calm in my heart?"

And Esther learned, at last, to understand that fame is not the proof of a grand life; that worldly distinction is not an anchor for the soul; that the most seemingly humble existence may be, in the sight of our Father, a more

acceptable song of praise than the most brilliant achievements which men applaud.

Later on, Mrs. Grey was seized with a violent rheumatic fever, the effect of a drenching caught in returning from a visit Elsie had forced her to pay, so severe, that it would have upset the stoutest hydropathist, and very, very ill she was.

Elsie was perfectly helpless, of course, but she was so alarmed at her mother's illness that, for awhile, she ceased fretting and pecking, and sometimes obeyed Esther out of sheer bewilderment. Never was sickness more fortunate than that of Mrs. Grey in one respect—I mean in the effect it had upon Esther.

She began with the intention of being a martyr; she took the entire charge of the sick-room; she watched night and day, and before her step-mother left her bed Esther was doing her duty from very different motives to those which actuated her in the outset.

Mr. Manning's counsels and example had their due effect during those weeks when she could but reflect and think; and sitting in that darkened room with death sometimes looking very near, Esther's soul had space and time to grow.

Of course, these results did not come all at once—but they did come. She could at last even bear patiently with Elsie's helplessness and troublesome ways.

At length Mrs. Grey could set up and be wheeled to the window, let the children come into the room, and begin to listen to Elsie's wishes, and take up her old worldly plans. She saw plainly the change in Esther, though she did not trace it to its source; and she was sufficiently softened by her illness to bring the best side of her character uppermost.

When Mrs. Grey recovered, she was so much a martyr to neuralgic attacks, that the physician assured her absolute quiet was necessary for a long time to come.

Elsie was almost in spasms when she heard that fiat pronounced. What was to become of her—her winter, and all her new dresses? In her first paroxysm of despair, she avowed her determination of dying at once, and being buried in her prettiest frocks and laces; she could not leave them behind, but to live was quite out of the question.

Mrs. Grey was sorry for her disappointment, restless under the opposition to her own plans, and, with it all, sick of Elsie's selfishness, and dissatisfied generally. She had fully determined to have Elsie settled before spring; Esther had cured her of wishing for another

brilliant daughter—but what could she do? A *chaperon*, with a weak ankle, would be a pitiable creature, indeed; and to endure the fatigues of nightly balls, with that abominable pain in her left temple, was out of the question.

Mrs. Grey was quite a Napoleon in a small way; but I am sure the hero himself would have succumbed to a treacherous leg and neuralgic headaches, and instead of going in search of Egyptian triumphs and Italian victories, would have lain in his dressing-room, kicked his heels, abused worthy Constant, and cried out piteously for Josephine to rub his forehead with brandy and laudanum.

Esther bettered matters by a proposal she made. Perhaps aunt Ramsey would take charge of Elsie for the winter, while the rest remained quietly in the country until Mrs. Grey's health was restored—that might be in time to take Elsie to Washington for the desirable month.

Nothing better offered, and letters were despatched to Mrs. Ramsey, and received favorable replies; for the lady, fortunately, had a set of carved chairs she wanted covered with worsted work, the only thing Elsie did nicely; besides, she was a fool as well as her niece, and desired to punish Esther.

So Mrs. Ramsey wrote that she was always willing to sacrifice herself for her family; throwing out hints about Esther's ingratitude; promising Elsie a brilliant season, and not saying a word about the worsted work.

Elsie was in raptures; packed her trunks, or stood by while Esther packed them, and made herself a nuisance generally; received her mother's parting instructions in regard to her conduct, and took the blessing for granted.

Esther did her best to follow the new line of conduct she had marked out for herself, and trod her appointed path with a good deal of firmness, slipping back occasionally; but with the help of Park Manning, and her new faith that was all right, recovering herself always.

And Esther grew to feel the beautiful and true as she had never done before. She read the books Manning gave her with an understanding she had never before found, and peace did come gradually.

It was hard sometimes—the petty trials were worst. Her step-mother would be peevish at times—the children troublesome, but Esther persevered. She was in the right path at last; she might fall and hurt herself cruelly, but she always got up again and trudged on, gradually learning life's lessons, going surely toward the light.

And the winter wore gradually away, and

just when Esther began to be really at rest, to feel that the ordinary routine of life, well performed, does bring a repose that no empty grandeur can offer, there came two trials for her new resolutions.

A letter, announcing the death of a distant relative of her own mother's, with the added information that his fortune had been bequeathed to her. Another letter, besides, from Henry Monroe, who had just been appointed ambassador to Paris, once more asking her to share his brilliant destiny.

She was now to decide; the turning point in her life had come, after she had believed that all important events were over, that neither great changes or joys would ever come near her again.

It was pleasant to think of the happiness she could bring to her step-mother and the children—that part of it was entirely without alloy.

And Munroe's offer? Now she looked at that very differently; she saw what such a position could be made. She saw herself, with her new aims and resolves, placed in a station to do much good; and not only that, to gratify every ambitious dream she had ever known.

It would not now be a marriage for a home. This man was her equal; he wanted her companionship and sympathy; he wanted her elegant presence to beautify his dwelling. Should she go—was it right?

Her step-mother she could not consult; it was not so easy, just then, to pray as it had been during those weeks of little events. The rush of her roused fancies disturbed her thoughts—it is so much easier to ask for help in the day of our tribulation than in the day of our prosperity.

And she went to Mr. Manning for advice. He listened with sympathy to all her story; but this time the pleasant words of counsel did not follow.

"What do you want me to say to you?" he asked.

"What you really think," replied Esther.

"Are you sure? Do you want me to tell you what is right, or do you want me to give your inclinations my approval?"

Esther hesitated for an instant, then she looked up, and said honestly,

"I think I was undecided at first; now I want you to help me to do right."

Park Manning grew a little pale, but he was quiet as ever.

"Then I have only one more question to ask," he said.

But he hesitated in so strange a way, that Esther looked at him in wonder.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Do you love that man? Think what the word means; think what you must promise—do you love him?"

Esther shook her head.

"Then you answer your own question," he said, and left her without another word.

And Esther saw clearly that the new dream must be given up: it would be wrong to follow it, since she could not give her whole heart and soul.

Three days passed before she saw Park Manning again. She grew very restless; she could not exactly understand herself. Always, before, she would have sent for him without hesitation—now, something checked her.

At last she met him by chance near her house. He was looking so worn and pale from a long walk, that she insisted upon his coming in to rest.

There was an unusual silence between them—a restraint which Esther could not comprehend, though she shared it.

"Are you annoyed with me?" she asked.

"My dear child, what a question!"

"I wanted to see you—to tell you—"

She hesitated, and he said, quietly,

"You have made your decision?"

"I have made it."

He was silent again.

"Well?" she cried, impatiently.

"I am waiting for you to tell it to me."

"Don't you know what it is?"

His face was turned away still. Suddenly he looked down at her with all his old composure of manner.

"You do care for him?"

"Oh, Mr Manning! You know I will not marry him! I should not be happy; my heart had nothing to do with the matter—it was the last throes of my miserable worldly weakness."

She thought he whispered,

"Thank God!"

But the voice was so low, she could not hear distinctly.

He rose from his chair abruptly, and turned to leave the room.

Are you going?" she asked.

"Yes; I think I am not well. I will come soon again."

He looked ill and suffering.

"Oh! what is the matter?" she asked. "Can I help you, Mr. Manning? You have done me so much good. If it is possible, give me an opportunity to make some slight return."

He turned back as suddenly as he had risen to go.

"I will tell you what it is," he said, slowly; "I have been a foolish old dreamer—I love you."

Many times had these words been spoken to Esther Grey, but they had never possessed the meaning that they did now.

"I know how hopeless it is," he went on; "but I thought it better to tell you. Don't mind it, dear child; don't let it break up our old familiar intercourse. Just remember enough to feel free to come to me with every hope or care."

He loved her! She had never thought of that. She had thought little about love. She had laughed at it in novels. She had had no faith in that which had actually come near her; but now——

This good, great, generous man loved her! She almost forgot that he was there still; she was seeing a new possibility unfold before her—a life that had all the priceless duties

well performed, which had something sweeter and higher still.

"Are you angry?" he asked, so suddenly, that she came back from her vision like one in a daze.

"Angry?" she repeated.

"Don't be," he said; "I am going away now. Good-by, child! God bless you!"

She could not speak—he was going out of the door. She must have made some sound, for he looked back.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

She rose from her seat, her face crimson now, but her scattered faculties had come back.

"Esther!" he cried out, in a changed voice.

"Can't you see?" she whispered; and through a sudden gush of tears she laughed to think how odd her wooing was. "Do you want me to offer myself to you? Oh, dear friend, don't go!"

It was settled—Esther's life had taken shape.

People called her mad—for Mrs. Grey took care that the truth should be known concerning the ambassador. Do you think she was so?

## THE NIGHT WIND.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

**MOORNFULLY!** mournful night-wind blow!  
O'er the grave-yard heaped with snow;  
O'er the mounds where quiet rest,  
Idle hands and vacant breast.

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow!  
O'er the place where roses grow;  
Waft the buds' rich fragrance forth;  
Pour its young life on the earth.

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow!  
O'er the lonely house of woe;  
Where the burning tear is shed—  
Vain libation to the dead.

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow!  
O'er the halls of glare and show;

Where the ruby wine is quaffed—  
Death and madness in the draught!

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow!  
Where some heart's high hopes lie low;  
While around its cup of bliss,  
Sorrow-wreathed serpents hiss!

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow!  
Where in moonshine's silver glow,  
Meet the trusting and the fond,  
Parting here, and death beyond.

**Mournfully!** mournful night-wind blow,  
Constant mourner, to and fro,  
Goest thou in thy lonely round  
Where'er earth's sad sons are found.

## MY SHRINE.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

**NEAR** where a tinkling brooklet glides,  
Along its shining, pebbly bed,  
Where many a golden sunbeam hides  
Among the lyric trees, that spread  
Their giant arms above the sod,  
Flower-crested, I have reared a shrine,  
Where I can bow before my God,  
And gather strength and love divine.

**Here** I can find a sweet release  
From busy toil and weary care;  
My spirit quaffs the wine of peace,  
From jeweled cups the angels bear.

**And Heavenly** melody I hear,  
From lips unseen by human eyes;  
My Saviour leads my spirit near  
The golden gates of Paradise.

**No darkness,** like the starless night,  
Obscures me when I lightly lay  
My hand in His, whose brow of light  
Illuminates life's darkest way.

**When sorrow** fills my heart, I bear  
My burden to this lowly shrine;  
Knowing my incense-breathing prayer,  
Will yield me happiness divine.

# THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 360.

## CHAPTER X.

ROBERT BURNS and his new friend made their way into the business part of the city. They entered a large warehouse, and passed through it into a back room—found a young man writing notes at one of the desks. He looked up, saw the two boys, and suspended his writing long enough to question them with his eyes.

"This is a boy that I want Mr. Gould to engage, sir. Where is the old gentleman?" said the newsboy, designating Robert by a wave of his not over clean hand. "True as steel, sir, and honest as a morning paper, sir. Where's the boss?—perhaps you don't know," he added, eyeing an antique seal ring on the gentleman's white hand. "New feller in these premises, any way. I never see you afore."

The young man went on with his writing, and took no apparent heed of this rather elaborate address. His pen ran over a sheet of note-paper with a quick and noiseless motion, that filled the newsboy with admiring astonishment. Then the note was folded, and something placed with it in the long, narrow envelop, which rustled under the touch of those fingers, silkily, like a bank-note. Then a wax-taper, coiled up like a garter-snake, was lighted, a drop of pale green wax fell from it to the note; and while the young man stamped the seal with his antique ring, he seemed to become suddenly conscious that the boys were gazing on him with no common curiosity.

"Well," he said, smiling down upon the seal as he examined the impression he had made, "what is it? Did you want something, boys?"

"Yes, sir, that is just it. We want to see the old boss!"

"The old what?" cried the young gentleman, with a look of comic astonishment—"the old what?"

"The boss, sir; the old gentleman who runs this ere machine!"

"Oh! you mean the governor. Too late; sailed for Europe yesterday."

"But he told me I might look up a boy for him the very last time I brought the weeklies here; and I've found just the chap."

"Oh! the errand-boy. So the governor commissioned you—just like him. We do want a handy lad, I think. I say, Smith."

Smith came in from a little den of a room at the left, with a pen behind his ear.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Did the governor say anything about engaging a boy?"

"Yes, sir. He was particularly anxious to get a good one, smart and honest."

"With all my heart, if he can find the paragon. Well, what do you think of that little fellow?" The young man pointed his pen carelessly at Robert without troubling himself to look that way.

Smith looked at the boy keenly, who blushed crimson under his gaze.

"He seems modest, at least, and looks intelligent," was the kind answer.

"Then you like him? Come here, sir, and answer me a few questions."

Robert moved up to the desk, and lifted his honest eyes to the young man's face.

"How old are you, my fine fellow?"

"Twelve, sir, and going on thirteen."

"Rather young, isn't he?" said the gentleman, appealing to Smith.

"That will not matter so much. Mr. Gould. He seems healthy and is intelligent."

"You like him, then?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thank you, sir," said Robert, with tears in his eyes. "I'm much obliged, and—and——"

"That will do—take him on, Smith; but stay a minute. Are you acquainted with the city?"

"Pretty well, sir."

"Can you read writing?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And write yourself?"

"Yes, I can write."

"See if you can read that?"

Gould handed the note he had just directed, and Robert read the address.

"J. Ward, Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"That will do. Now your first duty will be to carry that note."

"I am ready, sir."

"Of course, he's ready," cried the newsboy,

rejoicing over his friend's success; "but hadn't you better do things a little ship-shape? About the wages, now. This young gentleman has got a mother——"

"Grandmother," whispered Robert.

"Just so. A grandmother and sister to support; and money is money to him."

Gould laughed.

"How much did we give the last fellow?" he said, addressing Smith in careless good-humor.

"Three dollars a week."

"Give this one four. I'll be responsible to the governor. With an old grandmother, and all that sort of thing, it won't be too much."

"Oh, sir! I'm so glad—so very, very glad!" cried Robert, crushing his hat between both hands in a paroxysm of grateful feelings. "I wish you could see her; she would know how to thank you, I don't."

"He's young and green—don't mind him," cut in the newsboy, drawing the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes. "Consarn the dust, how it blinds a fellow! By-and-by he'll take things like a man."

"I only wish I was a man; oh, sir! how I would work for you."

Gould got up from his seat and laid his white hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Boy! boy! I would be a child again, could that give me back the feeling which fills those eyes with tears. Oh, Smith! how much we men lose in hardening ourselves. It is only the pure and good who can be really grateful. Heavens! how I envy this boy!"

"Me, sir?" said Robert; "envy me. But then it is something to earn so much money; and more yet, to know that your father died for his country, fighting in the front ranks. I'm all they have to depend on, sir. You haven't any idea how rich this four dollars a week will make us. But I'll earn it! I'll earn it—see if I don't!"

"Of course you will!" exclaimed the newsboy, who was getting rather tired of the scene. "But here comes another gentleman—hadn't we better make ourselves scarce till to-morrow?"

As the lad spoke, a strange gentleman came into the counting-room, and shook hands with Gould.

"Well, I've been on the war-track, with some success, too," he said, eagerly. "Saw her going into that house——"

"What house, Ward? What house?"

"Why——" here Ward broke off, and took young Gould aside, to whom he spoke in a low, eager voice for some minutes. The young man

listened with a little impatience; and more than once his face flushed angrily. At last he came away from the window, where they had been conversing, with a sparkle of indignation in his fine eyes.

"Take no unworthy means," he said; "I will neither sanction or take advantage of anything forced or dishonorable."

Ward laughed.

"What has come over you?" he said. "Capricious as ever; carried off by some other pretty face, I dare say?"

"No, there you mistake."

"Well, well! you will join us to-night?"

"No; I promised my uncle to give all that sort of thing up."

"You did?"

"Yes; God bless the dear old fellow! He came down so handsomely—without a word, too; asked no promise—found no fault."

"But you made a promise, and a very silly one."

"Possibly—time will show; at least I will be neither false nor ungrateful, if I can help it."

Here Ward's eyes fell upon the note, with its dainty seal—and he laughed a little maliciously.

"Oh! Ha! I understand! A new flame," he cried.

"You can look at the address," said Gould, quietly; "and read it, if you like."

Ward took up the note, and looked surprised.

"This lad would have brought it to you in half an hour," said Gould.

Ward tore the note open, and a thousand dollar bill dropped out. He picked it up, glanced at the amount, and then at Robert.

"And you would have intrusted this to that child—who is he?"

"Our new errand-boy."

"But his name?"

"I really don't know it."

"And without knowing his name, you would intrust him with this?"

"Yes, or ten times as much."

"But what do you know about him?"

"Nothing."

"Who recommended him?"

"I recommended him," broke forth the newsboy. "What have you to say against that, I want to know?"

Ward measured the indignant newsboy with his scornful eyes, folded up the treasury-note, and left the counting-room a good deal crest-fallen and annoyed.

Robert and his literary friend followed him, and, I regret to say, the latter put both hands



up to his face, and ground an imaginary coffee-mill with vigor during the moment in which Ward turned to look upon him as he passed round the nearest corner. As for Robert, he did not clearly comprehend the movement, for old Mrs. Burns had kept him in-doors a great deal of the time, and his education, in some particulars, was incomplete.

### CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Anna Burns left her little brother near the garden-wall, she turned down the next street, and met young Savage coming from an opposite direction. His face flushed pleasantly, and his eyes brightened as he saw her.

"Miss Burns, how happy I am to have met you," he said, turning back and walking by her side. "I would have called, but was afraid of intruding upon your sorrow. How is the dear old lady?"

Anna had been flushing red and turning white, like the sensitive, modest creature she was, till he looked kindly down into her face, and asked this question; then she lifted her eyes and answered him with a smile that made his heart leap.

"Thank you very much! Grandmother is well, and happier than any of us. She is so good that even grief seems to make her more and more gentle. I never heard her complain in my life."

"Still this must have been a terrible blow."

"It was! it was! But she yields—bends; resists nothing that God sees fit to inflict."

"And you?"

His voice was full of tender compassion. His eyes brought tears into hers.

"I cannot be so good, my heart will ache; my very breath is sometimes painful! Oh, sir! you cannot tell how I loved my father!"

"He must have been a superior man," said Savage, gently; "a very superior man, to have brought up a family so well, under what seems to me great difficulties."

"He was a——"

Anna broke down here—tears drowned her voice.

"Forgive me! I am cruel to wound you so; but it is not meant unkindly," said Savage.

"I know—I know!" faltered Anna, behind her veil; "but you cannot think how noble he was—what beautiful talent he had. I think Joseph takes after him; he begins to draw pictures even now."

"Was your father an artist, then?"

"Yes; a designer on wood. He was just

beginning to make himself known. But he could do many things beside that. We all loved him so—and now he is dead!"

Anna drew her veil close, and, for a time, the young pair walked on in silence, unconscious of the course they were taking. They were aroused by a carriage dashing past, in which a lady sat alone. She leaned forward, revealing an eager face, surmounted by a bonnet of lilac velvet, with masses of pink roses under the narrow front. The horses moved so rapidly that Savage scarcely recognized the face of Miss Eliza Halstead as she swept by; but Anna saw it clearly, and shrunk within herself.

Miss Halstead had recognized Savage with a killing smile on her lips; but when she saw his companion, the smile withered into a sneer, and she seized the check-string in fierce haste.

"Drive round the block again, fast at first, then slower," she said.

The man obeyed, and dashing round the block, came upon the young couple again at a slower pace. Now Miss Eliza leaned out, kissed her hand to Savage, and searched Anna's face through the veil that shaded it with her vicious eyes.

"I thought so—I thought so!" she muttered, biting the fingers of her canary-colored gloves till the delicate kid was torn by her teeth. "It's that creature, not Georgianna, who stands in my way. Oh! I have made a discovery! It's her! It's the same girl that I saw at the fair. Some poor seamstress or sewing-machine operator, or I'm dreadfully mistaken."

The carriage moved slowly on as Eliza registered these convictions in her mind; and before it was out of sight Savage had forgotten its existence, so deeply was he interested in the conversation of the young girl who walked so modestly by his side—so completely did the feelings of the moment carry him away.

They parted at last not far from Anna's dwelling. Her hand was in his for an instant; her eyes met his ardent glance as he whispered farewell; and warm, red blushes dried up the tears that had been upon her cheek.

"I will see you again—I must see you again," he said, while her hand trembled in his; "without that hope, I should not care to live."

These words, sincere and impassioned, were enough to flood her face with blushes, and set her to wondering why the heart that had seemed so heavy, rose and throbbed like a nightingale startled on its nest by the song of some kindred bird.

With a light step and beaming face, the young creature turned into the dark paths of her

every-day life, and climbed the stairs which led to her garret-home, lightly as angels tread a rainbow. The old lady looked up when she saw her grandchild coming, and smiled meekly, feeling that she would need such comfort; but she was surprised when Anna smiled back, and, taking off her bonnet, turned a face that was almost radiant upon her.

"What is it, love? What has happened, that you should look so bright, so happy?"

"Happy? Am I happy, grandmother? No, no! It was but last night I told you that nothing on earth could ever make me happy, now that he was dead."

"Yes, child; but God does not permit eternal grief to the young."

"Grandmother," said Anna, leaning over the old woman's chair, that her face might not be seen, "have you not always told me that God is love?"

"Yes, darling, God is love."

"Then, grandmother, all love must be divine—born of heaven?"

"Yes, child, all love is born of heaven."

"Grandmother?"

"Well, my dear."

"Did any one ever love you?"

The old lady's hands fell into her lap, and clasped themselves tightly.

"I—I thought so once," she said, in a low voice. "Yes, I thought so."

"Did you ever love any one, dear grandmother?"

"Did I ever love any one? God help me, yes, I have: I——"

Anna flung herself on her knees before the old woman, struck to the heart by her own cruelty. The poor old lady was trembling from head to foot; her lips quivered like those of a grieved child; her heart was troubled as the earth stirs when a lily has been torn up by the root.

"Oh, grandmother, forgive me!" cried the young girl; "I did not mean it. Can love last so long? Is it rooted so deep in the life?"

A quivering smile stole over that gentle face.

"Do you think that love is only given to the young? That it is mortal, like the body? That it leaves the soul because bright hair turns to silver on the head? No, no, my child! Love is the one passion which time deepens holily, but cannot kill. The soul, when it seeks eternity, carries that with it. There is no real life to the woman that does not love."

"Oh, grandmother! how solemnly you speak."

"The love of an old woman is always solemn."

"And of a young woman—what is that grandmother?"

"With her, my child, it is the blossom which precedes the fruit, bright, delicate, heavenly, perishing, sometimes, with the first frost, or under a warm burst of sunshine; but when the blossom falls only to shine its shadow in the core of the fruit that springs from it, changing itself only to meet the sweet changes of womanhood, then, and not till then, can the soul know how faithful, how true, how immortal love is."

Anna bent her head and listened to that sad, low voice, which spoke of love with such sweet solemnity. The blossoms of a first love seemed opening in her heart, then, and flooding it with perfume.

"Oh, grandmother! how beautiful life is!" she said, with a deep sigh, which had no pain in it. "I think the whole earth brightens every day."

"Anna," said the old lady, gently.

"Well, grandmother."

"How long is it since the world has become so beautiful to you?"

"Oh! I don't know; but it seems to me forever."

"Still it is but a little time since we heard that my son—your father——"

"Yes, I know—I know. For a time all the universe was dark as night to me; but now it seems as if my father had come back, and brought glimpses of the heaven he inhabits with him. Oh, grandmother! why is it that I am not unhappy? I know he is dead; I know that we are poor and helpless; that this is a miserable room, with nothing lovely in it but this precious old face, yet it seems like a paradise to me. I could sing here as nightingales do among the roses."

"Anna, my child, I fear this is love."

"Love, grandmother!" cried the girl, in a quick, startled voice. "No, no! not that! I never thought that it was really love."

That bright, young face turned white as she spoke; and Anna's eyelids drooped suddenly.

"Oh, grandmother! what makes you say that?"

"I did not say it unkindly, darling."

"You never do say anything unkindly, dear grandmother—but this frightens me. Am I doing wrong?"

"Doing wrong! There can be no wrong in an honest affection; but there may be, and is, great danger."

"Danger, grandmother—how?"

"I cannot explain—cannot even point out the danger; but this young man is rich, proud,

highly educated. His parents are said to be ambitious for him beyond anything!"

"Yes, grandmother, I suppose they are; and I am so lowly, so very poor; so, so——"

The poor girl's eyes filled, and her sweet lips began to quiver with the tenderness of newborn grief.

"I did not think of them. I never thought of anything, only——"

She broke off and covered her face with both hands.

"Only that he loved you. Has young Mr. Savage told you this, Anna?"

"I don't know. Yes, it seems to me as if he had. How dark everything is growing. This room is black and shabby. I wonder he could ever come here. I remember, now, the boys were playing with oyster-shells when he came in, and they had no shoes on, poor, little fellows! He never would have said those things to me here. Never, never!"

Anna buried her face in the old lady's cap, and that little, withered hand began to smooth her hair with gentle touches of affection, that went directly to the young heart.

"Be quiet, be patient, my dear child. What have I said that you should sink into such despair?"

Anna lifted her head, and put the hair back from her eyes with both hands.

"Oh, grandmother! what do you mean?"

"Only this, my dear. If the young man loves you, the obstacles which I have pointed out will be overcome; for as there is nothing on this earth so pure as love, neither is there anything so powerful. Through the strong affection which a mother feels for her son, even that proud lady may yield. Do not let the poverty of this room, or of your dress, weigh too heavily upon you. It is well that he should have seen you thus at first; and remember, a modest, good girl, well-informed, and well-mannered, is the match of any man in a country like ours."

"Dear grandmother!" exclaimed Anna, gratefully.

"Now tell me," said the old lady, "what did this young man say to you?"

"Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell. Every word is in my heart; but I could as soon give you the perfume from a rose as repeat them understandingly. I know that it is true; but that is all."

"And enough, if it, indeed, prove true. But listen, I think it is the boys coming home."

Yes, it was Robert and Joseph rushing up stairs with unusual impetuosity. You might have known by their deer-like leaps up the

steps, and the joyous struggle to outstrip each other, that there was good news on their lips.

"Oh, grandmother! we've done it! We're men of business, both of us. Four dollars a week for me, and Josey unlimited, but magnificent. He's got a voice. I wish you could hear him. Twenty-five cents, clear cash, in an hour. That newsboy wouldn't touch a cent of it. Oh! he's a capital fellow, a gentleman every inch of him—that is, in heart. He got me that place; he's been a benefactor to me, a prince, a first-rate fellow! Kiss Joe, grandmother, I'm getting a little too large; but, but—no, I'm not. I shall die and shake up if somebody don't kiss me. Only think, four dollars a week. Hurrah!"

Robert flung his new cap up to the ceiling, and leaped after it with the spring of an antelope. Joseph had both arms around his grandmother's neck, and was pressing the twenty-five cent note upon her.

"It's all mine, every cent. You and Anna can spend it between you; buy new dresses with it, or shawls, or a pretty bonnet for Anna. Don't be afraid, I can earn more—lots and lots more. He's going to give me some of the papers that have pictures on them to sell; perhaps father's pictures may be among them. He didn't think that I should ever sell the beautiful things he made, did he? But I shall, and it will make me so proud to see people admiring them. Kiss me, grandma, and say that you're glad."

"I am very glad that you come home so happy, my children—but what is it all about?" said the grandmother, kissing Joseph on his pure white forehead, while she reached forth her hand to Robert.

"Oh! it's just this. I'm engaged as an errand-boy in a first-rate house for four dollars a week; and Joseph there—who'd believe it of the little shaver—has got a newspaper route ready for him; and he's ready for it. Between us we mean to support you and Anna first-rate, and dress her up till she looks like a pink. I mean to get her a velvet cloak, like that Miss Halstead had on at the fair, the very first thing, and long, gold ear-rings, and—and everything. Indeed, I do. Don't we, Joseph?"

"That's just what I told grandma when I gave her that twenty-five cent bill," said Joseph, magnificently. "Said I, get dresses and shawls with it. Didn't I, grandma?"

The grandmother smiled tenderly, smoothed his hair with her palm.

"And who is it that you are engaged with, Robert?" she said; "you have not told us anything yet."

"No, I haven't. I wonder what's the matter with me? It's with Gould & Co. Splendid, I can tell you. Warehouse, as they call it, a hundred feet long. Oh, Anna! I wish you could see the young gentleman—he is splendid. But, grandma, what is the matter with you? How white you are! How your poor hands shake! Dear me, what is the matter?"

The old lady's head had fallen forward on her bosom; the borders of her cap quivered like a white poppy in the wind. She grasped some folds of her dress with one hand, as if to steady its trembling.

"Grandma, what is the matter?"

The old lady lifted her wan face, and looked at the eager boy bending over her vaguely, as if she did not quite know him.

"Oh! grandma, grandma! what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing!" gasped those pale lips. "Never, never mind me, children, I am not—not very well."

Anna, who had taken off her bonnet and shawl, came forward now, and, taking the old woman in her arms, laid her head on her bosom.

"She is tired, Robert; your good news has taken her unawares. Grandmother is not strong."

"I—I didn't mean to hurt her," said Robert, penitently. "Who would have thought it?"

"You have not hurt me, dear," answered the faint old voice. "See, I am better now."

"Wouldn't a cup of tea do her good?" whispered Joseph. "It almost always does."

"That's a bright idea," cried Robert. "Fill the tea-kettle, Joe, while I make a fire. Dear me, who's that, I wonder?"

A knock at the door had startled the little group, for such sounds seldom interrupted them in their garret-room.

Robert opened the door, and a young man, whom Joseph recognized at once, stepped into the room, lifting his hat as he entered.

"I beg pardon," he said, glancing around the apartment; but chancing to see my young friend there—pointing to Joseph—enter this house, I ventured to follow. We entered into a little negotiation regarding some fine sewing, which I am anxious to complete. Is this young lady the sister you spoke of, young gentleman?"

Joseph retreated slowly toward his grandmother, and stood looking at the stranger, turning white and red, like the frightened child he was.

"She is my sister," cried Robert, flinging down a handful of kindling-wood on the hearth,

and coming forward. "But just now I can support her handsomely myself, on what Mr. Gould pays me. He wouldn't have followed me home like that. We are very much obliged; but sister Anna has all the fine work she can do, and never takes anything of the kind from gentlemen—at any rate, unless they are very particular friends, indeed," added the boy, with a blush, remembering that Anna had done some work of the kind for young Savage, and seemed to enjoy the doing of it very much, indeed.

"Then your sister does, sometimes, accept such work as I offer?" said the young man, bowing to Anna. "I am glad to hear that, it saves me from feeling quite like an intruder. May I hope, young lady, that you will make me one of the exceptions?"

"She don't want any work," interposed Robert, coloring crimson. "I've got an idea above that for her, and I mean to carry it out, too. Our Anna, sir, is a lady, if she does live up here under the roof."

"No one could doubt that for a moment," answered Ward, casting a glance of warm admiration on the young girl.

Here the old lady arose, still pale, but gently self-possessed.

"Will you be seated," she said, with quiet dignity, "and let us understand what it is that you desire of us? My grandson seems to have met you before."

"Yes, grandma, I saw the gentleman at Gould & Co.'s, and he seemed as if he would like them not to take me; hinted that I wouldn't carry a lot of money from one person to another honestly, and hurt my feelings generally. I don't know what he wants to come here for."

Here Joseph gave his grandmother's dress a pull, and whispered as she bent toward him, "It was he who paid me the twenty-five cents. Give it back to him—give it back to him."

The old lady patted his head, and turned to the stranger.

"If I understand, you wish to have some sewing done, and thinking my grandchild wants work, bring it to her. We are much obliged; but she is very busy just now, and it will be impossible for her to undertake anything more than she has on hand."

"But at some future time, madam," said the young man. "I can wait."

"It will be impossible to promise for the future," answered the old lady; "as the persons who employ my child now must always have the preference. Perhaps we had better think no more about it."

Ward did not rise, but sat balancing his hat

by the rim between both hands. He evidently wished to prolong the interview; but the old lady stood quietly as if she expected him to go, and he could not muster hardihood enough to brave her even with a show of extra politeness. All this time Anna had not spoken a word, but sat by the window, looking out like one in a dream. Even the intrusion of this strange man could not drive her from the heaven of her thoughts.

Ward arose, almost awkwardly, for the gentle breeding of that sweet old lady had been a severe rebuke to the audacious ease with which he had entered the room.

"Then I will take leave," he said, glancing at Anna, who was far away in her first love-dream, and did not even see him. "Of course, I am disappointed; but will hope better success when I call again."

No one answered him; and the young man went his way crest-fallen and bitterly annoyed. He had certainly found out where the young girl lived, still nothing but humiliation had come out of it. Gould, too, had almost snubbed him that morning. The thousand-dollar note was some compensation for that; but these people in the garret, poor and proud—how should he avenge himself on them? How debase the pride that had so humbled him? As he went down stairs, a paper on one side of the outer door attracted his attention. A room to let—that was all; but it struck the young man with a most wicked idea.

"Inquire in the front room, first story," he muttered. "Yes, I'll do it now; that will give me a right to go in and out when I please."

He went into the front room, first story, and came out with a key in his hand, remounted the stairs, and entered a room directly beneath that occupied by the Burns family. It was a mean room, scantily furnished, looking out on the chimneys and back yards, which have already been described. But the glimpse of blue sky and a rich sunset, which could be obtained from the upper window, was broken up by flaunting clothes-lines and bare walls here. A more lonely place could not well have been found.

But young Ward cared nothing for this. A paltry lie had secured him a legal foothold in the house. How he would use that privilege would be developed in the future. He had vague ideas, but no plans. The people up stairs had attempted to freeze him from the house, and he would teach them that it could not be done. That was about all he calculated on at the time.

Ward went back into the front room, first

story, where he found a tall, gaunt woman seated in a Boston rocking-chair, working vigorously on some woollen garment which she called slop-work. She wore no hoop, and her scant dress fell short at the ankles, revealing a pair of men's slippers, which had once been red-morocco, and a glimpse of coarse yarn stockings.

"Well," she said, pressing the side of her steel thimble against the eye of her needle, as she took a vigorous stitch, "sulted with the premises, or not? Would a gone up with you, only hadn't time. Ten cents a-piece for a blouse like this don't give a woman many play spells."

"I like the room, and will pay two months' rent in advance," said Ward, taking out his Porte-Monnaie.

"Then that's settled," answered the woman, nodding her head as he laid the money down. "Good-day! Good-day!"

## CHAPTER XII.

MISS ELIZA HALSTEAD was very eccentric in her drive about town that day. She had some shopping to do, but forgot it entirely, for the first time in her life. Miss Eliza had a taste for that especial amusement; and it must have been an absorbing passion that could have drawn it from her mind. As it was, Chestnut street saw but little of the Halstead carriage that day; but it appeared in parts of the town where such equipages seldom presented themselves; threaded cross-streets, and drove slowly by tenement-houses, astonishing the children that played on the door-steps, and chased each other along the unswept sidewalks. Once or twice Miss Eliza left her carriage and examined the numbers of these houses herself, rather than trust the coachman to leave his horses. This singular conduct disturbed the serenity of this high potentate, who muttered his indignation to the air, and lashed little boys with his whip, as if they had been to blame for bringing him into a neighborhood which revolted every aristocratic sense of his nature. Miss Eliza, too, held up her skirts as she crossed the pavements, and threaded the sidewalks with an air of infinite disdain; but comforted herself by reflecting that the people who saw her would believe that some noble purpose of charity had brought her there; and, to strengthen this idea, she took a showy Porte-Monnaie from her pocket and tangled its gold chain in her gloved fingers, which was suggestive of unbounded benevolence searching in the highways and hedges for objects of charity.

Miss Eliza was a good deal puzzled by all the numbers, which she found contradicting each other along the battered doors, and was about to abandon the exploration, when she saw a young man leave one of the houses, and walk down the block, as if in haste to leave the neighborhood.

"That is young Ward, I'll stake anything," said Miss Eliza, leaning out of the carriage she had just entered. "What on earth can he be doing there?"

Young Ward did not notice her, but turned a corner and disappeared; but Eliza had taken a correct survey of the house, and ordering the coachman to drive slowly by it, took the number in her memory.

"She came down this block and darted into a door somewhere close by this very place, I'll be sworn to that," muttered the spinstress. "Savage kept by her side almost to the corner. They must have walked together a full hour, and he with his head bent half the time—the artful creature. I wonder if he knows that she left him to meet this handsome young gambler in that place? Oh! it's all true! That boy in the door is her brother, one of the barefooted creatures who stood in the picture of 'a soldier's home.' There is no mistake about the thing now. Jacob! I say, Jacob! You may drive home!"

Jacob muttered heavily under his breath, and, seeing a long space of broken pavement, avenged his outraged dignity by driving through it so roughly that the carriage rocked and toiled in the ruts like some ship in a storm. Liking the faint screams that came from within the carriage, Jacob resolved to give his lady the full benefit of the neighborhood she had forced him into; so he lost his way, and drove around in a circle, where the squalid children were thickest along the side-walks, and women with naked arms, sometimes dripping with soap-suds, thrust their heads from the windows, wondering at the splendor of her equipage. But Jacob revolted himself at this amusement, after a little, and drove back to a level with aristocracy again, after which he condescended to take a tolerably straight line for home.

Miss Eliza went into her step-brother's house in a state of sublime exaltation. Two distinct tints of red flushed her cheeks; her pale blue eyes darkened and gleamed. Up the steps she ran, and into the house, eager to unbosom herself of the secret that possessed her. Some feline instinct carried her directly to the little room in which Georgiana Halstead spent her leisure hours, and where she then was some-

what lonely and dispirited. Georgie had kept much by herself during the last few days, for a gentle sadness had fallen upon her, such as loving hearts know when locked up with anxious suspense.

It was a beautiful room which the girl occupied, half library, half boudoir, warmed with the mellow sunshine, and bright with tasteful ornaments. The walls were wainscoted with black walnut, enriched with gilded beading, and the ceiling was crossed with beams of the same dark wood, giving an antique air to the whole. The floor was also of polished walnut, which a Persian carpet, bright with scarlet and green, left exposed at the edges. Turkish chairs, and a pretty couch, all cushions and crimson silk, gave warmth to the dark shades of the wall, while crimson curtains imparted to them a double richness when the sun shone through them. Mosaic tables blended these commingling shades harmoniously. A harp, that seemed one net-work of gold, stood in one corner. A guitar, around which clustered a wreath of gold and mother-of-pearl, lay upon the couch; and superbly bound books were scattered on the tables. But all these had given no happiness to pretty Georgiana, who lay huddled together in one of the Turkish chairs, pale as a lily, and with soft bluish shadows deepening under her eyes. Whoever the man was that she grieved about, I think he never could have resisted so much tender loveliness, had he seen Georgie then, with her hair disturbed and rippling, half in ringlets, half in waves, shading her face here and revealing it there, absolutely rendering her one of the most interesting creatures in the world. A morning dress of very pale green merino, with some swans'-down about the neck and sleeves, lay in soft folds around her. She had been crying, poor girl! and the dew of her tears hung on those long, curling lashes, which were brown, and several shades darker than her golden hair.

Georgie heard Miss Eliza's step, and wiped the tears away quickly with her hand, starting up and holding her breath, like a white hare afraid of being driven from its covert, as the rustle of silk drew nearer and nearer.

"Oh, you are here yet! I fancied so," cried Miss Eliza, flinging open the door, and sweeping into the room with a rush and flutter which always accompanied her movements; "and in that morning dress, too, intensely interesting. But do you know it is almost dinner-time?"

"I was not going down to dinner, aunt Eliza," answered Georgie; "my head aches a little, I think."

"What, have your dinner sent up? Why, child, this is putting on airs!"

"No, I am not putting on airs, aunt Eliza."

"Aunt Eliza!" How often am I to tell you that I detest the title; besides, it does not belong to me. I am aunt to no one, certainly not to a person who has not a single drop of my blood in her veins."

"I am sorry to have used the word; excuse me," said Georgie, with child-like sweetness. "I never wish to offend you, Miss Eliza."

"No one wishes to offend me; and yet—no matter, I came to tell you something, but I dare say it will only set you off into hysterics, or something of that kind. I have made a discovery, a painful, heart-rending discovery. It ought not to concern you, but you have a woman's heart and can sympathize with me."

"What, what has happened?" cried Georgie, sitting up, and turning her eyes full upon Miss Eliza. "Nothing very serious, I hope."

"That depends," answered the spinster, sitting down on the floor with a swoop of her garments that raised a little whirlwind around them, and leaning her elbow on Georgiana's lap. This was a favorite position with Miss Eliza when the spirit of extreme youthfulness grew strong within her. "That depends on the susceptibility of the heart that is wounded. Oh, child! may you never be gifted with those exquisite feelings which make up that heavenly thing called genius in a human soul; but without that you can never know how I suffer, how the pride of suppressed tenderness struggles in this soul!"

Georgiana had heard these intense rhapsodies before, and knew what trifling occasions could bring them forth. She closed her eyes wearily, and laid her head back on the cushions of the chair, waiting in weary patience for the explanation that might be long in coming.

"No wonder you sigh; no wonder the lids droop over your eyes. My own are full of unshed tears. But I must be brave. I will be brave, and struggle against the destiny that threatens me."

Georgiana sighed a little wearily and moved

back in her seat, for Miss Eliza's arm pressed heavily upon her.

"Is there—is there a man on earth that may be trusted, who is not ready to break the heart that confides in him?"

Georgiana shrank back from the prying glance fixed upon her, and strove against the thrill of pain that passed over her.

"Whom are you speaking of, Miss Eliza?" she inquired, in a faint voice.

"Of the man whom you, weak, silly thing, have loved vainly; and I—oh! too well—too well! He is faithless, like the rest—cruelly, cruelly faithless—I saw it with my own eyes. After that scene in the carriage, too, when my hand rested in the firm clasp of his; when his eyes met all the maidenly tenderness that flooded mine. Oh, Georgiana! that was a heavenly moment; but the earthquake has come; the tornado is passed, and my heart lies a wreck under his feet.

'He may break—he may ruin the vase, if he will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.'

Here Miss Eliza took out her cobweb of a handkerchief, and wiped some mythical tears from her pale, gray eyes. Then grasping the handkerchief tightly in her hand, she cried out, "But you cannot feel. He never loved you, never encouraged your love."

Georgiana started up, and shook the arm from her lap with some impatience.

"Who are you talking about? What does all this mean?" she said.

"It means," said Eliza, gathering herself up from the floor, "that the man you love to idolatry—but who loves me in spite of everything—is fascinated with that girl who played Rebecca in that hideous tableau. I saw them walking together a whole hour this very day, his face bent to hers, her hand clasping his arm."

Georgiana sunk to her chair again white and faint.

"Aunt Eliza, please let me rest a little, I am not well, you know." Tears were in her voice, tears trembled on her eyelashes. Eliza was satisfied, and went out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MISSING.

He comes not; we have watched the green leaves springing  
Upon the maple-trees, beneath whose shade,  
Glad as the blue-bird in its branches singing,  
Our soldier brother in his childhood played.

He comes not yet; though, while those boughs were leafless,  
Peace o'er our bleeding land her mantle sung;  
And now November tears the crimson banner,  
October on the maple-trees had hung.

He comes not, yet we seem about to meet him,  
If we but hear the murmur of the breeze;  
And, oh! how many times we've sprung to greet him,  
When leaves have rustled on the maple-trees.

He comes not; how 'twould ease this ceaseless aching  
If he but slept with kindred 'neath the hill;  
They rest in peace, but our sad hearts are breaking  
Because of him—for he is missing still.

R. B.

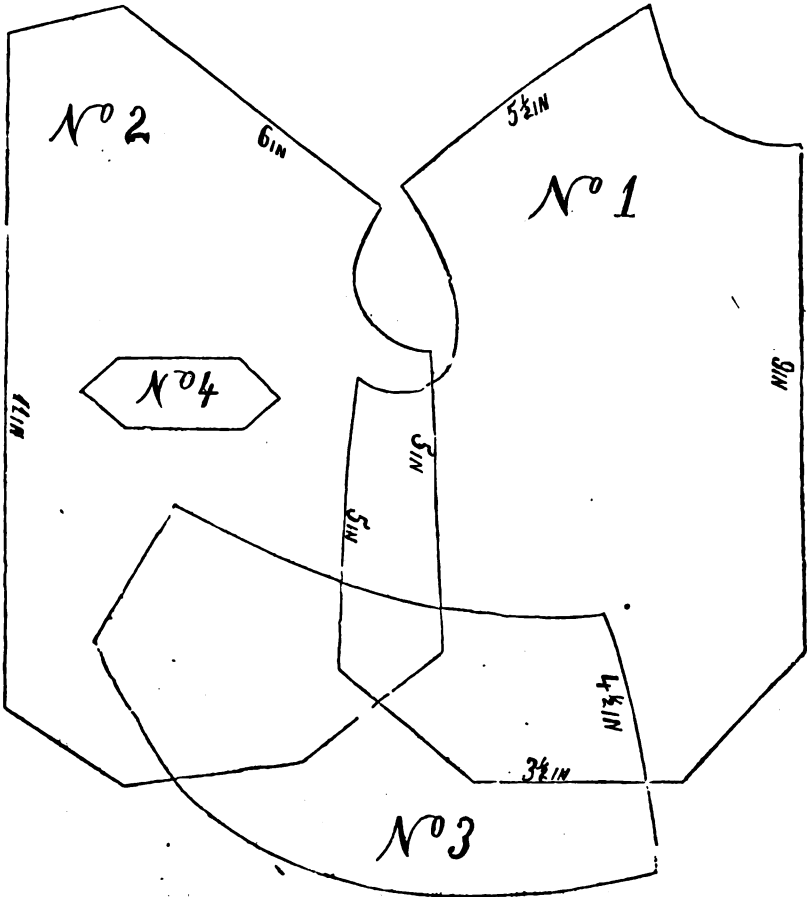
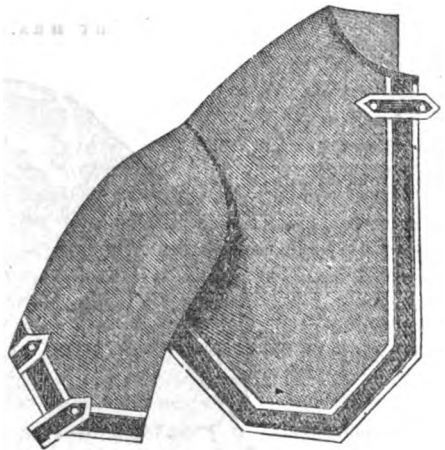
# LITTLE BOY'S JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS neat little affair is made of a plain-colored cashmere, and is trimmed with blue velvet, or blue cashmere. It is cut, in the back, exactly as in front, only a little shorter. The sleeve is open for a little distance on the back.

- No. 1. ONE FRONT.
- No. 2. HALF THE BACK.
- No. 3. HALF THE SLEEVE.
- No. 4. STRAP FOR SLEEVE AND FRONT.

This makes a very pretty jacket, at a small expense, and with comparatively little trouble. The accompanying diagram will more fully and clearly explain the arrangement for cutting the jacket. In our next number we will give a design for a little boy's pantaloons, and accompany it with a diagram. The two together will make a very neat and becoming suit.





## CROCHET SONTAG WITH EPAULETS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Six ounces of six-thread fleecy ; one ounce of Berlin wool.

The foundation is worked in plain tricot with six-thread fleecy, or double German wool, and a wooden tricot hook.

The border is worked on a bone hook with single Berlin wool. The middle may be scarlet, with a gray or black border. This must, of course, depend upon the taste of the wearer.

To increase a stitch, 1 loop in the first line of the same row must be drawn through the chain-stitch between the two long stitches lying just above in the preceding row.

For decreasing—In the second line of a row, 2 stitches must be taken together; consequently, in the first line of the following row there will be only 1 loop drawn through the doublestitches.

The foundation is begun at the under part of the back by a chain of 5 stitches, in which 5 stitches are worked for the 1st row. Afterward increase, regularly, at the beginning and end of a line in every row between the stitches lying next but one to the edge, as far as the 33rd row,

in which there will be 71 stitches; then alternately work 1 row increasing, and 1 row without increasing, as far as the 43rd row, which must contain 81 stitches. Then work 3 rows without increasing or decreasing; then count in the middle 7 stitches for the neck, and work in the 37 stitches that remain on both sides for the two front parts; then work the 3 first rows of the front part without increasing or decreasing. Now begin the decreasing that is required for the shape, which, like the increasing, must always take place at the stitches next the edges, and always on the inner side of the part for the throat; and the outer side or shoulder must be done in plain crochet. Now decrease 1 stitch 14 times in every 3rd row; \* crochet after every decreasing 2 rows plain, so that in the 43rd row of the front part there must be 23 stitches on the needle. Then work, alternately, 1 row plain and 1 row decreasing, as before explained, to the 72nd row, which must then consist of 8 stitches. Crochet these 8 stitches regularly, decreasing in every row until there is but 1 left,

which forms a point. Now that the Sontag is finished, work one row of double crochet round it to keep it in shape.

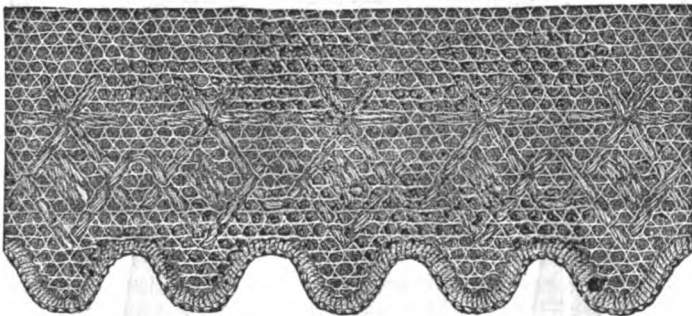
**DIRECTIONS FOR THE BORDER.**—The border must be done very loosely, and with a strong hook.

Cast on 6 stitches, crochet in these 6 double stitches, then turn the work and do 8 long stitches for the vandyke; then in every stitch of the preceding row 1 double stitch, always pushing both of the uppermost threads of the stitch in front. In the following row, as well as for all the remaining rows, crochet 8 chain-stitches at the beginning; put, however, each of the double stitches into the hinder part of the 2 uppermost threads of a double stitch in the preceding row; in the next row into the front one, and in the following row into the back one again; and so on, regularly changing. Consequently, one side of the work presents nothing but seams; on the other side nothing of the sort is visible, as appears in the design. Crochet the stripe that has little vandykes on both sides. The larger leaf-like vandykes will be added afterward by a long row to reach the armhole from the front point of the Sontag. In the next row, after the 6 double stitches, increase in the first chain of the outer vandyke, and in the following row increase 1 stitch, so that the stripe will be 8 double stitches broad. Crochet in these 30 rows for the epaulets; then decrease the double stitches to six, which is the breadth of the trimming round the back.

On the other side of the epaulet, toward the front, the width must be reduced to 6 stitches; the trimming on the inner edge must be only 5 stitches wide. The vandykes, which complete the outer edge, are made on the seam side of the work on the left side of the border, as follows:—1 double stitch in the middle of 3 chain-stitches of the next vandyke, then 1 chain, 1 long stitch in the middle between 2 vandykes of the outer edge; then 3 chain 1 single, 5 chain, 1 single, 3 chain, 1 single, so that 3 scallops, formed by the chain-stitches, are taken all together in both of the upper threads of the completed long-stitch, and form a figure like a clover-leaf; then follow 1 chain-stitch, then 1 double in the next vandyke. This is always repeated. The trimming is sewed round the Sontag in such a manner that the narrow part upon the inner edge lies completely on the foundation, whilst the outer broad trimming (the half of it) passes over the foundation. Upon the shoulders, in the middle loop of each clover-leaf, tassels made of wool are fastened upon the shoulders. They must be gradually shortened, toward the sides, to form the epaulets, as may be seen in the design. For the termination, fasten 2 loops at the point at the back; at each of the front points 1 loop. Crochet a girdle with double wool in chain-stitch—one thread the color of the foundation, and the other that of the trimming. Then put on woolen tassels, the same color as the Sontag, at the ends, to tie the Sontag round the waist.

## EDGE IN TULLE.

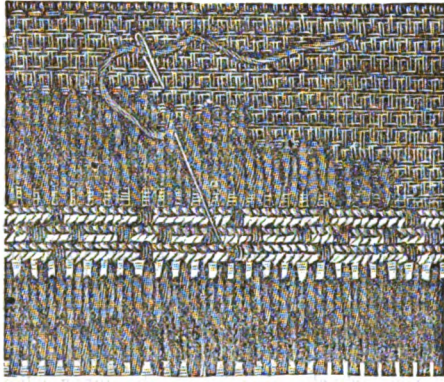
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



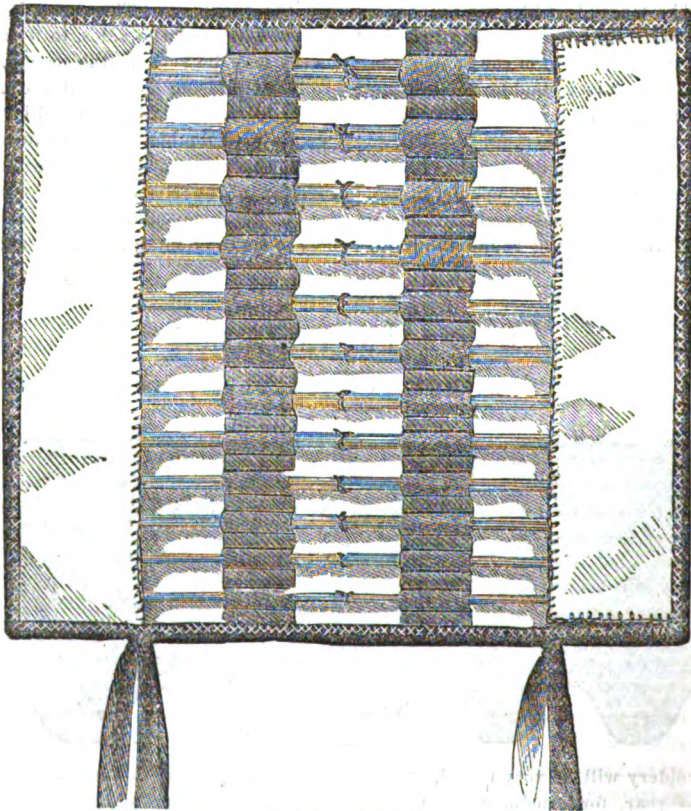
This embroidery will be very useful, at this season of the year, for ornamenting evening dresses for young ladies. The work is quickly done. The design must be transferred to paper, the paper tacked upon something stiff, the tulle placed over it, and the embroidery should be worked with a short darning-needle and floss silk. White silk is usually selected; but colored silk on white tulle would, also, make a very pretty trimming.

# KNITTING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



A PIECE of canvas, the quality shown in design No. 1, a quarter of a yard in length and ten and a half inches wide, is required for the outer side of the case. This case must be lined with white or colored flannel of the same size. A pocket of flannel protects the ends of the needles on the left side, (see design No. 2,) and a flap is stitched on the right side. The flap and pocket are worked round in button-hole stitch with silk of a contrasting color; the

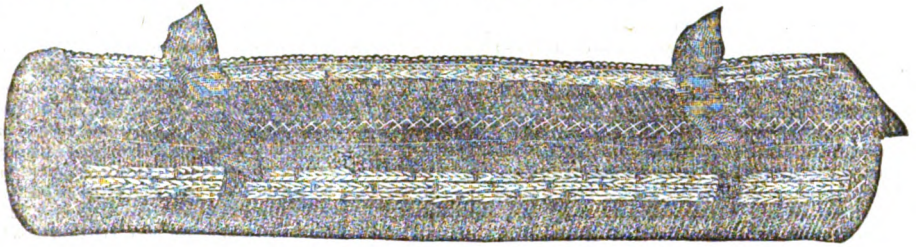


KNITTING-CASE OPEN.

outer edges of the pocket and flap are bound in with the outside of the case. Before the

flannel is fitted to the outside, two bands of silk or ribbon are stitched down, at equal distances, to hold the sets of needles which are shown in design No. 2, each set tied with a little cord before they are placed in the case. The edge of the case is bound all round with a piece of ribbon velvet; and a herring-bone pattern is worked at the edge of the flannel to match the button-hole edge of the pocket and flap. Design No. 1 gives the pattern for the outside of the case—two shades of wool are used for each stripe of the long-stitch. The pattern between is formed by three rows of the finest straw braid, fastened down by cross-stitches of wool;

or silk braid, if preferred, may be used for these stitches. If any difficulty is found in obtaining the narrow straw braid, silk braid, fastened down by the wool, is a very good substitute. A very pretty case may be made by using two shades of scarlet wool, white straw braid, with black wool for the cross-stitches; the binding of black velvet, and the lining of white flannel, stitched with scarlet silk. Two pieces of scarlet ribbon are required, fastened at the edge, as seen in design No. 2, to tie up the case when complete. The design, No. 1, which is a very pretty one, may be used for slippers, bags, etc.



KNITTING-CASE, CLOSED

## CROCHET TRIMMING FOR PALETOTS, JACKETS, MANTLES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Silk cord; polished beads; and a fine crochet-hook.

This pretty and simple trimming may be done either in black or colors; it is very strong, and is worked lengthwise.

First thread the cord with beads; make a chain of the length you require the trimming to be; crochet a double stitch into each stitch of the chain. This is the middle of the trimming. The two following rows are worked

on each side of the double and foundation chain.

4 chain, \* 1 treble, with a bead in the front of it, into the third chain of previous row; 2 chain, 1 treble, with bead, into third chain. Repeat from \* throughout the row. This row is worked on each side.

Outer row: 1 double over each treble of preceding row; 5 chain, 1 double. Repeat throughout the row. Work this row on the other side.

## SMOKING-CAP IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our colored plate, for this month, gives a beautiful design for a Smoking-Cap in application. The foundation of the cap is to be of emerald green velvet, and the design, an application, may be either white velvet, dotted with jet beads, or black velvet, dotted with gold beads. Cut out the application, and gum it on

carefully, fastening it in place with button-hole stitch done in sewing-silk the color of the beads which are used. If gold beads are used, yellow silk; if jet beads, black silk. Observe to make the stitches of an even length, and at equal distances apart. Line the cap with quilted silk, and finish with a handsome tassel.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**RAILROAD TRAVELING.**—The perils of railroad traveling have become proverbial. The want of politeness among railroad travelers threatens to become equally so. It is not long since we saw a full-grown lad occupy the seats of three persons, in a crowded train, all the way from Albany to Springfield. His mother was traveling with him. On entering the cars, the pair seized on two benches, turning the back of one so that it faced the other. The mother took the half of one bench, placing herself nearest the passage-way. The son seated himself directly opposite to her, but turning his shoulder to the passage-way, and with his feet extended and resting on the seat beside his parent. When a stranger came in, and began to seek for a seat, the son was industriously looking toward the window, and did not notice the new arrival. The mother ignored any one entering quite as effectually. As the conductor did not interfere, this precious pair had things their own way for several hours.

And such exhibitions of selfishness are seen daily. Quiet persons prefer standing to "making a fuss," as it is called, on such occasions. Hence the ill-bred give the law to railroad cars. Nor is this want of politeness confined to men. If anything, women are greater offenders. It has grown so common for a woman to monopolize a whole bench, by placing a basket, or satchel, on the seat beside her, that, practically, female travelers have come to think, in very great numbers, that it is ill-bred for anybody to ask for the place. Sometimes this is shown by the flirt of the dress, when a new-comer insists on taking the seat. But more often the woman looks daggers at any one who stops at the spot; so that, unless the traveler is a woman, also, and as resolute as herself, it ends by her maintaining her monopoly. We have frequently seen half a dozen persons standing, on a hot summer day, when half a dozen seats were thus illegally appropriated.

We say illegally; for as no traveler pays for more than one seat, to one seat only is the traveler entitled. So long as the cars are comparatively empty, the rights of others are not violated by monopolizing a whole bench; and it is natural that travelers should wish to be as comfortable as possible, and not have strangers next to them. But when a train is full, any attempt to retain more than one seat is a fraud on those who stand. Railroad-directors are not without blame in the matter. They should insist on their conductors seeing fair-play as between travelers; and they should, also, take care to provide sitting room for every person. Selfishness on the part of a railroad company begets selfishness on the part of railroad travelers. But, after all, the meanness of directors does not justify impoliteness on the part of travelers. No real lady, or gentleman, will consent to occupy more than one seat when other persons are standing. Let us see how people act in cars, and we can tell whether they are well-bred, or the reverse.

IN THIS NUMBER we begin the new novellet, by the author of "Eusy L—'s Diary." We think it the best story that popular author ever wrote. It will be impossible to read "The Old Mill of Amoskeag," without feeling that the author is a thoroughly good woman, who uses her pen, and the talents which God has given her, not merely to interest her readers, but to instruct them, also. We may say this, in a peculiar degree, of another writer, the author of "The Second Life," whose powerful novellet, "The Stolen Bond," was concluded in our May number.

**THE BEST WAY OF FRYING.**—Probably no other method of cooking is so common, at least in the United States, as frying. This is because it takes but little time, is laudable, and is economical. Very little fire is required for the process, but that little must be clear and free from smoke. Success in frying is rarely attained, however, owing to want of cleanliness and careful preparation. The process of frying is so simple in itself, that most servants who undertake plain cooking give the work scarcely any thought, save at the time when the article to be fried is actually in the pan. Some previous care is, however, necessary. Whatever is to be fried, whether fish or meat, should be perfectly dry. This can only be done by wrapping the viand in a coarse, clean cloth for some hours before cooking. As fish is more generally fried than meat, the following observations have especial reference to that subject. In the first place, the frying-pan should not only be perfectly clean, but thoroughly hot through. To ensure its being so, it is a good plan to boil a small quantity of the same kind of fat as that which is to be used, and afterward to wipe out the pan with a clean, coarse cloth. The dripping, lard, or oil, may then be put into the pan, and when at boiling heat will be ready to receive whatever is to be fried. To ascertain whether the fat is at proper heat, a piece of lard, about the size of a walnut, should be thrown in. If the bread browns immediately the heat will be sufficient. If not, time must be given for the fat to become boiling hot. If the fat be not at boiling heat the fish will be pale, and wanting in crispness. The boiling fat should be skimmed with a clean fish-slice. When the fish is first put into the pan it will require quietly moving to prevent its sticking to the bottom. When the under-side is sufficiently done, which may be ascertained by carefully raising and observing the thickest part of the fish, it must be turned. This is done by placing a fork into the head of the fish, and supporting the tail with a slice. Somewhat less time will be required to cook the latter half than the former. When removed from the pan ordinary cooks consider fish is ready to be sent to table. From ten to fifteen minutes, however, should be allowed for drying, without which the most carefully fried fish or meat will be greasy and sodden in appearance. The best mode of drying consists in laying the fish on a sieve turned upside, and covered with an old, soft, damask cloth. Old table-cloths, which are past any other service, are most useful for this purpose. The fish should be placed in front of the fire and turned till perfectly crisp. Fried bread-crumbs, parsley, or any other kind of garnish, require the same treatment, otherwise they are simply vehicles for soddened fat. Stale fish, however carefully cooked, never becomes crisp.

As frying is simply boiling in fat, it is necessary to have sufficient in the pan to cover whatever is to be fried. Clarified dripping, especially beef, is sufficiently good for most purposes; but if it be intended to use it for this purpose, the dripping should not be allowed to remain exposed to the heat of the fire during the whole time a joint is roasting. Gradually, as the dripping is formed, it should be set aside in a clean basin, otherwise much of the strength is lost, and whatever is fried in it will not look brown. Many families, who are particular about fried meats, have beef suet shred and melted expressly for this purpose. Next to dripping, in cheapness, is lard; and the most expensive, but also the best fat for frying purposes, is olive oil. Whatever fat is used need not be thrown away; if allowed to settle in the pan, after having been used, it will answer the same purpose over and over again, if strained

in a clean, dry basin. Many cooks are fond of using butter for frying, but, without extreme care, butter is apt to burn and give a dark color to whatever is fried in it. Butter is suitable for fried steaks, and lard-fat for liver. Salt in the frying-pan prevents meat and fish from browning.

**SOAP-SUDS FOR GARDENS.**—Soap-suds, although generally deemed only fit for being run off into the common sewer in the easiest and most expeditious manner possible, are, nevertheless, highly beneficial vegetable stimulants, as well as useful insect preventives. Hence they should never be wasted, more especially by parties having gardens, or even washing greens, as their application to the ground, whether in winter or summer, will show beneficially not only on ordinary vegetable crops, but also on berry-bushes, shrubs, border-flowers, and even window-pot plants; while if poured or syringed over roses, cabbages, etc., they will prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous doings of green-fly and caterpillars.

**OUR DOUBLE MAMMOTH FASHION-PLATES** are still pronounced the most beautiful, as well as the most reliable, which appear in any magazine. The present one, we think, is prettier than most pictures. One of our editors is now in Paris arranging for these and other novelties, so as to keep "Peterson" in advance of everything of its kind.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, THE MICK WILL PLAY," is an illustration that tells its own story. Very few of our readers but have witnessed something like it, or participated in just such a scene.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lucy Arlyn.* By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Upon *Spiritualism*—a superstition darker and deadlier than Buddhism—Mr. Trowbridge has built up his story. He assumes the position of manager of the stage, creates his puppets, provides them with language, scenes, and incidents, takes his place at the wing, and rings up the curtain. He tacitly says to his audience, "I am only a spectator, as you are, of these mysteries. I don't understand their solution, and if you do, explain it to me." But Mr. Trowbridge is more than spectator of his puppets—he is a believer in them, and would make all his audience believers too. Now if it be good to believe, according to the cant of spiritualism, that the veil of the temple of human knowledge is rent, and the curtain is lifted—that the dead are no more at rest, but harnessed to tipping tables, and that we mortals stand in the visible presence of God, then the meaning of this book is good; and if not, then the book is a bad one; and all the worse, that it is written with great naturalness, with vivid earnestness, and with wondrous semblance of truth, altogether the worse in its capacity for evil, for the undeniable genius, the sustained power, and fatal energy of probability the author has thrown into it.

*Broken to Harness.* By Theodore Yates. Boston: Loring.—This novel will be chiefly enjoyed for the spirited pictures it presents of literary and club life in London. The author, with a single exception, exhibits no special power of character-painting, nor are his incidents or plots very exciting. As a whole, the story reaches no very high excellence, and, as we before said, it must rely for success upon its pictures of London life.

*Maxwell Dewell.* By F. G. Trafford. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This reprint is so good a novel of Irish life, evincing so high an order of talent, that we are surprised its author was not sooner introduced to American readers. It is one of the most elevated and healthily-toned books lately issued from the press.

*St. Martin's Summer.* By Anne H. M. Brewster. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This book is the outgrowth of a tour through Italy, and a voyage along the Mediterranean—and let us add, without offence, of a sadly morbid life—a life that would fain find in art, poetry, music, and transcendentalism what is not there, what never will be there, rest and healing for the tired and bruised traveler. For these one must look higher—to that all-sufficient Love which is Christ, to whom, in this book, no prayer is uttered, no appeal made, though the soul of its heroine struggles in dark and troubled waters. The book is like a finely-wrought Florentine mosaic—the tour and the voyage serving only as a background, or setting, for quaint and curious gems of poetry, science and art, and nature; and, through all this, wrought in with skill and feeling, a young girl's love, and what came of it. The author has, in a large degree, the faculty of observation, and the higher power of showing to her readers, in fine dramatic situations and effective lights, the objects of her journey. To read this book is like walking by and through Italy's old cathedrals and palaces, churches and galleries: like walking over and along her mountains and plains, her vineyards and olive gardens. The air of Italy is over all; and whatever is finest in her pictures, architecture, and sculpture, is finely sketched; and about all these there are gracefully thrown criticisms on music and poetry. If Miss Brewster had called her book *An Art Novel*, she would have described it better than its present title does.

*The Gold Brick.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Like good wine, the novels of Mrs. Stephens are productive of both pleasure and excitement. They are, moreover, always successful; for the reason, that while this gifted author is a conscientious follower of nature, she has also that fine artistic sense which teaches that nature, when shown within the lines of art, must be measurably heightened, colored, and enlarged, for a picture of nature never appears so well on a close view as the original; this is the real secret of successful writing—a secret appreciated by such masters of fiction as Dickens and Thackeray. Mrs. Stephens, in the work before us, begins her story in the Southern seas. The night looks down upon the frightful massacre on the shores of St. Domingo, of which a ship's crew in the offing are also silent, helpless spectators. They are powerless to save the great mass of helpless women and children; but two persons they do rescue—a boy and his slave. Upon the fate of this boy the story is built up. It is not our intention to give any further details, and thus deprive our readers of the pleasure awaiting them in the perusal of this story; only we will add, that no previous work of Mrs. Stephens is so full of her peculiar power and genius—none other so absorbing in conception and development.

*Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As the former volumes of this remarkable history passed through the press, we took occasion to express our opinion regarding them. The volume before us is the sixth and last. It opens with the beginning of Frederick's fifth campaign, includes the sixth and seventh, and concludes with the death of Frederick. In conclusion, we add, Carlyle's subject was a fit one for a genius so great as his; and we can no better express our admiration of this noble history, than to pronounce it worthy of the theme which inspired it.

*The Grahames.* A Novel. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead. New York: The American News Company.—The Grahames may justly be considered as inculcating a high moral lesson; for no better example of the deleterious effects of light literature on the mind of author or reader could be found.

*A Child's History of the United States.* By Bonner. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We commend this history as worthy the confidence of parents and guardians.

## HORTICULTURAL.

**Root-Work.**—There are many gardens where one large bed and a border, or a few small beds, are all one can have; and in a small inclosed space these beds are low, shady, and damp. The rock-work plants flourish then when few other things would succeed, and this dispenses with regular "keeping up" more than any other sort of flower-bed, so that a lady can manage it herself pleasantly. But rock-work forced in, in a very highly-kept garden, in the midst of neat flower-beds, or borders of some sort of stone, is most utterly wretched, and out of all kind of keeping.

There are great practical differences to be made in town and country rock-work and root-work. In town, for instance, the latter is nearly or quite inadmissible. Every one must have noticed the apparent discrepancies in the gardening-books—some speaking of old wood as invaluable for a garden, others, again, entreating you to cast it out as poison. Each of these, however, was true in its own place and way. There is no soil in the country to equal decayed wood. The crumpled contents of old trees were invaluable in our gardens, and for green-house plants in the country; but in town old wood is most dangerous: it gets covered with some kind of fibre, and kills and spoils everything it comes near. Burning it is the only way of getting rid of its infection. For towns, then, we must try rock-work—in the country, root-work; and as the former is cold and dampish, and chiefly suited to ferns or mosses, we will go on at once to the country root-work. For this you should secure some sort of drainage. Do not let a great hole in the wood be filled with soil and planted, while there is no possible outlet for the water, which, accumulating after a heavy storm, would not dry up gradually by evaporation, as it does in flower-pots, escaping at the sides, and as it does in beds, from surface evaporation. The thick, moist wood retains it; the plants themselves shadow the surface. What wonder if yellow leaves follow closely on sodden roots, and if the plants die when the roots are rotten?

Chinks and clefts in the wood, holes with some bore or outlet, holes, too, that run down to the ground, are what the plants thrive in. Then, too, there are little holes, too much on the side and too small to be hopelessly soaked—a vigorous plant would consume all the water they could contain. These holes may be made much of, and filled with good leaf mould, and a whole quantity of separate nooks may be thus provided. Then, for planting the clump, let each plant, above all things, have its proper aspect. Ferns, mosses, and Alpine plants, and the beautiful little woodruffe, should be planted to the east and north. People who have seen abroad the extraordinary sort of "soil" in which the Alpine plants, especially, grow, will understand how unhappy they must feel in close, heavy earth, after their shambly, gravelly, porous, stony bed, mixed only here and there with an atom of loam, or of leaf soil. Drainage is thus emphatically the thing Alpine plants require. Amongst these plants we may as well give a list of a few pretty sorts.

*Soldanella alpina*, a little purple flower; *Alyssum saxatile*, little white sprays; *Campanula pumilla alba*; the lovely white hair-bell and the blue hair-bell, also; only these like sun-shine also very much.

*Linaria cymbalaria* and *alba alpina*, two pretty toad-flaxs, one purple and one white; the leaves of the former are lovely for hanging down. Phlox, especially the trailing kinds. *Saponaria ocynoides*, a bright pink flower. Thyme of various sorts, and vinea, or blue, red, and white periwinkles, which grow capitably in chinks, or at the bottom of a clump, trailing half on the grass and half on the roots. Veronicas and forget-me-nots; and last, not least, the various kinds of saxifrage, the old London pride being by no means forgotten amidst these. This list, with ferns and hart's tongue, and plenty of moss, and the *Spergula pilifer*,

which—if not always suitable to supersede grass in lawns, as people once tried to find out it was, is, at least, a charming covering for patches we want greened over—will be, at least, sufficient to give abundant choice of tenants of the north and east of the clump. Try some violets, too, east and west, because when they do grow they grow well thus.

On the west and south sides there are abundant things, also, to choose from of a much gayer nature. It is only white, blue, and yellow that we can get for the shade. Here, however, we may have all kinds of brilliant flowers, only the more brilliant they are the more they want a green frame-work, and the more, very often, their roots require shade. Flowers use an incredible quantity of water. A plant in flower runs dry a few hours after such watering as would at other times content it for many days. And, of course, shade to the roots lessens evaporation. Some of the prettiest are those stumps which have much ivy. They look, also, all the more natural for having it. Now, ivy may "grow on walls;" but its roots require thorough good soil for all that. You will beat get, then, a good growth of ivy by planting in ground that is thoroughly well manured, watering it frequently overhead, and also giving it soap-suds—that best of all manures in the flower-garden—to its roots. The soap-suds keep away insects, instead of increasing their number. You should take a shoot of ivy gently from some wall, finding a piece with a nice little white bunch of unfaded roots. Put these in a hole in the ground, or in a large chink of the wood, and fill up entirely with silver sand. The ivy does best pegged firmly in, and the shoots should be fastened down as they grow, to make them put out roots everywhere.

**A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER-BED.**—Mark out an oval flower-bed, for this will look beautifully in a lawn, or on a large grass-plot. If there is room, it should be eighteen feet long and eleven feet wide, or in those proportions. Get some larch stakes, about three feet long, and two inches and a half in diameter, drive them firmly into the ground, side by side, leaving a foot and a half above the ground as a fence to the bed; fill up the space inside with good mould, and plant outside the stakes common ivy. What a pretty edging this same common ivy forms!

Ivy edgings, by clipping, become as thick as box ones; and if planted around a pond, or where there is much moisture, grow quite rapidly. But to return to the border. The ivy trimming round the stakes will keep them in place, and form a mass of green hold for the planting. In the center of the bed put six scarlet salvias, with a plant of the variegated *salvia fulgens* at each end of this row; encircling them with a row of blue ageratum, and around the ageratum a border of the Frogmore scarlet geranium, then a circle of yellow, (the Sultan calceolaria,) and at the very edge, mixing well with the dark ivy leaf, a row of the white ivy-leaved geranium.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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

## MEATS.

**Breast of Lamb Stewed with Vegetable Marrow.**—Cut a breast of lamb into about half a dozen pieces, and fry them of a pale brown color. Peel a vegetable marrow, remove the seeds, and cut it into slices about half an inch thick; an old marrow will answer as well as a young one. Rub the bottom of a stewpan over with a little butter to prevent it from burning, and put in the vegetable marrow, and over it the lamb, with a seasoning of chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and Cayenne; let it stew very gently for an hour. When it is done, add two table-spoonsful of catchup; put the meat into the middle of the dish with the marrow and gravy round it, and serve hot. It is a delicious dish.

**Veal and Ham-Pie.**—Cut about one pound and a half of veal into thin slices, as also a quarter of a pound of cooked ham; season the veal rather highly with white pepper and salt, with which cover the bottom of the dish; then lay over a few slices of ham, then the remainder of the veal, finishing with the remainder of the ham; add a wineglassful of water, and cover with a good paste, and bake; a bay-leaf will be an improvement.

**Loin of Mutton.**—Take off the skin, separate the joints with a chopper; if a large size, cut the chine-bone with a saw, so as to allow it to be carved in smaller pieces; run a small spit from one extremity to the other, and affix it to a larger spit, and roast it like the haunch. A loin weighing six pounds will take one hour to roast.

**Breakfast-Pudding.**—Prepare a good suet crust, and line a cake-tin with it; put in layers of steak, with onions, tomatoes, and mushrooms, chopped fine, a seasoning of pepper, salt, and Cayenne, and half a cup of water before you close it. Bake from an hour and a half to two hours, according to the size of the pudding, and serve very hot.

## VEGETABLES.

**New Potatoes.**—Have them as freely dug as may be convenient; the longer they have been out of the ground the less well-flavored they are. Well wash them, rub off the skins with a coarse cloth, or brush, and put them into boiling water, to which has been added salt, at the rate of one heaped teaspoonful to two quarts. Let them boil till tender—try them with a fork; they will take from ten or fifteen minutes to half an hour, according to their size. When done, pour away the water, and set them by the side of the fire, with the lid aslant. When they are quite dry, they have ready a hot vegetable dish, and in the middle of it put a piece of butter the size of a walnut—some people like more—hear the potatoes round it and over it, and serve immediately. We have seen very young potatoes, no larger than a marble, parboiled, and then fried in cream, till they are of a fine auburn color; or else, when larger, boiled till nearly ready, then sliced and fried in cream, with pepper, salt, a very little nutmeg, and a flavoring of lemon-juice. Both make pretty little supper-dishes.

**To Dress Asparagus in a New Mode.**—Scrape the grass, tie it up in bundles, and cut the ends off an even length. Have ready a saucepan, with boiling water, and salt in proportion of a heaped saltspoonful to a quart of water. Put in the grass, standing it on the bottom with the green heads out of the water, so that they are not liable to be boiled off. If the water boils too fast, dash in a little cold water. When the grass has boiled a quarter of an hour it will be sufficiently done; remove it from the saucepan, cut off the ends down to the edible part, arrange it on a dish in a round pyramid, with the heads toward the middle of the dish, and boil some eggs hard; cut them in two, and place them round the dish quite hot. Serve melted butter in a sauce-tureen; and those who like it rub the yolk of a hard egg into the butter, which makes a delicious sauce to the asparagus.

**Asparagus Omelet.**—Boil a dozen of the largest and finest asparagus heads you can pick; cut off all the green portion, and chop it in thin slices; season with a small teaspoonful of salt, and about one-fourth of that quantity of soluble Cayenne. Then beat up six eggs in a sufficient quantity of new milk to make a stiffish batter. Melt in the frying-pan a quarter of a pound of good, clean dripping, and just before you pour on the batter place a small piece of butter in the center of the pan. When the dripping is quite hot, pour on half your batter, and as it begins to set place on it the asparagus' tops, and cover over with the remainder. This omelet is generally served on a round of buttered toast, with the crusts removed. The batter is richer if made of cream.

**To Preserve Green Peas for Winter Use.**—Carefully shell the peas; then place them in the canisters, not too large at once; put in a small piece of alum, about the size of a horse-bean, to a pint of peas. When the canister is full of peas, fill up the interstices with water, and solder on the lid perfectly air-tight, and boil the canisters for about twenty minutes; then remove them to a cool place, and by the time of January they will be found but little inferior to fresh, new-gathered peas. Bottling is not so good; at least, we have not found it so; for the air gets in, the liquid turns sour, and the peas acquire a bad taste.

**Potato Rissoles.**—Boil the potatoes floury; mash them, seasoning with salt and a little Cayenne; mince parsley very fine, and work up with the potatoes, adding eschdot, also chopped small; bind with yolk of egg, roll into balls, and fry with fresh butter over a clear fire. Meat shred finely, bacon or ham may be added.

## DESSERTS.

**Boiled Batter-Pudding.**—Three eggs, one ounce of butter, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Put the flour into a basin, and add sufficient milk to moisten it; carefully rub down all the lumps with a spoon, then pour in the remainder of the milk, and stir in the butter, which should be previously melted; keep beating the mixture, add the eggs and a pinch of salt, and when the batter is quite smooth, put into a well-buttered basin, tie it down very tightly, and put it into boiling water; move the basin about for a few minutes after it is put into the water, to prevent the flour settling in any part, and boil for one hour and a quarter. This pudding may also be boiled in a floured cloth that has been wetted in hot water; it will then take a few minutes less than when boiled in a basin. Send these puddings very quickly to table, and serve with sweet sauce, wine-sauce, stewed fruit, or jam of any kind; when the latter is used, a little of it may be placed round the dish in small quantities, as a garnish.

**Strawberry or Apple Soufflé.**—Stew the apple with a little lemon-peel; sweeten them, then lay them pretty high round the inside of a dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs, a little cinnamon, sugar, and milk. Let it thicken over a slow fire, but not boil; when ready, pour it in the inside of the apple. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth, and cover the whole. Throw over it a good deal of pounded sugar, and brown it of a fine brown. Any fruit made of a proper consistence does for the walls. Strawberries, when ripe, are delicious.

**Strawberry Fool.**—Crush a pint of strawberries and a pint of raspberries, with a wooden or silver fork. Put them in a stewpan with half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Boil for five minutes, stirring all the time; pour into a dish to cool. Boil a pint of cream, stir it until it is cool; mix with the fruit, and serve in custard-cups or jelly-glasses.

**Raspberry Cream Tart.**—This is a delicious summer dish. Roll out some thin puff-paste, and lay it in a patty-pan; put in some raspberries, and strewn over them some very finely-pounded sugar. Put on the covering paste, and bake the tart. Cut it upon, and put in half a pint of cream, the yolks of two or three eggs, well beaten, and a little sugar. Let it stand till cold before it is sent to table.

**Gooseberry Pudding.**—One quart of scalded gooseberries; when cold rub them smooth with the back of a spoon. Take six tablespoonfuls of the pulp, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of melted butter, six eggs, the rind of two lemons, a handful of grated bread, two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Half an hour will bake it.

**A Substitute for Cream.**—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult, from the taste, to distinguish it from rich cream.



## FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF HEAVY BLACK SILK, made with high body, plain, and with bow and ends at the back. The skirt is trimmed with a band of blue silk, laid on straight, and covered, at intervals, with medallions of Cluny lace; bow and ends trimmed to match; epaulets and cuffs the same. Bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with blue flowers; blue strings.

FIG. II.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF YELLOW PIQUE, trimmed with scarlet worsted braid and white bone buttons. High boots.

FIG. III.—HOME DRESS OF PEARL GRAY SILK.—The basque made loose and without sleeves. The skirt plain and full, and ornamented with black velvet ribbon, laid on flat, in diamonds. Full underwaist, with long, full sleeves.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE, OR PROMENADE DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The trimmings of velvet laid in scallops, and edged with guipure lace. Bonnet of purple silk, trimmed with lace.

FIG. V.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK GLACE SILK, embroidered with black dots. A very beautiful waist made of puffings of French muslin and Cluny guipure, complete this charming toilet. Black sash with ends.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, MADE OF BROWN ALPACA, with basque and vest to match. Balmoral petticoat of black and white stripes, trimmed with red. Boots to match the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Striped dresses continue to be paramount in public favor. During the winter they were but sparsely trimmed, but of late a means has been found for diversifying them somewhat. The bottom of the striped skirt is now bordered with a wide band of striped silk of the same color as the dress, but the silk is cut on the cross, and the stripes are much wider than those which go to compose the skirt.

SILKS with plain ground, and studded all over with large patterns, are much in vogue at present. The prettiest style of spring silks is when the ground is a neutral tint, and the flowers are represented in their natural colors.

WAISTS, intended exclusively to be worn in the house, are always decorated at the top of the back with a bow of ribbon, the ends of which fall low on the skirt; sometimes these bows are made of the same material as the dress, and bound with velvet and silk, the contrasting colors of the dress. Waists, made of white muslin, are always useful adjuncts this season of the year; many varieties of which will be found in the preceding numbers.

JACKETS are now made in many very coquettish shapes. They are mostly sleeveless, and are ornamented with either Cluny guipure, or embroidery, and are made in either cashmere, foulard, or silk; some, also, are made in the new basque shape of muslin for morning use.

SLEEVES are predicted to grow larger; but as yet the prediction has not been carried out.

EVENING DRESSES at no one time have confined themselves less to one fashion. They nearly all have a pieced up look that is astonishing—so many dresses look as though they were originally two. They are much wider round the bottom than ever, and are very much trimmed.

DRESSES made with simulated double skirts are likely to be more popular than ever. The upper skirt is seldom straight; as generally the trimming describes scallops, or vandykes, more or less accentuated. The prettiest form is the tunic, which is very short in front and very long at the back. The trimming which simulates this tunic, whether it be cross bands or velvet ribbon, should be edged either with narrow black lace or with fringe. These additions impart reality to the otherwise false tunic.

The prettiest BALL-DRESS we have seen for some time, and one very suitable for a bride's *trousseau*, was made of pink satin, covered with white tulle, spangled over with silver stars. The upper skirt was trimmed round the edge with a light silver fringe, and was looped up at the left

side with a chain of pink roses graduating in size as they approach the waist. The pink satin bodice was trimmed with a drapery of white tulle folds, edged with silver fringe, somewhat narrower than that round the skirt. There were tufts of roses on each shoulder, and one in front of the bodice. The head-dress consisted of a silver band and of a spray of roses, with silver leaves at the left side. A white tulle veil, spangled with silver, was fastened in with the comb, and confined again at the termination of the chain of roses which decorates the skirt. The comb has a chased silver top.

SHAWLS made of colored cashmere, in various colors, are likewise very popular. The novelty consists in being ornamented with applications of cashmere of a contrasting color. For example, we have seen a very lady-like shawl made of mauve cashmere, and bordered with a garland of vine-leaves represented in white cashmere, the leaves veined with narrow mauve silk braid and small jet beads. A sprinkling of similar leaves, only of smaller dimensions, covers the center of the shawl. This style is repeated in blue, in cerise, and in gray cashmere. The leaves on the gray cashmere are either black, violet, or scarlet, instead of white.

SILK PALETOTS are worn as much as ever. The trimmings vary; sometimes they consist of narrow bands of either black or white guipure, sometimes of crossway bands cut out in vandykes, and fastened down with large beads, like nails, and sometimes of large palms, represented in gimp, the palm expanding downward. One of these ornaments is placed at the back, two in front of the paletot; the latter are so arranged that they touch the pockets; then there are two smaller palms on the shoulder seams. When the palms are made of white gimp beaded with crystal, they render a pale silk paletot very dressy and effective. Cross-cut bands of white and colored silks are also used to relieve the monotony of black silk jackets. Gold braid is also to be seen on the black paletot, just as it was seen on black velvet bonnets during the past winter; but it is very conspicuous. Trimmings which can be worn without fear of remark, are the black silk ribbons, edged with gold; and these are arranged as loops and ends on the shoulders, at the back, and in small loops all round the paletot.

BONNETS are worn of many shapes. *Pamelas* seem, for the present, to be most popular; in fact, at the openings which have taken place recently, there are scarcely any others to be seen. Some fancions had likewise appeared. The Marie Stuart bonnets, made entirely of flowers, are much liked. The flowers are small, and are covered with crystal dew-drops; crystal benoits are added over the strings. It is now very easy to trim a bonnet in a fashionable style without the aid of a professed milliner.

HATS are very much worn, and are delicately and prettily trimmed, sometimes only a bunch of wheat being placed at one side. The sailor-hat is very popular, and equally pretty, and has no trimming but a very simple ribbon, as we see worn by the tars themselves.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL, MADE OF SUMMER POPLIN.—Suck and skirt both trimmed with lozenges of black velvet. Toque of straw, trimmed with peacock eyes.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A BOY, OF PIQUE, MADE POLONAIS, and trimmed with buttons.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A GIRL.—The skirt and waist made of worsted skirting. The latter is looped up with cord and tassels stationary. The balmoral is braided.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A GIRL, MADE OF PERCALE, and trimmed with mohair braid.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A GIRL, OF MUSLIN, cut square, high neck, with short sleeves, and trimmed with two different widths of velvet ribbon.

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