

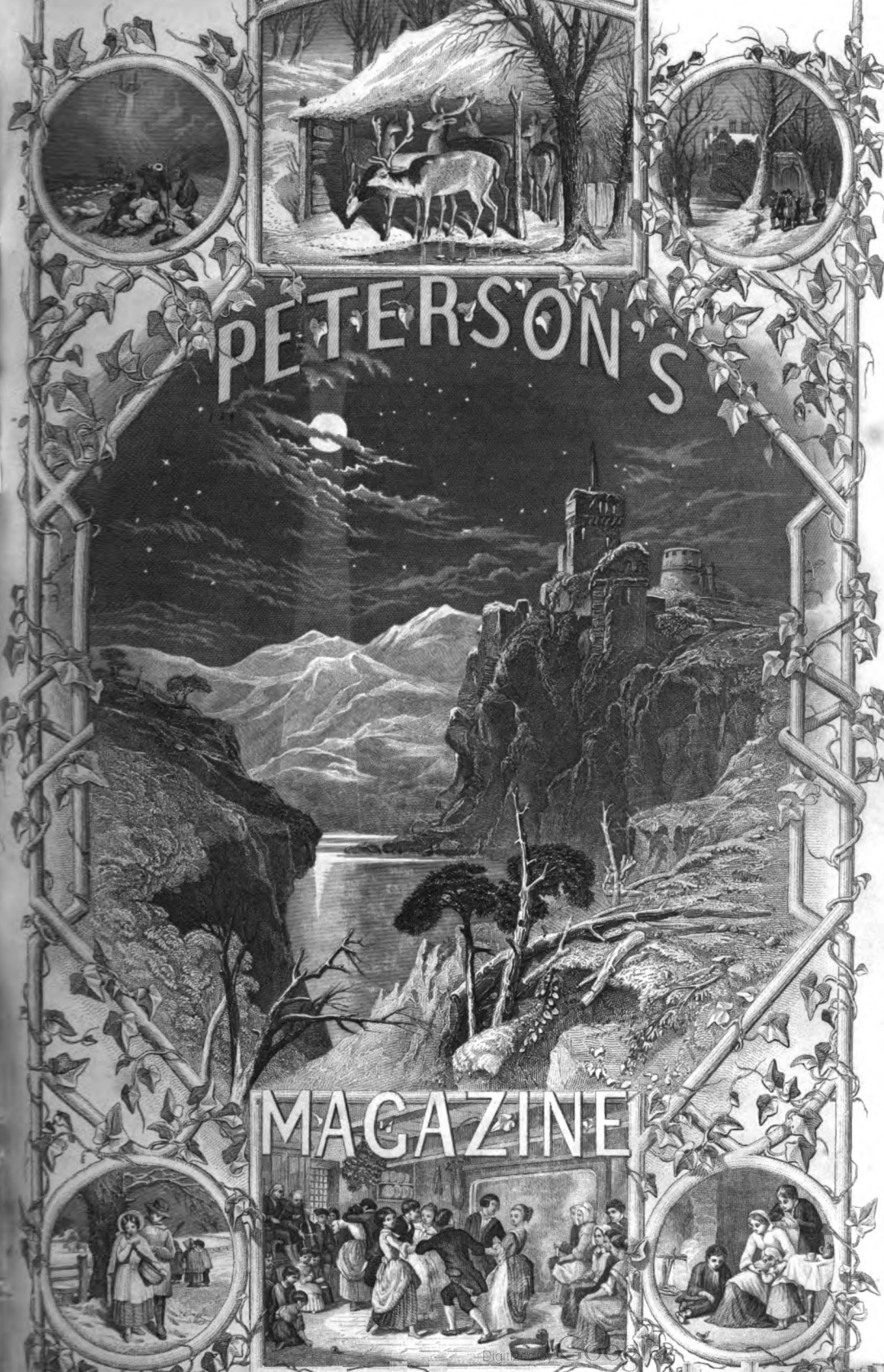


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PETERSON'S

MAGAZINE







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JANUARY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1863.



PATTERN FOR CHAIR SEAT.

McLanghlin Brothers, Pns.

H. Byron, Esqr.

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Oh! Chide Me Not.
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A GOOD DRINK.



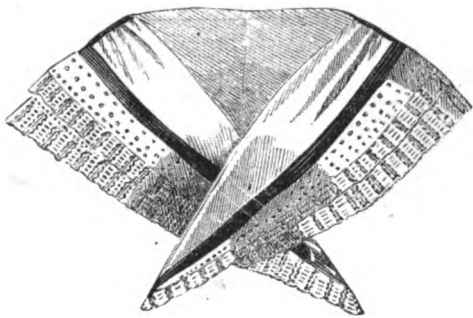
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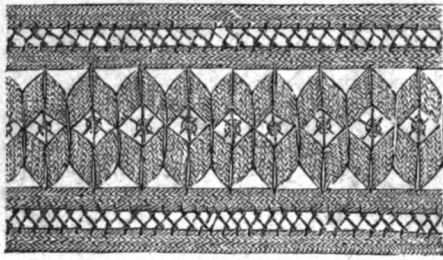
BLACK TULLE PELERINE.



CAPE.



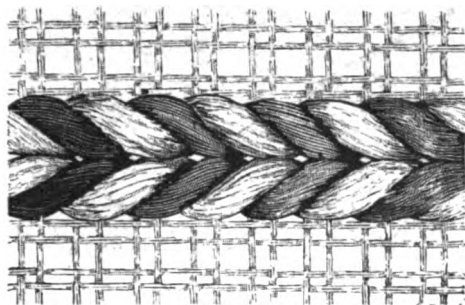
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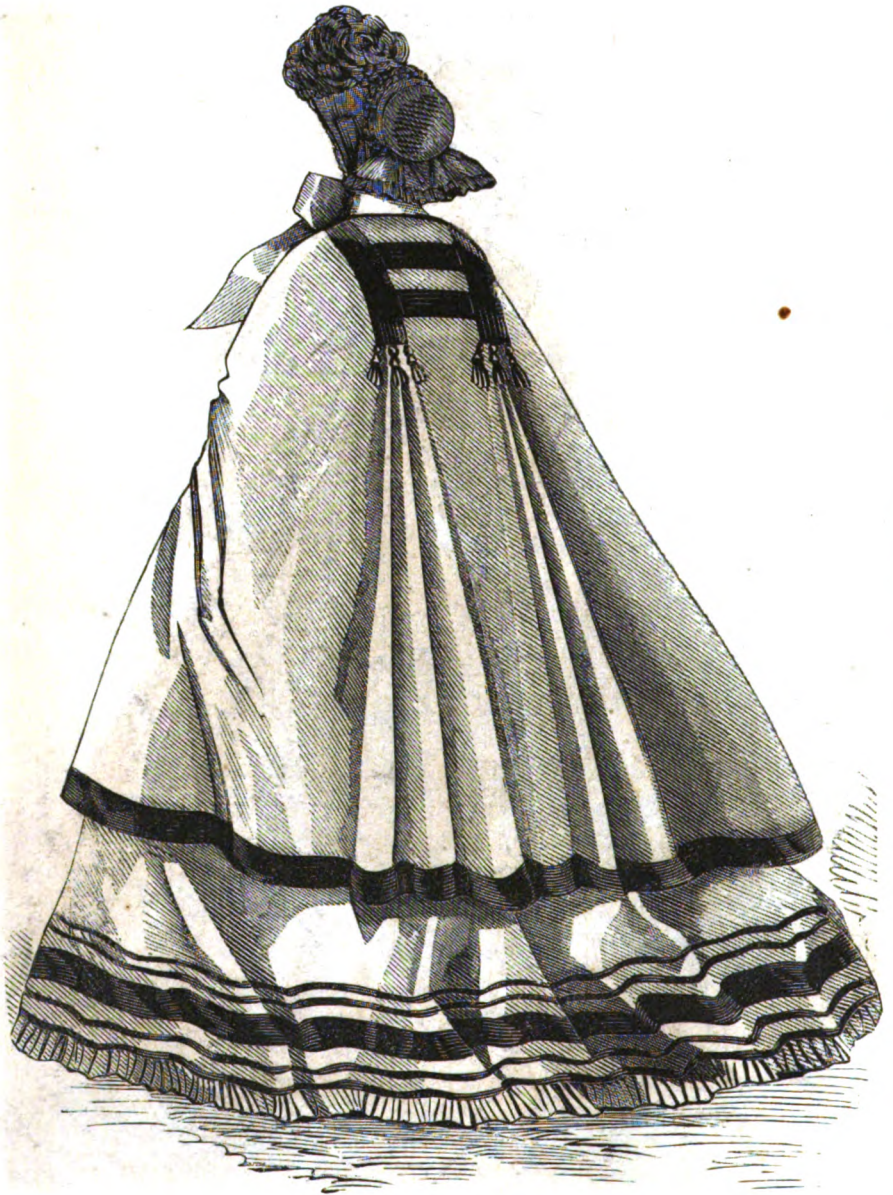
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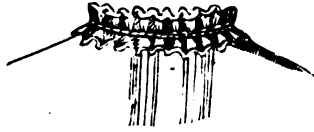
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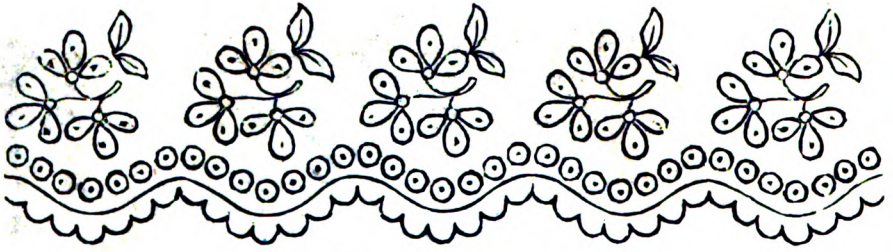
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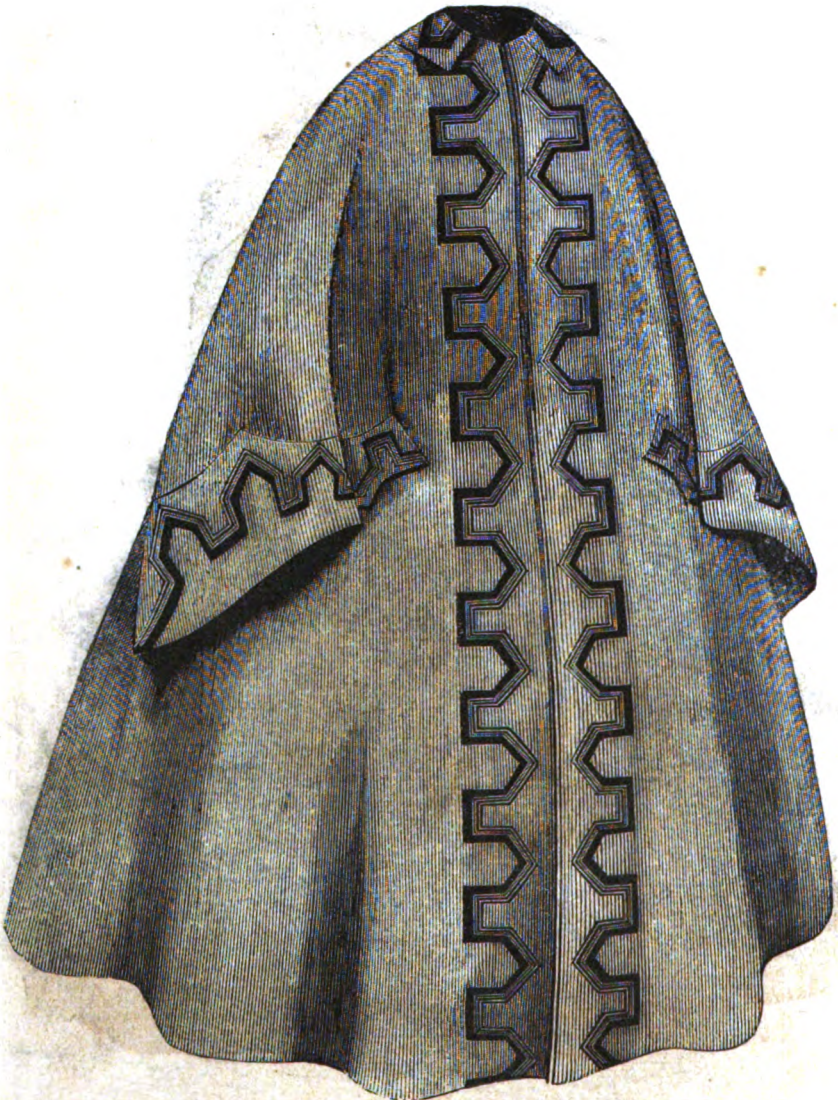
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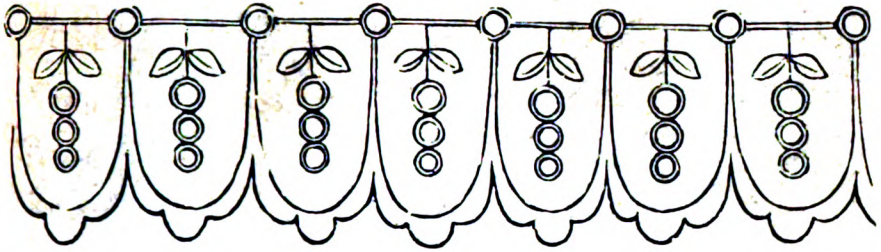
THE COPENHAGEN.



EDGING FOR INFANT'S SKIRT.



THE NORMAN.



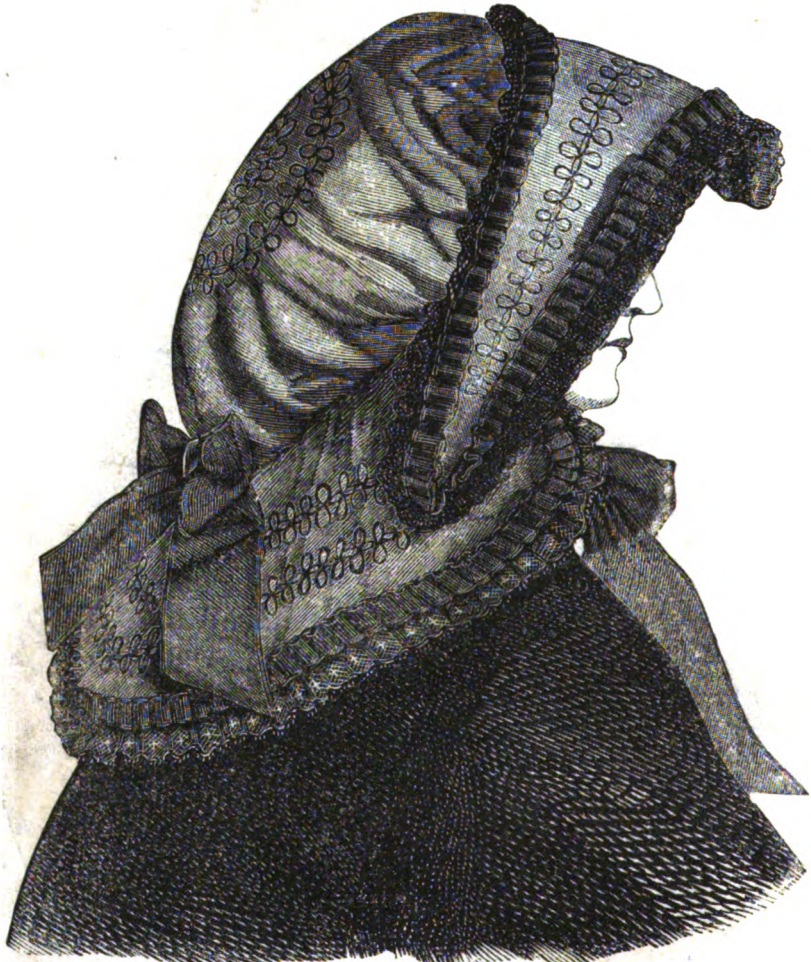
EDGING.



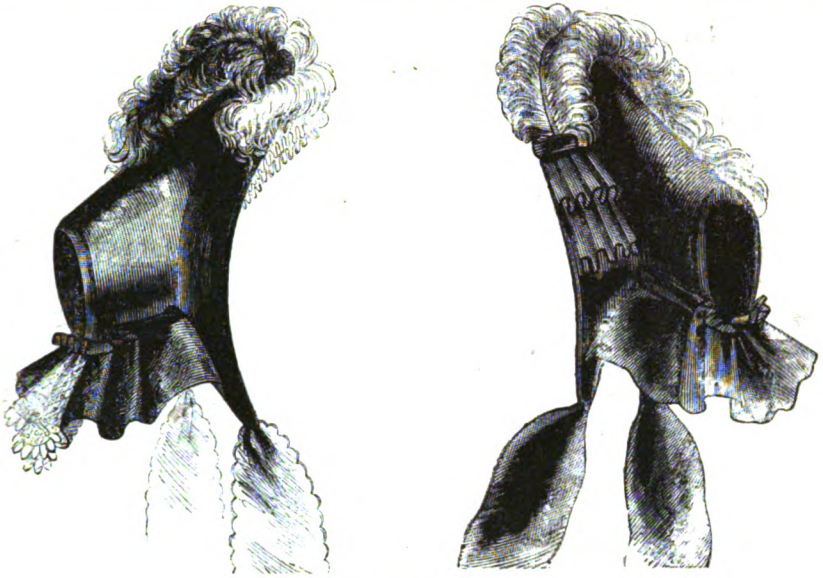
THE SICILIAN.



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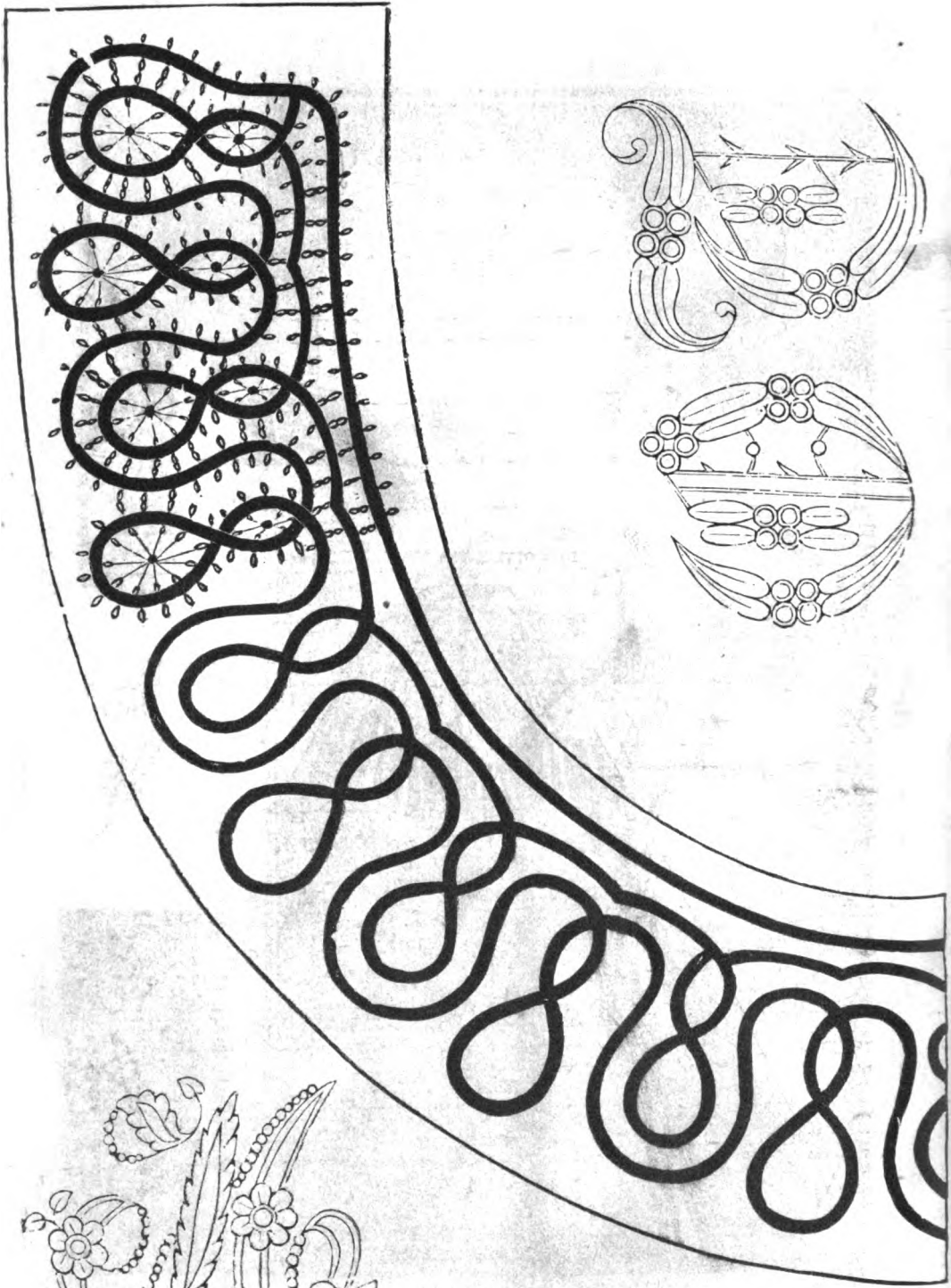
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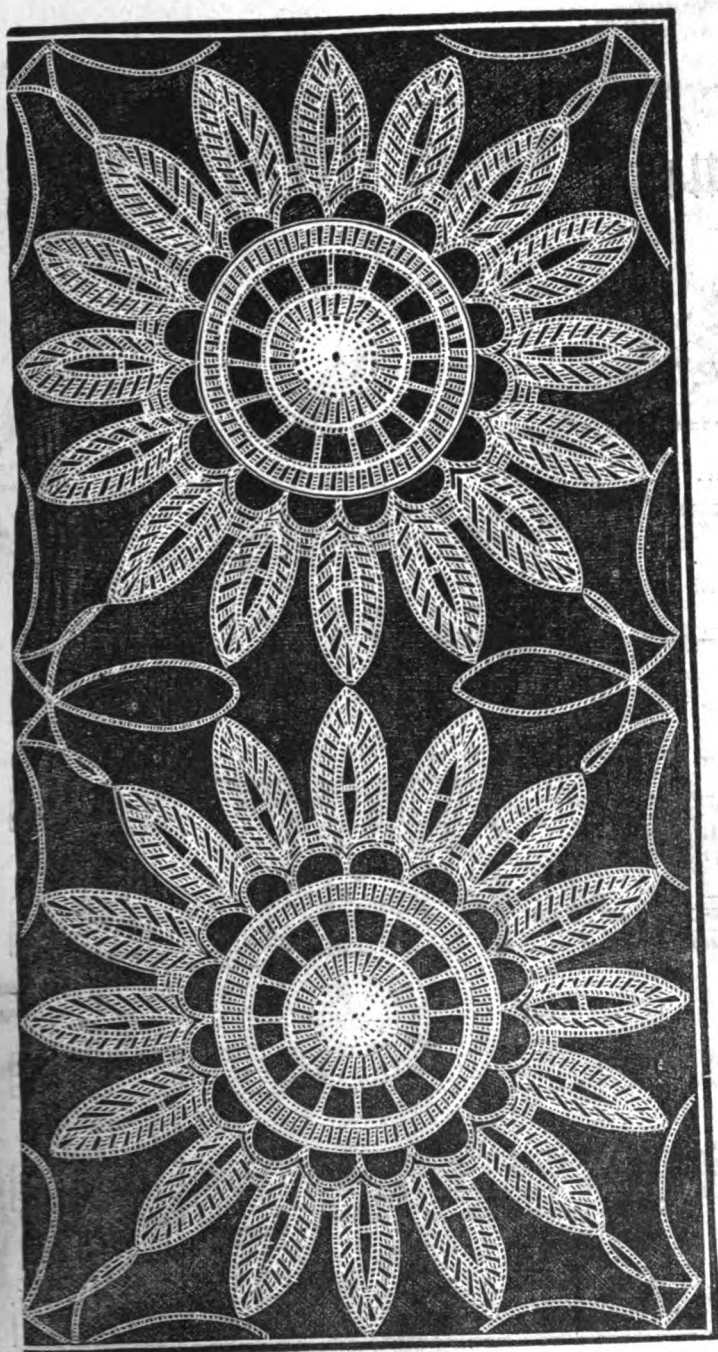
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GRAY CLOTH CIRCULAR.



COLLAR IN MIGNARDISE: INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASES.



PATTERN IN CROCHET.

CROCHET EDGE.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INSERTION IN CORDON BRAIDING AND CROCHET.



Snow Bird Waltz.

BY HARRY COLEMAN.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WINNER & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE COPYRIGHT.

Allegro. *8va.....* *loco.*

PIANO.

p Ped. * *ff*

8va.....

p Ped. * *ff*

loco.

f Staccato. *Ped.* *

Ped. * *cres.* *f* *p*

SNOW BIRD WALTZ.

8va.....

dim.

loco.

pp *cres.*

f

8va..... D.C.

Ped. *Fine.*

Trio.

p *cres.* *f* *ff*

p *cres.* *f* D.C.



EDGING.



THE GABRIELLE: FRONT AND BACK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1863.

No. 1.

ICEBERGS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

I.

"You will have the painting sent to-day, Mr. Vane?"

"At one o'clock, Miss Rutherford."

"Good morning!" It was said a little haughtily.

"Good morning!" and, with a courteous but as haughty nod of his head, the pale, high-browed artist saw her depart, then turned to his easel again.

The lady's heavy silk robe trailed the stairs leading from the studio on Tremont street. Her delicate, high-arched feet came upon the pavement, then stepped into a rich, but plain carriage drawn up at the curb-stone.

"Drive down to Williams' and Everett's, John!"

The grave coachman touched his hat respectfully; closed the door of the carriage; mounted his box, and reined the span of sleek blacks, by a *detour*, through Bromfield into Washington street, where the lady shortly alighted at the door of one of the most prominent picture-stores in the good Trimountain city. Passing through the outer room, lined with its array of choice engravings, lithographs, etc., and into which pressed a crowd of loungers and shoppers—Miss Rutherford ascended the flight of steps leading to the inner exhibition hall. Pausing a moment before the sadly eloquent face of an exquisite "Beatrice Cenci"—turning to drink in the summer warmth of an August landscape, doubly grateful that bleak March day—almost starting, with momentary fright, at one of Hinckley's perfect animal pieces—she passed on, through the door on the right opening into the gallery, where hung that group of time-stained, Old World paintings—antique altar-pieces brought from Florentine churches, grotesque mythological representations, and the sad-eyed Mater Dolorosa—known as "the Jarves' collection."

VOL. XLIII.—2

Making the tour of the gallery, an hour passed like a dream to the lady connoisseur—for, throughout "her set," Miss Gertrude Rutherford was known as a worshiper and patroness of art. A cultivated, æsthetic nature gave her the former taste; and great wealth enabled her to gratify the latter desire; and these two, which do not always go hand in hand together, put it in her power to weave many a rich strand into her web of life.

She paused a little before a glowing picture of the Southland—two young Seville girls, with Spanish eyes and tresses, gathering grapes in the sun; and her own dusk eyes grew warmer with the warmth of the scene. For Gertrude Rutherford, with her pale, creamy cheek—her low, broad forehead, shaded by jetty braids—her exquisitely moulded features, and scarlet lips—was akin to such creatures as enrich the painter's canvas with rarest womanly loveliness.

But the lady passed on. It was before a three-hundred year old picture of "The Three Graces Disarming Cupid" that she paused next. A most lusty Cupid was he who struggled in the fatal grasp of the fabled trio, stoutly holding his bow and quiver aloft—yet, alas! all in vain; for the golden-haired goddesses had pinioned him fast, and would soon despoil him of the weapons wherewith he had roamed through the world, making such sad havoc in tender hearts.

Long the lady stood before this picture. You fancied, perhaps, that you could read her appreciation in her countenance, for her dusky eyes were half-closed dreamily, and a little smile half-parted the line of scarlet over her even white teeth, as if betraying her electric sympathy with the struggling captive; but suddenly her face grew cold, her mouth shut resolutely, and she turned away.

"'Cupid disarmed!' It is not possible!" said

one lounge to another, of a group of gentlemen standing near.

"I don't know about that! I believe it may be done, and his wings clipped into the bargain!" was the laughing rejoinder. "Every day we see it exemplified."

"How so? Where, then, do you assign happy lovers?" queried the first speaker.

"Lovers?" Pshaw! that idea exploded long ago! People marry now from motives of interest, policy, or propinquity—their so-called 'hearts' utterly guiltless of a wound from Cupid's dart. Don't argue, my dear fellow! I tell you these old masters knew all about it; and got up this grand picture that all the world might behold and believe."

A little sally of laughter greeted this ingenious interpretation; and the group moved away. They were all strangers to the listener; but their words entered her ear and brain. And they accorded, too—those words—with the cold, suspicious mantle she had been wrapping round herself. Cultivated, æsthetic tastes the lady had; keen intellectual capacities, too, and high, proud nature; had she, also, a loving, womanly heart?

She shut her scarlet lips more closely; drew her furs and velvet cloak about her; turned away from the picture; and swept from the gallery.

II.

THE artist, Etheridge Vane, sat before the easel whereon stood his last finished picture. It was not half so brilliant a creation as many that had been born of his brush and brain, and now graced the drawing-rooms of Beacon street. There were no brilliant tints and shadows; no gorgeous belts of western sunset clouds, or glory of autumnal coloring; instead, only a soft twilight light, veiling a quiet woodland nook and a rustic cottage-door.

It was a little domestic picture—a beautiful young mother, sitting on the cottage threshold with her child upon her lap, and her young husband, proud, tender, and manly, stooping over them. A vine threw its thick shadows over the group; and June roses slept upon the bush close by. Only a simple picture—over which none of his brother artists had rhapsodized about "tone," or "coloring," or "perspective"—which he had not thought worthy of placing in the "Artist's Exhibition" in the hall below—yet a picture, which, if you once took it into your heart, haunted you like a dream.

And the elegant, proud, fastidious Miss Rutherford, who had ordered paintings from

Italy, and whose drawing-room held choicest gems of art, *vertu*, cameos, and antiques, had been anxious to secure this!

Well—a lady who sets up for a connoisseur in art may have her fancies; and why should not Miss Rutherford have hers?

The "Old South" pealed out eleven, clear above the car-din and hack-rattle of the noisy street below; and, with its strokes, came the feet of Dick Cranshaw, gentleman of cultivated moustache and leisure, over the studio threshold.

"Morning, Vane! before that cottage-door yet? Come; walk up to the Athenæum with me, to have another look at Church's Icebergs!"

"Thank you, but am too busy. Besides, I've seen icebergs sufficient for one morning!" answered the artist, quite bluntly. It was so like Etheridge Vane, to bolt out his thoughts upon his lips.

"Aha!" shouted his visitor, in great glee. "I'll wager a ticket to the 'Boston' that the 'fair, proud, cold, and statuesque Miss Rutherford' has been in this morning! Don't flash up now, Vane! I saw her carriage before the Athenæum, as I came along, and concluded she was out picture-worshipping; that's why I proposed going up now. As for my adjectives, they were borrowed from a jilted lover of hers; but your noun is the better 'part of speech' decidedly. 'Iceberg' does suit her, and no mistake—beautiful, grand, and glittering, but freezing cold. They say she has no heart—eh, Vane?"

"Well?" and Etheridge Vane's hands were busy with his brushes, and his tone was cool, though there was a caged fierceness in his eye.

Cranshaw laughed at first, then grew almost embarrassed. His ease died under that strong gaze and the query of the single word.

"Oh! pshaw, Vane—don't eat a fellow up with that wolfish eye of yours! You make me feel as if I'd said something I ought to take back. But I can't do it—'pon my honor, dear Vane! You ought to take it friendly in a fellow, when he warns you of a rich, beautiful, but heartless woman, who is like ice to all men!" and he stroked his luxuriant beard most complacently.

But the artist's eye grew scarcely less fierce, though his lip curled half-contemptuously. Glancing about the walls of his studio, he said in a low, slightly bitter tone,

"Cranshaw, do you take me for a fool? True, old Moneybags and Madame Pet-poodle have bought a few of my pictures, with a view to give 'struggling genius' a lift, I suppose; but

do you think the proprietor of a lean purse, a good stock of brushes, a fair quantity of tube paints, and four unfinished pictures, will run the risk of——”

“Of getting cut and chilled against the sharp corners of an Iceberg?” interrupted Cranshaw. “No, my dear boy, I don’t believe any such nonsense of you,” and he went on with an admirable affectation of paternity. “You learned your geography lesson too well to venture into those Polar seas in winter time; but, my dear boy, we read somewhere, I believe, that the Arctic summer, though brief, is fair—and these bergs sometimes get loosened and float away into warmer seas, and melt. You see I look on the subject in a warmer light than I did a minute ago—eh, Harry? And unmarried ladies don’t affect cottages, and rustic happiness, and that sort of thing for nothing, in my opinion.”

“Pshaw, Cranshaw!” growled the artist, lifting the painting off the easel, and substituting an unfinished one in its stead, upon which he went to work furiously, daubing it with great blotches of umber—“pshaw, I say!”

“A safe expletive, my dear Vane,” said Cranshaw, coolly, rising. “But I must be off, if you won’t ‘do’ the ‘North’ this morning. So *au revoir!*”

The artist paused, with his brush suspended over the little heaps of fresh paints prepared on the palette. A dreamy light had superseded that fierce glare in his eyes.

“Icebergs melt,” he whispered, murmuringly. “Will she?”

III.

“ALL right! Thought I should find you ready for Miss Rutherford’s reception. Found her card of invitation at my place yesterday,” cried Cranshaw, bursting into Vane’s studio one fine morning, two months later than their last recorded interview. “Come, my dear fellow, let’s be moving! Lots of artists and musical folks will be there—for these amateur ladies know how to get up a thing of this sort.”

The young man threw down the morning paper, which he had taken up to while away a lingering hour; drew the shade over the skylight of his studio; turned an unfinished painting face to the easel; brushed his wavy chestnut hair before the small looking-glass on the wall; then signified his readiness to set out for the rooms of the heiress amateur.

He was looking jaded and pale; and Dick Cranshaw good-naturedly observed it, with—

“You’re working too hard, Vane—all fagged out! What the deuce is the use for a fellow to

kill himself in order to get to Italy? Better paint less, and stay at home. Am sorry you’re looking so sick this morning, when I wanted you to be your best. But come along! The lady’s drawing-rooms will be as dim as one of your own distances; and you may warm up a little in the excitement of her presence.”

“Coolness seems a prerogative you do not mean to part with, Cranshaw, at any rate,” said Vane, drily. His cheeks were flushed now, either with the warmth of the bland May morning into which they emerged, or at his companion’s words.

“Of course not. It helps a fellow on through the world amazingly. It’s you fellows who fire up, then freeze off so constantly, who meet the rubbers. I never allow myself to hurry, to work, or to worry—and that keeps me in good looks, you perceive!” and he stroked his magnificent hirsute appendage complacently.

Fifteen minutes later, the twain stood in the presence of their hostess. The rooms were comfortably thronged, cool and perfumed; and alive with the low hum of subdued voices. Miss Rutherford moved among her guests, beautiful, elegant, lady-like; and with an air of high-bred ease mingled with youthful grace and happiness. She was especially kind to Vane; all her former haughtiness seemed to have died out. She led him to her rarest pictures and engravings; she had never conversed so affably, or seemed so charming.

But the artist was in his bitterest mood. He stood in the presence of wealth, beauty, and luxury; and recalled his own toiling studio and his lean purse. He saw fashionable fops filling those superbly furnished drawing-rooms on terms of equality with their hostess; while he—more than her peer in true refinement of soul and intellect—was of the class whom lady amateurs of wealth may patronize. He believed such to be the secret of her kindness to him; hence he put on a high, lofty air, and answered her haughtily, almost coldly.

“And here is your little gem, Mr. Vane!” said Miss Rutherford, leading him into a small recess off the great drawing-room, shielded by flowing velvet curtains. “I hung it here, where it might have a soft western light, just such as you have infused into the picture. And I only ask my intimate friends in to see it—so thank me, please, for the favor I show you!” she said, gayly.

“I do thank you, Miss Rutherford,” replied Vane, a little won from his bitterness. “You honor me—to put my poor picture here, in your private room, amid music, and books, and

flowers;" and he gazed round the little apartment, where a harp stood in a corner, and vases crowded with superb exotics and volumes in velvet and gold were on the inlaid table. "But it is only an humble picture to contrast with all this elegance," he said, presently.

"That is why I like it—because it is so quiet, and simple, and true," said the lady, earnestly. "Because it takes me, often, from all this pomp; and teaches me that wealth is not essential to happiness. I shall con many a lesson from my humble cottage-door," and she half-sighed as she ceased.

Etheridge Vane's heart gave a bound, but he dared not speak yet.

"I am glad you like the picture; but I hope to paint better things in Italy."

Miss Rutherford gave a quick start, and her jeweled fingers were clasped tightly.

"In Italy? You are going abroad? And soon, Mr. Vane?" she asked, uneasily.

"In June, Miss Rutherford. Three weeks hence."

The lady's dark eyelashes fell unaccountably. Her manner was strangely nervous for a wealthy Beacon street heiress in the presence of a poor artist. She grew pale and paler; then, by a mighty effort, strove to rally her self-possession.

"It is sudden. But you will take with you my best wishes, Mr. Vane!" and she gave him her hand.

A wild hope was born in Etheridge Vane's heart. The contact of that soft white hand—her agitation—gave him strength to utter words he would have thought himself a madman to dream of an hour before.

"Miss Rutherford—Gertrude—if I might take with me something more than your good wishes!" and he pressed her hand to his lips.

Miss Rutherford made no reply, but her cheek was scarlet.

"Let me hope to win this!" and he clasped her hand tighter.

We will not write the lady's answer; we know what it must have been, for we met her, a half-hour after, perfectly radiant with happiness, among her guests.

June came, and Etheridge Vane, the artist, sailed for Italy; but he will not visit Rome and Florence, or stray over the broad Campagna alone. His beautiful, refined, and wealthy bride will be ever beside him.

Dick Cranshaw wore white gloves at the wedding; and said,

"The Iceberg floats gently into the warm Gulf Stream of Married Love!"

COME BACK.

BY GRETA MAITLAND.

How! but my mother is gone.
The brow with its faintly-traced wrinkles meek,
The weary look of the pale, hollow cheek
Are food for my dreams alone.

Home! with my desolate heart,
For the eye that waited and watched for me,
And the arms with their gentle, caressing twine,
Oh, God! can they never again be mine?
Nought of my boyhood's idol left,
Not even a shadowy picture-part
From the wreck of all that the grave hath reft!

I stand by that grave, alone,
Man as I am, with a heavy moan
On my quivering lips.
Mother! ah, why such a destiny,
I to be absent, and thou to die?
Is there no room in thy grave for me?
Take my head down on thy shrouded breast!
Pillow it there in a ceaseless rest!
For I stand in this wide world so dreary and lone,
All unloved and uncared for now thou art gone.

THAT OTHER CLIME.

BY C. JILLSON.

Beyond the changing tide of life
Where sorrow darkens every wave—
Where bitter feud and dangerous strife
Disturb the cradle and the grave,
There is a realm where earthly woe
Is softened into joy and time,
And discord, such as mortals know,
Is lost within that other clime.

Here face to face, and hand to hand
The warrior meets his former foe;
But in this bright and peaceful land
No arm is raised to strike a blow;
No tongue reveals an angry word,
Nor steel meets steel with death-like chime,
Nor is the din of conflict heard
Resounding in that other clime.

THE KITTENS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

It was a charming picture, that fair girl frolicking with her little pets. Some branches of lilac lay on the floor, and in and out, among these, two snow-white kittens were playing hide and seek with her, now rushing out after the blue ribbon with which she enticed them, and now scampering back, as she pretended to catch them, and lying there, peeping roguishly at her, till she again lured them forth. The room rang with her merry laughter.

"My dear," said a lady, entering, "will you always be a child? Remember, we expect Mr. Latone every moment; and what would he say to find you here?"

"Pshaw!" answered Minnie, pettishly, "I'd rather play with my kittens than be 'goody-two-shoes' for any old, stupid uncle. Wouldn't I, pets?" And she began her romp anew.

"But he is not your uncle," said the mother; "nor is he old, as your uncle Will is."

"I thought he was papa's brother."

"No, your grandfather married for the second time, when your father was ten years old, and his wife, a young widow, had one son, this Mr. Latone. He is a great scholar like your poor father, and I suppose will want the house very quiet. It is kind for him to come all the way on here to help your uncle Will in that horrid law-suit; but—but—"

"But we wish he had staid at home, don't we?" said Minnie, catching one of her kittens in her arms, and caressingly addressing it. "We don't want any tiresome old fellows here, do we, pussy?"

"Mr. Latone," said the servant, appearing at the open door.

Mrs. Hall was embarrassed, for she knew, as all the windows were open, that Mr. Latone must have heard most of the preceding conversation. But Minnie, though just as conscious she had been overheard, put on an air of saucy bravado, and coolly curtsied, saying,

"How d'ye do, sir? This is mamma," nodding to her, "this is I, and this is Puss. Puss, make your compliments to your new uncle."

Mr. Latone, who was a tall, fine-looking man, about thirty years old, and did not, in the least, look like a mere book-worm, stood, arrested, partly by the pretty picture before him, and partly from embarrassment.

Mrs. Hall immediately rallied, however, and gave her guest a gracious welcome. But somehow he felt ill at ease. There was too much deference in the widow's manner, as she spoke of her pleasure at receiving her husband's friend; and the deep gravity and demure movements, which Minnie now put on, were evidently forced.

All the evening the conversation was solemn and dull, and Mr. Latone was glad of his journey to make an excuse for retiring early.

The next day was worse. He was solemnly informed that his room was ready for him, and in a manner that compelled him to go there. It was a large library, where every convenience for study or writing lay at his command; but with the perversity of human nature he couldn't fix his mind on his usual occupations.

The day was lovely, and the longing to be abroad grew so intense, that at last he threw open the window and leaned out, resolving to breathe the air at least. Underneath him, on the broad gravel walk, a spirited horse, saddled for a lady's use, was pacing up and down, led by a groom; and a moment later, to his utter surprise, Minnie came out, looking perfectly bewitching in a blue habit with a dainty straw hat and long white feather.

"The idea of that wee mite riding such a horse," he thought. But he said, aloud, "Which way do you ride, Miss Hall?"

"I am going over to uncle Will's to tell him you are here," she answered, springing lightly into the saddle, and gathering up the reins with a practiced hand.

"May I accompany you? I should like to see Mr. Willis as soon as possible."

"Saddle Lion!" was Minnie's order to the groom; and Mr. Latone saw the vexed expression which she could not conceal.

"I will be down in a moment," he said, resolving to conquer the evident dislike she felt for his society, and he was soon beside her, leaning lazily against the porch, while she bent from her saddle to "do the polite to him," as she said to herself.

She could not help smiling a little at this foil to her plan for getting rid of her scholar guest; but by the time Lion was brought round, she was inclined to think her ride might be more

agreeable than a lonely one after all. In a few moments her merry laugh was floating out on the summer air, and she was challenging the dreaded scholar to a race. Off they went, and the bright girl was not more earnest in her endeavor to reach the goal first than Mr. Latone.

A long day of pleasure followed. Uncle Will was out, and it needed but little persuasion to convince the guests that they had better wait for his return and ride home by moonlight. Aunt and cousins vied in the endeavor to make the time pass quickly; and, on their return, the conversation was just confidential enough to suit the hour and fascinate the speakers.

That night, strange to say, Minnie quite forgot her kittens; instead, she went to bed, thinking of Mr. Latone.

The two weeks were drawing to a close, and that "tiresome law-suit" lay still unopened on the guest's desk. How could he attend to it? The morning was devoted to long walks, or longer rides with Minnie; the afternoon was too hot for anything but a nap, a bath, and preparation for the evening, which was filled by conversation, music, or perhaps a drive by moonlight, to see some of Minnie's pet resorts.

It was nearly over, this pleasant visit, when one morning the guest sat down, resolved to ferret out the merits of the long-delayed suit. He was deep in its mysteries when there came a sharp tap at the door.

"Come in!"

"Ain't you a pretty fellow to keep me waiting all this time?" cried Minnie, as she entered, holding up her habit.

"I can't ride to-day, Fairy!"

"Now, uncle George!"

"Fudge!"

Minnie had found out, somehow, that nothing irritated her guest so much as to call him uncle;

though why it should be so she declared she could not imagine.

"Fudge! That's all very well," she retorted.

"But, pray, what am I to do?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"There's gallantry! Certainly!" and with rather an erect carriage she started for the door.

"Minnie! don't go! I am rude as a bear; but the fact is, I am dying to go with you, and I must settle this horrid law-suit, somehow."

"Settle it!"

"Read it, and give your uncle my advice, I mean."

"Oh!" she said, saucily, "that settles it, of course. Well, read on, I'll wait."

Which meant she would sit opposite to him, and draw caricatures of his grave face to push toward him; make houses out of his pens and rulers; put large red wafers on his forehead and cheeks; pelt him with roses from the vase on the table; and then when he fancied her asleep, suddenly open her hand under his nose to release a captured fly. Ten minutes exactly were given to the law-suit, and then Mr. Latone made an unconditional surrender, and got his hat for a ride.

What they said to each other I cannot tell; but Minnie sat at her mother's feet that evening, and the mother said,

"Oh! Minnie, you are very young." Then she added, with a smile, "You know, too, you'd rather play with your kittens than be 'goody-two-shoes' to any old uncle."

"I love him, mamma, and he loves me," said Minnie, quite subdued. "Please don't say anything about that foolish speech."

And to this day—odd, isn't it?—Minnie continues to love her husband, and has never recovered her old passion for KITTENS.

H O P E .

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

There's an angel sweetly singing, an evangel sweetly winging,

Ever cheering tidings bringing to my sad and weary soul,
For she comes to me all smiling, into joy my heart be-
guiling,

And the heavy hours whiling till they lightly o'er me
roll,

Guiding angel of my soul!

By the star-ray evanescent, by the light of lunar crescent,
With a passion adolescent which I would not all control,
I await her step advancing, as she comes with lute and
dancing,

And a smile as from the glancing eye that made the
leper whole—

Hovering angel of my soul!

Oft when evening's gentle vesper maketh leaves and
flowers lip her

Name in low and silvery whisper, as the night-winds o'er
them stroll,

Doth she find me soiled with care, anoint and wipe me
with her hair,

Lighten much the load I bear, and up nearer move my
goal,

Blessed angel of my soul!

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

I AM a hard man. I wish you to remember that when I tell you my story. Hard, selfish, money-making. My life has been like this December day—bleak and gray, with a bit of red sunshine warming it up at the end.

It might have been different. I don't know. Circumstances may have moulded me into John Lasbley, the tough old California broker, peaked my nose, thinned my lips, hardened my eyes into steely gray, buttoned my pocket; circumstances may have done this, I say, or the iron may have been in my blood.

My mother was a Hilkott. They were a flinty race. She—but let the dead rest. I forgave her, because she bore me, suckled me, loved me, doubtless, when I was a baby. I try to remember that, and think of her, as other men do when they hear the name of mother.

"My mother!" I've heard men say that on the road to the gallows, and all that was left of God in them rose up at the word. The old touch of the mother-hand leaves a blessing on a man's life that goes down to the grave with him.

Well, it was not so with me. Let it go.

But, you see, having lived this hard, bare life for sixty years, trading there in the plains, milling out by the ranches, drifting here and there through the world, a homeless, wifeless man, bent on making money, and making it, a curious bit of sunshine came to me in the last year or two, as I told you; and just because it is curious, and a something that never came before, I mean to write it down.

The whole story: a strange one, with some things in it I don't understand—never shall; voices that spoke out of the other world; mysterious forces that drove men to do what they would not; love and hate, and life and death; and the same God, that has managed the world so long, working under all, and through all—all of it in Him!

Strange chances enough, it seems to me, as I sit here, smoking my pipe! They did not bring the lost years to me again, or recompense me for them—it was too late. But they brought

good to others: and for me—there are other lives to come. I mean to write it down. Pressley will be glad to know, some day, how these things came about. There are some of them which it is not fitting he should know now.

Before I begin, I must assert one thing of myself, in justice. I attempt to account for nothing of a supernatural or mysterious character in these facts. They are facts. I simply accept them, and ask no further. I am not superstitious. When I was a child, four years old, I used to try and account for our cook Barbara's stories of ghosts and warlocks; but, living as long as I have, tossing about the world, roughing it with all manner of people, I must have been a mole-eyed fool not to see that every man, in his secret soul, believed in a world of influences outside of this, invisible—good or uncanny. The more practical the man, the more absurd his superstition. "Where no gods are, spectres rule," as an old sermon says, that I read, sometime. There was Hall, the sharpest pettifogger in San Francisco, believed in the Banshee more than in his Bible. For me, I knew nothing of these matters; do not care to know.

My life, as I told you, has been coarse, hard, commonplace, full of the clink of dollars. I left home, in Virginia, when I was a young man of about twenty, and never went back to it. For forty years I never heard the name of mother, brother; not even the name of the homestead where we were born.

I meant to be rich. What else was there for me to do? I was a keen trader. I like to plan out a broad, honest, far-sighted speculation, and bring it in, closer and closer, to success: it pleases me. I like the contest between intellects sharp as steel, the struggle, the triumph. If there were any more holy, more heartsome pleasures in the world, they were not for me. I knew that. In those forty years, the only women with whom I came in contact were the hard-faced landladies in inns; home was a word of which I did not know the meaning; I dared not put my hand upon the head of a child.

Wife and child!—dead words to me, meaning nothing—not even of late years—bringing pain with them. Too late even for that, I thought.

Since the sudden influx of population to California I had lived in San Francisco. Carried on the banking business with Phipps. "Lashley & Phipps" was the firm, in St. Charles street. I boarded at the National, a great house, frequented by old bachelors like myself, who liked a grave talk over stocks in the evening, a plain, well-cooked dinner, and a comfortable room, where they could be nursed through their winter's rheumatism. Our banking-office, even, "Lashley & Phipps," had a sober, grave, well-to-do aspect. We had gone through the flush and flash of business, and retired into solid, assured permanence. Phipps was a family man, a grandfather; his children, having all married off, leaving him and his old wife alone in their house on the bay. Sometimes he asked me down to dine with them, but I never went, not caring for even so slight a change of my sombre habits.

It was late, one winter evening in December, 1858, when my story begins. Bank closed at three; but, this evening, Phipps, Bowdon (the head clerk), and I had business to transact, which occupied us until late in the night. A rainy night; the sky dull, foggy, hanging low over the roofs of the houses. We were in Bowdon's room, a plain little whitewashed apartment, with two or three chairs, a high desk, and one office-stool. The walls hung with filed papers, almanacs, etc. The door was closed, the gas burned brightly over the desk, leaving no shadow in any crevice. In one corner of the room stood the stove, a round iron one, to which Phipps and the clerk had drawn their chairs, while buttoning their overcoats, preparatory to going out. We had finished the business that brought us there, but I was still sitting on the desk-stool, directing a letter that was to go in the morning's mail.

Phipps had just delivered a heavy opinion on what he called Buchanan's last strategy, as I put the stamp on the letter.

"I'll mail that for you, Mr. Lashley," said Bowdon. "Do you know if any steamer from New York is due to-morrow?"

I turned to give him the letter and answer him, when some light touch fell on my arm. Looking around quickly, I saw a woman, half-crouching between me and the stove. A meagre, starvation-bitten face, averted from me; but I saw it clearly—*knew* it, in the bright light. The figure was old and haggard, dressed in a rusty, shabby suit of black. She moaned. It was a

voice I had not heard for forty years. "John Lashley!" The cry was an audible breath only. "Help! help!" that was all.

I caught at her arm. She drew back, and, standing erect, lifted the white, death-struck face to mine, then moved noiselessly, swiftly to the door, and disappeared. The door had been locked to keep out intruders, it was not opened now.

Bowdon sprang toward me. "Are you ill?" I heard him say, as he forced me down on a chair, and loosened my cravat. His voice sounded far off like a whisper. I was dimly conscious of a hurry and bustle, and Phipps' face, paler than usual, close to mine. I heard something of "apoplexy," and almost laughed inwardly.

It was some moments before I could stand. "Did you see her?" I asked. "Where did she go?"

"There was no one here, sir," said Bowdon, handing me water, and watching me keenly. "You were a little ill, but it's over now. I'll walk home with you." He did so, persisting in making me lean on his arm, though my step was as firm as his own. "You had better keep quiet to-morrow, and not come down to bank. A day's rest will set you all right again," he advised, as he landed me safely at my room-door in the National. "Very well, Bowdon." I bade him good-night, and went in.

In that short walk my determination had been taken. Of late years, I had noticed my will halted a little, walked slowly, reached conclusions with hesitation. Life was long, I always said. Time for leisure. Phipps even, sometimes, accused me of being an "old fogey," as he called it, borrowing the term from his boys. To-night the keen, vivid fire and resolve of my youth had returned. In that walk home my course was mapped out sharply before me, without one hinted doubt, irrevocable. So I foresaw the years, and decided my action in the days dead and forgotten forty years ago. Something had brought back the days.

"John Lashley! help! help!" "Do you want me, Esther?" my soul cried. "I'll come, so help me God!"

It may seem strange that I, so practical a man, should have accepted this message without question: but so it was. I neither felt my pulse, nor referred the appearance to charlatanry or dyspepsia; the thing was real. I did not trouble myself to account for it for one moment, nor to wonder at its strangeness.

I was alone all that night, and the next day, arranging papers, settling accounts. I meant

to leave California. In novels, men tremble and weep when the great crisis of their lives come on them: I did neither: smoked my pipe, went into the schedules of my business with a clear head.

How many years of my life came back to me, and crept through the minutes of that day and night, matters not: what hope, and passions, and agony I had thought dead long ago. My soul, as God knew it—not the soul of John Lashley, sordid, broken, but of some younger, more living man—stood up wakeful then, claiming its right. It had slept, I fancy, waiting, watchful: waiting for this call. She (pure and holy through these years, I knew,) never would call me unless it was her right to do it. The time had been when to know that she was free to utter my name—dared do it, would have kindled life into a splendid dream. It was too late now. Not too late for help, though where to find her in the world I knew not.

Looking out of the window, the evening of that day, on the bay, beyond which swept the sea, with great drifting clouds trailing over it, pitiful tears came to my eyes, the first in those dead years, remembering her weak, exceeding helpless cry, "John Lashley! Help! help!" And again and again, unceasingly, I said, with an unutterably tender caress, "Do you want me, Esther? Esther, do you want me? I'll come, so help me God!"

I have no mind to dwell on this. It was not for the purpose of baring my own nerves and tendons I wrote this story. What it purports you to know of my past history, I will tell in the regular hackneyed way; no more. I will try and tell you all the story as a cool spectator would have done.

I left California. Some days elapsed before a steamer sailed for New York, which gave me time to arrange and close my business. Phipps stood aghast; my old chums in money relations—for I had no intimates—suspected my brain was touched, hearing of the sudden attack of illness in the banking-house. It was not my habit to talk, so they asked no questions. I volunteered no explanations. I might return, I told Phipps, in a year, and drop into my old niche again. I did not withdraw my capital, therefore. I might never return: I was feeble, the journey to the States would probably exhaust my strength.

"Why make it then?" demanded the old man, with a keen glance.

"I have some business in the North to attend to before I die," I said, carelessly.

I dined with Phipps before I left: a great

concession to the friendly feeling I bore him. He was an honest man, loyal to his likings and hates. I like people with grit in them. I paid my bills, dismissed Joe, who had waited on me some ten years (going back to my youth, I was going back to primitive habits), took my passage on the steamer for the Isthmus, not wishing to wait for the York packet, and, one fair winter morning, left the shores of California. Phipps, and a dozen more merchants and bankers, gray-headed and younger fellows, sharp chaps all of them, went out with me a few hours of the way. "Good-by, Lashley; take care of yourself!" they said, when they left me.

There had been two or three others—not smart chaps, you know—whom I had helped a bit. Nothing, of course; only because I did not know how to get rid of my money; for curiosity to see what the poor devils would do with it. They had bidden me good-by at the hotel. "God bless you!" they said. I rather liked that the best of the two, considering the errand I was going on. And, considering the errand, too, I noted, foolishly, that I set sail under a clear sky; and I was glad of that. On New-Year's day—a good day to begin a new life, or make an old one live again!

CHAPTER II.

THE steamer was a large, strong one. She cut her way sharply through the grating breakers. I was an old sailor, used to the sea; yet it filled me with a new, strange exultation, to-day, a sense of mighty, latent difficulty to combat, to overcome: of subtle forces, against which I had to struggle; they—always unseen. Vague fancies for an old broker's head; a wild-goose chase for a rheumatic, ease-loving sexagenarian: a thousand leagues to answer a voice! Laugh, if you will. A voice out of heaven could not have been more real to me, more certain of quiet obedience. Let that thought go.

If a new, vital motive had lanced itself into my life, stinging some old nerves into pain, my daily habits and current of thought remained unchanged. I found myself just as fretted if the tea was not made to my liking for breakfast; went on with my forty-years-old cogitations on the turns in the money-market; sat idly for hours at night, smoking, looking down into the purplish-green water, with the glinting sheen of phosphorus through it. By daylight, too, I amused myself in my old fashion: my newspaper before me, but reading instead faces and fates, picking up bits of comedy and

tragedy, stray leaves—such as you find in every steamboat and railroad car.

During the voyage I was left alone. I always am. The Americans have innate good-breeding, let our English cousins say what they will; they are quick to discern a whim of silence, and gratify it. Yet, like most silent people, I soon knew more of the passengers than they did of each other.

One man attracted my attention, I knew not why. A pale, thin man of about my own age, with thin, fair hair, and mild, acquiescent eyes, dressed in a sober suit of brown. Keeping his throat well covered, I noticed, and eating dry toast for ten—consequently unmarried, or with a wife who coddled him. A merchant in a quiet way, or notary public. His name, I found on the register, was Donnell. As unattractive a subject for notice as one could meet. No tragedy or comedy on that face: a simple record of home-life, a tame business, and the gossip of half-a-century. Yet it did attract me. I had a vague notion that I had known the man once, needed him again on this mysterious venture on which I had set out. He was a timid, hesitating fellow, very: occasionally offering a fellow-passenger a cigar, and launching a meek remark on politics, speedily quenched if his companion happened to differ from him.

So, when I had determined to know him, it was not difficult to accomplish it: merely the offer of a late English paper, and then a long session of silence, broken by a few, careless words. At his ease, thoroughly, with a man shyer than himself, he proved to have a private supply of small, but shrewd observation.

"A Kentuckian, sir," he said, nodding to a wiry, raw-boned man passing. "A lawyer, like myself. I can tell his state by the intolerant blink of his eye, and his trade by his head, obliquely dropped on the neck. Did you never notice that?"

He was vain of his sagacity, I saw.

"You can tell the native of a state, then, infallibly?"

"Almost always—though there's a good deal in blood. But, as a general rule, the state-marks are accurate and narrow. Pass through them rapidly in cars, and you will see the different types succeed each other, sharply defined. A little practice will show you the difference between Ohio and Indiana faces, as between the sluggish, farmer-moulded, deep-blooded Pennsylvanian, and the clear-cut features of the Connecticut thinker."

"What am I?" I said, turning quickly. I would come home to what I wanted now.

He looked at me steadily. I was not desirous of the recognition he could give, for I knew him by this time. But he scrutinized my face as indifferently as a picture.

"A Virginian; from the West, or Valley," he said, authoritatively, too well-bred to follow the remark by even a look of inquiry. I should have answered the look not given, but I did not.

"You have assigned me a free air for my first breath," I said. "I know the West Virginians. There is enough of a trail of savage blood in them to make them a new race almost, totally differing from the planters of the East. Many of the Western families have Indian blood in their veins." I knew the track of gossip I could draw him on.

"Yes," lighting another cigar. "You see, these back mountain counties were settled by squatters mostly. In the old time, when the states were new, surveyors often, government usually paid them for their work by giving them as much land as they could ride around in so many hours. Then they brought their families, who fought, and traded, and often married the red-skins. Lots of high livers among those old country families got their land and their birth in that way. There was the Fawkeses now——"

He was safely launched. He traced the ramifications of Steins, and Farrells, and Hoyts, without tiring. An educated gossip. I quietly smoked my pipe. Dead names, he thought, to me: ghosts instead, bringing up the old forgotten time. There was not one of these people, whose career he outlined so coolly, from childhood to death, that had not once come close into my life in the keen, intense days of my boyhood. I had loved and hated them, the days when men and women were real and living to me, and not mere "parties" in the great commercial bonds that ruled the world, as now. Knowing nothing of this, he stumbled on—over grave-stones, I fancied, grimly.

Coming nearer to my own home, in his talk, to the point where I had wished to bring him; yet, weakly enough, I would now have thrust it off, if I could. A name not heard for forty years had yet a sting in it.

"You know those old families along the western shore?"

"Some of them," I said, drily.

"Queer old blood that, I tell you; queer old houses, too, in nooks and crannies, along the mountains. Why, sir, I could tell you tales of some of those old homesteads that would make your veins cold. Hot, fierce, revengeful people

live in them, giving their feuds and likings down from father to son. The very houses are durable, like the people. They are built of stone, rough-hewed, or solid, massive brick there, in old times. The walls are thick enough to catch cannon-balls, and paneled with carved wood. No wooden houses for those old mountaineers, as in New England."

I made no answer. It was a curious feeling, I remember, that I had then, sitting smoking close by the edge of the deck, watching the waves curl and lash themselves lazily against the sides of the vessel and listening to this man. I knew by instinct to what his maundering talk would lead, to their story: the mother and brothers I had left on that day which had broken life into two parts for me—the living and the dead. I had shrunk from hearing it for a long life-time, but it was coming now in this commonplace gossip, their story and—hers.

Well, what was it to me? There was crime in it, I know; instinct told me that, too. How could there but be crime? There would be all the elements of which life is made up: love, and hate, and death; what was it to me, old John Lashley, California banker, how these people had loved, or hated, or died?—their love or hate had not been for me: I was an alien and a stranger. With the last grain of dust from my shoes, as I left the old homestead, I had shaken their souls and life out of my life. It was nothing to me.

The wind was rising, swept low over the dun-colored sea beneath a dun-colored sky, angering the waves into impatient breaks of foam; it sighed low, wearily, like a tired soul seeking the good long rest to come. The larger sea-birds swooped now and then through the gloomy arch, the sunlight, that the world had lost and forgotten, catching and flashing on their white wings. How lonesome they looked—homeless!

So I turned and listened to the man. He had a smooth, mild voice, a good-tempered face, enjoyed himself so thoroughly, having this hoard of old stories to tell, and a patient listener. Proud, too, of these solid, lasting old houses in the West, of which the Yankees knew nothing, describing them with gusto: the forts; the old Indian fights; the mounds where the dead chiefs were buried, green, rounded heaps, full of the mystery of a dead age and race. Enough of curious incident these hills furnish in their legends of border warfare, midnight escapes, and deeds of bravery, fiercer and bolder than any Sir Walter has made immortal. Donnell

did them no injustice: belonging, as they did, to his native air.

"But the strangest house in these hills," he said, puffing the smoke from his lips, and watching it wreath and drift away, "is the Oaks, the old Lashley homestead. You've heard of them—the Lashleys?" I nodded. "I thought it likely. They're a notable race in West Virginia. The house, as I was going to tell you, was built by old Stephen Lashley, who might have been your great-grandfather or mine—an old Indian fighter, you see, who came West when Lewis Wetzel and Daniel Boone were boys. Lived in a log hut at first, you know: afterward, when his sons grew up, and he wanted to see them better off than their neighbors, built this house, and went to rest himself in a hole in the ground. It's the way of the world. But that house—stone, sir, the walls about three feet thick, great rambling rooms, close, dark halls and entries. It stood out from the river some dozen miles on a plain hillock of grass with one or two forest trees: round that crept the creek, and shutting in the hill, and house, were the mountains, close, a solid circle, like an amphitheatre, with only the break where the road and creek crawled out. When I was a boy, sir, living on the next farm, some five miles off, that old Lashley place was like a ghost story to me, full of queer dismal legends."

"Of what sort of clay were the Lashleys?" I asked, seeing he waited for some sign of interest.

"With the old Indian fighter's fire in their blood. Yet quiet, talking little. The family had strongly-marked traits. Large, brawny men, with tough muscles, yellow complexions, broad, black eyebrows, and steely gray eyes. When they grew old, it was one peculiarity that the hair of the head only whitened, and the eyes used to glow and burn under the bushy black brows like some stilled animals. There were three brothers in my time: boys like me. John and Robert were Lashleys. There was another, Clayton. He was a stray, as the country folks say: a fair-haired, blue-eyed, milky scoundrel, his mother's own son. The world was purer and better, I think, when they were out of it."

I could not speak. Why should I? What were Clayton Lashley or his mother to me? The man spoke God's truth of both. My pipe had gone out. "Let me light it for you," he said. His talk had made us fraternal in his fancy. So, on the brink of all I waited to hear, we stopped to fill the bowl, and exchange

a light. He did not speak for a long time, perhaps would not go on. I would not prompt him. I waited, looking out again into the dull sea distance, as if life had no object of interest nearer to me than yon floating gulls. Had it? If the story was to be told to me now, it was well, I was passive: this matter was out of my hands. It was not like a keen bargain, this business that had brought me to the North. Fate had it. I was only an instrument. Yet I wondered idly when I was to come at the threads of the mystery I had to solve; how these dead old crimes were to be unearthed for me, if this man was to do it. I would not prompt him by a word.

"People never are judged justly by their outside—by the face of the note, as one might say," he resumed, lazily. "Now these two Lashleys, John and Robert, the elder brothers you know, were reticent, grum boys and men, but they had the sterling old knightly hearts under the grumness; I knew 'em, hunted and fished with 'em day in and day out for many a year. But Clayton was the favorite with the farmers, a fair-spoken, easy-tempered lad, with a jolly word for the young men and a kiss for the girls, and his cap off to the old folks. With one of those dead milk-blue eyes that hold all treachery. Maybe I wrong him. He was sluggish and selfish, and that's enough stuff to make a devil out of without any more active poison. There was one bit of stuff in that house though, of which I never could get into an understanding. That was a young girl, their cousin. Raised like a boy with them, though—Esther Paul." He stooped, tying his cravat tighter; the wind at night in those tropical climates is cold and subtle. "Esther Paul." How black and flat the sea lay—how wearily the one bird left on the horizon swooped and flapped its wing! A broad, lifeless, homeless waste of muddy water, heaving and sighing with mighty, choked power—that was all. What a mild mould of face this man had, sitting by me—what a peaked nose and womanish, hesitating eyes! I wondered if any woman ever loved him, ever wrung her fair childish hands and beat her breast passionately, calling for him to come and love her, save her from worse than death? In vain.

I thought of the sea down there—what it held—how the dim light went through, and the forests of sea-weeds, green, and purple, and blue, waved and shivered in that twilight; of the dead floating there, white, and still, and rested. How calm they were! No wonder—God held them. Did He not hold the living, too?

Was there no infinite power of Love in which we rested, as those still corpses in the water? He did not speak for a little while; when he did, something had changed my eye and ear; his face was pleasant, home-like; his voice cheery and cordial—I shrank no longer weakly from my name.

"Tell me the story of these Lashleys," I said.

He looked up, surprised at my awakened interest, and then went on, pleased, in his monotonous way.

"Esther Paul, it was, I was talking of. She was their cousin, some poor relation, I believe, that old Lashley made his wife take home. Sore against her will; she begrudged the child the bite she ate; fearing, I always suspicioned, what actually happened. This, you see. The girl grew up. Not beautiful exactly, but the sort of woman that men go mad to conquer and call their own. Silent, gentle, indifferent, with that cool, kindly manner to the world that hints at some shut-up depth of passion never opened. When she was a bit of a girl, caring nothing for lovers or praise, as girls do, loving little children and dogs, horses even. Like a child always in some things. I tell you, sir, I believe in these girls that have an affinity for animals. They're pure. Esther wasn't strong, was a trifle lame, one foot being shorter than the other. Her life might have hardened her, for she was brought up like a boy: used to go out in her linsey dress with her cousins and me fishing and rabbit-snaring. I think living together in that way made us all purer. I always thought one of her older cousins seemed nearer to her than the rest: John it was. Always John that waited for her when she was tired, carried her basket or rod, though she generally tried to be sturdy enough, and stumped along with the best of us. Sometimes she'd be shy of him, and walk with Robert; but never with Clayton. He went alone if he went with us at all: none of us endured him near, though we never spoke of it; but he preferred staying milk-sopping about the house with mother, generally. But Esther—as I was saying—it was always John came nearest to her; I used to laugh to myself, boy-like, at her. She'd keep from him in that cold, indifferent way women have, until she got into trouble, tumbled down, or came across a snake, (lots of rattlesnakes and racers in those hills then,) and then it was 'John Lashley—help!'"

I listened as in a dream. The childish days, sacred to me in all my long life as bodies of the dead would be, rose up suddenly before me, tossed rudely into life by this man. Yet they

did not bring the cold chill I feared. Did not the great spirit of power and love hold those past days as this present, the children he talked of in the hills, and me, the worn-out old man? I was content. A soft and tender memory only—this he brought.

"All this hunting and fishing was when we were children together, you know. Jolly times they were. But I went off about that time; was sent on a flat-boat down the Ohio, and never stopped till I reached Orleans. That trip undone me. I never was contented again to settle down in the hills; so I put off, and knocked about until I made enough to study law, and here I am. But the Lashleys stayed on the home place till they were men and women. Robert's there now. It's one of the richest river farms in the border counties. John's dead, I believe. At least, he left home half a century ago, and never came back. The old woman died about that time. Too soon to be punished on earth for her life; but there's justice beyond, thank God! Still, I'd like her to have tasted a little of the cup her sons drank, here."

He stopped, looking out over the sea. Was that all? I was to hear no more. My heart gave a fierce tug, there was a choking in my throat, then I was still.

"I'd rather not tell the story of the Lashleys," he said, gravely. "It would have no interest to a stranger, and it's a horrible thing to rip open. Besides, I can't get over the feeling that they are blood-kin to me. Being with them as a boy so much, you know. They turned out different from what I should have predicted, every way. I told you Esther married Clayton!"

There was another long silence. But he began again. The man could not help but talk.

"It's that woman troubles me. I've tried to reconcile her story with her as I knew her when she was a child, and I cannot do it. Why, sir,

I've seen that girl, so tender-hearted was she, try to succor toads and lizards—the vilest things that live—when they were in pain and suffered. I've known her nurse a hurt dog for a month, gentle, pitiful as if it had been human: seen her eyes fill sudden up with tears when a true word touched her. When I think of what she came to be, knowing this, my faith in human nature is shaken. She was as pure a little girl as drew breath in God's air."

"She was pure till the end," I said.

I stood up. How close the air was, it choked me: clammy and stifling!

The man shook his head. "I tried to think so. But it was too plain."

I came closer, leaning on the capstan. "What did she come to be?"

"It's a damning story. Don't talk of it." He wiped his forehead. "I'm foolish, sir, but I'll tell you. I have a little girl at home, she is no purer, no more woman-hearted than Esther Paul was when I knew her. I look in that child's face—my child, you know, an only one—sometimes, and I think, 'You may, some day, be like her—one of the foulest things that creeps God's earth!'"

I came up to him then, close, turning my face to the bow-light, baring my head, and told him who I was.

I do not know what he said, or I. I remember he was frightened, remorseful at the pain he thought he had given.

I only was conscious that the night was dark, that the time was long before I could compose him and force him down to tell me all he knew. Then I sat down, and very quiet, looking out to the east where I should find her, I heard her story. Always to the east where I should find her. What if she was foul?—or they called her by a name no man or woman can bear and live? I was going to her. She was Esther, and I heard her cry, "John Lashley, help! help!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET,

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Now have thy days attained their vernal prime,
And that dear wish in which thy heart is bound,
Through long progression having reached the time
For ripeness, sits with consummation crowned.
For lo! the partial goddess Fortune brings
The celebration of thy wedding day;
And from her over-lavish hand she flings

Bright benedictions all along thy way.
While all the feathered voyagers of the air
Proclaim thy praise in warblings low and sweet;
And gentle winds breathe on thee odors rare,
And loving flowers cluster round thy feet.
All things are leagued to make thee wholly blest,
The good I wish thee topping all the rest.

AMY DIETZ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! ma, isn't that beautiful? Don't he look a little like pa? I never, never saw anything so beautiful as it all is! Oh! I would give anything to be as handsome as that lady is, to dress as she does! *He* has so bright a face!"

Our heroine meant the carriage that was passing slowly along the road; meant, especially, the inmates of the carriage—a gentleman and lady, who, with animated faces, surveyed the small, but tasteful dwelling, behind whose vines she and her mother held their safe reconnaissance.

"Well, they're gone," she added, as their own trees shut the glancing wheels out of sight. "We shall never see them again, never know who they are, where they came from, or where they are going to!"

"Probably not," was all the reply her mother made; and so the mind of the girl was left to feast itself upon the grace and beauty she had just seen. From the grace and beauty she had seen, her thoughts wandered away to the grace and beauty she had not seen, ever in her lifetime, but of which, half her lifetime, she had been dreaming, for which, half her lifetime, she had been longing—longing, inexpressibly, sometimes with heartache and discouragement, sometimes with a prophetic hope of a commensurate reality lying hidden somewhere for her in the shadowy future.

Amy did her dreaming to-day, as she did most days, with her slender white fingers flying amidst the innumerable strands of the palm-leaf hat she was braiding.

"I'm thinking, ma," said she, at length, now letting her hands lie on her work, "how different it would have been with us if pa had lived, and how hard it was that he should die—he, so good, so talented, so kind to us all, while so many miserable creatures live on and on, as if they would never die! I can't understand these things."

"Your father can, dear, from his high place," replied her mother, who had already had her combat with doubt and distress, mastering them through faith and reason.

"Oh! but I want him here! I should love him so! be so proud of him!" moaned Amy,

tears starting to the long lashes. The pretty, Grecian-shaped head bowed more and more. "I don't think that anything is to be compared with having him here, in the same rooms, at the same table with us—neither wealth nor anything! I always wonder that young girls, who have good fathers, should complain of anything, or ask for anything more. Still, I know that, if he had lived, we should have had money, and every beautiful thing that we wanted. He did so much, in the little time he lived after we came here, we can know that, by this time, it would have been as beautiful as Paradise."

And, by-the-by, Amy spoke of beauty, with a shining face; for, to her, it was no mere form of soft colors, or cunning proportions, but a spirit divinely beneficent, manifesting itself—although vaguely, as yet, and at rare times—to her spirit.

"Pa set out all these trees?" she continued, moving into a seat close by the window. She knew, but liked to hear about it again and again.

"Yes; and some of them he brought a good many miles."

"And the vines and roses?"

"Yes; and he had only made a beginning. He had a great many plans."

"Yes," Amy replied, her eyes on the varied shades the coming evening brought.

The-girl had, many a time before, sat just so, her large, beautiful eyes raised just so, with the same expression of love, regret, and longing in them—save that, now, they kindled as they had never done before, kindled softly—as all eyes like hers must kindle—for, in her thought, new beauties were silently appearing before her. Trees of loveliest shades and proportions were taking their places out on the green sward, and the bare eaves, the bare portico, were taking upon themselves a trailing garb of verdure. Repose and beauty indescribable were settling dove-like upon all the place, and upon her own strained life. A manly shape—her father's, or one like his—was there somewhere in the rooms, and the rooms were softly changing into luxuriant, artistic beauty. Her father—or one like him—approached her; she felt his

approach, in the rest, the warmth taking possession of her being. She had only to turn, to raise her eyes, to put out her arms—alas, poor Amy! how lonely was the room, how bare the porch, the greensward, when, raising herself to see how it really was, she came out of her dream! “Oh! dear ma!” she said, in a voice that made the widow start and look up from her patient sewing. “if pa had only lived!”

The widow never knew what to say when she saw that look, heard those tones. It was a relief to her to hear John's voice that moment in the garden. He was talking to the dog Faust. He and Faust were coming in through the garden on their way from the field. She told Amy to throw her hat away, and not touch it again that night.

“Oh! then, when will we be rich, ma? Only two hats and a half a day, at ten cents a piece; when will we be rich enough to do all we want to?” But she spoke with cheerfulness, glad to get the hat out of her hands, glad to be upon her feet, and to feel how the cool air drew through, now she had opened the doors on all hands, glad to hear John's voice! oh! so glad to be upon her feet, to draw out the table and lay the cloth, to run to the dairy for cream, (and thick was the cream always, when Amy got it.) for the golden butter-ball, for the cool cut-rards! The widow, meanwhile, made tea out in a back room, thinking gratefully that if their condition of comparative poverty had its pains, it had also its pleasures, in the wholesome household cares and labors, out of which, as she had many a time seen, there came a sunny mood to the spirits jaded and disheartened by sitting so long with her fingers flying back and forth over the palm-leaf hat—forever back and forth; so nimbly, that, watch them as one would, one only saw that they flew back and forth tossing the strands, and that the hat, begun an hour or two ago, would in a few minutes be done. If one looked up into the girl's face, one saw that she was worn, that she had no pleasure in the end of her piece which was no end of her task.

CHAPTER II.

“Dor,” (she meant *not*, she was a great snuff-taker,) “dot a bite” (she meant *mite*) “of sduff have I got id by box, Biss Aby, a'd what shall I do? dot a bite of sduff for the rest of this whole afterdood!”

“Let me go out and get you some.”

“Will you?” (We will not continue imitating her pronunciation), “you're a nice girl!” She spoke with the greatest heartiness. “If you

will, you're the nicest girl there is in town; and you shall have the nicest husband. You be putting your things on, while I've been getting hold of a little change.” (She meant, *specie*.) “Get it at Gilbore's. Be sure! don't go to Sedter's. Don't be gone long; and perhaps I'll be the means of getting you a husband that you'll *like*; one that looks like the father you think so much of, and *is* like him. Run!”

When Amy was gone, the good lady said to Mrs. Dietz, “I've got a plan in my head, and you see if it don't work. You see what Amy says when she comes. I came on purpose to set it going. I had been intending to send Alfred in after my snuff, when he got home from his play. But I wanted to get Amy to Gilbore's. You'll guess why when she comes.”

Amy's cheeks were red, her eyes humid, her head bowed, when she came. When Mrs. Smith thanked her, closely scanning her features, she simply said, “Welcome,” and went to put her hat and gloves away. Mrs. Smith caught the opportunity to say to Mrs. Dietz, “You see what she says when she does speak. She's seen somebody, I know, by her looks. He saw her, too, or she wouldn't look as she does. This was precisely what I wanted. I wanted him to see *her*, and—she—”

All Amy did, when she came, was to evade Mrs. Smith's eyes as well as she was able, and get her braiding into her hands, working with diligence until her mother and Mrs. Smith were engaged in their sewing and conversation; then her hands forgot to move. With one she held her work, while the fingers of the other bent a straw back and forth; and her eyes fixed themselves in blank abstraction upon the open window. Seeing her so, and finding she was not going to speak at all, Mrs. Smith opened a light battery in this wise: “A couple of travelers came and put up at the hotel, just before tea; put up for the night, I suppose. Did you see anything of them, Amy? I didn't know but you would; the gentleman was tipped back in the piazza, reading his newspaper and smoking his cigar, when I came along. She came out directly after they'd had their supper, I suppose. I saw her, the lady, in the door of the upper piazza a minute, at the same time that he came to the lower door; then she went in, poor thing! and in a minute I saw her in a rocking-chair in one of the front chambers. I could see it all as plain as day through my open window. You didn't see anything of either of them?”

“I saw a gentleman reading in the piazza,” was all Amy said. She said this with her fingers going, her eyes on her work.

"Did you notice him? Notice, I mean, who he looks like?"

Amy said No; but it was not true.

"Didn't you see something that made you think of your father?"

Again Amy said No; and it was another untruth.

"That's because you didn't look at him long enough then. He's a *sight* like your father; only he's young enough to be his son—in law, I mean. The lady is too much like him to be his wife. She's his sister. Did you notice that I called her a poor thing, Amy?"

"No, ma'am." But she did. She had been trying hard, all along, to conjecture what it meant.

"Oh! she ought to be as tall as you are, for she's as old, probably; but, instead of that, she would have to look up a good way to see your face. Her head is right down in her shoulders. It's pitiful!"

Both Mrs. Dietz and Amy, with faces of deep commiseration, said, "So it was!"

Then they talked of other things. By-and-by, Mrs. Smith, who, when it grew dusky, had taken a seat near a window that commanded a view of the road toward that part of the village where the hotel was situated, said to Amy, "Come. Amy, run out and break me off a handful of your white roses. I must be going, and I want some to carry home. Run while I'm putting my things on."

Amy went out. Her heart was often sad. It often sank in one moment, without her knowing why, from a state of ease, into one of utter pain and longing. It did so now. And so she broke her beautiful roses under that beautiful twilight sky, singing softly and with heartache, the words:

"Oh! Then that driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when disturbed, and wounded here,
We could not turn to Thee!"

She sang it feelingly. Amy Dietz was so far religious that she prayed with a deeply fervid spirit; but not further. Her heart had, as yet, had little to do with praise, that highest, happiest—that true condition of the human life.

She gathered her roses and carried them in, and was directly assailed with: "Did you see who went by?"

"No, ma'am." And this time she told the truth.

"I thought you didn't. I was glad you didn't. You would have left off your singing, and cuddled out of sight along the rose-bushes if you had. As it was, he had a good chance to see the side of your face and hear your voice; and

it sounded beautifully. You wouldn't have done it half so well, if you had known you were doing it for him, as you were."

Amy was distressed. She had no share in Mrs. Smith's phantasy. On the contrary, what she had seen and heard of the traveler, was, as she believed, only one more wave of crested beauty, passing like the rest; as unreal—so far as her fate was concerned—as unreal as those that had their being solely in her own creative brain. Ah! but beyond the concerns of her own actual, final fate, his being there that moment so near her, his having just passed within a few yards of where she at the time stood, with his actual feet, choosing their own way, his actual brain thinking its own thoughts, (perhaps of *her*), his actual face and actual form, embodying their own brightness and manly grace, were far more real to her than any person, any event had been, since the grave had shut her beloved father out of her sight. This she knew. This she said to herself again and again in her chamber, after she had seen him, in the duskiness of late twilight, pass slowly by, on his return to the village. She wept, saying it to herself; wept that this too must pass, and the want of her dear father, whom this man had, as it were, brought back awhile to her, must gnaw more painfully than ever.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE removing to S——, Dr. Dietz, father of Amy and John, had given the whole of his large, choice cabinet to his beloved Alma Mater, H—— College; and, in return, his gracious Alma Mater had made him the formal grant of keeping one student in her halls, as long as he lived. He, alas! did not live long—only two years; but the grant was transferred to the widow without her request; and John was now enjoying its benefits. This was summer vacation of his third year. He taught in the public schools, winters; was private tutor to a class of four, fitting for college, through the rest of the year; and, in this way, felt his feet securely under him; felt that he had found his work and was doing it. So when Amy mourned, he wrapped her in his long, strong arms, and said cheerfully, "'Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.' John has found his work, and he asks for nothing. Amy will find hers some day, and then *she* will ask for nothing. She is living on toward it; she will some day be there; and she can afford to weep a good many tears, and feel a good deal of heartache by the way. There pass. The

work, the true, fit work, when it has been found, will never pass, nor the delight in doing it, neither in this world, nor in the other. John happens to know this first, because he has had the toughest time of it, out in the wide world, and so has had his feet quickened; and because it is what all our best men are saying."

Amy mourned all the same after it; and he expected her to, until the time should come, when, foot-sore with traveling, searching, weary and worn, she would sit down and say, "Here, Father, is Thy child! patient now, sitting now in quiet, to rest at Thy feet, and wait for Thy hand to bless her with an everlasting joy in serving Thee." John knew, all know who have so surrendered themselves with all their hard-working egotism, that just when she came and said that, out of her soul, she would find the real work and delight of life before her. So he was easy about her, and not a little proud and fond of her innocence, earnestness, and beauty. He rebuked her when he could not help it; but with words so light, else so tender, that they were only the more endeared to each other for them.

The next morning after Mrs. Smith's call, when his mother told him about the poor deformed frame of the beautiful lady at the hotel, laying his broad hand on Amy's head, he said, "And your heart was sick, yesterday, (don't you remember?) when you saw how beautiful she was, in passing, and how handsomely she was dressed! If she saw your perfect form, your ease and grace in moving, she would be sick, unless her heart is a more reasonable one than yours. Her tears would run; she would affirm that she could be contented with serge, if her form were but like that! And so her angelic face would be spoiled by the discontent and weeping. As she would deserve. We all deserve (and need) all the pain and all the ugliness of aspect, our discontent, from whatever earthly cause, is allowed to give us; for it belongs to us to be cheerful and to work!" John always said—"Work," his whole wide frame starting with energy, as if he were a grand charger at a race-course.

He spoke the truth; but it was a truth that would often have rendered him impatient toward Amy's weakness, but that, happily for him and for her, his truth was broad enough to cover also all the causes of that weakness and to show him her way out; to show him that her feet were already turned toward that way.

He went out to the post-office immediately after breakfast and was absent a long while. Meantime, Alfred Smith, on his way to school,

called and gave Amy a note from his mother, which ran thus:

Saturday Morning.

"MY DEAR—John is (but I shall first tell you what Alfred says. He sees what I have written and says I ought to have written *John, Jod,* and then you would know it is I, writing, if I didn't sign any name. He says I pronounce it so. Do I? I know I take considerable snuff, and I suppose it affects my speech some; but does it as much as that? I shall make you and your mother tell me honestly, the next time I get where you are. If it does, I am sure I am done with snuff.) John is over the way, this is what I wanted to tell you, up in the observatory, pointing out the mountains to *him* and his poor hump-shouldered sister. They're outside, at the parapet. John has just helped the little happy-faced thing into one of the arm-chairs, that she may see all that they do.

"It's Saturday; do you suppose they will leave to-day? If they don't, they won't to-morrow, for to-morrow will be Sunday; then he'll hear you sing! and then! Adieu."

When John returned, an hour later, to Amy's great relief, (to her regret also,) he informed them that the strangers "had just started. They were on their way to H—, to visit the Lovells. They were from C—. They were old Squire Havewell's son and daughter. The son was associated in business with his father, now nearly superannuated. C— was a comparatively small place," John said, "but large enough, and enough refined to make up one of the best societies in Massachusetts. One of his friends lived there; he had been home with him several times, (it was less than twenty miles from the college,) and had met young Havewell nearly every time. The Havewells weren't tremendously rich," he said, "but were in very comfortable circumstances; were good to the poor and very much beloved; were fond of books, music, the arts, the sciences, metaphysics—in short, they were alive!" ending with a start of the sinewy frame—"above all manner of cant, humbug, and fraud!" with another start. "I wanted them to stay to-day," added he, getting his hat. "I wanted to show them some of our scenery. But the Lovells are expecting them; they were obliged to go. Now to your braiding, sister! I'm going to catch three trout and two pickerel for dinner. Adieu."

Amy Dietz, sitting at her braiding, and, thinking what had just passed by her, hated it—hated the braiding, that is. She said to herself with hot cheeks that she did, and that she wanted to put it under her feet. Looking round on all

the objects in their plain sitting-room, on her mother's faded face, her cheap and worn dress, on her own cheap dress, she said to herself that if she knew she would some day die of this loneliness that gnawed at her heart so, she would be glad that he had passed on out of her path forever. Sitting so, she heard footsteps and voices; and, springing to the window, she saw John and the stranger ascending the path toward the house; each with a string of fish, and Faust was lifting his slender nose between them. She hid first her braiding and wide apron; she was quaking with dismay; and, finding that she could not conquer it, she hurried away to her room, shut her door, gave her hands a wring, said, "What shall I do?"—as many a sensitive young girl, under kindred circumstances, had done before her. She said she was provoked with John for letting him come; wished they were both (both the gentlemen, she meant,) in France! But John did not bring his companion in. Mrs. Dietz came up to let Amy know that he had simply taken him through the wood-shed to the garden, where he was showing him the melons. Then Amy's gladness ran high. John was the best fellow not to bring him in! "John, you're a darling!" or, "You're a darling, John!" she said, whenever, in the hurried dressing and cooking of the fish for dinner, they were brought in sight of each other.

The travelers had broken their carriage, when less than a mile out of the village; and, having met John on their return to the village, whither they were compelled to come to get their carriage mended, Havewell, after having deposited his sister at the hotel, and sent his carriage to the blacksmith, went and rejoined him at the coppice beside the road, beside the beautiful Meadow Brook.

"But you and I must call on them, this evening," said John, as he was leaving the dinner-table. "I promised them both that we would. And, my mother, we must invite them both here, to-morrow evening, mustn't we?" He knew his mother would say Yes, and she did. He expected Amy to worry and cry, and she did, in this respect, transcending his anticipations. He was vexed at last, and went off, as he said, "to let her fret it out alone."

Amy put on her best; but meagre enough her best seemed to her, as she looked at herself in the glass, remembering into what presence she was going. She was so chilled on the way, June evening although it was, that she could scarcely move, or speak. She was thinking that she would disgrace not only herself but John—the good, noble brother walking with such even

strength at her side! Of course the Havewells wouldn't think so well of him, when they saw what a stupid, awkward, know-nothing sister he had! saw how poorly she was dressed, and what a poor little home they had! Oh, dear! if the earth would only open and swallow her! swallow only her; leaving John to be a comfort to her poor mother!

Miss Havewell had on her plain gray traveling dress, her plain linen collar and cuffs; and her face was serene and smiling as a seraph's. Her brother was—perfect. This is the way Amy got along afterward with his abounding gifts of ease, intelligence, good-nature, and the like. She began many times recounting to herself these qualities; but they came in a tide, and all she could say was, that he was "perfect!" But, for herself, she was ashamed—ashamed that she put on those fine, poor duds; that she could neither speak, nor move, without such painful, shameful self-consciousness and blushing; that she must tremble so; oh, dear! was there ever such a poor, awkward, miserable creature? If they hadn't, both of them, been angels, they would have given up noticing her after the first minute; but they were. If John—darling fellow!—hadn't been an angel—as he always was—he would have been as ashamed and cross as he could be, seeing how she appeared. But, instead of that, she had never seen him so animated, so kind. And Miss Havewell was so sweet toward her! and her brother so—so perfect! Oh, dear! So began and so ended all her paraphrases—with an "Oh, dear!"

The hymns and the anthem, in the next morning's service, were prayers for such as were wretched and worthless; and she sang them straight out of her soul.

"And didn't she sing beautifully?" said Mrs. Smith, spreading her napkin at that Sunday's dinner. "I was in hopes she would. Her voice—it seems to me, sometimes, as if it went wavering away up to heaven; it seemed so to-day in that hymn—

'Wretched, poor, despoiled, forsaken'—

my blood ran cold hearing her."

The Havewells came that evening; and they seemed so pleased with everything, the vines, the trees, the roses scenting all the place, the small, but well-selected library, and especially with her poor little knick-nacks, in flowers, autumn leaves, mosses, looking at these so long, admiring them so much, that Amy was, on the whole, glad to be where she was; glad, that is, that the earth did not, at her wish, open itself

the evening before and shut her up "in the dismal shades where Orcus and the Furies dwell." Even her little, pale-faced, hard-working, old-fashioned mother bore herself with such social, friendly ease, that, as she could not fail to notice, the hearts of their guests warmed every moment toward her. And, as for John, he was splendid! She didn't know he was ever quite so grand! And, this time, I think she neither began nor ended with an—"Oh, dear!"

The next morning, however, was destined to put the new complacency to flight. For, when she was out in the yard watering her plants, with her wash-gown on, Havewell came in at the gate, hurrying, to get the book that he borrowed of John the night before, but forgot to take. He wanted it to read at the hotels where they put up on their journey. He started, hesitated, when he saw her, then he touched his hat and advanced. But he saw her mortification, that was clear, Amy said afterward to herself; saw, of course, what superabundant cause she had to be mortified. She guessed he had seen enough of her now! Oh! why *did* he forget the book? What *did* she put on that old, old gown for, this morning? Oh, dear! oh, dear! They weren't to return that way, but were to go round by the mountains and lakes; so that was the last time he would ever see her. She might improve herself, her understanding, her bearing, her whole life—she would—she was bent upon that; but there she would be in her poor little out-of-the-way home; he, already at the height of all kinds of excellence, would be a long way off, in his beautiful home, living his life of beauty and forgetfulness of her existence.

CHAPTER IV.

AMY did improve herself. She had now two high, nearly faultless models. The patience, the angelic serenity of Miss Havewell appeared to her with irresistible power and pathos. It was almost as if Christ himself had paused beside her, in his dusty pilgrimings; his divine, sad eye upon her, his divine voice saying to her, "Come and learn of me; be meek and lowly in heart, and find rest unto your soul."

What she saw in Havewell, was the highest style of human intelligence and beauty, as they express themselves in the perfectly symmetrical form, the classic features, the deep, soft eye, the penetrating, sonorous voice, the bearing, as if one were a god. There is a worth in such lives, beyond what can be estimated, lying in this, that they teach us, as no sermon can, what men and women can be, and feel, and do, even

here on this "sin-beleaguered earth," even in this poor fallen state, where, at the best, we are no more than half "alive unto God." This Amy felt to the utmost. Her life was strained, torn. She sank sometimes as if she never would rise again, feeling how poor her life was, how rich it ought to be; feeling how much there was for her to do, what a long way to go to reach the green place where the shade and the still waters were. She read a great deal, read those rich old works, which were among her father's books—Addison, Shakspeare, Blair, Cowper. They became as living, breathing friends to her: so dear, that just feeling them in her sensitive palms was enough to thrill her with joy. When John, who had now returned to college, saw, by her letters, what direction her mind was taking, he sent her books; now and then a precious volume; many of them—most of them, in fact—with Havewell's name in them. She found this passage in one of them: "It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." It was an old doctrine. She had sang it many times in the hymn:

"Dear Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do;"

had read it and heard it read many times in the Scriptures: "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven (that is, doing the will of the Father, making it one's own will), and leave the rest to be added unto you;" but now, through her own striving, and the rich experience that was growing out of it, she knew what it meant. She went about the house, she sat at her braiding, singing,

"Dear Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do;"

sang it out of a heart full of gladness in the Lord. Not in Havewell, not in any other human being. She was, as it were, lifted above him, above every earthly thing, sitting at God's right hand; loving him, and every being on earth, and the earth itself, beyond what words could tell, but loving God most of all. And so now had come the season of praise. Now was her life rounded out and perfected. She had found her work. Braiding hats was a part of its *form*; but, animated by its true spirit, even that sat light as air on her fingers. In this one little phrase, full of meaning to those who have experienced it, but void to those who have not, Amy had been "born again." She was worthy, now, of Havewell—and this is saying much. She was easy about his coming; for, let that be as it would, she was sure of happiness to the end of her days.

CHAPTER V.

BUT he came. She was sitting, one afternoon, braiding; her mother was sewing: in so far just as we saw them one year ago, at the commencement of this story. A beautiful carriage came along; the same carriage, the same horse, and one of the same inmates.

He kept Amy's hand, his eye beamed, he talked of his joy in seeing her; and it was the same as if they had been known to each other a lifetime. He wrapt her close, when Mrs. Dietz went out to see about the tea, calling her his "treasure, his beautiful, beloved girl!"

John and Faust came in: John, an A. B., ready to study law with Havewell; Faust, with one slender foot, and his slender nose lifted in the air. There was a deal of sport at the supper-table. Mrs. Dietz, seeing to them, that they did not talk all the time, that they ate a little, thought that the gentlemen were like two magnificent hounds just in from a hunt that had been no fatigue, but a stimulus and delight to them—and Amy was like a soft, frolicsome, household spaniel, merry, loving, beautiful to behold. She did not forget the beloved dead. Nor did Amy. She shut back more than one

sigh, longing for him, wishing he had lived to see and share her happiness. They did not forget him; there was no one they remembered so constantly as they all did him, that last, glowing October day, at S—, when Havewell and Amy were given to each other in marriage. They left wreaths of the autumn leaves and tears on his grave; and Havewell was dearer than ever to Amy's heart, when she saw that his tears were mingled with hers. Mrs. Dietz and Faust accompanied them to C—, to spend the winter. But the next summer, and every summer, they all came to spend a part of the beautiful season there where the solemn trees were waving, where the roses were blooming, and where the solitary grave was. Mrs. Dietz and Miss Havewell came first, tarried latest. Only, now, Johnny and Caddy (the latter named for "auntie," that is, for Miss Havewell) are sometimes allowed, at their pleading, to remain with auntie and grandma, after father, and mother, and uncle John, and baby return. The parents demur, averring that the petting they get spoils them. But I wonder if it does. There were certainly never better children; and this the parents own.

MISTRUST.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HE deems me cold, because my pen is weak,
And words are feeble passion to convey;
He knows not that, whate'er my lips may speak,
'Twould not reveal one half my heart would say.
The rose may yield its sweetness to the bee,
The ocean cast its treasure to the shore;
Yet deep within the heart of flower and sea
Is hid a mystery 'twere in vain to explore.
Forever, on and on, the heart may bear
Its weight of love, its agony of woe;

But whether tossed on billows of despair,
Or raised to rapture—who hath power to know?
Then love me still—I am forever thine!
Believe me true; ah! who could doubt my truth?
Time hath no power to change this heart of mine—
Bathed in Love's fount, it e'er renews its youth.
When I forget thee, 'twere time to die;
When from my soul sweet memory has fled,
Kiss the dumb lips, and close the darkened eye—
Fold the pale hands in peace, and write me—"dead!"

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE morn will rise with dewy flowers
And cool, sweet airs—night scatter stars,
Moonlight, and rest—and birds will sing,
When I am dead.
The Spring will come with bud and bloom,
And Summer sunshine bathe the hills;
The Autumn's scarlet leaf and gold
Will rustle in the sighing winds,
And Winter gather storm and sleet—
When I am dead.
The busy world will still go on,

As fraught with hope, as fraught with fear—
Sorrow and woe still write their names
On hearts and homes—and pleasure's hand
Strew joy—and friends still smile, ah! sad—
When I am dead.

But all of pain and toil shall cease,
And tears, and troubled, anxious thought—
Bright, o'er my dim, earth-wearied sight,
Eternity's glad star shall rise,
And peace, and joy, and Heaven shall come—
When I am dead.

A WEDDING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

We had just returned from the wedding. We three, father, mother, and I, stood together in the drawing-room, and looked at each other as people look who are not pleased with something that has happened, and of which they do not quite understand the meaning.

Suddenly, my father, who was rather impulsive, snatched off the white gloves that gave him such a gala appearance, and, pushing open one of the French windows, flung the inoffensive kids far out into the middle of the street.

"There goes a dollar and a half," said my mother, quietly.

"I only wish that John's folly could have gone with it!" exclaimed my father, as he began pacing up and down the room. "To think of that poor child's prospects being spoiled in this way!"

As I was the "poor child" referred to, my mother began to laugh; and well she might, for I was not "poor" in any sense of the term. My cheeks were round and glowing with health, and my bones were covered with their full share of flesh; while I had a father and mother, over whom I exercised unlimited authority, the command of every reasonable indulgence, and of many unreasonable ones. My mother, I say, laughed, and so did I; while my father looked dignified and indignant.

"I think," said my mother, while her rather mischievous eyes endeavored to reduce themselves to a state of propriety, "that we shall manage to keep Sophie out of the poor-house for some time yet. And, after all, when you come to think of it, John had a perfect right to get married."

"Yes," replied my father, stopping short in his promenade, "and I should have 'a perfect right' to wear your bonnet down the street, provided you were willing—but, as in that case, others would have 'a perfect right' to call me a confounded fool, I prefer leaving that and various other rights unexercised. A nice set of bedlamites we should be if we insisted upon availing ourselves of all our rights!"

"You lawyers are so severe," said my mother, still laughing, "and John has not done as foolishly as many others—he has married a woman of very suitable age."

At this remark, my father appeared to have been seized with a fresh fit of indignation.

"That is just it!" he exclaimed, "he has not even a fair excuse for his folly. As all men are human, a young and beautiful bride would have offered some palliation for his conduct; but that unattractive woman! fat, dark, and forty—I cannot understand it!"

"One thing, at least, is not difficult to understand," observed my mother, "the 'unattractive woman' is now Mrs. John Heberton. But what does Sophie think of her new aunt?"

"I think," said I, with difficulty repressing a yawn, "that it was all very stupid, and she looked as old as the hills."

"I wonder," continued my mother, reflectively, "if John will withdraw his yearly subscription to the half-orphans?"

Dear mother! her sympathies were warmly enlisted for the half-orphans and whole orphans, and prospective orphans, and orphans of all shapes and denominations; and she belonged to all the societies that ever were instituted for the benefit of this numerous portion of the human race.

This innocent remark was the last straw that broke the camel's back; and my father almost slammed the door after him, as he muttered quite audibly: "Hang 'the half-orphans!'"

"It would save the institution a world of trouble," said my mother, "but I do not think the idea would be a popular one."

It is rather tantalizing, though, to talk about a wedding without telling people whose it is, and giving some description of the bride and groom.

Ever since I could remember, uncle John and aunt Allie had lived together in a little, plain house, in an old-fashioned part of the city; and as no apparent change had taken place in them within the scope of my recollection, I involuntarily looked upon them as a species of human fossil remains. They were brother and sister, the only ones that remained of my father's family; and uncle John was some years older than my father, a delicate, gentlemanly-looking man, with rather a large head, and blue eyes that always wore a surprised expression. He was absent-minded, and very much averse to

exertions of any kind—rarely going out of his shell, as he called the little house where he seemed to vegetate, year after year, in perfect contentment.

Years ago, when grandfather died, and each son took his portion, uncle John entered into a successful speculation with his, by which he more than doubled it; but this good luck seemed only to have made him cautious, for, withdrawing immediately from all money undertakings, he carefully invested his handsome fortune in irreproachable bond and mortgage, and retired to enjoy it in his own peculiar way. Few would have supposed that the inmates of that plain, little domicil could have bought out two or three brown-stone-front establishments, carriages, coachman, buttons and all; yet so it was. The only extravagances committed in that house consisted in food, bodily and mental. Uncle John and aunt Allie were anything but gormandizers, and yet only the most expensive kind of viands came upon their table; while the library up stairs, in that dingy back room, would have delighted a party of *savans*. Then, too, uncle John was always spending money on chemical experiments, and nearly blowing himself up with the same; while aunt Allie quite blew him up for the noise he made and the frights he gave her.

For aunt Allie hated noise, and her favorite vice was worsted-work. All day long, and far into the night, did she work cats, and dogs, and rose-buds, whose like never was seen in the natural world; and she knitted, and crocheted, and cross-stitched, to such a fearful extent that it was only by dint of earnest remonstrances that we were saved from a set of drawing-room furniture in flowers, animals, and landscapes—and preserved, I verily believe, from an entire suit a piece in various colored worsteds. I think that aunt Allie, with a sudden gleam of inspiration, once meditated the herculean task of “doing” all our portraits in this novel manner; but meeting with as little encouragement as geniuses usually do, she mournfully relinquished the project. Now worsted-work takes money, as any one who has made Affghans knows, and aunt Allie’s custom in this line was a very desirable income to shopkeepers.

It is unfortunate, though, to be small niece to a worsted-loving aunt; and, until I was fifteen, I never paid a visit to aunt Allie without spending most of the time with my arms manacled by chains of zephyr that were quite as tiresome as fetters of iron. It would be: “Just in time, my dear, I have been saving this for you”—for uncle John, between one thing and another, was

seldom to be caught; and, indeed, I have observed, as a general rule, that gentlemen are by no means as fond of holding skeins as they are expected to be. So, aunt Allie wound and I held, while she descanted upon the various merits of double zephyr, single zephyr, and split zephyr, and waxed enthusiastic over new stitches—while I could only think of the stitch in my side. For I usually knelt, rather uncomfortably, by the sofa on which my aunt was established; as she considered herself quite an invalid, and was certainly nervous and inactive to a very high degree.

Very sweet, too, was aunt Allie; with pretty hair, of a sort of caroty-golden, worn in looped-back curls, and large, wondering blue eyes, that had a childlike confidence in them. She was so gentle that I never felt disposed to utter an impatient word to her, although rather lavish of such favors to most people with whom I came in contact; and every one’s voice seemed to take a softer tone in addressing her. Mother was very fond of aunt Allie. She subscribed liberally to the half-orphan, and all the other institutions that claimed her patronage; and ladies who went about on such expeditions, with small bags and reports, pronounced her “one of the salt of the earth!”

My aunt would whisper to me, in a soft monotone, various surmises about “John,” who, she was quite convinced, was daily occupied in bringing various plans for killing himself to perfection; and she assured me that, every time he went out, she expected to see him brought home on a shutter. Whether he had ever expressed any particular preference for that mode of conveyance, I do not know; but if he had, the wish was never gratified. Very much attached, though, were that brother and sister; and if aunt Allie imagined that uncle John was trying to kill himself scientifically, uncle John was just as firmly persuaded that the coroner’s verdict on aunt Allie would be: “Died of worsted-work.” He pronounced it an abomination; and declared that it must have been invented by some woman-hating man for the purpose of exterminating the race.

My aunt and uncle were not very often at our house. It was so bright and cheerful there—“so gay,” as they expressed it, that it seemed to bewilder them; and although they approved highly of my mother, and were very gracious to me, they were not as often under our roof as my father would have liked. Besides being deeply attached to his brother and sister, he had nursed a pet theory ever since I was born, which was that I was to be the heiress, the

especial and particular one, of my maiden aunt and bachelor uncle—not so much, I think, from a love of money, as from an appreciation of the peculiar importance which prospective heirship always gives. As uncle John was past fifty, and aunt Allie not many years behind, it did not seem very probable that they would form any new connections; so I enjoyed the distinction of being Miss Sophie Heberton with three fortunes in prospect. But

“The best laid plans of men and mice
Aft gang astray;”

and, since that experience, I would not insure any man or woman against matrimony who could speak, or write, or make signs, or in any way express their wishes, or understand the wishes of others.

Aunt Allie did a very remarkable thing, one summer, that led to other remarkable things not quite so agreeable. Dr. Coolin, “the medical man,” whom she paid liberally for feeling her pulse, shaking his head at her, and peering at her, in a vague, undecided way, over his glasses, finding her questions likely to exhaust the small capital of knowledge that he possessed, proposed the sea-shore, with something of the inspiration that came over Mr. Dick in the case of David Copperfield.

This was a bold stroke on the part of the doctor, and rather startled aunt Allie.

“Did he really think it would do her any good?”

“He was quite sure that it would do her no harm,” and the doctor had such an expressive way of saying nothing, that aunt Allie declared his words spoke volumes. As there are so many volumes, however, that had better not have been spoken, this was somewhat equivocal.

Aunt Allie went to the sea-shore, and uncle John, as in duty bound, went with her. It had been very hard work to get them off: uncle John mourned so at the idea of leaving his beloved books and chemical apparatus—and aunt Allie was but half-consolated by the reflection that worsted was light, and could be stowed into trunks to an unlimited extent; but, once off, it seemed even harder work to get them back.

Their alternate letters were rather mystifying; for, although, at first, both raved of the beauties of the sea-shore, and the invigorating qualities of the salt air—before long, uncle John wrote that “Allie had fallen in love:” and father and mother were terrified by visions of some heartless fortune-hunter, who might persuade aunt Allie to make a fool of herself in her old age. In answer to some hints of this kind, however, there came a more connected epistle

from aunt Allie, filled with eulogiums of a certain Miss Woodner, whom she seemed to have taken into bosom-friendship on a very short acquaintance. Miss Woodner had been so kind—and Miss Woodner was so lively—she really did not know what they should have done without her—with much more to the same purpose.

That one unfortunate word, “lively,” immediately turned the current of anxiety toward uncle John. Some designing girl, probably, without a cent, who was working hard to secure the rich bachelor! And urgent requests were sent for their speedy return, accompanied by thrilling accounts of the danger of remaining too long at the sea-shore. Aunt Allie's reply gave great satisfaction, until the close of it. The day was fixed for their return, and a great deal said about the pleasure of being with one's own family again; in fact, aunt Allie wrote, she and John were rather tired of the sea-shore, and so was Miss Woodner, who had kindly consented to accompany them home for a visit.

This announcement threw us into a state of great perturbation, and we employed the intervening time in wondering what Miss Woodner looked like. Father was so anxious to see for himself, that he went down to the boat to meet them, and returned in an unusually cheerful frame of mind.

“Only one of Allie's unaccountable fancies,” said he, much relieved; “and about as comprehensible as Titania's fancy for the ass. Miss Woodner is a stout female, of dark complexion, who resembles the engravings, in books of travels, of wives of distinguished chiefs in regions where penknives and other small articles are considered ornamental in the ears and nose. She must be at least forty, and treats John as if he were her younger sister.”

This was quite comforting. But we took an early opportunity of welcoming the returned travelers and spying out the land. Miss Woodner, who struck me as being one of the ugliest women I had ever beheld, and anything but prepossessing in manner, bent assiduously over her sewing, during the whole time of our visit, and scarcely opened her lips. I noticed that aunt Allie's eyes followed her uneasily; but she seemed to be unconscious of this, and sewed as though she had been working for a living. She was not well-dressed, and looked anything but “lively;” but she evidently possessed some mysterious power over my gentle aunt, which it cost her not the slightest effort to retain. Uncle John and aunt Allie were both looking wonderfully improved, and they declared that the trip had done them a world of good.

"Quite an inoffensive female," observed my father, patronizingly, when we had returned from our visit of inspection, "and a very suitable companion for Allie. John tells me that her father was a naval officer, so that she is perfectly respectable."

After Miss Woodner's advent, various changes struck me on my visits to my aunt and uncle. Aunt Allie's dress began to wear a richness that she had never indulged in before; for Miss Woodner liked to see handsome old lace, and people dressed in accordance with their means.

"Though, if dressed in accordance with *my* means," she added, "I should not be dressed at all, as I do not happen to have any means."

I think she was proud of her poverty, for she seemed rather to display than to hide it; and aunt Allie whispered to me, one day, in much confusion, that she was afraid she had offended Miss Woodner, almost past forgiveness, by an attempt to present her with a handsome silk dress, as a slight token of her esteem.

"Alice," said the person spoken of, in an authoritative tone, "let us have no more of this subject. I think you understand me now, and I do not believe that you will offend again."

"No," replied aunt Allie, humbly, "I certainly will not; but I thought that a friend——"

Miss Woodner shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and my aunt immediately subsided.

I could not make out this strange woman. Her nature was certainly very different from aunt Allie's, who was as transparent as glass, and seemed to give herself up to the enjoyment of this novel friendship with all the zest of a school-girl. She evidently entertained an admiring reverence for Miss Woodner; while that lady was not given to enthusiasm, and tolerated, rather than returned, the affection bestowed on her. Father and mother made an attempt to patronize her, in order to propitiate aunt Allie; but Miss Woodner would not be patronized, and they were obliged to give it up.

Aunt Allie bloomed out in velvets and satins, while her friend appeared in the same plain bonnet that had accompanied her from the seashore, and, for herself, evidently considered dress of no sort of importance. I had begun, though, to discover her fascination. She was wonderfully witty and sarcastic, and could tell a story with inimitable grace. It was not always that she deigned to talk; but when this was the case, I have seen uncle John gaze at her furtively, from the pages of his book, with a sparkle of appreciation in his mild eyes; while aunt Allie was ready to laugh before she opened her lips, in expectation of the good things that were

coming. I also discovered that Miss Woodner had a beautiful hand and arm; and, one evening, I came to the conclusion that, if she dressed herself like other people, she would not look much over thirty-five.

"Is not Miss Woodner making a very long visit?" asked my father, one day, at the dinner-table.

"I once heard," said my mother, mischievously, "of a lady who went to make a call, and stayed eleven years."

My father laughed, in perfect unapprehensiveness, as he observed that "he was afraid Allie depended too much on Miss Woodner;" and we all thought the same thing.

The visit extended to months. Christmas came and went, and still Miss Woodner remained. She seemed to have a knack of making people admire her; for friends of the family always spoke of her as "striking-looking," and thought that "she must be a great acquisition."

One evening, in January, father left us at uncle John's door, and mother and I entered the parlor quite unexpectedly. It looked very cozy and cheerful. The large center-table lamp—they abhorred gas—diffused a bright light—the curtains were drawn—the fire was blazing. Aunt Allie was dozing on the sofa, Miss Woodner was stitching, indefatigably, on one side of the table, while uncle John, on the other, was busy with some plans and inventions.

It looked very homelike; and mother, with a significant glance toward Miss Woodner, remarked to uncle John:

"Well, really, this is cozy—quite a family party!"

My eyes were fixed on the sharp, black eyes that looked so suddenly up, while a dark red flush crossed the dusky cheek. She glanced hastily at uncle John, and then, biting her lips, went on resolutely with her hemming.

Uncle John was a little perplexed, at first, and did not quite know how to take it; but presently a delighted grin spread itself over his features, and he entered fully into the spirit of the thing. It was probably the novelty that amused him; and, when aunt Allie became roused from her light slumber, she could not comprehend matters at all.

Miss Woodner was unusually silent, that evening, and rather ungracious; and, as we were going home, my mother said, demurely,

"I really should not be surprised if John and Miss Woodner made a match of it, after all! They looked very domestic, this evening."

"What a preposterous idea!" replied my father, disdainfully; "I should as soon expect John to marry black Rose!"

The very next day, uncle John made his appearance, in a state of great perturbation, and requested a private interview with his sister-in-law. He and mother were closeted together for some time; and, after his departure, the following facts transpired:

Aunt Allie had sought her brother in tears, and imparted to him the astounding intelligence that Miss Woodner was about to leave them.

"Miss Woodner going to leave them!" He could not believe the evidence of his own senses, and stood staring at his sister in helpless amazement.

"What is the matter?" he asked, at length.

"I do not know," sobbed aunt Allie, "she will scarcely speak to me. Do go to her, John, and see if you can do anything with her—perhaps you can persuade her to stay."

Just then a message came that Miss Woodner would like to see Mr. Heberton in the library. Trembling like a culprit, uncle John advanced to meet his fate.

"Mr. Heberton," began the lady, "I considered it due to you to say, that, having made a long and very pleasant visit beneath your hospitable roof, the time has now arrived when it becomes necessary for me to leave."

Uncle John stammered and hesitated. The visit had not seemed long to them—he hoped nothing had occurred to hasten her departure."

"Yes, Mr. Heberton," replied Miss Woodner, frankly, "something has occurred—your own good sense must tell you that, after the events of last evening, I could not, with propriety, remain beneath your roof. I therefore wish to thank you for your hospitality, and take my departure as speedily as possible."

I believe that uncle John had a vision of the little household tumbling to pieces immediately after the exit of Miss Woodner—or aunt Allie, in a never-ceasing flood of tears, weeping herself gradually away—something unusual must have impelled him to do as he did; for he seized the lady's plump hand, and said, beseechingly,

"Dear Miss Woodner! Do stay!"

Things promised to be exciting; and Miss Woodner lent a gracious ear to the few disjointed sentences that fell from the lips of her embarrassed suitor. She was a woman of business, however; and she put the disconnected words together into a formidable question.

"Then you really wish me to marry you?" she asked, deliberately; "and are quite sure that your sister wishes it also?"

Poor aunt Allie! Such a wild idea had never entered her head; but, in his confusion, uncle John was about to declare that the proposal had originated with her—when happily remembering that this was neither true nor flattering, he managed to say what was proper on the occasion. He left the library an engaged and bewildered man; while Miss Woodner went to her apartment a calm and triumphant woman.

When aunt Allie next saw her brother, his appearance was so wild that she was quite sure he had poisoned himself with some of his experiments—and what he had done was scarcely less alarming. She was not quite sure, at first, that she liked it—this having Miss Woodner actually quartered upon them for life; and brother and sister looking upon each other in a sort of comical consternation—when in walked the sister-in-law elect, with an air of proprietorship, kissed aunt Allie rather patronizingly on the cheek, and sat down to be congratulated.

Uncle John could not stand it; everything seemed queer and upside down; and, seizing his hat, he went in quest of his sister-in-law, whose sympathies were always so readily enlisted in every one's behalf. He seemed to feel like running away from Miss Woodner and his engagement. He did not know exactly what was expected of him under the circumstances, and asked two or three such comical questions that mother could scarcely restrain her laughter.

Father stormed and raved, and wished Miss Woodner at the bottom of the sea. I did not like the idea of an aunt-in-law; and poor uncle John was scarcely more happy than the rest of us.

Miss Woodner was too wise to delay the wedding-day very long; and we all dressed ourselves in proper style, and went, as my father said, "to see John make a fool of himself."

Now that she had scope to display herself in, the bride certainly showed excellent taste. A very rich white silk, (uncle John's gift,) made in a manner suitable to her years, with a valuable white lace shawl falling from her shoulders, and her abundant black hair magnificently arranged, formed a toilet at once handsome and becoming. Aunt Allie was dressed in a silk of soft lilac hue, with a shawl of black lace, also her sister-in-law's taste; and looked so young and pretty that I was quite bewildered. The rooms were decorated with flowers, and filled with so many stylish people, whom the *ci-devant* Miss Woodner seemed to have a talent for collecting around her, that it was quite an imposing scene. Uncle John behaved very well; and

the bride was as composed as though she had been getting married every day of her life.

My attention was attracted by a very distinguished-looking young officer, whom my new aunt soon brought up to me and introduced as her brother.

"Your brother!" I could not help exclaiming, "I did not know that you had one."

"No?" she replied, composedly, "I am not in the habit of talking of my own affairs; and Herbert has been away, on frontier duty, for some time past."

"I wonder what relation *we* are?" observed my new acquaintance, when his sister had left us."

He had a very pleasant smile, and seemed to me totally unlike Mrs. John Heberton.

"I do not suppose that we are necessarily any," I replied, coldly, although I felt very much embarrassed; "I have no knowledge whatever of Mrs. John Heberton's relations."

My companion bowed and withdrew; and, provoked at my own ungraciousness, I went home and called the wedding stupid. Why I spoke as I did, I do not know—perhaps some perverse creatures of my own sex can tell.

That uncle John should be so unexpectedly presented with a brother-in-law, was a subject of fresh grievance in the family; and it was prophesied that the young officer would be at once quartered upon him. But Capt. Woodner proved to be rather a mythical personage; for, very soon after the wedding, he was ordered off again, and, for some time, his name was scarcely mentioned.

After the change that had so suddenly come upon them, aunt Allie went about in a sort of mild surprise, and even neglected her worsted-work. Mrs. Heberton was so thoroughly the mistress of the family, that there was no mistaking *her* position; but poor aunt Allie's was not so clearly defined. Uncle John accommodated himself to his changed circumstances with an excellent grace, and became so fond of quoting "Matilda," that one would have supposed they were an affectionate couple of long standing. To do aunt Matilda justice, she made an excellent wife, and treated "Mr. Heberton," as she always called him, with the greatest respect; so that uncle John, finding things not so bad as he had anticipated, became quite cheerful again.

I think that poor aunt Allie found them worse, and often complained to mother that "Matilda was so much changed"—not realizing that this is an every day case when friends are turned into sisters-in-law.

I studied my new aunt, as I have frequently studied queer specimens of botany, and endeavored to decide what order or class she belonged. I must say that this occupation became much more interesting after the discovery of her brother's existence; and I tried to make her talk of him without seeming to aim directly at it. I did not meet with much encouragement, however; and I always fancied that aunt Matilda saw through me at once. She had great influence with uncle John; but she could not persuade him to move from the plain, little house, where all the years of his life had been passed. She did persuade him to give very pleasant dinner parties, though; and it was universally admitted that "Mrs. John Heberton entertained delightfully." We seemed to fall into a sort of friendship, at last; and I was always glad to avail myself of her exquisite taste in the arrangement of my dress for the various dissipation to which I was prone.

One day, aunt Matilda became unusually communicative, and upon the very subject on which I had exhausted surmises. I could not help admiring her when she told me something of her history; and I believe that I said so.

She smiled rather sadly, as she answered: "You are but a child, Sophie, in the first fresh beauty and purity of your girlhood—I am a woman of the world, almost incapable of feeling upon any subject but Herbert; and it was for his sake that I married your uncle. He can now enjoy the whole of the little patrimony left us; and even my frugal expenses used to make something of a hole in it."

Ah! no wonder, now, that she had worn such plain bonnets and dresses; and, at different times, I gathered from her the story of a young girl entrusted, by her dying mother, with the infant brother who, from that time forth, became the object around which all her thoughts and cares clustered. She spoke of him with tears in her eyes; and my vivid imagination filled up the skeleton outline with innumerable watchings and self-denial—all abundantly repaid by the pride which she evidently felt in this only brother. From her account, too, I gained some idea of the man whom I had so rudely repulsed at the wedding; and the tie between this brother and sister formed a network of romance, that I little expected to discover in connection with my practical-seeming aunt. She even admitted to me her fears that Herbert would be killed among the Indians; and the idea filled me with a shuddering dread.

I do not think any one realized aunt Allie's feelings after the wedding; until, one morning,

mother, on going into the parlor where she expected to find her, as usual, reclining on the sofa, found her, instead, sitting upright, and Dr. Coolin sitting beside her, with her hand in his.

"Is that professional, or otherwise?" inquired my mother, demurely, while aunt Allie never lifted her head.

"Otherwise," replied the doctor, decidedly, rising to his feet; "and I hope, my dear madam, that I have your kind permission to pay my addresses to this estimable lady?"

As the addresses had already been paid, and my mother happened to be the junior of both parties, with no sort of authority over either, this form of speech was rather ludicrous; but the doctor was evidently impressed with the idea that something of the kind was proper and becoming under the circumstances.

"This is rather sudden, is it not?" asked my mother, in considerable perplexity.

"By no manner of means," replied the doctor, briskly, "we have been meditating it for some time past—in fact, the sole ambition of some years of my life has been to wear Miss Allie, like a bright flower, in my—my—button-hole."

He knew this to be an appropriate place for the flower, and was too embarrassed and happy to observe that it did not apply equally well to his lady-love. To do the doctor justice, he had a kind, loving heart, and was really a noble fellow—although an indifferent orator. Not exactly knowing what to do with himself, and finding aunt Allie not disposed to help him out of his dilemma, he wisely took his departure.

"Oh, dear!" said aunt Allie, ruefully, when the two women were alone, "I don't know what you will think of me, Susan—I am very much surprised, myself."

"Are you quite sure," asked my mother, kindly, "that you can trust the disinterestedness of Dr. Coolin's affection? You know, Allie, that heiresses always run the risk of being married for their money, whatever other attractions they may possess."

"Yes," replied aunt Allie, humbly, "and *old* heiresses in particular. But Dr. Coolin, Susan, is a very superior man—and I know of a person, richer than I am, who has fairly offered herself to him, in gratitude for his attention during illness—so, that, if money had been his object, he would have taken her. He is very well off, himself—and so kind and sympathizing. And I have been so lonely, Susan, since John's marriage—there is nothing like having some one to care for you *alone*. I hope you do not disapprove of Dr. Coolin?"

"No," said my mother, thoughtfully, "I do not know anything against him; but I would advise you to consider well before taking so important a step."

"Yes," replied aunt Allie, innocently, "I expect to think about it a great deal."

My mother smiled at the answer; and wondering what uncle John would say, and what my father would say, she walked quietly home.

"John," said aunt Allie, resolutely, the first time that she encountered her brother, "I think of getting married!"

Uncle John fairly wheeled round in his astonishment, and stared at his sister so hard that she colored to the tips of her ears.

"And what, in the name of common sense, do you want to get married for?" he inquired.

"I want some one to love me," was the quiet reply.

"Haven't you a brother?" he continued, "and a sister in Matilda? and two cats and a dog? What can any woman want more?"

"No, John," replied aunt Allie, firmly, "Matilda has never been the same to me since she was married, and neither have you. I do not wish to reproach you, for I suppose it is natural; but it has made me more ready to listen to Dr. Coolin's suit. You know I did not complain, John, when *you* saw fit to marry."

"No, old girl, you did not," exclaimed uncle John, with a sudden burst of affection, "and you have a right to do just as you please. I hope that Dr. Coolin will make you a good husband."

And thus ended the interview between the brother and sister.

When the cloth had been removed, after dinner, and father sat leaning back in his chair, with the air of a man who feels particularly comfortable—mother began in a mysterious way:

"What would you think of the prospect of another wedding in the family?"

The color flew to my cheeks in a most unaccountable manner, and my father cast a quick glance in my direction.

"I should not object," said he, graciously, "provided the bridegroom elect met my approbation."

"There is nothing to 'object' to in Dr. Coolin," continued my mother, demurely.

"Dr. Coolin!" exclaimed my father, in utter amazement, "why, he is a world too old!"

"Not for Allie," replied my mother.

The different expressions that flitted over my father's face were perfectly indescribable.

"Susan Heberton," he commenced, in a deep

tragedy tone, "do you intend to tell me that my sister Alice is going to make a fool of herself?"

"No," was the reply. "I intended to tell you that she was going to marry Dr. Coolin!"

"The terms are synonymous," he thundered, "and if ever a man was cursed with a set of fools for relatives, I am that man! I know that he is only after her money, and I shall go and tell him so!"

My father looked so terribly in earnest, that we both interposed to prevent him from carrying his threat into execution; and, finally, my mother having talked to him very touchingly of "poor Alice's loneliness," he became somewhat subdued—but declared that "it was all owing to that hanged sea-shore business." He could not bear to hear Dr. Coolin's name mentioned; but, very much to his disappointment, the strictest inquiries only elicited encomiums on his character; and he was obliged to look upon him in the light of a future brother-in-law.

"I really thought," said my father, reproachfully, "that some prince, or great Mogul, had been offering himself to Sophie—and I was just considering how to answer him when this thunderbolt came."

"I do not think I shall ever marry," said I, with a feeling of intense disgust for all my beaux.

"That would be a good joke," replied my father, "to have the old people of the family marry off in this way, and the young one turn nun. I should not be surprised, Sophie, if you changed your mind very soon."

With the perversity of feminine nature, I was thinking of Herbert Woodner, and wondering, as he had wondered, what relation we were.

Aunt Alice grew so young and pretty, after her engagement, that it seemed quite out of place to call her an ancient bride; and Dr. Coolin improved wonderfully, both in manners and appearance. He really seemed devoted to aunt Allie; and I do not think that the consideration of wealth had influenced him at all in his choice. He owned a very pretty place a few miles from the city; and the two mature lovers took frequent drives thither to superintend putting it in order for the bride's reception. Aunt Allie appeared to forget all her pains and aches, and went about with an activity that was quite unusual for her. The old passion for worsted-work apparently exhausted itself in a pair of very elaborate slippers for the doctor; for, after that, it gradually died out—giving place to a woman's true vocation, presiding over a home of her own. I was taken into confidence, and consulted respecting the fitting up of various rooms; until I began to

think that a pretty house in the country, with fruit-trees around it in full bloom, was the most desirable thing in the world.

Aunt Matilda took very little part in any of these arrangements, and I think aunt Allie felt hurt that she expressed so little sorrow at losing her; but, before long, Capt. Woodner was brought to his sister's house seriously wounded in an affray with the Indians, and her whole thoughts were bestowed on him.

I sat in my room and cried, when this news first reached us—and then I asked myself severely what I was crying for? Mother's kind heart took her immediately to the sick-room, where she was a great acquisition; and, by some means or other, I contrived to get there, too.

I loved my work, and was very faithful. When the invalid became convalescent, he was frequently left to my care, because I could read better than any of the others, and arrange flowers with more taste, and amuse him generally.

One day, Herbert said to me:

"Do you remember my asking you, at Matilda's wedding, what relation we were? I am now going to ask you what relation we are to be—and all my hopes hang upon your answer. I trust that my sweet nurse will not reply as she did then?"

What I did reply is of no manner of consequence, and was not communicated to any one but my mother.

Not long after this, my father observed rather anxiously,

"I think, Susan, that it is not quite prudent to throw Sophie so much into the society of that young officer. He is just the kind of man to take with an imaginative girl—and as such an alliance would not answer at all, she had better be looked after before any mischief is done."

"The mischief is already done," replied my mother, "Sophie has won the heart of a man in every way desirable, except in point of wealth, and given her own in return; and it has always been a comfort to me to think that we were rich enough to allow our daughter the luxury of marrying a poor man. So, the sooner we acknowledge the engagement the better."

"The engagement!" exclaimed my father, in dismay, "of a girl who has been accustomed to have two thousand a year, for pocket-money, to a man whose entire income is not over one thousand!"

"We have enough for both," rejoined my eloquent defender, "and Sophie cannot spend

much in the sort of life upon which she will enter, for awhile at least."

Poor father! He had received so many shocks, that like the eels, under the process of skinning, he was getting used to it; and he observed reflectively:

"That Miss Woodner is a *very* smart woman—she has done well for herself and her family."

"She certainly did not do this," replied my mother, with a smile; "and she makes John such a good wife that I really think you ought to have forgiven her, by this time, for having married him."

We had our way; and, in due time, I was fitted out for Oregon. There was much, of course, to regret in leaving my parents and

friends—but I rushed into this wild, free, border life with all the zest of a child. They said that they thought it would sober me a little; and when I returned from a three years' sojourn, leaving a little grave there, in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, I was sobered.

I found things changed at home, too. Uncle John had lost his wife; and as he insisted upon our living with him, announcing his intention of making me his heir, we did not think it right to refuse.

Aunt Allie was as happy in her new home as a bee among the flowers; and although my father usually frowns at my mention of the sea-shore, two, or three, or four of us feel glad that the trip was taken.

BABY BLANCHE.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

She's a tiny little darling,
 With soft and golden hair,
 And the bluest eyes that mind you
 Of the sun-filled Summer air;
 The purest drifting snow-flake,
 Falling on the Winter day,
 Could scarce be whiter, purer
 Than that brow and cheek to-day.
 Yet the dancing light is playing
 In her laughing eye of blue,
 And the rich red blood is bounding
 The tinted life-veins through;
 Her little hands are wandering
 Softly o'er my cheek and brow,
 And the baby voice is cooing,
 With sweet music in it now.
 Sweet Baby Blanche, the darling
 Of one little rolling year,
 Sent when the budding flowers
 And the birds came to us here—

While thy little hands are wandering
 Softly o'er my brow and cheek,
 I clasp thee closer, darling,
 While a fear I cannot speak
 Comes shuddering quickly o'er me;
 For I know 'tis only clay
 That I hold close to my bosom—
 It may shatter any day;
 And this face that smiles so brightly,
 And this silken, golden head,
 May be pillowed where the daisy
 Nods above the sleeper's bed.
 As I clasp thee, baby darling,
 Now a prayer goes up the while,
 That our sky may not be darkened
 By the breaking of thy smile—
 That these little feet may linger
 In earth's pleasant, shady ways,
 And thy presence be a blessing
 Through long happy, sunny days.

KITTY'S DREAM.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

YOUNG Kitty was sleeping in blankets and pillows,
 Safe tucked from the frosts of a clear Northern night;
 Yet, restless her spirit, as ocean's blue billows,
 She wandered in dreams like a shadowy sprite.
 O'er hilltop and valley—they could not restrain her—
 O'er woodland and water she hurried away;
 Sweet visions of moonlight—they could not detain her
 When seeking the tents where our regiments lay.
 She faint yet undaunted! She hovered around them,
 And tenderly murmured a song to the brave;
 And deeper, more peaceful the spell that had bound them,
 When drawn with the cadence that melody gave.
 She found the worn picket, the shy little maiden,
 And, brushing a tear from her frolicsome eye,

Each zephyr that fanned him, each dew-drop was laden
 With tints of bright scenes in the moonlights gone by.
 Does Kitty forget in his anguish to cheer him,
 As mangled he comes from the patriot strife?
 No, pallid and tearful, she lingers still near him—
 And meekly he tells the lost hope of his life.
 Sweet Kitty! She lists like a lily receiving
 Its vapory dew, and a blessing the while;
 Ah! Kitty! She lists like a woman believing,
 In her bosom a blush and a smile.
 No more the gay dreamer goes out in her sleeping,
 The soldier beside her is only her care;
 The poor crippled picket the truant is keeping,
 For only the gallant shall cherish the fair.

LITTLE JAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE school had fallen into a sort of indolent afternoon quiet. Even the leaders of mischief among the boys were at rest just for the time, and I am by no means certain that the old schoolmaster was not having a clearer view of the fairy land than of the bare, brown room, in spite of his sitting so erect and dignified behind his tall desk.

Then in at the open door walked a little figure, and stood looking about, for an instant, with a wistful, doubtful expression, as if not quite sure what step ought to be taken next. The child had entered so softly that nobody perceived him, until a big girl on one of the side seats pointed him out to her companion; and, the fact of his appearance gradually making its way among the girls, naturally it was not long before it reached the jacketed portion of the little hive.

The small stranger did not appear to notice the attention he was beginning to attract. He stood, holding on the door with one hand, and looking straight before him to the desk where the master sat enthroned.

Evidently most of the scholars knew who the child was; for nods and whispers were exchanged, and the big girl on the side seat assumed an uncommonly severe and virtuous expression, such as she had seen her spinster aunt bestow upon her neighbors in church when there was something in the sermon she deemed peculiarly applicable to their hardened condition.

But the master had not become conscious of anything unusual taking place, and, after waiting a little longer, the child walked up the aisle to the dreaded desk.

He was very short, and the tall desk was elevated upon a platform—so that all he could do, by way of attracting attention, was to shake a leg of the desk, which he did accordingly, while the younger scholars looked with fear at his temerity.

The master started at once, came back from fairy land, or wherever it was that he had been straying, with a shock, and leaned forward, with his sternest frown, to see who the rash pupil was that ventured to disturb him after he had issued the command that everybody should study in silence for a whole hour.

He looked down and saw the child standing there, and, during the moment that he gazed, the old master's countenance changed, growing mild and sweet again under the influence of that pale, earnest face turned up toward his own.

"If you please, sir," said the young one, very seriously, "I want to come to school."

"Heey!" said the master, smiling a little at the gravity with which he stood there. "And who sent you here, my man?"

"Nobody sent me," said the pigmy, as undaunted as Innocence before the dangers of a giant's castle. "I came my own self."

"I think I have seen you," said the master, who was nearly as absent-minded as Dominie Sampson himself. "But what is your name?"

"Little Jan," he answered, with the same immovable seriousness.

"It's Leah Marcy's boy," spoke up the big girl, with a certain degree of contempt in her tone, and only too happy, as she always was, to meddle with what did not in the least concern her.

"Miranda Johnson," said the master, searching her out with an awful nod that she felt to the very marrow of her bones, "I shall be satisfied if you learn that grammar lesson you have been two days over; you needn't take any extra business on your hands."

Miranda subsided, with a flutter and a high color, and the scholars tittered at the rebuke, whereat Miranda gave the small girls near her a threatening look, which effectually checked all merriment on their part. There was the promise of such unlimited pinchings and other persecutions, which could suggest themselves at a moment's notice in Miranda's fell green eyes.

"Children," the master continued, "you'll be good enough, all of you, to take the advice—attend to your books."

Immediately there was a hum and a buzz, and everybody was intently employed—probably, however, proving the falsity of the proverb, that two things cannot be done at once.

All this while the child stood before the master without even turning his head. His little mind was so completely engrossed by the request

he had made, that he was unconscious of the curious eyes which had been upon him.

"Please, sir, can I come to school?" he repeated; and that time his under lip began to quiver.

The master smiled. It would have been a difficult matter for any school-teacher not quite granite to have refused the pleading of those gray eyes.

"Can you read?" asked the master.

"I know my A B, abs," he answered, unhesitatingly; "and I can spell Baker."

"Spell it," said the master; and he complied instantly.

"I don't know it in the book," he added, truthfully, as soon as he had finished.

There was something so peculiar about the creature that the master was interested, as he had seldom been in the bread and buttery things that usually made up his school.

He looked earnestly at the child. Miranda's words had recalled his parentage to the old man's mind, and I think, as he sat there, he was revolving a psychological problem that has puzzled many a deeper mind.

At last he pushed his chair a little back from the desk, and bade the child step up on the platform, which he did with considerable exertion—for the step was a long one. The master seated him on his knee and opened a spelling-book.

"Let me hear you say your letters," he said, pointing with his penknife to the alphabet.

The child looked at the book, and then at him, in a puzzled, doubting way.

"Well," said the master, "don't you know them?"

The boy nodded.

"But they ain't like mine," he said; "mine be's pictures."

A strangled titter from the front benches, which the master checked by a look, and then he went on.

"Say them as you are in the habit of doing," he said. "What is the first letter?"

"A is an apple," began Jan, quite at home at once, "round as a ball. B is a butterfly with— with beautiful wings," stumbling over the long word in his anxiety.

The master did not even smile. His ferule sounded a warning to some luckless giggler, and again stillness reigned.

"That is very well done," he said, when the child finished his wonderful account, although his mouth twitched a little when Jan made the announcement that—

"Z was a zany, and didn't know nofin'."

He closed the book and stood the child beside him on the floor, still regarding him with that grave look, as if not quite certain what manner of bird had taken refuge in his dim old school-room.

The boy was thin and pale. It was not beauty which made his face so remarkable; but there was an expression about the mouth, and a look in the great eyes, which the master had never before seen in a child.

In the days when people believed that strange children sometimes came out of beautiful lakes, or the recesses of the woods, and took up their abode among men, but always watched over and protected by their fairy parents or guardians, that child would certainly have been considered one of the enchanted number.

I verily believe the master was thinking something of the kind as he looked at him. He had all manner of odd fancies, old as he was.

"Can I come to school, sir?" repeated Jan, turning his eyes away from the open window, where the boughs of a maple-tree had been beckoning him out.

"We shall see," answered the master again.

"How old are you?"

"Six, mother says."

The master nodded his head slowly, and a sorrowful look came over his features.

"He must be that," he whispered to himself.

"I remember now." Then he turned again to the child. "Go and sit on the bench with those other little boys, and study your letters. Let me see how still and good you can be."

His hand lingered for an instant on the child's head with a sort of caress; then he helped him off the platform and pointed out the bench where he was to sit.

"First class in grammar!" the master called out, hastily, while Jan shrunk into his seat, beginning to be conscious of the curious eyes directed at him. "First class in grammar—take your places!"

Up they tumbled—the boys making all the noise possible, and Miranda Jones showing, in every look and movement, that she was mortally offended at something.

"Pete Rogers is a-scrouging of me!" called out one of the lesser children.

"I hain't," said Pete, bold as brass. "He stuck a slate-pencil into my ear."

"I didn't!" exclaimed the first voice. "He's a big story, master!"

"Come here and stand by the desk, both of you," said the teacher; and up they shambled, two tow-headed urchins, grinning with mischief, and kicking each others' shins along the aisle.

"Please, sir, can I g'out?" called somebody else.

"No!" thundered the master. "The first one that speaks till I get through with this class shall be whipped."

Silence again, and the master began.

"Miranda Jones, what's a noun?"

Miranda's nose was elevated in utter contempt for the thing in question, whatever it might be, and she made no response.

"Don't you know what a noun is?" asked the teacher.

Miranda gave her memory a hitch, and stumbled over the answer as best she could.

"What's a verb?" asked the master, of the boy at the other end of the class.

"To be, to do, to suffer," he cried out, in his desire to acquit himself well, entirely omitting the first part of the reply.

The lesson proceeded after its usual fashion; Miranda Jones quite distinguishing herself by her stupidity.

"Do you ever expect to learn anything?" asked the master, more irately than he often spoke.

"I expect to go to Watkins to school next winter," she said, pertly. "I guess when my pa hears about the new scholar he'll want me to go before."

The master moved down from the platform more rapidly than anybody had ever seen him do, and, in the twinkling of an eye, Miss Miranda was hustled into her own seat with a box on her ear, which tingled for an hour after.

"You open your lips again till school closes at your peril," and Miranda had wisdom enough not to do it.

All that afternoon little Jan sat quiet as a mouse in his place, watching with great astonishment the proceedings that went on about him.

At last, his attention was attracted by a little girl somewhat older than himself, a sweet, hazel-eyed creature, and after that Jan could look at nothing else.

When school was dismissed, the master took the boy by the hand and led him away. Possibly he remembered that the little stranger would fare like a pigeon set down in a nest of hawks; and into the bargain the good old man had something else on his mind.

"I am going to take you home, Jan," he said; "you live up in that back road, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Jan said, promptly, evincing no surprise at the teacher's conduct; and in a moment dropping his hand to follow a humming-

bird that was darting in and out of a wild honeysuckle bush along the road.

The child stood still as a mouse watching the tiny creature, and the master stood watching him. Presently Jan crept back to his side, whispering,

"Don't you hear it talk to the posies? I never can make out what it says."

The master had no answer ready, and they walked on the lonesome, unfrequented road in silence.

They came in sight of the solitary brown house, standing bleak and desolate upon the summit of the hill. Only two or three pine trees grew near it, looking solemn and cold even in the bright light of that summer afternoon.

"That's my house," said little Jan, "and there's mother in the door."

He ran forward, and when the woman saw him she came down the yard toward the gate. The schoolmaster looked at her with sorrowful surprise. He had not seen her for six years, but he had never dreamed that so short a time could change one at her age as they had done.

Jan said something to her which made her look toward the gate. It seemed that her first impulse was to turn back toward the house; but if so, she conquered it, and, after that hasty movement, stood awaiting his approach with a cold, hard indifference.

"Here's the schoolmaster, mother," said Jan; "tell him I do want to go to school."

The master opened the gate and walked up to her, holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Leah?" he said, calling her by the familiar name of old times.

Perhaps she had not heard the name for a long season; the stern mouth trembled a little as she answered,

"I am quite well;" but she did not notice the outstretched hand.

"I heard you had come back to the old place," he said, trying not to be chilled by her manner.

"Yes, I have come back," she answered, indifferently.

The schoolmaster began to feel embarrassed. He was not a very courageous man with women at the best.

"Your little boy wants to come to school," he continued, thinking it wise to get through his business as fast as possible, and sorry that he had undertaken the visit, although his motives had been more than kindly. "Will you let him come? I used to teach you, you know. Can't you trust your boy with me?"

The color swept over her face in a wave, and

then slowly faded; while she struggled hard to restrain the spasm that disturbed her features.

"What's the use of sending him to be mocked and laughed at?" she said, in a dry, painful voice.

"He won't be at my school," returned the master, simply.

"Please to let me go, mother," interrupted Jan. "I'll be so good!"

"Go into the house and get your bread and milk," she said; "it's on the table."

The boy obeyed at once, just giving her one wistful look as he passed, but her face did not soften under it.

"How did you come to name him Jan?" asked the master.

"He named himself so," she said. "I never had any name to give him; he always called himself that ever since he could talk."

"He is an uncommon child, Leah."

"He's mine," she muttered, "all mine; they can't take him."

"Will you let him come to school?" he asked again. "You know me—I promise you he shall be taken care of."

"Let him go," she replied. "He's got to begin some time."

"You must find it lonesome here," the master said, after he had approved her resolution.

She shook a little; but the firmness of her face did not alter.

"It suits me," she said. "Good-night; I want to milk my cow."

She walked away with that abrupt farewell, and the master bent his steps homeward. He could do her no good. He saw that, in her morbid state of mind, she only ascribed every question to the curiosity from which she had suffered so much.

She went into the house and answered Jan's earnest look.

"You can go to school," she said. "Come out into the field now."

She took his hand, carrying the milk-pail on her arm, and they went into the dewy pasture. Jan talked incessantly in his odd way, and she looked at him in a sort of wonder. It was very early yet, and, when he asked her to sit down under the great maple tree, she consented.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, pointing to a group of little white clouds, "see the angels up there!"

"They are clouds, Jan," she answered.

"They're angels!" he said, positively, "baby angels—such as Jan would be if he died."

She clutched his hand hard at the bare thought

of his being taken from her; but did not argue with him concerning his belief.

Then a pair of robins that had a nest in the tree came home, and, after assuring themselves that the strangers meant no harm, began feeding their young ones, and arranging their household affairs in the most composed manner possible. Finally the male commenced his evening song, while his mate settled down on the nest with low chirps of content.

"He's singing his children to sleep," said Jan. "Don't he say pretty things, mother?"

"I can't understand birds, Jan."

"Oh! he talks so plain! Now he says he loves them and tells them to be good birdies. See him look up—maybe he thinks the baby angels are coming to see his house."

So he prattled on, and Leah listened with a wonder that sometimes almost amounted to awe. Often and often she had been ready to believe that the angels were nearer her nameless boy than they are to other people; and, truly, I cannot find it in my soul to dispute her beautiful credence. It was the one thing which kept a tender place in her heart. If the boy had been like other children, I am not sure that her mother-love would have been stronger than the necessity for protection which his weakness demanded.

It was the old story that life of Leah Marcy.

Six years before a bright, handsome girl, with an ambition beyond her humble life in the old farm where her father had grown aged. Then vague rumors in the village, stories growing into certainty, and a sudden departure from her home—people said to follow the gay lover who had haunted the farm-house all summer—but too late to hide her shame.

Now the six years had gone by, and, without warning, Leah had returned to the desolate dwelling, and the boy was with her. The old man was dead, there was nobody to be pained by her disgrace. There she lived in the solitary brown house, avoiding all neighbors more completely than they shrunk from her.

Nobody knew the rights of the story—probably nobody ever would.

If Leah chanced to meet old acquaintances, and any spoke to her, she answered briefly; but she suffered so much from curiosity, that after the first few weeks she treated everybody as she had done the schoolmaster.

She cultivated the farm, assisted by an old deaf man who was too weak-brained to be troublesome, and there she lived. She worked hard, probably it was her only solace; but the village or the old meeting-house she never entered.

That was all her life. Let me go back to little Jan.

The next morning, as the scholars were taking their seats, in came the boy, with his spelling-book under his arm, and, at a sign from the master, took his place on the bench he had occupied the day before.

The child had a new hope in his eyes. It certainly was one of the brightest mornings of his little life. I doubt if he even regretted the old maple-tree, and the robin's nest; although he told his mother, at night, that he had heard the birds singing several times, although he knew they were nowhere near. But he often had those fancies, saying very frequently, when he started from sleep, that he had heard voices or bird songs so loudly that they woke him.

When noon came, such of the scholars as brought their dinners were standing about the door, or stretched on the grass, when Jan walked directly up to the little girl he had admired on the previous day, and said, quietly,

"I want to kiss you—I like you."

The boys set up a shout, and the girls a titter. Poor little Dorcas Insley shrunk behind her older companions, hiding her face in her checked apron; but Jan stood there, perfectly serious, and evidently wondering what could have created such an excitement.

"You must have had nice trainin'," pronounced Miss Miranda Johnson, who had made her appearance at school notwithstanding her threats. "You are a credit to the school, you be!"

"Gal boy!" shouted the young clowns, crowding about him. "Oh my! see his curls—ain't he some?"

Jan looked from one to another of his tormentors in utter astonishment. He did not seem embarrassed or hurt, as other children would have been, only filled with surprise at such conduct.

"I thought you had to be good chil'en to come to school," he said, lisping, as he occasionally did. "You ain't good now."

He delivered the rebuke gravely as a judge, and walked away from the group, having observed that Dorcas had stolen off toward the brook which hid itself in a grove below the school-house.

He found her gathering black raspberries and stringing them on a blade of grass. She looked somewhat shy, but seemed rather to invite his approach.

"I got a harvest y'apple," he said. "Don't you want it?"

Dorcas accepted it, held it for a moment;

then took a bite, very daintily, and extended it toward him to follow her example. They were sworn lovers from that moment.

"Pretty little girl!" said Jan, approvingly; and Dorcas put her hand in his, and away they scampered in pursuit of Jan's special friends, the robins.

After that day the children were as little apart as possible. The older children teased and laughed at them, but Jan never appeared to mind that; and if it did cause Dorcas many April showers of tears, she very soon managed to forget them.

To the old schoolmaster it was the prettiest sight in the world, and he took both children to his heart with all the love which a man, who has few objects to spend it upon, feels for those he does find.

Dorcas' home was not very far from Jan's, but she did not go to the house a great deal. She was a little afraid of Leah's cold face, although the woman's heart had softened toward her in a way that astonished herself, from her kindness to the boy.

All through that bright summer the two children haunted the great woods back of Jan's house, and Dorcas acquired a store of fancies which she never forgot during her life. Association with him developed her imagination as, perhaps, it never would have been under other circumstances.

It was not only that the child had wild, beautiful imaginings, such as might have come to a poetical nature several years older than he then was; but he appeared to get closer to nature, and to the numberless mysteries which perplex us, than others do.

He had a strange faculty of taming squirrels and birds; he knew every nest anywhere about, and would sit for hours watching them, making a sort of cooing noise, which appeared to quiet the old birds at once. Often and often, when he woke in the morning, he would ask his mother if she had seen the beautiful people who came to his bed; and it seemed so positive in his mind that it could not have been a dream, that, after a time, she ceased to argue the matter, and—heaven knows—perhaps almost believed the same herself.

Sometimes Jan would insist upon her going into the woods with them, and, after Dorcas had forgotten her awe of the pale face, she would sit for hours silently watching their play, and listening to Jan's odd talk.

He had the most perfect faith that the flowers could hear him speak and knew very well what he said to them. When they waved and beckoned

in the wind, as the children walked through the woods, Jan would point it out to Dorcas, and assure her that it was because they were pleased to see them.

They made rare play-houses in the shadowy nooks, heaping up great stores of velvet moss and lichens till the place was like an elfin-palace.

The schoolmaster gave Jap a book of fairy-stories, which the children read together and firmly believed. They would go hunting about for fairy-rings in the wood, and, when they found places that answered the description, wait there for hours, hoping to see the tiny creatures appear. They were sadly disappointed because none ever came; but years after, when Dorcas was a solitary woman, she knew that the fairies little Jan's influence brought about her life had never forsaken their resting-place.

In time, little Jan became a great favorite in the neighborhood. Even the coarsest and roughest of the boys would not have thrown in his face the taunts with which they visited him, as much as they dared, on his first entrance in the school.

People gradually became accustomed to Leah Marcy's presence among them, and though she kept herself aloof from her old neighbors as carefully as before, they ceased to wonder so much about her. Occasionally, some one more gentle-hearted or less bigoted than the others would venture to pity her; but such an opinion was always immediately put down, as such expressions of sympathy always are by decorous, wise judging people without any failings of their own.

A few times the old schoolmaster had met her by her own gate, but it was very difficult to detain her long enough for anything like conversation.

He noticed how thickly the gray was creeping into the smooth bands of her hair, and the last traces of youth had gone out of her face that still looked so hard and cold.

During the winter, Jan was not so regular at school. The walk was a long one, and his mother was cautious about allowing him to go out when he ran any risk.

"I am back for good now, master," he said, one morning, when the pleasant spring days returned, and he came with them down to the old school-house.

The master looked anxiously at the child. He seemed more delicate than ever.

"Have you been sick, little Jan?" he asked.

"I guess not," he answered; "but the cold weather freezes me here," laying his hand on

his heart. "Oh! master, the robins are back in the maple-tree! Won't you come and see them to-night?"

The master promised. The old man had a touch of childhood yet in his heart.

"I guess I shall go away with the young ones this fall," whispered Jan.

The master looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't tell mother yet," was all the answer Jan made; "but I shall go with them."

He caught sight of Dorcas coming down the road, and ran away to meet her, leaving the old man disturbed by his words so singular in a child like him.

The summer passed. Jan and Dorcas played in the woods, and read fairy-tales; but the child kept his mother near him even more than formerly. Very frequently he would stay away from school—although going there was one of his chief delights—and scarcely stir from his mother's side during the day.

"You'll be glad I did, you know," was the only answer he made when she questioned him on the subject; and poor Leah had not the courage to ask his meaning, or even hint to her own heart what it could be.

But when autumn came, the failing strength gave way entirely. Little Jan was; indeed, passing away with the robins and all other traces of the beautiful summer.

For several weeks he could walk about very little. Most of the time he lay on an old-fashioned settee by the window, watching his mother always, to be certain that she was not grieving.

Dorcas was at the house a great deal. I think, at first, Leah felt a sort of jealousy even for the little girl; but it passed away, and the presence was a comfort to her.

For herself, how can I tell you that which she felt! A woman, still young, with only one joy left amid the coldness and remorse of her life, and to see that joy wrenched slowly from her day by day!

Whatever her sin or misfortune might have been—surely, in that season she made expiation. She had lived past the agonies of desertion—of knowing, that, through all the coming years, she must be set apart from her sex, a moral brand upon her forehead; lived past all the horrors of her condition, hardening her heart to bear; but this new blow could not thus be met.

I suppose Jan helped her as no other mortal could have done. Good people might have gone to her and preached the duty of submission, but I

am not inclined to think that the natural heart was ever softened by such influences; certainly Leah's storm-beaten one would not have been.

The old schoolmaster came to see him very often. Leah grew to endure his society also, but she shrunk still farther from the offers of kindness which occasionally came up to her from the village.

As little Jan lay there, he never once gave utterance to those marvelous speeches such as dying children do in novels; nor did he have some touching hymn to repeat upon every occasion where it could be pushed in. He played with Dorcas as much as he had strength to do, and was quaint and affectionate as ever.

The thing that struck me most in him was the peculiar delight with which he looked forward to the far off life where he was hastening. He had the feeling an imaginative person has when preparing to visit lands of which he had dreamed and read for years.

Where the boy had gained the belief nobody knew—not from his mother, certainly—but the idea of the invisible presence of spirits about those they loved here was his most prominent thought.

"I shall come to see you every day about this time," he said once to his mother, when he saw her sitting idle and silent near him; "you are loneliest now."

He could have left her no greater consolation than that idea, which he so firmly impressed upon her mind. She never reasoned upon it. If she had done so, she would have found doubts to destroy all her comfort; but she knew that the dying child saw clearly things which were hidden from her, and she clung to the hope he held out.

There was a singular thing happened not many days before he died. The robins had been assembling in great flocks, preparatory to their migration, and were constantly about the house—for Jan had been in the habit of feeding them daily.

One afternoon he had been sleeping on the settee, while his mother was busy in her kitchen. The old master came up to see the boy, and the two opened the door and looked into the room where he was lying.

Upon the window-sill, on his couch, picking up crumbs he had scattered upon the floor, a number of robins were hopping fearlessly about, while Jan lay watching them. He was so still that Leah at first thought him dead, and the cry she uttered startled the birds so that they flew out of the window in great haste.

"They came to see if I was going away,"

said Jan, simply. "But I am not quite ready yet. I guess they'll miss me next summer."

Two days after, the angels did, indeed, summon the child. I cannot bear to say that he died—it was not like dying. It only seemed as if his soul was tired of its worn-out garment, and shook it off without trouble or pain.

Dorcas and the old schoolmaster were with Leah. He knew them all to the last moment.

His mother held him in her arms, afraid to disturb his quiet even by her tears.

"Lay me down," he said, suddenly; "they are coming after me."

He looked so earnestly through the open window, that they involuntarily followed his gaze, as if they thought their weak sight could behold what he saw.

He held out his hand, closing it as if he clasped it about unseen fingers, and smiled again at his mother, saying,

"It is time to go," the parting words he had always used when starting for school.

The light faded slowly from his eyes, the frail hand dropped upon his breast—little Jan had gone out with the angels who came to summon him.

As if his fancy had, indeed, been true, only a moment after, a great flock of robins that had been collected about the maple-tree started up in the sunshine, and soared away in their Southern flight. The birds and the child had, indeed, gone together.

They buried him in the garden, at the foot of his grandfather's grave, and, during the brief ceremony, Dorcas and the old schoolmaster stood close by Leah's side.

For three days after, the bereft mother sat alone in her dwelling, and would not see the face of any human being; but I know that an unseen angel was helping her to bear that last grief.

Sunday morning came, and into the stillness of the room where little Jan had died stole Dorcas Insley, and crept to Leah's chair. The woman turned toward her with a sort of sorrowful impatience; but her presence was so like a memory of Jan that it checked the words upon her lips.

"I have come for you," Dorcas said, in the simple, quaint phraseology she had caught from her lost play-mate. "Please to come."

"Where?" Leah asked.

"I am going to church," said Dorcas. "Jan wanted you to go with me. I dreamed about him last night. He said he would send back one of the robins to remind me, and when I got up, this morning, it was there on my window-sill."

Leah offered no opposition. She allowed the girl to smooth her hair and put on her bonnet and shawl, and followed her out of the house without a word.

They passed down the hill and entered the village. The church-bell had ceased ringing, the congregation were all in their places, and the pastor had given out the first hymn, when Leah Marcy entered, with Dorcas clinging fast to her hand.

She sat there, tearless and calm, through the sermon, apparently indifferent to the attention she attracted; but the old schoolmaster saw that her face gradually softened, her head bent lower and lower, and he knew that Jan was by her side.

A few people came up and spoke with her, when the service was over; but she hurried away, and, still accompanied by Dorcas, returned to her home.

"Come and see Jan now," pleaded Dorcas. "He will be so glad!"

They went into the garden and sat down by the grave. Dorcas had covered it with chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies, the sun lay on it soft and warm, and there, in the stillness, Leah Marcy sat and wept the first real, human tears she had shed since her girlhood.

I cannot tell you any of the particulars of Leah's after-life—I never saw her again. A few years passed by, but she was never like her old stern, morbid self. She shrank from ob-

servation; but whenever sickness or trouble came into any household, Leah was sure to be there. She had little to offer in words of comfort, but her quiet sympathy, her patient resignation were like a blessing to those among whom she ministered.

They found her dead in her chair, one pleasant summer afternoon; and when the news spread abroad, and her neighbors pressed into the house, they said the face of the dead woman was like that of an angel—all the pain and trouble had gone out of it forever.

The house and farm were bequeathed to Dorcas Insley, and when she became an orphan, she went there to live, accompanied by the old schoolmaster.

I know that Dorcas never married, and long, long after, it was her greatest pleasure to talk of little Jan. She always said that she owed to him the taste for books and everything beautiful, which made her quiet life so different from the lives of those about her, and I have no doubt that it was so.

You will think that I have told you a very dull story; but, perhaps, I did not mean to tell you one. At all events, it has pleased me to write the record; for to this day I never think of little Jan without a feeling of reverence, such as men who lived when the world was young must have had when some strange visitant suddenly revealed himself in all the glory of celestial loveliness.

THE PATH FOR MY FEET.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

It was a dream that came to-night—
The sweet blue Heaven bent down to me,
And, jeweled with its starry light,
Shone like unto a jasper sea.
But while I stood in pain alone,
Bearing my heavy cross in fear,
A gleam of glory round me shone,
And Earth was gone, and Heaven was near.
And hands so soft!—I knew their press—
Reached out and held mine own once more;
And lips, dear lips! whose fond caress
Met mine in love-lit days of yore,
Were pressing softly where the pain
Made throbs of anguish come and go—
And on a trusting heart again
I told life's sorrowing lesson through;
And tender words, and tender faith,
And looks from watchful, truthful eyes—
Words that outlive the sleep of Death,
Words that were full of victories!

The pain that fluttered 'round my brow,
Was soothed by fingers cool and calm;
The wearied heart grew stronger now,
The fevered thirst was quenched in balm:
And then, through all the amber mist,
The white-robed, with their sufferings o'er,
Floated on clouds of amethyst,
And stars were in the crowns they wore.
And then there came that dreadful pain,
And I stood where the shadows stark
Were crowding 'round my path again,
Groping through cheerless waves of dark.
And yet, that bended Heaven has left
One star to light my path of life—
The memory of that hour bereft
Of earthly care, and mortal strife—
The memory of the ones who wait
Amid those joys my dream gave back,
Till Death shall raise the golden gate,
And flood with glory all the track.

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CHAPTER I.

A Low, stone house, with gables and balconies overrun with ivy and blossoming plants. An orchard behind it, shutting in with its leafiness a ruined monastery, whose chapel window still uprose against the sky like a tracery of lace-work, struggling hard to keep art free from nature, which was covering it with moss and crumbling its stone-work to dust, in a steady and sure effort to draw the exquisite fragment of architecture back into its own bosom.

The country around was richly, beautifully green. Old England had not then been denuded of her forests, and what is Arcadian now was then luxuriantly picturesque.

Near this stone dwelling was a village church, built partly from the loose stones of the ruin, years and years before, and looking old and picturesque as the broken arches from which its materials had been taken; a cluster of houses, accommodating an agricultural people, was gathered around it; and afar off, down the sloping hills, uprose the battlements of a feudal castle. These were the salient features of a landscape which no country but England can produce. There was something grand in it, which bespoke the power and glory which surrounded the kings of England before they were discovered to be mortals. The stone house itself is, however, of deeper interest to us than the castle, for warm human hearts beat there, of which we shall have much to say in the hereafter. A young man had been wandering amid the ruins of the monastery. He had from time to time picked up fragments of its crumbling stone, and after examining them with a strange curve of the lip, dropped them slowly along his path. To and fro, to and fro, this young man walked thoughtful, stern, and in a mood which seemed incongruous with his years. He slackened his pace, and at last stood still near an old Druid font of gray stone, broken at the side, and half-choked up with moss. It was a picturesque object, sculptured around the edge with curious art, and half falling into the thick grass which waved lovingly around it, and crept into the broken places softly as a

child kisses its mother when she droops beneath its weight.

The man looked down on this antique fragment with an expression of ponderous thought. He did not seem to examine the minute beauty of its carving, nor care for the cluster of blue flowers that forced itself out of its broken crevices.

"So it is ever," he said, in a deep, harsh voice, that seemed issuing from granite—"so it is ever; old things must pass away, or be trampled under foot by advancing ages. What are thrones near this broken emblem of an exploded faith? What is power but the superstition of a people? Power, power, what a mean foundation it has! Control the ignorance of the people, and you bind them to your will with chains of iron."

The man passed on, looking back at the broken font as if it proved difficult to wrest his mind from the train of thought it had inspired. With his arms folded, and his face bowed to his breast, he walked on, self-absorbed and moody. All at once something stood in his path. The expression of his face changed. The heavy features gathered themselves into symmetry, and two deeply set eyes lighted them up with an illumination of the mind.

"Oh, Barbara! have you come to meet me?"

The girl laughed radiantly.

"Indeed, no. The sunlight was shining so goldenly among the orchard boughs, that I could not find heart to stay within."

"And you were not thinking of me?"

"Nay, nay; divest your heart of that conceit," cried the girl he called Barbara, with a familiarity which startled you, considering the queenly presence of the fair creature who stood smiling on him from under the folds of her mantle, which was drawn in picturesque drapery over her head.

The man looked upon her with his stern eyes, and his features relaxed into their original heavy stolidity.

"Well," he said, "I am glad you were not kept waiting. It is an hour since I entered the old grass-grown cloisters."

"An hour!" exclaimed the girl, flushing up to her temples. "Well then, I was waiting, if that will give you pleasure."

"Pleasure! How can that be? I found myself in the ruins, and fell into grave thought, that is all."

"Had I known as much, it would have been many a long hour before Barbara Westburn would have walked a pace this way," answered the girl, while the flush settled about her eyes, and their long lashes began to droop with the tears that weighed them down.

"Tush!" exclaimed her companion, closing a set of strong white teeth firmly, as if he were determined that the harsher words that lay behind should not escape him.

The girl started and looked at him in amazed anger; her splendid eyes flashed fire through the drops that filled them; and her lip curved with a sudden lift of scorn.

The man, her lover—for he was her lover—regarded this half-defiant look with calm steadiness. He had no sympathy with tears, and the superb beauty which came over her, with the first flash of anger, made little impression upon him.

"Tush!" he said again, but with a softer accent, "we are no children to quarrel over nothing. So dry those tears and let us turn toward the ruins, the shadows are slanting long upon the grass, and the air is full of what you call powdered gold. Come."

There was something about this man that no woman, however proud, could withstand, a species of arbitrary rudeness that carried you along with irresistible force against your own will.

The girl took his arm and walked forward with scarlet burning in her cheeks, and a proud light in her eyes; but still she leaned upon him heavily. The iron in his nature attracted her as steel draws the magnet. But she was silent, and chafed against the control of which he seemed unconscious.

They walked on under the orchard boughs, and through the ruins. The man did not pause for thought now, and yet his ideas seemed far off. The girl was also looking into the distance. This was no lover's quarrel, no fit of petulance; but the natures of those two people were far apart, and nothing but unbounded love could bring them together. He was all iron and granite, unyielding and implacable. She was pure gold and diamonds, all sunshine and light, proud, generous, and passionate. But with all this the two people loved each other dearly and well.

"See, see!" cried Barbara, at last, pointing

toward the distant castle, "they are running up a broad flag from the keep. What does it mean?"

Cromwell—for it was this man in his younger days whom we are describing—lifted his hand, shading his eyes from the golden sunset, and looked across the country toward the castle. True enough, a broad banner, richly emblazoned, but with what arms he could not tell from the distance, floated out from the square tower, and took the fresh evening breeze that was rising in its broad folds.

"The king or the duke?" muttered Cromwell, answering his own thoughts rather than the words of Barbara Westburn. "What brings either of them here, I wonder?"

As he spoke, the two walked away from the ruins, and down a field which sloped toward the highroad leading to the castle. The grass was high, and dew had begun to fall heavily, so heavily, that the dainty, high-heeled shoes which the lady wore, were wetted through. But the man dragged her forward, with unconscious rudeness, to a point which commanded a better view of the castle. Just as they made a pause, and while Barbara stood panting by her rough lover's side, a sound of wheels and the clatter of hoofs came up from the highway, and wheeling around a curve of the road appeared one of the great, lumbering carriages of the time, drawn by eight horses caparisoned with heavy richness and wonderfully matched. But they had been long on the road, and their jet-black glossiness was obscured by dust, which followed them in little clouds floating off like particles of gold in the sunset.

"It must be the king himself!" cried Barbara, turning her eager face toward the carriage. "Oh! I wonder if the queen is with him! See, what a troop of outriders, and the postillions—all in drab and scarlet! Oh! Oliver, it must be the king!"

"No," answered Cromwell, "that is not the royal livery; and now I remember it is said that Charles has given his castle yonder to the great favorite."

"Then it must be the duke, coming down to take possession."

"The tyrant!" whispered Cromwell, through his teeth.

"A very comely tyrant," said Barbara, "if people speak the truth."

"Comely, yes, if feathers, and gold, and lace——"

This sneering speech was broken off, for as the carriage came opposite the place these two persons occupied, it halted, with a desperate

swing and clatter, while a large white hand lifted one of the leathern curtains, and a remarkably handsome face looked out.

"Come hither, my man, and tell me if my people have taken the shortest road to yon castle," cried the owner of the hand and face, with the tone and air of a general summoning one of his subalterns. "Move this way, quickly, for I am in haste."

Cromwell had lifted the hat from his brow with the habitual reverence, which no radical sentiments could entirely subdue. He had even moved a step forward; but that tone of almost insolent command checked him, and he stood still, frowning darkly.

"Have you lost all speech, man, that my question goes unanswered?" cried the duke, sharply.

"You are on the right road to yon place," answered Cromwell, putting on his hat, and turning his back on the cavalcade. "Come, Barbara, let us go."

But the duke had caught sight of Barbara Westburn, as she stood on the green eminence by her lover's side, with the golden atmosphere shimmering around her. The mantle of black silk had fallen from her head, leaving its rich beauty and queenly poise all exposed. She knew nothing of this. Something from the court, of which she had heard so much, had appeared suddenly before her, and, with all her young blood aglow with curiosity, she was regarding the cavalcade.

The duke forgot Cromwell's rudeness in the beauty which broke so suddenly upon him. It was, indeed, something rare in a remote place like that; for, on that grassy hillock, the girl bore herself free and more gracefully than any empress on her throne.

The girl was simply unconscious that any one was looking at her. Absorbed, in all her faculties, by the sight before her, she forgot everything connected with her own identity. Hence the unconscious grace of her position, which held even the pampered duke for a moment breathless with admiration.

"Saint George! what divinity have we here?" he exclaimed, throwing the leathern curtain further back, and leaning from the carriage. "Halt, my men, while I question this lady of the road. She must be of better breeding than her churlish companion."

The ponderous steps were let down, with the noise and formality of a draw-bridge set in motion; then the Duke of Buckingham stepped to the ground and approached Barbara, cap in hand.

Cromwell stood aloof and regarded the duke with a dark, scornful air, as he came forward, with his long tresses waving in the wind, and the ribbons on his dress fluttering like butterflies around him. Barbara, also, awoke to a modest consciousness of her position, and gathered the mantle over her head, with a sudden wish to retreat.

"Fair lady, perhaps you can enlighten me, since this dark churl chooses to be silent. Are we on the direct route to yon castle, whose battlements rise above the trees?"

"I believe this is the right way," answered Barbara, with a vivid flush of color. "But I have never been so far."

"Indeed! and the place so near! You must have less curiosity than the rest of your sex, or, at least, any that I have chanced to meet with."

Barbara saw that he was inventing a subject of inquiry, in order to continue the conversation, and, with that sensitive reserve which belongs to a character frank and ardent as hers, she attempted to draw back, seeking shelter by her lover's side. The duke was not the man to take this gentle repulse, but, with the graceful audacity which had led him to making war with France, that his vanity might be appeased, he approached nearer the place where she stood.

"The lady has told you all she knows of the way," said Cromwell, in a hard voice. "It lies straight before you."

The duke laughed. "The boor is jealous," he thought; "and no wonder! What chance has he, after this glorious creature has looked on Buckingham?"

The audacity of these thoughts spoke in his handsome face. Cromwell read them, and a smouldering fire rose into his eyes.

"Tush! man," said the duke, slightly waving his hand, as if to sweep a fly from his path. "Never lower that heavy brow at me, or I may chance to forget this fair lady's presence, and set one of my grooms there to chastise you with his whip."

A cold smile curved Cromwell's heavy mouth. His eyes passed over the duke and fell scornfully on the group of retainers that stood laughing around the carriage.

"The Duke of Buckingham forgets that he is not in London among the sorry knaves that take kicks and pence from the hands of the great with equal thankfulness," was the cold reply. "It requires a larger force than your gang of flunkies to make an honest man submit to blows or insults in these parts. Yonder lies your road, my lord duke, and along this

pathway is ours. Barbara, let us go back, or his grace may get a cold in the head."

Barbara hesitated. In her estimation, there was no sin in being a wonderfully handsome man and the highest peer of England. Buckingham's address to herself had been deferential even to affectation, and the great charm of his manner contrasted forcibly with the rude strength of her lover. Besides, she was a young girl with all the romance and curiosity of her age, and hesitated to adopt the rude course pointed out so sullenly.

"The gentleman will not take it amiss, I trust, as we have no more knowledge to aid him with," she said, bending her head in a farewell salute.

"Amis! Why, fair one, I have not yet professed the request which I left my carriage to make. We have traveled far, and with scarce a hostelry on the road; if you live near this, which I conjecture from the appearance of your garments, pray give me the hospitality which no one withholds from a pilgrim in distress, and appease my hunger with a crust of bread and a draught of milk. My people shall wait here, while I refresh myself."

Barbara smiled, but cast a furtive glance at Cromwell, who stood coldly by. But she was a brave girl, and sometimes broke into a will of her own, spite of the resolute nature which usually controlled her.

"Yes, walk forward to the house with us," she said. "Heaven forbid that any man, be he poor or great, should pass by my father's door hungry or athirst!"

The duke bowed low to conceal the smile that disturbed his mouth. Cromwell bowed not at all, nor did he utter a single word, but walked away in dead silence. Barbara turned pale and looked troubled, but the duke cried out, with a laugh,

"Let him go—let him go, with his churl's temper! On the morrow he will come back again, and beg pardon on his knees."

"I think Oliver never kneels to anything less than the good God," answered Barbara, reverently.

"Indeed, then he is unjust to your sex. For my part, I want no higher object to adore than a beautiful woman!"

"I think," answered Barbara, gently, "that it is better to be loved than adored—far better!"

"But love is only a colder species of adoration, something unknown to half the world, and never dreamed of by some. Now, you cannot suppose the churl who just left us can ever know what love is?"

"Yes," answered Barbara, and a flush of generous affection kindled up her beauty; "yes, I do think him capable of the deepest, truest, steadiest affection. You must not speak ill of him again, for he is my affianced husband."

But that she was getting angry with the handsome duke for having driven her lover away, Barbara would never have found the courage to say all this. The reckless man of the world was well aware of this, but he cared little for the emotion which left her cheeks glowing like ripe peaches, and made her red lips quiver with the words that passed through them.

"What glorious eyes!" he thought, regarding her with the scrutiny of a connoisseur. "What superb color! Is it form or tint that produces this wonderful effect? If my friend, Velasquez, could but see her now, he would not complain of our English beauties as tintless."

The duke was so absorbed in admiration that he fell into silence, contenting himself by gazing on her as he walked. She felt his glances and was annoyed by them. After the first moment, her thoughts went back to the lover, whom this man had partly insulted away, and she was seized with a dislike of her present companion which all his too evident admiration lacked power to appease.

They walked through the ruins, turned into the footpath across the orchard, and, at last, came in sight of the house. The ground being high, all its diamond-shaped glass was in a blaze of gold from the setting sun, and the elm branches that overhung its gables were pierced through and through with the slanting rays. In a low balcony, just lifted from the ground, a young girl was standing, with one hand guarding her eyes, just as the shadow of a leaf falls upon spring violets, and one foot lodged in the stone-carved work of the balcony, as if she had been tempted to leap over, but paused in the hoydenish act.

"Saint George! and here's another!" said the duke, in his thoughts. "What a nest of fairy-birds the old house is!"

As these thoughts crossed his mind, the courtier paused under the branches of the orchard, and took a fair view of the girl, whose pose was one a painter would have seized upon at once. Barbara moved on, unconscious of his delay. The moment she came in sight, the girl, who had seemed in doubt till then, made a sudden spring, cleared the balcony, and ran, through some flower-beds, into the grass, calling out,

"Barbara! Barbara, where have you been? Father has asked for you a dozen times, and I

dared not tell him that you had gone out to walk with Oliver. Oh! Bab, why don't you make him let his love-locks grow? Then there would be nothing to say against him."

"Hush! Bessie, hush! or you will be overheard!" cried Barbara, fairly stopping the girl's mouth with her hand. "How thoughtless you are!"

"Overheard? What is there to hear me but the rooks?" cried the girl, glancing up at the great black birds that were circling around their nests in the elms. "I only wish some one would come to frighten us into whispers, it would be something to talk about afterward. Don't you think so, Barbara?"

As she spoke, the duke came out from his shelter in the orchard, and Bessie gave a little scream. Then her violet eyes opened in wide amazement at the splendor of his apparel, and, clinging to Barbara, she whispered,

"Oh! Bab, is it the king?"

"No, my pretty fairy-bird," said the duke, "it is only the humble servant of his majesty, very tired and hungry, who craves a mouthful of food at your door."

Bessie lifted her face, which was half-buried on Barbara's bosom, and looked at him furtively. No forest-bird was ever more wildly timid than this girl, but his voice, so low and musical, would have won anything human out of its fears.

"What! you a beggar?" she said, regarding his dress with wonder. "We have crusts in plenty for stragglers, but not for such as you."

The duke laughed.

"What! am I to go hungry because of these garments? Be it so then. So I will buy a cup of milk, my pretty one, with this red stone. Put it on your hand."

Bessie took the ring, examined it closely, glanced back at the giver, with the furtive scrutiny of a child who hesitates to trust itself in your arms, and, at last, put it on her finger.

"It is too large," she said. "Besides, we do not sell food. So, take back the stone, or give it to Barbara; such things are for her. I wear flowers, when the trees and turf are in blossom."

"No, no," protested Barbara, putting her hands behind her; "I want no jewels of a price like that. Keep it yourself, Bessie, or, what is better, return it to the gentleman; it would not beseem either you or me."

"Take it," said the duke, seriously, forcing the ruby on to Barbara's finger. "There may come a time, when Buckingham's friendship

will be of value. Keep the ring till then, and it shall be a gage of his good will."

Barbara looked at him earnestly. A strange thought flashed into her mind.

"You are the king's favorite?"

"I am the king's servant——"

"And trusted companion?"

"Yes; it were affectation to deny that."

"You have great power with him, and with the queen?"

"With Charles—yes; but, as for the queen, I will not answer. Still, on an occasion, I might serve a friend even with her."

Barbara thrust the ring more firmly on her finger, where it glowed out redly, like a great drop of wine.

"I will keep it," she said, with quiet dignity.

"Now come into the house."

An old, gray-headed man, on whom years had left a thousand softening impressions, sat within a little room on the right from the entrance hall. A heavy oak table stood before him, on which a vast black-letter tome was opened, in which he had been reading. The room opened to the west, and gleams of gold still brightened the purple gloom left behind by the sunset. You saw at once that this man was a clergyman of the reigning faith, and a good man down to the pure depths of his soul. He arose as the stranger entered, and, resting one hand on the open page of his book, stood there.

"Father," said Barbara, "it is the Duke of Buckingham, on his way to the castle. He has found scant fare, on the road from London, and would sup with us, if you are so minded."

The clergyman looked at his daughter dreamily. His mind was still wandering among the black letters of the volume before him.

"What did you say the gentleman's name was?" he inquired, gently.

"It is the Duke of Buckingham."

"The duke, oh! yes, I remember. "That is the man who rules our king. Well, what of him, Barbara?"

"Why, father, he stands before you."

"What, ha! Sure enough there is a stranger. Be seated, my lord. Was there not something my daughter thought I could do for your pleasure? Forgive me if I was lost in my book. Thoughts are like wild-birds when they once take flight, it is difficult to call them back."

The duke stepped forward and glanced at the book which the good divine had been reading. It was in a strange tongue, but one that he understood well.

"Thoughts like these," he said, "may well occupy any man's mind."

"You know them then?"

"Yes, I have read the book."

"What, in the original?"

"Yes. Even in my busy life I sometimes go back to the studies that were familiar in my youth."

The clergyman shook his head, smiling gravely.

"It must be an unhappy life which leaves a man but chance moments for knowledge," he said, with genuine simplicity.

The duke laughed pleasantly. The idea of any man pitying him, the most powerful person in the nation, amused him greatly.

The two girls had left the room, and these two men sat down together, contrasted as much in character as in appearance. The one tall, grave, and thoughtful, with a forehead broad and high, white as marble, and arching at the brows over a pair of eyes that shone like lamps when he conversed. The other, flushed, restless, and dashing, splendid in his animal beauty, haughty in his consciousness of a power, a creature of action, capable of anything erratic or strange, but infinitely the inferior of the man of thought, even in those qualities that win hearts, and keep them when won. In color and form this nobleman was perfect; but there was something in the tintless beauty of the student that impressed itself upon the soul.

While these two men, so strangely thrown together, were conversing, the young girls had gone into another part of the house, and gave their personal attendance to the repast which had been so unceremoniously requested.

In a little room which overlooked the orchard, now in full blossom, they ordered the table to be spread for their guest. The room was wainscoted with black oak, and a cornice of the same wood, carved in a vine of oak leaves and acorns, ran around the ceiling. The portrait of a beautiful woman occupied a broad panel over the fire-place, and two elaborately carved chairs stood near the window. With her own hands Barbara arranged the silver trencher and flagon of wine upon the table; while Bessie went to the garden and gathered a handful of sweet herbs to scatter over the round of cold beef, which she placed conspicuously at the head of the board.

The girls were full of animation. This visit had fallen like a romance into their quiet lives, and they were resolved to entertain their guest with hospitality which he could not easily forget. So the old silver was brought forth, and the best wine produced; while from the kitchen came a plateful of dainty seed-cakes, which

Bessie had rounded with her own white hands, greatly to her satisfaction, and the amusement of the old servitor who reigned in that department.

When all was ready, Barbara sented herself by the window, pretending to be busy with an embroidery-frame that stood in its recess; but it was only a pretence, for the twilight was shading down into a cloud of purplish light, through which a few stars twinkled; and the orchard was growing more and more dusky, till you could not distinguish its blossoms from the leaves. But this only added richness to the room, and the duke uttered an exclamation of surprise when he entered it. Even the master of the house rubbed his delicate palms together, and said, gently, "Oh! they have done well!"

The girls would gladly have hovered near their guest, without joining in his repast, but he would not have it so; and at his request, or rather courteous command, they drew around the table, and a right cheerful meal it was.

Buckingham was charmed with his little adventure, and perfectly reckless of the poor fellows that stood in the road, weary and half-famished. He partook largely of the cold beef, and drained his silver drinking-cup, over and over again, with genial hilarity. He sat so long at the table that lights were brought in, and thus the whole picture could be seen through the window, and a right cheerful one it was. In the midst of one of the duke's most lively sallies, Barbara gave a start and changed countenance. She had seen the figure of a man standing some paces from the window. Her heart told her who it was. She started up and hurried from the room, following one of those quick impulses which marked her conduct through life, regardless of all forms, and sometimes of all authority.

The man was standing before the window when she went out to meet him. He had not intended to intrude on the scene, but came that way from the orchard, and, seeing a brilliant light in the room where he had spent many an evening with the lady of his love, was fixed to the earth with indignant surprise.

"Oliver, is it you?" said Barbara, coming close to her moody lover.

He turned suddenly, looked her in the face with his stern eyes, and answered almost brutally,

"Yes, mistress, it is I!"

"You are angry," she said, drawing herself up. "Angry with me, and why?"

Cromwell pointed toward the supper-table. The duke was leaning upon it with one elbow,

and holding a cup of wine in his hand, while he conversed laughingly with Bessie. The good clergyman had forgotten his guest and dropped back into a brown study. Bessie laughed, her cheeks dimpled like those of a plump babe; and the gleam of her teeth through those coral lips was something beautiful to look upon.

"What then?" answered Barbara, with a haughty lift of the head. "Are we forbidden to entertain guests in my father's house?"

"Guests! Call them devils, rather. I tell you, Barbara Westburn, it is an evil day which sees that profligate duke under any honest man's roof."

"Nay," answered Barbara, haughtily. "He seems a right noble gentleman, and does not meet one at every turn with a frown or a rebuke."

"Better those things; better as they seem than the poison of a smile like that!"

"You are churlish with us, Oliver, and without just cause. Surely my father could not turn a guest of distinction, like this duke, from his threshold."

"Better a thousand times than harbor him in a fashion like that. See!"

The clergyman was dreaming with his eyes lifted to the portrait over the mantle-piece. The duke had set down his wine-cup, and stretching forth the empty hand softly as a mouse creeps, imprisoned Bessie's little hand with his crafty fingers. Barbara saw, by the wild look cast on her father, that the girl was frightened; but still had no courage to withdraw her hand. She must have blushed, too, for a change was visible in her face, even from that distance. Then the duke leaned gently downward, and pressed his lips on the pretty hand that lay fluttering like a bird in his clasp.

"And your father sees it not!" exclaimed Cromwell, in a burst of angry compassion.

"Infamous!" cried Barbara, stamping her foot on the turf. "Is it thus he repays our kindness?"

"Look sharp," said Cromwell, "or it may be worse than thus."

Barbara was very pale. She had begun to dislike the duke the moment he created a division between her and her lover. Now she hated him. She looked again. Bessie had released her hand, or the duke had dropped it of his own accord. Her father seemed to have suddenly aroused himself, and was talking in his own gentle way.

"Come," said Cromwell, with a sort of savage gallantry, "let us walk, unless you wish to feast your eyes on this court popinjay longer."

"But Bessie!"

"Let Bessie take care of herself."

"Nay, I must go back."

"Then let it be forever!"

Barbara flashed a look of haughty anger upon him. This rude speech made her blood leap to and from her cheek like a rush of red lightning.

"I will walk with you, Oliver Cromwell," she said, drawing her tall figure up with a haughty lift. "But it is only because I will not quarrel with my betrothed for a light thing. Walk on, I will attend you."

Cromwell's face kindled up as only such faces, coarse and ponderous, can be lighted by the mighty power of intellect. Her proud submission won his admiration as no meek obedience could have done. At all times the submission of a weak character is more likely to win contempt than gratitude from a man of commanding force.

"You are a brave maiden, and well worth waiting for!" he exclaimed, girding her waist with his arm. "As if you court bird could win you away from me!"

The man was scorning himself for the jealousy that had blazed, like flame, in his bosom only a few hours before. Barbara did not quite understand it; but she knew that some burning wrath had been appeased, and was thankful. Still the tumult of his spirit did not altogether disappear. She was agitated and thoughtful, yearning to go home and aid her father in caring for his self-invited guest; yet unaccountably reluctant to mention the wish.

"You are silent, angry perchance," said Cromwell, relaxing his arm on her waist. "You wish to leave me. So, there, you are free."

"I do not wish to leave you, Oliver. It is a harsh thought; but you are ever harsh with me now-a-days, wherefore I cannot tell."

"Because I am harsh with myself, Barbara."

"And wherefore, pray?"

"This useless, dull life worries me. I would be up and doing something."

"Is it a small matter that you are the stay and blessing of your aged father, Oliver?"

"But youth should push its strength farther than that. I sometimes forget the gray-headed old man in the country that gave him birth."

"These are thoughts that I have no strength to penetrate," answered Barbara. "It is the king's province to take care of the realm which God has given him in charge."

"And who told you that God ever gave this beautiful country, with all its wealth of human souls, into the keeping of any one man?"

"Oliver!" The magnificent eyes of Barbara Westburn grew large with wonder at this bold language. She stood still and gazed upon him fixedly in the starlight. "Oliver, is it thus you speak of the Lord's anointed?"

"The Lord's anointed! Let us trace this holy ordinance to its beginning. Who was the Lord's anointed when that strong brute William, the Conqueror, swept away the Saxon dynasty? By what divine power did he become king of England? Was it by the grace of God, or by the force of arms—by prayer, or by murder?"

"You talk wildly, Oliver. I have never yet bethought me of these things, they are beyond a woman's comprehension."

"And yet at this very moment a woman, and a young one too, governs England."

"But Maria Henrietta, as I have said, is of the Lord's anointed."

"The Lord's anointed! Have I not said that the Lord anoints those who fight fiercest and plunder most desperately?"

"Oliver, Oliver, this is treason!"

"Then I have no life that is not treason, for I have thought these things night and day, till they drove me into a thirst for action, fierce as the desire which a wild beast has for food. The sight of that man who sits in yonder, playing with your sister's hand, has kindled this thirst anew. Oh! for the time when we middle men shall have strength to tear these jays from their perches."

"Oliver Cromwell, I say again this is treason! Rank treason against both king and country!"

"No, no. It is nothing but words. What, am I to talk so bravely, with only a strong purpose and these two hands to help myself withal? Words, words—it is only a breath of air that frightens you, mistress."

"Mistress!"

"Nay, Barbara, then—my queenly Barbara! Why, girl, if queens were made sovereign of God, you bear the sign manual in that face. What if I, Oliver Cromwell, should lift you to a throne?"

"Are you mad? What ambitious spirit is hunting you on to ruin? Your eyes burn, your lips writhe, I can see it in the starlight. Oliver, Oliver, some evil thing has been haunting your soul ever since you forsook the worship of God in our church yonder. Come back—come back, and, before God's altar, we will pray Him to forgive you."

Cromwell looked toward the little gray church, whose ivied walls were shimmering darkly in the starlight, and, for an instant, his face softened. Barbara saw it, and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"How happy we have been kneeling, side by side, within those old walls!" she said, with caressing gentleness. "My father misses you, my friend; and, what is more, the great God of heaven sees your place empty by the altar."

"Altar! What is that but a pile of chiseled stone? The true God builds His altar in every honest heart."

"This is as I feared," said Barbara, sadly. "Alas! that the sedition, which has so long been the evil spirit of the North, should have attacked the only being I ever cared to love."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears; she was wounded in the most sensitive part of her nature. In those days, a religious separation between lovers was like tearing soul and body asunder. Up to this hour, she had never been quite certain of the new belief, which had drawn the man by her side away from the old church.

"You are weeping, Barbara!"

"How can I choose but weep, since the man I love has strayed away from among God's people, and makes an idol of his own strength? This is not all. Day by day, the company that used to gather under my father's teachings, have grown less and less, till his voice sounds hollow among the empty arches. With your stern eloquence and indomitable will, Oliver, you are carrying souls away to their own perdition! If this is not a cause for tears, may I never know one!"

Cromwell looked at her earnestly as she spoke. The temptation was strong upon him. But for her father's sake, whom he loved and revered, he would have exerted the powers she condemned in making a proselyte of her.

"The time will come," he said, inly. "Nay, it must come, but not yet. It would be like luring a bird from the parent nest."

When this man was smitten with a tender impulse, it transfigured him body and soul. His harsh voice grew deep-toned and mellow; a light, hazy and soft, came into his eyes; his smile spread and glowed over every feature. It was a burst of sunshine which no human being could look upon without wonder.

Again he placed his arm around Barbara's waist and drew her to his side. "Nay, sweetheart, have done with tears; nothing that I act or think need give you pain. The same God protects us both, and the same deep love fills our hearts."

Barbara lifted her eyes to his, flooded with a tender light, that shone through the tears she would not allow to fall.

"You love to try me, Oliver, and sometimes I cannot but think the words you speak the

offspring of deeper thought than a poor maiden can hope to fathom."

"Let such fancies pass then. You found me in one of my moods to-night, and this court bird has stirred the gall of many a secret thought. But we will talk of other things."

Cromwell tightened his strong arm fondly around her waist; then with his rough hand he lifted her face toward him and kissed her lips, saying,

"It is since you were a child, Barbara, that we have loved each other."

"I cannot remember, Oliver, when I did not love you. It is my only thought, my sole hope, this love that clings to you; without it I should be nothing."

"But I am so often harsh?"

"Still I love you!"

"Have cold, wayward thoughts?"

"Still I love you!"

"In spite of what you call treason?"

"In spite of everything."

"And I love you, girl, better than life—better than my own soul—better than anything on earth! But——"

"But? No such word springs to my lips, when I look into my heart and say I love you."

"You are a woman, Barbara."

"And so have no reservation!" she said, with a pained look. "Nay, tell me, what is it that you love better than Barbara Westburn?"

"My country and my God!" answered the young man, solemnly lifting the hat from his brow, and looking upward in the starlight. "My country, which I see, like a lion in the toils, meshed and shackled by a thousand rusty ties which her kings have woven, generation after generation, around its slumbering strength—and my God, who will, some day, show the means by which all these wrongs shall be redressed!"

Barbara was so much impressed by his manner, that she held her breath in a sort of awe, and dared not reply.

They had been unconsciously wandering in the ruins, and the delicate tracery of the Gothic windows fell in a net-work of light and shadow over them as they talked. During the silence that fell upon them, after Cromwell's last solemn words, a rustling was heard in the grass, and the voice of Bessie, calling for her sister, disturbed them. Out from the shadows of the orchard she sprang, and came up to the lovers, out of breath.

"Oh! Barbara, come in," she cried. "Father has asked for you three times, and the duke— isn't he handsome?—has been wondering where

you had run to. Come, Oliver, you shall go in too; and he may give you a place at court, or something."

Cromwell laughed, in a fashion that rather offended the young lady.

"You need not sneer at what I say. Stranger things than that have happened, and will happen, so long as beauty is a power in the state."

"Why, Bessie," cried the elder sister, "where did you get these ideas?"

"Oh! it was the duke! He says the queen herself may come into these parts; and he said her majesty was sure to see us, and told me not to forget that beauty was a power in the state."

"Well, child, what has that to do with us?"

"With us? A great deal! For we are beautiful! The duke said so twice—indeed, he did!"

Cromwell turned from the sisters, and walked away toward the Druid font, muttering,

"Does the serpent trail its venom this way so soon?"

"Come, make haste, Barbara; for the duke is getting ready to go. He was putting his gloves on when I ran out; but father got him over that big book again, and I ran here, thinking that he might be offended if you did not come in."

"Yes, I will go, Bessie. Oliver, you see that I must leave you; unless, indeed, you will return to the house with us?"

"No, I will stay here till that man is gone; then, if your father is not weary, he may expect me to say good-night."

"But you are not angry with me for going?"

"No."

"Then, good-by, till you come."

The duke was, in truth, getting impatient over that black-letter tome; but the cloud left his face when the sisters came in, with their arms interlinked, and their cheeks red from the cool evening wind.

"Farewell, my pretty friend," he said, passing his gloved hand almost with a caress over Bessie's golden hair. "We shall meet again; for I have but half given thanks for the dainty hospitality you have bestowed. Sometimes, look toward the battlements down yonder, and cast a thought on the owner."

The clergyman heard this address, and his heart rose gratefully for the homage this great man bestowed on his daughter. In the integrity of his own pure heart he had no room for suspicion. So the Duke of Buckingham went away, leaving pride and joy behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRIFLES.

BY E. A. ROCHESTER.

THE ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home, one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out; and, while lounging idly over the paper, the bell rang.

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country, the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day.

I was pleased: first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly, because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and, consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along, noting the brilliant tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride.

"How lovely Alice was then!" I thought. "And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same, though we are changed. Let me see: we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?"

And I felt a pang, as I contrasted the past and present, to think that we could have settled down into the commonplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble, we didn't quarrel; though, when I felt cross, or things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, and sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually

brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—*must* be so, in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosy realities? I supposed we were as happy as anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while the doctor, remarking that his motto was, "business first, and pleasure afterward," led the way to the library.

As we entered the room, I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remark about it, to which the doctor responded,

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and love to see them in the house; and, as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out into the grounds, which were quite extensive, and tastefully arranged.

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was standing on the steps. The doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a slight bow and smile; and, holding up a spray of crimson berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing

me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before, and was much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it pleasant; and," he added, "I believe I am a contented man; so far I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do? I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I once dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grape-vine climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he said,

"That vine needs careful attention, and, if pruned and properly cared for, it is what you see it; but, if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing. So the love, which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my

friend, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of courtship; and, while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected."

That night, as I rode homeward, pondering the doctor's words, and reviewing the years of our married life, I was surprised at my own blindness, and I determined to recall the early dream, if possible.

The next morning, at breakfast, I astonished Alice by a careful toilet, chatted over the dinner, and, after tea, invited her to ride. When she came down, in my favorite blue organdie, with her hair in shining curls, I thought she had never looked lovelier.

I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly and pleasantly the evening passed.

I resolved to test the doctor's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

For all the little nameless attentions so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousand-fold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the non-fulfillment of early dreams, to go and do likewise, remembering that, that which is worth winning, is worth keeping.

E I G H T E E N .

BY MARY E. WARD.

ANOTHER changeful year has fled
Ere it seemed scarce begun,
And, looking backward o'er it now,
How little good I've done!
When thoughtlessly I hailed its birth,
As though 'twas joy to me,
I think it would have chilled my mirth,
Some of its hours to see.
But then my heart was light and free—
Few sorrows yet had come
To chill my careless, childish glee,
And blight my spirit's bloom.
Would that I might be joyous now,
E'en for one hour, and feel
This with'ring shadow off my brow,
And my heart warmly thrill!
Would that I once again might be
As when, in happier days,
I knelt beside my mother's knee,
And learned my Maker's praise!
Oh! those were happy, happy hours!
But they are past. Why weep
O'er the lost treasures—hidden flowers
In mem'ry's troubled deep?

That blessed form is laid to rest,
But mem'ry lingers still,
And loves to linger o'er the page
My mother's actions fill.
Oh! is there aught that wakes the soul,
When grief, and vice, and shame,
In waves resistless o'er it roll—
It is that sacred name!
She went—the tend'rest tie is riven,
And she is happier there;
I would not call her down from Heaven,
To breathe earth's blighting air.
Yet, could she know, by angel art,
The wand'rings of her child—
Could look into this wayward heart,
And see its passions wild:
If tears could enter Heaven, a tear
Would gem that angel's eye—
And she would fly to earth, and bear
My spirit to the sky.
And now another year has come—
A curious blank, to me.
Is its strange freight of light and gloom—
What will this new year be?

THE TAPER STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This elegant little appendage to a lady's writing-table is made in the following manner: Six of the pieces which form the upright portion of the Taper Stand, with their narrow tops and circular bottoms, are to be cut in cardboard. This must be done with exactness, and they should be laid upon each other to test whether they are quite alike; as, if there is any irregularity in those parts which form the foundation, the work will be quite spoiled. These are then to be covered with red cloth, well stretched and tacked round, and pressed with a warm iron, after which the ornamental sprig is to be put in with beads of white chalk,

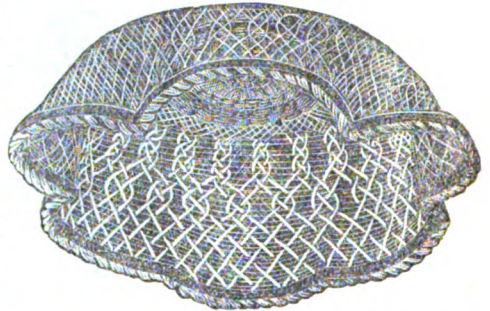
and the little border at the edge of the scallop. The six pieces, being thus far completed, are to be sewn together, a bead being taken on the needle at every stitch. The round which forms the bottom of the Taper Stand, and the small one with its center cut out to fit the socket, are then also to be shaped in the cardboards. These are to be covered with black cloth on both sides, tacked on, and pressed with a warm iron. The edges are then to be sewn round, with a bead at every stitch, and the little pattern surrounding the large circle put in. These parts are then to be joined together, and the bead fringe carried round the top. This is

done by first working a row of loops, having in each a large bead in the center, and so repeating until at the last row, when the long pendant twisted loop is added. When the wax taper is inserted, the effect is much improved by surrounding it at its base with a delicately cut and curled fine frill in white paper, or a very small circle in artificial leaves.

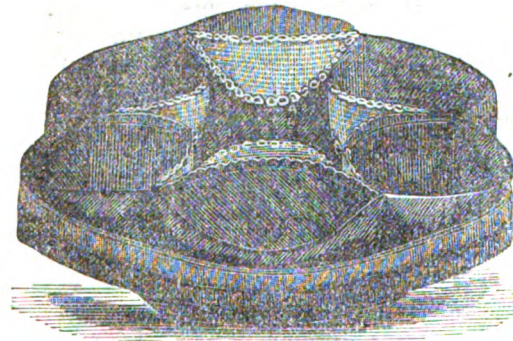
BOUDOIR WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE articles allow great taste to be displayed in fitting them up, and, when well arranged, they form an elegant present, or a particularly suitable contribution to a fancy bazaar. The basket must be purchased, and can be had of various shapes. The material is generally a rich colored satin, either blue, Magenta, violet, or green. The length of the top of the basket must be measured, and two strips of satin taken; one the depth of the basket, the other two inches deeper, will be required, as they are tight round the top, but slightly gathered at the bottom; these two strips are laid together and divided into six by a row of stitching; these six divisions form the six pockets. In the front of each there is a lappet, trimmed round with either quilled ribbon or gimp, and round the edge of the piece, which falls over the rim of the basket, a fringe must be added. All this part of the work is completed, so that it is



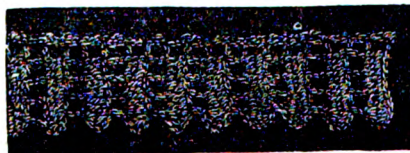
BOUDOIR WORK-BASKET: THE SHAPE BEFORE BEING COVERED.



WORK-BASKET: WITH THE POCKETS DRAWN OUT.

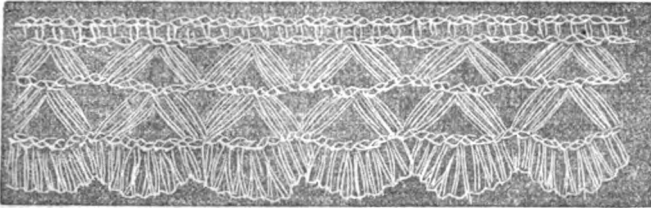
ready to slip over the basket, requiring only to be fastened down between the pockets at the top, and stitched down all round the bottom, any little irregularity being entirely hid by the circular pin-cushion, which must be formed to fit the bottom of the basket. For this purpose a round of cardboard must be taken, well wadded and evenly raised, which is to be covered with the same material, being cut sufficiently large to be carried over the edge. This pin-cushion is then placed at the bottom of the basket, and a quilling of ribbon or gimp carried round it. Between each of the pockets there should be either a bow of ribbon with ends, or a silk tassel; these greatly improve the effect. Sometimes a basket with a handle is selected; if so, it should be twisted round with a cord and finished with two tassels at the ends where it is fixed on, or a ribbon twisted round, and two bows instead of the tassels.

CROCHET EDGING.



CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE a ch of the required length.

1st Row.—Sc into every stitch.

2nd Row.—2 dc into the first stitch, 3 ch and 2 dc into the same stitch, * skip five stitches and work 2 dc, 3 ch, and 2 dc into the sixth stitch, *

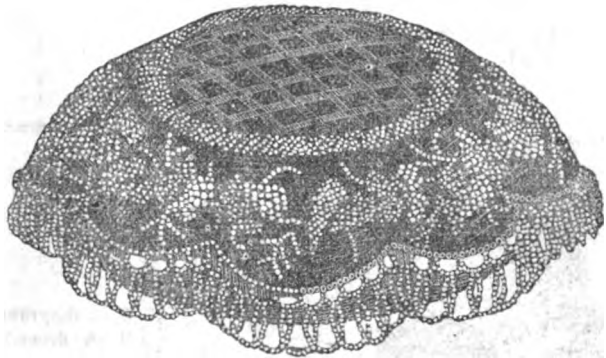
3rd Row.—* 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc into the loop made by the 3 ch stitches of 2nd row, *

4th Row.—* 9 dc into the loop made by the 3 ch stitches of 3rd row, 1 sc between the 4 dc of 3rd row, *

BEAD TOILET CUSHION.

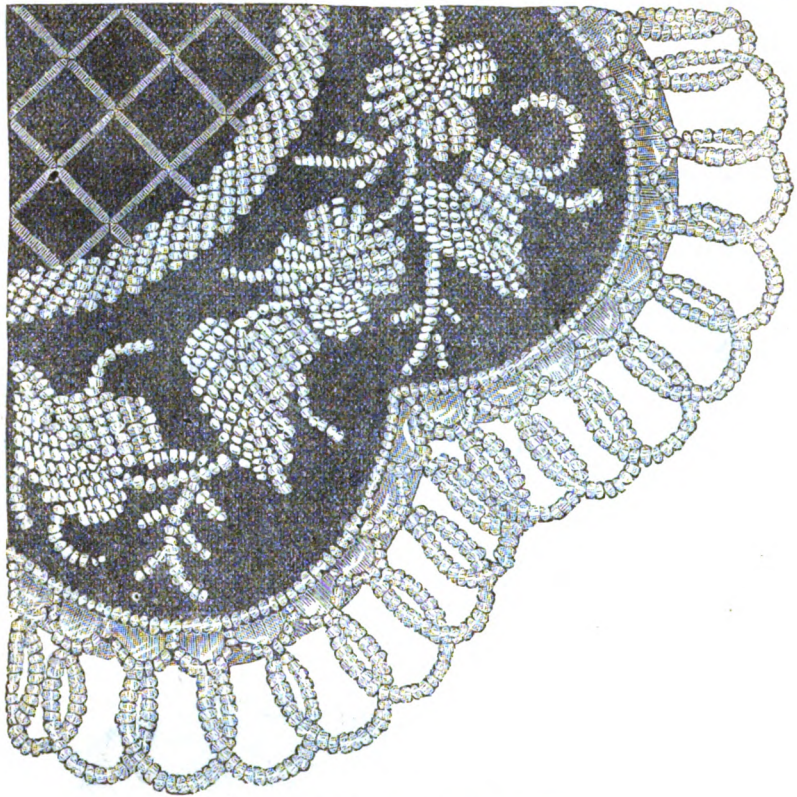
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A quarter of a yard of very bright Solferino silk velvet; a quarter of a pound of alabaster beads; two ounces of chalk; two ounces of crystal ditto; four yards of good white silk Russia braid; a few needlefuls of fine black purse silk. Two illustrations are given of this pretty and useful article, one showing the cushion made up, and the other the work full size. The mixture of beads and velvet has a very good effect, and is a style



of work that is very quickly and easily executed. The center of the cushion consists of narrow white silk Russia braid arranged in squares, each square being secured and kept in its place by a cross stitch of black purse silk. After the braid is arranged, a ring of cardboard should be tacked on the velvet to cover the ends of the braid, and over this cardboard the beads should be threaded in a slanting direction, taking just sufficient beads at one time to make a row. These beads consist entirely of chalk. The arrangement of the leaves and tendrils must, to a certain extent, be left to individual taste; but we can tell our readers how the model before us is arranged,

and that, perhaps, will guide them a little in the working. The leaves are done half in alabaster and half in chalk, half the flowers are in crystal and alabaster, and the tendrils are entirely in chalk, whilst the border and fringe are both of alabaster. The last row of loops forming the principal portion of the fringe should not be worked until the cushion is stuffed and made up. We may here mention that pieces of cardboard should be laid under both the leaves and flowers, to give the beads a whiter appearance, and to make the work firmer. The quantity of velvet given above includes sufficient for the bottom portion of the cushion.



BEAD TOILET CUSHION: FULL-SIZE PATTERN.

PRINCESS ALICE DRESS-BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The diagram we give, this month, is that of a high dress-body, called the *Princess Alice*. This very fashionable body is cut with a small jacket with plaits at the back—seams similar to a riding-habit. At the waist line of the back, side-body, and side of front, are pricked lines, showing where a seam may be requisite at this part for most figures. There are four pieces in the pattern, namely, the front, back, side-body, and sleeve; it is very graceful and stylish, and is suited to silk, mohair, etc. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow, and left open at the seam at the back of the arm as far as the notch, the corner being rounded. Any other style of sleeve may be substituted.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

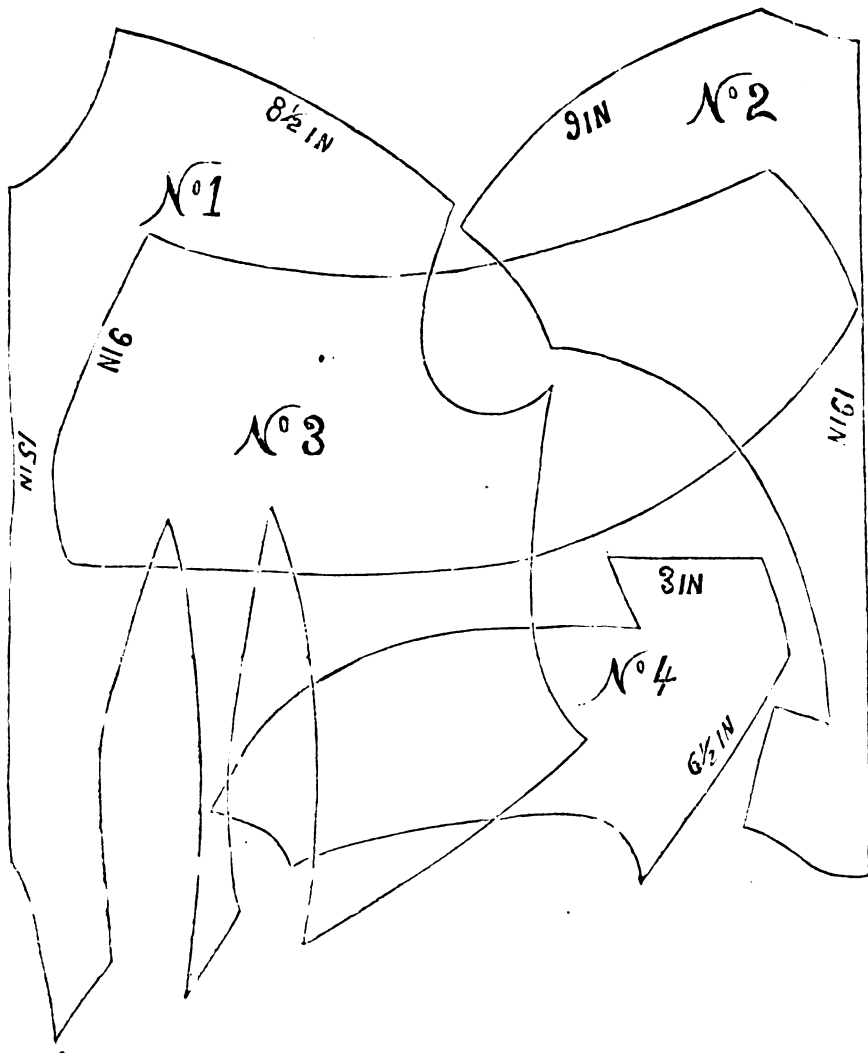


DIAGRAM OF PRINCESS ALICE DRESS-BODY.

INSERTION IN CORDON BRAID AND CROCHET.

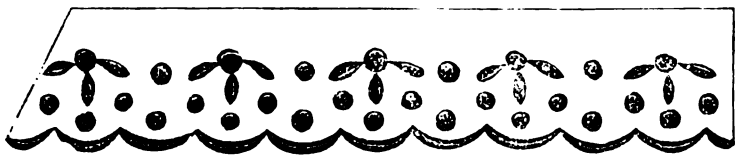
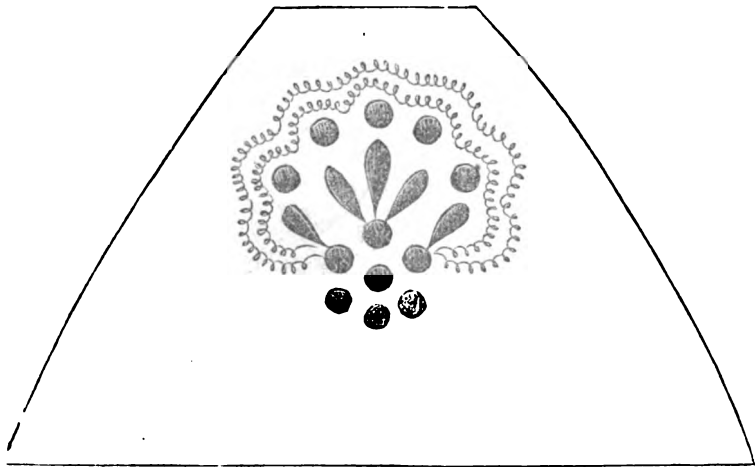
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This insertion (see front of number) may be made either wide or narrow, and in black silk or white cotton. If in the former, it is useful for dress and mantle trimmings; if the latter be used, it makes a pretty trimming for children's summer clothing. Two rows of cordon braid are connected in the following manner:—Two chain, one single stitch into the loop of upper

row of braid; two chain, one single stitch into the loop of lower row; repeat, working into every alternate loop of the two rows of braid. To form the outer edge of the insertion, a double crochet stitch is worked into every loop of the braid, with a chain between. As a trimming for children's under-linen, we can particularly recommend this insertion.

BABY'S BOOT EMBROIDERED IN SILK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



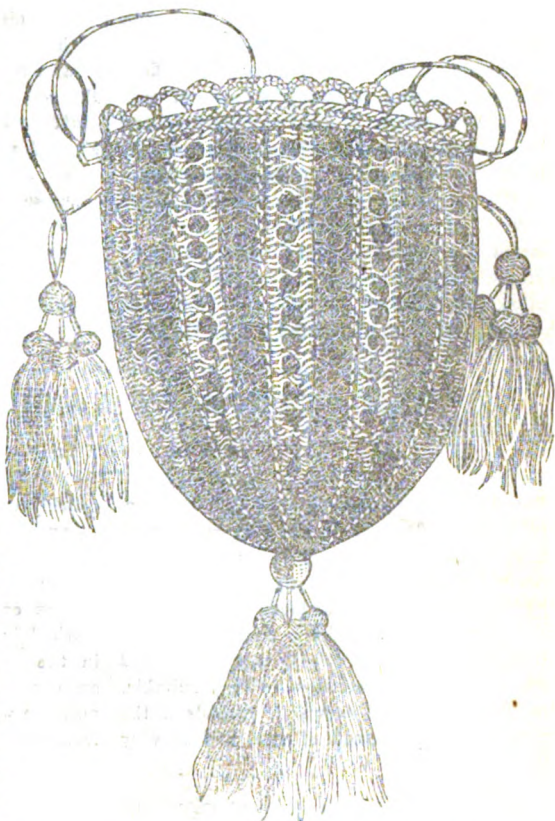
MATERIALS.—A few pieces of white cashmere or French merino; two skeins of bright blue coarse sewing silk; a small piece of cambric for lining. The boot is composed of three pieces—the sole, the toe, and the upper portion. The pattern of the toe is given; the sole measures four and a half inches long, and two inches at the widest part, and the upper portion measures eight inches from point to point, and two and a half inches from the bottom of the heel to the top. The manner in which the latter piece is cut will be easily understood by referring to the illustration. The toe of the boot is embroidered in silk in round and oval dots,

edged with a double chain of coarse button-hole stitch, and the upper portion is embroidered to imitate a frill laid over. The boot is lined throughout with a piece of fine white cambric, the toe is stitched on to the upper portion, and the sole is run in, and back-stitched here and there. The tassel may be made of the sewing silk, and loops of plaited silk should be tastefully arranged to imitate a bow. These bows and tassels are only intended to make a pretty finish to the boot, it being fastened by means of a tiny hook and loop.

BAG-PURSE IN SILK NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE very pretty little purses are now much used, and as they are easy of execution, we are sure that many young ladies will feel inclined to make one, either for her own use or as a New Year's present. They are knitted in rather coarse knitting-silk, of two or more colors, according to taste—blue and brown, or violet and scarlet, or pink and black; but as this is entirely a matter of taste, we only suggest these colors as contrasting well together. To commence: cast on to a steel knitting-needle of a fine size forty-five loops; knit the first row, purl the second, knit the third, purl the fourth. The fifth row is the open row. Knit the first loop, silk forward, knit two together, silk forward, knit two together to the end of the row. Knit the sixth row, purl the seventh, purl the eighth. These eight rows form the stripe. The next row is the commencement of another stripe, and must, therefore, be again a knitted row. Repeat these stripes until there are twenty. Join the two edges together, and gather one end in for the bottom of the purse. The top is to be finished with a narrow crochet border. A pretty ornamental cord is then inserted through the knitted holes one where it is gathered in at the bottom; and close to the crochet edge, and finished with this very useful and very pretty purse is completed.

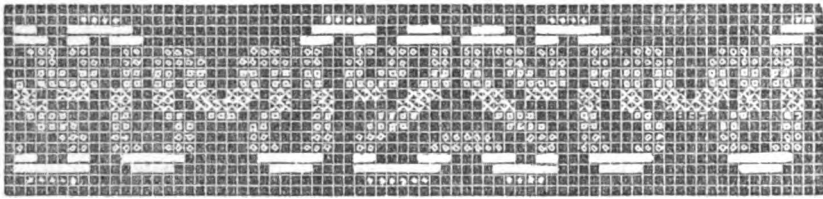


FLORA.

Flora

STRIPE FOR BRIOCHE CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty stripe to be used alternately with rep in making a brioche cushion. Five pretty shades of *dead* gold wools must be selected with which to work the stripe. The center of the scroll must be worked in the dark shades, shading off to the light colors on each side. The grounding should be of the brightest possible scarlet, and should be extended on each side of the design until the border is twenty-four stitches instead of eighteen in width. When the strips of work are finished they should be inserted at regular distances between the rep by neatly stitching the rep to the canvas. If very neatly and evenly done, the rep might be stitched on the canvas in maize-colored silk on the right

side, and arranged in this manner would have a pretty appearance. A round piece of cardboard, nine inches in diameter, and covered with a piece of glazed lining, forms the foundation or bottom of the cushion. On to this round the rep is sewn after being gathered, and the stuffing should then be put in. This may consist of wool, horsehair, or flock, the former being the material generally selected for the purpose. When the cushion is stuffed, the top of the rep should be gathered, drawn up, and stabbed through to the cardboard foundation, and firmly secured. The rosette and handle should then be sewn on strongly.

CABLE-STITCH IN LEVIATHAN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For illustration, see front of this number. Twelve-thread fleecy wool, and very coarse canvas made expressly to suit the wool, are the materials required. The design is particularly suited for borders, sides of footstools, etc., etc., and in our original model is worked in black and white wools. For a border to a gay-colored piece of work, this mixture is very suitable. The stitch is worked over four threads of the canvas one way instead of two, and is very

quickly executed. The white wool is secured to one end of the canvas and laid along the stitches; the black is then worked over it in long cross stitches, taking four threads of the canvas each time, so that only the black is worked in and out. The rows are all worked in the same manner, and it is well, when a small portion of the row is done, to slightly pull the white wool, to draw it into the twisted form seen in our illustration.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



MARIE STUART HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

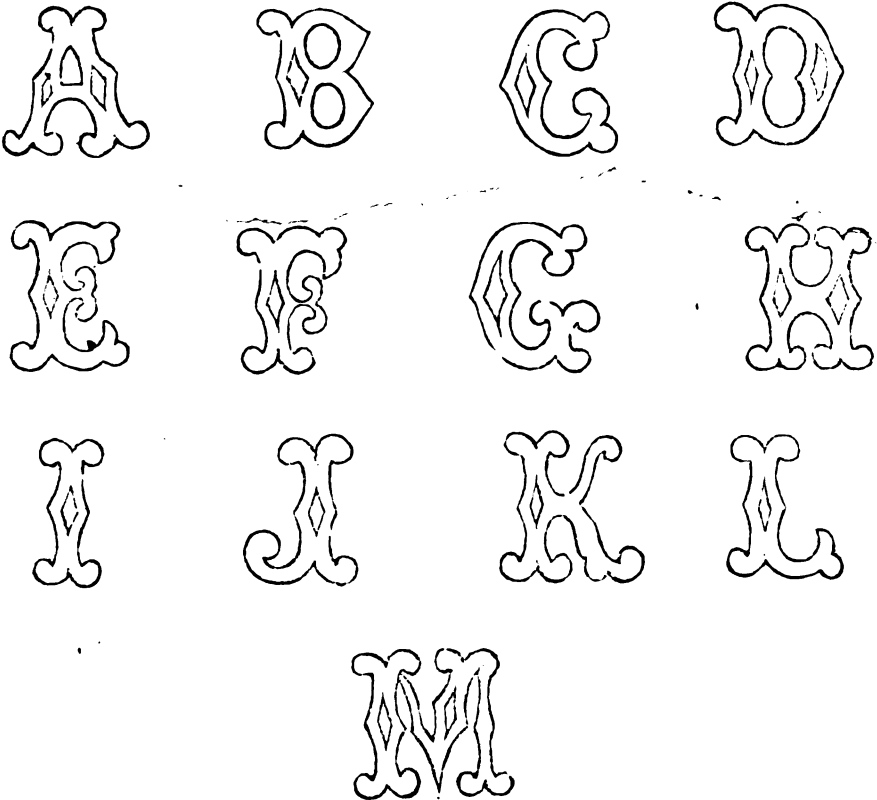
For the pattern of this beautiful and fashionable hood see front of number.

MATERIALS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards silk, rose pink; 8 yards narrow mantua ribbon, rose pink; 1 piece black embroidery braid; 5 yards narrow black lace edging; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide ribbon, for strings and bow.

To make the hood: Cut out of the rose-colored silk first the crown, which is perfectly round, ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard in diameter,) also the point and cape, which can readily be done after the design. These several pieces are to be em-

broidered with the black braid, after the pattern on the hood. The point is then to be lined with Florence silk of the same color and the lining quilted. Gather the crown, draw it to fit the head, also gather the cape; join the cape and crown together one-half the distance around the crown after it is gathered; the other half bind with a piece of galloon. Quill the narrow ribbon, and with it trim the point and cape, adding the lace on the lower edge. Strings and a bow at the back complete the hood.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1863.—We offer this number to the public as an earnest of what we intend to do in 1863. Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the price of paper and other things necessary to a Magazine, "Peterson" will not only be maintained at its old point of excellence, but vastly improved; and, as a proof, we issue the present number, the most costly we have ever put forth.

We call attention to the Prospectus for 1863 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now the *largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1863, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found elsewhere. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh. Among these, lately added, is the author of "The Second Life," which will be, probably, the most powerful novelet we have ever printed.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson*" never descends to be a merely advertising medium for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

LACE GOODS.—Lace goods offer little that is really novel, but are still very beautiful, and are valued no less as a test of social position than as the most becoming addition possible to an elegant costume. Among the bridal sets exhibited lately, at one of our most fashionable stores, we noticed one of point lace worth eighteen hundred dollars, and a point lace shawl, the pattern a large bouquet, valued at a thousand dollars. The sets comprise two bouces, the upper one looped up to represent a tunic, a scarf veil, and handkerchief, together with trimming for the corsage of the dress. The latest novelty in lace is an idea of the Empress Eugenie. It is a wide lace scarf, only worn with full dress, and then simply knotted round the waist, Turkish fashion, or clasped upon the shoulder and tied under the arm.

THE EAU CLAIRE (Wis.) Herald says of "Peterson":—"It is equal in all respects to any of the Three Dollar magazines." This seems to be the general verdict.

A WORD ABOUT FURS.—The fur most in demand is mink, the darker the more desirable, and the more costly. The mink fur is certainly equaled by no other in beauty, durability, and comparative moderation in price. The Hudson Bay sable is a more expensive fur, and the Russian sable more expensive still; but these furs are really beyond ordinary purses. Furs of all kinds have advanced twenty-five per cent.

The most convenient style in fur for ordinary wear is the half-cape; it is handsomer and a better protection to the shoulders and chest than the victorine, and looks well with cloak or shawl. Fur collars we consider almost worse than nothing, as they impart warmth to the throat at the expense of the chest, which is left so much the more liable to cold. It is almost impossible to give an idea of cost, so much depends on the color of the fur. A very handsome half-cape of mink can be purchased for fifty dollars; a very nice set of half-cape and muff, for seventy-five. Almost the lowest price for a half-cape, in genuine mink, would probably be forty dollars.

Muffs are as small as ever; in fact, there is no change in the shape of fur garments, except in ermine for evening wear. Many ladies, to whom money is no object, wear muffs without collar, cape, or victorine. It is a pretty caprice of fashion to wear tiny ermine muffs with black velvet cloaks, and a new style of muff, made in black plush, striped with red, with the gray plush and beaver cloaks. The latest thing in opera cloaks is the ermine talma, shaped in quilted silk at the neck, like a hood, and finished with rich silk tassels.

FASHIONABLE STYLES OF SILKS.—Among some of the choicest silks, imported this fall, are the tinted brocades, from which spring velvet tufts, different in size and shading, yet forming clusters out of which the eye gradually recognizes an intentional and most charming design; such robes cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Dress patterns of such value are never made two alike. There is another style which is less expensive; this is rich tulle in single colors, lavender, purple, green, and the new *clair* color, embroidered with white silk, in a pattern for skirt, body, and sleeves, to imitate exactly guipure lace. A wide sash, embroidered to match, accompanies the skirt, the ends of which are fringed with silk the color of the dress. These robes are only one hundred and fifty dollars each. Of course only the very rich can afford such silks.

ABOUT FEET.—The French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of his form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick. The foot of the Irish is flat and square. The English foot is short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH.—The Selvin's Grove (Pa.) Post says of this Magazine:—"It is a charming book. Every lady will find a dollar's worth in any number of this periodical, yet the price is only two dollars per annum."

THE UNITED STATES LEGAL TENDER.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, which we prefer to all other ways of remitting. Deduct the cost of the draft from your remittance.

A NEW AND SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Two years ago, it will be recollected by old subscribers, we gave, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, a large-sized mezzotint for framing, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison." The picture from which it was engraved was one of a pair, painted by an eminent English artist, T. G. Duval; and its great popularity has induced us to have the match-picture, "Bunyan's Blind Child Parting from Him in Prison," engraved also. In some respects this second picture is better than its predecessor. It is engraved of the same size, twenty-seven inches by twenty. Most of those who have received the first mezzotint for a premium, will prefer this match-picture even to the extra copy of the Magazine. It will be seen, by referring to the Prospectus, that by getting up a club of three, five, or eight, any person becomes entitled to this splendid premium. Or by getting a club of sixteen, this mezzotint, and also an extra copy of the Magazine, may be earned; or a copy of both mezzotints, if no extra copy of the Magazine is desired. This mezzotint is neither a catch-penny affair, nor an old worn-out plate, but a first-class engraving, costing a thousand dollars to engrave. Such a mezzotint, when framed, would be an ornament to any room. The prospect of obtaining it, for a premium, ought to stimulate thousands, in a country so populous as this, to get up clubs. Anybody can secure, with little, or no trouble, three, five, or eight subscribers for "Peterson," at our astonishingly low prices, by exhibiting this, or any other number, as a specimen.

✓ **OUR COLORED PATTERN.**—This exquisite affair is a design for a Chair-Seat. It is printed in not less than thirteen colors; is, it will be seen, twice the usual size; and is the most costly embellishment of any kind we have ever published. At any trimming store, in New York or Philadelphia, this pattern, or a similar one, would sell for a dollar; yet we furnish it, besides all the other engravings, illustrations, and reading matter in this number, for eighteen cents. Of course only our immense edition enables us to do this. The outlay required to get out this one embellishment would buy a handsome farm, buildings and all, in any rural district. In our next number we shall give another pattern, in the new kind of Berlin work. The colored patterns, in this and the two subsequent numbers, will be worth alone the full subscription price of two dollars. Recollect, too, this is the only Magazine which gives such patterns. All other publishers are afraid of the expense.

ECONOMY AND TASTE.—Says a lady, in a letter enclosing the names of a large club:—"We could not do without 'Peterson' in our village. It is curious to observe how much more taste is shown in the dress and about the houses of those who subscribe to it, than in the dress and houses of others. Several of my club have told me that they have saved ten times the cost of the Magazine, by following its hints as to late fashions, cutting out dresses from its diagrams, and copying its Work-Table patterns. My club, you will see, is twice as large as it was last year. Everybody here prefers it to any other magazine."

NEW MATERIAL FOR CLOAKS.—The new material for cloaks consists of a soft and thickly piled fabric, so exquisite in appearance that it has received the name of *woolen velvet*. It must not be confounded with plush, from which it differs as widely as a well-kept lawn from a common hay-field.

STAMPS ON DRAFTS.—All drafts, for twenty dollars or more, must have a stamp affixed on them; and this stamp must be canceled by the person who draws the draft, writing his initials and the date on it. Remember this in remitting.

COMBS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.—The elegant combs lately introduced are among the most novel and striking decorations for the hair, provided, of course, the hair be arranged in a method to properly display them. They come in sets—back and side-combs—and are manufactured with exquisite skill and taste from jet, tortoise shell, mounted with steel, gilt, gold, or gems. The back comb surmounts the low, broad braid behind; the side-combs are placed between two puffs of hair, which are raised on each side of the temples, giving a stylish and high-bred tone to the coiffure, which is very becoming to the delicate and cleanly cut character of the features of most American ladies.

The prominent feature of ornaments of every description is the use that is made of steel. It is introduced into nearly every description of dress and cloak trimming; it is made into jewelry, into clasps which adorn our bonnets, and buckles which adorn our shoes, and thus flashes literally from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. It is also introduced with the happiest effect into silk embroidery, which, as a means of decoration, disputes supremacy with the new and artistic methods of braiding.

The prettiest effect which we have seen produced by steel was clusters of the tiny flowers embroidered on the front of black silk slippers. A strap of silk, fastened with a small wrought steel buckle, gave the proper finish to a most charming idea.

✓ **COLLAR IN MIGNARDISE.**—We give, as part of our Work-Table, this month, a design for a lady's collar in a new kind of work. Mignardise is a narrow, flat braid, with a purled edge, made of white cotton on black silk; and the collar takes its name from this braid. To make the collar, baste the braid on the paper, exactly following the design as in braiding. The pattern commences on either side of the point. The collar basted, make the purlings with very fine thread; do not cut the thread at each stitch, but pass your needle under the braid from one stitch to the other on the opposite side, which renders the work very durable. Finish the collar by working wheels in the round spaces; this is done by passing the thread through each purling, and weaving it in and out at the center. The engraving is in the front of the number, on page 22, and represents half the collar.

RED RIDING HOOD.—This beautiful mezzotint, engraved by Sartain, illustrates a fairy tale with which all are familiar. The picture represents the scene in the wood, when the wolf meets little Red Riding Hood and asks her where she is going. She artlessly answers, it will be recollected, "I'm going to grandmamma's," whereupon the wolf, as the story goes on to say, hurries on there before her. In our next number we shall give a companion picture to this, even more beautiful, also engraved by Sartain.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.—This is a weekly paper, published in Philadelphia, for the low price of \$1.00 a year; and devoted to the wants of Sunday-school teachers and scholars. It is also an excellent family paper. Send to J. C. Garrigues & Co., publishers, for a specimen.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Thirty years ago, the religious world, both in England and in America, was agitated by the proceedings of a sect called "Irvingites," claiming to possess the gift of prophecy. The divine, from whom they took their name, was Edward Irving, a man of such extraordinary oratorical powers, that Canning had pronounced

him the most eloquent preacher he had ever heard. At one time, the little chapel where Irving officiated, in a suburb of London, was crowded, weekly, by the wealth, fashion, and culture of that great metropolis, to hear him preach. Subsequently, Irving became a believer in the near approach of the Second Advent, and also in the existence of "the gift of tongues" in modern times. He never, indeed, prophesied himself, but he permitted others to do it in his church. The result was that much scandal arose; a bitter controversy was waged; and, finally, his congregation dismissed him. He died, not long after, at the comparatively early age of forty-two. This is the first attempt to write the story of his life, dispassionately; and, on the whole, it is a success. Mrs. Oliphant, well known as the popular author of "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Chronicles of Carlingford," etc., has told, sympathizingly and reverently, what, under any circumstances, must have been a melancholy tale, but what, in her hands, has become less sad than otherwise it might have been.

Orley Farm. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Years ago we called the attention of our American booksellers to "Barchester Towers," "The Warden," and other novels by Mr. Trollope, and asked why some one did not reprint them in this country. At that time our author was altogether unknown here, except by the few who imported new English fictions for their own reading. At last, the Harpers brought out "Dr. Thorne." Then "Framley Parsonage" appeared in the Cornhill Magazine. After this, the reprint of Trollope's novels came thick and fast; and now Anthony Trollope is second in popularity only to Dickens, Bulwer, and the author of "Adam Bede." The present work is his latest production. Some persons will think it his best. Certainly, in no other of his stories has Trollope drawn more life-like characters than Judge Stavely, Lady Stavely, Sir Peregrine, Lady Mason, Dockworth, Moulder, Madeline, and Miss Furnival. The volume is printed in double column, in clear type, and is embellished after designs by J. E. Millais. Altogether it is an exceedingly desirable book.

★ *The Phantom Bouquet. A Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed-vessels, and adapting them to embellish the Home of Taste.* By Edmund Parrish, member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a work with which every lady of taste should be acquainted. The directions for skeletonizing leaves, whether by maceration or otherwise, are given with great plainness, so that it would be impossible, we think, even for a novice in the art, to fail of success. Several engravings of skeletonized leaves embellish the volume; among them the leaves of the ivy, silver-poplar, and magnolia glauca; and we cannot praise too highly the minute fidelity with which these skeletons have been reproduced. In typography, binding, everything, the book bears evidence of taste and culture.

The Siege of Richmond. A Narrative of the Military Operations of Major-General George B. McClellan. By Joel Cook. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: George W. Childs.—The author of this volume was the special correspondent of the Philadelphia Press with the army of the Potomac, during the much controverted campaign in the Peninsula. He was an eye-witness of much that he relates. As yet, no more lucid account of that campaign has appeared, if we except the narrative attributed to the Prince de Joinville; and that narrative is much more concise than the present. In both accounts substantially the same view is taken as to the causes why the campaign failed. The least satisfactory part of the present work is that which relates to the seven days battles before Richmond.

Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., (Kirwan). By Samuel Ireneus Prime. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., known also by his controversial signature of "Kirwan," filled, at one time, a large space in the eye of the religious public. This is a well-told narrative of his life, and is full of interest, even to the ordinary reader. A portrait of Dr. Murray faces the title-page. The engraving thoroughly embodies that mingled benevolence and firmness which rendered the doctor so kind a pastor, yet so powerful a controversialist.

A System of Logic, comprising a Discussion of the various Means of acquiring and retaining Knowledge and avoiding Error. By P. McGregor, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is that rare thing, a perspicuous work on logic. We would recommend its study, not only to those who desire to think clearly themselves, but also to those who wish to learn how to oppose the fallacies of others. A very excellent and thorough index accompanies the volume.

The Victories of Love. By Coventry Patmore. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Barnham.—A new poem by the author of "The Angel of the House," with characteristics similar to its predecessor. It would be a suitable Christmas or New-Years gift for a lady.

May Dreams. By Henry L. Abbey. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Abbey & Abbot.—A volume of poems, by a new author, not deficient in merit. One of the best poems is on Burns. The volume is beautifully printed on thick, cream-colored paper.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

★ Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Mock Turtle Soup.—This soup, if well made, gives general satisfaction. Take a calf's head, thoroughly scraped and cleaned, the skin remaining on; place it in a soup-pot, to which add that part of the head of pickled pork which is free from bones, the fattest end, observing that it should be soaked well in water, previous to using; put in sweet herbs, a couple of onions, a head of celery, if large, mace and pounded pepper, add plenty of water, without quite filling the saucepan, boil slowly until the meat has become tender, then remove it, and cut the meat from the bone into square pieces, break the bones and put them again into the soup, let it simmer for four or five hours, then place it where it can quickly cool, remove the fat and strain the soup; thicken with flour and butter, add three table-spoonfuls of Harvey's sauce, four or five glasses of sherry or Madeira, and squeeze a whole lemon into it; add the meat of the head and the pork cut into well-shaped pieces, conclude with egg balls, or forcemeat, or both, warm it and serve. It will be found a delicious soup.

Mutton Soup.—Cut a neck of mutton into four pieces and put it aside; then take a slice of the gammon of bacon and put it in a saucepan, with a quart of peas and enough water to boil them; let the peas boil to a pulp, then strain them through a cloth and put them aside; add enough water to that in which is the bacon to boil the mutton, slice three turnips, as many carrots, and boil for an hour slowly, adding sweet herbs, onions, cabbage, and lettuces chopped small; then stew a quarter of an hour longer, sufficient to cook the mutton, then take it out, and take some fresh green peas, add them, with some chopped parsley, and the peas first boiled, to the soup, put in a lump of butter rolled in flour, and stew till the green peas are done.

Lamb Soup.—May be cooked as mutton, save that beef should be substituted for the bacon.

Giblet Soup.—Scald and clean thoroughly two sets of goose giblets, or twice the number of duck giblets, cut them in pieces, and put them in three quarts of stock: if water is used instead of stock, add a pound of gravy beef, a bunch of sweet herbs, a couple of onions, half a tablespoonful of the whole white pepper, as much salt, and the peel of half a lemon; cover all with water, then stew, and when the gizzards are tender, strain the soup. Now put into a stewpan a paste made of an ounce of butter and a spoonful of flour, stir it over the fire until brown, pour in the soup, and let it boil, stirring it well all the while; in ten minutes skim and strain it, add a glass of Madeira, a salt-ponful of cayenne, a dessertspoonful of mushroom ketchup, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and serve up with the giblets in the soup. It should be sent to table as hot as possible.

Leg of Beef Broth.—Take a leg of beef, break the bone in several places, place it in a pan, with a gallon of water, remove the scum as it rises, and add three blades of mace, a crust of bread, and a small bunch of parsley; boil till the beef is tender; toast some bread, cut it in diamonds, lay it in the bottom of the tureen, put the meat on it, and pour the broth over all.

Chicken Broth.—Joint a chicken, wash the pieces, put them into a stewpan, with three pints of water, and add two ounces of rice, two or three blades of mace, some white pepper, whole, and a pinch of salt; let it come to a boil, skim frequently, and simmer for three hours; boil for five minutes, in the soup, some vermicelli, and serve with it in the soup.

Veal Broth.—Stew a knuckle of veal; draw gravy as for stock, add four quarts of water, with celery, parsley, and an onion; simmer till reduced to half, then add two or three ounces of rice, but not until the soup is nearly cooked, so that, when served, the rice may be no more than done. Vermicelli may be used in preference, or for change.

Beef.—Put the mouse round of beef, a knuckle-bone of veal, and a few shanks of mutton, into a deep pan, and cover it close with a dish of coarse paste; put water enough to cover the meat, and bake it till tender; when cold, let it stand in a cool place, covered close, and flavor it as you please.

MEATS, ETC.

If the meat has to be roasted, a clear fire is indispensable; and the fire should also be maintained at one uniform heat; by adding coal in small quantities. If the joint is large, it should be commenced as far from the fire as the apparatus will permit, and as it progresses, gradually be moved nearer the fire until done; this will ensure, in large and thick joints, the heart of the meat being properly done, while it prevents the outer parts from being cooked to a chip. A small joint should have a brisk fire, should be well basted, as also larger joints, it should be sprinkled with salt, and dredged with flour when three parts cooked, but it should be remembered that this must not be left until the meat is just cooked, for the fire is apt to catch the flour, and give it a most disagreeable flavor.

There are a variety of opinions respecting the washing of meat previous to roasting. Many old and experienced cooks declare that it destroys the flavor of the meat. Professors of the art, however, hold a contrary opinion. I am not disposed, from my experience, to differ so essentially from them as to advise meat to be roasted without this operation, but should advise that the meat be not suffered to remain too long in the water, unless frost-bitten, and then it should soak an hour or two previous to cooking.

The time necessary for cooking a joint must depend, of course, upon the weight of the joint to be roasted; experience gives fifteen minutes to each pound of meat; where the quantity is very large, an extra two or three minutes must be given; but so much depends upon the state of the

fire, and the attention directed to the joint while cooking, that the judgment must be exercised; although the above calculation may be taken as a general rule, time for any drawback which may occur must be considered.

In boiling meat, as much attention must be paid as in any other process; if the joint be permitted to boil too rapidly, the cook may be satisfied the meat will go to table as hard as it should be tender; if, while cooking, it should be allowed to stop boiling, it will prove underdone when cut, even though more than the usual time be allowed for it. The meat generally is better for being soaked a short time, and then wrapping it in a cloth well floured, if fresh; if salt, the water should be kept free from scum as fast as it appears. All joints to be boiled should be put into cold water and heated gradually, and nothing boiled with it save a dumpling, or if beef, carrots or parsnips.

Roasting.—In every case where meat is washed before roasting, it should be well dried before it is put down to the fire, which must be kept clear, banked up to the height it is intended to keep it, and kept at that height until the meat is sufficiently cooked. Remember the regulation of gradually advancing the meat nearer to the fire while it is cooking; baste with a little milk and water, or salt and water first, but as soon as the fat begins to fall from the meat, put down a clean dish, and then baste with the dripping as it falls; the meat should not be sprinkled with salt until nearly cooked, or too much gravy will be produced. Preserve the dripping; pour it from the dish into some boiling water, and leave it to cool. When cold it will be hard, white, and all the impurities will be deposited at the bottom. It occasionally happens that the joint cannot be sent to table as soon as cooked; in such case, place it on a dish upon a fish-kettle of boiling water; place over it a dish-cover, and spread over all a cloth; the meat will thus be kept as hot as if placed before a fire, but will not be dried, nor will the gravy be evaporated.

Cold Fowls.—When, for the purpose of convenience, fowls are sent to table cold, it is much better to carve them in the kitchen; let it be done with a short knife and with precision; the slices from the breast should be well cut, and the whole arranged tastefully in the center of the dish; a layer of ham and tongue in alternate pieces may be laid round the dish, and slices of both, in small dishes, should accompany it to table; handsome sprigs of parsley may garnish each dish.

Turkey, with Sausage Meat and Tongue.—Bone the turkey, then fill the inside with sausage meat, with or without tongue; if with it, it should be boiled the day before; cut off the root and tip to the length of the turkey; if you have a fowl to spare, wrap the tongue in this after it is boned, and place it in the middle of the turkey, surrounded with sausage meat. If for boiling, cover it with fat bacon and slices of lemon tied in a cloth, pouring whatever sauce you propose over the turkey.

Turkey Giblets.—The giblets consist of picaons, feet, neck, liver, and gizzard; scald, and put them into a stewpan with a piece of butter, parsley, thyme, and a clove or two; moisten with stock, season with pepper and salt, make it well hot, thicken with a little flour, and when almost done, add a few turnips fried slightly in a little butter.

To Grill Cold Fowls.—Trim the joints that remain, and having dipped them in clarified butter, spread over them a coating of finely-powdered bread crumbs, mixed with very finely-ground nutmeg, mace, cayenne, and salt, in small quantities, lay them upon a clean gridiron over a clear fire, and boil gently.

Guinea Fowl, Roasted.—This bird has very much the flavor of a pheasant, and should be allowed to hang as long as it can without being too far gone; it may be then trussed and dressed as a pheasant, or as a turkey. Serve with a rich brown gravy and bread sauce; it will take from forty-five to fifty minutes to roast.

Goose.—Boil some sage, onions, and apples, then chop all fine together, with a little pepper and salt, juice of lemon, a few bread crumbs, and bind all together with a little good stock, or milk, or butter; apple sauce in a boat.

BREAKFAST AND TEA CAKES.

Waffles.—Put two pints of rich milk into separate pans; cut up and melt in one of them a quarter pound of butter, warming it slightly; then, when it is melted, set it away to cool; beat eight eggs very light, and mix them gradually into the other pan of milk, alternately, with half a pound of flour; then mix in, by degrees, the milk that has the butter in. Lastly, stir in a large table-spoonful of strong, fresh yeast, cover the pan, and set it near the fire to rise. When the batter is quite light, heat your waffle-iron, by putting it among the coals of a clear, bright fire; grease the inside with butter tied in a rag, and then put in some batter. Shut the iron closely, and, when the waffle is done on one side, turn the iron on the other. Take the cake out by slipping a knife underneath, and then heat and grease the iron for another waffle. Send them to table quite hot, four or six on a plate, having buttered them and strewed over each a mixture of powdered cinnamon and white sugar. Or you may send the sugar and cinnamon in a little glass bowl.

French Rolls are usually made by the bakers; but in country houses, where families bake their own bread, they may be done in either of the following ways:—Sift one pound of flour, and rub into it two ounces of butter; mix in the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, and a table-spoonful of strong yeast; add enough of milk, with a little salt, to make a stiff dough, and set it, covered, before the fire to rise, which will take about an hour; if cut into small rolls, and put into a quick oven, they will be done in little more than ten minutes. *Or:*—Take a quarter peck of the very finest flour, one ounce of butter melted in milk and water; mix with it two or three spoonfuls of yeast, according to its strength, and strain it through a hair-sieve; whisk the white of an egg and work it into a light paste, add salt, and leave it all night. Then work it up well again and make it into rolls.

An Excellent Cake.—Rub two pounds of dry fine flour with one pound of butter washed in plain, and afterward in rose-water; mix it with three spoonfuls of yeast in a little warm milk and water. Set it to rise an hour and a half before the fire; then beat into it two pounds of currants, one pound of sugar sifted, four ounces of almonds, six ounces of stoned raisins chopped fine, half a nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, and a few cloves, the peel of a lemon chopped as fine as possible, a glass of wine, the same of brandy, twelve yolks and whites of eggs beaten separately; add orange, citron, and lemon. Beat the whole for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

A Good Pound-Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, in fine powder together; then, by degrees, work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways. It must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it an hour in a quick oven. The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

Roll Drops.—Mix two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants, clean and dry; then wet into a stiff paste, with two eggs, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, the same each of rose-water, sweet wine, and brandy; drop on a tin plate, floured. A very short time bakes them.

Jumbles.—To one pound and a quarter of butter, well creamed, put one pound of sugar, and three eggs, beaten well together, one pound and a half of sifted flour, and two spoonfuls of rose-water; mix these well together, and, with a fork, drop them on a tin, and bake in a quick oven. *Or:*—Take half a pound of flour, the same weight of loaf-sugar, grated, two ounces of butter rubbed into the flour, one egg, and a dessert-spoonful of ratafia-brandy or orange-flower water; make it up into a paste; if more moisture is required, add a spoonful of cream; drop it on tins with a fork.

Muffins.—Beat two eggs, two spoonfuls of new yeast, and a little salt. Mix a little warm new milk and water into a quart of flour. Beat all well together, and let it stand to rise. Bake them for about twenty minutes, until of a light brown, either on a hot iron, or in shallow tins, pans in a Dutch oven. When to be brought to table, toast them slightly on both sides, but not in the middle; then notch them round the center, and pull them open with your fingers, without using a knife, and butter them.

Seed-Cakes.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding, gradually, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together. Have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, a pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients. When the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seed.

A Cheap Seed-Cake.—Mix a quarter of a peck of flour with half a pound of sugar, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a little ginger; melt three-quarters of a pound of butter with half a pint of milk; when just warm, put to it a quarter of a pint of yeast, and work it up to a good dough. Let it stand before the fire a few minutes before it goes to the oven; add seeds or currants; bake an hour and a half.

Lemon Cake.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

A Sally-Lunn.—Into a pint of flour rub a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a little salt, and a little yeast. Let it rise half an hour before the fire. Then mix it with two eggs, and, if not enough, add a little milk; knead the dough well, and let it stand some minutes before the fire; after which, make this quantity into five cakes, and have them slack-baked, as they must be well warmed in a Dutch oven before being toasted for table.

Rice Cake.—One pound of ground rice, one pound of lump-sugar, sifted, eight eggs, yolks and whites, all well beaten together, the rind of a lemon, grated, and the juice of one. When all the ingredients are mixed, beat them half an hour longer, then put it into a well-buttered tin; one hour and a half will bake it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Lip-Salve—To Remove Soreness round the Lips.—An elegant lip-salve may be made as follows:—Put half a pound of fresh lard into a pan, with an ounce and a half of white wax; set it on a slow fire till it is melted, then take a small tin dish, fill it with water, and add a few chips of alkanet root; let the water boil till it becomes a beautiful red color; strain some of it, and mix it with the other ingredients according as may be desired; scent it with some agreeable and favorite extract, and then pour it into small white jars or boxes.

To Clean Plate.—Boil an ounce of prepared hartshorn-powder in a quart of water; while on the fire, put into it as much plate as the vessel will hold; let it boil a little, then take it out, drain it over the saucepan, and dry it before the fire. Put in more, and serve the same, till you have done. Then put into the water some clean linen rags till all be soaked up. When dry they will serve to clean the plate, and are the very best things to clean the brass locks and finger-plates of doors. When the plate is quite dry, it must be rubbed bright with leather. This is a very nice mode.

To Remove Ink from Paper.—Solution of muriate of tin, two drachms; water, four drachms. To be applied with a camel's-hair brush. After the writing has disappeared, the paper should be passed through water, and dried.

To Mull Wine.—Boil a bit of cinnamon, a few cloves and all-spice, and some grated nutmeg a few minutes in a large tawful of water; then put to it a pint of port wine, and add sugar to your taste; beat it up, and it will be ready.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF LIGHT-COLORED SILK, trimmed with four flounces. The body is made with sharp points before and behind. Above the upper flounce and on the sleeve is a quilting of purple ribbon. The head-dress is a net with a trimming in front of black lace and scarlet roses.

FIG. II.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with quilting of white ribbon. The upper dress is of spotted lace, with a broad ribbon of Vesuvian color around the bottom of the lace dress. The head-dress is of blue corn flowers, tied under the back hair with blue velvet ribbon.

FIGS. III. and IV.—FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF GABRIELLE DRESS.—This dress is of cashmere, and braided in a new style, that is, down the front and back, rather than around the skirt.

FIG. V.—THE PARISIAN, a walking dress and cloak to match, richly braided. The cloak is circular and full on the shoulders.

FIG. VI.—THE ITALIAN, a circular cloak of black velvet. This cloak has a bouffant cape, and is trimmed with broad gauze lace laid on flat, and is corded with white satin.

FIG. VII.—CATALONIAN OF GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with black velvet, and forms a plain circular in front. Braces and bands of velvet finish off the cloak at the top, the braces being ornamented with three small gimp tassels at each end, both behind and before. The cloth is cut away from under the braces, so as to allow of the garment sitting flatly on the shoulders, and the material is plaited at the extremity of each brace. These seven patterns are Parisian.

FIG. VIII.—THE COPENHAGEN.—A loosely fitting sacque of black velvet, trimmed with fur. A London fashion.

FIG. IX.—BLACK VELVET BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 371 Broadway, New York. This bonnet is laid on the foundation plain. The left side near the front is ornamented with a puffing of white knotted lace laid over plain black tulle. On the brim are placed two black and one white ostrich plume, the white one extending over the front and mingling with the face trimmings. The cape is black velvet, edged with a puffing of black tulle; a transparency of white blonde ornaments the center of the cape. The inside of the brim is faced with black velvet and edged with black and white lace. The face trimmings consist of a ruche of black and white lace over the head, and a cluster of red roses, orange blossoms, and rich brown leaves finish the left side. Broad white strings, edged with a black button-hole scallop.

FIG. X.—ANOTHER BLACK VELVET BONNET, also from Mrs. Cripps, laid on the foundation plain. The cape is of black velvet, finished at the top by a plaiting. The left side is

ornamented by a double row of fan-shaped plaitings of black velvet, which forms a heading to a superb green ostrich plume sweeping over the entire front; the inside of the brim is faced with black velvet, and ornamented over the head by a ruche of black tulle. On the right side is a cluster of pink moss rose-buds and a half-open rose; a green feather placed on the top of the head completes the face trimmings. Broad black ribbon strings.

FIG. XI.—THE NORMAN.—From Benson's, 310 Canal street, New York, we have illustrations of two stylish winter cloaks. Fig. XI. is of heavy black beaver cloth, sack shape. The fronts are braided in a pretty design, which adds greatly to the beauty of the garment. The sleeves are of moderate size, finished by a half-cuff braided to correspond with the fronts; as are also the pretty pockets, and collar, which forms a finish to the neck.

FIG. XII.—THE SICILIAN.—Also from Benson's, New York, is of an entirely different style. The material is of pearl-colored plush, in form it resembles the mantilla shape, and falls over the arm in graceful folds. The fronts are decorated by a border of black velvet, which extends around the neck in the form of a collar. A similar trimming of black velvet, fastened by jet ornaments, forms a rich finish to the garment where it folds over the arm.

FIG. XIII.—GRAY CLOTH CIRCULAR, trimmed with ornaments in black gimp, which fit the shoulders of the cloak. Around the bottom is a row of black velvet, with small black ornaments above. From George Fryer's Cloak Emporium, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Very small* basques, not more than an inch in depth in fact, are now worn; some of these for a superior style of dress are edged with a fall of black lace a quarter of a yard in depth, but they are usually finished with only a heavy cording. One fashionable mode of making high-dress bodies is with a double point in front, a small swallow-tail behind, and straight at the sides; that is to say, with no basque on the hips. The sleeve that best suits this style of body is a demi-closed one, shaped to the elbow, like a large coat-sleeve, the bottom portion being sloped off near the seam in the shape of a V. The sleeve is rather long, and reaches nearly to the wrist. The new under-sleeves, called "*Les Religieuses*," or nun's sleeves, consisting of a broad stitched linen band, large enough for the hand to slip through, and made up on eumbric under-sleeves, would assort very nicely with these bodies.

Now that the season for black silk dresses is here, a few hints as to the newest and most fashionable mode of making them will, we hope, prove acceptable to our readers. A black silk skirt looks prettily, ornamented at the bottom with three very tiny plaited flounces, each flounce edged with a row of narrow white blonde. Above these flounces a row of velvet and steel trimming should be run on, the trimming having a slight mixture of white in it, which accords nicely with the blonde. Another mode of making a black silk skirt is with five narrow plaited flounces at the bottom, carrying the flounces up on one side; two rows of black ruching, put on in vandykes, make the skirt still prettier. Another simple but pretty fashion is to have one plaited flounce placed quite at the bottom, with three rows of the finest black velvet run on the flounce. This flounce should be brought halfway up the skirt on the left side, and finished off with a bow of silk, trimmed with tiny velvet to correspond with the flounce.

Another beautiful dress is of the new brown called leather-color, embroidered in coral pattern, round the skirt with a thick, stiff, black cord. For each spray of coral the silk was pierced, the cord passed through and fastened off on the wrong side, the same as for braiding. The black cord contrasted with the leather-color very well.

COATS AND MANTLES are made both in the circular and sacque shape, though the former is much in favor as being newer. There is also a Spanish style of circular, laid in broad plaits on the right shoulder, full over the chest, and terminating in a scarf, which is thrown over the left shoulder. It is very stylish and perfectly unique. Dark blue cloth is very much used for cloaks, but more especially for saquets; these are usually trimmed with gilt buttons, and have quite a military air.

BONNETS are still high on the top, but are not so exaggerated in size as they were.

There is a pretty little article now being much worn by young ladies, in the way of plaited muslin BODIES, which is very simple and graceful. It may be made of muslin or cambric, ornamented with insertion either of lace or muslin, and the sleeves are closed at the wrist by a worked wristband. This style of plaited body necessitates a pointed Medici band, or a plain band and sash tied behind, and it may be worn with any colored skirt, either of silk or a less costly material. We have also seen a body made of figured muslin, ornamented by vertical insertions of black lace between the puffings. The sleeves are made in the same style, and a long sash of black silk trimmed with lace completes this body, which we recommend to young persons, married or single, as one of the most becoming garments of the season.

NOW THAT LACE FORMS SO PROMINENT A FEATURE IN EVERY LADY'S TOILET, we must not forget the new SCARF SASHES of black lace. They form a narrow pointed pelérine at the back, cross over the bosom in front, and tie behind, leaving two very long ends. These scarf sashes are generally composed of a handsome insertion, edged on each side with a narrow lace, put on quite plain, and should be lined with a piece of rather stiff black net to support the scarf, and to keep it in proper order. There is a degree of style and elegance about these scarfs, which will render them a favorite addition to the toilet, and, as they can scarcely be worn in imitation lace, they are not likely to become very common. A dress we saw made with one of these new scarfs was of plain white muslin, with a double skirt, the seams of the upper skirt being left open to the height of about eighteen inches, and the corners folded over on the right side, where it was finished off by a large black lace bow made of the same insertion as the scarf sash. The sleeves of the dress were cut with a seam at the elbow, and were ornamented with a lace bow, to correspond with those on the skirt.

EMBROIDERED MUSLIN DRESSES, as well as collars, sleeves, etc., etc., are likely to be very fashionable again, as the Empress of the French and the Queen of England have been lately exerting themselves on behalf of the poor embroideresses, whose means of livelihood have so much decreased since embroidery went out of fashion.

ORNAMENTS MADE OF FEATHER are becoming very fashionable for trimming dresses. They are mostly in the form of stars or crescents, and are made of a glossy kind of feather. These ornaments are in every variety of color, and are very effective when tastefully arranged. Some of the most stylish winter bonnets are trimmed with peacock's feathers.

THE NEWEST RIDING-HABITS are of casimere or cloth. One recently made is of dark-blue cloth, richly ornamented with black braid. The skirt is gored, so that whilst it is exceedingly full at the lower part, there are comparatively few plaits at the waist. This is a vast improvement. A riding-habit of black cloth derives a very rich effect from an elaborate braiding in a fanciful maresque pattern. The riding hat, of black felt, has a long waving cock's-tail plume.

OF HEAD-DRESSES we have little to say, for young ladies have now abandoned very elaborate coiffures for the pretty ornamental combs, and rich, massive plaits at the back of the head. There is a large assortment of these elegant

combs, as well as charming little side-combs, made to correspond with those worn at the back of the head. For the ornamental side-combs the hair should be very much frizzed in front, which will be found a very becoming style of coiffure to fair faces. The smooth, glossy bands are now replaced by rough, dry-looking frizzed hair, and the rougher the hair in front so is it the more fashionable. We cannot admire this style of dressing the hair for brunettes; let them wear their hair smooth, as it accords so much better with a dark complexion.

HAIR NETS, to a certain extent, still continue to be worn under the pretty fashionable hats; in fact, they are almost a necessity out-of-doors, if the hair is to be kept neat and tidy. The newest and most uncommon nets are those made of velvet, lined in and out, and secured, to keep the squares in their proper shape, by sewing the velvet together wherever it crosses. Sometimes the velvet of which these head-dresses are made is bordered on each side by a tiny white, maize, or colored edge; and frequently a broad open fancy braid, manufactured for the purpose, is issued for these coiffures. They are usually finished off at the top with a bow of velvet, or with a coronet of plaited velvet, or a thick quilled silk ruche.

LARGE WREATHS are but seldom worn now for evening coiffure; if flowers are used at all, they are dotted here and there about the hair (which should be very much frizzed) in tiny bunches. This style of head-dress is at once simple and becoming.

SMALL SILK SCARFS and HANDKERCHIEFS for the neck are very much worn. The scarfs are often made of a piece of soft silk, either plain or plaid, and fringed at the edges. Some of the imported scarfs, however, have very beautiful borders. These scarfs and handkerchiefs are considered more healthy by some ladies than the fur collars lately worn, as they keep the waist from being too much exposed, but not so warm as to create perspiration, and thus increase the liability to take cold.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The body is cut low in front, and is of the same piece as the skirt. Over it is worn a basque, which is attached to the front body. Large Talma of the same material as the dress and braided in the same way.

FIG. II.—PANTALOONS and JACKET OF DARK BLUE CLOTH, braided with black. White Mouselles vest.

FIG. III.—FIGARO JACKET and PANTS OF GRAY CASHMERE, braided in black. Gray felt hat and feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Chemisettes or under-bodies of fancy flannel, entirely covered with rows of braid or velvet, set on longitudinally, so as to represent Swiss plaits, form a very neat and comfortable style of winter clothing for girls. The sleeves of these chemisettes are demi-wide, and covered with longitudinal rows of velvet, and the wristbands have two or three rows run on transversely.

For a little girl about three years of age a very pretty dress of gray poplin has been made in the following style: Two bias folds of poplin descend from each shoulder to the waist, and from thence to the edge of the skirt; and at all these points the folds are fixed by two steel buttons. The folds become narrower from the shoulder to the waist, and gradually widen from the waist downward, and they are edged with narrow black velvet. The short sleeves are in puffs, confined by a narrow band with two steel buttons on the outside of the arm.

For little boys, as well as girls, between two and three years of age, low-necked dresses are almost invariably the rule. With these dresses may be worn, when the weather becomes cold, a Swiss body.



Engraved by Samuel Sartain, after design by G. Dove.

"WOLF'S HEAD IN THE BED, BEING A NIGHT-DREAM."

Vol. 1, No. 1.

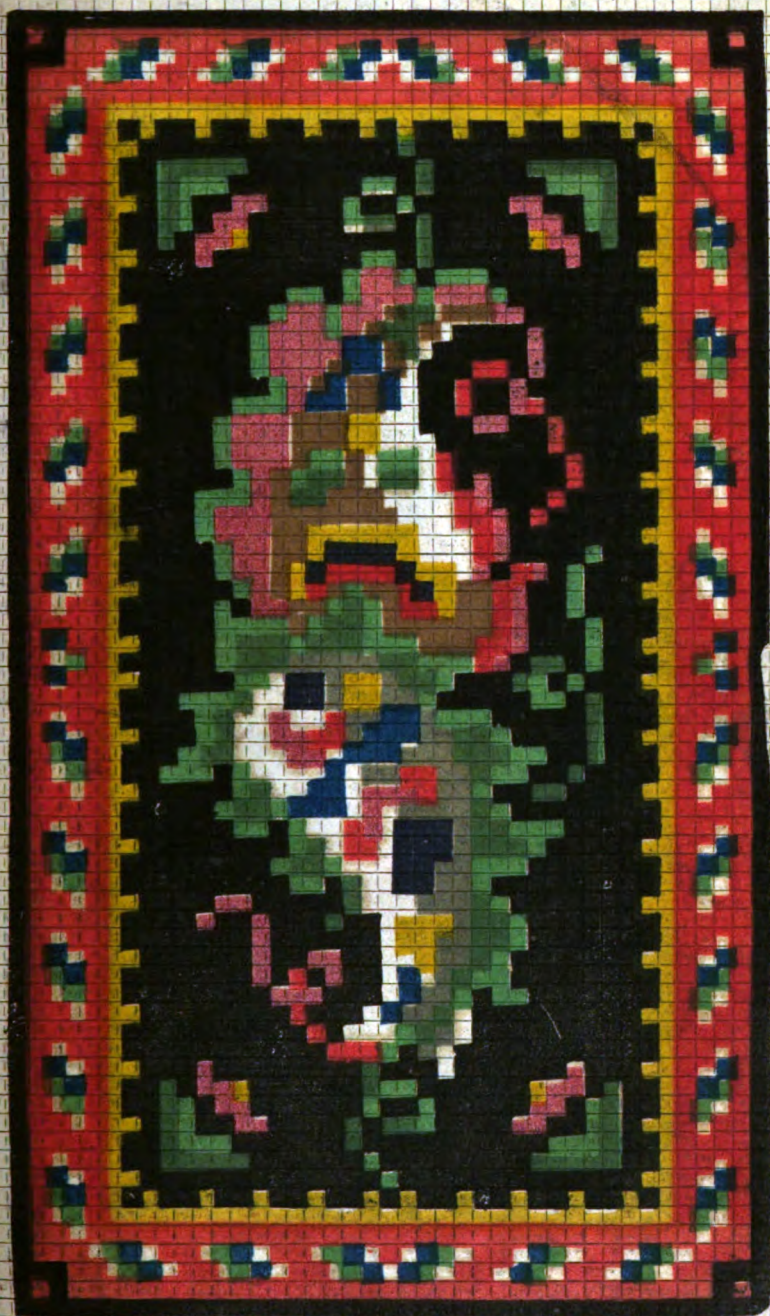
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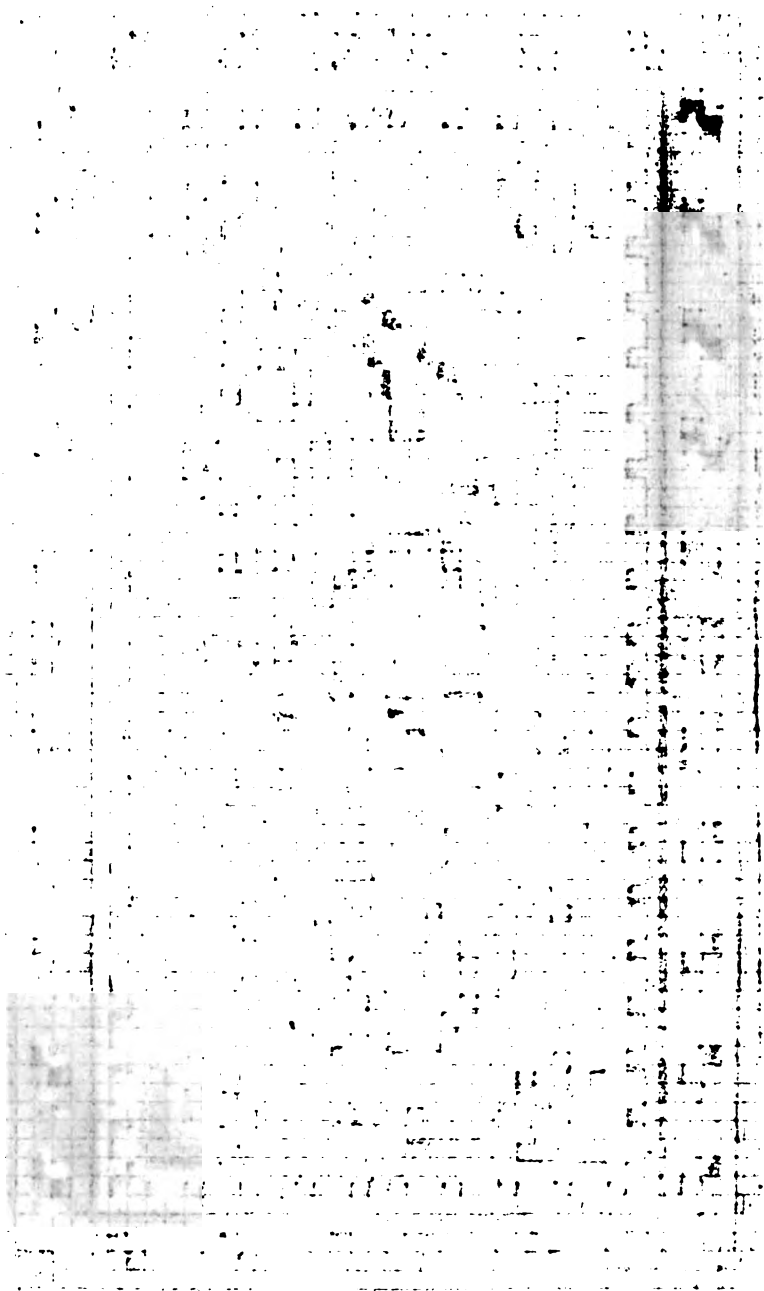
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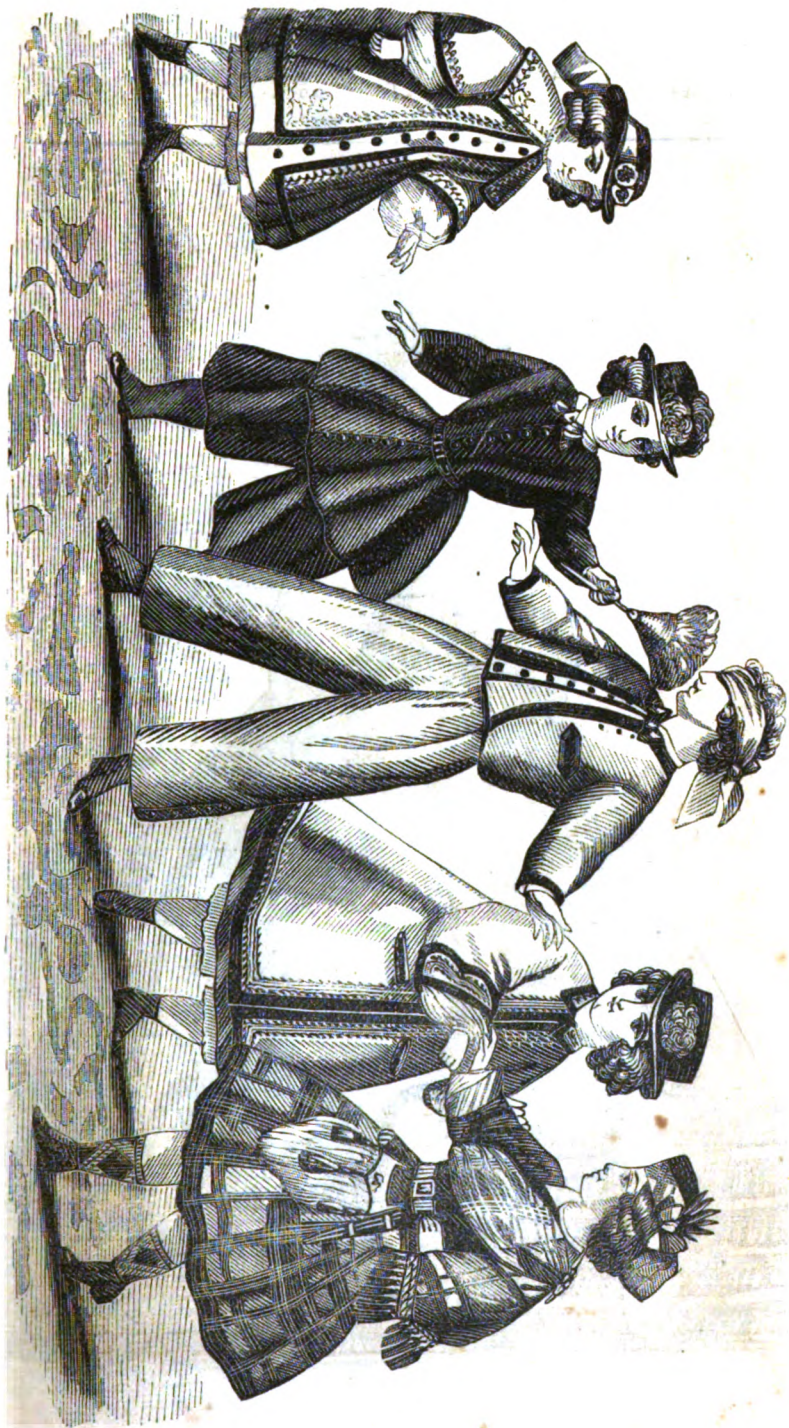
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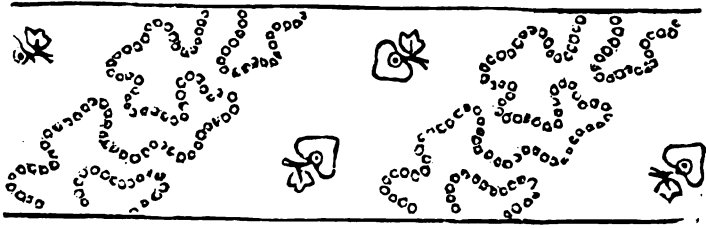


PATTERN FOR HEARTH-RUG.





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.



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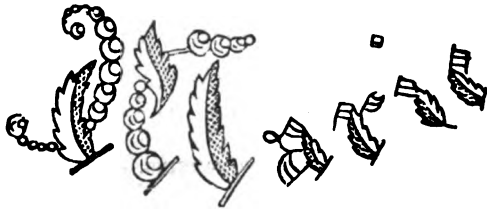
THE JOCKEY.

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LETTERS FOR MARKING.



THE BASQUE CLOAK.



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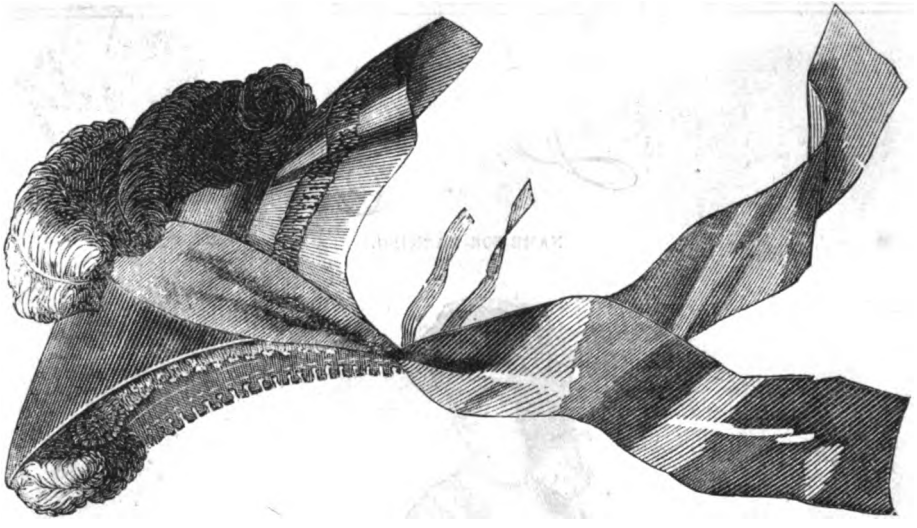
THE MARECHELLE.

Lucy

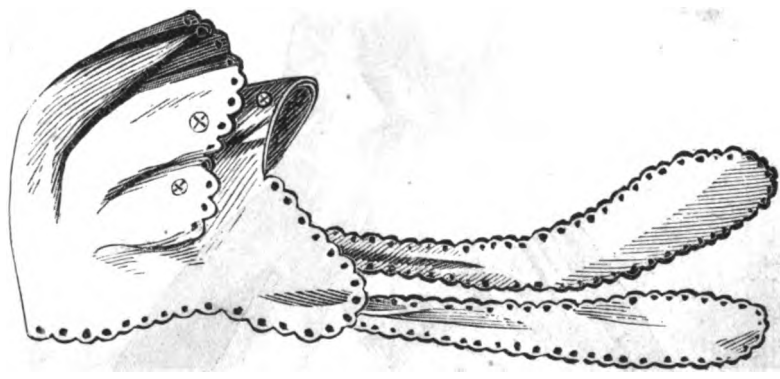
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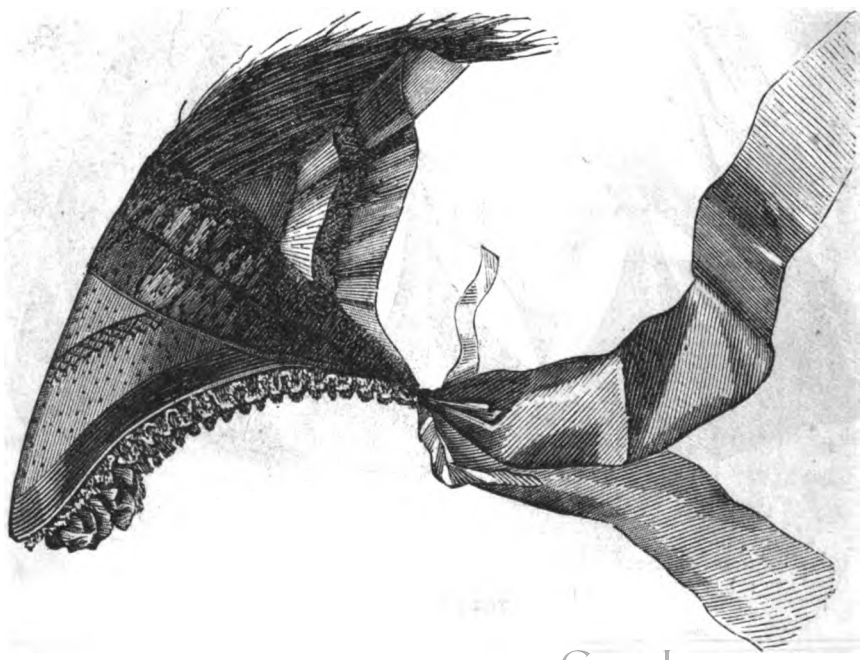
THE RAPHAEL.



BONNET.

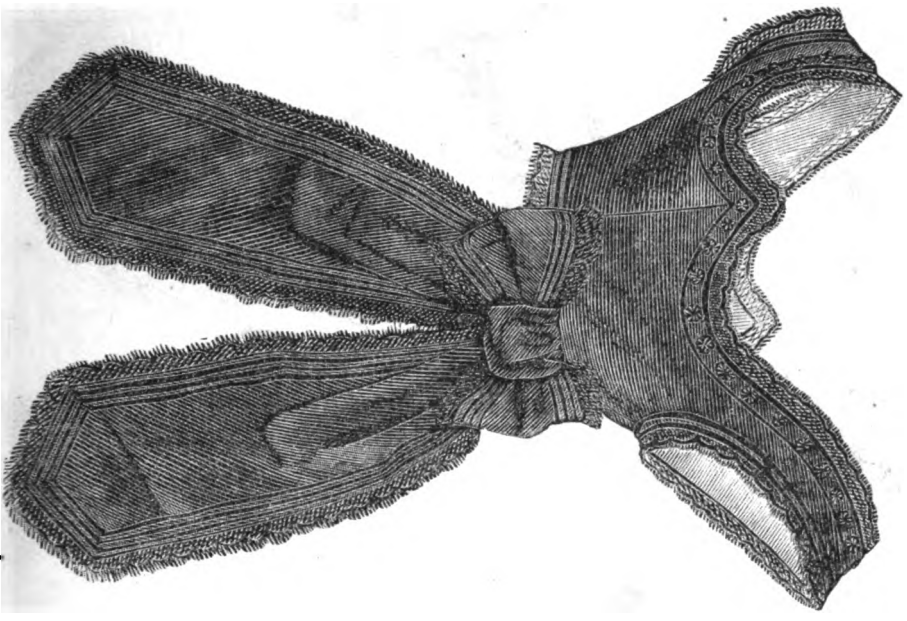


NIGHT-CAP.

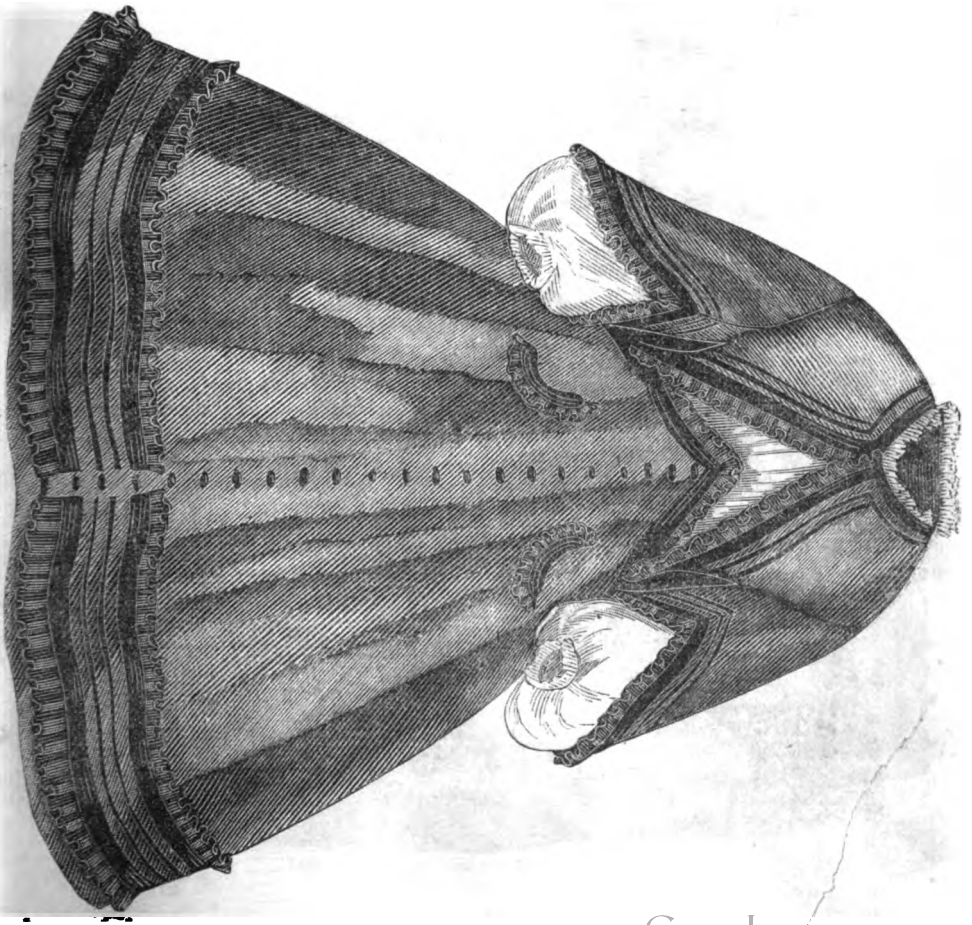


BONNET.

BODICE FOR YOUNG LADY.



YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.





NECK SCARF.





HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



TOP OF PIN-CUSHION OR SMOKING-CAP.

Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still.

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.

Published by permission of WINNER & CO., No. 933 Spring Garden Street.

VOICE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. 'Tis years since last we
2. At the first sweet dawn of
3. I have sail'd 'neath a - lien

met, And we may not meet a - gain ; I have strug - gled to for -
light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her form still greets my
skies, I have trod the des - ert path, I have seen the storm a -

get But the strug - gle was in vain ; For her voice lives on the
sight While the stars their vig - ils keep. When I close mine aching
rise Like a gl - aut in his wrath. Ev' - ry dan - ger I have

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

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eyes
known,

And her spirit
Sweet dreams my
That a reckless

comes at will,
senses fill;
life can fill;

In the mid - night on the
And from sleep when I a -
Yet her pres - ence is not

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rise,
flowa,

Her
Her
Her

bright
bright
bright

smile haunts me still;
smile haunts me still.
smile haunts me still.

rall.

a tempo.

For her voice
When I close
Ev'ry dan - ger I have

rall. *f* *a tempo.* *p*

breeze,
eyes,
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And her spir - it comes at will;
Sweet dreams my sen - ses fill,
That a reck - less life can fill,

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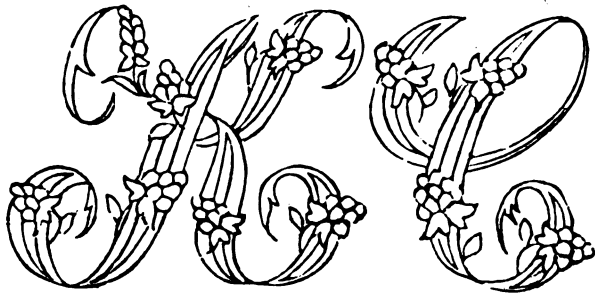
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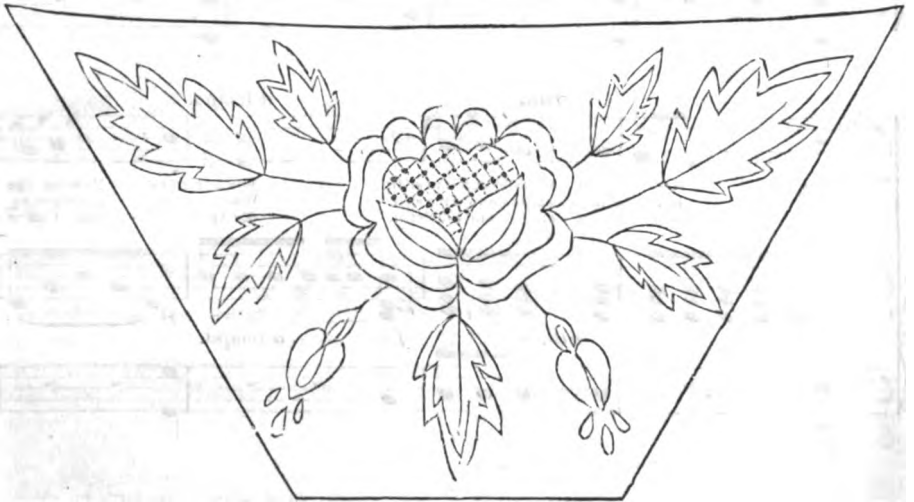
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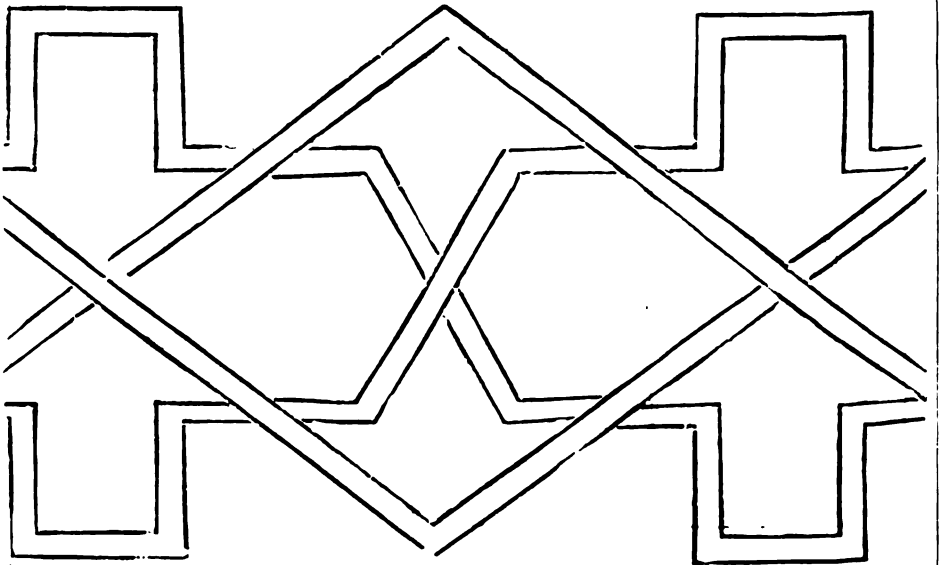
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INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



TOE OF INFANTS SHOE.



PATTERN FOR VELVET TRIMMING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. 2.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

BY LOUISE SMITH HARRIS.

"WHY, Maggie, you don't really intend to? What will everybody say?"

"And why should I care what they say, Lucie? Mary is ill—probably dangerously so, and I can't see how it would be wrong to go and see her."

"Well, I wouldn't go. If you do, her family will cut you: they're the first people here, you know. Besides, even the minister says it is wrong to encourage such disobedience as Mary showed. What will *he* say?"

"I can't help what he says, Lucie. I think it is right. Mary did wrong, I know, in marrying against her parents' consent. But that is no reason why she should now be left to perish."

"Well, do as you please, but it wouldn't be me that would go," and Lucie Morrison turned away from the little gate in front of the widow Wilbohn's cottage, without giving the good-night kiss that was usually bestowed on her early friend.

Maggie gave one smothered sigh, as she caught the last glimpse of the retreating figure, and a tear-drop dimmed her blue eye as she thought of Mary Wilton's pale face and drooping form. "God did not inculcate the principle that we should crush the erring," she murmured, "and surely poor Mary's sufferings have partly atoned for her disobedience."

The morrow found Maggie at the bedside of the deserted, perhaps dying wife.

"Here, let me arrange this pillow for you, Mary," she whispered, smoothing back the brown locks from a forehead that had once been handsome. "There, is not that more comfortable?"

"Oh! yes; thank you. But, Maggie—Miss Wilbohn," added she, looking up through the mist of tears that a kind word had called forth, "how much easier it is to die, knowing there

is some one who can shed a sympathizing tear over our infirmities!"

Maggie Wilbohn clasped the hand of the poor penitent in both her own dimpled palms, and said, "Can I do anything more for you now, Mary?"

"No, thank you; not for *me*," she answered.

"But when I am gone, will you be his friend?" And she pointed to her baby, that lay, poor innocent! sleeping beside her. "I know my parents will never forgive me—father, when once he has made up his mind, never changes it—but oh! they may soften to it"—and she broke down in tears.

"I will—I will," cried Maggie, sobbing. "But let me go to your father. Perhaps he will relent."

But the ear she addressed was already dulled. In that moment of agony Mary Wilton's spirit had passed to its eternal habitation.

Willard Harwood read the funeral services at the little church-yard, where a few friends were assembled, with the now repentant parents, to consign the body to its narrow house. The voice of the young minister was eloquent with feeling, as he spoke of the apostle's words, "Faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." He had heard of Maggie's courageous visit, and he looked toward her, as he said that there was reason to believe the erring daughter had died penitent. And he added, in the words of Scripture, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

In a few weeks, the village gossipers began to whisper that Mr. Harwood intended giving up his present boarding place and occupying the little parsonage for his future residence. Numerous were the surmises in regard to so strange a procedure, but Maggie's demure little

countenance revealed no suspicions of who was the intended mistress of the minister's coveted home.

At last, however, the secret could no longer be kept, and it was known that Maggie was to be the minister's bride. Nor was it concealed that Mr. Harwood, for he told the fact himself, had first been attracted toward her by her conduct in reference to poor Mary. The father's wealth and social position, which had frightened others from interfering, had not deterred Mag-

gie. "Brave girl!" the minister was reported to have said, when he first heard of her visit, "she has taught us all a lesson." So the parsonage was refitted, the bells rung out a merry marriage peal, and Maggie Harwood left the little brown cottage as the envied bride of the talented young pastor; while Lucie, who had stifled the natural pity of her heart, because she feared to offend Mary's family, or lose position in Mr. Harwood's eyes, missed the prize which she had secretly coveted all along.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

SLOWLY the fever drinks his life;
He lies through the long, long day,
And vividly, in his fitful dreams
Come scenes of the far away.

Again he is bounding over the hills
That girdle his childhood's home,
Or he stops to lave his throbbing head
In the waterfall's glancing foam.

He dreams he is well; he swings the scythe,
Till the mellow dinner horn
Comes echoing over the silken fields
Of the green and rustling corn.

He dreams he is young; his mother's hand
Brushes his hair for school,
And he loiters to gather, on the way,
The lilies out of the pool—

Gathers them for a blue-eyed girl
As fair and as sweet as they,
And ties them into her yellow curls,
And calls her his "wife" in play.

And then the girl grows suddenly up;
And, in her beautiful youth,
She lays her heart in his pleading hand,
And he calls her his wife, in truth.

He dreams of their cottage under the elms,
And fancies he feels the breeze,

Drunk with its revels upon the wine
Of the dewy lilac trees.

The oriole trills his sunset song;
One star comes out in the West,
And then he seems to hear her voice
Hushing his boy to rest.

Crashing there comes among his dreams,
From the streets, some warlike sound.
He feels a hot flash in his fevered brain,
A sting in his bandaged wound.

The hospital walls look grimly down,
The air is close and hot,
And dreary with groans and raving words
From many a fever cot.

He turns to the wall, and again would woo
The visions of love and home;
And drink, though only in fancied joy,
The waterfall's cooling foam.

He sleeps. One pitying moon ray comes
Like a band of angel grace,
And lies in the cloud of his tangled hair,
And over his pallid face.

He sleeps. And he never will wake again
To the bugle's clamorous calls;
And his weary eyes no more will meet
The glare of the hospital walls.

THE GOOD WIFE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THOUGH tossed upon life's stormy sea,
Where counter currents run,
My fond heart ever turns to thee,
As sunflowers to the sun.
Heart of my heart, soul of my soul,
Wherever I may be,
True as the needle to the pole,
Is my poor heart to thee.

Fortune and fame are trifling things
Without thy smile, sweet wife,
Mere Summer birds, with fickle wings,
That fly when storms are rife.

A cup of water and a crust,
Within a humble cot,
I prize above the gilded dust
In courts where thou art not.

When at the cross I bow the knee
And ask to be forgiven,
Oh! then, dear wife, I think of thee,
So like the souls in Heaven!
I think of thee, when sad with care,
And hope withholds her smile,
For God will hear thy holy prayer
From lips that know no guile.

MISS MONTMORENCI'S NIECE.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

THE room in which Miss Montmorenci sat, was as comfortable as furniture, rich, solid, antique, and a leaping, sparkling fire could make it.

The lady herself—no longer young, but still stately and imposing—was in strict unison with the surroundings. She wore a thick, shining satin, with a heavy gold watch in sight, having seals curiously wrought; while her hands, small and delicate—Montmorenci trait, as she was wont to observe—were rendered still more so, by reason of the frills of real lace which shaded them.

By-and-by, laying down the volume of Racine she had been reading, with a firm, decided tread she stepped to the window, and looked out. The December moonlight fell white and chilly upon the lawn, in the midst of which was set a fountain, whose presiding nymph, arrayed in a cold glitter of icicles, was really quite an imposing spectacle.

The lady, shivering slightly as she gazed without, said, "Adrienne will have a cold night for her journey; but young blood is warm," and with these words she returned to her chair, and struck a bell beside it. A little woman with a complexion of saffron, and black piercing eyes, answered the summons.

"Jeannette, it is almost time for my niece to arrive. She will need a warm supper after her journey. See that it is ready."

"And de oyster patty," replied Jeannette, with a foreign accent, "sall dat become warm for mam'selle?"

"There is no need. It is unnecessary to feast young people upon dainties. When I have oyster pattys made"—with dignity—"I intend them for myself."

Just here there is a rumble of wheels, a little bustle outside, and a figure enveloped in shawls enters.

"So this is my niece," says Miss Montmorenci, saluting the figure in a stately fashion, and assisting in divesting it of wrappings, which operation completed, revealed to view a young lady, blue-eyed, fair haired, and coldly calm as the marble nymph glittering in icicles on the lawn outside.

"You have the Montmorenci hair and eyes,"

says the elder lady, approvingly. Adrienne, vouchsafing no reply, took a seat with an air of entire self-possession, and, looking at the fire, remarked,

"Ah, this is comfort!"

"You must be fatigued; but you will feel better after eating something."

"Yes, indeed!" returns the young girl, with more vivacity than she has yet shown. "I am outrageously hungry, and I can guess that you have something particularly nice for me."

This remark rather startles the aunt, who, touching the bell again, says laconically to Jeannette upon her appearance, "You may warm that patty and bring supper up here."

Adrienne, having disposed of the latter with much apparent gusto, sank back into the easy-chair, and said, after a pause, "Aunt, I should like to retire. Can Jeannette—that's her name, isn't it?—show me my room?"

As the lady addressed had just made up her mind to open the battery of questions she had had in preparation since Adrienne's arrival, this request was by no means pleasing; she therefore returned somewhat curtly, "I shall have that pleasure myself."

So saying, she placed a taper in a candlestick of silver, and, lighting it, preceded her niece. The room into which she ushered the latter was furnished with the same solid richness that characterized the household arrangements generally. Adrienne, glancing carelessly around, remarked, "It is all very nice, aunt; and if I were not so tired, I'm sure I should admire everything extremely."

Upon this hint Miss Montmorenci withdrew, and knowing well that Adrienne's present accommodations—compared with those to which she had been accustomed at home—were actually sumptuous, smiled to herself and thought, "She is a thorough Montmorenci, surprised at nothing. It is easy to see she is of no mean blood. I wonder what St. Pierre will think of her?"

Miss Montmorenci was of French descent, and very proud of the same. Her immediate ancestor had come over with Lafayette, and marrying had settled in America. There had been two sisters of them, the younger of which had

shown—in the estimation of the elder—inconceivably bad taste in exchanging her aristocratic surname for the humbler one of Horton. Her husband made but a poor return for the sacrifice, ran through her fortune speedily; then dying, left his family a very inadequate support. Mrs. Horton, however, found an efficient assistant in her daughter Adrienne, so called after her elder and maiden sister. She helped her mother to cut out clothing for the younger children, and managed generally in a most praiseworthy manner. At length she said to her mother, "Write to aunt Adrienne, and see if she will help us." Mrs. Horton wrote accordingly, and received a stately reply, blaming her gently for her disastrous matrimonial venture, and saying, in conclusion, that she would take her namesake Adrienne upon trial, and, if she proved "good and obedient," would provide for her.

"Well, Adrienne?" questioned the mother.

"I shall go, of course," returned the young lady. "Rose is old enough now to take my place."

"You will find her different from me," continued the mother, with tears in her eyes. "She is rather stern, and hard to please, and will try to impose upon you, I fear."

"Will she, mother?" replied Miss Horton, with a significant smile; and the former understood that she had no occasion for alarm, and that her daughter was abundantly able to take care of herself.

The event proved the truth of this. If Adrienne had been a damsel of the meek and yielding order, her aunt would have imposed upon her to the end of time. As it was, she immediately comprehended that her niece was fully capable of taking her own part, and respected her accordingly.

Miss Montmorenci had wondered what St. Pierre would think of Adrienne. Who was St. Pierre? He was the only individual in that corner of the world occupied by Miss Montmorenci, of whom she condescended to approve. The rest of the inhabitants she scornfully repudiated as belonging to the *canaille*, and withdrew herself from their society accordingly. St. Pierre, like herself, was of Gaulic origin, and could boast, moreover, a family crest and coat of arms, the only thing in the possession of another that could possibly excite the lady's envy.

The day after her arrival, Miss Horton entered upon her duties. She read aloud to her aunt, in the most exemplary manner, took a stiff walk with her, and answered, laconically,

but respectfully, all the questions propounded by the former, regarding the past, present, and future of her family.

When night came, Miss Montmorenci, taking her favorite chair, placed herself in a comfortable position, and, remarking that she generally chose this time for "meditation," sank into a quiet doze. Adrienne, producing her netting, had, with a sigh, resigned herself to a dull evening, when there was a step upon the gravel without. Immediately the elder lady straightened herself up, opened her eyes wide, as if there was no such thing as napping in one's chair in the universe, and said, impressively, "It is St. Pierre."

Presently the gentleman entered. At the sight of Adrienne, who sat by the fire, her face in profile, quietly netting, he started slightly; for in all his previous visits he had encountered no one save the mistress of the mansion. When the latter said, "My niece, St. Pierre," Adrienne, looking up for the first time, saw a man of about fifty, who gave the impression of being a gentleman, but was not otherwise remarkable but for the flash of a keen, vivacious eye.

"Fudge!" was Adrienne's internal comment; "why couldn't he have been younger? Old men are so stupid!" To the young girl, fifty seemed an age of immense antiquity, and, by way of consolation for the disappointment, she amused herself by keeping a close watch upon the movements of the other two. Mr. St. Pierre's manner toward her aunt was distinguished by a respectful, Grandisonian kind of courtesy, which she appeared to relish highly. Neither could it be denied that the latter, in a certain dignified, stately way, aired divers little coquetries, for the benefit of the gentleman, demonstrating her French descent by acting upon the assumption that a "woman is never old." By-and-by, Miss Montmorenci, ignoring her niece's presence, began to play at cards with her visitor, selecting a game in which only two could join. Adrienne, finding this by no means interesting, returned the compliment by ignoring the other two, and, walking to the farther end of the room, sat down at the piano, and struck up a lively prelude. Her touch, though lacking in expression, was nevertheless brilliant and decided—precisely such as one might have anticipated from her appearance.

"My niece is peculiar—a Montmorenci trait," remarked the aunt.

"She is pretty," rejoined the other. Whether it was implied that this was also a Montmorenci trait, did not appear.

After their visitor had left, Miss Montmorenci

inquired, patronizingly, "What do you think of him, Adrienne?"

"Oh! he's very well for an elderly man, I suppose," was the response.

"Mercy upon us, child!" flared up her interlocutor. "Do you call St. Pierre elderly? Why, he's in the prime of life! The girl will be calling me elderly next!"

Quite unmoved by this outbreak, Adrienne sauntered up to her aunt, inclined her forehead for a kiss, and marched off to bed.

The next morning, the elder lady, after a brief meditation, inquired, "Adrienne, I presume your wardrobe, as every lady's should, includes a handsome silk dress?"

"I have none, either handsome or otherwise," responded Adrienne, coolly; but her eyes danced—for she scented the possession of the article in the distance, and was woman enough to be inspired by the prospect.

"Very well, you shall be able to say that no longer; we'll drive into town, this very day, and remedy the defect."

No sooner said than done. After a ten-mile drive, they alighted before a fashionable store. Miss Montmorenci sailed in with a *grande dame* kind of an air, and, in a lofty manner, glanced upon the piles of goods scattered about, as if she very much doubted whether a lady of her distinguished pedigree could make up her mind to be satisfied with any goods whatsoever of mortal manufacture. Notwithstanding this assumption, Miss Montmorenci proceeded to accomplish her shopping, after a fashion unexceptionably mundane: rubbing the silk between her hands to try the quality, and resorting to other tests of a practical nature. Finally, after numerous pieces had been rejected as not good enough, the shopman produced two which seemed more likely to hit the fancy of his fastidious customer: one, a bronze-brown—the other, of that charming azure which vacillates between the sky-blue and Marie Louise. Adrienne, knowing well that, though the brown might do, the blue would be superlatively becoming, decided upon the latter at once—that is, mentally; for, unfortunately, she had ere this comprehended that she was to have no part or lot in the choice, being set aside as incompetent to judge of a matter so important.

"This," said the elderly lady, contemplating the brown with approving eyes, "would make a most serviceable dress; the color is pretty, and not apt to spot."

"Yes," put in Adrienne, with the utmost demureness, "it's very nice, indeed; but then, somehow or other, blue appears to me the

Montmorenci color. The women of our family, I take it, have always been blondes."

This was said so slyly, and flattered the aunt so adroitly, that, after a slight hesitancy, Adrienne had the pleasure of seeing an ample pattern of the blue cut off.

Adrienne, disdaining the assistance of mantua-maker, made the dress herself. When it was finished, she tacked the delicate lace her aunt had given her about the neck, and, donning the dress, went down stairs to exhibit it. She found Miss Montmorenci enjoying her evening meditations in her favorite chair.

"Well, aunt, how do you like it?" asked Adrienne, smoothing the azure folds.

"La, child, like what?" rejoined the elder lady, slightly indignant at being so abruptly disturbed. But at the picture of the young girl, standing pleased and flushed before her, regaining her good-humor, she exclaimed, "Bless me, the child really looks pr——, I mean very well!" for the speaker had a strong dislike to flattering what she was pleased to term the "vanity of young people."

Just here a quick, decided step was heard ascending the steps.

"Oh! aunt, that is Mr. St. Pierre, I'm sure. I shall be so ashamed to have him see me. I'm dressed enough for a party."

"The vanity of these young things!" sighed Miss Montmorenci, lifting her hands. "Just as if St. Pierre would notice; he'll hardly know whether you have a dress on, I'll venture." And then, with charming consistency, the speaker shook down her lace frills over her hands, and advanced her pretty slipper into sight.

Now, unfortunately for Miss Montmorenci's assertions, St. Pierre was a very keen observer. Careless as he had seemed on that first night, he had scanned Adrienne closely, and been amused at her display of girlish pique, when she had fancied herself neglected. Moreover, it had occurred to him that she was a very pleasant addition to his friend's fireside, and this reflection had induced him to repeat his visit sooner than usual.

He saluted the elder lady with profound deference, then turned toward Adrienne, and she saw he held a lovely cluster of pink rose-buds, set in feathery sprays of moss, which, with a bow, he transferred to her. Some men can never offer flowers otherwise than awkwardly; St. Pierre's manner was perfect.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Adrienne; and, with a slight blush disturbing the usual calmness of her cheek, she fastened the cluster on her bosom, then glanced demurely at St.

Pierre; a quick flash of whose eyes informed her, of what she already guessed, that the flowers had added the only grace her toilet could receive.

While this scene was being enacted, Miss Montmorenci looked on with some surprise and a little vexation; but it presently occurred to her that any attention paid to her niece must be intended as a delicate compliment to herself; though, it must be confessed, that her manner toward St. Pierre, for the rest of the evening, was somewhat crisp and short, and devoid of that suavity which usually characterized it. As for Adrienne, she had no occasion for pique this time: one of the party at least did not neglect her; and, when the gentleman departed, her private comment was, "I have seen younger men who were not half so agreeable."

Three months after, St. Pierre invited Adrienne to drive over his estate, for the ostensible purpose of viewing some improvements in the course of progress thereupon. It was early spring, and the leaves were of that tender green which affords a pleasure to the sensitive eye which no other season of the year can bestow, a prophecy of summer sweeter than its fulfillment, reminding one of that evanescent and touching grace which early youth alone possesses.

St. Pierre drove through his wide domains, where art, skillfully assisting nature, opened to view lovely landscapes on every side. But Adrienne's appreciation of the picturesque was not remarkable; and after declaring they were "sweet," "charming," etc., her stock of epithets were exhausted, and she began to evince symptoms of fatigue.

"You are tired of driving," said St. Pierre. "I will show you through the house I call home—that is, if such an unfortunate being as a bachelor may dare to assert he has a home. We may find a few trifles there, perhaps, not unworthy your attention."

So St. Pierre escorted his guest through the mansion of which he had just spoken with an

assumption of humility, which could not quite conceal an undercurrent of pride. It was a little gloomy maybe, but fine and stately withal; and Adrienne thought within herself, "If he—that is, if I—I mean if this belonged to me, what a charming place for mother and the girls to pass their summers in!"

Dealing with refractory butchers, and quelling obstreperous tradesmen generally, had exhibited to Adrienne the hard, practical side of life, and deprived her of whatever sentiment she might otherwise have possessed; but for all she had this redeeming trait, she loved her family faithfully and truly, and her most urgent motive for leaving home had been the hope of ultimately benefiting them.

"Has my home the good fortune to please you?" said St. Pierre, quietly.

"It is charming," ejaculated Adrienne, with unusual enthusiasm.

"I am glad it meets your approbation. Will you be its mistress?"

Adrienne looked down, trembled a little—for with her unrivaled self-possession she was yet a woman—then with a sudden frankness not without its charm, laid her hand in that of St. Pierre, who kissed it, thanked her, and the affair was decided.

Well! Miss Montmorenci wrote a brave little letter to her sister, wherein she endeavored to conceal that the only episode of sentiment, in which she had permitted herself to indulge, was scattered to the winds. She said, "My namesake has deprived me of the society of the only man in this barbarous region that a Montmorenci could enjoy. I forgive her, however, and, what is more important, will furnish—the *troussseau*."

Adrienne wrote, "It will be a very nice match for me. You and the girls will be with me most of the time, I trust, and altogether I am as well suited as I have any right to expect."

Adrienne is my heroine, to be sure, but, for all that, I don't hold her up for a model.

LOVING HEARTS.

BY N. F. CARTER.

A PLEASANT sight are clear blue skies,
When soft winds cheer us on to duty;
Above, glad visions for the eyes,
Around, a world of growing beauty.
The world is wide, the world is bright,
Oh! tell to all the story.
The world is full of living light,
The world is full of glory!

A merry heart and smiling face
Are better far than sunny weather;
A noble life and form of grace,
Like leaves and flowers, grow well together.
The world is dark, the world is cold,
Oh! tell to all the story
But loving hearts, in young or old,
Can fringe its night with glory!

HATTIE'S HATRED.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

"I NEVER look ridiculous," cried Hattie Hall, "but some one appears to whom I'm particularly anxious to look my best. There I was—sleeves rolled up to my elbows—hair in anything but graceful disorder, washing the parlor windows, and singing as loudly as my lungs would admit, when who should walk in, *sans ceremonie*, but Frank Wright. I haven't seen him in four years, not since I was fourteen, and he was just disagreeable enough to compliment me on my improved looks, glance maliciously at my rumpled locks and wet gown, while I stood looking just about as large as your little finger. Don't I hate him?"

"Undoubtedly you do," I replied, leisurely taking off my gloves. "Mr. Wright called at our house a short time ago—he mentioned being here!"

"Mentioned being here!" Hattie repeated. "Did he give you a graphic description of my appearance? What did he say?"

"I have no idea of ministering to your vanity, my dear," I replied; "but I really regret that you are ashamed of having been surprised in useful employment. Why, I fancied you rather proud of your housekeeping qualities; not every young lady that plays the piano can manufacture as savory dishes as you can."

"Housekeeping qualities indeed!" exclaimed Hattie, in a vexed tone. "A good housekeeper never neglects her own person."

"But, Hattie," I urged, "one cannot expect to find one's friends *en grande toilette* while engaged in washing windows."

"But my hair was in such shameful disorder. You recollect what Mrs. Sigourney says on that subject; and mamma, who, in my opinion, is just as correct authority, declares that no lady should appear at the breakfast-table until her hair is properly brushed and arranged. And, for once, I neglected mine, because I had so much to do in order to enjoy an uninterrupted *let-a-tele* with you this afternoon."

"You are looking your very best now, Hattie," I remarked, "whatever your forenoon appearance may have been."

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "As uncle John says—after the horse was stolen & locked the barn!"

"Well," said I, "play me something by way of forgetting your unfortunate *rencontre*."

Hattie played exquisitely. She was just dashing off one of my favorites when Frank Wright came in, with an apology for having forgotten a commission entrusted to him for Hattie by his sister. Hattie nodded, pointed to a chair, and demanded petulantly whether he was as charmed with her playing as he had been with her singing?

"More so." Mr. Wright had the candor to reply.

"Ah! then I dare say you do not consider me the sweetest singer in the world?" she questioned.

Mr. Wright was positive, on reflection, that he had listened to as good vocal efforts as he had heard that morning. After lingering as long as propriety would admit of, Frank withdrew.

"What a conceited puppy!" Hattie exclaimed, as soon as he had gone. "He has not pocketed his first fee; yet, I suppose, he thinks he has quite overwhelmed us with his wit and wisdom."

"How ungenerous you are," said I; "you know you are thinking now, away down in your heart, how much tact and cleverness he displayed, in warding off the shafts of your ridicule, without turning the points against yourself. Besides, he is considered, by wiser heads than ours, a young lawyer of great promise. I heard father say, yesterday, that he never listened to a more able and touching appeal than his plea in the Austin and Wilkins suit; and he gained his cause too. So the widow and orphans are not shelterless!"

"That was nothing," Hattie maintained. "If he had been employed on the other side it would have been the same thing."

"But he refused a retaining fee on the other side, and volunteered his services to the poor widow."

But Hattie would not believe it. Frank had been so unfortunate as to surprise her in questionable *dishabile*, and she could not forgive him. "She never did like him when she was a little girl," she said. "He was infinitely more disagreeable now."

"Then why were you so particularly anxious to appear your best before him?"

"Oh! he mentioned me in his letters to Ellen, and Ellen had written back all sorts of nonsense about what she called my beauty. Do you think I wish to be canvassed by a pair of malicious eyes, and read in their ill-concealed expression, 'This is not quite the Hattie that I expected to see.' Not I."

Time passed. Ellen Wright and Hattie Hall were friends, so it would not seem at all singular if the former, with her brother, should walk over to Mr. Hall's on fine Sabbath evenings, and the trio would wander away to the graveyard, or to some of the pretty retreats outside the village. I sometimes accompanied them in these rural rambles, and soon learned that Hattie still maintained her antagonistic position toward Frank, never allowing any opportunity to pass without throwing porcupine quills at him, opposing whatever he advanced, even when his expressed opinions completely coincided with those I had frequently heard her advocating.

Frank's equanimity was never disturbed by this petty sparring; indeed he seemed rather to enjoy it. This only incensed Hattie the more. "It was," she said, "as if she were not worth minding."

"Hattie," said I, as she sauntered into my sitting-room, one day, with her apron full of flowers, and her hat swinging by one ribbon over her shoulder, "Frank Wright must be contemplating matrimony. Husband says the new house in progress at the upper end of the street is his. I wonder who the bride-elect can be. Clara Perkins, do you suppose?"

"I am sure I do not know," she replied. "Of one thing I am positive, however: I shall envy his wife neither her new house nor her husband. You know that I can't bear Frank Wright."

I had been telegraphing ever since she com-

menced, but she either would not, or could not understand my signs; nor did she manifest any embarrassment, when, on turning around, she saw the object of her spleen standing in the open door, a very perceptible smile wreathing his features.

"You have learned nothing new, I presume, Mr. Wright," said she. "But there is a certain adage about eaves-droppers that I would recommend to your leisure. Besides, when you enter a room where people are talking about what you ought not to hear, please cough, clear your throat, or give some other indication of your august presence."

And she saucily tossed her head.

"My dear Miss Hall," said Frank, advancing toward her, "I shall certainly strive to profit by your counsel; neither shall I regret having heard your expressed dislike of myself, since I trust it may teach me how I may render myself less repulsive to you. For, believe me," he added, in tones intended for her ear only, "I cannot tell you how much I regret this singular abhorrence you have ever manifested. Can you not point out some method by which I may yet hope to stand better in your regard?"

I did not hear the reply, as I was summoned to the kitchen at that moment. But I have just foundations for believing that she *did* point out a way by which her esteem might be won; for not long ago I saw her and Frank standing in close proximity, while a venerable-looking man propounded certain momentous questions, which Frank answered frankly and distinctly, and Hattie's replies, though low, were quite satisfactory.

Neither could I discover any of the old maliciousness peeping out of her saucy eyes; only love and trust welled up from their subdued depths; and from that hour I became thoroughly convinced that a woman's heart cannot always be judged by her words.

HOMELESS.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

The solemn bells had ceased to chime
The midnight music of old time;
The sidewalk trees
Waved to and fro within the breeze,
And made a noise like far off seas.
The sleeping street
Was undisturbed by passing feet:
The faithful watch-dog's bark and bay
Was heard now near, now far away;
And from the skies the vernal moon,
Whose face was sweet with dreams of June,
Shed over all her mellow light,

And filled the soul with calm delight.
While on a slab of stone
A poor girl sat alone;
Absorbed in deep
And stirlless sleep,
With sorrow's sharp, relentless trace
Upon her thin and pallid face;
Upturned as if in silent prayer
To God for His protecting care.
And there she sat, 'neath Heaven's dome,
Throughout the night without a home.

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.

CHAPTER III.

I AM awkward in my new vocation. My story is not clear. That you may understand, in all its horror, what Donnell told me, I must go back to the days of which he spoke, and narrate the history of Esther Paul and those Lashleys, shut up by the great hills into their solitary home, with their dumb ways, cold speech, and fierce blood, come down from the Indian fighter, hot with passion; and, saddest of all, their faint belief in a God overhead, or a hell beneath.

I was one of them, as you know. When I remember the young man with the sallow face, as Donnell said, the square, black brows and steely eyes, I do not know him. No trace or germ of the old broker Lashley there. This young man had bound his heart by every nerve to a single purpose; to conquer a high, noble life, to fight it out, if need be; scorning shams, loving with a fierce intensity his own honor. But one thing else; the weak, lame girl that had tramped at his side since they were babies, as a sister—yet no sister. As cold in speech, as fierce, as honorable, as hungry for love as he. He knew what she was—only he. She was his, his own soul, purer, tenderer—in a woman's frail body.

I do not know if Esther was beautiful; it startled me when I heard her spoken of as if she were like other women, to be criticised in form and color. I had been used to find myself looking at me from her eyes, but glorified—as I might be. I liked to fancy that there was but one soul in both. I did fancy it with a savage disbelief of old religion. I had a whim that if she chose, being resolute and masterful as I, she could overcome her woman's weakness, share my masculine strength. I used to drag her with me over gullies and rocks, impatient at her hesitating feebleness. She was mine; why was not my vital nerve in her? If she loved me, she would grow like me—be me.

And then, when she halted, panting, exhausted, with a remorse as fierce as the error, I would clasp her tired, trembling little body, bathe the swollen feet, cover the hands with

passionate caresses. The love of the man I was then, for that girl, was a simple savage instinct—I know that—such as prompts the lion, solitary and high-blooded, to seek its mate. But it was a true instinct. It was, I dare to say, the religion of my nature; through it I came nearest to the divine life. Had it been suffered to grow, to develop itself, it would have broadened and dawned into a pure and holy day of love to man and God.

How thoroughly it absorbed all that was pure or high in my nature then, was proved by the wreck it left when taken from me. It was taken from me. I'll tell you how, in as few words as I can. I do not wish to dwell on it; if there is any tragedy or pitiful tenderness in the story, you must find it for yourselves.

I had a brother Clayton; my mother's favorite, as Donnell said. They were alike, unlike the Lashleys; the same blood ran in their veins. I think sometimes it was as slimy and cold as stagnant water. My mother, as I said before, was a Hilkott: a gentle, tepid, purring race, cruel and hard as fate.

I told you this little cousin and I loved each other. She had a hard life of it at home. My mother cowed and trampled her under foot, and stung her, when there, by those thousand little contumelies that women know how to goad with.

The girl, as child or woman, had no chance to be womanly, or shy, or loving, as God meant her to be. Her fierce temper was kept alive, alert, defiant, all the time, by wrong. Oh! how tired she was, my poor little Esther! How she loathed herself after her outbreaks of passion, strove to forgive, to be tender and patient! How she tried to make the rough clothes and shoes look like those of other women, to be neat and girl-like when no one had taught her how! It vexed her, her ungainly patched dress; women have always a little vanity, and one loves them better for it, after all. She was growing up an uncouth country hoyden, forced into it by habit, when every instinct and longing of her nature was refined and womanly. I never will forget one time when we had planned an escape—she

and I—to the county fair. How for two weeks the child labored to trim her old dress a world too short, and I to cobble and polish her shoes. How anxiously I, the great, strong man, bent over the frock, consulting, advising her, knowing how her heart was troubled within her; how, at last, a sudden movement tore the shabby stuff in a great gaping rent, and the poor little face dropped into the nervous hands with a real heart-broken cry. "There's no use, John," she used to sob out. "I never shall be anything but awkward and vulgar. I'm not worth your loving. Just go down into the river shore, and you'll see girls so fair and gentle, you'll be glad to forget Esther." Clinging, as she spoke, to my heart closer in deadly terror, lest I might take her at her word. Silly, loving Esther! Let me talk of that old foolish time, it does my hackneyed heart no harm. There were no schools then, no learning made cheap and easy. Yet Esther wanted to learn: she could only write and read. I tried to teach her the little I knew myself. I had been a dull student, (I had been sent over the mountains for a year,) but she was quicker, more eager than I. When I went up to Pittsburg with the sheep-shearing, I used to save a bit, and buy a book for her, and in the evenings we went out beyond the barn, out of my mother's sight, and puzzled over it together. I remember those evenings so sharply and clear. I don't think I have forgotten one trifling incident of them all, though the years between are blurred and gone.

Well, I had a brother, Clayton. Did I tell you what he was? Sometimes I think that there might have been some germ of purity and truth in him when he was born. I don't know. My mother loved him. She was coarse, hard; she pampered his soul by selfish pleasures, just as she pampered his body with gross food: soul and body grew diseased, rotten. Yet, as he gained strength by manhood, he forced the disease out of sight, whitewashed the foulness under a smooth, gracious manner; but the thick lip, the thicker eyelid, the tigerish, sensual eye betrayed him. While Esther Paul was a child, she was the victim of his petty, cruel spite. She grew into womanhood, became beautiful, they said, then she became something else; he gave her something more terrible than hate.

Let me not think of those days, they drive me mad.

The girl had only felt contempt for him before—now, she loathed him; more intensely with every look of love with which he pursued her. I did not fear. Why should I? She was mine, my pure, gentle, loving little lamiter.

My brawny body and strong arms should come between her and him, if he had brought all the power of hell to help him. He only brought my mother. *She* balked me.

At first, angry at the thought of the disgrace to Clayton, for so she called his marriage with the girl, she heaped reproaches on him, for the first time in his life; threatened the child, vowed to drive her out of the house. I did not much heed the storms of passion of either mother or son. Nor did Esther.

We knew. Down in the Cove, a narrow ledge of land running along Wheeling creek, there was a small sheep farm which I meant to take in the fall. It belonged to this very Donnell's father, and I, being, as he said, a likely young man, had found favor in his eyes, and secured the lease of it. There was a house on it, only a shanty, but, having taken the farm, I used secretly to go over there and work at it. I nearly rebuilt it, being my own mason and carpenter, papered the walls cheaply, but with pure hangings; we didn't care for carpets, the boards were white. There was a little chamber with a pine closet by the bed, wherein hung two dresses I had bought for Esther down in the town; there was a kitchen with a small grate, a row of tins above the table. "Just large enough to cook for two," she said, her eyes on fire with a still delight.

Am I foolish to recall these things? I have opened a ranch in California; filled my hands with the glittering gold—it never cast half as glittering light over my life as did those homely tins, that I had earned by hard labor—hard labor, every cent put away one by one. "Just large enough for two." I think I hear her say it, half under her breath, her nervous little fingers twisting in one another, her great brown eyes shining with happy tears.

There was a little "keeping room" too, with a work-table and chair for her in one corner, which I had made out of the gnarled branches of the cedars, a shelf with our hardly won books; the walls were white papered, and I had hung, instead of pictures, square pieces of cardboard, on which were glued gray and brown feathery mosses and lichen. She and I had made them.

We used to come down on Sunday afternoons to look at our house, and see the progress we had made, as innocent and simple-minded, in our love and great hope, as two children. What did we care for the cold, sensual snake behind, groveling in his low passion? Our plans were very practical. In October I was to go down to the river shore with the late crops. When I came

back, we would go, some early morning, to old Father Hill and be married, and then walk over the hills to our house, and begin our new life. He was a good, pure old man, he had baptized us both, his blessing on us would have power. The day was fixed, we were so assured of our self-managed fate.

In our foolish, fond fancy we called our house the Home, as if there were no other, you know, just the Home in all the world. So, that's our story—Esther's and mine. The rest is of a deed so foul I think I will hurry over it.

One September day, on Sunday, Esther had stolen out and joined me. My mother was not well. When she was ill, like some animals, she crept away alone, gnawing on her own pain: no one dared approach her. So Esther was able to come out, unseen, and go with me. Love had made her tender to all men, opened her real loving woman's nature; she spoke of even my mother gratefully, gently.

"See, John," she said, "I owe her my life. Whatever she has been to me since, she took me when I was a helpless baby, and reared me. I owe her that debt. Some day I may be able to pay it."

I said nothing, only held her tanned little hand closer. It was very beautiful to me, this saintly forgiveness. We walked in an opposite direction from our "Home" at first, that no one might trace us, then turned to it through the hills.

It was a clear September day; the hills were beginning to forget their soft green, and glow crimson, and gold, and purple. The air too was condensing into the yellow, thick light of autumn, lay moveless, like molten gold, between heaven and earth. How close it brought them together! How near God seemed to me, walking in its still light, holding her hand in mine! We came at last, passing through the pine forests, their dry, crisp carpet of brown crackling beneath our feet, to the nook where the little farm lay. The soft sunset light reddened it—such a glory of hope it seemed. For a moment my little Esther stood solemn, subdued, then her light girlish fancy broke out in a mischievous gayety. She always covered her deepest feeling thus.

"Only a week longer," I said, "and I will go to the river; and when I come back—the Home will be a home, the happiest in the world!"

She answered only by a nervous laugh. "Nothing more to be done, John," she said, with a curious, matronly little air that became her well. "Only the curtains to tack up. You can come and do that to-morrow."

We entered the house as she spoke. We had a habit of sitting at the door, watching the sun go down: I, in a wicker chair; and she—such was her childish fancy—on a footstool, by my side. I pushed open the door, and turned for her to enter, when I heard a slight noise within. Looking round suddenly, I saw the figure of a man lolling full-length in my Esther's little chair, its light frame-work creaking beneath his weight. He lifted his head with a sneering laugh. I knew it well, the face, with its white glazed eyes and brutish mouth.

"So you've built a cozy nest for some bird, John? So secret, too? And you've brought her with you," he broke out, with a savage oath, "to bill and coo!"

He came toward me, for the first time in his life made courageous by fury. My little girl held me by the arm; besides—he was my brother. I did not forget that. I did not touch him, though he came close, trembling with rage.

"Go out, Clayton Lashley," I said, quietly. "I would rather you had not entered here. It was so pure before!"

"What is this girl to you?" he asked, his voice as steady now as mine.

Esther answered him. My poor little lame girl, with her earnest face and trustful eyes, facing him, as pure as Ithuriel, when he stood before Satan. "I love him," she said, in a low voice. "Very soon I will be his wife. That is what I am to him, Clayton."

In an instant he was calm. There was not a trace of passion in his face or voice.

"I am sorry, Esther," he said, gravely. "I hoped you would have cared for me." He stopped. Was this manliness, or art only? "I never will come between you and happiness," he said; after a pause. "And you, John—are my brother." He held out his hand, and grasped mine firmly.

I was baffled—ashamed to doubt. Yet I did not believe. He stopped even—such was his self-control—to drop a pleasant word to me, before he went out, upon the taste and skill I had shown.

"A new talent in a Lashley," he said, with a smile meant to be cheerful. "I will not stay, John. It is not a heart-warming home to me. I loved little Esther here." And he left us, and walked slowly down the cove.

I watched his retreating figure from the gate. So simple and natural had been his words, not hiding his disappointment, that, as I said, I was thoroughly put at bay, looked after him, sorrowfully, even thinking I had wronged him.

Yet when I left the hills, I did not leave my

Esther in this den we called Home. I took her from there, openly, to a neighbor, and there asked shelter for her until my return. I am glad of that now; glad that, so far as I could, I guarded her from the fate that overtook her.

God help me! There is not much to say. I have no mind to spin it into a tragedy. Take the bare facts, and know what they are to me. My mother grew ill while I was gone, in those few days—died at last. Esther came to nurse her—a brute would have done it. So, there, in the hands of these two creatures—God forgive me, if I hate the blood in my veins that is theirs!—they tortured, tempted her. Even Robert was not there, to defend her from the maddening strait they brought her to. My mother was dying. She took the girl's hands, and dragged her over the bed until her face touched her own, livid, with the death-foam on her lips. She told her all she had done for her, when she was a helpless baby; upbraided her with the life she had given her, the shelter of years; prayed her, with her dying breath, to give herself to this boy she loved. And Esther—yielded.

I forgive her—she was mad. The curse of the dying woman terrified her reason away—a woman to whom she owed life.

Let it be. Three weeks afterward, I returned, going to the house where I had left her—to find that she was gone. I came home. The old homestead was deserted. Robert had not yet returned, and the servants had wandered off, as blacks do, from a house where death had been. It was a cold October evening. I left the hills and struck into the path for our Home. "Wherever the others might be, doubtless she was there, waiting for me. A pretty fancy!" So I came to the Home, just as the sun set. She was there! There was a light smoke curling up from the trees. I hurried to the gate. There was a woman kneeling in the little garden-patch, clearing away the weeds. It was Esther—but Esther stricken with age. Years had fallen on her since I had seen her last. She looked up: stony, returning my look with one that meant nothing—a vacant, idiotic stare! Clayton lounged out of the door, and lazily came near me. "I took your house, John, thinking your bird would prefer the nest she had helped to build. My wife now. Speak, Esther—love! Tell him it is true." She looked up again, like an automaton. "Yes, true. I am your wife, Clayton." That was all.

For the rest, I know nothing. Only that, a month after, I found myself out in the western wilderness, never to return, never even to in-

quire after home. A different man. God had touched me; taken the soul from me, I think. "I am your wife, Clayton." In my long lifetime I fought down the memory of the voice that had uttered those words. I would forget. I did. I never wrote back to Virginia. I never asked of those old days. They died out of my life as a thing that never had been. Whether she had lived or died, mattered nothing to me: she was dead to me, until that night in San Francisco, when she came to me—God knows from whence!—an old, bent woman, and cried, out of the depth of some utter need, "John Lashley, help!" Then I rose, and went to her.

Do you understand now?

I left Donnell, and went to the edge of the deck, looking down into the water, noting—so curiously do surface-trifles infest our deepest passion—how its color had changed into a dull brown, with a gleam of phosphorescent light in the depths.

Well, I knew all. "Never was so pure a woman, who fell into so foul a depth." The world had agreed with him; her crime had been made a nine-days' wonder of. They believed—this charitable world—that this Esther, my poor little lamiter! had gone forward, with the stony eyes from which she looked last at me, and taken upon herself a fate, for which the lost even have no parallel. There had not been one to think her innocent. Coarse men felt the little purity within them revolt at her name; women, gentle, Christian women, had driven her, starving and thirsty, from their doors—would not give her a cup of cold water. God's mercy, they thought, was not for her—or theirs. Did I believe it? I? Men are curiously fashioned. I stood—the keen, sagacious broker, you know—tapping with my fingers on a barrel, weighing probabilities, remembering the depth of fierce, latent passion in her soul—knowing that, with that whole passion, she loathed this man, Clayton Lashley—counting the days, the nights, the years, when he held her there, a weak, helpless girl, in the little home, where she had dreamed of being a happy wife—my wife: the old story of the woman bound forever to a corpse was nothing to this. In the very room, sacred to her pure, womanly love, he forced his presence, his embraces on her, holding her with his pale, snaky eye, his whiskey-poisoned breath on her lips. And so—the end. It was a strange story, unreal, as I looked about at the crowd of business-men, and pleasant-faced women, promenading the deck—at the heaps of barrels, and boxes—the smoking—the newspapers—the joking; why, a deed of crime and passion like this

belonged only to the boards of a theatre. What could these snug merchants, or their dressy wives, know of such passions? Know? There was not one of them to whom these things were not real and commonplace. Every one of those newspapers held a dozen such histories.

That was the way my head treated Donnell's story. Underneath, John Lashley, as he had been forty years ago, struggled madly with it, forcing it down, a mean, pitiful lie; holding to his breast the loving, pure little wife he had lost—soothing her, petting her, saying, "*I believe in you, Esther. You are mine—always mine!*"

CHAPTER IV.

A BRIGHT, frosty day, in early January. I looked down into the water again, to-day; but it was the foaming, ash-colored Ohio now, not the Pacific. Our boat, the Orient, was a stout stern-wheel steamer, such as ply that river in low water. She was laden with freight, for Pittsburgh, and passengers, who came and went at every city or coaling-station along the shores. The river was muddy as usual, choked with broken masses of ice, from the upper streams, that clogged the way, and made the sturdy little boat puff and snort, indignantly blowing them aside. The shores were flat until we came into the Virginia country; then the hills rose precipitous from the water, clothed with cedars and oaks. Natural, familiar, every step of the way now. I was nearing home. My plans were quite definite now. I should find Robert living in the old homestead, I knew. They told me the Lashley estate had grown, under his care, until it rivaled a German principality. If Esther still lived, she would linger somewhere near the old place, I knew. I was going there.

It was cheery, bright weather, as I said. The passengers were wide-awake, hearty Southerners, Western merchants, Kentucky drovers, a few fastidious, delicate-faced women; strangers to each other before, yet fraternizing, as was the habit on those Western carry-alls before the war, in a pleasant, hearty way.

Shortly after we left Cairo, I was sitting, one day, with the captain, on some boxes in the lower deck. I rather liked the man. He had my own whim of silence. A fellow-feeling, I suppose, drew us together; for, except to myself, I saw him speak to no one, during the voyage, unless when he was compelled to do so.

There was an Irish woman near us, a steerage passenger, whose husband was one of the deck-

hands. The woman was lazy, dirty, half-drunk most of the time, with but one trace of the soul men and women are popularly supposed to have about her—her passionate love for a little boy, her child, whom—the surest proof of her love—she kept delicately clean.

This morning, the woman had gone into the furnace-room, and the child, escaping from her, ran to the railing, and peeped through. Suddenly I heard it cry, and, looking around, saw its blue dress flutter and sink under a huge lump of mud and ice. The captain shouted, deck hands rushed, cursed, dragged at ropes; the cabin passengers crowded the deck, women crying and fainting; the mother standing motionless, pushing up her red shock of hair with both hands. All she said was, "*I don't understand. Billy! Billy!*" Two or three of the men, stout swimmers, had swung themselves overboard; but the child was nowhere to be seen. A young man, a slight, small boned fellow, was dragging off his boots and coat beside me. "*He is under the wheel,*" he said, quietly. "*I'll get him. Throw me a rope, if the boat draws too strongly for me.*" He threw himself in, diving to the wheel, where the suction was strongest, ignorant or careless of the danger. A moment after he reappeared, holding the child, and, catching by a spar, threw it up to the captain, and then pulled himself up. The woman went off into an Irish outcry of blessings and sobs; while the ladies gathered round the child, each one thinking, no doubt, "*If it had been mine!*" But I was most interested in the young fellow who had saved it. What strong, brawny muscles he had under his woman's skin! Good cricketer or boxer, I knew. It warmed my heart to see physical nerve and vigor like that. A face, too, that warmed and heartened you, as he shook back the dripping hair, and laughed, wringing it out—a manly man's face, brave, hopeful, tender.

"That was nobly done, sir!" said some one near him.

"Pooh! You wouldn't make a hero out of a fellow for a ducking like that! I'm not hurt," hurrying through the crowd. "*Not hurt, Emmy,*" in an earnest whisper, as he passed a young girl who stood leaning against a post, going off to change his clothes.

I looked involuntarily at "*Emmy.*" A childish, innocent face looking out from a fur hood; the cheeks pale, the crimson lips very tremulous, the big brown eyes full of tears. She turned away, and went up to the cabin.

"A fine young chap that," said the gruff captain, when the bustle was over, and we were

seated at our smoking again. "And a nice little girl, that, crying for him."

I nodded.

"Great favorite on board. Got a cheery, encouraging way with him, as if he was friends with God and the world. Somehow young faces like that always seem to say, 'Trust in God and go forward.'"

I was a little astonished at the captain's poetic notion; but thinking it true enough, said nothing.

"I'll tell you," he said, after a pause. "You wouldn't think that youngster had anything of mystery about him; yet there's the queerest dodge taking place on this boat, along of him, as ever crossed my observation."

I looked attention, and he went on.

"He come aboard at a little town above Orleans. Before the boat left its starting-place, I got a letter from him engaging two state-rooms: two, mind you. Well, he come aboard, as I said, at that landing at night. No one took special account of him, or if he was alone, or not. But the next morning he was in one of his state-rooms, the other was locked, and never is opened, except late at night, when he goes in and shuts himself up. The guard swears he hears voices, this young fellow's arguing, commanding, and a low, feeble cry like an animal's. If it's a human being he has there, I don't know when he feels it, or how. If it's a beast, what is he so secret about it for? Though," after another silence, "I incline to that last opinion myself, for, at times, being in the cabin, I've heard a low scratching against the panel of that locked state-room door, and one night a low, whinnying sort of cry, like an ape, or some creature in pain."

"Who is this young man?" I asked.

"Everything that is clever, and reputable, and likeable. A young lawyer in Western Virginia, or Pennsylvania, they tell me, a nephew and heir of one of the richest landholders thereabout. He's as generous-hearted, cheery a young fellow as I'd wish to see: passengers mightily taken with him. If you'd come all the way with us, you'd have seen that. That young girl—cousin of his—same name, did ye see? Well, there's a pretty story there, going on. I always had a bit of an eye for a love affair, old as I am. That young couple don't know anybody outside of their two selves, I guess. The young lady's under charge of a Louisiana high-flyer, going home to Virginia, and this Louisiana woman keeps between them; the young chap don't get near her except in the evening, and then he goes up to her when there

is a crowd on deck, and she takes his arm, and off they go right before the she-dragon's eyes. She daren't say a word as there's people near. So they go, slow pacing up and down in the moonlight. I takes care to order the guard from that side of the boat."

The old man's eyes twinkled with fun. I laughed at the vein of romance turned up in such an odd digging as a smoke-dried river-captain.

"Where are they from, did you say, this Romeo and Juliet of yours?"

"Virginia—some border county. Jim Pike, he knows them. They was raised together in the same house—her father. Name of Lashley."

"No fate in this?" I thought, as I rose abruptly, and left the captain without a word. Robert's daughter—this girl; and her cousin—whose son was he? "Clayton Lashley's and—Esther's?" God forbid!

I went into the cabin up on the upper deck, driven by an impulse I could not master. My nerves grew weak for the first time. I must see him, this boy—her son—a part of herself: hear him speak. He was up on the top of the boat talking politics with some half-dozen gentlemen. What clear, manly tones he had, distinct and low—like hers. Eager too in thought, rapid in conclusion—like her! I drew near to listen; her soft brown eye, purely cut features, mobile mouth, Esther Lashley's son. Thank God! Not one trace of Clayton in him. His race perished with him when he died. Was he dead? I must know that. For I was striving hard not to believe Donnell's story.

From this moment I felt that my hour for work had come. I laid aside my silent habit, and began to arrange my plans. I went up to the group and joined, as was not improper then to do, in their desultory talk. Fortune favored me. One by one dropped off, and I was left alone with young Lashley. I turned to him smiling.

"Accidentally I heard your name, and am tempted to claim you for an acquaintance. A long time ago I knew—your mother. Is she yet alive?"

He held out his hand cordially. "I never have met any one who knew her. I never did. She died in giving birth to me. You knew my uncle, Robert Lashley? He adopted me."

I understood: they had kept his mother's fate a secret from him. It was kindly done. Like Robert. Clayton was dead then? That part of Donnell's story, at least, was true.

"My name is Pressley," he said, touching his hat.

I did not give him mine in return. How could I? Pressley Lashley was thoroughly well-born and bred. He did not suffer his face to alter at my rude silence, and, perceiving with a quick instinct, that his questions about his mother pained me, was silent on that theme: though I saw how eager at heart he was to know. It vexed me to disappoint the boy.

But after that he was constantly near me: an earnest, cordial-hearted man, true as truth himself, and never doubting others.

He made himself my daily companion; was I glad he did? Why, it was like bringing back the old days with their warmth and holiness. This boy, with his fresh young heart, with her face and figure, the very trick of her voice, might have been her son and mine. I often have wondered since if he suspected what his mother had been to me; if that was the reason why he was so tender, so shy, in offering his friendship to the old solitary man? I think he did. His instincts were vivid as a woman's. Yet open as he was, on all other things, there were two where he was secret as the grave. His love for this young girl, his cousin, and the mystery of the locked room.

I watched the girl—Robert's daughter, closely. I liked her, thought her even worthy of Pressley. Not because she was so fair and young, but because there was about her a fresh sincerity, impulsiveness in every gesture that argued well for her heart. The blood did not spring more quickly to her cheek, nor the tears to her eye, than earnest, eager words to her lips. It satisfied me too, her feeling for her cousin, it was deep, and pure, and maidenly. She went, in defiance of her rich, vulgar chaperone, with such quiet dignity to his side every evening, modest and firm, with a light in her eyes that said, Whom God hath joined, who shall put asunder? So Esther had come to me once.

And so, thinking of that old loss out of my life, for which nothing could atone, I took another purpose into my heart; to save this boy from such a loss, to so make myself his fate, as to insure him this wife that would bless him; would save him as Esther could have saved me.

CHAPTER V.

WITH this newly-discovered object in view, I kept a close and watchful scrutiny upon Pressley and the young girl. There was something in their intercourse I could not comprehend. I knew from the young man's own lips that he had been taken by his uncle, when an infant,

and brought up in the house with his cousin. Yet there was between them a distance, a formality of intercourse unaccountable. What obstacle lay between them which their fresh young love had to fight down? Pressley was poor, it might be. My brother Robert might refuse her to him for that cause. Or else—the shadow crossed me again. Was it that? He would be kind to the boy, just, and generous; but he would not suffer blood so foul as that of Clayton and *Esther* Lashley's son to mingle with his own. There was an absolute pain in the thought. This boy was, from the first, strangely near, dear to me. I, who never had a son, began to know what fathers feel for *Esther's* child. It warmed me, made my pulse beat faster to even hear his steps. It was a good omen, this meeting with him—an omen that if his mother lived I should find her.

For two days I was silent to the boy; then I resolved to make myself known to him. We had grown into a curious knowledge of each other in that time; were seldom apart; instinct (I believe in instinct, as every one with open eyes in the world does) taught each that the other had some power over his coming life. The boy was troubled by it more than I, not knowing the tie that bound us together.

One evening it had rained heavily. I put on my overcoat and shawl, and seated myself on the upper deck in a safe shelter, watching the heavy drops in the water, and the dull, sodden sky overhead. It gave me a cozy, home-like feeling to be wrapped up under shelter, though it was as a transient passenger on a river steamer. Pressley had sauntered up and stood leaning on the railings, dropping now and then a careless remark. Watching my face, I saw, with the doubtful, perplexed look I had seen him give several times. Looking up suddenly I caught it.

"Of what does my face remind you? Be frank now."

"Only my uncle Robert's," he said, his face coloring ingenuously. "You must pardon me. The likeness is a strange one."

"The family traits of the Lashleys are strongly marked, Pressley," I said. "Sit down, I have something to tell you. I have a fancy that I may be of use to you in some way, in some future time. For that reason I think it is best to disclose a secret to you which I had meant to hold yet a little longer. Your uncle Robert had a brother John, who——"

"Died, sir!" he said, hastily, looking intently, sharply in my face.

I laughed. "His family are determined he

shall be extinct, at any rate, without giving him a chance to plead against sentence of death. I think."

"You do not mean——"

"I mean, boy, that I am a Lashley as well as yourself, with whatever shame or honor may accrue to the name. John Lashley, as you see."

He stood a moment bewildered, then held out his hand. "I almost had forgotten to welcome you. But—forty years? My uncle John was a very young man when he left home, I have heard them say——"

"Very young. And comes back. Look at me!" I uncovered my head, that he might see the gray hairs and the yellow, wrinkled forehead.

The boy stooped eagerly forward, reading my face with his keen, youthful instinct. He was anxious; he did not know me, the warm Lashley blood was glad to claim kindred: but it was a shy, reserved instinct also.

I could not confess how I shrank before that boy's eyes—every mean deed I had done—every sharp bargain rose up before me, and made me cower. He drew back with a half-sigh, yet holding my hand in his more warmly.

"Very like my uncle Robert. I wonder I did not guess your secret sooner."

"But what, boy? What is the difference between my brother and me? Speak out boldly. I am anxious to know. Kindred may be candid. And remember I have known no kindred for forty years."

The frank young face was clouded. "You have not been so happy a man as your brother, uncle John, and——"

"Therefore am not so good a one? Eh? Better philosophy than you think. It needs influences and touches that I have never known to smooth out the crabbled lines on mouth and chin. Pressley, sit here. I want to talk to you. I'll tell you why I told you this. Blood is strong, they say. From the first moment I knew you were Esther's child, you were different to me from all other men. A foolish old man? Hungry for what belongs only to youth, affection, and kindness? Well, well, that may be, but I could not help it. Your thought about me is true, boy. We'll not talk sentiment; but it is sound gospel that, if my life had been better fed with happiness, it would have been more healthful."

I stopped. I could not go on for a few moments. How heavy the sky lay in the soggy air, the rain falling steadily and slow! The wind blew keenly.

The boy sat by me, his eyes full of trouble—

my trouble. He wrapped his worsted comforter about my neck to keep the air out. A trifle, but it meant much to me and him. My son, if I had a son, would have done that for me.

"Boy," I said, "I do not wish your life to be like mine. Let it be as hard a struggle, it will do you good. Work your own way up, fight fate, but take love along with you. Let me help you, Pressley. I am more powerful than you think. Be frank with me."

I paused, not looking at him. Turning my face rather to the sobbing rain on the muddy hill shore, for I would not take his confidence unwillingly from him. His eyes were giving it without his control now.

After awhile he laughed cheerfully. "I have only a boy's trouble. I can conquer it. You see I was reared indolently; my uncle Robert, to be kind, as it is his nature to be, brought me up as his son would have been, if he had one. With neither care nor forethought for the future. Every wish I had was gratified; if it had been the half of his fortune I craved, he would have indulged me at last, I believe. I only asked one thing of him, and that he refused."

"I know."

"Do you know? Well, uncle John, as I said, it is a small trouble in the eyes of others. It shall be small in mine too, for I mean to fight it down," with a nervous laugh. "I'll win at last. 'Trust in God,' and then 'paddle your own canoe,' you know the song says."

Through the stained glass windows of the skylight in the cabin, I could see the young girl of whom we spoke. How pure and fair she was! Yet with the warm woman's blood tingling her cheek and heaving in her bosom. With the latent fire of passion, temper—call it what you will—that makes a woman worth a true, generous man's love.

Pressley saw her too. "She's worth caring for, uncle John?" his eyes dim. My hero, Pressley, had a woman's heart. All heroes have.

I nodded. What was the use of saying anything? No matter how ardent my praise had been, it would have disgusted him as feeble.

"Do you know what comes between you?" I said. "Robert did not use to be unreasonable."

"He never was. Nor given to whims. And he loves me as his son. I believe him honest when he says that. But he says the bar between us is fatal as death. Last June he told me this: sending Emmy away to avoid me. To New Orleans they took her. But the little thing was brave. She told her father God had made

us one, and that though he had the power to keep us apart, she was no less mine. I left The Oaks—that's the Lashley place, you know?"

"I know."

"I could not stay. I went up to Pittsburg, and got some business there. Had no profession, you know. But I have a place as shipping-clerk that pays well. I'm saving every dollar. I tell you, uncle John, that goes hard," with a laugh, sorrowful for something more than the dollars.

"It won't hurt you, learning to save."

"No. I have not seen Emmy since June, until now. It was not intentional, my meeting her. I will do nothing dishonorable. I got on the boat at a point above New Orleans, and found her here, going home. I shall tell her father how it chanced, and what I have said to her. I know she must submit to his authority now; but, some day, I will win."

There was a long silence.

"Many years ago," I said, at last, "there was an evil fate, I think, Pressley, stretched its hand out, and thrust it into our family. My life has been shriveled up by it. But yours shall not be, if my hand is strong, and the good God reigns." I had lifted my hat involuntarily.

"Amen!" he said, in a low voice.

"I know what bar has risen before you to keep you from her, I think. I do not blame Robert. But I can balk it. *I will.* For my soul's sake and yours."

He asked no questions; that was strange. Now and then, too, a curious shadow had crossed his face, as if he held some thought secret. There had been a sudden silence in his talk, as if there were a literal fate behind him, clutching him now and then with its skinny hand. It puzzled, baffled me. Was this my open-hearted boy that I was learning to trust so utterly? The old story which the captain had told of the locked state-room recurred to me. What was this mystery he held there? Whatever it was, I felt assured that it, and not his life's trouble, caused this unquiet look of pain on his face. One was open, bare, to be battled with, and subdued. The other—*what* was it? I fancied—the ghost of some crime, some foul mystery that dared not see the light.

We sat silent, side by side. It was a dull, sombre evening, as I said. The rain had ceased, but the sky, the crouching hills, the sluggish river were soaked with a breathless fog, dark, poisonous, motionless. Only the boat moved slowly, with great pants, like the moan of an exhausted beast.

I told you that the bench on which we sat was on the upper deck. The outer doors of the state-rooms had small panes of glass, extending above the floor at our feet, according to the customary habit of building such small stern-wheel boats. The doors of Pressley's state-room were close at our side. This, to render clear what I am about to tell you.

He turned to me, as if he had been meditating on what I had said. "There are some fates—outside circumstances, I mean," he said, "against which we cannot struggle. A man may lock up the skeleton in his house—cover it as he will; but it is there."

"No," I answered, cheerfully; "there is no ghost which cool courage and a trust in God will not lay."

He did not answer. I saw a nervous twitching about his mouth, as of one who kept down some intolerable pain. There had been a peculiar sound which had attracted my attention in the last few minutes: a low purring and scratching, as if some animal were trying to escape through wooden panels. I wondered if Pressley heard it. He became instantly silent, still, his face rigid with attention; then began to talk again, as though he would drown out all echo of it.

The boat was grounding heavily against the rocks on the shore, the fog growing so heavy that the pilot had lost her bearing. A damp, noisome fog. Suddenly, from under or beside my feet, as it were, came a sharp, fierce, whinnying cry, like a horse in mortal agony; the glass of the state-room door was shivered to pieces, and a bony arm—whether of an ape or a human being, I know not, but whose claws even were overgrown with hair—was thrust out. Groping in the darkness, clutching—like one who drowns, sinks in depths of death—and again—the low, awful cry.

My companion started to his feet, his face white, clammy; but not a word escaped him. He, at least, was not unprepared for the apparition. He thrust the arm back, with a something very like a muttered prayer.

"Will you come away?" he said, turning to me. "There is something there no man must look on; you, least of all."

I had turned from him before he spoke. Intense as my curiosity and wish to help him was, I dared not drag out his skeleton to view.

"Wait here," he said, hurriedly. "It is necessary. I will go below. If any one comes this way, detain them. Don't let my disgrace be made public. She—she must not know of it."

He left me, going down the steps to the cabin. I waited until I heard his key turn in the lock of the state-room. Then followed again the purring, caressing sound—and silence. It was conquered. I turned away, and, during the few days remaining of the voyage, never approached that part of the deck again. My boy's secret was his own. I would not filch it from him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Cast from thee the thought that binds worship to place!
God claims as His own every region of space:
Wherever warm gratitude throbs through thy breast,
Or a childlike petition to Him is addressed;
Wherever the tear of repentance may fall—
Jehovah is near thee, to answer thy call.

Aloft on the mountain, or deep in the vale,
Or where the strained cordage creaks loud in the gale;
Where the hammer is sounding with clamorous din,
Or the cotton-mist rises the factory within—
Jehovah is near thee, and hallow'd the ground,
Where the heart's adoration its altar hath found.

Where the soldier is watching, the night-star his torch;
Where the lone shepherd makes the wild ravine his church;
Where the fond mother teaches a prayer to her child;
Where the emigrant's axe echoes loud through the wild;
O'er earth or o'er ocean, roam whither you will,
A mighty Cathedral encircles you still.

Where war rushes on, in impetuous mood,
And the ground is all crimsoned with patriot blood—
Where the cannon's fierce smoke glooms the shuddering sky,
And the shell shrieks along with a demon's fell cry—
In prayer to Jehovah thy last breath expend:
"God! prosper the right, and my country defend!"

Cast away, too, the thought that binds worship to time!
Each hour for itself claims the privilege sublime:
When the gray streak of morning stole forth o'er the East,
And the stars 'gan to fade as the glory increased—
A voice—heard ye not?—pealing loud on thine ear:
"Kneel, worshiper, kneel! Thy Creator is near!"

And when the soft brightness dies sadly away,
At the hour so solemn that closes the day;
When the twilight's first star comes to watch in the sky,
Like Faith o'er a death-bed, with Heaven-lit eye—
Then bend thee and pray, that Eternity's night
May be starry and calm with a soul-soothing light.

When a new immortality dawns on the earth,
With the cry of a babe at the hour of its birth,
And a mother's rapt kiss on its lips is impress'd,
And the infant's asleep on its Heaven—her breast—
Can ye stifle the feeling that thrills heart and brain:
"May God's choicest blessings fall soft on the twain!"

When love weeps and watches, and hushed is the room.
As a soul struggles forth to meet God and its doom—
When the grandeur and mystery of death are around,
With the eye's parting gaze, and the bosom's last sound—
Will the eager petition thy spirit not move:
"God! receive the worn soul to Thy pity and love!"

THE ANGEL.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

THE sky is dark, and the air is keen,
The ground is white with a fall of snow;
No more the tender violets blow,
Nor lilies under the warm winds lean:
'Tis night without, and night within—
My soul is heavy with fear and sin.

With bare brow, smit by the icy breath
Of Æolus, far in the frosty North,
I stand in the midnight. Looking forth,
I see, o'er the desolate sleep of death,
Low in the West, the young moon stand:
A gold bow, dropped from the Centaur's hand.

I look to the Heavens to find content,
Yet not into Heaven, I fear, I fear!
Ah! God, illumine the cloudy sphere
Of mine eye, and hew, in the sheer ascent
To thee, a few rough steps, wherein
My feet may cling in the flight from sin.

An angel sat in a wicked town;
Around him revolved a maddened crew
Of drunken devils, who raged, and threw

Him curses and jeers, despite his crown—
And, though he prayed, with a tongue divine,
They bade him drink of the bestial wine.

My soul is he who sat in the street
Of the cursed town; and, though he strive,
With desperate strength, the teeming hive
Of demons drag him at their feet—
And, maimed of spirit, and bound of hand,
He prays release from the horrid band.

The darker the night, the brighter the stars;
Yet a single star, in a turbulent night
Of storm and horror, may lose its light
Ere it force a beam through the prisoning bars
Of the clouds that hover within the dark,
To dryw'n the rays of the alien spark.

I cling to the slippery cliffs in fear,
While, overleaning the golden rails,
A sinless, serious face unveils,
And stretches a hand to me. Ah! dear
Is the face of Hope! Yet, woe on woe!
For hell's mouth lies where I fain would go!

RECONCILIATION.

BY JULIA A. BURDICK.

SHALL I ever forget that unhappy day whose miseries arise before me, even now, with such terrible distinctness?

The long, dusty road wound like a huge yellow serpent up the hillside, and concealed its further course in the forest of stunted pines and half-grown hemlocks on the top. On either side lay freshly ploughed fields with not a blade of verdure to enliven the vast stretch of brown; and back of me the great, busy, dusty town, from whence a thousand clanging discords came up to my ear, blended and mellowed by the distance into a roar like that of far off, muffled artillery. Imagine a desert, sterile, desolate, and silent as the eternal night of the infinite reaches of moonless and starless space, and these arid, lifeless sand-plains fainting and fading still in the glare of a fierce, unwinking sun, and you have the scene that mocked my tortured eyes.

The old gate-keeper looked at me curiously as I walked by. He was only one of the many phantoms that I passed on my way. One of these ghouls raised his hat, as I met him, and another spoke to me. He was an old friend, but I scarcely knew that I had ever seen such a face out of the hideous dreams of my childhood, when half-human monsters assailed me on the verge of dizzy cliffs, or bore me aloft among nightmare-laden clouds to hurl me down, down, into unfathomable abysses. The smile with which he greeted me was almost fiendish; his voice came up from pits of darkness, and was a concentration of malice, hate, and all wickedness. Was his sardonic grin evoked by a similar contortion of muscle and nerve in my own face? I asked myself the question. No, for though my breath came short and quick, and there were demons of anger and pride in my heart, tearing each other like caged giants, I was assured that I had permitted no signs of the wretchedness within to undermine the rigid tranquillity of my smile, or rise through the calm tones of my voice.

Presently the hot sand began to burn through my thin shoes, and, when I reached the margin of the pines, I was glad to seat myself in the dusky shade, and throw off my warm shawl and close bonnet. I was in a defiant mood now,

and smiled contemptuously at my own weakness when I found that my anger had, after all, resulted in nothing better or worse than the gnawing out of the ends of two or three glove fingers, and the breaking apart of the little clasp that joined them at the wrist. What bitter thoughts were my companions! Ah, John Hamilton, if you had known to what uncharitableness toward the world; to what bitter feelings; to what fierce battles with all within me that was good as well as all that was bad, your insane desire to know how long you could play the tyrant, and how long I would play the slave was leading me, would you have risked so much to gain so little?

I had loved John Hamilton dearly, trusted him entirely, and now—it was all over. A woman utterly destitute of heart or soul, a beautiful incarnation of coquetry and deceit had won, without an effort, a love that was nothing to her, but more than my life to me. Even when I felt most secure in the possession of it, and triumphantly thought, "You may take him now, but you cannot keep him; he values my little finger more than a thousand like you—and even then his heart was suffering itself to be drawn away from me. And then I thought, if she were only noble, and good—worthy the love of such a man, I could bear it better; but I—who had counted myself of so little worth in his eyes, and wondered, knowing that no rareness of beauty could ever enchain him, what good he had seen in me to love—I felt myself to be, in all womanly attributes, immeasurably her superior.

Gradually my excited mood wore off, and more peaceful thoughts took possession of my mind. I was weary enough to be glad to sit still, and calm enough to watch, with some little pleasure, the snowy clouds chasing each other over the blue vault above, and their reflection crossing and recrossing the placid stream winding through the valley at my feet. My reveries were interrupted by the tramp of approaching horses. A bend in the road concealed them from my view, but the soft rumbling of the carriage, and the even, concerted footfalls of the horses sounded unpleasantly familiar. It was too late to retreat further back among the

trees; I could not conceal myself behind the slender trunk of the one on whose roots I sat; and then—it might not be John.

As I feared, it was John, with a flush on his forehead, and a light in his eye, whose meaning I could not guess. He sprang from the carriage and came up to me, whip in hand, and with a resolute air.

"Maggie," said he, "are you ready to go home with me? I think you have admired this charming landscape long enough; if not, you shall come again to-morrow. Perhaps you have been sketching? No? Well, Eastman saw you here two hours ago, and reported your safety to your mother, and also to your humble servant, who, with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, had vainly sought for you in every confectionery shop, fancy store, and dry-goods emporium in town. Come, Maggie, your mother was really alarmed about you, and charged me not to return without you."

"Thank you very kindly, certainly I will go with you," I replied, somewhat haughtily; and then added, "Dear mother! she is one of the few people in the world who are not always thinking of themselves."

I would not permit him to fold my shawl around me when I arose—an evidence of ill-feeling toward himself, which he noticed by a most provoking little shrug of the shoulders. In our peaceful days, it had been one of my greatest pleasures to allow him to do many things for me, which I could do a great deal better for myself, and this was one. Like many another awkward man, he could not wrap the lightest of shawls around me, without pulling my hair down to one side or the other, and pushing my collar up against my face. But what were collar disarranged, and straggling hair, to the delight of being served by such a man, in such a gentle way?

"John," said I, after we were adjusted in the carriage sufficiently far apart to accord with my newly-acquired idea of propriety, "I should not go back with you if mamma had not sent for me. I regret very much that she should have asked you to perform such a disagreeable task." I said this with all the dignity the occasion seemed to me to demand, and had the satisfaction of hearing John laugh at it most heartily.

"Your mother did not exactly *send* me; that is, I heard Eastman say you were here, and asked if I might come for you. It depends entirely upon yourself whether or not it prove a disagreeable task. Let me look in your eyes and I can very soon tell," peering around in

my averted face. "Great pleasure," he muttered, in a provokingly sarcastic way.

"John," said I, with an irrepressible burst of grief, "why do you wish to make me any more miserable? You know you don't love me!"

"My dear little Maggie, I have not said that I did love you! But I do, though, sensibly and visibly love you; better than my pet meerschau, better than—everything in the world except Brave. The only reason that I love you less than Brave, is, because he does not get angry and rush off to the piny fortresses of Summit View, when I speak to another dog."

"He would if he had a heart like mine," I replied, between a cry and a laugh.

"Yes, no doubt, but he has not, for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful. Brave's affection for me is confiding and unselfish; yours is——"

"Is what?" said I, angry again.

"Is also. Now, Maggie, let us not quarrel any more at present, and you exercise that sweet voice of yours in telling me of what heinous crime, or horrible breach of politeness I have been guilty which has offended you so deeply. That pout is much too becoming to be worn for me alone, save it for some one who will appreciate it. Now tell me why you are angry."

"Simply because I choose to be," I replied, after a pause, mortified to find that I had no tangible reason to give.

"Because, because! a woman's reason for everything unreasonable. You think Mr. Eastman a 'love of a fellow' *because*, and you dislike Miss Burton, than whom you have not a better friend in the world, because—you do not know why. It certainly cannot be because she likes me, that you hate her."

"Yes, I do hate her!" I exclaimed. "If it be wicked, then wicked I am. She is making me die, she has taken my life—more than my life. You are free, go to her if you love her better than me, and marry her too!"

"Marry her too? I can't marry you both, wouldn't it if I could. I do not think my aunt would be a proper person for me to espouse in any event."

"John," said I, "is Miss Burton really your aunt?"

"Certainly she is my aunt, being my mother's youngest sister, and only a year older than myself. Since the death of her adopted father, Mr. Burton, she has assumed his name in compliance with a request to that effect contained in his will."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"I might give your favorite answer, 'be-

cause; but I have a better reason, although it is a cruel and selfish one. I was anxious to know if your faith in me was as strong as you yourself thought it to be. Do not think that you have been the only sufferer. It has pained me, beyond expression, to see how easily you were led to doubt me."

"Pray, John, forgive me!" I cried. "Do you not know that it is because I could die easier than give you up that it made me so wretched to think that you loved another?"

"And you will forgive me, and love Annie for my sake, until you can learn to love her for her own? She is a belle, but not so heartless as you suppose; for, while she was flirting with her nephew, she was not flirting with Charlie Eastman."

I had been working surreptitiously, for a long time, endeavoring to get a very plain, but very suggestive gold ring off my third finger; but, after this revelation, I was well pleased to let it remain there. St. Paul's Church saw a double wedding, not long after; and I do not know why any person should say that the four who, two hours after the ceremony, were off for the lakes

and Niagara, were not four ridiculously self-satisfied and other-self satisfied people.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton are a model couple. They never say, "My love," or, "My dear," to each other, in public, and this is the best proof I can give that they do not come to harsh words in private. Mrs. John Hamilton (I allude to myself) is not a boastful woman; and you would never find out, by her saying so, that she knows very well why her own cozy little sitting-room, with the shaded lamp on the round table in front of the fire—the sewing-chair, with the basket of work close beside it—the large easy-chair and slippers, a little way off—are things pleasant and enjoyable to her husband. She knows why he lingers so long over his coffee, in the morning, and then coaxes her to the street door, with him, before he will be convinced that it is late, and he must take his good-by kiss and go. She knows why, when, one day, she found a few silver threads in her brown hair, he took her on his knees, and, laying his hand on her head, whispered, "We are growing old, darling; but we will always love each other just the same."

BLOW, GENTLE WINDS.

BY MARY T. WILLIAMS.

Blow, gentle winds of Autumn, upon this aching brow,
And whisper to this weary heart life's daily broken vow;
Of friendships pure and holy, of Cupid's restless wing—
Of all that should be good and true, thy flattering stanzas
sing.

Trill your softest, sweetest, saddest notes to withered, faded
flowers,

And bear old memory back to Summer's dear, departed
hours;

Let purest melodies onwrap each fluttering falling leaf,
And cheer with elfin music the heart bowed down with
grief.

I have heard thy gentle murmurs, and my thoughts go
back again

To the side of those whose narrow beds are left to Heaven's
bright rain;

For we wooed thy song in childhood's hour—a careless,
happy band

Upon the hill-side where they sleep—in that loved and dis-
tant land.

Of we threw the dainty pebbles in the crystal stream be-
neath,

And watched, in childish eagerness, the widening, wavy
wreath.

Though the burning tear of sorrow will oft unbidden flow,
Yet we may e'en be thankful that they were called to go
Ere the pall of grief fell o'er them, or their steps grew slow
with care—

Or the radiant hopes of earliest youth were darkened by
depair;

And we would rather feel that they are lost to us in life,
And walk life's weary journey, and meet alone her strife,

Than to know that still they lived, and their love for us
were dead,
And they would pass us coldly by in life's busy, onward
tread.

"Better trust all," the poet says, "and often be deceived,
Than, doubting all, to doubt one heart that, if it were be-
lieved,

Would kindle on the heart's deep shrine the flame of Vesta's
fire,

And wake life's gayest melodies on love and friendship's
lyre."

But, ah! we would not risk the pain of trust and love mis-
placed;

Each wound, though partly healed by time, could never be
erased—

Each broken trust would be a cloud upon life's stormy sky,
And each crushed love would pierce our feet, as thorns upon
the way.

Ah! we vainly look for truth in the entrancing world's de-
ceit,

And we learn to scorn, in sad disgust, when pleasure's train
we meet;

And the heart would fain cease beating, ere life's love-tale
half is told,

And seek that dim, mysterious sleep, to moulder "low and
cold."

Blow on, ye gentle Autumn winds, upon this aching brow,
Though I fancy, in your murmurs, I hear the world's false
vow.

Time's ever varying changes have the sad assurance given,
The world is fair, and bright, and gay—but nothing 's true
but Heaven.

BERTHA'S DUTY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"Honor and duty and self-denial—they are fine, heroic-sounding words, aunt Margaret, but who lives by them?"

I looked at Bertha, my niece, as she spoke. She was very lovely, with bright pink flushes in her cheeks, and a keen sparkle, like the glitter of a gem, in her blue eyes. I did not wonder she should be admired. To me she had always been beautiful. Ever since my dying sister, my own Annie, gave her to me, the last hour before she saw the father's face, I had loved the child better than anything else, save the heaven where her mother was.

I had never married. It is not my own story which I am telling, and there is no need that I should recall the one early dream beside whose bright tints all my after life looked pale and cold. Suffice it that for twenty-five years I had been faithful to one memory; and that when I told Bertha it was a sin to marry without love, I did not speak without knowing what love is.

I was not rich nor poor. I lived in a pleasant country house, with great trees overshadowing it, under which my father had played in his boyhood. The massive, well-preserved furniture inside had been brought there with my mother, when she became a bride. I kept one servant, and I had means enough to live, in my quiet way, without any pecuniary privations or anxieties; and to bring up my niece as a gentlewoman. Save one brother, far away, she was my only tie in the world. With my life as it was I was content—it seemed to me a good and pleasant life. If the wonderful tints which flushed the future, with such vivid brightness, in the days when hope and I were young, had faded, in their stead I had peace, and the on-looking toward rest—such rest as remaineth for the people of God. I wonder if I was unreasonable enough to measure eighteen by forty-three, and to think that this life, which so contented me, ought to suffice also for Bertha? I have feared, sometimes, that I did not give her opportunity enough to see the world—I ought to have known that there are some birds whose wings will not bear clipping.

Bertha was ambitious. Come, on her mother's side at least, of such a quiet race, I know not

why that restless fire burned in the girl's veins—that wild longing for pomp and power—for the Pride of Life. She knew well enough that she was beautiful, and I suppose she thought it shame that such beauty as might have adorned a court should blush and bloom, unseen, in the obscurity of a country village. At eighteen she had never loved—never had even a passing fancy. Thank God there was no trifling with the heart of another to aggravate the sin which followed.

It was a day in early summer, when Mrs. Morton, the great lady of our village, came to call on us, and presented to us her brother, Mr. Lawrence Herkimer, of New York. Mr. Herkimer's reputation had preceded him. We knew that he was a rich, middle-aged man of the world. I never heard that his character was stained with any especial crime—simply, he was gay, selfish, worldly, and probably had denied himself nothing which such men call pleasure. His fortune was reckoned by the hundreds of thousands; his name was an old and honored one, and his station was such as could hardly fail to gratify any social ambition, however exacting. In his own person he was, in my judgment, far from attractive. His manners were polished, but it seemed to me it was with an external gloss merely, which was reflected from no mental or moral grace. His conversation had a certain ease and glitter, for he was a man of keen physical perceptions, and had seen much of life. In person he was no longer youthful. Apparently about forty-five, the soul in him had never been strong enough to chisel the animal lines from his face. He had a full, self-indulgent mouth; a low forehead, below which were set eyes of a curious, mixed no-color, with a smouldering fire in them, which looked as if it might burn fiercely enough, touched by the breath of anger or passion.

They kindled a little, those eyes, with a gleam I did not like, when they first rested on Bertha. I fancied a Turk's eyes might have worn such an expression when bidding for some beautiful Circassian, in the slave market at Stamboul. Still his words and manner were very courteous. Evidently he was delighted with my niece, and meant to cultivate her acquaintance farther.

For three weeks after that he came to see us almost every day. I tried to remonstrate with Bertha about accepting so much attention from him, but she was perfectly impenetrable.

"Of course, aunt Margaret," she said, with affected indifference, "I can't tell him to stop calling; and surely he has done nothing to forfeit his claim to be treated with courtesy."

If courtesy had only been all! At length he came one day, and, in my presence, asked Bertha to drive with him. Without consulting me even by a look she consented. They were gone three hours. When they came back it was almost sunset. Mr. Herkimer helped her out, and stood a moment at the gate, holding her hand. Then he drove away, and she came in alone. She did not enter the little parlor where I sat, but went directly up stairs to take off her things. It was a half-hour before she came down.

She walked steadily in and stood before me. There was a deep, burning flush on her cheeks, and such an intense glitter in her eyes as I had never seen there before. Her voice was steady, with a singular coldness and clearness of intonation. She spoke very quietly,

"Aunt Margaret, I have promised to marry Mr. Lawrence Herkimer."

I was shocked bitterly. I had been blind, perhaps, but I had not expected this. I did not know what to say—so I asked the question that would, in spite of myself, force utterance from my lips:

"Do you love him, Bertha?"

The smile round her crimson mouth was almost scornful, but she answered me patiently enough,

"He did not even ask that question, aunt Margaret; why should you?"

"Because, child, marriage without love is a sin, bitter and deadly—against God and your own soul. It is shutting forever against your heart the door of that happiness to which it has a heaven-bestowed right. It is putting yourself in the very path where temptation can scarcely help finding you. Honor and duty forbid such a marriage. A woman had better undergo any earthly self-denial—better live on a crust, and sleep in an attic—than go to the altar with no love in her heart."

It was then that Bertha made answer, in the words with which I have begun this story.

"Honor and duty and self-denial are fine, heroic-sounding words, aunt Margaret, but who lives by them?"

For a moment I did not reply, and she went on,

"I can understand why you have kept your

romance, dear auntie. Arthur Nelson died, and death makes love and romance eternal. But if he had lived—if you had married him—darned his stockings, and cooked his dinner—you would have found that humanity wasn't worth idealizing, and that we only delude ourselves when we look to find again on earth the lost Garden of Eden."

"For all that, child," I answered her, firm in my womanhood's faith, "I know that there is such a thing on earth as pure, true love. Perfection, indeed, may belong to another sphere; but we can afford to do without it when we have love strong and faithful enough to forgive faults and forget them."

"There may be such love," said Bertha, musingly—"once in ten thousand times there may be, and it must be a blessed thing—but I have never seen a married life yet which did not appear to me utterly commonplace and prosaic—where I did not think love had long ago flown away, if ever he attempted to furl his bright wings at such firesides. What reason have I to think that I should be the one chosen woman among thousands, for whom love waits—pure, strong, true? To my thinking, the choice lies between a marriage with a man like Mr. Herkimer, by means of which every one of my tastes can be indulged, my wishes gratified, my ambition realized, and a single life like yours, which seems to me utter stagnation—a sort of torpid existence, without flavor or promise."

"God grant, my darling," I said, as I kissed her, "that the time may never come when you will long vainly even for the quiet of such a life as mine."

I gave up the argument there for that night; but I renewed it many times afterward. She confessed frankly that she did not love her betrothed; that his society had for her no special attraction. Still she did not dislike him—he was not repugnant to her—and she was determined to have what marriage with him would give her. She was tired of her life, she said; and truly, as I heard her, and looked at her restless, glittering eyes, her slight figure, instinct with power and energy, I could not so much blame her. She was too young and too untried to find enough in quiet benevolence to fill up the measure of her faculties and her content; and my home offered little entertainment beyond. Imagine a Madame de Maintenon contenting herself with working on chair-seats tanned with worsted legs and chenille eyes—or helping to make cake in an old maid's kitchen of a Saturday morning! Poor Bertha! it was no wonder she was weary of it.

Yet why was she so blind? Why did she not realize that marriage with Mr. Herkimer, though it might take her into the world, indeed, offer her a wider field for her ambition, was at the same time tying her hands—making all future triumphs vain? I do not think she heard half I said to her. She was in a bewildering maze of preparations. His gifts—the most costly and elegant—surrounded her: and Bertha, with her glittering eyes and burning cheeks, was stretching out her rash hands toward the destiny she had chosen.

They were married in the last of September. How well I remember that sad, strange bridal!—the bride's white face and proud step—the contrast between the two—she so young, a being "of spirit, and fire, and dew;" he so much older, and past, as it seemed, all freshness of feeling or sensation, altogether of "the earth earthy." I trembled as I heard her utter her vows, and it seemed to me the air of the September morning grew chillier as those words freighted it. Was it only the fancy of a nervous woman, grown morbid with the very stillness of her life?

They went away, and I was left alone in my silent home. How I missed the voice that for eighteen years had been its music, the smile that for eighteen years had been its light. If she could only have married some one who loved her as I did—to whom all her words and ways would be so sweet and precious! But she had chosen her own fate—my child, my child!

For more than three years after that day Bertha's life was a sealed book to me. She came to me, each year, for awhile in the summer; but she never revealed anything concerning her private experience. Indeed, it would have been contrary to my principles to ask her any questions. Near and dear as she was to me, I had no right to know a single secret of the life on which she had entered. And yet my heart yearned over her with a strange pity. She did not, I thought, look happy. Her face was pale and proud. There was a touch of scorn in her smile, a weary tone in her voice. Mr. Herkimer—she never called him anything but that—came for her, sometimes, but he never staid more than a single night under my quiet roof. I could see that she puzzled him. Probably he had not been used to see a woman so self-contained and so reticent. I began to think he cared more for her than I had given him credit for at first. I saw that he felt hopeless of interesting or comprehending his wife, and, unconsciously, I began to include him in the pity I felt for her.

At length—it was when she had been married a little more than three years—this letter came to me.

"AUNT MARGARET—I have been silent till I can be silent no longer. I am dying for a little rest. My burden is greater than I can bear. You were right, and I was wrong. I chose misery instead of happiness. My gratified ambition long ago failed to offer me a single solace; but my famished, despairing heart never ceases to sting me with the wild cry of its pain. I cannot bear it. I must escape from my fate. My husband's society is an utter weariness to me—his very love, or what passes with him for love, a misery and a disgust. The time has come, which you predicted, when I long for nothing so much as the quiet of just such a life as yours. Is the old home open to me—the old love—the tender heart? Only bid me come to you—how gladly I will resign all the splendors for which I gave myself away! I cannot stay here. Open for me a door of hope, a house of refuge.
BERTHA."

Poor, helpless, tortured child! How I pitied her when I read her letter!—all the more because I knew that I could not deliver her from the fate she had chosen. Go to the ends of the earth, and she could never escape the compelling force of the ties and duties she had voluntarily assumed. By the next mail I sent her these words:

"Bertha, my child, my darling—come to me at once. I must see you. I must try to comfort you. But do not come as one who leaves her home forever. Mr. Herkimer will permit you to visit me. With the understanding that it is for a visit, and that only, come to me."

I waited until I should see her, before I pronounced her sentence. Would not my sacrifice be as great as hers, when I should refuse to take back to my home the one treasure of my heart and my life? But I had no choice.

She came. I held her in my arms—a white, thin creature, with the bloom gone from her cheeks, and a passionate glitter, as of some defiant wild animal, in her restless eyes. I would not talk to her that night, or let her talk to me. She was weary, and I took her into my own bed—into my arms, as I had done so often in her little childish troubles. Perhaps those old memories soothed her. She wept herself, after awhile, to a troubled sleep. I did not slumber. All night I lay awake, thinking the one engrossing subject over and over, in all its bearings. Turn which way I would, I could see no escape. She had made a vow—she

must keep it, even though it should be to her hurt.

The next day I told her so.

She looked at me with a wild, imploring gaze that pierced my heart. She said, passionately,

"Oh! you do not mean it, aunt Margaret! You are only trying me. You would not send me—send your own child away from the shelter of your home and your heart—back to the wretchedness of such a life! You don't know what it is to be married to a man whom you neither love nor respect—with whom you have not one thought or one hope in common."

"Oh! child, child!" I cried, in an agony not lighter than her own—"do you think I am sacrificing nothing? Do you think my home has not been empty without you, my life void? Do you think I would not give half the remnant of my days to have you back again—if only I could without sin?"

"Sin—what sin, aunt Margaret?"

"The sin of wronging your husband, of encouraging you to break a vow more solemn than any other earthly tie. Would you say that a child was released from the obligation to honor and to obey its parents because they were uncongenial—or even because they were sinful or unjust? Does God make exceptions when He says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother?' Does He allow children to sit in judgment on the characters of their parents?"

"But marriage is different."

"Yes, Bertha, because the obligation is so much greater—the tie stronger—else why should a man be told to forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife? Children who are unfaithful to unworthy or dissolute parents can claim more of our sympathy, because the tie that binds them is not of their own choice. What shall we say for the wife, or the husband, who voluntarily goes before God's altar, and vows to be faithful, and true, and tender until death; and then seeks to escape from that bond because its fulfillment is not easy?"

"But I do my husband no good by staying there. I do not make him happy."

"Do you try, Bertha?"

A deep blush crimsoned the fair face. For a moment she did not speak. I knew, however, that she would answer me truly, by-and-by. That was always my one anchor. Through all Bertha's wayward childhood, she had never deceived me—never willingly deceived even herself. After awhile her words came.

"I do not think I have, aunt Margaret. As I grew to know him well, it seemed so impossible even to respect him! He has no high

motives—no pure ideal. He does not reverence the things which I hold most sacred. No, I have not tried to make him happy; my struggle has been, rather, to preserve myself from contamination."

"You have been living for yourself, in short—quite forgetful of your mission toward him. How could you expect him to reverence the things which you hold sacred, when he sees that your faith has not power enough to make you perform even the first and simplest of your duties? Oh! Bertha, if I could only comfort you—if I only dared to do anything but send you back to your true sphere! You are a wife. Never, while your husband lives, have you any right to make plans as though you were not. You cannot look for God's blessing on any but the path wherein He bids you walk."

"And can I find it *there*, aunt Margaret? You know Lawrence Herkimer; can you promise me happiness as his wife?"

What could I say? When she married him, I had felt that she never would, or could, be happy with him. But she had persisted. And now, surely, all the happiness she could ever hope for *must* be as his wife. I answered her from the depths of my heart:

"This world is not all, Bertha. If it were, perhaps I should counsel you differently. Your lot in life was brought about by no blind chance. It is the station to which God has called you; your work in it is the work He gives you to do. Happiness—short, fleeting, earthly happiness—is not what you are to strive for. The incorruptible crown—the joy which no secret pain ever mars—they are not to be found here. They wait for us in the land where we shall rest from our labors. I cannot say that happiness will not come to you, even in this world. If it come at all, it *must* come while you walk in God's way; but, if it never come, who but a child would measure the finite against the infinite—an hour, a day, a year, the space we call a life-time, against whole eternity? It was because you sought happiness in your own way, dear, that all this came upon you."

There were a few moments of silence, and then Bertha said,

"You are right, aunt Margaret. However we differ, I always come over to your thought at last. If I could but have seen with your eyes before I took the one fatal step. But I thought then only of the gratification of my ambition. Oh! if every woman, who is tempted as I was, could but know how little social consideration or external splendor can do toward satisfying the heart's needs! It is within the

four walls of our home that happiness or misery waits for us. I had not been married six months before I hated all the things for which I had sold myself."

"But you *did* sell yourself, and your husband has kept his part of the contract. As a Christian woman, it is your duty to keep yours. Who knows what influence you might have over him, if he only could see that you loved him!"

"But I *don't* love him, aunt Margaret. How can I act as if I did? Would you counsel me to deceit?"

"Because your heart was cold and dead toward heaven, would you say it was right to give up prayer, and let dust gather on your Bible? or would you try, by doing all that God has told you, to learn to love Him—to draw nearer and nearer to Him, day by day? I hold that it is no mere form of words, when we are told, 'Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands as unto the Lord.' If you cannot control your heart, you can at least control your life. You have vowed to love your husband. You must love him with your deeds; and then, it may be, God, in His mercy, will help you to love him with your heart also."

I had been talking to my darling quietly and firmly, making rules for her almost as if I were heedless of her suffering. My heart smote me when I looked again at her white face, met the wistful anguish of her sad eyes. I could say no more. I opened my arms and took her close into them—my child, whom I had comforted in so many sorrows. We had never wept such bitter tears together before, in all the years, since she had been mine.

After awhile she put my arms away from about her, pressed a long, fond kiss upon my forehead, and then, without speaking, went away to her own room.

In a half-hour she came down again, and put a sheet of paper into my hand. I read on it these lines:—

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have satisfied my irrepresible desire to see aunt Margaret. I am ready to come home again now; but, if you please, I will wait for you to come for me. I did not find the journey here very pleasant, and do not like the role of an unprotected female. I am in no haste. Aunt Margaret and I are not likely to weary of each other; but, whenever you come, I shall be ready to go.
BERTHA."

I was not pleased at first; I had not thought of her leaving me so soon. I had my own vein

of unreasonableness and inconsistency. I said, almost impatiently,

"Could you find no medium course between wanting to give up Mr. Herkimer entirely, and being in such haste to fly off to him, before you have given me two days of your society?"

Bertha's sweetness disarmed me.

"It is not that, aunt Margaret. You, of all others, must not misunderstand me. I do not want to give myself too much time, lest my heart should fail me, and my resolutions should lose their strength. Besides, I am sure it would please Mr. Herkimer to think that I was ready to go home, and wished him to come for me. My letter can go in to-day's mail. It will reach him to-morrow, and day after to-morrow will be the earliest he can possibly get here; so we shall be sure of almost three days more together."

How we spent those three days, what confidences we exchanged in them, need not be set forth here. Deeming it right, under the peculiar circumstances, to give my niece all I could of encouragement and counsel, I talked over with her the minutest details of her life, as I should not, under different auspices, have felt justified in talking. I was satisfied of the firmness of her resolve to do her whole duty—to try to win her husband's love, not for the selfish sake of being loved, but for the good she might hope, through that love, to do him—to try to love him in return, moreover, as she had voluntarily promised to do, at the altar.

The afternoon of the third day, she came down, looking more like her old self than I had yet seen her. She was attired in perfect taste. The rich, bright hue of her dress flushed, with its reflection, her cheeks, which had been so woefully pale of late. Her soft light hair fell low upon her face, concealing the thinness of its outline, and, in her blue eyes, the peace, born of a good and true purpose, had chased away the restless, despairing gleam, which had made my heart ache. She came and sat down, in her old, childish place, on a stool at my knee.

"I feel so much happier, aunt Margaret—almost light-hearted! I believe, resolving to please Mr. Herkimer has made me begin to love him. I never looked forward, in my life, to meeting him with so much interest."

I could not help a sigh. Young people's hearts are cheered so much easier than older ones'. I knew, of old, Bertha's quick, impulsive spirit—so easily moved to joy, so undisciplined in its sorrow. I bent over her, and kissed her, as I whispered,

"Don't be too confident, my darling. It seems cruel to say it, but you must bear in mind that great results are always achieved slowly. You cannot change the existing state of things in a day, and it may be God's will that you should never see your reward in this life. Still you must not give up trying. Whether we can see any result or not, duty is duty all the same."

She pressed my hand between both of hers, and a flush of emotion stole into her cheeks. It was not easy for her to unveil her deepest thoughts. The most sacred things of her being she had ever been chary of revealing, even to me. She faltered, very timidly,

"You must let me be hopeful, aunt Margaret—it is my nature—but I believe that whether I am successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy, God will give me strength to go forward. You have shown me the right path—I know where to seek for help to walk in it."

I treasured her words in my heart—they were my comfort in many an after hour of doubt and uncertainty.

Just as she had uttered them the bell rang, and I heard a footstep in the hall. Instantly Mr. Herkimer came in. Bertha rose to meet him with that beautiful flush on her cheek. Bending over her, looking into her eyes, he kissed her—hesitatingly, half-shyly, as if such demonstrations were very rare between them. Then he turned to me,

"What have you done to her, aunt Margaret? All winter she has been getting thinner and paler—but now there's an old-fashioned bloom on her face—she looks like the Bertha whom I carried away from you."

He had never called me aunt Margaret before—I accepted it as a good omen. It seemed, too, that her miserable looks had not passed unnoticed by him—perhaps, after all, there had been more love for her in his heart than I had ever given him credit for. With God's blessing the future might not be utterly hopeless. If Bertha attempted to please him how could she fail, so winning as she was? I looked at them both, and saw the unmistakable satisfaction in his face, when she said,

"It was so kind of you to come so soon. I shall conclude that you wanted me."

"Indeed I did. Your letter surprised me pleasantly. I had been fearing it might be a long while before you would be ready to leave your old home."

We passed a cheerful evening. I could see that Bertha exerted herself to the utmost to entertain and gratify her husband. Now and then I caught an expression of pleased surprise

on his face, which convinced me that he was quite unused to such attention from her.

He could never be a sensitive, poetical, enthusiastic man—never such a man as, to finite, human judgment, it would seem that Bertha ought to have married. Wind and wave, tree and flower, cloud and sunshine, would forever have a language for her, which he would be powerless to comprehend. A total change in his nature was not possible, and without such total change he could never reach Bertha's ideal—yet he might prove—who knew?—to be the very one best suited to help her onward in her highest life; to evolve those elements of character whose development was most necessary for her progression in the holiest things.

We do not always recognize God's teachers.

The next day they left. For the first time Mr. Herkimer gave me a really cordial and earnest invitation to visit them; and I promised myself, as well as Bertha, that it should not be many months before I accepted it.

"Have you thought, aunt Margaret"—it was Bertha's parting whisper to me—"that to-morrow will be New Year's—the first day of a new year of grace? Please God, it shall be the first year of a new life in the home where my work lies."

She could never know how deep was the love with which I loved her—how fervent were the prayers with which I followed her. I had more hope for her now than I had ever had before. She had just begun to awake to a knowledge of the true duties and responsibilities of her life. Some women's energy would have flagged, their spirits failed, before the prospect—hers, I thought, would not. I knew Bertha well, and I believed that the buoyant energy of her character would enable her to override more than one billow, beneath which another woman might go down hopelessly.

I looked forward with eager interest to our next meeting. What progress would she have made by then? Would the light of hope beam from her eyes; or should I see the pale, worn look, more pitiful than other women's tears?

I had some time to wait before I was destined to know.

Three weeks after Bertha left me, I received a letter from the wife of my only brother. He had gone to New Orleans on business many years ago, and had married there a Louisiana beauty—fascinating, brilliant, passionate, beguiling; but helpless as a baby. I had seen her twice. She was a petted, spoiled child when he married her, utterly unfitted to cope with the burdens of life, and years had given

her no added strength. She wrote to tell me that Oliver, my brother, was sick, and in his sickness was pining for his only sister, whom he had not seen for more than ten years. She begged me to come to him. She thought, with my assistance, he might probably be removed to the North before the heat of summer.

It was a call I could by no means disregard. My brother was very dear to me. He had not quite the same place in my heart which Bertha and Bertha's mother had always held—but he was endeared by a thousand tender memories, as well as by the kindred blood in his veins.

A week after I received the letter I was on my way to New Orleans.

I found my brother even more feeble than my sister-in-law's letter had led me to expect. From the first I had little hope of his recovery, or even of his ever being able to undertake the journey to the North. I made up my mind at once that my first duty would be to stay with him, as long as he needed me. My coming seemed to be a great comfort to his wife. She was utterly unused to care, and poorly fitted for the fatigues of a nurse; though she loved him devotedly, and was never happy out of his presence. As for him, his old New England tastes and proclivities seemed to have come back to him, during his illness, and he was never quite satisfied unless I did everything for him, in precisely the same manner his mother might have done it in his boyhood.

I had been with him two years before he died.

In this whole time I had heard nothing of all that I most longed to hear from Bertha. Her letters were written very guardedly. She spoke, now and then, of her husband, and always, it seemed to me, with more tenderness than would have been possible if they had been living as far asunder as during the first three years of their marriage; but she was not one to pour out her heart upon paper, nor did I, uncertain into whose hands my letters might fall, ever ask her any questions. Words would feebly picture, however, the anxiety which sometimes tortured my heart when I thought of her.

It was in February that Oliver died. My first impulse, after the funeral was over, was to hurry at once home, to Bertha. But my sister-in-law claimed me for awhile. I could not abandon her in the utter prostration and helplessness of her grief, and it was not until past the middle of April that I left her with her own kindred, and turned my face Northward.

I had not been able to announce the precise date of my arrival to Bertha, but I knew she

was expecting me about that time; and my heart palpitated with a strange rush of hopes and fears, as I stood for the first time on the steps of her stately brown-stone mansion.

She had evidently given orders for my reception, for, as soon as I mentioned my name, I was conducted at once to her own room. She met me on the threshold. I had her in my arms, my child, my fair, sweet darling! The instant I met those blue eyes I knew she was at peace. There was a happy, restful smile upon her lips, a serene light upon her brow. I needed not to ask her what had been the result of her toils and struggles.

When she had taken off my things, waiting on me herself just as she used to in other days, she led me into an inner room—made me look underneath a curtain of floating gauze at a little sleeper, with soft pink flushes on its cheeks, and golden rings of hair—just such a face as Bertha's had been, when my sister Annie kissed her with lips already growing cold, and gave her to be my child.

"Your baby, Bertha?"

"Yes, aunt Margaret, mine. I have not written you since her birth, it seemed so uncertain when you would commence your journey. Besides, I pleased myself with the thought of surprising you. She is to be your child. We shall call her Margaret—our pearl—and you are to be godmother at her christening. Her father and I shall stand for her with you."

"Her father!"

"Yes. He has thought of being confirmed for some time, and this will hasten it. Oh! aunt Margaret, God has been good to me beyond anything that I dared hope! I strove to walk in His way, and he has given me my reward even here! It is to you, under Providence, I owe it. Sometimes I tremble when I think what a wrecked, ruined, miserable life mine would have been, condemned alike on earth and in heaven, if you would have given me shelter and encouragement when I fled so madly from my duty. You sent me back, and life is not long enough to thank you in."

I could not speak, my heart was too full of thanksgiving; but those were happy tears which fell on the brow of my name-child, Margaret.

I saw Mr. Herkimer later in the day. The improvement in him was marvelous. The soul in his face had gained the mastery now—it looked out of his eyes, calm, thoughtful, kindly. It was evident that his wife was, in those eyes, the sum and essence of all perfection.

As we reckon marriages in this world, theirs was happy. They were satisfied, both of them.

I do not think Bertha acknowledged, even to her own heart, an unfulfilled longing. Still I, looking on, could see that he was not, and never could be, the realization of her ideal. God had been merciful, and from bad seed had allowed her to reap a good harvest—but she had done a great wrong when she married him, nevertheless.

I am an old-fashioned woman, and I cannot leave my story without pointing its moral. No woman has any right to hope for a blessing who marries from any other motive than love, the purest and faithfulest. If a blessing comes to

marriages contracted on any other basis, it is simply undeserved mercy. Remember, too, marriage is marriage. Because the vow was made wrongly, ignorantly, lightly, it is binding none the less. There lies the path, plain and distinct.

There is no other choice but to walk in it, no matter what roses may seem to grow, or what bright fountains appear to sparkle on either side. And, after all, it is not for long. Glad or sorrowful, blest or unblest, the way is short, and the rest after the journey is long and certain.

MY RING.

BY NELLIE NORTON.

LITTLE, shining circlet bright!
I have worn it day and night,
Guarding it with jealous care,
Since the giver placed it there,
'Twas a long, long time ago—
I shall ne'er forget, I know—
On a star-lit Summer eve,
When he was about to leave;
For a moment he did linger,
Drew this jewel from his finger,
Saying, as he gave it me:
"Joys to come I wish for thee!"

Years have passed—long, weary years—
Full of doubts, of hopes and fears,
Since I took this jewel bright,
On that star-lit Summer night.
Little happiness I've known,
With the years life's joys have flown;

Dreams—like dreams—have passed away,
Fondest hopes have known decay!
Midst life's cares I may forget
All its dearest ties; and yet
He, who gave the ring to me,
Never shall forgotten be!

Why it is, I cannot tell,
That I ever love to dwell
On each word that he hath spoken—
Why thus prize his slightest token,
When I feel assured that he
Long since has forgotten me!
But my best affections cling
To this little golden ring;
'Tis to me of greater worth
Than the costliest gem of earth;
And, until it shall grow dim,
Ne'er shall chango my love for him!

CARRIE.

BY MRS. F. M. CHESBRO.

In the morning twilight,
Before the blush of dawn,
I hear my baby darling
Welcoming the morn,
With the sweetest music,
Of human laughter born.

Her tiny arms are twining,
A pretty, coaxing way:
"Mamma, I'm tired of sleeping,
And now I want to play;
So wake up, mamma darling—
You see it's almost day."

And all my dreams and fancies
Fade into misty air,
As, in the dawning daylight,
Awaking fresh and fair,
I half perceive the flutter
Of her darling golden hair.

And dancing, singing, romping,
Through all the sunny hours,
So full of fun and frolic,
And fresh as April showers—
And never tired or weary,
Till the dew is on the flowers.

And when the evening shadows
Play on the parlor wall,
The patter of her footsteps
Comes echoing through the hall—
And, in sweetest baby music,
Rings out her "Good-night" call.

Oh! angels, guard our baby,
Through night and through the day!
God, guide our darling Carrie,
Through life's bewildering way—
And keep her dancing footsteps
In "wisdom's pleasant way!"

MRS. MARTIN'S BOARDER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Mr. Wellesly, may I see you a moment, sir?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Martin;" and the handsome bachelor of forty walked quietly after his hostess, smoothing the shining hat he held over his coat sleeve. Mrs. Martin was a fine woman—had been a beauty. A miniature edition of herself started from a lounge as the doors of the shaded parlor were thrown open. A pretty little rounded cheek blushed becomingly, and languid eyes brightened into something of a smile.

"Good morning, Miss Rose."

"Mr. Wellesly," with a bow.

"Rose, darling, I have something to say to our friend. You were just going to practice—never mind; come back in a moment or two." The young lady gathered her silken skirts in one fairy hand and glided gracefully from the room. Admiring eyes gazed lovingly after her; they were not those of the handsome bachelor.

"My darling!" murmured the mother, in low, almost passionate tones. "Excuse me, Mr. Wellesly, but my heart is bound up in that dear child's welfare."

"I do not doubt it, Mrs. Martin—not in the least," he added, absently, still carelessly solicitous about the polish of his hat.

"Mr. Wellesly—you have been very kind to us—you are our oldest boarder."

"Yes, madam—unless—unless—Mr. Paul and Murry, they may be a trifle ahead of me in years," he stammered, hesitating.

"La! my dear Mr. Wellesly—I didn't mean that—I beg you won't think I alluded to your age, sir—how very careless in me! I mean that since my dear Harry died, you have been our firm friend, and have remained a boarder in the house."

"To be sure." He looked nervously round, and then stood twirling his hat slowly by the rim, holding it straight down before him, and, in spite of his good-breeding, seeming a little annoyed at the very direct glances of the widow's black eyes.

"And some way encouraged by your kindness, sir, I have made bold to come to you, sir, in times of trouble, and solicit your advice." Mr. Wellesly had shifted one hand to his hip,

his hat still in it. Now he looked at her with merely a nod.

"We are so alone in the world, Rose and I, that it is refreshing to feel that there is one being to whom we can look for counsel. Mr. Wellesly, I hope I am not detaining you."

"What the dickens is she driving at?" thought the quiet man, shifting his hat rim to his chin, and playing a noiseless tattoo on it with that feature.

"Oh! no, madam—no. Pray go on."

"Well, sir; sit down, Mr. Wellesly, I will be as brief as possible. You have perhaps noticed that we have a new boarder."

"The red-headed man?" queried Mr. Wellesly.

"Pardon me, sir—not red, I believe light auburn is the color," said his hostess, her cheeks crimsoning—"a very likely-looking young man, I think."

"Yes, madam—of course—very," was the absent reply.

"My dear sir, that young man is desperately in love with my Rose!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Wellesly, with an emphasis that sent a flash to the motherly eyes.

"Yes; he has spoken to me, like a sensible and prudent young man; but you know it is not becoming for women to be running round inquiring about people's antecedents, characters, and so forth. It just occurred to me that, as you are in business with Overton & Orr, you might ask a few questions relative to the matter."

"What! Is he with Overton & Orr?"

"Yes, has an excellent situation, and the promise of a better; I believe he is a cousin of Orr's."

"Ah! indeed."

"Yes. Should you not think it a good match for my darling? And yet she is such a tender flower! I have been obliged to bring her up very delicately—I have indeed, Mr. Wellesly;" and the soft sigh that accompanied her words made them doubly impressive.

"I shouldn't think a clerk's salary could support her, Mrs. Martin."

"Ah! sir, we mustn't stop to think of that, provided my poor darling likes him, of which I

am not quite sure. She is a fatherless child, Mr. Wellesly, and—poor. I, her only protector, may be taken suddenly from her, as her father was from me—and then what would become of my tender lamb left to the cold charity of the world?" The tender lamb was at that moment eating a substantial second breakfast in her mother's private pantry.

"Mrs. Martin"—she listened breathlessly—"I will make inquiries of Mr. Overton, also of Mr. Orr, and I hope I may find the young man as worthy as he should be who sues for the hand of Miss Rose."

"The stupid fool!" muttered the landlady, as she bowed him out and shut the door. "I know he likes Rose; he must like her; and I thought this news might, possibly, bring about a proposal. I declare, for a rich man and a handsome man, he is about the dullest specimen I ever met with. What in the world shall I do next, if that fails? Well, what do *you* want?"

A sad, sweet face, by no means beautiful, appeared at that moment in the door-way. Plainly parted over the forehead, the hair was curved softly away from the fair, pale cheeks, and the dress of cheap calico, with only snowy ruffles at neck and wrist, set off the graceful curves of the form, that needed no artificial aids, so symmetrical it was.

"Brooks wished me to ask you if the ironing is to be done to-day?"

"Of course it is. It must be finished to-day, too. I don't want my work to lay lagging about the house from Monday morning to Saturday night—your mother's fashion."

For a moment the full gray eye reddened—but the girl remembered that she was a dependant and had nowhere else to go.

"If I could have some help, I——"

"Well, you can't. My hands are full, and Brooks always does the clear-starching. Remember, the tucked skirts first; Rose is going to the opera to-night, and I may go with her."

The opera! In one charmed recollection flashed over her soul the glory of a former time, when she, too, had reveled in the ecstasy of sound, and felt her very consciousness floating on the wings of the subtlest harmonies—when the flashing of light and beauty caused her to forget that there might be shadows and suffering on this fair earth. She had not been the child of a rich man—her opportunities for amusement had been rare and all the more valued. But till she was thrown an orphan on the world, fatherless, motherless, she had known nothing but tender care and most loving

sympathy. Here, with the sister of her dead father, her lot was changed indeed. No cousinly offices or kindness from Rose—never a word of gentleness from Mrs. Martin—but drudge, toil, un murmuring from Monday morning till Saturday night again. Even on the Sabbath she was called to perform the services of a maid for her childishly pretty cousin.

"Lute!" exclaimed a voice at her elbow, "I want my honiton lace set washed out this morning."

"I've got the ironing on my hands, Rose."

"Never mind the ironing—the honiton I must wear to-night. It will only take a few moments, any way."

"Do the lace up, Lute," said Mrs. Martin, "and iron all you can, beginning with the skirts."

"A whole weary day," murmured Lucy Martin, turning toward the laundress room—"a whole weary year—perhaps a life. Oh, God! if somebody would only take pity on me!" What she meant by this appeal, she could hardly have told herself. Perhaps she had some vague hope that her youth, if it must be sacrificed, would better bear the fondling arms of age than the ceaseless toil to which, for months, it had been subjected. No time to read, or even to think, for in the house, when not employed with rougher manual labor, she was obliged to sit with Rose, to talk with and listen to her—to bear her capricious whims, and hear her ill-natured gossip—to write for her even, to do all her fine sewing—to be, in fact, her bond-woman for the sake of clothes and food. Not only that, Lucy had often to lend a helping hand in the chamber-work. In any other house, such labor would not have seemed humiliating; but feeling that she was Rose's cousin, and in all points, save some few accomplishments, her equal, and that her cousin would have died sooner than lift her hand to what she considered menial employment, she shrank from the service as if it had degraded her.

It had turned her blood to fire, one morning, when, on passing Mr. Wellesly's room, he had called out to her, in his thoughtless way. "My good girl, won't you bring me some towels?"

"I will send the servant, sir," she answered, with the look and tone of an empress, and that sent the handsome bachelor back whistling to his room.

"Whew! who the dickens is she? I've seen her, broom in hand, many a time." he soliloquized, "and thought her a remarkably neat and pretty girl too. She can't be one of the family; she's never at meals; she never goes

out with them. Looks like them too; upon my word she looks like them."

"To think that he should take me for a servant," cried Lucy, in a fierce whisper, clenching her hands—"he, the only real gentleman in aunt Martin's house. Well, and why not? Am I not a servant? Must I not minister to the whims of Rose, and follow my aunt through kitchen, or market, unpaid? Oh! if I only knew something, with thoroughness, I'd not be here. Oh! father, mother, if you had only thought of this!" The tears came up hot and angry. She had but time to dash them away when Mr. Wellesly stood in her path again. She had turned to go up to her garret room; he had just left his private parlor. How her eyes flashed at his curious questioning gaze! she was dared not be defiant; she was too much grieved.

"Miss Lucy, you look fit to fall," said Mrs. Brooks, the laundress, late in the afternoon, as she stood, for a moment, at the ironing-table. "Why don't you put it away and begin again to-morrow."

"No, Bruce," and down went the iron as though it would go through the table. "I'll do it all to-day if I die."

"Miss Lucy, you shouldn't say that," said the old woman, patting the hand that rested on the handle of the iron. The motion, so soft and motherly, startled Lucy, and quick tears came raining down her cheeks, dropping heavily as she turned her face away.

"I'd as lief die as not," she muttered, in a quick, hoarse voice. "What have I got to live for?"

"Oh, my child! if I'd had a roof like this to cover me, at your age, I'd been as happy as a queen. See here, Miss Lucy, when I was sixteen, I saw my father dead of starvation, my mother dying with fever, and nobody to care for me and my poor, crippled little brother. It was in Ireland, in the time of the plague. I took that boy on my shoulders and walked ten miles with him, weak as I was, asking for a bit of bread on the way, only to be refused. Not for the love of God could I get a mouthful. Since that awful time, Miss Lucy, I've watched side of my husband nine long years, he dying of consumption, I supporting him and my five children by washing. Well, he went; and one by one," she continued, with quick, dry sobs, "I've laid the little children side by side; but, Miss Lucy, in all them years, and I'm an old woman now, I never said to God, 'Why did ye so?' I never, never wished myself dead. And God has blessed me for it, when the carthy props went, one by one, He said, 'Live for me.'

And, Miss Lucy, it's a great, it's a glorious thing to live for God. It's a joyful thing to look up and say, 'My house is there, for He has prepared it for me.' Miss Lucy, try and live for God, dear; there's nothing else worth, I tell ye that."

The old woman was gone. Lucy stood listening to the clatter of her rough shoes, listened till the iron grew cold, till the salt tears had dried their channels on her cheek. The soft, musical voice of the gray-haired laundress was ringing in her ears: "Live for God!"

"But how shall I do it, here?" she cried to herself, in an agony of feeling. A voice seemed to whisper in her ear: "By submission!"

It roused her pride. Had she not been submissive ever since she came under the shadow of this hateful house? And the answer sounded back from her conscience, sharp and clear: "No, not once!" She shuddered when she thought how angry and revengeful she had been, at times, calling Rose by horrible names, to herself, while she listened to her rapid talk, never deigning to turn it into a healthier channel—wishing upon herself all manner of destruction, and even fiercely questioning the Disposer of all events, until, in the absence of an audible answer, a strange hate grew up in her heart, even toward God. Oh! was it possible she had so feebly passed the ordeal that was, perhaps, meant not only to test, but to purify?

"I don't know, but it does seem as if everybody round me lived to torment me." It was her aunt's sharp voice, penetrating the kitchen. "Here, it is nearly eight, my head-dress not sent from the milliner's, and nobody can be spared to go. I shall have to stay at home." "Well, who cares?" came up, vindictively, in Lucy's thought. She paused, struggled a moment with herself, then went resolutely forward.

"Aunt Martin, I'll run down street for that head-dress."

"You?" Her aunt started. "Why, child, it's too dark!" she said. She had dared a great deal, but she had never asked her to turn errand-girl.

"I don't mind that a bit. It would be a pity for you to stay at home when you are so near ready."

In the hall was Mr. Wellesly, with his hand on the door-knob, which he turned for her. She hardly noticed the courtesy, though she heard him say that he had been too late for the tickets—the number was limited, and he should wait till to-morrow. Off and back again in

time. There stood Rose, in the back parlor, fairly radiant in her delicate opera-hood and cape, edged so daintily with white swan's-down. There, near her, stood the red-headed clerk, a pale, pretty, quiet man, with a good figure, and hands like those of a woman. Supper was over, and Lucy sat down, by herself, at one table, while the servants were sitting at another. She helped herself; she would let no one get up. So occupied was she with thought, that she found herself trying to butter her shaving of beef instead of bread. Her mind was full of a new idea. The little seed that had been dropped, found not unfruitful ground: it was slowly swelling, germinating.

It was the first evening, for months, that Mrs. Martin had been away from home. Generally, Lucy had all her evenings to herself, and spent them—recluse fashion—in her little room, where her head almost touched the roof, while pretty Rose held levees in the parlor. Now there was a temptation to occupy the parlor herself, to-night.

"I'll be mistress for once!" she soliloquized. And away she went, up stairs, light-hearted—she hardly knew why—replaced her dress, by the best she had, a lustreless black silk, edged, throat and wrists, as usual, with pure white lace. There, all to herself, she had the full light of two burners, the few exquisite pictures, the grand piano. Should she amuse her imaginary company? The piano-forte was opened. With the first touch came the sweet memories of old. Father and mother were there, and tears brimmed her eyes at the tender thought. As for them, she played the rich harmonies they had loved—and hers was no mean touch. Thorough cultivation she had not; but the rare gift of improvisation was hers—the power to catch the whisperings that others but heard—a power which knows neither faltering nor decay, though the hand may not fall on key or string for years. And it seemed as if they asked her for old songs, and she sang them, not powerfully, but with the intonation of soul passion, with the sweetness of the presence by which she felt herself surrounded. Suddenly a slight rustling sound startled her. She wheeled round, the defiant seat screaming shrilly. Had he just seated himself, or had he been there all the evening? For there, on a lounge, fire in his eye, and a smile on his lip, sat the handsome bachelor. Why should she feel indignant? Any boarder had a right to the parlor, and, in her wild rhapsodies, she had not heard him enter. Her cheek burned—her intent was to leave as soon as possible. But then, why should she?

He had thought her a servant. After all, it was well as it was, and, for her, no mean triumph. She did not think, only felt this. Vanity or not—it was natural.

"I am very fond of music, and you play deliciously," he said, in the most natural manner in the world. She forgot to thank him in her confusion, and essayed to leave her seat.

"Pray, don't get up," he said, coming toward the instrument. His extreme deference pleased her, in the mood she was in, and, before long, they were singing together little, old-fashioned duets, as happy as two children, and almost as thorough acquaintances on as slight acquaintance. And so it happened, as they were talking together, he thought, for the first time, who it was, she mentioning her father's name. All the possible concomitants of her situation flashed upon his mind. It was a curious waking up of the man, soul and body. He had scarce been interested in a woman before. Audaciously he asked her to go to the opera the following evening. She laughed, as she answered, astonished at her own confidence,

"How can I go? I've no opera-cloak—in fact, no fashionable drapery of any kind. My cousin would laugh at me."

"Perhaps so," he answered, dryly. "But let me assure you, for your comfort, that my sister, who often accompanies me to these places, never wears the fripperies—excuse me—that most other women affect; and she, though not a fashionable lady, is a worthy pattern. Come, say you will go."

"Perhaps; I must ask my aunt."

"No, I will save you that trouble; and I am sure of her consent," he said, gravely.

So they shook hands, and said good-night, as if they had been old friends. Lucy threw herself down, in a strange whirl of thought, after she had turned the gas-light. How differently she felt toward this man! She had before sneered at him because he was handsome; now the broad brow and dark, luminous eyes thrilled her at the recollection. He had changed so suddenly, from the misanthrope she had thought him, to the candid, generous, cultivated—though retiring—man. She knew that her aunt had an unusual reverence for him, and that Rose coveted his wealth. In the midst of her musings, Rose and her mother entered. They seemed surprised to see Lucy sitting up, attired in her best.

"Oh! Lute, I'm so glad you're here; for you can help me undress!" said Rose, almost petulantly. "I am tired to death. I always do get tired of that most abominable squalling

before it is half through. Come, let us go up stairs."

And Lucy followed her patiently, even helped her, with a smile on her lip. She tried to think herself submissive, but a certain manly face had something to do with it.

It was about four, the next day, that Mrs. Martin summoned Lucy to her room. Inflamed eyes and disturbed visage told the girl what to expect. She half-recoiled.

Indeed, when the first unwomanly epithet fell upon her ear, she was stung almost to madness.

"Lucy Martin, you are a scheming, unprincipled girl, and I wish I had never seen you."

"What do you mean, madam?" cried Lucy, fiercely.

"I mean that you have wheedled Mr. Wellessly into asking you, out of pity, to the opera, to-night," she sneered. "He has just been here and told me."

"Then Mr. Wellessly must come here again and tell the truth;" and Lucy turned toward the door. But her aunt stood with her back against it, shaking with rage and disappointment. Her Rose slighted, and this poor, homely dependent favored. She was like a tigress for a few moments. Finally, Lucy even pitied her, she betrayed so much, in that furious interview. The calm presence of the thought, fastened upon her mind by the poor laundress, sustained her. She waited for the lull in this tempest of words, which came at last.

"Aunt, I am sorry to see all this," she said, calmly. "I shall not go to the opera to-night, and I shall tell Mr. Wellessly the reason why. To-morrow I will leave your house. I know

not where to go, but God will provide the poor orphan with a home!"

"Yes, you are not satisfied, but now you want to ruin me with your softness and deceit," said her aunt, hoarsely. Lucy was astonished, but held her anger down. Then she learned that the woman before her was indebted to Mr. Wellessly—that his help had kept her above water, and that this disclosure would, of course, put an end to everything. Her rage exhausted, the poor woman began to cry, and, strangely enough, ended with begging Lucy to go to the opera, and to keep silence with regard to this interview.

Of Rose's chagrin I will say nothing. For a year she had been using every artifice, aided by her mother, to gain the heart of the rich bachelor. He would as soon have thought of wedding a London wax-doll.

To prolong my story would be tedious. Lucy went to the opera, and came home to find her position totally changed. Mrs. Martin was the blindest of aunts; Rose, though silent, was civil. "My niece" became a person of importance, whose good graces it would be well to retain, if she should ever marry Mr. Wellessly. She did marry him, and found herself lifted from a position of dependence and humility to a station as an honorable man's wife, far above her wildest desires. Riches she had not coveted, but they were hers in abundance. Her first gift was the deed of a little house, which her husband placed at her disposal, to her kind old adviser, Brooks, who has never had to go out to a day's work since.

Rose still flutters around the candle-matrimonial, but gets only an occasional sinage.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Bright gleam the golden stars treading the blue,
Round the white moon lifts her glory to view;
Down in the East the faint light of day
Dies in its red flush softly away;
Pearl-clear the snow-robe spread o'er the world,
Whitening the trees which the frost has empearled.

Glistens the road down the misty white track,
Winding by river and ice cataract—
Over the hill, and away through the glen,
Past the pine forest—past "Demon's Den"—
Crossing the intervals, meadow, and farm,
Down to the shore of the black-loomed tarn.

Bring up the courser—hang on the bells,
Hurrah! for a sleigh-ride o'er uplands and dells!
In 'mid the fur robes—slacken the rein—

Away like the wind o'er the hard-trodden plain!
Oh, Fate! grant us wings, as thy blessedest boon—
And we're off like the flight of the desert simoom!

Steed! jingle the bells, toss the rich flowing mane!
And lift thy proud head to the sky's ether fane!
On over the piled drifts like lightning-winged light—
Up, up the steep hills like deer in a fright—
Right merrily onward, and onward we go!
Ye gods! there is naught will compare with the snow!

Sing of the divans of velvet and gold,
And of the silk curtains by splendor unrolled,
Of rare tropic forests, and soft crimson light,
But give me the stars of a clear Winter night!
With a charger as fleet as the winged bird of Jove,
And away to the winds e'en the sweet spell of Love!

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72.

CHAPTER II.

THREE or four days passed, and the rectory was getting quiet again after the disturbance made by the Duke of Buckingham's visit. That nobleman was at the castle whose battlements rose within sight, for the great flag was still waving from its highest tower; and the rector could, sometimes, hear blasts of a hunting-horn sounding through the woods, that made him start from the pages he was studying in vague wonder.

On the fifth day after that memorable visit, the good man was sitting alone in the little room which we have once described as looking out upon the orchard. The trees were all in full blossom, and their perfume filled the little room with a freshness that made your very breath a luxury. The grass was all wet, for the night dew had come down like a shower, and every pink bud had a liquid diamond melting through its leaves. The rector lifted his eyes from the book which lay open before him on the breakfast-table, and cast a loving glance over the orchard and the fragment of ruins that rose between it and the blue sky. It was a scene with which no poetic mind could ever become too familiar; the soft fleeciness of the mosses; the gray ruins with their rich sculpture; the grass so vividly green, changed with every fresh burst of sunshine or floating shadow, were objects so full of peaceful beauty that the student forgot his books while looking at it.

An old woman came into the room once or twice and made an effort to remove the breakfast-service from the table, but the rector lifted his hand, disturbed by her movement, and, with a disdainful motion of the head, she went away muttering audibly.

Then a young man crossed the sward under the window, with a matchlock in his hands, and a hunting-pouch cast over his shoulder, the broad, red band of which filled the student's eyes with wonder.

"Why, Randal, Randal, what have we there?" he cried, rising from the table and leaning from the window. "Fire-arms in my orchard! What means it? What means it, I say?"

The young man checked his speed very unwillingly, and came close to the window.

"Oh! you are frightened by the gun; don't turn pale, uncle, it will never hurt you. See, I have just been loading it from this flask; almost a handful of powder have I put into the pan. Would you see it go off?"

"Go off! heaven forefend! But where did you get this fine match-lock, lad, with the flask and that red belt? They are enough to frighten all the birds from my orchard!"

"Get them? Oh! they were a gift, uncle!"

"A gift, and from whom?"

"Do not frown, uncle; Oliver does enough of that. It was the duke who gave them to me."

"The duke?"

"Yes, uncle, the Duke of Buckingham!"

"And where did you see him, Randal?"

"In the forest where he hunts every day, with such a train. Oh! uncle, if you would but lend me the gray horse just for once!"

"The gray horse, and what for?"

"Oh! I should so like to ride in the duke's train. No one can tell the haunts of a wild boar so well. I said as much to his grace."

"You did, forward boy!"

"He told me to come up yonder to the castle and his people should fit me with a horse. Then he bade one of his followers, a fine popinjay of a fellow, take the gun from his saddle, and the belt from across his bosom. The fellow blushed and frowned; but what care I? The duke only laughed, and bade me keep the things; and so I will. Oh! uncle, if you would let me have one pop at the old rook's nest in the big elm tree!"

"What—what, fire at my rooks? Boy, are you distraught?"

"Wouldn't the old bird be astonished," cried the youth, patting the stock of his gun, and looking up at the birds, as they wheeled over his head, with the glance of a mischievous cat. Oh! uncle, do give me one bang. I'll get double lessons in Latin, if you will!"

"Tush! boy."

"No, it's not tush! What is the use in having a gun all mounted with silver and ready to roar

like a lion, if it isn't to be used? If you don't let me pepper the old rook, I'll go and blaze away in the orchard. That old Druid font will make a capital mark!"

"What, fire at the font, sacrilegious boy?"

"Well, then at the old chapel window!"

The rector held up both white hands in horror of the thought.

"Well, then I'll go down to the forest and find a hedge-hog, or something in that line."

At another time the rector might have protested against this also; but he had been so terrified about the old birds which had circled around his chimney ever since he was a child, and the precious Druid remains, to care much for what might chance in the woods. So he was about to withdraw from the window, when Bessie Westburn came running down the orchard path, all in a glow of excitement. Her eyes danced, her mouth dimpled, and her hair flew out in a whirlwind of golden curls, taking a sweet scent from the apple-blossoms as she fled under them.

"Oh! father, he has come again. On a lovely black horse that shines like velvet, with gold on his bridle and on his housings, and gold spurs on his heels, and a long white feather streaming out from his cap, like handfuls of snow. Then he's handsome, and such crowds of young gentlemen, every one a lord, I'm sure; and he's been out hunting, for a man rode behind him with a game net full of birds, and across one of the horses is a deer, with its poor head hanging down, and drops of blood trickling from its nose, I declare it's enough to make one cry. Here they come—here they come. How I wish the wind would keep out of my hair!"

The fair young creature began gathering up her tresses, with a graceful effort to bring them into order. But it was useless. The golden spray would curl itself out of her grasp, and she only made herself more picturesque and lovely than ever—for all the fresh apple-blossoms seemed to have settled in her cheeks.

This was the object that struck Buckingham's eye, as he came riding up from the forest and halted before the rector's window. With a motion of the hand, which no one saw but the young girl, he waved her a kiss from his perfumed hunting-gloves, at which the glow of blossoms spread all over her lovely face, and turned into deep crimson on her neck and forehead.

The duke saw the effect of his audacious galantry, and at once attempted to draw the attention of his followers from her blushes.

"Come hither!" he cried, urging his horse

till it began to curvet around the animals which carried the game. "Search the net here, and take out a dozen of the plumpest birds. This buck, my friend, is the finest it has been my good fortune to worry for many a day; so my people shall carry it to your kitchen, if you will."

The rector had hardly recovered his surprise at the sudden appearance of so many persons upon his lawn, but he received the gift with that gentle gratitude which so few people know how to express gracefully, and the game was carried, with some confusion, into the kitchen.

Here Dame Furgoson received it, with her coif bending low over her aquiline features, and her hand upon the kitchen-dresser, against which she rested as the old Queen Elizabeth might have leaned upon her throne-chair. It had been many a long day since the ancient dame had seen her master's larder so well supplied.

"Lay the buck down yonder upon the threshold-stone," she said. "See you not the blood is yet oozing from his mouth? As to the birds, bring them in hither, that I may count them in pairs, and hang them up for use. There is two dozen of partridges, with their crops full of wild berries, quails without counting, and scores of smaller birds that it would be sin in a lesser man to kill. Shall you take them back? Nay, nay, that were to flout your gracious master's gift. Besides, do ye think we have no retainers in the house, that a net full of birds is too bountiful a provender? This is pretty talk. I warrant me, there will not be a feather left when his grace comes again."

The old dame bore herself so proudly, and received her supplies with such indifference, that the pampered menials looked at each other in amazement. She might have been house-keeper to Queen Bess, by the royal fashion in which she accepted favors.

When the men had laid down their burden, and left the kitchen, the old woman fell upon her knees, and began to examine the game with eager curiosity.

"Plump, sound, with crops stuffed like pin-cushions, and enough to last the household a fortnight!" she exclaimed. "This is something like, after eating up every mouthful in the house, till my poor master was forced to content himself on oaten cakes and a cup of milk. It is but just that this duke should fill the larder once more; and he has done it after a right princely fashion. I hope his flunkies did not guess how much it was needed, or how glad I was to see them come in by twos and threes.

These pretty little creatures I will have spitted and made savory for the young ladies. I hope, though, his handsome grace will not offer to come and help eat them; for I counted the wine-bottles, only yesterday, and they were getting low in the bin. It is wonderful how such things dwindle away when there is no furnishing——”

The old woman sprang to her feet with a violence that almost shook the coif from her head.

“What is that? A gun close to my master’s house? Why, the very bricks in the chimney tremble, and, mercy! how the soot comes down! Is it master these bad court people have shot? Is it——”

She darted toward the study-door and looked in, her old features white as parchment, and her very lips blue with affright.

The rector was quite safe, and stood by the window, leaning gently out. She saw a group of men outside, lounging on the grass. Part of the duke’s retainers had departed, taking hounds and sumpter-horses with them. Only half a dozen high-born cavaliers, proud to be in this man’s service, though lordly masters elsewhere, remained behind; but they did not venture to follow him into the house. One, a handsome young lordling of recent promotion, had taken the liberty of casting his eyes on Bessie, as she stood watching the men, while they removed the game.

Buckingham caught the glance, and touched the youth with the tip of his insolent finger.

“Turn your eyes another way, my young friend,” he whispered. “When Buckingham deigns to admire, it is wise to be blind.”

The youth flashed a proud glance from his eyes, and his lips curved for a saucy reply; but the duke tapped him on the shoulder.

“Tut, tut, man! Those who serve Buckingham have neither eyes nor ears of their own.”

“But, one of his servitors has a tongue and a strong arm,” muttered the youth, bitterly, while his cheeks flamed red, and his eyes flashed. “The heir of an earldom is not quite a menial, as this proud duke may learn.”

Dame Furgoson stood clinging to the study-door, and, in all her fright, she saw Bessie stand close to the group of young men, with the wind sifting perfume through her hair. It struck the old woman as unseemly, and, darting away around an angle of the house, she came upon the young girl in the midst of her unconscious curiosity.

“Mistress Bessie, come in—come in, I say. I wonder you do not blush like a winter-

apple, with all these young gallants looking on ye!”

“Are they—did they look? I never thought of it!” cried the unconscious girl, drawing her mantle, made of some thin stuff, over her neck, which was now blushing vividly enough. “Oh! yes, take me in through the kitchen, Furgoson. *He* has gone to my father by the other way.”

“Come then,” said the old woman, a little mollified by this evident readiness to escape so many admiring eyes; “there is plenty to do in overlooking the maids.”

Bessie went in willingly. Poor child! she had not of her own forethought placed herself before so many reckless court gallants, let them think of her as they might. When Furgoson reached the kitchen, her mind reverted back to the gun which had startled her. It must have been fired near the chimney, for a storm of soot had come rattling down its wide mouth and settled over the heap of birds thrown on the hearth.

“This is a pretty sight!” cried the house-keeper, lifting her hands in dismay. “Do these people mean to knock the chimney about our ears?”

While she spoke, the outer door was thrust cautiously open, and Randal appeared in the opening, his face blackened with powder, and a great crimson bruise on his cheek. In one hand he held the matchlock, in the other, with its limp head dragging on the floor, he carried a great black bird, whose jetty bosom was dashed with blood.

“Here, Furgoson,” he said, meekly. “I knew that all these guests must put you about terribly; so I have shot a fine bird for the larder. Dress it with sage and sweet herbs, and say nothing to my uncle, if you please. I don’t want him to thank me, you know.”

“What’s this?” exclaimed Furgoson, holding up the great black bird, with a look of disdainful surprise. “Randal Westburn, as true as I’m a miserable sinner, you have shot one of master’s rooks!”

“But it’s game; it’s good to eat, you know!” pleaded Randal, desperately.

“I tell you it’s a rook—an old rook—one of them that built in the high elm over the chimney!”

“I know it, Furgoson. He was just wheeling up from his nest, the old Turk. You never saw such a mark—never in your life! Such a broad-breasted fellow! I couldn’t have helped shooting him, not if you’d made me king! But, make haste, and spit him, dear old Furgoson. I shan’t breathe, really, till he’s simmering.”

"But it's a rook—my master's own rook!" cried the old woman, in sore dismay. "What will he do?"

"He'll never know, Furgoson. You only help me out, and who'll be the wiser! Just strip his feathers off, and stuff him out. You've no idea what a full-breasted animal he is! Cut his neck short, and take off his great pokey feet; I'll bury 'em in the orchard."

"But, he's tough as leather."

"Never mind that, Furgoson! Uncle will never know the difference. Come, what's the good of waiting?"

"I can't do it, Master Randal. Don't persuade me into such wickedness; it's of no use. I wouldn't impose on your reverend uncle so for the world."

"Then you'll turn traitor and tell? That's what it comes to when one trusts an old friend!"

The old woman drew herself up, and settled the coif on her head in a stern fashion.

"I'm no traitor, Master Randal. But you're very like one, to go about shooting the master's favorite birds that he's seen go to nest every night since you were born."

"Yes," said Randal, penitently, "I do begin to feel like a traitor, especially about the chimney!"

"The chimney—true enough; I'd forgot that. See this pile of soot."

"I see, Furgoson, and it makes me feel bad enough. I only wonder the old bricks didn't come tumbling down on your head. I thought I was aiming at the bird—and so I was, for he's dead like Julius Cæsar—but he only got a handful or so, the rest went thundering against the chimney. I thought the whole house was coming down. Do you happen to know if uncle heard it?"

"I know nothing about it," answered Furgoson, curtly.

"And you won't cook the bird?"

"No, I won't."

"And you'll tell?"

"No, I won't."

"That's a nice old soul! Well, I dare say he might be a little tough. One couldn't bury him under all this heap of game, and say the duke shot him. No! you think it wouldn't be honorable?"

Here Bessie came forward. She had got over blushing for her own misconduct, and could feel compassion for her cousin.

"How did you come to shoot the poor, old rogue?" she said, half-frightened, half-smiling.

"I couldn't help it, Bess! If you'd only

known how my fingers quivered about that gun lock, how my heart jumped into my mouth at the very sight of a bird; then this old soldier was so impudent, coming right over my head, cawing, cawing, just as much as to say, Bang at me if you dare. I hadn't the strength to stand it, Elizabeth Westburn; I give you my word of honor I hadn't."

"But what's to be done now?" inquired Bessie, glancing at Furgoson. "It would break father's heart—he must not know it."

"Oh! he'll never miss this one, unless the rest keep up the abominable chatter they fell into when I brought him down. Look here, Bess, wasn't it a beautiful shot?"

"What a great hole! how you tore his feathers!" exclaimed Bessie, examining a great wound in the breast.

"Oh! that was the force of the gun, a famous piece—just look at my cheek. It takes a gun worth while to go off like that, both ends at once, crash here, crash there, bringing down a chimney in the middle."

"But what are we to do with the rook? What if father were to open the door?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Randal.

"Now that Furgoson is to be depended on it's all safe. You shall just huddle the bird up in your mantle and hurry him out into the orchard. I'll go search the out-houses for a mattock, and we'll bury him in the ruins. Cover up the place with moss, and who'll be the wiser?"

"That is the only wise thing you've said this morning," muttered the old woman, casting her own dark mantle over Bessie's pretty shoulders.

"There, now, take the poor martyr and bury him out of sight, while I clear up the hearth."

Bessie hid the bird under her mantle, while Randal prepared to go for the means of burying him.

"Perhaps I'd better take my gun along," he said, reluctant to part with his precious weapon. "Furgoson might be examining it, or something."

"You just leave the instrument where it is," spoke up the old woman, with peremptory authority. "The next thing you'll be shooting Miss Bessie there."

"No," answered Randal, thoughtfully, "I don't think I should; but then the temptation to bang away is something awful! Perhaps I'd better leave it."

Bessie herself seemed more at ease when the decision was made; and the two cousins stole off to the ruins, bearing Randal's victim with them.

Meantime the Duke of Buckingham had made his way into the rector's study. Something more than mere gallantry, or a generous wish to make a present of game, had brought him to that lovely spot a second time. The first great cause of contention, which ended in the ruin of King Charles, was making a commotion throughout all England. The right of acting independent of parliament, of gathering revenue and levying forced loans on his subjects, had been freely discussed, so freely that Charles and his favorite Buckingham had found it needful to enlist the clergy of the prevailing church into the argument, and thus every pulpit in the land was indirectly converted into a political engine, which proved a two-edged sword in the hands of its inventors; for if it became the fashion to laud the king and his works in one class of pulpits, the dissenters and Puritans were equally vehement in their denunciations and abuse of measures which had justly nothing whatever to do with religion.

The rector of Knowl-Ash had kept aloof from all these agitating questions. His duties lay in a rich, but isolated portion of the country, where the tax-gatherer had not yet penetrated, and the divine right of kings was admitted almost without limitation. A few stern malcontents, it is true, might be found even in that lonely section of country; but they were few, and as yet the opposition had taken no definite form. Thus, as I have said, the neighborhood of Knowl-Ash was in a state of tranquillity when the Duke of Buckingham, King Charles' prime favorite, came down to take possession of the princely domain with which the king had just endowed him. Hitherto the castle and its lands had belonged to the crown, and composed one of those hunting forests which subsequent centuries have sub-divided into fruitful farms, making the amusement of one man a means of support to many.

At this time, Charles had been long striving to live without a parliament, or act in defiance of it, and the means he was compelled to use found their natural results in wide-spread dissatisfaction among his people. Perhaps on the day Buckingham arrived at Knowl-Ash, he was the most feared and the most unpopular man in England. Wherever he went oppression and discontent followed; but haughty, arrogant, and self-willed, he carried his own imperative wishes in defiance of everything, increasing his royal master's unpopularity without a regret, and hurrying the whole country on to inevitable ruin with reckless unconcern.

He had come to Knowl-Ash to take posses-

sion of his new estate, and to set the machinery in motion which was to wring gold from the poor people of the district. Already had he quietly begun to appoint tax-gatherers; and many of the gay young men who composed his suite were intended to be useful in reconciling the people of the district to extortions which had caused so much discontent in other places. It was this deep scheme which brought Buckingham, with the fruits of his hunt in the royal forest that day, to Knowl-Ash. If other motives led him there, they were scarcely defined in his own thoughts; but he was a man who mingled political intrigue so dexterously with social indulgence, that at any time it would have been difficult to judge him by ordinary rules, either as a politician or a man.

Buckingham had expressed a wish to ride home alone later in the day. So, after a little time, his followers wandered off: some riding toward the castle, others amusing themselves by a second run after the hounds, whose eager baying might now and then be heard in the heart of the woods.

The rector, seeing his guests about to depart, had gone back to his easy-chair and his book, drawing a deep breath of relief when he found himself alone. The gentle noise made by Buckingham, in opening the door, was not sufficient to disturb him; so he remained with bent head leaning over his book, till the duke purposely stood between him and the light.

The rector looked up. A furtive smile wandered over his lip, and he muttered dreamily, "Not gone yet? I thought every one had gone."

"No," said the duke, seating himself and drawing close to the rector. "I sent my people away that you and I might talk in quiet; to-day I had despatches from the king."

The rector bent his head reverently. "God bless the king!"

The exclamation was full of pathetic sincerity, it came from the good man's heart. Next to his God he did most truly love King Charles. In his conscience he solemnly believed that all he had, or might have, belonged to his sovereign, if he chose to exact it. This good divine was a gentle, sincere, honest man, humble as a child, made up of reverence and simple truth. To him the divine rights of sovereignty were unquestioned and unquestionable, and, with all his faults, Charles the First was a man who might have rendered such devotion excusable.

Then the duke, with more crafty eloquence than was needful with the man, came to the subject of his visit. The king wanted money,

was compelled to levy taxes, and the clergy of the district would be expected to throw all its influence into the royal cause. The rector of Knowl-Ash being a leading divine in the district, and a man looked up to with consideration by the people, might be of great service to the king in his difficulties. Nay, Charles had himself spoken to the duke of this very person as a sure and powerful friend to the royal cause.

This crafty falsehood had its effect even with so pure a man as the rector. His true heart glowed with pleasure at the bare thought of his humble name being known to the king; but it was not needful to the duke's design. With all the powers of his body and his mind, the good man was ready, nay, eager to aid his sovereign, whose rights were, in fact, a portion of his own divine belief.

Thus with his task made easy, the duke spent but little time in arranging the means by which his master's interests might be advanced, and having only an amateur's interest in the great black letter folio that cumbered the room, he took leave, making an adroit excuse to come again.

As he went forth, Buckingham cast many a bright glance around the rooms and quaint passages, hoping, perhaps, to discover stately Barbara or pretty Bess lingering in the path of his notice. But no, the house was profoundly quiet, and he met nothing more interesting than the antique serving-man, who opened the door with clumsy reverence, and stood upon the threshold bowing him out.

By his orders the attendants, who were to accompany him on his ride to the castle, had withdrawn with their horses to the highway; and in order to reach them he was compelled to cross the orchard and pass through the ruins, a beautiful walk at all times, but now rendered heavenly by clouds of blossoms and light exhalations of morning dew, that were half-perfume, half-mist.

The duke strode along the footpath, keeping in the center to protect his russet-leather boots from the drops that rained down from the untrodden grass when brushed against. Thus he went, picking his way daintily with his head a little bent, till a diamond ornament that held the white feather to his cap caught the twigs of a drooping bough, and down came a shower of drops and pink leaves upon the rich velvet of his dress; while the cap, with its diamonds and its snowy feather, took a flight upward with the recoiling branch, leaving his long curls in the wind.

An oath, softly smothered in French, broke

from the favorite, and, in his petty rage, he stamped the red heel of his boot firmly into the earth. His angry outburst was answered by shouts of wild, silvery laughter that made the blossoms tremble again, and, from behind a fragment of the ruins, Bessie Westburn came out, with a glow of fun upon her face that made the duke smile spite of himself.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in childish delight. "What a flutter it made going up through the leaves! And you can't reach it! Oh! Randal, Randal, his cap has got out of reach, and there is the feather, fluttering, fluttering like a white bird! Come, get it down. Don't you see how the drops are falling on his grace? Come, I say."

But Randal did not hear, or would not come, and the white feather still fluttered, just out of reach. The duke made an effort to bring it down, but only succeeded in deluging himself with a fresh shower of moist petals.

Bessie called again for Randal, but, receiving no response, sprang up a fragment of the ruined wall that shot out toward the tree, and, with a light leap, dashed at the cap and brought it down, half-burying herself in the grass as she swung herself to the earth again.

"There it is, my lord duke!" she cried, smoothing the plume with her hand. "Just a drop or two here and there, to prove our apple-trees can make themselves brave with jewels as the king's friend. But they'll soon be gone, and so shall I; for Randal hasn't half-buried the rook yet."

"Not yet, pretty one, not yet!" cried the duke, settling the cap on his head, and smoothing down his curls with a caressing hand. "First let me thank you."

"Oh! no, no, I want not thanks from any one—least of all from your highness."

"Indeed! And why not from me?"

"Oh! it makes me feel so foolish to have a tall, splendid lord, that is almost a king, thanking a little bit of a maiden like me, as if I really were somebody!"

"And so you are, sweet child. One of the most beautiful little souls in the world!"

"Am I? But, then, what's the use? No one ever found it out but your highness. Besides, you are laughing at me; I see it in your eyes."

"No, I am only admiring you with all my senses."

"Oh! how I wish Oliver could hear you!"

"And who is Oliver, pray? Your sweet-heart?"

"My sweet-heart? No, indeed. But he's Barbara's."

"Your sister's? Now I remember. It was the young man who was with her by the road that night—as black-browed a churl as I ever saw."

"Isn't he?" said Bess, confidentially. "And so cross-grained! I'd like to have anybody call me beautiful before him, or Barbara, either, for that matter."

"Why, what is your beauty to him? Is the fellow a Turk, to monopolize a whole household?"

"A Turk? That's some sort of a heathen. No, he isn't that; at any rate, not quite yet, though he has taken to praying in all sorts of out-of-way places."

"Ha!"

"And exhorting!"

"Indeed! What is the young man's name?"

"Oliver. Haven't I told you?"

"But he has another name?"

"Oh! yes. Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell."

"I shall remember it," said the duke, with a smile that Bessie did not quite like.

"No, don't," she whispered, "if it will do him any harm; for Barbara loves—that is, he is an old, old friend of ours, and I like him very much."

"Another reason why he will be remembered!"

Bessie looked in his face wonderingly. It was dark and frowning. Two upright lines had gathered between his eyes, and they had filled with sinister light. So pampered and selfish had this man become, that he could not brook the idea of another person possessing rights, even when they did not interfere with himself. As for caprices, he could tolerate them in no one.

"Where is your sister Barbara?" he questioned. "She did not appear, while I was with her father."

"No, she is in her room. Oliver don't like her to be roaming about the house when court gallants are visiting it."

"So he forbade her to appear?"

"Forbade? Nay, sister Barbara has a will of her own; I can tell you that."

"Still, she obeys this rude churl?"

"Does she? I don't know."

Bessie was a bright little creature, and felt on the moment that she was disturbing deep waters; so she took refuge in her childishness again.

"Dear me!" was her pretty exclamation.

"If I haven't been standing in your highness' path all this time!"

She stood aside demurely, treading down

the daisies, that he might have room to move on.

"So have the sunbeams, my merry damsel," he answered, laughing the clouds from his face.

"See, you have spoiled a pair of shoes in our service. I will send you another set from the court, more worthy those dainty feet."

Bessie looked at her country-made shoes with uncouth heels, and silver buckles.

"A little wetting does not harm them," she said, innocently.

"Still, a foot like that should be clad in silk. It would kill the young queen with envy."

"You are laughing at me because I am country-bred," answered Bessie, flushing up.

"Were I standing before the queen, this minute, she would not deign to look at me."

Buckingham laughed.

"Perhaps not. Pretty women are not exactly calculated to render her majesty gracious, and she seldom likes that which Buckingham admires. But I shall make this Reynolds, who will not obey your call, jealous."

Bessie began to laugh.

"Reynolds! My cousin's name is Randal."

"Ah, ha! he is your cousin, then! What kind of a lad is he?"

"Your grace should know, inasmuch as it was but this morning you gave him a match-lock, all bestrewn with silver flowers, with which he has just shot our oldest rook, and half battered down the kitchen chimney."

"What—ho, ho! this is too comical!—and was the young man your cousin? I had sooner thought the gun would have knocked him down than the chimney."

"And so it did almost."

"Ha, ha, ha! Tell him to come over to the castle, and he shall have a horse to match the gun."

"Shall I tell Randal this in fair sooth?"

"In fair sooth, yes. Now, pretty one, I must be gone."

He made a step forward, lifted her suddenly, with both hands, to a level with his face, and kissed her on the mouth, laughing all the time. She struggled a little, blushed vehemently, and, when he set her down, clenched both hands, drawing her breath sharply, as if the kiss had wounded her.

"He should not do that, if he were the king himself!" she cried, tears of angry shame flashing into her eyes. "I wonder how he dares! What, if Randal had seen him! What——"

She stopped suddenly, and drew in her breath. Buckingham had returned when half-way to the road.

"Have I made you angry?" he said, reaching forth his hand, with a smile which many a wiser woman could not have resisted.

She put both hands behind her; and a tear flashed to her burning cheek.

"Yes, you have!"

"And you will not forgive?"

Bessie shook her head, and strove hard to keep from smiling.

"So beautiful, and so malicious!" he persisted.

"I am not malicious! Only—only——"

"Only vexed—annoyed!"

"Yes, that is it."

"And I am very penitent."

Bessie looked at him through her angry tears. His face was grave, his eyes a little troubled. The young creature began to pity him.

"I—I am not angry, that is, not very angry."

"Which should only make me hate myself the more!"

"That is hard."

"Not so hard as your displeasure."

"Oh! I have a terrible temper; everybody at home says that!"

"They slander you. It is I that have been rash; yet you are not implacable."

"Oh! but I am!"

"What, with those dimples coming back?"

"I can't help that! If one's dimples will come crowding up in the wrong moment, it isn't in human nature to keep them back. Still one can be very angry for all that."

"Then I must go away knowing that you hate me?"

She looked at him earnestly, held out her hand, and smiled a demure, little smile.

"Good-by, your highness; your people will be impatient."

"And so shall I till we meet again."

He looked at her with well assumed sadness, bowed low and went away, casting reproachful glances behind. The girl followed him with her eyes till the wave of his white plume could no longer be seen. Then she sat down on a fragment of the ruin and fell into thought. What was the court like which sent forth such splendid specimens of manhood? What must the king be when his courtiers seemed almost superhuman? Could it be possible that she, simple Elizabeth Westburn, had talked familiarly with the great favorite, smiled in his face, nay—— The next thought covered her with blushes; she buried her face in both hands, reviling herself with impatient words. Then she started up and plunged into the ruins, where she found Randal on his knees, laying turf on

a little heap of brown earth that he had been carefully leveling.

"There, that sin is covered up," he said, patting down the turf with both hands. "I only hope his old ghost won't come out and perch itself on the chimney. My heart would go down like a stone with the first caw!"

"Come away—come away, Randal," said Bessie. "I begin to think it isn't good for us to be so much among the ruins. It seems to me as if you and I had been committing murder!"

"Murder! there it is. I hope shooting a rook doesn't strike you in that light, Bessie; if it does, the thing is sure to come out."

"I was not thinking of the rook," answered Bessie, dejectedly.

"Not thinking of him?"

"Why didn't you come when I called, Randal?" Bessie demanded, sitting wearily down.

"I thought it was my uncle coming across the orchard, and so walked off toward the house. But there he sat in the study, reading, and I took a roundabout way to the ruins again. Who was it you were talking with, Bess?"

Bessie gave an impatient movement of the head, but made no answer. Poor child! she was burying her secret also.

Meantime the Duke of Buckingham went laughing down to the high-road, where a handful of his followers were waiting for him. He gave no explanation of his prolonged absence; but mounted his horse in high spirits, and was about putting him to a sharp speed, when a sound very unusual in those parts struck his ear. He bent his head and listened; the low, heavy rumbling of wheels and a confused clatter of hoofs grew more and more distinct.

"It is a carriage," he muttered, "with outriders. What can this mean?"

Drawing up in the middle of the road, he waited with his eyes keenly fixed on a cloud of dust that came rolling round a shoulder of the hill which shut out a distant view. Surely it was a carriage, ponderously splendid, like the one he had himself brought down to the country. Postillions and outriders broke from the dust, and in the confusion Buckingham caught a glimpse of his own colors worn by the outriders. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed forward to meet the carriage. It came to a sudden halt, which threw half the horses on their haunches, and made the trappings rattle like a hail-storm.

Buckingham rode up to the side of the quaking vehicle. One of the leathern curtains was uplifted, and the face of a beautiful woman looked out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"This war!" said Mr. Holmes, with a partly affected, and a partly real impatience. "It will never cease demanding; it will rob us of everything. Increased taxation, increased prices—lessening incomes—contributions here, and contributions there. Nothing will be left of us in the end!"

"If the nation's life is saved, the cost will not be too dear," was answered. "All that a man hath, will he give for his life. All that the people have, will they give to save this nation."

"I have not held back, so far, Mr. Browning." There was a tone of self-approval—something a little boastful—about Mr. Holmes. "No one can say that I have refused to contribute my share. How much do you suppose I have given to the Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, during the past year?"

The person with whom he was conversing—we have called him Mr. Browning—shook his head, saying, "I can't imagine."

"You'd hardly credit the sum. Six hundred dollars! Yes, six hundred dollars! That's what I've given in this direction alone. It costs just about a hundred dollars to give a meal to one regiment of a thousand men. So, you see, I've fed six thousand brave soldiers on their way through our city. That's something toward helping the country."

"You have done nobly in this," said Mr. Browning. "If all would, but do as well, according to their means."

"Yes, if all would do as well," responded Mr. Holmes. "But all won't do as well. I'm not taking merit to myself. I've only done my duty. When the state is in danger, every true citizen will spring to the rescue."

And Mr. Holmes leaned back in his chair, the image of dignified self-approval.

"Then there is the 'bounty fund,'" remarked one of the little group who were conversing. "If there was nothing besides feeding the soldiers, on their way through, this would be a light matter."

"Light as a feather!" broke in Mr. Holmes. "Yes, there is the 'bounty fund,' as you say. Well, I've done my part in that direction also. The time was when we put our names to sub-

scription papers to the tune of twenties and fifties, and thought it liberal. But, a change has come o'er the spirit of our dream. We must go up to the hundreds now. The public know what I have contributed to the 'bounty fund;' for the committee is garrulous."

"Yes; I saw your name down for five hundred dollars."

"As I was saying, we are up to the hundreds now," resumed Mr. Holmes. "But I am not the one to finch or make wry faces. I decided on the amount at once, and sent a check to the committee. I like money as well as any of my neighbors; and I have reason to do so, for I worked hard enough to get it. But what will our money be worth if this accursed rebellion should prevail? If our country is lost, what of the people?"

"True enough, Mr. Holmes—what of the people? To save this government, is worth the sacrifice of every dollar we possess," with a faint, involuntary sigh.

"And I sometimes fear," replied the other, "that it will take the last dollar. I was counting up, only to-day, what it has cost me in actual gifts of money, to say nothing of losses in business and depreciated values. The sum almost frightened me. Four thousand dollars! It's true. I am not speaking boastfully—I don't take merit to myself. I only declare the fact. Hundreds and thousands around me are doing as much, or more. Treasure is being poured out like water."

"And blood!" said a low, clear voice, that penetrated like a sword. The speaker was a woman. She had been a silent listener.

"Yes, and blood!" answered Mr. Holmes. It was but an echo, faint and failing.

"Which is more precious than gold." The voice was still low and clear, cutting down to conviction like the thrust of a sword. "And life," added the speaker. Her calmness failed. There was a throb in her voice. She arose, with a quiet, repressed manner, and went from the room.

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Holmes, with a shame-look on his face.

"Her name is Edgar."

"Not the widow of Capt. Edgar?"

"Yes."

He dropped his eyes. A shadow crept over his face.

"More precious than gold!" he said, looking up after a few moments. "Yes, yes. And what a rebuke! I, boastfully talking, in her presence, of my golden offerings, when she had given blood and life, in her brave, heroic husband! Gold and treasure may come back again, but not so blood and life."

"She has given gold and treasure as well as life," said one. "In losing her husband, she has lost all. There were few truer, kinder, better men than Capt. Edgar. While he lived,

the world's rough places were smooth for her feet; and if he had been spared, they would have been kept smooth. But, as I have said, in his loss she has lost all; and now her hands, unused to labor, are reaching out, and searching for the means of self-support."

"Has she children?"

"Two."

"Widowed—fatherless!"

"And poor."

A long silence followed. In breaking it, the subject was not renewed; nor was there any more parade of money-contribution and sacrifice for the war.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

How often, as the shadows fell
O'er Winter's stormy day,
And some forgotten grief resumed
Its old accustomed way—
A well-known ring, a merry voice
Would break the dull repose,
And, laughingly, we brushed away
The snow-flakes from your clothes.

And even the cheerful fire grew
More radiant for your face,
And yours was still the softest chair,
And still the warmest place;
And when, around the social board,
Mirth winged the speeding hours,
Earth could not find, in all its space,
Two happier hearts than ours.

But years have passed away since then,
And brought us bitter pain,
And they have laid you in the grave,
Earth's bright dreams dreamed in vain.

Tears, burning tears, well to my eyes,
And fall upon the page,
Yet why should you have striven with life,
Unequal war to wage?

Too gentle, generous, easily grieved,
To struggle ever more
With hardness, envy, bitterness,
And foes a thousand scored
I left a kiss upon your brow,
A white rose on your bier,
And said to God, in silent prayer,
"Tis well to slumber here!"

I wiped away each sign of grief—
Who cared or thought of me?
But hope's sweet strains since then have lost
Their harmony for me.
And starry eve will turn to day,
And day to starry eve—
And time itself for me must end
Ere I shall cease to grieve.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY GRACE GORDON.

'Tis evening, bright, and beautiful,
In this, our Northern clime;
I've listened to the merry bells,
Soothed by their pleasing chime—
I've gazed upon the star-gemmed sky—
Watched the soft moonbeams' play—
And, musing thus, my thoughts have strayed
To loved ones far away.

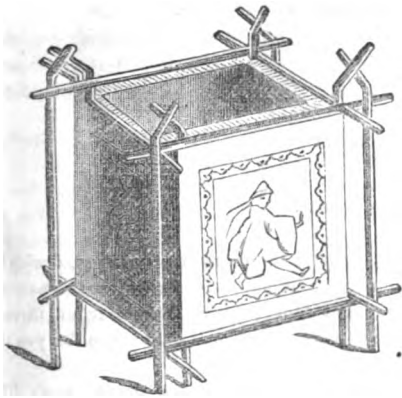
How oft, in such an hour as this,
Will wayward fancy rove
O'er mountain, wave, and forest wild,
To those we dearly love.
In fancy they are with me now,
The friends I love the best—
Though some are in an Eastern clime—
Some in the distant West.

And there are those long gone to rest,
Beneath the church-yard mould;
The hearts that once so truly loved,
In death are hushed and cold.
Yet, though, till life's last sun shall set,
We'll meet again no more;
I know those dear ones are not lost,
But only gone before.

In fancy they are near to-night—
They come at memory's call:
The grave, the gay, the beautiful,
I seem to see them all!
And thus, at twilight's solemn hour,
They ever come to me:
The loved—the lost—the "far away"—
All live in memory.

CIGAR-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



INGENUITY and taste produce a continual succession of ornamental articles for the decoration of home and for the convenience of domestic life. The present fashion in Paris for many of these drawing-room elegancies, where frames are required, is to have them made of bamboo

cane, the same that is used for caning chairs, only it must not be split. The little article we are now describing is intended for a Cigar-Stand. The frame of this is made of twelve pieces of cane nailed together at all the places where they cross each other, leaving a short length at the bottom to form the feet, and a shorter length at the top by way of ornament, the ends of the cane being cut very evenly. When the frame is completed, a square case the right size just to slip within is made in perforated cardboard. On each of the four sides a slight pattern must be worked, either in beads, wool, or silk; or what is perhaps more durable for this purpose, the stamped leather ornaments now so much in fashion. The interior should be lined with a dark glazed paper, and when slipped into the cane frame, fastened at the four corners with four bows of ribbon, both at the top and bottom. When filled with cigars, it should be placed in the room where the gentlemen of the house usually enjoy the indulgence of smoking.

FLOWER VASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE five parts which form the whole of this pretty vase are to be cut separately in either cloth or velvet of some pleasing color, the size being determined according to the place which it is intended to occupy, being larger for the center of the table than for the mantleshelf. It is to be observed that the part which bends over the top, and that which spreads out to form the stand at the bottom, are each attached to the center-piece, there being only five in all. Work on the outer piece of cloth or velvet some pretty design in seed beads in a mixture of clear and opaque white, gold and steel; or cover it over with little stars in beads, or in some of those gilt stars or other gilt ornaments which have been so much used for trimming hair-nets. The outside pieces of the five parts are left plain at



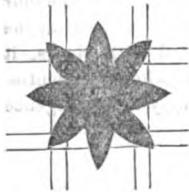
the top; but the tops of the inside pieces are dotted over with chalk-white beads. Cut the shape in five pieces of cardboard, sew a fine wire round each, stretch the work on the outside with its lining in the inside, bind with a very narrow white ribbon, and sew all round with short strings of beads, so as entirely to conceal the ribbon. It will be necessary to procure a wire framework for the inside, which, having a ring round the upper part as well as at the stem, will support the five pieces which are to be attached to them, the tops being bent over, and the bottoms spread out, which can easily be done by means of the wire. It is an improvement to have the outside of one color and the lining of another—namely, crimson and purple, or violet and brown. Any simple glass vessel containing flowers may be slipped into the interior of these vases, which have a rich and tasteful effect either on the mantleself or on the center of the table.

✓ HEARTH-RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—No. 20 canvas and twelve-threaded wool.

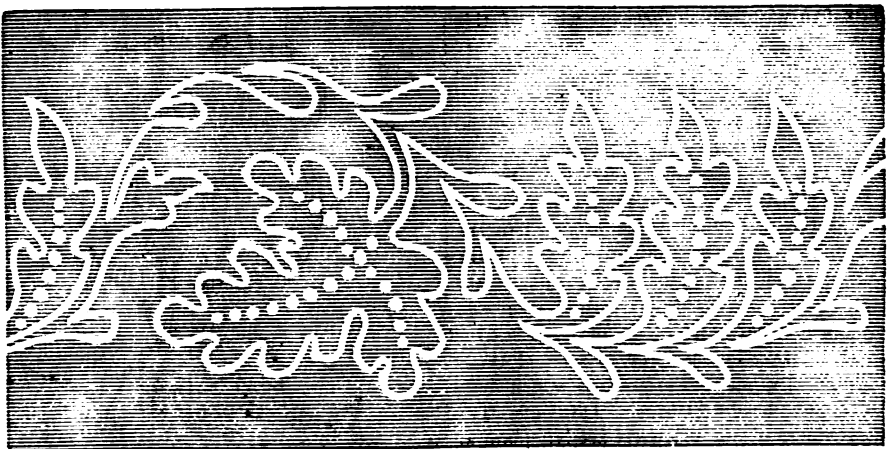
In the front of the number, printed in colors, is given a very beautiful pattern for a hearth-rug. It is done in a new stitch, which is now all the rage, partly because of the striking effect it produces, partly because of the ease with which it is worked. The stitch may be called a cross stitch, but instead of the old-fashioned stitch covering two threads of canvas each way, this stitch covers four threads each way, as will be seen from the accompanying pattern. If there is any



difficulty as to the number of canvas, decide by counting the number of stitches on the pattern, then count four times the number of threads of the canvas. This will determine for you the quality of the canvas.

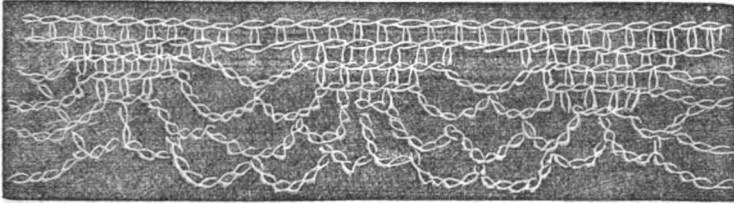
This being a new kind of work, some difficulty may, perhaps, be found, in the remoter country districts, in buying the proper wools and canvas. Persons, who desire materials, therefore, and have no city friends to apply to, may write to Jane Weaver, care of "Peterson's Magazine," Philadelphia, who will purchase what they need and forward it by mail to their address, provided the money is enclosed. Or she will answer questions as to cost, if addressed, post-paid, a stamp enclosed.

BRAIDING AND BEAD PATTERN:



CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE a chain the required length.

1st Row.—Work in sc into every stitch.

2nd Row.—7 sc into 7 stitches of 1st row, * 5 ch, skip 3 stitches, and then work 7 sc into 7 stitches as before, *.

3rd Row.—5 sc into the 7 sc of last row, * 5

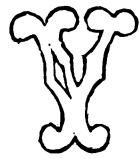
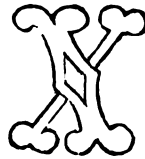
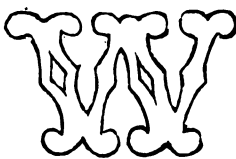
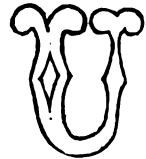
ch into the loop made by the 5 ch of 2nd row, 5 ch, and 1 sc as before, *.

4th Row.—3 sc, * 5 ch into the 1st loop, 5 ch into the 2nd loop, 5 ch and 8 sc, *.

5th Row.—1 sc, * 5 ch into the 1st loop, 5 ch into the 2nd loop, 5 ch into the 3rd loop, 5 ch into the center stitch of the 3 sc of 4th row, *.

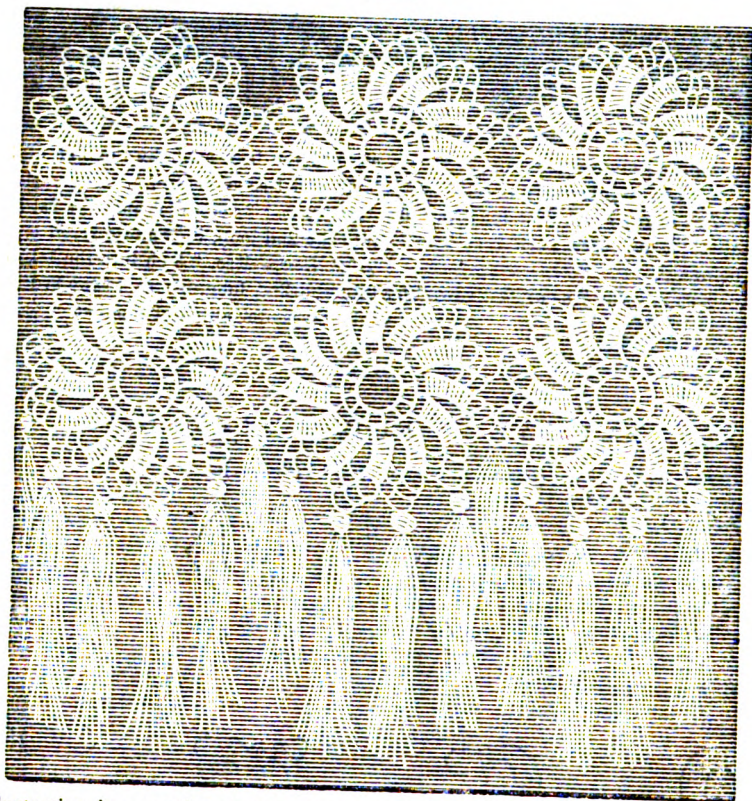
ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.)



ANTI-MACASSAR IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



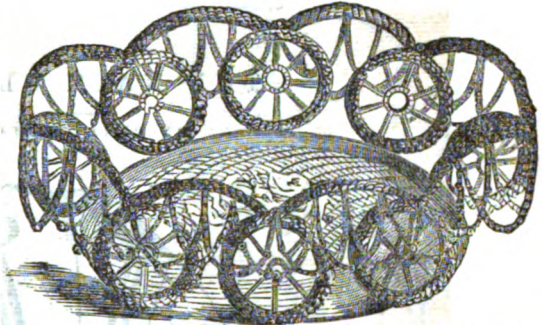
Our illustration is a portion of an anti-macassar formed of stars. To those young ladies who are expert in the use of the crochet needle an illustration is a sufficient guide; but for those who have not had much practice in this sort of work, we will endeavor to make the explanations as simple as possible, so that, with the double assistance, they cannot fail in being successful in the undertaking. Make a chain of twenty-four stitches; join this into a ring, on which work twelve loops in double crochet in every other stitch, with one chain between; in three or four places, make two chain between, to allow the circle to increase. Having done this, work twelve chain, turn, and work ten double loops in the chain; then loop in, with one stitch of double crochet into the first division of the center, turn, chain nine; loop in

with a double stitch in the seventh stitch of the last row; chain five, loop in with double stitch, leaving one between; chain five again, and loop in the same way on the next stitch; turn, and chain nine; loop in, chain five, loop in, chain three, and work ten double stitches; loop into the next division of the center, and continue to repeat these rows until there are twelve points to the star. When the twelve leaves are finished, work the cotton up the side, and form another point, which completes the star. Make a sufficient number of these stars, and unite them together at every two points; this will form a six-sided star; about eleven on each side will make a good sized square. Finish with a rich fringe knotted into each point of the stars, all round the outside edge. This will be found a very pretty and useful ornament.

CARD-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little article looks very pretty on a drawing-room table, and is a suitable present for a friend, or a contribution toward a fancy fair. It is necessary to order the frame ready made from a wire-worker, so that it should be firm and sufficiently strong for the purpose for which it is intended. Before commencing the ornamental part of the work, it is requisite that the frame should be wound round in every part with coarse cotton. The interior of each circle is then filled in with either blue and gold, or blue and steel beads, by making a small ring of the gold beads and attaching it to the ring with strings of the blue beads. Each of the circles is filled in the same manner; the other vacancies are filled in with loops of alternate gold and blue beads. After this is done long threads of the blue beads must be strung on stout crochet cotton, and the wire outline be entirely covered by twisting it round and round close together, so that the covered wire should be entirely hid by the beads. The bottom of the basket is in wool

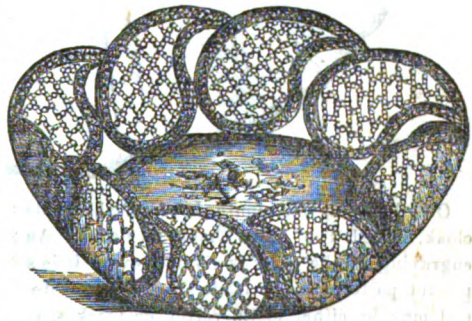


work. The prettiest design for this purpose is a group of roses, or some rich crimson flowers, worked on canvas, with the ground filled in with clear-white beads. A round of cardboard must then be cut out, and a thin layer of wadding must be laid over it; the worked canvas must then be tightly stretched over and stitched down, and a row of thick chenille is then carried all round in the inside of the basket, to cover any little blemishes occasioned by fastening down the bottom of the basket. This completes this ornamental article.

BEAD-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE articles, which are expressly intended for bead work, require that the foundation frame should be purchased ready for the ornamental part of the work, as it is necessary they should be firm and secure. When this is obtained, there is no other difficulty; and to commence, every part of the wire must be bound round with knitting cotton, so as to give it a regular roundness. The interior of each pine is then filled in with white and steel beads, one steel bead being at the point of every diamond. This is a simple pattern, but one which has a very pretty effect. When all the pines are filled in, the outline must be entirely covered with strings of small beads, twisted round and round, so as completely to hide the white cotton. The bottom of the basket is worked on



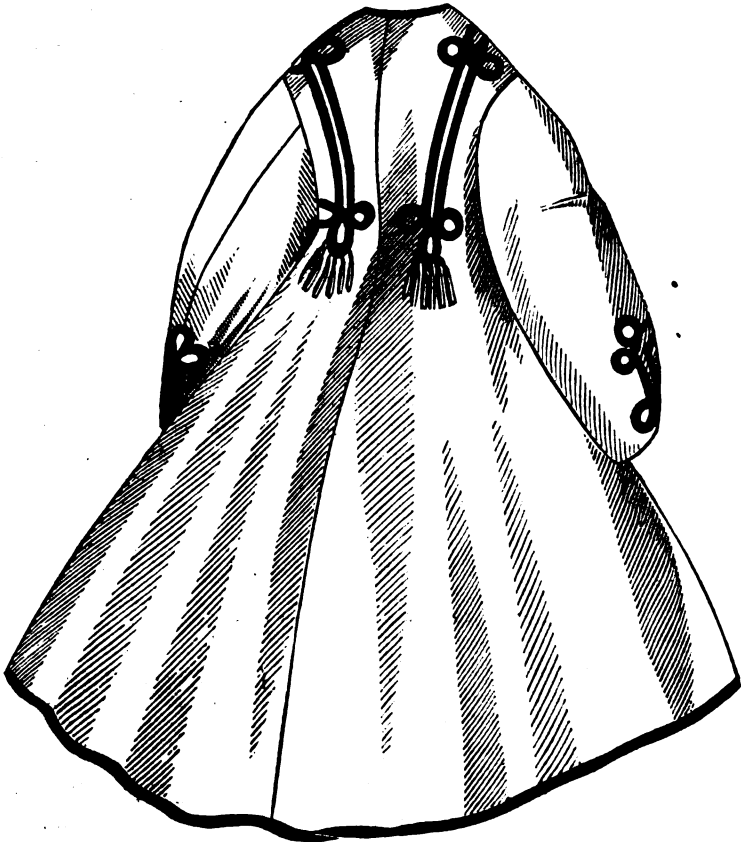
canvas with Berlin wool, a group of flowers being the most appropriate; this is stretched over a circle of cardboard, which must be slightly wadded. A thick chenille or a quilling

of ribbon must be laid round the edge after the bottom is stitched down to the wires, to hide the stitches. A handle can easily be added to this basket, which should be covered with beads. Two bead or silk tassels should be placed where it is set on, which improves the effect consider-

ably. The design for the bottom of the basket in Berlin wool work can easily be selected from the beautiful colored illustrations which have been presented from time to time with this Magazine.

THE NAIM CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our diagram, this month, is of a fashionable cloak, called The Naim Cloak in Paris. An engraving of the cloak is given above. It is a paletot pattern and is made short. The material may be either cloth, velvet, or thick silk. The ornaments consist of binding arranged in arabesques.

No. 1. FRONT OF CLOAK.

No. 2. SIDE.

No. 3. ONE HALF OF BACK.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

Those who copy this pattern must be careful to lengthen the side 30 C, (12 inches) from the places marked with crosses, following the bias, in order to have sufficient length and fullness. The same must be done with No. 3 back, except that it must be lengthened 45 C (18 inches), from the crosses.

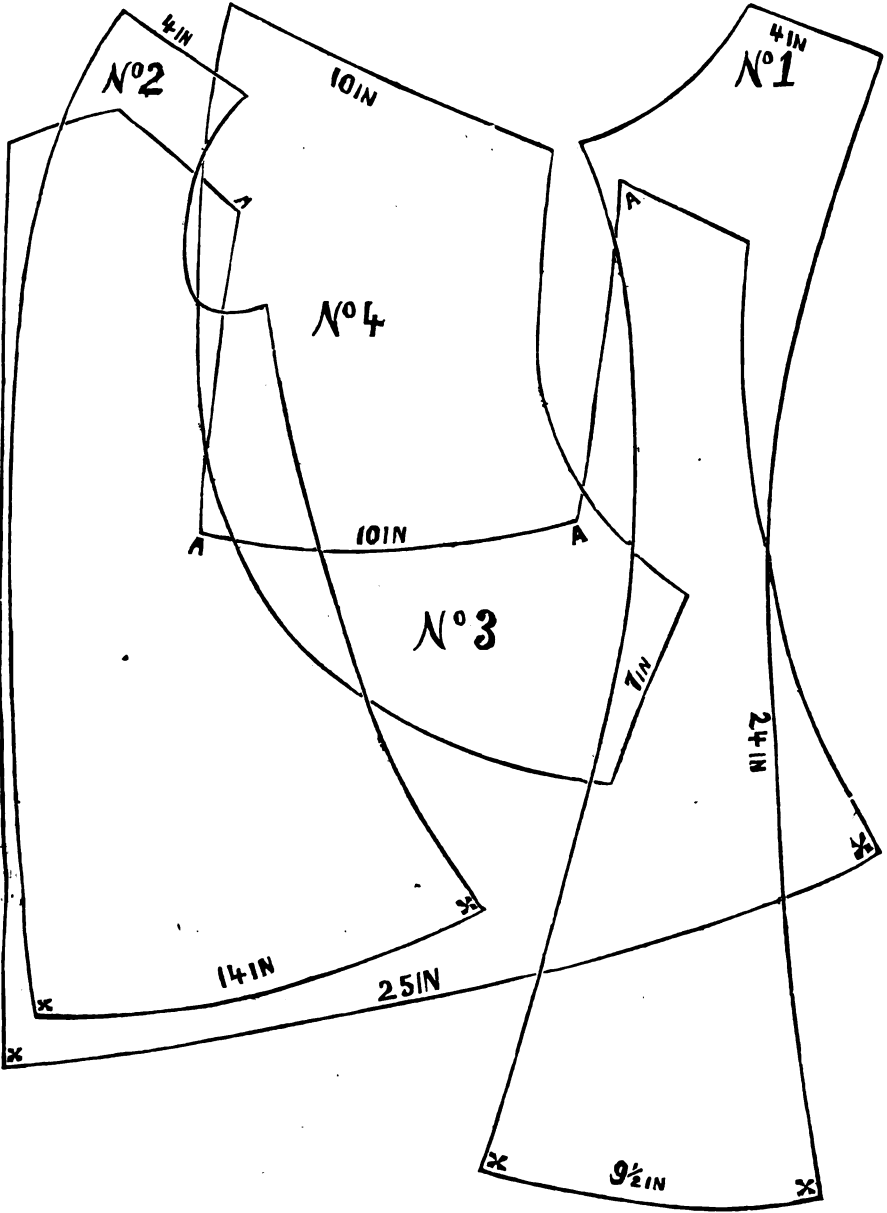


DIAGRAM OF MAIN CLOAK.

EDGING.



DRAWING-ROOM LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

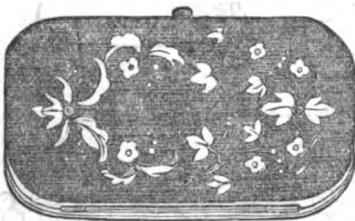


THE ladies in Paris who wish to give their drawing-rooms an air of superior elegance, are

adopting the fashion of a new and ornamental shade for their drawing-room lamps. The illustration we are now introducing represents one of them, and is to be made in the following manner:—Cut five treble pieces of the shape which appears in our engraving, sufficiently enlarged, of course, to fit the lamp for which the shade is designed. Two thicknesses are to be in green silk gauze, and one in white cotton net. In this way each of the five pieces will be formed of three thicknesses. The ornaments upon these may be done in different ways. A slight group of flowers, executed in very light embroidery of colored floss silk is the first; or sprigs or groups of flowers may be cut out from pieces of silk or short lengths of ribbon, and gummed; or the parts may be crossed with strings of the small seed beads of clear white, so as to form a diamond pattern over the whole. The ornamental part being finished, all the pieces are to be worked round in buttonhole-stitch, the three points at the bottom being more raised and bolder, and a tassel attached to each. A wire ring, sufficiently large to pass over the chimney-glass of the lamp with ease, must now be covered with either crochet, or buttonhole-stitch in green purse silk, and the pieces fastened round the top, which completes the work.

CIGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



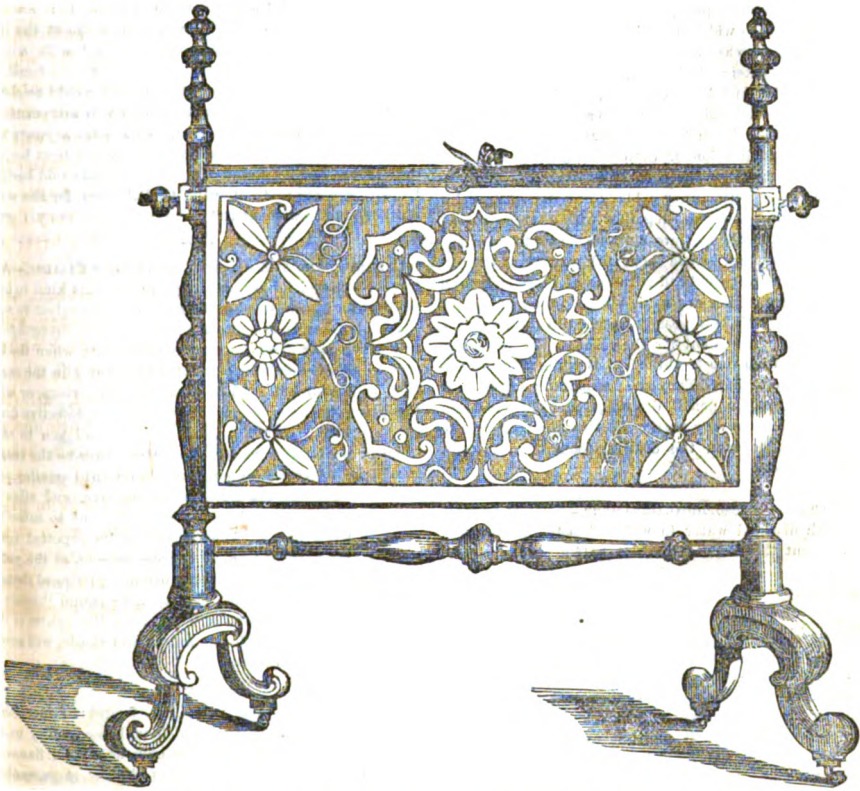
THE steel frames of these little articles last much longer than the cases themselves, so that

they often want renewing. The most appropriate material is Russia leather or kid for this purpose, although velvet is frequently used. They are made extremely ornamental by embroidery on kid, either in colored silks or very small steel and black beads. Our illustration gives the shape and manner of the arrangement, but this pattern must, of course, be enlarged. It is intended for working in colored silks in bright tints, the leaves and stalks being in different shades of green. Cigar-cases are also

very pretty worked in gold-thread embroidery. } should be properly mounted by an experienced
 Any of these ways will be found suitable for } person, otherwise the beauty of the work is
 this purpose. It is always necessary that they } much injured.

✓ HANGING PORTFOLIO ON STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



It is now the fashion, when an evening entertainment is given, to provide as many different amusements as possible, so that the tastes of all the guests may be in some degree gratified. The interest felt in works of art is becoming more extended. A collection of photographs is often found in every drawing-room, embracing many sizes; these ought, of course, to be carefully preserved in cases, and the portfolio on a stand is one of the most convenient arrangements. Our illustration shows the shape of the stand. It is the ornamental covering of the case which brings it among our Work-Table descriptions. These cases may be made very

elegant in many ways. When large, they look handsome by being worked in silk applique surrounded with an outline in gold thread, choosing a handsome pattern for the purpose. This Magazine has given to its subscribers many beautiful designs in colors for Berlin wool work; many of these would form beautiful covers for this article worked on canvas. Another more simple style is to braid a rich pattern of cloth or merino. Any one of these ways is appropriate for covering these large cases, and making them sufficiently ornamental to take their place in any drawing-room, and worthy the honor of being the receptacles of these marvels of modern art.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PICTURE FRAMES.—It is a matter of regret that the very often elegant and tasteful drawings which young ladies execute at school under the instructions of their master, while practicing the most interesting pictorial art, are laid aside and buried in portfolios, merely for the want of some easy means of hanging them upon the walls of an apartment in such a way as to preserve them from the injuries of dust and atmosphere. We some time back gave an idea of frames for this purpose; but as one even more simple may be found more widely useful, we suggest the following as being perfectly easy for any young lady to accomplish. First procure a glass and piece of pasteboard the size of the drawing, lay this last between them, and bind the whole round with a pasted strip of paper, so as to hold the whole securely together. Then take four narrow strips of wood three or four inches longer than the dimensions of the drawing, so as to allow the corners to wrap over and project; cover these with either a black or a dark ruby-color velvet, by sewing the edges together with a strong thread at the back, from thence into a frame, so as to cover the edges of the drawing; secure them with a screw at the corners, and then cover the head with one of those lacquered curtain rosettes, which are made with a prong or nail at the back, and which, being easily fastened in, form a pretty and appropriate ornament for the corners. These frames may be made from one to three inches wide, according to the size of the article. They are particularly suitable for flower drawings, for pencil drawings, and for heads in crayons, and have a very pretty effect for the boudoir, the morning-room, or even the drawing-room of a tasteful country cottage.

A CHEAP AND PHILOSOPHICAL ORNAMENT.—Fill a clear glass bottle with distilled water, in which dissolve some sugar of lead, about three cents worth to half a pint of water. Insert a scrap of sheet zinc into the cork, long enough to reach half-way down the bottle when the cork is in; the lower part of the zinc may be cut into two or three forks and twisted like branches of a tree. The strip of metal is no sooner immersed in the solution than the latter begins to act chemically upon it, and delicate feathery crystals of lead will cover the whole of the submerged portion. The deposit and growth of the lead may be watched with a magnifying glass, and will continue to increase for some hours, and can only be stopped by carefully pouring out the solution and replacing it with distilled water; it will, however, cease of itself when all the lead is deposited. The result looks like an inverted tree or bush, with thick metallic foliage, glistening as the light happens to fall upon it. It need scarcely be remarked that sugar of lead is poisonous to swallow.

PARIS HOUSE-DRESSES.—In Paris, house-dresses are now made of almost unheard-of magnificence. For instance, imagine a velvet paletot long enough to form a train, buttoned up the front, and trimmed all round with fur. One of these made of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed round the throat, skirt, and sleeves with bands of chinchilla, is a charming toilet. Another of pencee velvet with a rich trimming of sable around it is magnificent; a third of ruby velvet with a trimming of swan's down is dazzling—the three are destined for a young bride, the daughter of a banker, her fortune is, luckily enough, sufficiently large to allow of these costly extravagancies.

HOW "PETERSON" MAKES ITS WAY.—A lady writes:—"When I came out West, I went to a book-store to get your Magazine, but the clerk said, 'He didn't know Peterson's Magazine. Where was it published?' On making inquiries at the post-office, I found that two copies were taken here in a town of four or five thousand inhabitants. So, last December, I went to work to get a club for Peterson. After awhile I succeeded in getting a club of eight. Well, this fall, when it was time for clubbing for Peterson again, the ladies did not wait to be called on to renew their subscriptions, but called on me, and, without the least effort, ten subscribers were obtained, and with a little assistance from another lady, sixteen were soon found. If I was able to go out, in two days time I would be able to send you sixteen more; but my health will not permit; so you must take the will for deed. I have set a young lady to get another club, and when last I heard from her, she only lacked one for a club of eight. One lady told her husband to see me and subscribe for Peterson, for she would not keep house without it."

CAMELIAS, AND THE CAUSE OF THEIR BUDS FALLING.—As it is very unusual for unhealthy plants of this kind to be so well set for bloom, we should imagine that neglect in some shape or other is the occasion of their buds dropping—an evil which may arise from two causes, viz: when the ball of large plants has been permitted to get dry in the center from continual but inefficient surface waterings, or when the plants have become water-logged from defective drainage. In either case we should recommend you to repot them immediately. Should the latter cause be the reason, it will be necessary to put the plants into smaller pots, using a compost of a light, sandy nature, and allowing them bottom heat no longer than sufficient to cause the roots to work freely. They may then be repotted again, shaded, and hardened off by degrees as soon as the young wood is made. If the former cause has produced the mischief, then the soil should be made firm round the sides of the pot, so as to throw the water into the center of the balls, which, with a little extra heat and shade, will accomplish all that is requisite.

FLANNEL STAYS.—We must not forget to mention a novelty, the advantages of which will be readily understood by all persons who know how beneficial flannel is to health. The novelty consists of *flannel stays*, made in striped material, red and black, black and white, and many other mixtures of colors. These stays are to be recommended for winter wear, and are so light and well made, that they take up no more room under the clothes than do those made of the ordinary material. While we are speaking of flannel, we must not omit the knickerbocker drawers which were used a little last winter, but which will come into great requisition this season. They are made in scarlet flannel, and are arranged with an elastic band round the waist, and an elastic at the bottom of each leg, to confine them properly at the knee. Scarlet flannel petticoat bodices will also rank amongst the comfortable articles of under-clothing for the cold weather.

GREAT INCREASE.—That "Peterson" is considered better than ever is proved by the great increase in our circulation this year. We are printing more than ever before already, and subscribers still continue pouring in by thousands.

FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM, after sixteen years existence, we are glad to see, is better edited, more interesting, and more forcible than ever. Its original tales, stories, and poetry, are of a very high order, and it has gained the respect of the business community by earnest advocacy of the true commercial interests of Philadelphia. Taken all in all, it is one of the best Family and Business journals we have ever had—a pure guide in morality, a companion for young and old, an intelligent authority in music, the drama, and painting. It is still published at 112 south Third street, and long will continue to be, we trust, an honorable proof of the enterprise and intellectual culture of our city.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a collection of poems, chiefly on love, strung together by a narrative, which is also in poetry. The action is divided into three evenings. "The Poet's Journal" is a transcript of the author's heart-experiences. The confession, indeed, is so obviously made, that we violate no confidence in alluding to it. But it would be unjust to discuss the work further, unless we could give to it more space than our limited room will allow. Under these circumstances we must content ourselves with quoting one of the most beautiful of the poems:—

"The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of Winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim Autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage,
Where the sky-lark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
Is it true the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look on my heart, and marvel
If Love were ever its own—
If the Spring of promise brightened,
And the Summer of passion shone!

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
And the root survives the blast?
Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah! yes, for a thousand Aprils
The frozen gems shall grow,
And the dews of a thousand Summers
Wait in the womb of the snow."

The volume is printed with great elegance. Ticknor & Fields always had taste, but lately, we think, they have been improving upon themselves.

In the Woods, with Bryant, Longfellow, and Halleck. Illustrated by John A. Hows. New York: James S. Greer.—About two years since, Mr. Hows, by his illustrations of Bryant's "Forest Hymn," elevated himself to a position far beyond what had ever been achieved, in this branch of art, by any American artist, and made for him an enviable reputation abroad. The work was received with the utmost enthusiasm, both in this country and in England, and we have, as its successor, the beautiful volume now before us. The progress which the artist has made is truly wonderful. We find an increased freedom of handling, while all the delicacy and naturalness, which characterized the former work, are admirably retained. The great charm of the book is its originality; so thoroughly American, down to the slightest vine and flower, that one feels it could only have been produced by a man who was

familiar with every peculiarity of our forest scenery, and who had been a deep and earnest student of nature, not only as the necessities of art required, but from an honest love and appreciation of its beauties. Every drawing is a poem in itself. The man's refined and poetic nature shows itself on every page. Such a world of charming fancies, and quaint conceits, as he has blended, it is impossible to describe; such a power and force of imagination, as he has displayed, it is difficult to express in words. The book opens with Bryant's "Death of the Flowers." To say that he has added a new charm to this favorite poem, would be feeble praise. He has made visible a host of fancies and pictures, which will give it tenfold value to all who read it. An extract from Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" follows, and the work closes with several verses from Halleck's "Wyoming." The sketches of scenery, in this last, are extremely faithful—glimpses of that lovely valley, such as one has always wished to possess, and which never before have been fittingly portrayed. We remember writing of Mr. Hows' former book, that it was a series of beautiful surprises; of this one we can say, that it is even more than that.

Titan; A Romance. From the German of Jean Paul Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It is somewhat singular that this very celebrated fiction has never been translated before. "Titan" is confessedly the master-piece of Jean Paul Richter: the work to which he devoted the ten best years of his life; and no German writer, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of Goethe, was so eminently gifted with genius. In this book we see the entire results of the author's life; all his culture, all his speculations, and all his idiosyncrasies. Of the four principal female characters in the story, no two are alike, and each is harmonious with itself. Wrong and right are no less skillfully than faithfully contrasted. A noble ideal continually inspires the narrator. The translation has been carefully prepared. Mr. Brooks, we see, acknowledges his indebtedness to the Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, among others, for valuable assistance in his task. The volumes are elegantly printed and bound.

The Poems of Adelaide A. Proctor. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Miss Proctor is the daughter of that popular lyricist, better known by his *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall. She inherits much of his delicate fancy, intensified and heightened by her womanly nature. With many of the poems in this volume our old subscribers are familiar, as we have frequently quoted them in these pages. Next month, however, we hope to make them acquainted with more; for we design to devote, if possible, an article to Miss Proctor, in order that her genius may be more widely known and appreciated even than it is. The volume is one of the charming "blue and gold" series of Ticknor & Fields.

The Bible as an Educating Power among the Nations. By John S. Hart, LL. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: J. C. Gurrigues & Co.—Whatever Mr. Hart writes is carefully, honestly, and thoroughly done. His judgment is always sound, his scholarship is accurate, his subject is well-digested, his style is idiomatic, lucid, and terse. His present subject is precisely one of those which his character of mind fits him especially to discuss. Need we add that this little work ought to have a place in every family?

Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. By Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier-General of Volunteers, U. S. A. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This little volume has really very superior merit. In addition to what it says on camp and outpost duty, it contains standing orders and extracts from the revised regulations for the army, rules for health, maxims for soldiers, and duties for officers.

The Canoe and the Saddle. By Theodore Winthrop. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a narrative of the late Major Winthrop's experiences on our Pacific coast, and over parts of our boundless western possessions. The book has bits of fine description, scattered here and there, but, on the whole, is hardly worthy of Major Winthrop's reputation. We doubt, had he lived, whether he would have permitted it to see the light, at least, without serious revisions. His fame, as a writer, must rest, we think, on "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent."

A History of France, from the earliest times to the establishment of the second empire, in 1852. Illustrated by engravings on wood. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is intended for a "Student's History of France." As such we can heartily recommend it. The narrative is well digested, is comprehensively told, and is clothed in a clear, concise style. Of course, in such a work, one does not look for the stately pomp of a Gibbon, or the picturesqueness of a Motley. The volume is illustrated with numerous excellent wood-cuts.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

INFANT TREATMENT.—The early management of youth has a more important influence on the health and happiness of man than is generally imagined, as at this period of our existence the foundation is laid either for irremediable debility or for mental and bodily vigor. Infants consequently require constant care and indefatigable personal attention.

INFANT NURSING.—A child, when it comes into the world, should be laid for the first month upon a thin mattress, rather longer than itself, which the nurse may sometimes keep upon her lap, that the child may always be straight, and only sit up as the nurse slants the mattress. To set a child quite upright before the end of the first month is hurtful. Afterward the nurse may begin to set it up and dance it by degrees, and it must be kept as dry as possible.

FRICITION.—The clothing should be very light, and not much longer than the child, that the legs may be got at with ease, in order to have them often rubbed in the day with a warm hand or flannel, and in particular the inside of them. Rubbing a child all over takes off scurf, and makes the blood circulate. Rubbing the ankle-bones and inside of the knees will strengthen those parts, and make the child stretch its knees, and keep them flat.

POSITION.—A nurse ought to keep a child as little in her arms as possible, lest the legs should be cramped, and the toes turned inwards. Let her always keep the child's legs loose. The oftener the posture is changed the better. It is injurious likewise to be laid always asleep on a person's knee. Her motions and conversation will disquiet him. During the first fortnight or three weeks he should be always laid on the bed, except when taken up to supply his wants, which will give him habits of cleanliness at a very early age.

EXERCISE.—By slow degrees the infant should be accustomed to exercise, both within doors and in the open air; but he should never be moved about after sucking or feeding; it will be apt to sicken him. Exercise should be given by carrying him about and gently dangling him in his mother or nurse's arms; but dancing him up and down on the knee is very fatiguing for a young child.

EARLY RISING.—Rising early in the morning is good for all children, provided they awake of themselves, which they generally do; but they ought never to be waked out of their sleep. As soon as possible, however, they should be brought to regular sleeps in the day.

WALKING.—Children, till they are two or three years old, must never be suffered to walk long enough at a time to be weary.

SLEEP.—In laying a child to sleep he should be laid upon the right side oftener than on the left; but twice in the twenty-four, at least, he should be changed to the left side. Laying him on his back, when he is awake, is enough of that posture, in which alone he can move his legs and arms with freedom. Place the cradle so that the light may come equally on both eyes, which will save him from a custom of squinting. Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature. A child lives comparatively much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly; and every stimulus operates more powerfully. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood, and it facilitates assimilation of the nutriment received. The horizontal posture, likewise, is the most favorable to the growth and bodily development of the infant.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Gravy Soup.—Nothing is better than shin of beef for this soup, though pieces of the rump and other parts are used; the skin should be sawed in several places, and the marrow extracted; this, if laid in the bottom of the saucepan, will take the place of butter; if marrow is not forthcoming, butter must be employed; take a fourth of the quantity of ham, stew gently until the gravy is extracted, care being taken it does not burn; a little water may be employed by the inexperienced, but not much; when it has nearly dried up again, put in herbs, a couple of carrots cut very small, pepper ground, salt, a little white sugar (this can be omitted, but it materially adds to the flavor); add boiling water in requisite quantity, and stew gently for five hours; when cold, remove the fat, and warm up as wanted.

White Soup.—General directions for white stock have been given, but to prevent mistake, take a knuckle of veal, separated into three or four pieces, a slice of ham as lean as possible, a few onions, thyme, cloves, and mace, stew twelve or fourteen hours, until the stock is as rich as the ingredients can make it; an old fowl will make it much richer, if added. This soup must be made the day before it is required; when removed from the fire, after being sufficiently stewed, let it cool, and then remove the fat, add to it four ounces of pounded blanched almonds, let it boil slowly, thicken it with half a pint of cream and an egg; it should boil slowly for half an hour, and then be served.

Palestine Soup.—Take the liquor that a knuckle of veal has been boiled in, add one onion stuck with three cloves, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, a blade of mace, and a few white peppercorns; stew them altogether until reduced to the quantity required. In the meantime boil a sufficient number of Jerusalem artichokes to thicken the soup, in a small quantity of the liquor, until they are reduced to a pulp. Rub them through a fine sieve and add them to the rest of the liquor until it becomes the thickness of cream. Before sending it to table add a little salt and cayenne pepper. Serve with fried bread.

A Cheap Soup.—A pound or a pound and a half of lean beef, cut up into small pieces, six quarts of water, stew in three large onions, with double the quantity of turnips; put in thyme, parsley, pepper, and salt, half a pound of rice, a pound of potatoes peeled and cut in quarters, and a handful of oatmeal. Stew from three to four hours, not less.

MEATS, POULTRY, AND GAME.

Leg of Mutton Boiled.—To prepare a leg of mutton for boiling, trim it as for roasting; soak it for a couple of hours in cold water; then put only water enough to cover it, and let it boil gently for three hours, or according to its weight. Some cooks boil it in a cloth; but if the water be afterward wanted for soup, that should not be done; some salt and an onion, put into the water, is far better. When nearly ready, take it from the fire, and, keeping the pot well covered, let it remain in the water for ten or fifteen minutes. The English taste being in favor of meat in which the gravy has been retained, this joint is esteemed to be in perfection when a little underdone. It is sent to table with caper-sauce and mashed turnips.

Rabbits.—Rabbits, being rather dry meat, are much improved by larding. Should the process be deemed too troublesome upon common occasions, a good effect may be produced by lining the inside of the rabbit with slices of fat bacon previously to putting in the stuffing. This is a very easy method of improvement, and ought never to be neglected. **Roasted:**—Have the rabbit trussed. Fill it with veal stuffing made with rather a larger proportion of marjoram than usual; egg the rabbit and cover with bread-crumbs. Chop up the liver fine; throw it into some good gravy for sauce. It should be served nicely frothed. **Boiled with Onions:**—Boil slowly, and send to table covered, or "smothered," with onion sauce.

To Roast Fowls.—Put into the inside a piece of butter the size of a hazel-nut or walnut, according as the fowl is large or small; make the butter black with pepper, and sprinkle a little salt upon it. This will greatly improve the taste of the fowl, rendering the whole more juicy, and particularly the back and side bones, which are so apt to be dry. **Or:**—Bone and draw inward the leg and pinion of the wing. Stuff with sausage-meat, and tie the neck and vent. Roast, and serve with gravy in the dish, and bread-sauce in a tureen. A large barn-door fowl, well hung, should be stuffed in the crop with sausage-meat, and served with gravy in the dish, and with bread-sauce.

To Roast Pork.—Choose a small leg of fine young pork; raise the skin round the knuckle with a sharp knife, and fill the space with sage and onion chopped, and a little pepper and salt, securing the skin tight with string to keep in the stuffing. Score the skin in slices, but do not cut deeper than the outer rind. Put it at first a good distance from the fire, baste it frequently to prevent its scorching; when about three parts done, rub the skin rather firmly with raw butter, after which flour it lightly, and put close to the fire to crisp the crackling. Applesauce should be served with it.

Fowl and Onions.—Boil twelve small onions in several waters, until the strength is out and they are tender; cut a piece of boiled pickled pork into dice; take a tablespoonful of hot vinegar, some sweet herbs chopped, and the yolk of an egg beaten; make this quite thick with herbs, mix it with the pork and onions, and then stuff the inside of the fowl with it; braise the fowl in a little broth and butter, and serve with white sauce.

Boiled Turkey.—Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam, without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up; strain the gravy that will be found in the pan; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

Venison Steaks.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

To Hash Cold Venison.—Cut the meat in nice small slices, and put the trimmings and bones into a saucepan, with barely water enough to cover them, and an onion. Let them stew for two hours; then strain the liquid into a stewpan; add to it some bits of butter rolled in flour, and whatever gravy was left of the venison. Stir in some currant-jelly, and boil it half an hour; then put in the meat and a glass of port-wine; keep it over the fire just long enough to warm it through, but do not allow it to boil.

Sparerib.—Should be basted with a very little butter and a little flour, and then sprinkled with dried sage crumbled. Serve apple-sauce in a boat.

VEGETABLES.

How to Cook Potatoes.—To Boil Potatoes.—In Ireland, potatoes are boiled to perfection; the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in London, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling, is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland, they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken, or cracked, until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

Carrots and Parsnips.—When young, wipe off the skin, after they are boiled, by drawing them through a cloth dipped in hot water; when old, scrape them first, and boil them with the salt meat. They require to be well done. They are a constant accompaniment to corned beef, and are excellent when both are eaten together cold. They frequently also form part of stews and hashes, and make admirable soup when boiled down to a puree, in making which it should be observed that only the outer or scarlet rind of the carrot is to be used; the inner part should not, however, be lost, as it may be cut into small pieces and stewed.

Rice Paste.—Take ground rice and butter, work it like short crust, adding a little sugar to make it eat crisply, only using wheaten flour to roll it out with on the board; more or less butter must be added, according to the richness required. *Or, if for relishing things:*—Clean and put some rice, with an onion, and a little water and milk, or milk only, into a saucepan, and simmer till it swells. Put seasoned chops into a dish, and cover it with the rice; by the addition of an egg the rice will adhere better.

To Stew Carrots.—Half boil, then nicely scrape and slice them into a stewpan. Put to them half a tencupful of any weak broth, some pepper and salt, half a cupful of cream, and a saltspoonful of powdered sugar; simmer them till they are very tender, but not broken. Before serving, rub a very little flour with a bit of butter, and warm up with them. If approved, chopped parsley may be added ten minutes before serving.

Cabbages.—A full-grown or summer cabbage should be well and thoroughly washed; before cooking, cut them into four pieces, boil rapidly, with the saucepan uncovered, half an hour; a young cabbage will take only twenty minutes, but it must be boiled very rapidly; a handful of salt should be thrown in the water before the cabbage is put in.

Potatoes a la Creme.—Boil them, not so much that they will break easily; cut them into slices of about half an inch, season them with salt and white pepper; place them in a stewpan, with a third part of a pint of bechamel, toss them gently until done enough.

To Cook Salsify.—Wash the roots, and, as the outer skin is scraped off, throw the roots into cold water. They require an hour's boiling in plenty of water ready boiling; throw in with them a little salt, a small piece of butter, and a little acid, lemon-juice preferred. They are served with rich gravy or melted butter.

Fried Potatoes.—Remove the peel from an uncooked potato. After it has been thoroughly washed, cut the potato into thin slices, and lay them in a pan with some fresh butter; fry gently a clear brown, then lay them, one upon the other, in a small dish, and send to table as an *entremets*.

DESSERTS.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Stone carefully one pound of the best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef suet, blanch and chop small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter ones; mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of crumb of bread soaked in milk, then squeezed dry and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange, and lemon-peel, and add quarter of an ounce of mixed spice; quarter of a pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made too thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom, but be made to the consistence of good thick batter. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be tied in a cloth, and will take five hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured round the pudding. The pudding will be of considerable size, but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good. In addition to the wine-sauce, have a metal sauce-boat filled with brandy; set it alight on the table, and pour a portion of it in a flame upon each slice of pudding. It will be found a great improvement.

Plum Puddings may also be made of different qualities, as follows:—The same proportions of flour and suet, and half the quantity of fruit, with spice, lemon, a glass of wine, or not, and one egg, and milk, will make an excellent pudding, if long boiled. A mealy potato, grated while hot, and beaten well with a spoonful of milk, will add greatly to the lightness of plum puddings, whether boiled or baked. *Or*:—A very light plum pudding may be made of grated bread, suet, and stoned raisins, four ounces each, mixed with two well-beaten eggs, three or four spoonfuls of milk, and a little salt. Boil four hours. A spoonful of brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, in melted butter, may be served as sauce.

Apple Fritters.—Take two or three large russeting apples, pare them thin, cut them half an inch thick, lay them on a pie-dish, pour brandy over them, and let them lie two hours; make a thick batter, using two eggs, have clean lard, and make it quite hot; fry two at a time, a nice light brown, put them on the back of a sieve on paper, sift pounded sugar over them, glaze them with a shovel or salamander; dish on a napkin. After they are cut in slices, take out the core with a small round cutter.

Honeycomb Cream.—Take the juice of one fine lemon and of two Seville oranges; make it very sweet; put it into a glass dish and set it upon the ground; boil a pint of cream and put it into a teapot made very hot. Pour the cream upon the juice, holding the pot as high as possible; let it remain quite still till cold. A little orange or rose-water might be added to the juice.

Fritters are made of batter the same as pancakes. Drop a small quantity into the pan, have ready apples pared, sliced, and cored, lay them in the batter and fry them; they may also be made with sliced lemon or currants, the latter is particularly palatable. They should be sent to table upon a folded napkin in the dish; any sweetmeat or ripe fruit will make fritters.

Pancakes.—Pour a good batter made of eggs, milk, and flour, in the usual way into a pan, so that it lies very thin, fry the pancakes with hot lard, and when one side is done, turn it by tossing it up lightly; serve with sugar and lemon, or Seville orange juice.

Shelford Pudding.—Mix three-quarters of a pound of currants or raisins, one pound of suet, one pound of flour, six eggs, a little good milk, some lemon-peel, and a little salt. Boil it in a melon-slice six hours.

Cream Pancakes.—To a pint of cream add the yolks of two eggs, two ounces of sugar, and a little beaten cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; mix the whole well, and then fry them very carefully.

CAKES, ETC.

General Remarks on Cakes.—Use the best, superfine flour; for, if the flour be of inferior quality, the cakes will be heavy, ill-colored, and unfit to eat; but if a little potato-flour be added, it will improve their lightness. Cakes are frequently rendered hard, heavy, and uneatable, by misplaced economy in eggs and butter, or for want of a due seasoning in spice and sugar.

After all the articles are put into the pan, they should be thoroughly and long beaten, as the lightness of the cake depends much on their being well incorporated.

Unless you are provided with proper utensils, as well as materials, the difficulty of making cakes will be so great as, in most instances, to be a failure. Accuracy in proportioning the ingredients is also indispensable, and, therefore, scales, weights, and measures, down to the smallest quantity, are of the utmost importance.

The heat of the oven is of great importance, especially for large cakes. If not lighted long enough to have a body of heat, or if it becomes slack, the cake will be heavy. If not pretty quick, the batter will not rise. Should you fear its catching by being too quick, put some paper over the cake to prevent its being burnt. To know when it is soaked, take a broad-bladed knife that is very bright, and plunge it into the very center; draw it instantly out, and, if the least stickiness adheres, put the cake immediately in again, and shut up the oven.

If the heat should be sufficient to raise, but not to soak it, let fresh fuel be quickly put in, and the cakes kept hot until the oven is fit to finish the soaking; but those who are employed ought to be particularly careful that no mistake occurs from negligence when large cakes are to be baked.

Bread and cakes, wetted with milk, eat best when new, but become stale sooner than others.

Cakes, kept in drawers or wooden boxes, have a disagreeable taste. Earthen pans and covers, or tin boxes, preserve them best; but in making large cakes of any kind, which are to be baked in hoops, use those of wood. Cakes made with yeast should always be eaten fresh.

Rice Cakes.—Mix ten ounces of ground rice, three ounces of flour, eight ounces of pounded sugar; then sift, by degrees, into eight yolks and six whites of eggs, and the peel of a lemon shred so fine that it is quite mashed; mix the whole well, in a tin stewpan, over a very slow fire, with a whisk; then put it immediately into the oven in the same, and bake forty minutes.

Plain Cake.—Four pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of butter, with clove, caraway and coriander seeds to the taste, together with lemon-peel grated; wet it with milk and half a pint of yeast.

English Seed-Bread.—One pint of milk, warm; one teacup of lard and butter mixed and melted in the milk; one cup of yeast; two cups of sugar; three eggs. Make into a light sponge that is not as stiff as bread sponge. When very light, add one nutmeg and caraway seed, and, if liked, some currants. Mix into the sponge, and then add sufficient flour to make it stiff enough to handle on the board; put it into the bread-pan to rise again, and, when very light, mould into rusks, or a loaf, with just sufficient flour to handle it. It should rise in the baking-pans very well, and bake in a moderate oven. Be sure not to make it, at any time, stiff. It is very well to put it to rise at bed-time, and, the first thing in the morning, add spices, etc., and put it to rise again.

A Light Seed-Cake.—Take the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three; beat them well for half an hour; then put in six ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, mix it well with the eggs, add gradually seven ounces of flour and a few caraway seeds; stir the whole well together, and put it into a pan or dish for baking. If the oven is hot, half an hour will bake it. The moment it is taken out of the oven, turn it out of the mould, and let it lie upside down until quite cold. Great care should be taken in the baking.

Diet Bread.—To half a pound of sifted sugar put four eggs; beat them together for an hour; then add a quarter of a pound of flour dried and sifted, with the juice of half a lemon and the grated rind of a whole one. Bake it in a slow oven. *Or:*—Boil one pound of loaf-sugar in half a pint of water; whisk it with eight eggs until cold; then stir in one pound of fine flour, and keep beating until it is put into the oven, which, if it be quick, will bake it in an hour.

Buns.—Take a pound and a half of fine flour, three quarters of a pound of powdered and sifted loaf-sugar, one pound of butter, three yolks and two whites of fresh eggs; grate the rind of a lemon, add the juice, and mix all the ingredients well together, and make them into small round cakes; put a few well-washed currants into the middle of each bun, and wash them over with egg, loaf-sugar, and some comfits. Bake them in a moderate oven.

Pound Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, and the whites of twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two good-sized cakes, baked in six-quart pans.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE OBEDIENT WATCH.—Conceal in one of your hands a piece of loadstone, and in the other hold a well-going watch. Suppose that your friends are standing around you, to observe the obedience of the watch, hold it close to the ear of the first person, and desire his testimony that the watch is going; then pass it to the hand in which the loadstone is concealed, commanding it to stop, and hold it up to the ear of the next person; having obtained his word that the watch is silent, pass it to the other hand, shake it gently, and again command it to go; and so on, through all the company. The cause of the watch stopping, as you may have guessed, is its coming in contact with the loadstone.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—OPERA DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The cloak is made of black cashmere embroidered in gold thread, and trimmed with gold cord and tassels. Head-dress of roses and black lace, and coral comb.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS.—The skirt is of pink silk striped with black. The bottom is trimmed with three rows of black velvet between two narrow ruches. The body is of thin white muslin, puffed lengthwise, with a row of narrow black lace between each puffing. The low peasant's body is of black velvet. Full sleeve, with a deep black velvet

cuff, pointed and edged with lace. Gilt comb at the back of the head, and small gilt side-combs.

FIG. III.—THE EMPRESS DRESS OF LILAC SILK, trimmed with quillings of the same, and velvet of a much darker shade. The trimming up the front is put on cable fashion. Shawl of white cashmere, braided in black, and trimmed with black lace.

FIG. IV.—BASQUE CLOAK OF BLACK SILK.—The body fits the figure rather closely, and is ornamented with black braid. A fall of deep lace is set on at the waist over the silk skirt.

FIG. V.—THE MARECHELE.—A dress of fawn-colored foulard. The body is made with a basque, and with the skirt is ornamented with foulard in a darker shade, and trimmed with large mould buttons covered with the silk.

FIG. VI.—THE RAPHAEL.—Dress of green rich silk, trimmed with black velvet. The square neck is ornamented with quillings of black lace. Tulle chemisette.

FIG. VII.—THE JOCKEY.—Dress of merino, trimmed with velvet and ribbon, in the new style; bodice cut with lapels; hat and feather.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET OF WHITE TULLE, embroidered with black jet, and having a braided ornament separating the front from the crown. The edge of the front, of the curtain, the band across the bonnet and the strings are all of Solferino velvet. A row of black lace covers the cross-band and forms a fauchon. The curtain is separated from the velvet part by a black braid ornament. A long drooping black feather falls over the crown.

FIG. IX.—BONNET ENTIRELY OF PLAIN VELVET, LOBELIA BLUE, trimmed with two feathers, one white, the other black. Inside, there is a tuft of small white and black feathers, fastened by a large bow of black lace. A row of white lace on the curtain.

FIG. X.—BODY AND SASH OF BLACK SILK FOR A LADY.—It is trimmed with narrow black guipure lace and rows of black velvet ribbon. It will be still more beautiful if made of black velvet, or if for a young lady, of blue, pink, green, or mauve silk.

FIG. XI.—NECK-TIE OF VERY CLEAR THIN MUSLIN, with ends of black lace. These neck-ties are exceedingly fashionable, and are trimmed with white lace as frequently as with black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are generally worn quite high, and closing with small buttons; some, of course, prefer those opening with small *revers*, or the square Raphael style, but they will not be general. Skirts continue to be made long and full, and all plain materials will have trimmings on the bottom either of black velvet arranged in various forms, *ruches*, and even broad flounces with trimmings above them; where the skirts are trimmed, bodices may have a trimming to correspond, or may be left plain. *Moire antiques*, rich figured silks, poplins, etc., have as little ornament as possible.

IN SLEEVES there is very little change as regards the form; wide open styles, shaped at the elbow, continue the most fashionable; the style of trimming must depend on that of the dress.

In Paris there is no decided change in the make of the bodice. The *Mousquetaire* dress has many admirers; it is trimmed with drop buttons made of steel. The *Amadis* bodice has a new style of sash, which is cut so as to form small basques all round the waist. There is a decided return to basques for morning dresses of every description, but all that have as yet appeared are very narrow ones, not more than an inch and five-eighths in width; these encircle the waist and terminate in front with two points. For evening and house dress, skirts are made longer than ever, they should form a train at the back, and positively trail on the carpets to be at all fashionable. In Paris vests are extremely popular for wearing with indoor dresses; they are made of velvet, plush, or cloth, embro-

dered or braided. Plush vestes have a good effect, and require no trimming, but the velvet ones are generally ornamented with either fur, gimp, or drop buttons. More stylish and expensive vestes are made of white terry velvet, trimmed with a band of marten or Astrakan fur, but for ordinary wear, they are frequently made of the same material as the skirt. In all cases a chemisette is worn with the veste, and is made either of white muslin, handsomely worked in satin, or of white or colored cashmere.

There is nothing so pretty and so useful as a plain gale silk dress, whether colored or black. This style of silk does not carry its date; and, if not worn out one season, can, by a little alteration in the trimming, be converted the following season into really a very pretty and stylish garment. Not so with silks figured with various patterns, which are very handsome when worn at the time they really are fashionable, and then do not appear again. Of course every one cannot afford to discard a handsome figured silk dress so soon; and it is to those ladies we recommend the plain in preference.

FRENCH MERINOS are again in great favor for home dresses, trimmed in a variety of styles. Some are embroidered in silk, others braided, and velvet is frequently used. The bodices of these French merinoes are made tight, and high to the throat, with two points in front and a small basque exactly in the center of the back. This basque, small as it is, is very becoming to a slight figure. The sleeves are made tight as far as the elbow, and then widen out to the cuff. The cuff is pointed and made of velvet, corresponding with the trimming of the dress. French merino has much to recommend it as a material for a house, or, indeed, an out-door winter morning's dress. It is soft, falls in graceful folds, and being made entirely of wool, is warmer than when a mixture of either cotton or silk is introduced in the fabric. With these points in its favor, French merino, like silk velvet, will never be really unfashionable.

THE BLACK AND WHITE MANIA that has raged so long, both in London and Paris, extends even to the smallest articles, as that mixture is now very fashionable for aprons. We have seen some very tasteful aprons made of black moire antique, trimmed all round (for the corners were rounded) with a plaited black velvet ribbon, with a white edge; above this was a narrower ribbon of the same description, plaited likewise, carried along the bottom and up the right side. On the left side there was a pocket defined with the narrow black velvet white-edged ribbon. Dull and prosy as all descriptions of the make of fashionable attire must necessarily be, we assure our readers that when made up, these small aprons are exceedingly stylish and tasteful for morning wear.

WHITE TOILETS are the rage abroad for morning as well as evening wear. For morning costume they are made of white English alpaca, the Zouave trimmed with colors, violet, or any favorite shade of red; the vest of silk, the same color as the trimming, and fastened with small, flat, fire-gilt buttons. White organdie and grenadine are favorite materials for evening dresses, and are elegantly trimmed with black guipure lace.

FOR EVENING AND DINNER COSTUME nothing is more elegant and fashionable than lace trimmings, either black or white. Lace has the recommendation of giving a perfectly novel character to a dress which may have been already worn with another kind of trimming. The lace taken from a robe of white tulle may be transferred with equal effect to one of pink taffety; thus making two dresses, totally different in style.

HEAD-DRESS.—A simple, and at the same time a most becoming wreath for fair hair, is composed of daisies of two different shades of mauve color. A wreath, effective with hair of any color, may be composed of small roses,

separated by tufts of forget-me-nots or violets. A combination of moss-roses and myosotes also forms a charming wreath, especially for a young lady. On dark hair decided colors are most effective, and for a lady of dark complexion nothing is more becoming than a wreath of scarlet geranium, with its beautiful shaded foliage.

PETTICOATS now form an important item of the dress. One thing is certain, that ladies will have to wear their dresses looped up out-of-doors, in consequence of the inordinate length of skirt which Fashion has decreed shall hold its sway. Pretty petticoats and well-fitting shoes are, necessarily, imperative: so we have this winter petticoats of every imaginable shade and design, and boots that are faultless in their finish and appearance. White and colored French merino petticoats, braided (for this fashion is carried even to articles of under-clothing), are amongst the novelties for carriage costume. They are exceedingly delicate and elegant, and on that account are scarcely suitable for walking. Quilted silk petticoats are quite taking the place of woollen ones, and black ones are the most fashionable. Eider down, though more expensive than the cotton wadding, being lighter, is used in preference to cotton, but wool is also exceedingly light and warm.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY FOUR YEARS OLD.—Gray cloth paletot, braided with black and having a small cape. Frock of plain gray poplin. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with colored velvet.

FIG. II.—BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN.—Black velvet blouse and trousers. The trousers are fastened above the knee and fall below it. Charles IX. hat, of black silk trimmed with red and black feathers.

FIG. III.—BOY OF SEVEN OR EIGHT.—Trousers half-length; waistcoat plain, and high; jacket not showing the waist. The jacket and waistcoat are a dark blue cloth. Gilt buttons on the waistcoat. Trousers, pearl-gray.

FIG. IV.—BOY OF FIVE OR SIX.—Frock of Louise blue poplin. Paletot of pearl gray cloth, bordered with blue velvet and braided with silk. Felt hat, in the *Ligueur* shape, trimmed with blue velvet and white feathers.

FIG. V.—BOY SIX YEARS OLD.—A complete Scotch costume. Black velvet jacket trimmed with silver buttons. Skirt and scarf of plain poplin. Velvet cap, with a fancy feather.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is made of poplin, trimmed with quillings of the same, rows of black velvet and oblong steel buttons. The pointed waist is cut in the dress, and not separate, as is usual. Sonorita jacket of the same material, and trimmed in the same way as the skirt. Under-body and sleeves of white muslin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is very little alteration in children's costume; the knickerbocker suit is very popular; it is so comfortable and convenient, and not likely to be out-of-door.

For out-door coverings boys are wearing Inverness capes and little paletots, the latter being frequently in gray cloth, with gray velvet collar and cuffs, and pocket trimmings. Little girls are wearing tiny scarlet gipsy cloaks, Colleen Bawn mantles, and paletots very much like those worn by boys, but more elaborately trimmed. Felt hats will be generally adopted for children of both sexes, white being the most suitable for tiny children, trimmed with either a very bright blue or cerise. There is a new-shaped hat for children just come out in Paris, called the "*Ligueur*," a very becoming and suitable style; then there are the *Frondeur* and the Charles IX. hats, both new shapes. The Charles IX. hat is made of black velvet, or silk stretched over a shape; it has a straight brim and a somewhat high crown, trimmed with plumes of tiny black and red, or red and white feathers; it is an extremely stylish head-gear for a little boy.



Painted by J. Hill

Engraved & Printed by James Heath

THE DAY AFTER

THE DAY AFTER



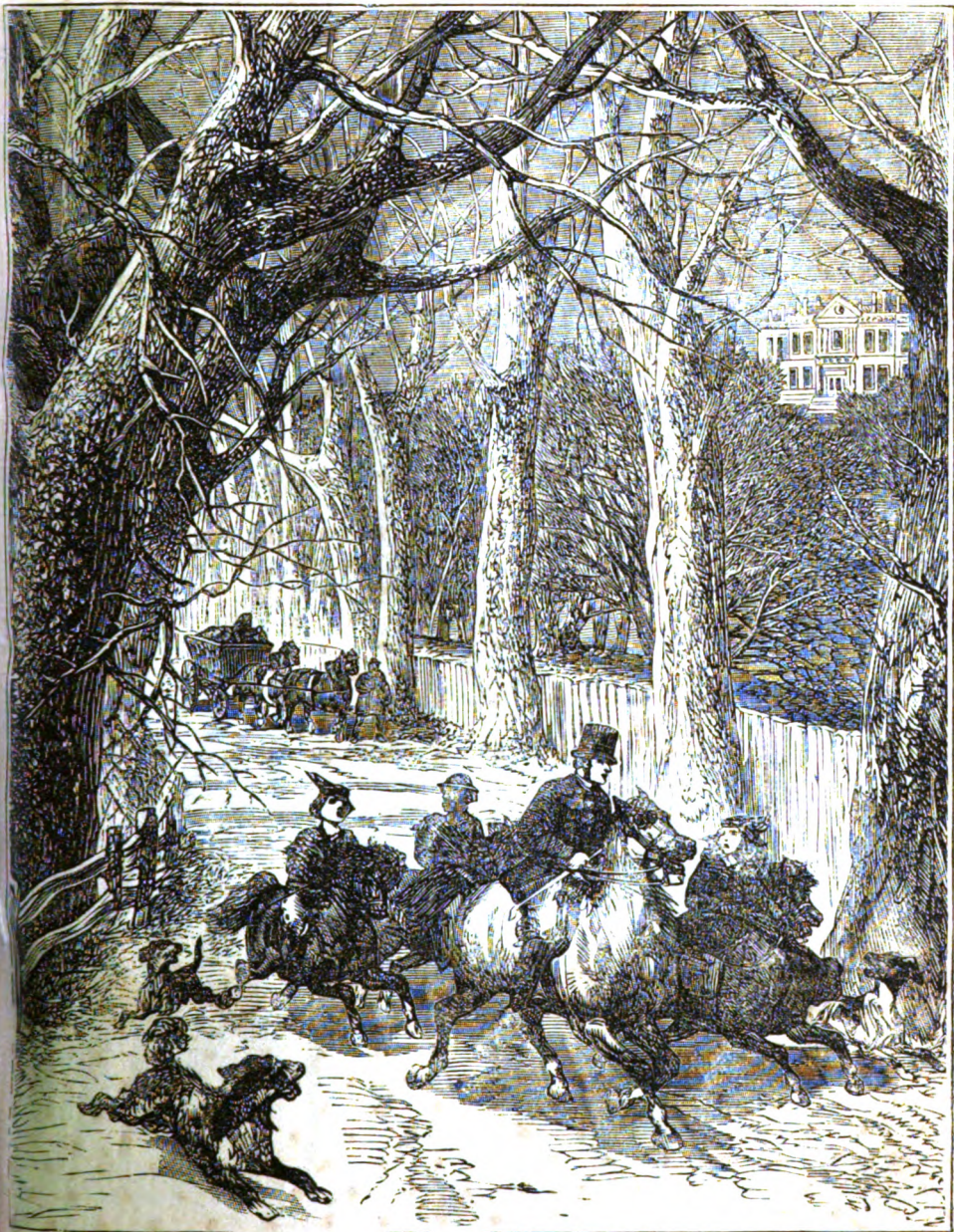
Designed & Printed by Louis Desobry

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MARCH.

1867





FROSTY WEATHER: A GALLOP THROUGH THE LANE.

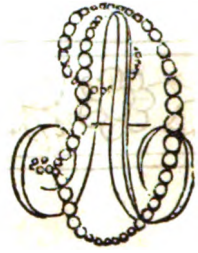


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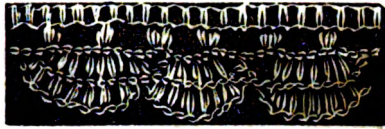
THE VELVET JOCKEY.

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LETTERS FOR MARKING.

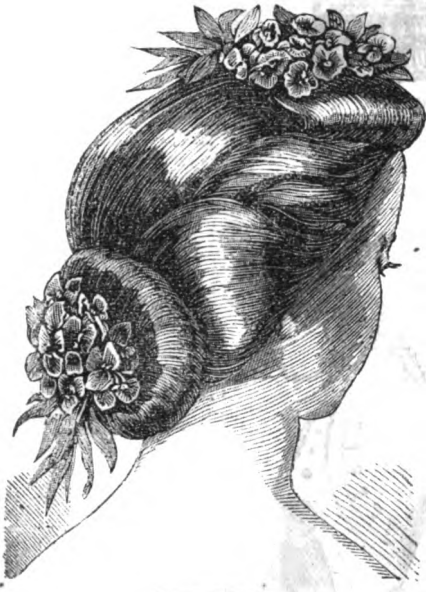




CROCHETED EDGING.



THE ANDALUSIAN.



HEAD-DRESS.



HEAD-DRESS.

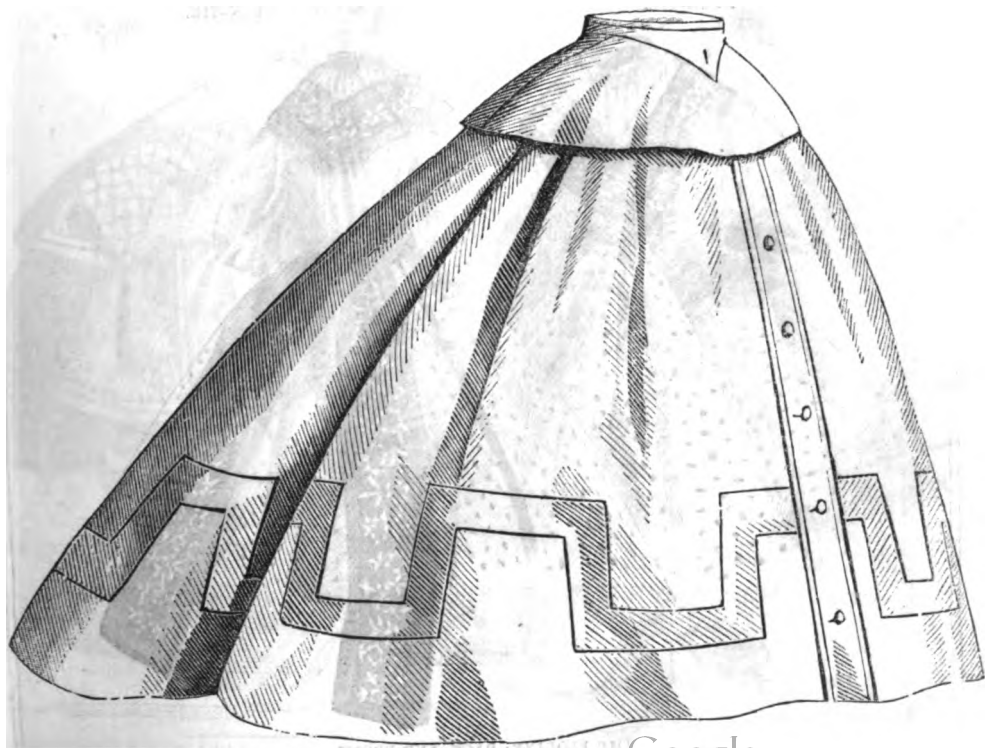




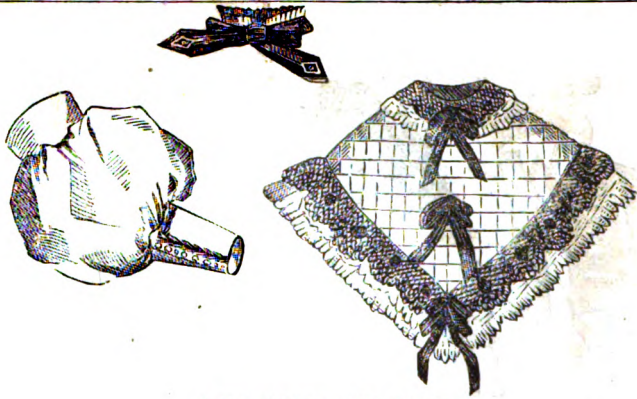
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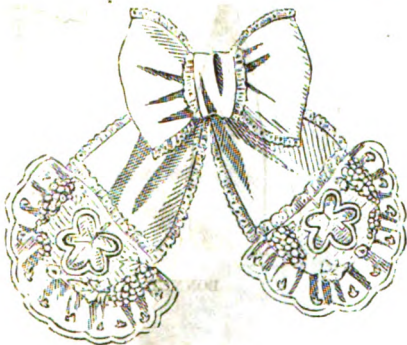
BONNET.



BALMORAL SKIRT. Digitized by Google



CAPE, SLEEVE, AND COLLAR.



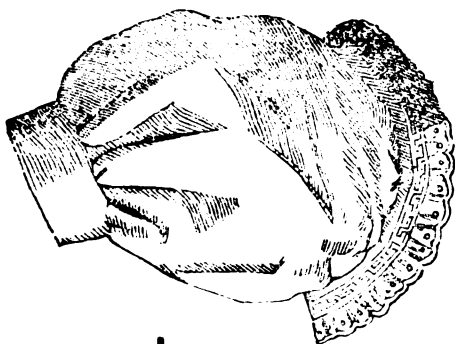
NECK-TIE.



NECK-TIE.



THE FLORINE: BACK AND FRONT.



UNDER-SLEEVE.



LACE BODY.



COLLARET.



PRINCESS ALICE BODY.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER.



VOICE

GUITAR.

1. When dark the morn and drear the day, And

clouds are gath'r - ing round our way How blest our lot, where-e'er we rove, If

A SISTER'S LOVE.

CHORUS.



we can boast a sis - ter's love. A sis - ter's love, A



sis - ter's love, Oh, give me then a sis - ter's love.



2.

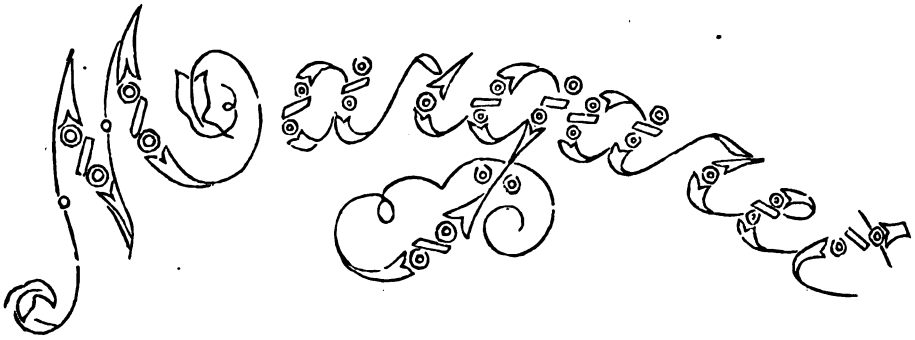
A brother's love 'tis said may fail ;
A mother's smile grow dim and pale,
But naught on earth avails to move
The fondness of a sister's love.

CHORUS.

3.

How sad to think, if this be so,
How few *have* sisters here below ;
It matters not ;—get if you can,
The sister of some other man !

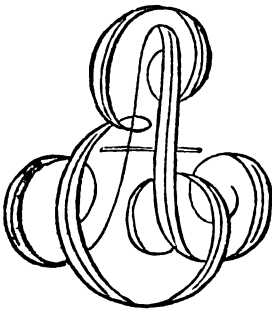
CHORUS.



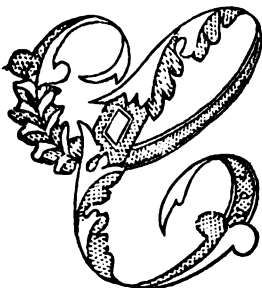
NAME FOR MARKING.



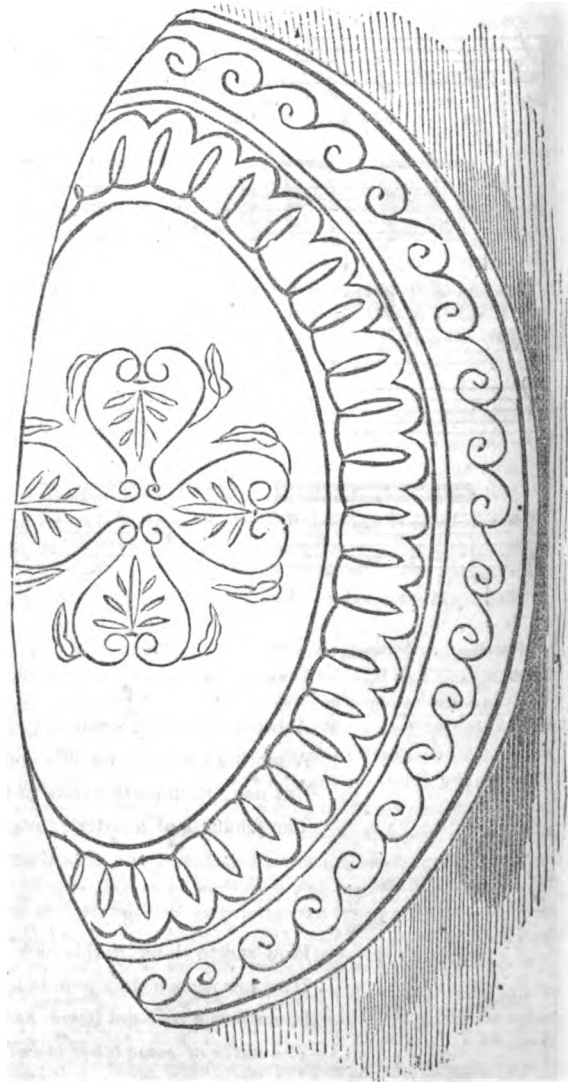
DOUBLE CORAL-STITCH.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



BRAIDED SOFA-CUSHION.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1863.

No. 3.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WHEN did you hear from Thomas?"

A young lady had stopped at the door of a small house, standing on the outskirts of a village in Pennsylvania, and asked this question of a woman who sat working on a coarse garment.

"It's more than two months since I've had a word from him," replied the woman, in a half-troubled, half-complaining tone. Then rising, she added, "Won't you come in, Miss Annie?"

The young lady accepted the invitation, and as she took a proffered chair, said,

"Two months is a long time not to have heard from your son, Mrs. Rogers. Where is he?"

"The last news I had came from Williamsburg just after the battle. He sent me three or four lines, to say that he wasn't hurt."

"And you've heard nothing since?"

"Nothing, Miss Annie. He may be dead, or a prisoner, for all I know. Oh, dear! dear! It's worrying the very life out of me."

"When did you write to him last?" inquired the young lady.

Mrs. Rogers moved uneasily, and a shame-flush covered her face, as she replied,

"I haven't taken a pen in my fingers these five years. They're all cramped with hard work, and I couldn't write fit to be seen."

"A single line from your hand, Mrs. Rogers, blotted and scrawled though it might have been, would have come to Thomas, in his far away camp, as a most welcome visitor from home. Think of his comrades getting letters by every mail, while there came not a word or a token for him."

"Oh! but Miss Annie, I've sent him two pairs of stockings knit with my own hands; and he's never so much as let me know that he received them."

"A letter should have gone with them," said the young lady. "The stockings, if they ever

reached him, were but dumb signs; a loving sentence, even if he had been obliged to spell it out slowly from among ill-formed words, would have spoken to his heart, and warmed it with a living pleasure. Write to your son, Mrs. Rogers. Nothing that you can send him will do Thomas half so much good as a letter from his mother. A single line will be precious. Don't let him any longer have the feeling, among his comrades, that he alone has no one to care for him, or send him sweet remembrances."

"I don't believe I can write, Miss Annie," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Try. Have you pen and ink?"

"No, Miss. As I told you just now, I haven't had a pen in my fingers these five years; and I don't believe I could compose a letter, even if I had the skill to write it out."

"You must try, Mrs. Rogers. It will never do in the world for Thomas to go any longer without a letter from home. I have a spare ink-stand, and will step around for it."

And the young lady arose, saying, as she went out,

"I'll be back again in a little while, with pen, ink, and paper. Between us Thomas must have a letter."

On Annie's return with writing materials, Mrs. Rogers, still reluctant to undertake the unaccustomed task of penning a letter, sat down, half per force, and made sundry awkward attempts to form words and sentences, by way of practice, before essaying the epistle, which her ardent young visitor had made up her mind should be produced and mailed to the absent soldier that day.

"Very well done! Of course you can write!" said Annie, encouragingly, as she watched the efforts of Mrs. Rogers. "Now take a sheet of paper, and just think you are talking to him. Write down whatever you would like to say,

and say just as much about home, and what is going on here, that you think would interest him, as you can call to mind. Take your time to it, and don't feel hurried. I'll come around again in the course of an hour, and see what you've done. Then we'll both go over it, and I'll make all the corrections needed, so that you can copy it out fairly. My word for it, there'll be a nice letter for Thomas, that will do his heart good."

In an hour, Annie came back, as she had promised. Mrs. Rogers had filled two pages of paper with rather badly spelled sentences; but the matter was all right, as far as it went. Annie made all needed corrections, and then waited until Mrs. Rogers had copied the letter, which she folded and directed for her.

"Shall I mail it for you?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Rogers.

And the young lady went away, taking the letter. Since learning that Thomas Rogers, whom she very well remembered, had not once received a letter from his mother, although he had been absent for over a year, she had felt pity and concern for the young man, whom she remembered as a little wild in his habits before he went into the army. This had made her the more urgent that the mother should do her duty. The letter was as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Still, as Annie's thoughts went off to the distant camp, and dwelt on the young man's particular case, it did not seem to her all that he needed.

"I will write to him!" she said, as the case, continuing to dwell in her mind, presented itself in stronger and stronger light. "He was once, for a short time, my scholar in Sunday-school, and that shall be my warrant."

So she wrote him a brief, but pointed and earnest letter, touching his duties as a soldier and as a man. Not in a superior, lecturing tone; but in a kind, suggestive way, and in language calculated to touch his feelings and arouse his better nature.

An officer sat in his tent, near Gaines' Mills, Virginia, three days previous to the assault on the right wing of our army before Richmond.

"In the guard-house again!" he said, speaking to the orderly, who had just submitted his report. There was regret, as well as discouragement in his voice. "What are we to do with the man?"

"You will have to order a severer punishment. Simple confinement in the guard-house is of no use."

"He has in him all the elements of a good soldier," remarked the officer. "No one goes

through the manual better. He is perfectly drilled; is quick, steady, and brave. At Williamsburg he fought like a lion. I cannot forget, that, to his prompt courage, I owe my life. No—no—not severer punishment. We must bear with him a little longer. What is his offence now?"

"He was away at roll call; and his report of himself is unsatisfactory. The man is restless and brooding; and sometimes so ill-natured as to make trouble with his comrades."

The officer sat in thought for some time. He was about speaking, when a sergeant came in with letters, a mail having been received. In running his eyes over them, the officer noticed two directed to Thomas Rogers, the soldier reported as in the guard-house. He held them for a moment in his hand, and then laid them aside with his own letters.

"Let me see you in half an hour," he said to the orderly. "We must do something to reform this man. There is good in him, if we can only discover the way to make it active."

The orderly retired, and the officer became occupied with his letters. After getting through with them, word was passed to have Rogers brought before him. He came, under guard, but the guard was dismissed, and the man was alone with the officer, who regarded him more in pity than in anger. The soldier was a young man, not over twenty years of age; of slender form, but compactly built, and muscular. Even under disgrace, there was a manly self-poise about him that did not escape the officer's notice.

"Under arrest again! What have you to say for yourself?" The officer tried to be stern, and to speak with severity.

The soldier did not answer; but a look, half-dogged, half-defiant, was visible in his face.

"I shall have to order severer punishment."

There was no reply; only a slight change in attitude and expression of countenance, that indicated a bracing of mind and nerve for more endurance.

"When did you hear from home?" asked the officer, who did not remember to have seen a letter addressed to Rogers until the receipt of that day's mail.

"Not for a long time," was answered, and with apparent surprise at so unexpected a question.

"Here are two letters to your address." And the officer, who had the letters in his hand, held them toward the soldier, who started, with a strange look of surprise and bewilderment, and received them with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Sit down and read them," said the officer, pointing to a camp-stool. The man sat down, showing considerable excitement, and, after looking curiously at the delicately written superscriptions, opened one of the letters and glanced it through hurriedly. The officer's gaze was on him, and he read in his countenance the rapid play of various emotions. Then he opened the second letter, which was read twice. As he finished it, he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"From home?" queried the officer.

The young soldier stood up, giving the usual sign of respect, as he answered in the affirmative. The officer noticed that his face was graver and paler; and that all the late look of dogged defiance had faded out.

"And now, Rogers, what have you to say for yourself? Will you drive us to a severer punishment? You know, as well as I do, that discipline must be enforced." There was remonstrance, not anger, in the officer's voice.

"Only this," answered the soldier, humbly, yet in a firm voice. "I have done wrong, and am sorry. Forgive me; and if I break a rule of the service again, shoot me."

"Spoken like a man and a soldier! I will trust you, Rogers," said the officer; and, dismissing the guard, he sent him to duty."

Two days afterward came that overwhelming assault upon our right wing, and on the next day the terrible conflict at Gaines' Mills. Among the coolest and bravest in all the fierce battles that followed, and among the most enduring in the long nights of retreat, was young Rogers. He was with that body of infantry which lay at the bottom of Malvern Hill, under our death-dealing batteries, the fire from which staggered, and then drove back the rebel masses, whose desperate courage in that maddest of all assaults, was worthy of a better cause. Twice during this series of battles, as once at Williamsburg, had Rogers, risking his own life, saved that of his captain; and in several of the conflicts, he had shown such coolness and courage, that

positions were saved, which but for the infusion of his spirit into his comrades would have been lost.

One day, about three weeks after the letters were written to Thomas Rogers, the young lady whom we have called Annie, received a reply from the soldier, dated, "In Camp, near Harrison's Landing." It ran thus:

"A good angel must have put it into your heart to send me that letter, for it came just in time to save me. I was in the guard-house, for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. I was reckless and desperate. All my comrades were getting word from home—letters came to them by every mail—but no one wrote to me, or seemed to care for me. So I lost respect for myself, grew sour, unhappy, and indifferent to duty. But your kind words—your talk about the past time when you were my teacher—your strong appeal to my better nature—your calm, true, sweet sentences, dear lady! stirred my heart with new feelings, and filled my eyes with tears. I was before my captain, in disgrace, when your letter was placed in my hands. He waited for me to read it; saw that I was touched, and, like a true man as he is, forgave my offence. Then and there, I resolved to die sooner than swerve a hair's-breadth from duty. I have been in fearful battles since, but God has kept me from harm. To-day, for bravery and faithful service in these battles, I have been made a second lieutenant. Thanks, thanks to you, kind, good friend! You have saved one who came nigh being lost!"

Fair reader, is there not, in some far away camp, a soldier who would be made better or happier through a letter from your hand? Think! If there is, write to him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, write often to the soldiers who have gone out from your homes. They are in the midst of temptations, trials, sufferings, and privations, and your words of love, your tenderly manifested interest, your exhortations to courage and duty, cannot fail to do them good.

SONNET.

BY B. G. JOHNSTON.

"**REFORM** the world's bad usages and ways,
Make all men just through fear of penalty;"
Cry virtue's advocates of these, our days,
While toiling 'mong abject humanity.
Cease fruitless toil, ye champions of right!
Strike at the source of every good and ill;
Think not, through penal laws' chastising might,

To conquer any human wrong at will.
From our own hearts spring all the ills and woes
That desolate our being's high estate;
So let us train our souls until they glow
With virtue and with love, rejecting hate.
Then men and angels shall commune again,
And Christ assert his bright and blessed reign!

THE GATHERING UP OF A LOST DREAM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

They met on the summit of Mount Washington.

Five years before, Guy Winchester and Frances Graves had parted in an English hostility—far up toward the wild coast line of Scotland—had parted, as they said, estranged forever.

He with his fierce, impetuous temper, and she with her indomitable pride—neither willing to yield to the other—both deeming themselves aggrieved, and both registering vows of eternal indifference.

For years previous, the continual prayers of this man and woman had been that they might die together—so fearful seemed to their united hearts the idea of separation—so fraught with pain and unrest were the hours when they walked apart.

A little thing—the veriest trifle in the world, had they been cool enough to have realized it—had severed them, at last, and made them more than strangers. Then Frances Graves was twenty-three, and Guy Winchester four years her senior.

He was wealthy, of a high family—talented in his profession—a worshiper of beauty, and a lover of *soul*. Frances was poor—a daily laborer for her bread; a proud, self-confident woman—suspicious of proffered friendships, because she had seen so much falsity; but with a great loving heart, which, once won, thrilled entirely, and without a doubt, save when pride stepped in and conquered love.

She suffered in breaking with the man she loved, as only such a nature can suffer. But, as it were, she scorned the ordinary forms of mourning, and buried her dead out of her sight—shedding no tears over the vanished shrine—uttering no lamentations for that which was not. A little paler, perhaps, she went about the laboring routine of her duties, looking forward to nothing in the future; expecting no gleam of brightness to shoot athwart the dull gray sky of her to come.

She saw a long life stretching out before her. A devious, barren path that she must walk alone, never pausing to look back on the distant valleys of rest and peace left so far behind—never stepping aside to rest in the quiet

of home—*her home*—hearing no kind voices calling her name; feeling no tender hands smoothing the heaviness of her hair. A woman! and alone in the world! History has failed to depict for us anything more full of profound sadness than a fate like this!

And now, after the lapse of five years of labored forgetfulness, they met again on the summit of Mount Washington.

The unusual heat of the season had driven an unheard of number of fashionables to the White Mountain region for breath; and Frances, obeying one of the strange impulses which ruled her, had sought the companionship of nature. Mental toil, for long years, had wearied her—she had locked away pen, paper, and brain, and given herself up to the strange, intoxicating luxury of idleness, and September, amid the mountains.

It was waning toward sunset—one of those magnificent sunsets which baffles description, which we almost fear to look upon, so much of exquisite joy alive to pain thrills every fibre of the heart.

The sun was partially obscured by a light, floating mist; the glimmering, unsteady light just above the line of the horizon, to a practiced eye, indicated bad weather; and the distant peaks of the Franconia range were obscured by sable clouds.

Frances sat leaning against a great gray rock, her eyes fixed on the broad expanse of hill and valley lying at her feet, uninterrupted to the far off valley of the Connecticut. She was not thinking of herself—she was lost in the immensity of the scene before her. She was above the world—where bodily substance vanishes—where the ethereal outweighs the material—where we stand above the clouds and are clothed in the garments of the stars.

The rosy light played over her face, softening the stern lines about her mouth, and tinging her pale cheek with the hue of youth and love. She was not beautiful—but she was better; there was a certain inexplicable something lurking in the depth of her dark eyes, and lingering around the crimson line of her lips, that interested you more than mere beauty. Her black hair made a startling contrast with the

whiteness of her neck and forehead; and her plain dress, of sable silk, in no wise detracted from the almost painful simplicity of her appearance.

For the space of many minutes, Mr. Winchester stood on a sharp point of rock, a few yards above her, gazing down at the motionless figure with a species of fascination for which he could not account, until she rose suddenly, and revealed her profile cut clear against the glowing sky. Then he knew that he was breathing the same atmosphere with Frances Graves.

She was totally unmindful of his presence. If she noticed him at all, she thought him some *amused* pleasure seeker, who had come out to escape the gay bustle of the Summit House, for an hour's quiet communion with nature.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she wandered—hardly conscious whither she was going—to the southern side of the summit, and looked out listlessly over the vast picture unrolled to her view. The display was grandly beautiful. The visible world was baptized in crimson; the sky was hung with banners of white, ruby, and azure; far in the hazy south the crescent moon looked out above a wall of purple clouds; and in the east, above the far off ocean, a gray-blue mist, tinged with dun gold, rose slowly upward. Impelled on by the mysterious beauty of the coming night—and forgetting how soon it would be palpable darkness—Frances descended the dizzy bridle-path until she reached the little mountain spring, which is known as the Lake of the Clouds.

Mountain distances are deceitful, and she had no idea she was so far away from the house, until she estimated the distance by her heat and weariness. She stooped down, and, dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot forehead. The waters were icy gold. They smote a chill to her heart. She shuddered, and turned to go back. A dense volume of mist and fog rolled over her—enveloped her—shut her out from everything tangible, made around her a void and uncertainty more terrible, in its opaque gray gloom, than the blackness of impenetrable midnight. The words escaped her lips almost without her knowledge,

"God, God! I am lost!"

She felt how utterly useless it would be to attempt to move from the spot—a dozen steps in the wrong direction might plunge her hundreds of feet down some yawning chasm! Death would come to her quietly where she was before the morning's sun would dispel these treacherous vapors; she might as well sit still and greet the dismal guest with undismay.

She remained where she was—thinking to herself—recalling the weary time when she had prayed hourly for the death which had seemed so far away—now so very near. She felt strangely serene. There was no struggle in her mind—no lingering regret that, when her cold clay should be discovered, there would be none to mourn for her; no yearning, looking back for a gleam of light to cheer the dark passage over the River.

Through the wall of fog a voice fell on Frances' ear—a voice which she had last heard on the other side of the Atlantic. It said coldly,

"Miss Graves, are you there?"

Every pulse of her body stood still—then burned and quivered with fever heat. But her reply was as cold and even as his question.

"Yes, Mr. Winchester, I am here. How dared you follow me?"

"I did not intend to; but I saw you were about committing suicide, and I deemed it my duty to prevent the crime! You cannot regret the necessity which compelled me into your presence more than I do."

He was so near her now, that his figure was revealed to her, looking almost gigantic in the uncertain light.

Silence fell between the two, broken only by the dismal wail of the wind among the rocks, as it swept over the lonely summit; and the low, weird ripple of the mountain rivulet falling down the declivity from the lake.

Frances felt cold as death. Her limbs were benumbed—there was an irresistible inclination to drowsiness stealing over her—her clothes were saturated with moisture—her very hair dripped with ice cold rain.

Mr. Winchester sat down a pace or two from her, and put his shawl around her shoulders.

"Frances," he said, "it is useless to turn away from the truth. Let us look it in the face. We are both doomed to death, unless, as I hardly dare hope, the clouds should break before many hours. A night's exposure here, amid these frigid sky dews, would be too much for you. The season is far advanced. If a storm gathers it will be snow and hail. Do you realize the danger?"

"I think so."

"And are you ready to meet it?"

"I am not afraid."

He drew close to her side, and bent down over her, the whole passion of a life time bursting forth in his voice,

"Oh, Frances! Frances! Shall death itself fail to reconcile us?"

She turned toward him, a little scorn in her calm tones,

"Guy Winchester, years ago we discussed this subject, and then we made a decision. Shall I repeat it to you?"

"Frances, at last, I care not for your scorn—I can brave even that. God has thrown us together, and fate shall take its course. I will speak now. Then I refused to justify myself—I was too proud and hasty to explain anything to the woman who had doubted my loyalty. That gay young girl was nothing to me! Oh! Frances, how could you wrong me so? Even then, when you deemed me enamored of her, she was the promised bride of my cousin, and I knew it. Isabel Ray was a pretty coquette, and as such I valued her. I never had a true thought away from you, Frances; only in your presence I lived my life. Now shall we not die together, united at the very last?"

A wild thrill ran like fire through the cold veins of Frances Graves. She reached out her hands blindly toward him. They fell upon his shoulder. His arms encircled her—he drew her close to his breast—her cold cheek touched his—his lips met hers.

"Is all forgiven?"

"Yes!"

"Is she *my* Frances?"

"Yes; yours."

Even as she spoke, she shuddered with the piercing cold. He wrapped the shawl closer around her, striving to warm her with his embrace, giving up his own life and vitality in the kisses he left upon her mouth.

Time dragged slowly on. At midnight the fogs broke—a cold northwest wind drove the clouds away, and left the sky steel blue. The gray walls of the Tip-Top House were sharply defined; the misty white track of the bridle-path came out from the neutral tint of its foundation.

Winchester bore Frances up to the summit. Everything was done for her that was possible in the place—but she was restless and shivering all the night through; and the next morning they carried her down to the Glen House, at the foot of the mountain.

A long illness followed, during which Frances Graves had the care of mother, and sister, and husband, all in one. Mr. Winchester was omnipotent in the sick-room. He earned his right to be forgiven a little flirtation with a pretty coquette; and his constancy to his first love was rewarded. It all came right in time.

The man and woman whom pride separated, and made wretched for five weary hours, went on from thenceforth in a united life.

THEY TELL ME I AM GROWING OLD.

BY DANIEL W. TELLER.

They tell me I am growing old,
My locks are thin and gray,
And many a furrow's on my cheek—
Sad tokens of decay!
Alas! I little thought that time
Was working thus with me,
Although so plain its deep-made lines
On others I could see.

They tell me I am growing old,
My step is now more slow;
A staff I need to lean upon,
As tremblingly I go.
And what was pleasure to me once
Has lost its power to charm;
Familiar scenes are growing strange,
Familiar sounds alarm.

They tell me I am growing old,
The light fades from my eye—
And rarest beauties scarce are seen
That in my pathway lie:
And when the sound of music comes—
How dull it strikes the ear!
No chord is touched within my breast,
Its notes have ceased to cheer.

They tell me I am growing old,
Older than most of men;
For, oh! how few have reached the age
Of three-score years and ten!
Now all the friends of early youth,
Who shared life's joys with me,
Have gone—all gone—and I'm alone,
No more their forms to see.

They tell me I am growing old—
I know they tell the truth;
For long ago has passed away
The bright Spring time of youth.
Yet still with pleasure I recall
Those bright and sunny hours,
When I could sport in childish lays,
Or gambol in the bowers.

They tell me I am growing old.
Yes, life will soon be o'er;
Its sun, once bright and radiant,
Will set to rise no more.
Then, when my body deep is laid
Within its grave so cold,
May I in Heaven forever dwell,
Without becoming old.

HUSBAND AND WIFE. *h 24*

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PERHAPS I ought not to have married him; I do not know if I did a wicked thing. It seemed right to me at first, but my mind was in such a tumult, and I was urged and persuaded beyond my powers of endurance.

I was only twenty years old. My step-mother separated me from Robert Grey—I believe she thought she was acting for the best. He was poor, and they said not steady in his habits—I cannot tell how that might have been—to me he was all that was noble and perfect! It was the romance of eighteen—it was something more—all the freshness of my youth went out with that short-lived dream.

I had only known Robert a year—it was my year of roses. I had been staying for some time alone at our country place, and he was visiting our uncle, who lived near. I remember so well our first meeting—he saved my life. I was an excellent horsewoman, and fond of the exercise as all good riders are. There was a horse in the stables which I had been forbidden to ride, and, for that very reason, girl like, I was quite frantic to mount him.

I took the advantage of my step-mother's absence—ordered out Flash in spite of the remonstrance of the housekeeper and the old groom, and away I flew down the road, soon losing sight completely of the servant who had been sent to follow me.

I never shall forget the feeling of exultation with which I dashed on. It was my one act of open disobedience to my step-mother, and I very nearly paid a heavy penalty. I never knew what startled the horse, but he shied, and then flew on like the wind. I had no longer the slightest control over him—all I could do was to keep my seat. I do not remember that I was frightened—I seemed incapable of any feeling, only I was breathless and faint.

We were nearing a little river—I had an indistinct idea that he was going to plunge into the water. I remember trying to say a prayer, and after that I have no correct recollection of anything, until I found myself seated on the bank, and Robert Grey sprinkling my face with water. He had been fishing, and had seen us approach, managed to turn the horse's course, and caught me as I was falling from the saddle.

That was the beginning of our acquaintance; it was not strange that I loved him. I felt that the life which he had saved belonged to him, and I gave him the devotion of my whole heart.

It was many weeks after when my step-mother returned—it was too late for her to do anything then, except to ruin my peace! Until winter I had my forebodings of evil, but then the worst came. She broke off my engagement, and she hurried me away beyond the reach of the man I loved.

I am not going to weary you with the details of my suffering. It was hard enough to bear, but I did endure.

I said I was twenty years old when I became the wife of Paul Tracy. I must tell you how it came about, although there is nothing new in the history.

My step-mother met with reverses in which the whole of our fortune was swept away. It was a terrible blow to her, for she was a proud woman. I think too she grieved on my account, but most of all for her own child May.

My sister was ten years younger than I, loved by her mother with that selfish idolatry parents are apt to lavish upon an only child; and, for myself, I can truly say that I could not have loved her more had she been wholly my sister.

So there we were, a helpless woman and girl, reared in luxury, and unaccustomed to the slightest self-denial or exertion, left in poverty with that child upon our hands. I say ours, for, from the first, I began making plans to assist my step-mother in bringing her up.

I had suffered so much, during the past two years, that the shock of this new misfortune did me good. It was like a rush of ice water that deadened, for a time, the pain I had been enduring.

I determined to become a governess. I dare say I formed a great many plans that were foolish and romantic; but I was none the less in earnest in my determination to assist those dear ones.

My step-mother would not hear of the idea. I doubt if she would have been more shocked had I proposed to beg; and I sat down quite heart-sick when she rejected every plan that I brought up.

I soon discovered that she had some project of her own. It was not long before it was unfolded to me.

Paul Tracy was a distant relative of her own, whose acquaintance I had made during the past year, and who had shown me attentions from which I shrunk. It seemed a wrong to Robert that any man should even venture to care for me.

In our trouble and distress, he came with an offer of his hand for me. Ah! he was very generous and kind. He deserved something better than an unloving wife.

My step-mother spoke to me first. I felt as if she had struck a hot iron against the old wound in my heart. I knew I cried out only,

"I cannot! I cannot! I will die for you; but not this!"

I need not tell you the persuasions and arguments that followed, but they convinced me there was only one course possible. If I refused to marry I should leave my mother in despair and ruin my sister's future.

So it all came about. I exacted a promise from my step-mother that she would tell Mr. Tracy of my love for another; but before my marriage, I discovered that she had only alluded lightly to the matter, as a bit of girlish folly not worth a thought; and then I had not the courage to go to him and tell the truth.

You see how weak and wicked I was—I do not intend to attempt any self-exculpation—I shall write the whole truth, only begging you not to judge too harshly of me.

Only a month from the day on which my step-mother informed me of Mr. Tracy's proposal, I became his wife.

I do not think that, even after all these years, I should have the courage to tell you all that I suffered during that time. Had that change come when my grief was fresh, I am sure that I must have died; but I had suffered so long that suffering had given me a sort of hard, unnatural strength, such as one has during the delirium of a fever.

I did think that I should die. Twice I dreamed of being dressed for my wedding, and falling dead when they came to lead me out of the room. I took that as a warning—I was impious enough to believe that was the release God intended for me, and I begged and prayed that it might come, as all cowards do when life seems too hard to bear.

The days passed, the morning came, and I was married to Paul Tracy.

My step-mother came into my room after I was dressed. I saw her look anxiously at me,

fearful that I should give way at the last moment; but I was perfectly calm to all appearance. I knew she put her arms about my neck with a burst of happy tears, calling me her dear child, and saying that I had saved her and little May. I remember putting her quietly away—I could not help it—at the time it seemed as if she were exulting over my misery.

Of the rest of that day I have no distinct recollection. It always appeared to me like a painful dream which I shuddered to recall; but the irrevocable step was taken—they had made me Paul Tracy's wife.

I was very ill for weeks after, but I could not die; and when I rose from my bed, I was able to think and reflect, to take up my life as it had been allotted to me.

My step-mother and May came to live with us; but the woman did not enjoy the content which I had bought for her at a price so terrible. She died of a rapid fever, with her last breath confiding her child to our care. My husband was all devotion to her, and the last human words which ever reached her ear was his solemn promise that May should be as his own daughter.

He kept his word to the very letter; and, as for me, my poor heart turned toward the orphan with a thrill of love and tenderness, which I had thought it could never again feel for any mortal.

To give you the details of the first years which followed would only be tiresome. Let me go on to the time when another change broke up the chill monotony of my life.

I had been married eight years. My youth was going from me—I was glad to know it. I thought that perhaps when old age approached, a sort of peace would descend upon me, so I watched the years slip by with a feeling of relief.

Do not suppose that I intend you to believe all that time was a season of intense suffering. I had many enjoyments, kind friends, a pleasant home, wealth, and all the thousand details which go so far toward making grief easier to bear.

It would have been impossible for any woman to live with my husband without learning to respect and admire him. He was only twelve years older than myself, courageous and self-centered, but gentle and tender as a woman.

I can safely say that I did my duty as a wife in all respects but one—I had no love to give. I had ceased to think of the past; Robert Grey's name was not allowed a place in my thoughts; but not the less had I done a great wrong to a

good man, to the one who, of all the world, loved me with entire and unchanging devotion.

In my selfishness I never thought if he perceived the void that lay between my soul and his. He gave no sign; his whole life was the study of my happiness, and I allowed his love to fall cold upon the tomb where I had buried my heart.

Yes, I had been married eight years. May was grown now, just the age I was when that great trouble came upon me. She was as gay and light-hearted as I had been then; surely she could not have been otherwise, for, during all those years, she had never had a wish remain ungratified, or a pleasure denied her.

She was very much attached to me and my husband, and I have told you what she was to us.

It was spring. We were settled in the country, for the warm months, to the content of the whole household, for we were all greatly attached to the old place.

Mr. Tracy had been absent from home for several days, and May and I were quite without visitors, a thing that pleased me greatly; for whenever the long summer days began to approach, I felt most like shrinking from all society.

It was toward the close of the day of Mr. Tracy's return. I was sitting out on the lawn, and May had wandered down toward the gates in expectation of his arrival.

Suddenly she came hurrying toward me, exclaiming,

"Sister, here comes Matthew with the carriage. Mr. Tracy is walking over from the station; there's a gentleman with him, Matthew says."

I was sorry to hear that—I wanted no strangers about me then. Never, after my separation from my husband, had I felt so pleased at the thought of meeting him. I was so stupid and out of spirits, that I quite longed for his kind protection and numberless plans for my comfort.

"I wonder who can be with him," continued May. "At all events, I shall go to my room, for running has put my hair in a frightful state."

I smiled at her words, for exercise had given her a beautiful color, and her sunny hair looked brighter and softer than ever; but she took her own way, and, as she went into the house, I could hear her singing merrily as one ought to be able to do at eighteen.

I took up the work, with which I had made a pretence of being occupied, and passed into the verandah.

It was not long before I heard my husband's voice. They were coming through the shrubbery, having taken a short path that led from the fields.

Out of the thicket he came, and behind him followed—you know who. It was Robert Grey.

It seemed as if the world was passing away. I grew blind and sick. I had a wild idea of springing up and rushing away, but I could not stir. It appeared to me an eternity before they reached the steps. I heard my husband's voice calling to me. I cannot tell how I managed to rise. I do not know how I looked, or how I replied to his affectionate greeting. Then I heard him say,

"Margaret, let me present an old acquaintance to you—Mr. Grey. I met him at the station, and forced him to come home with me."

I looked at Robert again. He was very little changed—handsomer, more manly. He was speaking to me, and I answered. Something in his composure brought back my strength. I stood there to all appearance calm and self-possessed.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure," he said. "I did not know that you were living near here."

"Oh! this is my wife's favorite place," my husband answered. "As soon as spring comes, she is quite wild to get here. But where is May?"

She came out of the hall, at that moment, and I got back in my chair, while the greetings and introduction took place. Presently Mr. Tracy gave me his arm, and we all went into the house. While he was occupied with Grey, I escaped to my own room. I needed to be alone, at least for a few moments.

The first distinct thought which came to my mind was the necessity for self-control, and, after a time, I found strength enough, somehow, to prepare myself for what lay before me. I went to the mirror. I was pale, but I was always that now. There was no change in my face which even familiar eyes would have observed.

There was a step in the hall—my husband's. God forgive me! but I fairly shuddered at the sound. An hour before I had been so quietly glad at the thought of his arrival.

"I hope an unexpected guest will not disarrange you," he said, as he entered. "I had not seen Grey for years, and I insisted on bringing him home with me. You knew him very well, did you not?"

"Yes, a long time ago."

"And how have you been?" he asked, always anxious about me. "Quite well, I hope."

"Perfectly so. We looked for you yesterday."

"I feared you would, but I could not get back. Now I am glad of it, for I should have missed Grey."

If he only had! It seemed such a miserable chance that they should have met. That short delay had been the means of forcing me out of the peaceful harbor where I had so long rested. Now I was drifting away upon a sea black with clouds that surged out of the past.

"I fancy tea is nearly ready," Mr. Tracy said. "Will you come down stairs?"

I took his arm, and he led me down into the library. Robert Grey was already there. He stood in the bay-window, talking with my sister. I saw him glance toward me, hesitate for an instant; then he approached and began talking. I remember thinking with a sort of effort.

He remained two days at the house; then he was obliged to go. But he was to return in a fortnight and spend an indefinite time.

"Grey hesitates about promising to come back," my husband said, the morning of his departure. "Margaret, tell him you consider the thing settled."

"We shall certainly expect you," I said. "Several of May's young friends are to be here. I think you will find it pleasant."

"Only too pleasant," he answered, warmly.

I had a sort of determination to follow him into the hall and ask him not to return—beg him never to cross my path again in this world; but the old pride and strong will restrained me. I would not humble myself in his eyes.

He went away, and, to all seeming, our lives fell into the old routine; but in my own there was a change so terrible that I could find no rest.

"It was one of Margaret's nervous weeks," my husband and May said, and they drove me almost wild with their attentions.

I must have been irritable and difficult to endure; but they were both patient, till I felt myself such a wretch that I longed to rush away from their sight forever.

At last, without any warning, a change came over me. Guests arrived at the house. I occupied myself with them—I entered into all their gaieties—I drowned my thoughts, and gave myself no time for solitude.

I found that I was watching, with a mad impatience, for Grey's arrival. At first I

felt guilty and wicked, but I put the remorse aside.

"I can be a sister to him," I said. "There can be no harm in that. Let me have a little happiness. Surely, I have suffered enough!"

So, with that insane idea, I awaited his return. There must have come a great change in my manner and habits; but, if my husband observed it, he made no allusion. He never was kinder, or more considerate; but never, even in the first days of our marriage, had I shrunk from his affection as I did then.

Well, Robert Grey came back.

Two merry, pleasant weeks followed. I know how wrong all this sounds—I know you are despising me; but, during that fortnight, I was happy.

I shut my eyes and drifted on, thoughtless, careless. Robert Grey was very kind to me, but never once was there any allusion to the past, not a word or look that could startle me into consciousness.

I never asked myself what my own feelings were. I just lived on from day to day, never once questioning what was to come after, or how I was to take up my old life again when that sunshine should have passed.

It was a fortnight, to-day, after his arrival.

I was sitting in the library with my husband. He was writing, and I looking idly out on the lawn, watching the shadows flicker to and fro under the chestnut-trees.

There was a sound of merry laughter, and several of our young guests came from the garden and stood under the trees. Behind the rest I saw May and Robert Grey approach.

Whether it was something in their manner, or some secret intuition, which roused me, I cannot tell; but in that instant I saw what I had never even for a moment fancied or feared: she loved him. And he? Oh! I could not answer that question! I put my hands before my face and cried out. I could not have restrained myself, even if the whole world had read my secret in that moan.

"Margaret!" exclaimed my husband.

He hurried up and caught my hand. I think I pushed him away.

"Margaret, wake up—you have been dreaming!"

I roused myself, feeling as if I had recovered from a faint.

"I am well now," I said.

"You were dreaming something dreadful," he said.

"Yes, very terrible!" And I shuddered.

"Can you remember it?"

"No, I don't remember."

I slipped out of the room and got up to my chamber. There was no one to see me, no fear of exposure or betrayal.

I did not go down stairs until evening. Once or twice my husband came into the room; but I was lying on the bed, with my eyes closed, and he did not speak. The last time May followed him.

"She is asleep," I heard her whisper.

I clenched my hands to keep still. I was so insane that I longed to spring from the bed and drive her out with curses. She had wrecked my life—it had all been for her. I cannot bear to reflect upon all the horrible thoughts that were in my mind during those hours.

At last I dressed myself and went down stairs. I was like a person in a high fever. I never remember being so gay. We danced, and I was the life of the room. I could see my husband looking anxiously at me. His scrutiny irritated me. I shuddered every time May approached me, and, when I saw her dancing with Robert, my head reeled.

It was late before we broke up, and, when Mr. Tracy came into my room, I exclaimed,

"You must go away; I cannot even speak to-night."

He attempted some expostulation, evidently believing me ill, and fearing to leave me alone; but he went away. I locked the door and flung myself on the bed, but I never closed my eyes during all that long, dreary night.

I think, for the time, I was quite insane; but when morning came, I was more myself. I managed to make my appearance during the forenoon, for our guests were most of them to leave the house that day.

I had bidden them good-by, and turned into the library for a moment's quiet.

I heard my husband's voice in the hall. He was talking to Robert Grey.

"Come in and ask her yourself," he said.

"She is not well; I do not like to disturb her."

"Nonsense! Women can always bear such news. It will do her good. Come, or I'll take back my promise."

He drew Grey into the room, calling out,

"Margaret, here is a man come to ask pardon and a favor. He has committed a theft, and now he wants permission to keep the stolen property."

I was sitting in the shadow, my face half turned away. I tried to speak. The words had no connection or meaning.

"You do not even ask what it is?" continued

Mr. Tracy. "I believe she guesses already, Grey."

"I hope she will not refuse," he answered, hurriedly. "I know it seems precipitate; but I shall be absent for some time. I cannot bear to go in this suspense."

"Come, Margaret, answer," said my husband. "He wants our little May. Shall we give her to him?"

How I did it, heaven only knows; but I turned toward them—I smiled—I spoke calmly.

"Mr. Grey has my full permission, if it will make our child happy."

"Oh! the rascal! He is sure of her answer already."

Then Robert took my hand. I felt his lips upon it, and my head began to reel. I saw my husband look at me, his face altered strangely.

"Now go and find May," he said. "We will talk to you after."

He pushed Grey out of the room—the door closed. There was no possibility of further self-restraint. I neither thought nor cared for concealment.

I staggered out of my chair. I must have looked fearfully, for I heard my husband cry, in alarm,

"Margaret! Margaret!"

I did not answer—I was fighting for breath. Again he cried,

"Margaret! Oh! my God, what is this?"

He sprang toward me and caught my hands, but I pushed him violently away.

"Let me go, let me go! You may kill me—drive me away; but don't speak to me—don't look at me!"

All the while I was panting and struggling. Then I heard him groan.

"What does this mean? Are you mad, Margaret?"

"Yes, mad! Let me go! They broke my heart, years ago, and now you are killing me!"

He sat down perfectly stunned. I could not check myself—I was forced to speak. I told him my whole story—I kept nothing back. Standing before him, I, his wife, acknowledged all the wrong I had done him, all the agony that was crushing my heart.

I suppose I fainted at the close. When I came to my senses I was in bed in my own room. For a time I could remember nothing that had happened. I was thirsty, and called impatiently for a drink. My maid handed me some water.

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

I had been ill a week.

For several days after I was very weak, and

the opiates they had given me left me in a half-stupor, which prevented all rational thought. I remember seeing my husband frequently in the room, and shrinking with a sort of fear, although I could assign no reason for it.

At last I was able to sit up, and when thought came back, I remembered all the events of that terrible day. I could see but one course to pursue—I must get away from the house—the very sight of me must be hateful to my husband. Whither to go, or what I should do, I could not tell; but that he would pardon me was out of the question, and I preferred leaving his house to having him the one who told me that it was necessary I should go.

While I was thinking he came in. He looked pale and worn, but there was no anger in his face.

“You are much better,” he said, sitting down near me. “Margaret, are you strong enough to listen to me?”

I bowed my head.

“You know what I am going to say. I would leave the words unspoken if I could, but——”

“Do not spare me,” I interrupted. “I have no right to expect mercy at your hands. You have been very kind to keep me in your house so long. I will go at once—I am quite able.”

He forced me gently back into the chair.

“Your head is still troubled,” he said. “You know I did not come to say those things.”

“But you must—it is right—you must do it.”

“Hush, Margaret; listen to me! You are my wife—I love you—you have never willfully deceived me. I want to ask you if you think you can bear to go on living with me? There is no one in the world who would care for you as I will. Let us put the past aside; we will go away from here, and perhaps we shall still find our happiness in one another. Will you try, Margaret?”

I could not understand. It was not possible that any man could love a woman so unselfishly, that, after wrecking his peace, he could take her back to his heart without a word of reproach.

“No, no, you can't,” I cried; “I must go away.”

He held my hands, talking to me so gently and kindly, that, for the first time in all those dreadful weeks, I felt the cool tears stream down my cheeks.

He explained to me all his plans. May was to remain with a relative for some months while we went to Europe—there was no thought except for my comfort. All the while it was whether I could make up my mind to endure

life on those terms—not once an allusion to his suffering—no thought of the great generosity he was showing.

I cannot tell if you will think this unnatural. Few men, perhaps, would be capable of such conduct, of such sacrifice: but it was thus that he acted.

Our departure was arranged for the earliest moment—the plea of my health was sufficient. I saw very little of May. He managed that in the same quiet way he arranged all things.

When the morning came and I bade her farewell, all my old love and tenderness came back—the hard, unnatural feelings which had been in my heart were dispelled under her tears, and the blessing I gave was fervent and sincere.

We stood on the deck of the steamer which was bearing us away from old associations and home; and when the last line of blue faded in the distance, I heard my husband whisper,

“The new life has begun; my child, be at rest!”

We staid abroad a year. I cannot tell when a new peace began to creep over my heart, but it came at last. I was blind no longer. I could see my husband then as he was, as immeasurably superior to any other man I ever met, as if he had not belonged to the same order of beings.

Nor was there any reserve or silence between us; we talked freely of all that past, of all that we felt and endured then. Never once did his patience fail, his courage falter. He upheld me constantly—he taught me to look upon life as it really is—he led me out of the darkness into the light. For the first time I learned to use aright the faculties God had given me, and I owed it all to him—the tried Christian, and the honest man!

And the year passed—a few months more we lingered. It had been an understood thing that we were not to go back until I should myself announce my entire readiness.

There came letters from May pining for our return—impatient remonstrances from Robert Grey, who was eager to grasp the happiness so long delayed.

At last I went to my husband, saying only,

“We will go back. I want to see the June roses blossom at home.”

The roses of my life were in full bloom now, and they would never fade again. I knew that I should go on to the crossing of the eternal river with them still fragrant in my hands.

All these things happened years ago. Am I still content?

Listen! I hear May's children laughing out

on the lawn. I see their happy father bending over them and his dear wife, and my heart goes out toward them with love and prayers; but my husband enters, and my whole world shuts into this little room. Am I content? If you could see his face you would be answered.

THE VOICE OF NATURE IS THAT OF PRAISE.

BY ELLEN B. LADD.

That thought has power to elevate from deepest degradation,
 And raise the vilest earth-worm up into a nobler station:
 To waft the soul, from realms of night, where countless
 suns are blazing,
 And win the very stones themselves to join in hymns of
 praising.
 Then let the lips so motionless, the heart with fierce fires
 burning,
 And all its wasted, withered bloom to ashes slowly turning,
 Uplinking to the stars, break forth in a sublimest chorus
 For love, that, when life's hope is dead, Death's calmness
 can restore us!

The flowers, outbreathing ecstasy, uplift their earnest faces,
 As if their tongues had found a voice with which to utter
 praises;

The aspen trembles to the breeze, its sense of God revealing.

The breeze thrills like some virgin heart through which
 new light is stealing!

The voiceless fields are volumes bound in calm and holy
 smiling.

The very soul of sadness from its load of grief beguiling!
 They lead our steps by flowering paths, whose perfumed
 air hath won us.

Where, from the Cross of Christ, the Son of Heaven may
 smile upon us!

The teachings of the hills, their calm and holy influences,
 Have won the languor from our souls—its worldly-wise defences

Have taught our lives to crucify the flesh, whose power is
 weakness,

And, at the Providence of God, bow down the soul in meekness!

The stagnant world, its human heart from snow and ice
 retrieving,

In charity the woof of love have wrought into life's weaving!

Then let this song, from humble lips, swell forth in numbers
 holy,

For bread to famishing, and wine to fainting souls so lowly!

The lordly sovereigns of the wood bow low in adoration.

Their leaves, upreaching, seem to have a Heaven-ward
 aspiration;

And, while the soft south-wind hath caught and wailed the
 piteous story,

How sin hath poured o'er Nature's locks its frosts of ago
 so hoary,

The sun-rays, like the smiles of God, breathe His divine
 compassion.

Painting the matchless deed of love, that beatific passion!
 How, in the deep of our despair, to save our souls from
 lying.

He took on Him the weight and curse so heavy on us lying!

The lights of Heaven that span the sky like promises of
 pleasure.

Their countless eyes upraise to God, from the unfathomed
 azure,

With holy meekness, gratitude, and praise to the All-knowing.

From whose eternal throne their rays in gleaming waves
 are flowing.

The whole vast universe doth lift up spotless hands,
 receiving

His care, from whom springs forth all life, and all the joy
 of living!

The intellectual firmament, where wandering stars are
 gleaming.

Hath caught a brightness from the plains of glory earthward
 streaming;

In pity for the suffering, whose hold of life was broken.
 Woman, with tenderest sympathy, and charmed words,
 hath spoken;

And poet-souls outgush, in songs of holy human feeling,
 Their wealth of loving-heartedness, and diamond thoughts
 revealing!

And where, instead of Cypress boughs, the Orange wreath
 is plaited,

And trembling hopes of throbbing hearts are fully consummated;

Where sweet domestic joys abound, and scorn the world's
 derision,

The brightness of an earthly home hath won to thoughts
 Elysian.

Earth never knew sublimer hopes than those of love's own
 seeing—

They clarify, and glorify the inmost shrine of being!

Oh! blessed trust in constancy experience hath not
 shaken,

And, from that sleep of ignorance, oh! may it never
 waken

To feel that grasp of agony, by man and God forsaken!

Thus all the earth, below, above—rivers that flood the
 ocean—

The stars that scintillate on high—the waves in wild commotion;

The warbling bird—the bee—the breath of flowers around
 us creeping;

The dew upon the shimmering grass—sunlight on waters
 sleeping;

The swaying branches of the trees, the green-wood path
 o'ershading—

The balmy breath of fragrant flowers, the Summer air
 o'erlading—

With man, when at his best estate, and angels up in
 Heaven,

Cry honor and praise unto our God! for all His love be-
 given.

"PAY AS YOU GO."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"WILSON," said a young man to his friend, "you and I have about equal salaries, and spend about equal amounts in the course of the year; but you are always free and easy, with plenty of money in your pocket, and apparently not a care on your mind; while I am always behind-hand, and worried, and fretted, often with not a dollar in my pocket. I am not extravagant, neither is my wife, yet, for some reason, we never have the least good of our money. It is all due long before we get it, and I am mortified with duns when I have nothing to pay. If you have any secret by which you manage to get along so well on eight hundred dollars, I do wish you would impart it."

"Well, Lewis, I have a secret which enables me to live very comfortably, and never be troubled by a dun from January to December. It is a very simple, unvarying rule I have laid down: 'Pay as you go.' If I don't run in debt nobody can dun me. Live on the right side of your income, and you always have plenty and no anxiety; but live on the wrong side, and, as you say, one is always behind-hand and always worried. The habit of paying as you go keeps you out of many extravagances you would otherwise fall into and think nothing of. But, then, I must confess that I should hardly have kept to the rule as faithfully, if it had not been for Mary. It was a lesson she learned from her father, and urged upon me when we first began housekeeping. 'Let us live on potatoes and salt,' she used to say, 'before we run up bills.' We began humbly enough, and lived pretty plain for the first quarter, though Mary could get the best meal out of next to nothing I ever saw. But when we once got a quarter's salary before-hand, we could live as comfortably as we desired. The experience was good for us, as it had taught us to economize more than we should if we had begun by running in debt. Every man I deal with looks on me as a cash customer, and I am sure to be accommodated, if it is possible. I do not doubt but it makes ten per cent. difference in the prices I pay for articles, and eighty dollars a year is quite a consideration to you and to me. Just try my rule, Lewis, and see if it does not work like a charm."

"But how can I get started? It will take

nearly everything I can command to pay off the bills this year, and I shall have nothing to buy with until I obtain my next quarter's salary. We cannot just lie off the next three months and stop eating, you know."

"It will take close economy for awhile, that is true, and you must make every dollar go a great ways. But I would try it even if I sold two or three articles of parlor furniture to do it. It is a matter of life-long importance to you and your three boys after you. You can afford to make even great sacrifices for such a permanent benefit to you all. Just win over your wife to the project, and I am not a bit afraid but that you will succeed. Women are thrice as good managers as we are in regard to the particulars, and it is in the little things you will need to retrench in order to get started. It is these little drops that waste away the whole reservoir. Get Fanny to come and talk the matter over with my Mary, and if they put their heads together to plan out a campaign, the field will be won, you may depend."

And bidding his friend good-evening, John Wilson ran up the steps of his pleasant home, while two bright faces disappeared from the window, and the little watchers were at the door ready to "catch papa" the moment he entered the hall. The good, wholesome supper was on the table in five minutes' time; and gentle, womanly Gracie helped her little brother and sister, while mother poured out the fragrant tea. There were pleasant little every day matters to be talked over by mother and children, and rehearsed to father, all which he listened to, and commented on with as much interest as if he had not been all day delving in dry old ledgers and day-books, and counting up endless columns of figures, keeping the mind on a continued stretch for the working hours of the day. He needed just such a home in which to relax himself, to keep from growing irritable, and unsocial, and prematurely old.

As Mary and her husband sat, that evening, by the pleasant lamp-light, he related the conversation which had passed with Alfred Lewis. The families had been old acquaintances before their removal to the city, and each took an interest in the other's welfare.

"I wonder," said Mary, "if Fanny would

not sell her piano. She told me herself she did not open it except for company to play, and it was of no use to her, as the boys had no taste for music. She never was much of a musician, and has forgotten the little she did learn when we were at school together. I would as lief have it for Gracie to learn on as the new one we hoped to get her next birth-day. Fanny's instrument is an excellent one, and I know, if she parted with it at all, she would rather I should have it than any one else."

It was decided that John should make the proposition, at least, the next time he met his friend, and Mary sent an invitation to the Lewises to all come and take tea with her the next evening.

It was a merry little party. The children were all so full of glee, and Grace managed so excellently to harmonize everything among them. The oldest boy was near her own age, and baby Frank wore dresses still. They spent the evening together in the dining-room, while the elders conversed in the parlor. A good, cheerful supper is a great help to amiability. It puts people on good terms with themselves and all their neighbors. Mary's tact had taught her that lesson long before; so she never introduced business until that was fairly over. But when they were all comfortably seated by the glowing grate—the gentlemen in the arm-chairs, and Fanny and herself in the light rockers, stitching away at some light needle-work—then the momentous questions of ways and means were freely discussed, and some very valuable decisions made on that well-remembered evening. A bargain was made for the piano, with the understanding that it might be bought back at any time, if they chose—so it did not seem like a sacrifice altogether. With economy, they thought, they might live on the sum it brought them for the next three months, without running up the accustomed "terrible bills." Mary inducted her friend into many little mysteries of economy she had never thought of before.

"That old Valencia plaid of yours, Fanny, would make lovely suits for Frank, this winter. Make little skirts to button on white waists, and an open jacket like the skirt. I make

Neddy's waists out of the plaits from worn-out shirt-fronts, and finish them, about the neck and sleeves, with a little worked edge, or a plain, narrow ruffle. I have bought nothing but shoes and stockings for him for six months."

"Well, you are a manager, Mary. I will certainly try to follow your example. I have often wondered how you could afford to dress your children so handsomely."

"I intend, when Neddy is older, to cut his father's worn-out clothing into suits of boy's clothes for him. Only get good patterns, and it is a very easy matter. I used often to help my mother about such work. 'A penny saved, is two pence earned,' she used to say—an old-fashioned proverb quite out of date now-a-days, but as true as it ever was."

And so the friends spent a pleasant evening, imparting and receiving valuable lessons in practical economy, which gave a very different coloring to the future comfort and success in life of one of the parties. Though it was working against wind and tide, for the time, Fanny Lewis and her husband persevered in their determination to adopt the motto of "Pay as you go;" and, before the year was done, the habit was well established. Mr. Lewis, too, was astonished to find himself the possessor of a handsome surplus, which was deposited, with great satisfaction, in the Savings Bank, though he had always been well assured that he could lay up nothing for a rainy day until his salary was much increased.

What an advantage it would be, if ~~all~~ heads of families could adopt the same rule of life! What a world of harassing care would be removed from the mind of both debtor and creditor! How much more independently a man can walk the streets, who feels that his only debts are those of love and good-will to all mankind! It is not only an excellent worldly maxim, but also a Scriptural injunction, to "owe no man anything."

Says Dr. Todd, in his valuable work for students,

"All the efforts of denying yourself the luxuries, and even the comforts of life, are light in comparison with the burden of owing."

THE PATRIOT DEAD.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

From all life's glowing scenes cut off,
With half its pleasures yet untasted,
The heart, in its first wild despair,
Is prone to feel such lives are wasted.

But, no! ah, no! Since all must travel
That solemn path no comrade shares,
Oh! happier he who sinks to rest,
Encircled with a nation's prayers!

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130.

CHAPTER VI.

His secret was his own: it did not make me doubt him. Whatever relic of a foul deed was locked up in that room, it was no deed of his. I knew that.

As the days passed, and we drew nearer the end of our journey, the boy's face saddened, his voice lost its clear, cordial ring, he spent hours now each day in this mysterious chamber. Even when he gained, which he rarely did, an interview with Emmy, the secret weight was on his mind, I saw; the constant terror of discovery. At night I observed that he took food into the state-room, sometimes remaining there until morning. When he did, he came out haggard and pale: it had not let him sleep. Twice, in these days, the strange brutal whine penetrated into the cabin, but neither Emmy nor her escort noticed it. I was as anxious as my boy to know this.

Yet in proportion as this pain, whatever it might be, oppressed and shut him in, he grew more tender and watchful of the poor young girl that loved him: more warm and affectionate in his manly care of me, as though he knew himself powerless, through that pain, to give us more than this poor show of feeling: as if this secret was an iron wall between him and happiness, and love, through which he vainly stretched his hungry hands.

As we drew nearer home too, I saw that poor little Emmy's face began to look care-worn and anxious; the chaperone, a shrewd Louisianian, put on more strict guard, having received injunctions from her father, I presume. If I had been in a mood to laugh, I would have been amused to see the weariness with which the woman dragged her heavy limbs rustling in silks about after the girl, droning out unceasing maxims on her duty to society, to her position, to her father, to which Emmy listened with a smothered smile on her chubby, crimson lips. Duty! The child never would do anything counter to her duty, had not the foolish woman sense enough to see that? An honest face than little Emmy's I never saw, a sweeter, more

loving, or a firmer. What was right she would abide by, though it broke her heart. It was right in her to love this man, chosen by her, from among all men. She would love him to the end. But she never would marry him when her duty forbade it.

For reasons of my own, I had not permitted Pressley to make known to her my relationship. I was not sure how Robert would receive the brother lost for so many years. I must be certain of that first. Yet it was curious how quickly the longing for home and affection had grown, and strengthened in me, how anxiously I looked forward to meeting him, wondered if he would remember the old times when we were boys!

The weather was hardening into mid-winter. The creeks and small streams were frozen, and the river each morning had a thin glaze of ice upon it, which quickly disappeared before the noonday sun. Along the shores, the Virginia and Ohio hills rose white and solemn, every pine of their clothing forest sheathed in glittering ice. The sky was gray, heavy with snow that fell now and then in drifting storms. Here and there, nestled in the hills, we passed a lonely farm-house that seemed to have gathered into its broad, jolly sides and glowing windows, the warmth and comfort which the winter without had lost.

"We'll have a tough job to get up to Pittsburg," the captain said. "This river'll be frozen tight two days. See, how the big lumps of ice are going slower down stream, to-day. However, we'll put on steam and make a push for't."

We did put on steam, puffed and panted through the closing water, breaking sometimes the thin ice before us.

It was late in the evening when a heavy cloud of smoke told us we were nearing Pittsburg. "Be in about nine," the captain said. The few passengers began to prepare for disembarking; women came out of their state-rooms, muffled in furs; trunks were piled on the cabin floor; men bustled about making themselves beasts of burden for their wives' bundles. Emmy's chape-

rene, who was to part from her as soon as she had delivered her over to her father, sat watching her black woman's preparations with a sublime composure. She was so like a faded dahlia, that woman.

"Will you speak to me a moment, uncle John?" Pressley asked.

I followed him out on the deck.

"You will see my uncle Robert when he comes for Emmy. You said you wished to proffer me help. To the very core of my heart I felt your kindness, but—it is too late." He stopped.

"Boy, this is idle—cowardly," I said. "You shall not give up the great hope of your life as I gave up mine. Let me speak to Robert. He is kind, reasonable. Whatever is the bar he calls fatal, I can remove it."

He read my face wistfully. "No, I am not cowardly. I do not yield for any fancied bar of his whim." Again he paused, wiping the clammy drops from his face, his eye wandering uncertainly.

"Pressley—tell me what your pain is? I am nearer to you than you think; secret, cautious. I do not ask for idle curiosity. Let me help you."

"You cannot. I dare not speak, or I would, to you. I thought once I would win that woman if all earth or hell opposed me. We need each other: together, we should be wiser, better, purer. It is too late now. God has laid another duty on me, bidden me take it up as the work of life. I will take it up," looking dreamily out into the drifting snow-flakes as he spoke.

"Forever?"

"It may not last long. God forgive me for thinking of that. While it does last, I will be true to it. There is none other so near to me."

"Does Emmy know of this?"

A twinge of pain crossed his face. "I dare not tell her. That is hardest of all. She will doubt me, think me false, unfaithful." The boy turned away to hide his face from me.

"There is no deception here, Pressley? You do not balk yourself with fancied duty?" He faced me—not a boy—a pale, stern man.

"I wrong every better impulse of my nature when I do this thing. I make life barren, mean, for me and—her. I render her years as miserable as my own. Would I do this for 'fancied duty?' Say nothing to her father on my behalf. I will speak to him to-night, tell him I know nothing of his fatal bar, that I hold her love and the hope of it as the one light of my life. When I am a free man again, when my hands are untied, I will make it my own."

"May God help you, boy!" I said.

"I think He will," he answered, reverently. "I am sincere, if ever man was. I'm trying to do right. He knows that. We will go in now. My fate is calling me." With a sad attempt at a smile as the low, brutish whine was heard.

The boat, with divers convulsive gasps and throes, rounded to, and slowly drifted up to the wharf. A dark, cold night, the steadily falling snow whitening the air. The far off lights on the streets threw but an uncertain gleam on the crowd about the wharf. I went to the deck, and stood among the struggling mass of passengers, hackmen, servants, rushing pell-mell off of the steamer. The levee was thronged with carriages and omnibuses; apart from the rest, I noted one carriage of different build apparently from the rest, a private equipage, with liveried black servants attendant, and blooded bays. An old gentleman, tall, spare, but muscularly made, descended and came slowly down the wharf. I caught a glimpse of his face beneath his broad planter's hat. A strangely benign countenance, but as markedly firm, with a certain high pride lining the compressed lips; white hair thrown off of a broad, sallow forehead; singularly black eyebrows, and eyes of gleaming steel gray. I knew the Lashley marks: it was my brother Robert.

He made his way through the crowd and went into the boat, almost touching me as he passed. The passengers were nearly gone now, so hurriedly had they dispersed, the hackney coaches were leaving the levee. I waited but a few moments, yet that was long enough for an almost absolute silence to succeed the bustle and confusion. Only Robert's carriage remained and one other, a closely-covered car, to whose driver I had seen Pressley speak. The clerk stood at the boat superintending the unloading of some freight. Otherwise there was a profound quiet. I looked up; the sullen snow-clouds hung heavy; a pale moon swung like a portentous beacon low over the water. It seemed a fitting night for the gathered deeds of years to approach their unfolding, for the long buried mystery and crime to be unraveled. Yet I was hopeful. Behind the clouds and the storm was the all-embracing spirit of God that held the world. It held me as well, poor Pressley and his secret, that brave-hearted girl, and surely—surely, if there were justice and truth, it held *her*, whom the world had driven out like Cain, and whom I came to save. I turned, and slowly ascended the steps to the cabin. It was deserted. Entering my own room, I perceived three figures standing together at the desk: I saw them by

the dim light of a lamp swung in the lower cabin. They were Robert, his daughter, and Pressley. The young girl clung to her lover's arm, and her father did not interfere to part them, but stood gravely, sorrowfully regarding them.

"Whatever blame is to fall on us, father," she said, "let it come on me. Pressley has told you our meeting was accidental."

"I would to God," he said, "you never had met, my children!"

"If we were together more than was in accordance with your command," she continued, "it was my fault as well as Pressley's. If it hurts you that in this time we have learned to know each other better, to cling closer together, it need pain you no longer. Because he told me that he cared for me did not increase my love for him. It was there before."

I saw my boy smile at this, and look down passionately into her eyes. But he was silent. What defence he had to make was made: now, back to his strange and loathsome duty. He dared not plead his cause.

"Come, Emmy." How deep and cordial Robert's tones were—heart-warm from a long-loving life! "You are silly children—that is all. God knows, if I could, I would make you happy your own way. Pressley's sorrow hurts me as much as yours. But it never can be—never, child. Think of that and so grow used to it. In time it will cease to pain."

Pressley's face paled indignantly. "I will not think it, uncle Robert. It shall be. Some time, not far from now. If I were free, I would hold my fate in my own hands, and Emmy should be mine. She shall be. Look up, Emmy. My dear little wife, good-by."

She lifted her tearful little face to his and he kissed it, then turned away.

"Pressley!" said Robert—"stop. Give me your hand, boy, as ever before. I do not blame your ardor. It is not easy to submit to an irrevocable fate at your age. But do not forget in your passion that you are very dear to me—my son always."

The young man's face flushed as he gave his hand. No truer men ever joined hands than they.

I drew back into my own room as Robert and his daughter passed slowly down the cabin, and went to the deck to land. A moment after, I heard the clatter of their horses' feet on the stones of the levee.

Pressley stood gazing vacantly down in the water. "Good-by, boy," I said, touching his shoulder. "Come and see me to-morrow. You

must make me feel I am at home again, you know."

"Even that I cannot promise," he said. "You don't doubt me, uncle John. You know what my welcome is to you. But if I am not able to come, do not blame me. I am no longer my own master," with a glance at the state-room door—a strange glance: of pity, disgust, and utter weariness.

"I know. May God help you, boy, to be patient with your work!"

"I need help." He wrung my hand, and I left him. Left him standing alone there in the darkening cabin, a young man, love and hope wrenched from him, left solitary there to grapple with some fate, inflexible, secret, cruel.

Going out into the night again, I found the silence deeper than before. Business was over for the night, the wharf was deserted, a gray, silent darkness had fallen on river and city. Close by the river was the covered car waiting. Leaving the boat, I slowly ascended the steep wharf, but at the entrance to one of the narrow streets paused to look back. The boat swung uneasily to and fro. I fancied it knew it held some foul load, and panted to disgorge it. A cold, lonesome night. Two figures came slowly down the steps and stood on the boat-edge. I knew Pressley's muscular figure: but what was that shadow at his side? It tottered, would have fallen, but that he supported it by his arm. A horrible, vague shape, that might have been bestial or human, but that from out of its wrappings, there was a great skinny, bony arm extended, covered with hair even to the claws. Clutching: always clutching: the same unceasing motion. They came forward. Pressley reached the bank, and held out his hand to assist it. But the instant its foot touched the ground, I heard, close at my side, a sound that curdled my blood. Only a low, awful sigh, as of some one stifling to death, an audible breath forming itself into words. "John Lashley, help! help!"

CHAPTER VII.

I DETERMINED not to make myself known to Robert until I came to his home, my old home, at The Oaks. At the hotel, next day, I sat near him at dinner, and was amused at the deference paid to the rich Virginian, and his beautiful daughter. For Emmy was beautiful. Out of her sober gray traveling dress, attired as became her fresh youth in delicate rose-color or white, she bloomed into as radiant a little blossom as ever gladdened God's green earth. Robert was

proud of her; she was his only child, you see, ruled him with a very gentle hand.

As I said, I remained in the same hotel with them for several days, learning in that time, very thoroughly, into what manner of man time had moulded my brother. Under all the genial kindness, the cordiality of his nature, there was the old Lashley pride of birth, pride in the purity of blood. Not mean vanity of station. I do not mean that, but the wish that no drop in his veins should claim kindred with vicious or mean sources. This accounted for his resolute refusal to give his daughter to Pressley. I saw the bar. Nor could I censure him deeply. So black a crime would stain any man's birth, if it had been committed. If it had been committed? That was my errand to prove true or false.

First, I must know my brother, follow him to his home. Only there, I thought, would I find traces of Esther.

A week nearly passed before Robert and Emmy left the city for Virginia.

In that time, Pressley never came near them or me. I was chagrined, disappointed. What could this duty be which forbade his seeking even a look from the lady of his love? I could forgive his neglect, but I could not forgive the pale face of the little girl, who cast such anxious glances through the halls as she passed through them every day. He was sincere in his love for her, earnest, I knew, as few men can be. What did it mean? Whatever duty this was, it must be one that he felt to be an eternal barrier between them, and so deemed it kindest to himself and her to part at once. Even Col. Lashley, as they called Robert, I saw was surprised at his non-appearance. The morning they started, I overheard him say, as he lifted Emmy into the carriage, "I thought Pressley would have been here to bid us good-by. There could be no objection to that." She made no reply, shut her eyes for a moment, as if to keep back the hot tears, then opened them brighter than ever. She did not doubt my boy: would not doubt him if he never came.

As the carriage drove away, I turned into the hotel: under the balcony, among the crowd, I caught sight of a man wrapped in a cloak, following the carriage intently with his eyes—hungry, impatient eyes. It was Pressley Lashley. I did not accost him, nor follow when he went hastily down the street. He had left his evil fate behind him, for a moment, to look on her—his last look, it might be. Something in his face said, "Never—never." I did not follow him; having no help in my hands for him now.

But if there was help in the world, I would find it. I waited for two days: giving them time to reach home, making no effort to find my boy. What could I do for him now? Then I followed Robert.

Winter had now set in heavily. The air was bitingly cold; the snow on hills and road, deep, crusted over with a glaze of ice; the rivers were frozen, immovable; through the pine-clad gorges of the mountains the wind sighed drearily; the sky had faded into a New England blue. Finding it impossible to reach my destination by water now, I started across the country by land to the county where the Oaks lay. It was several days before I reached it, coming, near the close of a bleak, snowy day, to the little inn on the border of the estate. Stopping there to leave my horse, I buttoned my great-coat tighter about me, and started on foot to the house. Robert had added farm after farm, hill after hill, to the old place, yet every inch of the ground was familiar to me. My old heart throbbed and beat as I thought it never could again, passing along the beaten path which I had helped to make, with my boy's feet, fifty years ago. It was a pleasant winter evening, cold but clear, the snow glittering rose on the hill-tops far off, pale gray shadows gathering thicker in the valleys and forests. I felt as if I were coming home. No house was in sight; the old mansion lay in the center of an unbroken sweep of mountain and farm land; no living thing crossed my path, save now and then a farm-boy, driving a herd of fat, sleepy cattle, or a bird chirping like a cricket out of the bare bushes. My path ran sometimes down by the creek; there was the very rock where Esther fell into the water, and Robert and I pulled her out; forgetting, for a moment, all that had passed, I almost laughed to think how Bob stole into the house to bring her dry clothes, and was caught in the act. She was a chubby little girl then. There were the very holes in the creek where we used to wade after crawfish, having our toes bitten at every turn; there was "Devil's Hollow," where Bob caught the big bass. I wondered if he ever thought of these things now. That wood of cedars and forest trees used to be alive with squirrels: it was so still. I could see their swift black shadows disappearing up the trunks as my steps crackled on the snow. It was strange how young these remembered trifles made me feel: how the future seemed brighter, cheerier, my hope certain. I believed if I could find a home again in these hills, knowing her content and safe, I could forget age, aches, pain, go

hunting and fishing, like a boy. I was coming near the dwelling house now; passed here a barn, there a sheep-fold. The whole estate bore evidence of plenty, comfort, hospitality; the carriage roads were broad, well-worn; the heart of the place, like that of its owner, was warm and genial. I did not turn my eyes once to the narrow path leading to the Home. I could not.

There was a narrow stream that passed through the garden, and joined the creek just as it entered the amphitheatre of hills wherein the mansion house lay. I have told you the Oaks was shut in as by walls of mountains. A light wooden hand-bridge crossed the stream at this place; standing on it, I saw the house for the first time. It was altered: if it had stood there, grim, stony gray with moss as before, I think it would have seemed like a gloomy prophet of my fate. But Robert had enlarged, beautified it. It had a noble, heartsome look now, as its broad windows caught the glow of the sinking sun; and the warm smoke curling from its many chimneys glowed purple overhead. It was a home: wide, warm, open to the beggar as the rich man: like the hand of its owner. The very sight of it welcomed me.

I stopped, leaning over the little hand rail of the bridge; the stream was frozen, but the creek was yet open in dark great holes. Near one of these an old negro was perched on a stump fastening a leather collar on the neck of a yellow dog. The old man's hair was gray as my own; his limbs, feeble, tottering; but there was something in the blink of the eye I knew. Dressed in broad cloth too, with a silver watch: an old family servant, evidently.

An odd fancy seized me. I went down to the bank, and, standing near him, spoke,

"A good dog, uncle?"

"Berry good, massa," touching his cap; "for setter, not got um's like in dese parts."

"Yours, uncle Scip?"

He looked up when I named him. "Es, massa. Was Mas' Pressley's, but um gib him to ole Scip. You 'quaint wid Massa Pressley, sah?"

"Yes. He's well now, would be glad to see you, too," anticipating his question.

He touched his hat again with a broad grin of delight.

"Can that dog fish, uncle?"

"Fish! Lor gorry, what does mas' mean? Neber knew a dog fish in um's natural life."

"Never? I knew one once. He caught cat-fish with his fore-paws. In that hole yonder by the bridge."

"Lor a massy, dats Pipe! So um did; I dona

forgot him. Bin dead these fifty years." He stopped, ruminating; a sudden thought striking him at last. "Massa!" rising and standing before me, "who's you bin, ef I mout ask? Dar wasn't but tree boys knowed 'bout Pipe, dat was me, and Massa John, an Massa Bob."

I did not answer. He fixed his hand trembling on my arm, peering with his purblind eyes into my face.

"Mars! tell ole Scip. Who's you bin?" Tracing with his hand the mark of an old scar on my forehead. "It's de Lashley white hair and black eye-brow! And de mark where Mars' Clayton cut him wid de knife!" His staring, terrified eyes asked the question.

"Yes, Scip. John Lashley!"

His action was characteristic. He drew back a step, his eyes yet more wide open. "Mebbe um's ghost——"

I took the poor, old skinny hand in mine and squeezed it with a grip no ghost was equal to.

"Gor-a-mighty! dat's Mars' John all ober!" shouting out some unintelligible yells as he shuffled to the house, stopping now and then to hurry me on, divided between the desire to usher in the dead alive, and to be first to communicate the tidings.

I lingered on the field of snow outside. I trembled, I am not ashamed to confess; hesitated to meet the brother my very soul thirsted to claim.

The broad windows of the dining-room opened on to the lawn; there was a ruddy glow of light within. I saw the old negro rush in with a wild shriek. There was a moment's confusion inside, then the window was flung open, and Robert, his old face pale, his lips trembling, stood in it, looking toward me, doubtfully.

I threw off my hat. "Bob, old boy!" I said, in the words I had been used to call him.

"John! For God's sake, Emmy, come here! Why, John!" And, like Joseph, the old man literally fell on his brother's neck and wept.

A moment after, I found myself pushed down into his great chair before the fire; his shaking hands untying my comforter that the heat might reach my breast; little Emmy, half-laughing, and half-crying, chafing my old hands; the door filled with curious, grinning black faces; and old Scip, who could do nothing better, hoisting my feet up on a footstool. They seemed to feel as if all the affection and home-warmth, which my life had wanted for forty years, must be crowded into it now.

"God bless you, John Lashley!" cried my brother, "you have come home at last. Never to leave it again. Never!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A BRIGHT, frosty winter's morning. The pale gray sunlight flashed back from the snowy hills, the great forests glittering in ice, even the eaves of the old mansion fringed with rainbow-hued icicles. A sharp, gusty wind careering as it pleased through mountain and defile, shouting as if it had caught the echo of a thousand happy homes. The library fire burned boisterously on the andirons—a wood fire it was—great logs of glowing, angry pine, throwing out red-hot sparks far into the cool morning air, until it too grew warm and high-tempered. It was a cozy home-room, that library; with crimson carpet and crimson chairs gathered snugly about the broad hearth; the clear winter landscape outside of the windows; the walls lined with books in dark, rich bindings. I don't know if Robert penetrated much farther into their mysteries than a certain shelf of works on Democracy; and as for Emmy, she knew more of the arts of pickling and preserving than of any art or science; but the books were there, at any rate, and the room was called the library, and a very snug cozery it was, as I said. Robert had forced me to keep his own chair in the warmest corner, and now sat opposite to me, his old face glowing; watching mine as if he feared I would vanish out of his sight, rubbing his hands occasionally.

"Mars' Bob look twenty years younger dis day," mumbled old Scip, who had made a hundred excuses to come in and out of the room all the morning.

"I do feel, John, as if you had given me a new lease of life. I have had hard troubles lately, one way or another. I feel as if I were going back to be a boy again since you came. You will stay now, quietly. Life has been rougher with you than me, old fellow! It is my work to make it more cheerful now."

The night long we had talked over all that had befallen us. Not touching on the black shadow that lay under all. But we must come to it at last. There was a sudden pause in every story, a something darkly understood, omitted, a knowledge hinted at only by an abrupt silence. Sometimes we had halted as if the pervading memory would not be kept down; thrust its fierce face between us. But—I was growing old and nervous, fanciful as a woman—I had put it aside with the dull presentiment that I would talk only of my hope in daylight, and that so it should be fulfilled; that if this old buried crime was brought into fresh light, its foulness would disappear, and the truth would be found.

Sitting, therefore, with Robert in the clear morning, with the great home-fire making a splendor through the room, I determined to drag the old secret out, let it cost what pain it would. It was not hidden deep; what thought of our daily life was there that it did not underlie?

"I told you, John," Robert said, twitching his gray beard uneasily, "of how pained and anxious I am about Pressley? I never fitted the boy for self-support, always meant him to share the estate at my death, to live with me until then. But this whim of his and Emmy's has put a stop to that. I cannot recall him to the house."

"Not such an unreasonable whim, Robert, after all! You might have averted it. It seems to me you are most to blame for bringing them together."

"Pish! I never thought of such nonsense! Why, John, they are mere children—a boy and girl." He rose and began to pace the floor impatiently.

"You love Pressley?" I said. "He is an honorable boy?"

"As though he were my son. He is honorable. A thorough scion of the old Lashley stock. Not one drop of his father's blood in his veins."

"What is your bar then?"

He faced me abruptly. "Can you ask? Could I give my child to a man whose mother——"

I stood up. The floor reeled beneath me. "Robert Lashley, do you believe that lie? You? Esther lives as pure to-day from crime as the day when she first kissed my lips; or dying, died pure: wronged as any saint from heaven!"

He did not answer for a moment, took my hand and held it in his, spoke in a low, smothered tone. "Forgive me. I did not know you felt it yet. John—of all of us, it came hardest on you."

I left him and went to the window. I was choking. She was mine, my Esther. I would defend her against the world. What if we never met in this life? There was another; there our fates were one. God would not forever cruelly part those who loved as we had done.

"You believe it?" I said, turning.

"I wish, John, I could doubt. But it was damning proof. Sit down. You have heard the outlines of the story. Let me tell you all I know."

"No, I seek to know no more. I have heard this, Robert. That the girl, tortured by the foul beast who called her wife, fell into a slow morbid gloom akin to madness. That ten years

after their marriage, he took her and her child to a little inland town in Pennsylvania; that there she murdered him; that she was tried for the murder, and acquitted only for the want of some technical evidence. That she wandered about the country, seeking shelter and finding none, until at last she died. Is that the story?"

"I do not know if she died," he said, his head bent looking gloomily in the fire. "I took the child from her before the trial. I told her I would rear him as my own son, that the story should never reach his ear. It never has. He was an infant then. In this country district news travels slowly. But few persons ever heard the tale, and they would keep it secret for my sake and his. Pressley is much beloved——"

"But she—Esther?"

"She disappeared a year after the trial. Twice before that time she came at night to see her boy, stealing up, unseen, to his cradle, crying and praying over him. It hurt her to give him up. He was her only hold on life or love, poor thing! After that I never saw or heard of her more. Long years after, indeed, when Pressley was a boy of twelve, he told me of an old ragged woman, who beset him in his walks to school, and sometimes would kiss his hands, even his shoes. The boy was frightened, and drove her off thinking her mad. I have thought at times it might have been his mother."

I did not reply. If it had been told of a stranger, this awful tale of sorrow would have closed my lips, made my heart sick. The woman, cast off by God and man, stealing to her boy to kiss his shoes—kicked aside as a beggar! And she *my* Es'her!

There was a long silence. "You did not know my errand to the North, Robert?"

"No. I thought you came to me—home."

"I thought you had forgotten me. I was unjust. I came to find her—Esther. To save the remnant of her days, if I could, from want and shame. To prove her innocence!"

"I hope, under God, you may succeed, but——"

"I know your doubts. You have the proofs against her! Let me have them. Let me see all that can be brought to prove her guilt! I will find in it some clue to her innocence!"

"I have tried to do that."

"You never loved her, Robert."

Again the pitying grasp of the hand. "It was a foul wrong, yours, brother."

"Let that be, Robert. The past is past—dead. Let me see these proofs."

"I have only the record of the trial. That is enough. She had the ablest counsel, but they

saved her only by a quibble of the law. Even that might have had no effect, but for her youth and magnificent beauty."

"Was she so beautiffl then?"

"No richness of form or color; but the rare chiseling of high, fierce passion. She stood like a pale statue, facing her accusers, her dark eyes full of the pain smothered down for years, her crimson lips immovable, the whole tense rigid figure, waiting face, breathing one idea—a longing for rest. I heard a bystander say Eve might have looked so when the curse fell on her, looking for the promised death."

This was my poor bonny Esther of whom he spoke, the lame, little girl, whom they had tortured for ten long years, and then driven out, homeless, despised.

When he went out to bring the papers, I stood motionless, watching the broad field of snow, unconscious of what I looked on. There was a wide stretch of woods at the end of the lawn. The trees were bare, but the undergrowth of bushes was thick. As I stood there, a dark figure moved repeatedly through them, beckoning eagerly to the house. I gave no thought to the matter, my brain was heavy with pain, yet I remembered it as one does a surface tride, finding afterward its meaning.

"These are the papers, John," he said, entering. "They need no explanation. Lay them aside until to-morrow. Give us one day of cheerful pleasure."

"No. When she is saved, it will be time for pleasure and cheerfulness for me. I will go to my chamber. I would rather be alone when I read them."

"As you will, John."

I left him, and shut myself up in my own room. The papers were old, yellow, and the ink faded. But the story was clear enough. I sat down by the fire holding the musty sheet before me. There are times when the pain of life stings us to sudden passionate outcry against God, to a summoning of fate, heaven, and hell to answer why these things are. One of those fierce moments came upon me now. The room I sat in, the house, were but the type and outgrowth of a full beneficent life—my brother's. We had been boys together, nursed on the same mother's knee; this was his fate; and mine? I held its record of withered strength in this mouldy paper—not of mine alone, but of another, as much purer and truer than mine as a woman is nearer God than a man. Why had these things been? My soul rose up passionate and fierce, demanding answer. I was no believer; a doubter always, or rather coldly

neglecting all thought of God, and His providence. If I could see in the strangely working events of my life any end of blessing, any overruling Hand of good, now with my whole being I would have bowed down and rendered my eternal allegiance. Was there any? Few men sacrifice the highest hunger of their nature to any earthly good; infinite truth, infinite love only can satisfy them. My soul cried out for the lost love of my youth, the purpose of my life was to atone to her for the years gone; yet deeper than this was the eternal hunger—for a God, a something all-powerful, all-holy, on which she and I could lie down and rest forever. That hunger never left me. Latent all my life long it sprang up now, making me—a man. Yet now, at this moment, it was but a maddening doubt. The paper shook in my trembling hand; it trembled with rage. Why

had these things been? Of what use had it been to her soul or mine thus to be tormented? Was the question ever answered? Time will show.

The papers were one or two lawyers' documents, notes of the trial, and a couple of newspapers published in the county town, containing all the evidence and some of the speeches for the defence. Robert had spoken truly; she had been given every advantage of counsel. I read over the whole without comprehending it the first time; my eyes glazed, my head throbbing. Then, ashamed of my want of manhood, I took them again, and quietly compressed my thought, resolved myself into a cold critic, and judged of them dispassionately. I will give you the simple facts divested of legal technicalities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEMENTOS.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

DISURB them not, disturb them not,
Oh! pass in silence by,
Ye who would desecrate the spot
Where these few treasures lie!
They're valueless in other eyes,
But dearer far to me
Than all the glittering wealth that lies
Beneath the sounding sea.
That little ring, half-hidden there,
Those faded flowers beneath,
A cherished cousin used to wear,
Whose voice is hushed in death.
This lock of hair, unfolded now,
These scented notes beside,
I cut from off my father's brow
The day he calmly died.
And this—this pale, half-withered rose
Came forth to early bloom,

Upon that slender bush that grows
Above his lowly tomb.
The hand that penned those letters there,
Tied neatly 'round with red,
Lies mouldering, with its comrade, where
War's fearful havoc spread.
And here I stumble o'er a case,
Beneath this wealth of flowers,
And view, with pensive thought, a face
I loved in other hours.
But, lay them one by one away,
And let the curtain fall—
My heart is full of grief to-day,
I cannot view them all.
Though valueless in other eyes,
They're dearer far to me
Than all the glittering wealth that lies
Beneath the foaming sea.

A NAME.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

SPEAK it not lightly! 'tis a holy name
To me—for in my inmost heart 'tis shrined—
An altar round which pleasant memories cling,
And garlands gay of hope and love are twined.
That simple name hath, o'er this wayward heart,
A thrilling power, a strange and magic way,
Linked with all holy thoughts, sublime and high,
A beacon star on life's lone pilgrim way.
Oh! breathe it softly! for it bringeth back,
Before my spirit's vision, a fair face,
With clear, soft, loving eyes, and happy smile—
A gentle one, all tenderness and grace.

It brings to me again a low, sweet voice,
Whose lightest tone my spirit ever thrilled
With passionate tenderness, and by whose power
The storms of evil in my heart were stilled.
Oh! she was pure and meek, who bore that name,
Too fair and frail for this earth's grief and gloom!
And, mournfully, with sorrow-burdened hearts,
We laid our darling in the silent tomb.
And all that's left to me is that sweet name,
Shrined in my heart, and fondly cherished there;
Then speak it softly, gently, tenderly—
For I have breathed it as I would a prayer!

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ON a pleasant summer afternoon, a political meeting was in the full tide of successful operation in a flourishing county town, where the large ball-room of the one hotel was used for a variety of purposes. It was now June, and the evergreen-wreaths of the last Christmas-tide had not been removed from the walls; and amid the sprays of hemlock were stuck faded "artificial," the models of which must have owed their origin to the imagination of some unfortunate who had never seen a rose. These tawdry trimmings, in the clear light of the June sunshine, faded and drooped beside the flickering branches of virgin green that the breeze waved against the windows; and the strong odor of pipes and bad tobacco was still less in keeping with the quiet beauty of the season.

But the town "sovereigns," who one and all felt rich in the power of their individual votes, were not to be influenced or disturbed by any of these considerations. The more insignificant that people are, the more they delight in being told of their importance; and the hard-looking set now assembled in Tom Myers' ball-room were having their ears tickled in the highest degree. A comfortable expression of satisfaction, as though they were for once receiving their just dues, sat upon each face; and frequent applause interrupted the speaker.

He was a fine, soldierly-looking man, in the prime of life; and the glance of his eye and the curl of his lip seemed scarcely in keeping with the very democratic sentiments that he was putting forth.

"All men," said he, "as the Declaration of Independence hath it, 'are born free and equal,' and therefore man should be to his fellow-man——"

"That is so!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with emphasis, a poor, forlorn individual, who had never had a dollar that he could honestly call his own—and who had been "born," if possible, with less. "That's the right kind of doctrine for me! Go ahead, judge!"

A slight expression of impatience, instantly controlled, however, passed over the face of the speaker; and then he resumed his discourse to the effect that man should be to his fellow-man a brother in every respect; and that any supe-

riority, arising from the mere accident of birth, was unfavorable to republican institutions. Our favored land opened her arms wide to the poor and unfortunate of every class; and all that they had to do was to go in and win.

Here some of his audience looked as though they considered this an express invitation to take whatever plate and valuables they could lay their hands on, and had serious thoughts of obliging him.

"There is to me," continued the speaker, enthusiastically, "no more beautiful sight than that of a young man struggling manfully against the adverse circumstances of birth and fortune, and slowly but surely winning for himself a place among his peers. I watch his course as I do that of a star in the heavens."

"How benevolent!" was the universal idea. "Look here!" whispered one man to another, triumphantly, "do you call *that* 'stuck up'? Thought you said Judge Carters held his head too high even to see where he was goin'?"

"Well," rejoined the other, mildly, "seems like I was mistaken, arter all. How he *does* talk, to be sure!"

"Right stuff *there*," said Tom Myers, the hotel proprietor, regarding the aristocratic-looking speaker as though he had had a pretty important share in the making of him. "Free and open-hearted, now, as if he didn't own a cent in the world! Fact is, we must send the judge to Congress."

"Don't know about that," remarked an individual, who was in the habit of indulging in impromptu baths in the gutter, "'tain't best to be in a hurry—we've got to be circumspect in our ch'ice. We're the suv'reigns, you see—and these big bugs are only our servants, arter all."

But the idea was generally received with favor; and Judge Carters finished his speech amid the most uproarious applause. Rough, heavy hands, by ones, twos, and threes, were put out for a shake that meant something; and as the orator performed this very unpleasant ceremony, he did not envy the President of the United States. However, he worked his passage through to the door of egress; and afterward had a long, private chat with Tom Myers in a quiet parlor.

On that same afternoon, in the grounds be-

longing to Judge Carters' handsome mansion, a very different scene was being enacted. These grounds were very extensive, and beautifully laid out and shaded. On the corners of stone balustrades crimson fuchsias, and scarlet geraniums, and verbenas bloomed in marble vases; and the broad, graveled walks showed the utmost care and attention.

The house was spacious and inviting; and in a little balcony in the upper story, closely trellised with vines, sat Mrs. Carters, who was quite a young and pretty woman, and something of an invalid. The red shawl thrown carelessly over her white dress was very picturesque; and she was languidly rocking in a low chair, and looking toward the road in anticipation of the judge's chariot-wheels—for the love-match of sixteen years' standing had lost none of its poetry. She still arranged her hair in her husband's favorite style; still selected his colors; and wore the rose at her bosom that he had once admired; and it was really beautiful to see in Judge Carters' manner to his wife the mingling of gentlemanly courtesy with lover-like devotion.

They were all in all to each other; so much so indeed that Nellie, the only child of this marriage, was almost a superfluity. Mrs. Carters, who was not much more than a child herself, when this claimant on her love and attention appeared, seemed to regard her from that time forth with a sort of surprise at her existence; and Nellie's early recollections of her mother were scarcely more than of a very pretty lady, who was usually in a recumbent position, and continually sending her out of the room. People declared that they looked more like sisters than like mother and daughter; and the strong, healthy, young girl always felt a sort of protecting fondness toward the pretty mamma whom all seemed to pet and humor.

Mrs. Carters, sitting there dreamily in the balcony, had no idea of the present whereabouts of Nellie; and had she been questioned on the subject, she would probably have replied indifferently that she had no doubt the child was in some mischief. "In mischief" she certainly was; but it was a more formidable kind than usual.

In a little rustic arbor, that seemed almost to have grown there, in the deep shadow of two large Norwegian pines, upon which the judge particularly prided himself, there was a vast expanse of blue muslin, flounced to the waist; and very little above this section, the material seemed to have given out, and left bare the prettiest, plumpest, whitest neck and shoulders the sun ever shone upon. The fair, girlish face,

with its full lips, small, straight nose, and long eyelashes sweeping a cheek like strawberries and cream, was exceedingly pretty; and though softer in its lines, it was almost a fac-simile of Judge Carters. Waving hair, of a dark golden hue, was braided around the small head; and the hands and arms, bare like the neck, were extremely beautiful.

The cloud of blue muslin partly overshadowed a boy, half-kneeling, with his eyes fixed upon Nellie, as though all but that youthful, living figure had been a blank expanse. He was about a year older than his companion; and although poorly, even meanly clad, he looked like a gentleman. The boy and girl formed a very pretty picture, that made one think of Paul and Virginia; and his dark locks were brushed carelessly from a wide brow that was just what phrenologists delight in. The shape of his head spoke well for mind and heart; and his lithe, tall figure was quite a contrast to Nellie's, which was decidedly of the plump, fairy order.

An open basket was lying on the seat of the arbor; and in this basket molasses candy, manufactured into various quaint shapes and devices, presented a very inviting appearance. Nellie, true to the girl-instinct of fifteen, was at that very moment engaged in biting off the head of an elephant; dividing her attention, with strict impartiality, between that and the glowing words of her companion.

"Of course I love you, *ever* so much," she replied, when the elephant's head had safely reached its destination, and before its legs had been commenced on, "and I shall never marry any one else as long as I live; but I know that papa would not let me marry *you*, because——"

"Because I am a poor boy?" he asked, as she hesitated, while a deep flush mounted to his brow.

Nellie nodded. "I think you are just as nice, you know; and I do not mind your selling molasses candy at all, for it is certainly very good; but I am afraid that papa would not give us any money, and then how could we live?"

"I don't know," said the boy, thoughtfully, "but I am very sure that I shall have some, one of these days."

"How funny it seems," resumed Nellie, "that your mother should not have any, and my father should have so much! What is the reason, I wonder?"

"Because," replied her companion, a little proudly, "my mother is a lady, and cannot *make* money. I have heard her say that papa was an officer; and, after he died, we could get very little money, and then mother was so often

sick that she could scarcely take care of me. And often, when she has been suffering, and wanted things that she could not buy, I wondered what I could do for her; until I remembered that an old Frenchman, who was very kind to us, had taught me to make this candy. I tried to sell some, and succeeded so well that I was able to buy mother some oranges, and other things that she needed. I had rather study and go to college, as rich men's sons do, than make molasses candy; but when I think of mother, I don't mind it. Besides, I study Latin and French in the evening, when mother is able to teach me a little."

Nellie shrugged her shoulders, as she remembered "those horrid verbs," and wondered that any one could have the moral courage to study in the evening. Her evenings were spent in lolling on the sofa, or in a large, cushioned chair, turning over books of engravings, and receiving compliments and attentions from her father's visitors. But Philip Warrenton was certainly a very queer boy, as she had thought from the beginning.

For this was by no means their first interview. Walking through the avenue, one morning, some months back, Nellie encountered the boy just as he had closed the heavy gate, and was advancing toward the house with his stores. Nellie exclaimed enthusiastically at the beauty of the animals, and frostwork figures, and speedily inquired the price.

The young merchant looked wistfully at the early flowers that were blooming around him in such profusion; and, pointing to a cluster of white hyacinths, that would carry the sweet breath of spring to his poor, invalid mother, replied hesitatingly,

"If you will give me these, you shall have everything in the basket."

Quick as thought, for Nellie was incapable of deliberation, the hyacinths were snatched off, and several other flowers, until there was quite a bouquet for the invalid; and then dropping some money into the basket, which the boy did not discover until after his return home, Nellie bounded off, with an urgent entreaty to the young candy-merchant to come again very soon.

The next time that he came, he was taken into Mrs. Carters' presence; and as he glanced at the lady's silk dress, and soft shawl, the pleasant room, and pretty furniture, he could not help thinking of his mother in their scantily furnished home, so bare almost of comforts; and an earnest desire for the wealth that buys such things came into his mind for the first time. Mrs. Carters was very much pleased with the

candy figures, and very gracious to the young manufacturer; while Nellie took him under her especial patronage, and showed him every part of the grounds and green-houses. He became a frequent visitor at the great house; and Nellie was as much used to his companionship as though they had been always together. He was very old for his years, while she was very young for hers; and there was a great deal about him that she could not understand. She had a sort of vague idea that they would always be the same age, and live upon the same terms.

So, when Philip first spoke of loving her, Nellie could not quite comprehend him; and getting married, like mamma and papa, seemed very strange indeed. But the boy loved his young patroness with all the depth of his passionate nature, and he was entirely too young to realize that, under the circumstances, it was not honorable to tell Nellie this, and bind her by an engagement. He did not dream of doing this; he only wished to hear her say that she loved him.

Nellie's white neck was encircled by a narrow strip of black velvet, that was fastened by a small gold heart.

"I wish that you would give me that," said the boy, gazing upon it with longing eyes. "I might go away from you, perhaps, for a long while; and I should like to keep that forever."

Nellie unfastened it, after a moment's delay, and Philip put it reverently in his bosom. Then, as she sat there, looking so fair and sweet, he suddenly exclaimed,

"Will you let me kiss you, Nellie? Only just once! I will never ask you again, and—I love you so!"

At first Nellie blushed, and her lip had just the least perceptible curl at Philip's presumption; but the next moment she said, frankly,

"Yes, you may kiss me once; for I like you very much, and I know that you are a good boy, and a gentleman."

Philip took the little dimpled hand and pressed it to his lips, with scarcely a belief that his happiness was real; but the next moment he had warmly kissed the pretty mouth, and he and Nellie stood looking at each other, half-laughing, and half-frightened.

At this moment a stern, displeased voice exclaimed,

"Go into the house this instant, Nellie, and I will talk with you in the library! Boy, take up these things, and never let me see you on these premises again! You hear me? Walk, sir!"

Philip stood confounded for a moment; then, with a sudden resolution, he said,

"Do not blame Nellie, sir; it was all my fault!" And, bowing respectfully to the incensed father, he departed.

Judge Carters had just returned from the political meeting, where he had assured his constituents that all men are equal; but this practical illustration of equality was very offensive to him. And that "the molasses-candy-boy," as Philip was called in the family, should be on such familiar terms with his daughter, made him very angry indeed. Of course, as Nellie was a girl, it was very improper that she should be kissed by *any* boy; but, if the thing was to be done, he could have selected several who would have pleased him better. At first he was so very angry that it would have been a great satisfaction to his feelings to have administered a good shaking to his pretty daughter; but a few turns in the grounds brought him to the conclusion that hard measures were always doubtful, and, in this case, might only make matters worse.

So, while Nellie—poor, little coward!—was trembling there in the library, and wondering what was being done to Philip, and what would be done to her, her father entered, with a sorrowful aspect, and, in his rich, musical voice, that had an irresistible power in it, asked, as he turned Nellie's face gently toward him,

"Do you know, my daughter, how much you have pained and grieved me this afternoon?"

The poor child, quite unprepared for this gentleness, burst into tears, as she sobbed,

"I did not know that it was any harm, papa. Philip begged me so, just this once, and I like him so much!"

Judge Carters followed up his advantage by a long dissertation to his daughter on her own importance, and told her that Miss Nellie Carters' lips must be kept from any profane touch, reserved for her future husband—"and that shall be Philip!" thought Nellie, resolutely—and ended by presenting her with an exquisite little watch and chain, which, as he had hoped, almost put the thought of Philip out of her mind.

Nellie must be disciplined, that was certain. She must study regularly, and become fitted for the position she was destined to occupy as Judge Carters' daughter. He went to his wife, and talked at such length, and with so much earnestness, upon the subject, that Mrs. Carters was quite frightened; and, regarding Nellie as something even more surprising and troublesome than she had hitherto seemed, she began to do

her duty to her by instructing her in the mysteries of embroidery—which the child hated—and reading her long lectures upon the impropriety of associating with boys.

Judge Carters was not at all sure that this was the most judicious mode of proceeding; but he smiled, just as he had done when the pretty young mother placed her watch in the hands of the crying infant, and, the next day, brushed up the works on the dust-pan. Whatever she did, was right; and her "fresh simplicity," as he called it, was a great relief to his active, working mind.

Nine years passed on, and Judge Carters had left the county town and transferred his household gods to the capital of the state. Wealth and honors had increased upon him, and his mansion was one of the most elegant and hospitable in the city.

Nellie Carters was Nellie Carters still—beautiful, intellectual, and admired wherever she was seen. Her father had taken her regularly in hand, after the scene in the arbor, and, as he was one of the finest scholars of the age, his daughter became cultivated and polished to a degree rarely met with in America. All the advantages of travel were not wanting. She had spent two or three winters in Washington, when the judge was "sent to Congress," and even aided in the reception of visitors at the White House. Miss Nellie Carters was the presiding genius of every *fete*, and two needy foreign ambassadors had sued in vain for the honor of her hand. Such a flock of them as there had been! Judge Carters knew the signs so well, from long experience, that, whenever a trembling individual requested the pleasure of five minutes' private conversation with him, he divined at once that Nellie was at the bottom of it.

He wondered that Nellie did not "go off;" but he would not influence her in any way, although occasionally expressing a mild surprise when some one particularly eligible had offered.

"Why, Nelly!" he exclaimed, one morning; "not 'no' to St. John Dilford? I thought you really liked him."

"So I do, papa," replied Nellie. "I like him very much, indeed, but not well enough to marry him; so please do not say any more about it."

"Why, Nelly," observed her mother, with a sudden effort at mental arithmetic, "when I was your age, I had been married—let me see—as much as seven years!"

"Well, mamma," replied Nellie, gaily, "if I

had met with a second papa, perhaps I should have been married too. But as I have not, and never expect to, I may not be married at all."

"I do not believe you ever will," said Mrs. Carters, mournfully. "I hate old maids."

"But you will not hate me, mamma?" with a deprecating kiss, and Nellie danced out of the room.

To all questions on the subject, Nellie invariably answered that she would not marry unless she could be sure of being as happy as papa and mamma were. They were her models of married life, and anything less than that would not content her.

Very often, when she said this, she sighed, and remembered a summer afternoon, when a girl and a boy sat in a rustic arbor. Whenever she thought of Philip, it was always as the boy of sixteen—she could not realize that, if living, he was nine years older—and, at twenty-four, Nellie Carters' heart was as fresh and youthful as ever. Since Philip had gone, she seemed to have no capacity for living, and was almost surprised at the eloquence and confusion of those who were incapable of resisting her charms. Seated in her pretty boudoir, with her pictures, and birds, and all the appliances of wealth around her, she often had dreams of Philip and some humble home, over which she reigned as queen; for she stoutly believed that there was in the enthusiastic boy that which would have made such a home more desirable than a palace.

Sometimes she almost smiled at her faithfulness to this girlish fancy, when she did not even know whether Philip was living or dead. He and his mother had suddenly left the town in which they lived, soon after the encounter with the judge, and Nellie had never received a line or a message from her youthful admirer. No worm was preying on her cheek, however, for it was very round and rosy; and the memory of her boy-lover, instead of being a sorrow, made a sort of light in her heart, to which she turned for comfort when everything around seemed to weary her.

Two or three very wild girls, who were by no means so indifferent to beaux as Miss Nellie, were staying at Judge Carters'; and since their sojourn there, poor Mrs. Carters had been more than once thankful that she had not a brace or a trio of daughters. They turned the whole house upside down, and would not be satisfied unless they were continually on the go. The judge was quite wearied out in their service, and declared that he would certainly advertise for some brave spirits to take them off his hands. He was indefatigable in hunting up

recruits, and the girls were proportionably grateful.

"Now, young ladies," said the judge, one evening, full of importance, "be sure to look your very best to-morrow night; for this time I have secured a beau worth having."

"So you said the evening you brought that forlorn creature, who, in addition to his other enormities, turned out to be engaged," observed the sauciest of the visitors, in smiling incredulity.

"That is very true," replied the judge, good-naturedly, "but *this* time, there is no mistake. It is the new Speaker of the House of Representatives to whom I refer, a most extraordinary young man, whose praise is in every one's mouth; and let me tell you that it will require more than ordinary attractions to secure him, for I have never seen a man of his age so courted and followed."

Black eyes, blue eyes, and brown eyes, met together in the glass, as the question, "Haven't I 'more than ordinary attractions?'" was asked the judge, in three different voices.

"Nellie is very quiet," said her father, laughing, "but I prophesy that she will bear off the palm from you all."

Nellie started suddenly from a half-dream—she had scarcely heard what they were talking about; but when the last words were repeated, she solemnly assured them that she had no intention whatever of entering the lists, and promised to treat the young Speaker with the utmost indifference.

Judge Carters had issued invitations to all the members of the assembly, the young speaker among the rest; and he was sitting in his office, thinking of that identical individual, and wondering where he had heard his voice, which sounded strangely familiar, when the young gentleman himself was announced.

He walked directly up to the judge's desk, and, laying down the invitation, observed,

"I am afraid, sir, that there has been a mistake about this."

"Not that I am aware of," replied the judge, in some surprise, "you are the person for whom it was intended."

"Do you know who I am?" continued the visitor.

"I believe," said the judge, rather doubtfully, "that I have the pleasure of conversing with the Speaker of the House of Representatives?"

"But I have not always been the Speaker of the House of Representatives," replied the young man, with a smile; "when a boy, I helped my widowed mother by making and selling

candy; and thinking that you might not be aware of the circumstance, I considered it my duty to inform you whom you were inviting to your house."

Judge Carters could scarcely restrain a start of surprise at this announcement; and then a feeling of angry embarrassment came over him, as the scene in the arbor suddenly rose over mind; but a glance at the ingenuous, smiling face of his gentlemanly visitor quite disarmed him, and his whole heart was in the warm grasp of the hand with which he said,

"You have my sincere congratulations and respect, Mr. Warrenton. I invited you to my house as the Speaker of the House of Representatives—neither knowing nor caring to know of your antecedents—and I now renew the invitation with double pleasure."

Mr. Warrenton bowed, as he replied: "And I accept the invitation in the same spirit in which it is given;" and, in a few moments more, he took his departure.

"He never asked me whether Nellie was married," thought the judge, as he sat pondering upon this strange event. "Very likely, though, he has had a dozen flames since then; and he may be engaged, now, for aught that I know to the contrary."

It is barely possible that Philip Warrenton may have asked the question of some one else.

While Nellie was dressing for the evening, a tiny packet was handed her by a servant: and on opening the box, there lay the piece of narrow velvet, with the golden heart, that she had worn so many years ago. Her dress was a robe of lace, that looked like frostwork; her only ornament the black velvet ribbon, that afforded the strongest contrast to the throat it encircled. Her girl-visitors pronounced it "sweetly becoming;" and her father assured her that she had never looked half as pretty.

Nellie was very much excited, and a deep rose-hue burned on either cheek that made her look very lovely; that simple necklace was indissolubly associated with Philip, and something whispered to her that he could not be far off. But how would he seem if she saw him again? She wished for, and yet half-dreaded the meeting; but guests began to arrive, and she was obliged to attend to them.

The bevy of girls, who had watched every arrival, became intensely excited when Judge Carters approached with a tall, dignified-looking young man, whom they were sure must be "he." And "he" it was; but he had stopped on the way to be presented to Nellie, and they were obliged to wait.

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Was ever such treachery known? they exclaimed, in indignation. Nellie had actually taken his arm, although she knew that they were dying to see him, and was walking toward the conservatory! Of course, they knew what that meant. People who went to the conservatory did not wish to be disturbed; and they might as well say good-by to Mr. Warrenton for that night. So mean of Nellie, after her promises, too!

The trio were indignant; but the object of their displeasure had forgotten their existence. While standing there, half-absently assenting to the remarks of the gentleman who was trying his best to make himself agreeable to his fair hostess, she had suddenly encountered the gaze of the person of whom she had been thinking steadily for the last three hours.

"Let me introduce Mr. Warrenton to you, Nellie," said her father, mischievously.

The gentleman who had been talking to her bowed and disappeared; and Philip, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, said calmly, "Will you take my arm, Miss Carters?" and led her toward the conservatory before she had at all recovered from her astonishment.

"You received the little necklace, I see," continued Philip, "I am glad that you have it on again—it carries me back to old times."

"Oh, Philip!" gasped Nellie, at length, almost wondering if she were awake, "where have you been all this time?"

"In a great many places," he replied, smiling; "but wherever I have been, Nellie, you have been with me—in imagination, at least."

Mr. Philip Warrenton was certainly making very good use of his time; and so rapidly did matters progress, that, before they left the conservatory, it was a settled thing that, "if papa did not object," Nellie was to change her name to Warrenton.

The invalid mother was long since dead; and Philip had steadily carved out his own way in the world, until he succeeded almost beyond his anticipations. He had determined not to seek Nellie again until he could offer her a position worthy of her; but he had been regularly informed of all her movements, and surprised her not a little by telling her all that she had done since they parted.

The disappointed damsels were somewhat mollified by Mrs. Carters' account of "Nellie's first love;" and that worthy lady, who thought it a very interesting thing, now that Philip had turned out to be somebody, added sundry embellishments to the story that were only objectionable because they were not true.

Judge Carters was very much puzzled by the whole proceeding, and it was some time before he could consent to put his principles into actual practice; but during that time he discovered that Philip Warrenton's family was quite as ancient and respectable as his own, and that Mrs. Warrenton had been one of the loveliest and most refined women that ever did duty to an unworthy husband. So, the judge was really consistent, after all, although forced to carry out his principles in spite of himself; but he did not hesitate to assert that Philip Warrenton would, one day, be President of the United States.

That day has not yet arrived; but Philip and Nellie are just as happy as two mortals can be, and bid fair to rival the judge and Mrs. Carters.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

BY J. M. CALIFF.

There are shadows slowly gathering
O'er the mountain, o'er the dale,
O'er the woodland and the heather,
O'er the hill-side, o'er the vale;
O'er the moor and o'er the meadow,
Creeping, silently and slow,
Where the river and the brooklet
Murmur in their ceaseless flow.

There are shadows slowly gathering
O'er the home of years ago,
O'er the cottage on the hill-side,
O'er the gently sloping lawn:
O'er the paths where I have wandered
In the days of long ago;
Now the shadows, they are creeping,
Creeping, silently and slow.

There are shadows slowly stealing
O'er the weary, toil-worn heart,
Which, to our sweetest pleasures, ever
A melancholy hue impart:
And when, on life's tempestuous ocean,
'Mid its ceaseless ebb and flow,
There are shadows ever stealing,
Stealing, silently and slow.

There are shadows gently flitting
Around the friends of earlier years,
For we were school-mates, and as such
We had our common hopes and fears;

But there are shadows round them now,
Which were then to us unseen,
Where we used to play together
On the well known village green.

There are shadows slowly creeping
O'er the dreary, dreamy Past;
O'er our evanescent childhood,
Shadows dark are creeping fast;
O'er our Future's brightest visions,
O'er the years that come and go,
There are shadows ever creeping,
Creeping, silently and slow.

But amid this world of shadows
There are rays of sunlight, too,
Which dispel the clouds and bring
Earth's brighter scenes to view;
These rays of sunlight o'er the path,
They are the wayside flowers
Which cheer us on, which brighten up
Life's darkest, dreariest hours.

And thus it is—the shade and sunshine
Are ever flitting o'er our way:
The darkest hours, they always linger,
While the bright ones never stay;
They're fleeting as a Summer's twilight,
And we never know their cost
Until they've passed forevermore,
And 'neath Lethe's waves are lost.

MY HOME BY THE SEA.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

It's a home by the sea, the beautiful sea!
Where crested billows are dashing free;
Where rarest of gems lie under the waves,
And sea-flowers blossom in ocean caves.
Where the sea-bird soars in his freedom wild,
Companion meet for the ocean-child;
And the waters glisten like burnished gold,
And the sun sinks down in his chariot old.
Where fairy creatures fearlessly rove,
Through the crimson light of the coral-grove,
Or gaily ride on the billow's swell
In the pearly car of a pink sea-shell.
At night, from the halls of the misty deep,
The mermaids sing their child to sleep,

And their wavy voices are sweet to me,
In my lowly home by the sounding sea!
When waves leap up to a mountain's height,
And lightnings flash through the starless night—
And the Storm-king rides o'er the waters free,
I glory then in the grand old sea!
You may boast of your palaces, rich and rare,
Of the gold and jewels lavished there—
But wealth and power are naught to me
In my beautiful home by the sounding sea!
I love it! I love it! At night, at morn—
The sigh of the ripples—the scream of the storm!
I live as happy as king could be
In my home by the side of the murmuring sea!

MY MISTAKE.

BY L. J. DUNLAP.

I THINK it is a mistaken idea that "brides always look lovely." I have known girls, who, in a plain, dark merino, or simple white mull, or even in a calico morning-dress, were almost pretty, so transformed by the elaborate wedding-dress, wreath, and veil, and some outlandish manner of arranging the hair—all of which was considered essential to their bridal estate—as to be extremely ugly. Such, at all events, was the case with my friend, Helen Gray; and we all felt that she spoke but the simple truth, when, upon being called to admire herself, after we had done adorning her, she said, "Well, girls, I know that you have done your very best to make me look well, and I am very much obliged to you; but I am conscious that I never looked worse in my life."

The wedding was a very gay one for our little place; and if the bride did not "look lovely," her one brides-maid certainly did, as she shone in all the splendor of her city wardrobe, and I thought our village beaux quite envied the stranger grooms-man, who had the pleasure of "waiting" upon her. He, I thought, did not seem unappreciative of the honor, and, by her smiles and blushes, we had decided, before the evening was over, that it would be as well for the attendant clergyman then and there to perform a second ceremony, and unite Lewis Ross and Minnie Heywood in the same bonds in which he had just linked her brother to our friend Helen.

Although I was not strictly one of the bridal party, I had availed myself of their proffered escort to carry out a desire I had to visit some friends who lived at a distance, and was obliged to leave the party rather early in the evening, in order to finish some neglected packing. It was late when I retired to rest, and my short sleep was disturbed by many dreams, in which, of course, the wedding-party played a conspicuous part, the chief actor, however, being, somewhat to my surprise, endowed with the handsome person and graceful manners of my new acquaintance, Lewis Ross.

I am writing of a period some years since, and, I hope, I shall not shock my readers when I say, that, after driving to Pittsburg in a hired carriage, we had the option of taking either the

stage-coach over the Alleghany mountains, or the canal packet to H—, and thence the cars to Philadelphia. The question as to choice was still an open one when we sat down to dinner, at the St. Charles, but was decided there by our meeting a friend of mine, who proved to be an old college-mate of Mr. Ross, and who gave the "casting vote," by announcing that he had booked himself on the packet-ticket for that evening's boat, and hoped we would join him.

It was evening when we went on board the boat, and as the stewardess was putting up the berths of the ladies' cabin, and as the gentlemen's room was crowded with the usual allotment of mothers with cross babies, and men with packs of greasy cards in their hands and glasses of suspicious-looking contents on the tables beside them—we adjourned to the deck, and there sat for hours in the soft moonlight, making night vocal with our songs, or silently watching the willows upon the banks, as, with leaves silvered by the moon-beams, they bent to kiss their shadows in the quiet waters, or laughingly converted some silent salt-mill into a ruined castle, and more merry legends of its former occupants.

I think young people *will* be romantic, in spite of circumstances; and it would have taken more than the sight of the three jaded horses, with their drowsy driver, or the frequent cry of the captain, "Off hats," as we neared the low bridges, to convince us that it was not great enjoyment to be obliged to cower down together, like a flock of frightened sheep in dread of the eagle, as some unusually "low bridge" threatened to sweep us from our seats; or that the moonlight was not as bright, and our songs as sweet, as though our little packet had been a gallant steamer, and the narrow canal the broad Ohio.

There was not much rest for any of our party that night, as, after parting at a late hour, we sought our berths, and there, suspended between heaven and earth, listened to the heavy tramping of the guard over head, or held on to the ropes of our narrow beds with a frantic energy, as the thumping of the boat against the sides of the locks threatened to loosen us from our insecure moorings. It was laughable

enough to hear us relate our various experiences, the following morning, when we met around the narrow breakfast-table, and we all concluded that packet travel was, after all, quite an amusing affair. Seeking the scene of our last evening's enjoyment, we spent an hour or two very pleasantly; but I did not find the deck quite so pleasant a place in the broad glare of day, with the boat-hands around us, and the uncongenial company of the cabin transferred to it for an *airing*, as it had been on the previous evening, and about ten o'clock I made some trifling excuse for seeking the cabin. Once there, I took a book from my satchel and, by its aid, succeeded in whiling away the hours until two o'clock, when I met my party at dinner. Minnie came in, flushed and heated, but telling me that they had had a "splendid time," and that I had missed a great deal, as they had been seeing some lovely scenery. I replied that I had seen all that was worth seeing from the open cabin-window, without being exposed to the heat of the sun. "Oh!" exclaimed Minnie, with a radiant smile, "I did not suffer from it in the least; Mr. Ross held his umbrella over me all the while." "Happy Mr. Ross!" thought I, "to be allowed to hold up a large umbrella for four mortal hours, in a broiling sun, with the thermometer at fever-heat! It is well," I added, still to myself, "that he is so much in love, or he would scarcely have appreciated the favor, even though the lady were the beautiful Minnie Heywood, with her bewitching ways and musical laugh.

After dinner, the captain telling us that, if we desired it, we could take a ramble of a half-hour through a wood near by, and meet the boat at a spot which he designated, and Mr. James offering me the shelter of *his* umbrella, I was persuaded to join the party in one of the most delightful walks I have ever taken. The mossy turf was studded thick with flowers, whilst, overhead, the wild jasmine and climbing woodbine hung from branch to branch in graceful festoons, filling the air with fragrance. The thick foliage of the trees, through which the sun-beams fell like shivered lances to our feet—the song of birds—and the rippling of hidden waters, combined to make a scene of exquisite beauty. Gathering flowers, and twining wreaths for each other, we played at "Maying" and "fairies," like the veriest children, until the waning half-hour warned us to hasten our steps boat-ward. We arrived just in time to spring aboard, laden with our floral treasures, and, in the course of another hour, had reached H—, and were seated in the cars, whirling

away toward Philadelphia, at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the moon rose queenly overhead. I was gazing out upon the glancing woods, and thinking, with wistful regrets, of the packet-deck of the previous evening, when a sudden stopping of the cars, and the unusual commotion which succeeded, brought the gentlemen of our party to their feet, and sent them forward to learn the cause. In a few moments they returned to tell us that a coal-train had broken down upon the track, and we should be for some time detained where we were. Mr. Heywood dutifully reseated himself by the side of his wife, and the other two gentlemen, leaving the car, walked for some time up and down the track beneath the window, smoking; whilst Minnie and I, having neither husband nor cigar for solace, voted railroad detention a bore.

After a time, the gentlemen, throwing away the remains of their cigars, came close under our window, and sang in a low tone, but very sweetly, that exquisite serenade, beginning,

"Oh! gaze on us now with the moon, love!
List to our voices in tune, love!
Oh! come to thy lattice, for soon, love!
We'll be borne by the dark stream away," etc.

The last notes had scarcely died away, when Mr. Ross, striking a theatrical attitude, exclaimed, "What light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!" To which Minnie had begun the usual reply of, "Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" and we were preparing ourselves for a grand entertainment; when "All aboard!" rang out upon the night air, and the gentlemen, hastily re-entering the car, we were in a moment once more en route.

It was midnight when we reached Philadelphia, and in the confusion attendant upon the meeting of the bridal-party and their friends, who were awaiting their arrival at the station-house, I had engaged a hack to carry me to the hotel, where I proposed spending the night, previous to pursuing my lonely journey upon the following day, and was about to give my checks to the driver, when the elder Mrs. Heywood, discovering my purpose, urged me so strongly to make her house my home for a few days, that upon the whole party joining in the request I was persuaded so to do. I had never been in Philadelphia before, and what with sight-seeing, and the festivities attendant upon the reception of the bride among her new relatives, one week went by like a fairy-tale. Mr. Ross, who was a New Yorker, still made one of our party, and if I had liked him as a gay-

lively traveling companion, I soon learned to admire and respect him as a man of remarkably fine mind, and deep learning. Each day of sight-seeing, each evening's entertainment, and each country drive, gained an added interest from his fund of general information, and the happy manner he had of imparting it to others.

It was on the morning of the eighth day of my visit, and I had just obtained a reluctant consent from my kind entertainers that I might that afternoon leave them; when instead of Mr. Ross himself—whom we were expecting to make one of our party for a ride up the Wissahickon—came a note from him to Mrs. Heywood, saying that he had been suddenly called home on important business, and was obliged to depart without the opportunity of seeing us again, even to say good-by. That afternoon found me occupying my lonely seat in the cars on my way to D—. My book proved flat and uninteresting, the country through which we were passing was much the same—and I soon found myself sorrowfully contrasting my present journey with the one which I had lately so highly enjoyed. Then I thought of the past week; of the words which Mr. James had spoken to me on the evening before, and his look of agony as he said farewell; of the beauty of Minnie Heywood, and the manly worth of Mr. Ross; and I sighed a little, as I said to myself, what a handsome couple they would make, and how happy Minnie ought to be at her good fortune.

We met with no detention, and I arrived at my aunt's in time to join her at her early tea, and receive a gentle chiding for my delay in Philadelphia. The days glided softly into each other during the summer weeks, in the calm enjoyments of country life; and my journey and the gay week I had spent in Philadelphia might have been but the events of a dream, save for an occasional letter from Minnie, who was spending the summer in traveling; and—shall I own it?—a little aching at my heart when I thought of Lewis Ross! Was I envious of Minnie? God forbid! Was I then jealous of her? Ah! I did not like to ask myself the question. I only knew that there was nothing I liked half so well, as to sit in the darkened parlor, and play, singing softly to myself the words of a little song which I had heard sung beneath a car window, on one moonlight night in early June; and that I daily looked sorrowfully at a tiny forget-me-not which had been laughingly given, and as carelessly received in our ramble on that summer afternoon! When I had thrown from my satchel the remains of my withered

bouquet, it had, without any design of mine, been left between the leaves of the book which I had been reading in the packet cabin—but now millions could not have purchased it from me!

One day, in the early part of August, I was spending the morning with a friend in the village. On returning at noon, I found Winnie—our maid-of-all-work—sitting upon the stairs near my door crying bitterly. As her grief seemed to be augmented at the sight of me, somewhat alarmed I stopped to ask its cause, and received the reply, "Arrah, thin! Miss Margaret, an' it's the letter that I losht that's breaking me heart, entirely."

"What letter, Winnie?" I asked.

"Oh! worra, worra! and it's meself don't know, mem. Sure it was all shmoke before I could say Saint Patheric," was the true Hibernian answer; and despairing of obtaining any information from that source, I turned to aunt Sarah, who at that moment made her appearance, and who explained that Winnie had been sent to the post-office to mail a letter, and, finding one for me at the office, had succeeded in conveying it safely as far as the kitchen, where discovering a pot, which she had carelessly left upon the fire to be boiling over, in her haste to lift it from the stove, she had dropped my letter into the flames, and in a moment it was consumed. Winnie's moans burst forth afresh as aunt Sarah finished her recital, and it was with some difficulty that I could obtain a hearing as I said, "Well, never mind, Winnie, I have no correspondent whose letters would prove an irreparable loss. Dry up your tears, my good girl, and try to tell me where the letter was from. Was it from my mother, think you?"

"No, mem, it wasn't from yeer mother, at all, at all. Sure it's meself knows *her* writin' well. I didn't look very closht at it, but I think that the posht-mark looked much like the one ye got lasht week."

"Very likely," I said, turning to aunt Sarah. "Minnie's last letter was only a note from Newport, saying that she would write again in a few days." And dismissing Winnie with an injunction to be more careful in future, I passed on to my own room. Yes, I had no doubt that the lost letter was from Minnie, and, if the truth were told, I was very grateful to Winnie for losing it—as the note of which I had told aunt Sarah, was only a few lines to say that Mr. Ross had just joined them at Newport; and I was fearful from the arrival of another letter so soon, that it must contain the announcement of her engagement! "Weak, silly heart!" I

said, apostrophizing myself reproachfully, "if the fact is such, of what benefit to you will be the delayed hearing of it?" and yet from my soul I felt obliged to Winnie!

One month later, I was packing my trunks in preparation for my journey home. It was a chill, rainy morning in early September, and I was sitting on the floor by my open trunk in the very lowest spirits possible, when Winnie, entering my room, handed me a card. The idea of rousing myself to entertain company was positively painful, and I sat for a few moments idly holding the card in my hand without looking at the name, and was just about to recall Winnie, and ask to be excused, when my eye fell upon the writing, and to my astonishment the name was "Lewis Ross!" Ah! there was no more thought of recalling Winnie *now*, and in a moment I had arranged my dress, and was on my way down stairs. With my hand on the parlor door, however, I was obliged to pause for a moment to still the beating of my heart; but when, in an instant after I stood within the threshold, it was a very calm, self-possessed woman who met the grave-looking man who arose at her entrance. After the first words of greeting, and inquiries for mutual friends, there occurred one of those distressing pauses which, I think, oftenest occur when people are most glad to see each other. And I had just arisen, and was about to say that I would call my aunt, when, to my great surprise, Mr. Ross also arose and took my hand, saying, "I am aware, Miss Grant, how uncalled for this intrusion of mine must seem to you, and yet bear with me when I say that, although I perfectly understood your silence, I yet cherished a faint hope that, in my own person, I might be better able to plead my cause, than in the cold pages of a letter."

"A letter!" I exclaimed, faintly.

He did not hear me, however, but continued, "I loved you from the first moment of seeing you, but my duties as Miss Heywood's attendant chained me to her side all the early part of the evening; and when I was at liberty to ask you, you had departed. My pleasure upon hearing that you were to be one of our party on the morrow, however, somewhat reconciled me to your absence, and I hoped much from the close companionship into which I knew we should be thrown for the two or three days of our journey. But my hopes were dashed to earth, on the following evening, by Mr. James, who, I suppose, saw something of my feelings, and confidentially informed me that he had been, for some time past, seeking your favor, and considered his meeting with you in Pittsburg, on the eve of

his journey East, as a direct interposition of Providence in his behalf. At the same time he begged me, most earnestly, not to interfere with him. Thus adjured, I gave—although with the greatest reluctance—the required promise. I had intended leaving for New York immediately upon reaching Philadelphia, but the charm of your society held me there entranced, day after day, until I found that I was hourly in danger of breaking my word pledged to Nathan James; then, feigning business, I fled your presence. For one long, weary month I heard nothing from you. Then there came a letter to me from Mr. James, telling me of his bitter disappointment, and informing me that he had heard of you as at Newport, with a party of friends. I sought you there, but, not finding you, I returned to New York to write you that letter, to which your kindness of heart has not permitted you to reply."

Scarcely daring to trust my voice to speak, I, at length, succeeded in murmuring, "I never received it."

"Never received it?" His eyes fairly gleamed with excitement. "And may I hope, oh! Margaret, may I hope that, if you had received it, you would have answered it as I hoped—as I prayed that you might?"

Scarcely knowing what I said, I answered, "But Miss Heywood—Minnie—I thought that you loved her?"

"You were mistaken," was his reply. "She exacted my services, and I gave them, that Mr. James might have the opportunity he so ardently desired."

"But Minnie——" I began again, looking, I am sure, very troubled and perplexed.

"I understand you," he replied, a flush rising over his dark cheek. "You thought that she loved me: but you were as greatly mistaken in that supposition as in the former one. Miss Heywood has an insatiable desire for admiration, and always exacts, and generally receives, the homage of any one for whose admiration she, for the time being, fancies she cares. Believe me, she is now leading about a crowd of lovers, in some half-dozen of whom she feels an interest far exceeding any that she ever felt for me. She is a very charming girl, and I might have been one of her victims, had not my whole heart been given to another. And now," said he, with a smile, "that all your honorable scruples are removed, may I hope for a patient hearing for my suit?"

But I think, kind friends, I will draw a curtain over the remainder of our interview—it is, to me, too sacred to be exposed to the laughter

of those saucy blue eyes, which I fancy I see bending over this page—only adding that, when, after some time, I *did* “go to call aunt Sarah,” it was with a crimsoned cheek that I whispered a few words in her ear, as I led her to the parlor door, where I left her to make her entrance alone; and, seeking my own room, I flung myself down upon the same spot where I had, a few hours before, experienced such bitter loneliness of spirit, and again and again pressed to my lips, in passionate kisses, the card which

had there come to me as the blessed harbinger of hope, bearing the name of the one whom I was now free to own I loved.

The next day I started upon my homeward journey—as I had purposed—but not alone.

Minnie afterward proved to me that Lewis was right—as he always is—in his estimation of her, by offering to be my brides maid, and, on the “interesting occasion”—which occurred in the following June—falling violently in love with my brother Tom.

MEMORY'S RELICS OF THE PAST.

BY JAMES PARISH STELLE.

Hand in hand with mem'ry walking,
Gathering up the fragments cast,
By the surging waves of feeling,
From the ocean of the past.
Find we here a shell—a pebble,
With its edges worn away
By the rolling of the waters—
By the dashing of the spray.
Some lie, smooth and many-tinted,
High upon the shifting sand;
Others, sharp, and newly scattered,
Wound, when taken in the hand.
Here are wrecks of by-gone treasures,
Cherished in our early years,
Lately thrown from ocean caverns,
Crusted with the salt of tears.
Every hope and every sorrow,
That the heart has felt or known—
Vessels, launched in youthful moments,
On this misty beach are thrown.

Here are pleasure boats that glided
O'er the waters for awhile,
Bearing richest freights of feeling,
Lighted with the brightest smile.
Here are wrecks of early friendship,
That were floating in the past;
They were vessels far too fragile
To withstand misfortune's blast.
By them nobler barks are lying,
And, had death not rode the gale,
They would not have yet been stranded,
For in love there's nothing frail.
Round about are countless fragments—
All in ruins, all the same—
Of a thousand other vessels
That we need not stop to name.
All are slowly—all are surely
Wearing, mouldering away,
By the rolling of the waters—
By the dashing of the spray.

ALWAYS TIRED.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

I'm tired of dreams when night is gone,
Ever so tired when night comes on—
Of the glare, and heat, and feverish strife,
That crowd the days of my restless life.
Weary of work, more weary of play,
Of watching the swift hours glide away—
Weary of asking and wondering why
The dear God made us to suffer and die.
Weary of asking, pleading in vain
For the blessing I never shall know again—
For the love of a life so strong and brave,
The beat of a heart asleep in the grave.
Oh! peace to the hearts that, at rest to-day,
Lie where the shadows of Autumn play!
Life's agony over—why should we weep
For those who lie, dreamless, in safety asleep?
Threads that are golden lie thickly between
Our weary hearts and the world unsoon;

They draw us thence with a stronger power
Than gilded charms of the passing hour.
And out from the far beyond there swells
A sweeter sound than the chime of bells;
The earth-bound soul, as he lists, inspired,
Writhes enchained, and moans, “I'm tired!”
Ah! the Wintry earth smiles out again,
With flowers, and fruit, and the golden grain!
But you, poor heart! must hush your cry,
And bear your cross, though you may die.
For its bloom is past, its Summer died,
Its dearest hopes are crucified;
And its tenderest ties are early riven—
Life brings no Spring this side of Heaven!
Oh! tired of work, and tired of play,
Of watching the sad hours go away—
Of unspoken thought, till! my brain is fried,
And my whole heart whispers, “I'm so tired!”

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154.

CHAPTER III.

It was a room in the castle, whose battlements have been pointed out so often as seen from the ruins of Knowl-Ash—a large, fine room, paneled with oak, and rich with carving. The castle stood on an eminence which sloped so gradually down from the East that you were scarcely conscious of its elevation, especially as thick forests fell away from it to the right and left, cutting against the sky even behind the castle, which was on the slope of the ascent, but did not crown it. A beautiful breadth of country was visible from the windows of the room which we have entered. Noble wood-lands, cultivated fields, and picturesque houses broke up the landscape, through which a river of some magnitude flashed up veins of silver now and then through the greenness, giving such life as only moving water can give to natural scenery.

The room was empty, and had evidently of late been almost devoid of furniture, but the bright oaken floor was now half-covered by a center carpet of fine tapestry, richly fringed at the edges. Chairs, massively carved and luxuriously cushioned, stood around an ebony cabinet inlaid and veined with coral, and filled a large space opposite the stately mantle-piece, with its noble carvings cut from marble black as jet. Some pictures hung against the oaken panels, and these alone might have proved how great a favorite the owner of that castle was with its late royal master; for Whitehall itself contained nothing more beautiful. Guido, Van-dyke, Titian, Correggio, and Julio Romano—all lived, in their imperishable beauty, among the oaken carvings of the room. Dainty things, too, lay about. Golden scent-bottles, snuff-boxes cut from clouded agate or pink cornelian, with jewel and jewel cases, lay upon the tables, and a lady's scarf or mantalette hung across one of the great ebony chairs, scattering the golden flowers, with which it was embroidered, upon its purple cushions. While we have been describing the room, a door opened, revealing an inner chamber filled with the rich gloom

which sunshine makes when it struggles through warmly-tinted draperies.

Through the opening might be seen a high-posted bedstead, crowned, at each corner, with massive plumes of white feathers, and tented with crimson velvet. There was, also, some sort of a thick carpet on the floor; for the lady who moved through the gorgeous twilight within gave forth no sound of her footsteps, and you only heard the rustling of her sumptuous garments, as she passed into the outer chamber.

A splendid creature was this lady, if a proud, insolent, and selfish woman can be really beautiful. She had reached middle age, but seemed to defy time as she defied everything else.

"Right royally done!" she exclaimed, examining the pictures on the walls. "I did not think the king would have parted with these, even to him."

The lady walked up and down the room, pausing before the pictures, and examining them with a proud smile. Then she moved to the window, and threw open the sash with a violence that made the diamond panes rattle in the leaden setting. The broad country, the interwindings of the river, and Knowl-Ash afar off lay before her, deliciously green, and flickered over with the sunshine and shadows of a bright spring day.

The lady's eyes flashed fire as she gathered in one glance the pasture-lands and forests that composed her son's new domain.

"So the clamor of the people has ended in this!" she said, with a defiant lift of the head. "How little they know the power it is their insanity to overthrow!"

While she was speaking, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and, turning quickly, she encountered the smiling face of her son.

"So, George, you have at last condescended to remember that I am here?" she said, brightening, however, under his glance.

"Upon my soul, *ma belle mere*, I defy any man to be unconscious of your presence! He might as well attempt to ignore the sun at noonday! But, tell me now, if it is not one of your state

secrets, what court tide brought you hither, after this sudden fashion. I have not half slept off my astonishment yet."

"I come for your good, as usual."

"I can believe that, for our interests must always run together."

The lady laughed. "And this is why you trust me?"

"What better security can any man have of good faith than that which springs out of self-interest, fair mother?"

"None in the world we move in, George. But you are still young for such thoughts."

"That is, if we count by years. But a man does not hold favor from one reign to another, visit foreign courts, and play the deuce with queenly hearts, without gaining experience at least."

"But you have another role to play now, George—a difficult and dangerous one. The people are beginning to hate you."

Buckingham threw himself into an easy-chair, rending a great hole in the delicate scarf, as he tangled it in the carved work with his arm, and broke into a peal of laughter.

"Let them hate—let them hate!" he cried. "What care I for that!"

"Popular hate, once fixed, is a terrible thing, George."

"Oh! but I have met so many terrible things since the day you sent me to court to make a fortune, with one dashing suit of clothes, and fifty pounds a year, and—and—between us we may as well speak out—this rather handsome face to back them up with."

"George, do not be too confident. King James is no longer alive to make you strong by his weakness."

Lady Villiers sat down by her son. Her face was grave—there was real apprehension in her voice. The duke saw this and took her hand.

"Have no fear, mother. I lost nothing by the change when Charles became king. He is stubborn as death when his heart is fixed, and I hold it entirely."

"I know—I know. But the queen is your enemy."

"Be it so. While she scandalizes the court with her temper, I am stronger than the queen. Charles must have a confidant in his domestic troubles. I am his confidant and counsellor. Do not fear. Her majesty shall still have her outbursts of rage, while we benefit by them."

"She hates me!" said Lady Villiers, with a fierce flash of the eyes.

"Of course! For you are all-powerful, while she has not been able to save her own attend-

ants from being sent home ignominiously. Besides, when did two beautiful women love each other?"

"Beautiful? Nay, George, we are not at court, and, for once, you can venture to be sincere. Henrietta Maria is in the bloom of youth, while I——"

"Find a thread or two of silver in this golden hair. What then? It is only the difference between the blossom and its fruit; the one, shadowy, evanescent, unsatisfactory; the other, rounded by the sun, rich in flavor, appealing to——"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted the mother, blushing in spite of the hardening life she had led. "I would rather hear this from other lips than yours. Besides—it is useless denying it—youth has a wonderful charm."

"And mature beauty a wonderful power, when joined, as yours is, with an intellect that brightens everything it touches."

"Oh, yes! There is assurance in that!" answered the woman, triumphantly. "The brain that planned your destiny and helped work it out will outlive her youth, and the beauty of a thousand like her. Yet it is strange, my son, how the heart regrets the poor passing charms as they fade away."

"Tush! mother. What have we to do with hearts and regrets? Give us power, wealth, dominion—hearts are only in the way when these things lead one onward."

"You will not think so when I tell you that the French ambassador has just informed the king that you will not be accepted as his representative at the court of France."

Buckingham started up, his eyes flashing, his face fiendish.

"What—what! Woman, are you mad to say this? They dare, they dare——"

He sat down again choking with rage.

Lady Villiers laughed.

"Ah! son, it is difficult getting along without a little trouble from the heart, after all. What if Anna of Austria saw you now?"

"Anna of Austria!"

"She added a special and private message, entreating that the king should not send you back to France."

"She did! I thank her majesty for announcing to the whole world that she dares not meet Buckingham. But she shall! I will be received in France though I batter my way through the gates of Paris with English cannon."

"You would not be so insane!"

"Insane! I will declare war against France at once. They cavil at my power and favor with

the king, these English churls. In return I will plunge them in a war that shall wrench the last farthing from their pockets. They grumble at the light taxes Charles imposes; I will grind them to the earth! It is high time they should learn who is the real king of England."

"I fear they are beginning to suspect too strongly already, George. It was for this I came down. Your enemies are organizing in force. When parliament meets, there will be a powerful effort to disgrace you and force the king to give you up."

Buckingham laughed, a loud, scornful laugh, that possessed all the hoarseness of rage.

"Let them try—let them try!"

"Would it not be better to conciliate the most powerful of our enemies?" urged the mother.

"Conciliate! No, I defy them. It is thus Buckingham tramples down opposition. Never warm serpents in your bosom, mother, while you can crush them with your heel!"

"But have we the power? Remember the queen is against us. The king loves her dearly."

"It is this love which gives me new strength. Had not Charles been occupied with that, he would perhaps have been meddling inconveniently with public affairs. As it is, I report, and he believes; I design, and he acts."

Lady Villiers shook her head. "Our position is one of great peril."

"I know it is, but we will tread through it. Why, see what has been already done. Our kinsfolk hold every place of trust almost in the realm. If we have enemies in parliament, have we not friends also? I tell you, mother, I will have a war with France, and this same parliament that you dread so shall vote the supplies."

Again the lady shook her head and drew a deep breath.

Buckingham turned upon her.

"Why, mother, have you turned coward at last?"

"Coward? No; but this state of things troubles me. Remember how firmly Somerset was seated in power when we hurled him down."

"Firmly, tush! Was anything firm under King James, the miserable dotard, the——"

The lady lifted her hands.

"Hush, hush! for heaven's sake hush! Even now I tremble over the quicksands we passed."

"And for your comfort," answered the duke, "our ruined enemies are close at hand."

"What, the Earl and Countess of Somerset?"

"Even so. I saw the lodge, in which they are spending the summer months, only yesterday, when the hunt carried me to the north, where you see this valley at our feet opens."

The lady turned pale.

"Those dangerous people so near?" she whispered, as if afraid of her own voice. "There is peril in it!"

"My lady mother, what has come over you? Peril, peril! this has been your cry all the morning. First, I am to dread that pretty young termagant, the queen; then parliament, and now—these abject Somersets. Did you take a hard journey for no better purpose than to persuade your son into being a coward?"

Lady Villiers passed a hand over her forehead.

"I scarcely know why it was that I came," she said, "save that some unaccountable dread fell upon me. Now I understand."

"Understand what?"

"No matter. Let us sweep all these unpleasant themes aside."

"With all my heart."

"Now tell me what was your object in coming down here? The movement took me by surprise."

"I had two objects: the first and foremost was to let the king know what it is to be without me to plan and think for him. The next, I wished to establish some personal popularity here while promulgating an idea of the king's supremacy among the country folks. My people are at work already. The principal clergyman in the district is already won over; and if you will condescend so far, we shall hear the first fruits of his conversion in a manifold sermon next Sunday."

"That is wisely done!" exclaimed the lady.

Buckingham walked up and down the room, paused before the window a moment, and came slowly back as if he had been pondering something in his mind which was rather difficult of expression.

"I am glad my efforts please you," he said, looking down on the red rosettes which ornamented his shoes, as he spoke; "and this reminds me that I may have a favor to ask."

Lady Villiers looked surprised. "There can be no favors between us, George. What is it you desire of me?"

"Nothing just now. Only it seemed to me that, for the second lady in the kingdom, you have traveled down here with a scant retinue of ladies; the mother of Buckingham should have come better attended."

"I started in haste, and only brought those who could be seated in the carriage; but surely you will find them enough."

"I do not know; but if not, the fault can soon be amended."

The lady drew a deep breath, and a smile settled on her lip. Whatever her thoughts were she was not inclined to express them, but broke into an entirely new subject. "You have forgotten the duchess," she said.

"With all my heart, if you would let me."

The mother smiled. She had at first been a little jealous of the young Duchess of Buckingham, but that feeling had passed away. Still the duke's open indifference to his young wife rather pleased her than otherwise.

"She sent a world of love!"

"There is but one thing in her power to send that could give me pleasure."

"And what is that?"

Before Buckingham could answer, the clatter of horses' feet on the pavement below broke up the conversation, and both mother and son went eagerly to the open window.

A courier, covered with dust, was dismounting from his horse before the great entrance.

A few moments and a page entered bearing despatches. Buckingham tore them open and read eagerly. It was evident that his mother's apprehensions had affected him, for his hands shook as he broke the seal, and a rigid expression stiffened his lips. But all at once his brow cleared, and his red lips parted with a triumphant smile.

"Read that," he cried, tossing the despatches into his mother's lap, "and see who reigns, this young queen or Buckingham."

Lady Villiers took up the parchment. A small package had fallen among the velvet folds of her dress where they swept the floor, but she did not heed that.

"Your duchess appointed lady in waiting to her majesty!" she exclaimed, while the hot crimson surged over her face. "That is the only appointment I ever asked or would have taken."

"And the only one I would not permit you to accept."

"Indeed!"

The exclamation was haughty almost to insolence, and flashes of fire shot from those large gray eyes.

"Indeed! And may I ask a reason?"

"Certainly. You are too impetuous for a spy—which is what we want—on the queen, and far too valuable as a counsellor for Buckingham to restrict your liberty, or fritter away your mind in the petty details of her majesty's toilet or state chamber; whereas her grace is just fitted for such duties. Rejoice with me that she has the place. It has been a sore struggle with the king, I can see that, and a

signal triumph over Henrietta Maria, who hates everything that bears my name. I have not had better news in many a day."

Lady Villiers was but half-appeased by this compliment. She was far too grasping for any thought of pleasure in the advancement of another, even though her own interests were not affected by it. Casting her eyes gloomily downward, she saw the package that had fallen at her feet. A delicate parcel, carefully sealed and bound together after an almost exploded fashion, with a scarlet band of floss silk. She took it up, glanced at the address, and tossed it toward her son, exclaiming contemptuously,

"It is her writing."

The duke caught the package, glanced at the writing, and flung it back.

"It is far too bulky," he said, "you shall read it for me."

Coarse and unfeeling as this was, it pleased the woman before him; and with a sneer that clouded all the beauty of her face, she broke the seal, tore at the silk with her teeth, and began to read the gentle expressions of affection which were only intended for a husband's eye. When half through she cast the delicate parchment aside.

"Nothing but love, and love poetry," she said, with cold disdain. "I wonder how you can encourage her in such absurdities."

"But what does she say about her appointment in the queen's household?"

"Nothing, only to regret it, because the duties will take her so much from your society."

"Tush! Has she nothing better than that to say?"

"Read it for yourself," said the mother, pointing to the letter which had caught a gust of air from the window, and was fluttering like a white dove over the floor; "but not here, I am weary of these follies, and my women are waiting for orders. What are we to do with ourselves, I wonder? There should be good sport in the forest, but that would be throwing away time; you are seeking popularity in the district. How can I help you?"

"In fifty ways."

"Well, one at once."

The duke seemed a little embarrassed, an unusual thing when talking with his mother.

"Well," he said, at last, "the first thing is to conciliate the good clergyman, and bring him out boldly in the royal cause."

"I thought he was won."

"And so he is, but there must be some return of favors by which his enthusiasm may be kept up."

"Is his living a poor one then? Must we tax some of his rich neighbors in order to bribe him?"

"That would never do. The good man cares as little for money as the rooks that haunt his church tower."

"What does he care for then?"

"His family, his—his daughters! For them he is ambitious!"

There was a slight flush on the duke's face as he made this answer. An unpleasant smile had been creeping over the features of the mother, as she asked these careless questions, which now broke triumphantly over her whole face.

"His daughters? Well, what of them? Shall I give them each a necklace?"

The duke made an impatient gesture with his hand.

"Mother, I will neither be mocked nor thwarted! Wear that look a moment longer, and I shall hate you!"

"You dared not have spoken to me so once!" she cried, passionately.

"Perhaps not. Then you were the master-spirit; now——"

"Well, now?"

Her eyes flashed, her lips grew white.

"Now I am no longer the tool by which you worked a safe way to power, but the power itself. I did not quarrel with you then. Do not quarrel with me now."

"Ungrateful boy!"

Those proud eyes filled with tears; for the woman could find tears when her own soul was wounded—seldom else.

The duke was not old enough to be altogether devoid of feeling, and he might not have loved a better woman half so well as he loved this haughty being, who was still flashing anger on him through her tears. She had been faithful to him and his interests, however treacherous to others.

He went up to her, with a look of serious contrition, so graceful that a glow of motherly pride answered it spite of herself.

"Mother!"

Her head fell forward on his shoulder.

"Spare me, George. There is not another person in the wide world can bring this pain to my heart. Do not strike me again on this one weak spot. The anguish is terrible!"

He kissed her on the forehead with exquisite tenderness; for he, too, had one holy place left unsoiled in his nature.

"Are we friends now, *belle mere*?"

"Tell me your wishes, and I will do them, George—right or wrong, I will do them!"

Her gentleness shamed the evil purpose but half shadowed forth in his heart. So he kissed her again in silence and went away for one half-hour a better man than he had been.

The water which God gives us is pure, though a thousand poisonous things spring up from the same soil; and the crystal waves of true feeling will sometimes gush up from the most selfish natures.

CHAPTER IV.

For several days the rector of Knowl-Ash had been almost entirely shut up in his own room. He scarcely came forth to eat, and could only be persuaded to swallow a crust and a glass of wine when they were forced upon him by the housekeeper or one of his daughters. So deeply was he absorbed in the one great subject, that Randal now and then expressed a little regret that he had been so precipitate in burying the rook, as he was very sure that his uncle would have picked its tough bones without the least danger of discovery; and he did not feel quite sure that his secret was safe under the moss of the ruins.

Late at night and early in the morning the good man sat buried in thought, or writing with the passionate earnestness which can only be expected of reticent natures like his, when they once put brain and conscience into a work.

Barbara, too, was strangely silent, and spent most of her time in her own room. Bessie saw that she looked downcast and heavy-eyed, as if her sleep was disturbed, perhaps, with bitter tears in the night.

It was strange how little a thing had broken up the happy monotony of those young girls' lives! How completely they had been thrown apart by the strange thoughts that haunted the bosom of each, self-centering the attention, and leaving dangerous things to creep in between them!

A case of conscience was before Barbara, torturing her gentle heart, and taking all the color from her cheek. A cloud had gathered over her, and she knew, in the depths of her soul, that it must grow broader and blacker till—oh! that she must not fathom! What would the end be? Would it leave her stranded, far away from her lover, or drift her off from the holy shelter of her father's roof?

Poor girl! She had few thoughts to give her sister in these days. Trouble was a new thing to her, and the aching pain at her heart made her blind to everything else.

The rector had said nothing on the subject which so completely absorbed him, not even to Barbara, with whom he sometimes loved to talk of the quaint ideas that he gathered from his great black-letter tomes. The sweet girl knew that he was very busy, and not so calm as was usual with him while meditating over his sermons. She noticed that there was a continuous fire of excitement in his eyes, and a red spot on either cheek, unlike anything she had seen before. All this gave her vague uneasiness. It seemed as if all at once the inmates of that house had grown strange to each other.

Cromwell came to the house once during the week, but his usual grave habits were broken up. He was sinister, watchful, and bitter of speech. It seemed as if the very floor across which Buckingham had walked was hateful to him. He repulsed Bessie rudely when she came to him, with her cheerful greeting, and began to talk of the hunting-party, and the heaps of game it had left behind. As for Randal, when he came in, beaming and triumphant, with the matchlock in his hand, and his beautiful chestnut hair drooping in ringlets to his shoulder, Cromwell set his teeth firmly together and refused his hand to the lad.

All this troubled poor Barbara in the depths of her sensitive nature. She saw that trouble was coming, that a season of sore trial lay before her. She grew timid in her lover's presence, and saw him depart with a sensation of mingled sadness and relief.

Thus the week wore on, and the morning of a dull, heavily clouded Sabbath day came. There had been rain in the night, and heavy mists floated over the landscape, shutting out the distant castle, and shrouding the ruins with ghostly gray, through which you could see spectral outlines of the broken architecture so faintly that it seemed vanishing into mist also.

The apple-orchard was heavy with rain, which had beaten off its blossoms till the wet grass seemed covered with snow-flakes, and a little way off the gray church seemed frozen and cold under its garniture of dripping ivy. The rain had ceased, but over the dark earth, and through these clouds of floating mist, the rector's family went to the church. The good man had gone out early, I think, to find a more sacred spot in which to offer up prayer to God on the duty he was about to perform. Barbara and Bessie walked together—the one quiet, the other subduing her high spirits and making vain efforts to keep pace decorously with her sister. But, spite of her efforts, the bright spirit within would peep forth, and she darted aside to snatch a wild

flower from the grass, at one moment, or began chattering, in a low voice, to Randal, who carried her prayer-book, the next—smiling, and brightening everything around her like a beam of sunshine.

In those times, a service on the Sabbath day was the great event to which the whole neighborhood looked. Saint days had gradually gone out of fashion since the eighth Henry, and but few causes of popular gathering existed, except those which brought the people within the holy walls of some sanctuary.

I have said that the rector of Knowl-Ash was an eloquent and popular man. Thus people came from far and wide to hear the beautiful thoughts that seemed to be a divine growth of his solitary meditations. There was something about this man so simple, so exquisitely pastoral, that it won an influence almost sacred over the hearts of those who gathered to hear him on the Sabbath day. Nor was he unmindful of their sorrows or their trials. The rector might forget himself, and the happy ones of his own household, but he never neglected the suffering among his people, and recognized every face, that greeted him, with blessings, with wakeful interest. His heart and intellect sometimes appeared to be wide apart, but they always worked in harmony.

The good man was in some of those sacred nooks known to the English churches in those days, asking God, in singleness of heart, to bless the work he was entering upon that day. Perhaps he did not fully realize the political importance of the step he was taking, but its moral import no man could understand better. Next to God, he held the divine right of kings in reverence. His anointed sovereign was head of the church he served, and so far as an earthly mortal could be a representative of divine power. This he solemnly believed, and this was to be the great foundation-stone of a discourse which he had pondered over and over all the week.

The congregation came in—lord, squire, and peasant, all grave and solemn, as became the occasion. In that church the distinctions of caste were less regarded than in any other place. The lady was more richly dressed, it is true, and trod the sacred aisle more proudly than the peasant's wife, perhaps, when she first entered; but there was something in the pure voice and tender religious teachings of the preacher which rebuked this pride and sent them forth equalized by one common humanity.

This Sabbath, however, was marked with more excitement than usual. It had been rumored

that the Duke of Buckingham, and Lady Villiers, his mother, would be present at the service, that day, and many a strange face appeared in the congregation, drawn from a distance by the rumor.

This rumor it was, I think, which made Bessie Westburn so restless on her walk to the church. In her whispers with Randal, the duke was often mentioned. Would he bow to them? Perhaps he might pause before the whole congregation, as it came out, to inquire how Randal liked his gun, or if Bessie had suffered nothing from her ramble in the orchard.

All this time Barbara was lost in sad, heavy thoughts, and entered the church with a weary sigh.

The edifice was full. Garments of heavy stuff and rich silks rustled within. Wet ivy, which a rising wind had begun to stir, rustled without. The usual still repose was all broken up. The audience looked eager and restless. At the slightest noise all eyes were turned to the door, bright with expectation.

While this excitement lasted, two or three men came up the aisle in a group. They were plainly dressed, and wore no curls. Indeed, so closely was the hair cut to those large heads, that it might have been a subject of remark but that the public interest was all turned in another direction. One of these men was Oliver Cromwell.

There were no seats unoccupied, so this group of men stood together in a stern, gloomy knot, with their eyes also turned upon the door.

It came at last, the heavy wheels of a carriage grinding along the highway, and sending forth its hoarse grating sounds above the clatter of hoofs made by a cavalcade of horsemen that surrounded it. It drew up before the church: four pair of smoking black horses pawed the turf and tossed their beautiful heads, as the side curtain was lifted, revealing three cushioned seats filled with ladies. Imagine an emigrant wagon covered with leather and trecked out with a coat of arms and rude gilding. This was the traveling conveyance of high born lords and ladies in the times we write of.

First a lady stepped out, tall, commanding, and still wonderfully beautiful. The hair which waved under her coil of purple velvet was thick and golden; a soft color bloomed in her cheeks; her gray eyes brightened; her lips curved with a smile, for she felt the wondering homage that followed her lightest movement. When Henrietta Maria was not present, the mother of Buckingham forgot that she was less than a queen.

Other ladies followed: some young, and of more or less loveliness, but they passed almost unheeded in the presence of this really powerful woman. The duke had dismounted from his horse and led his mother into the church. The grace and respectful homage of this movement was followed by murmurs of admiration, by a crowd of country people who had lingered outside; but under their exclamations came up a low growl of discontent. On looking close, you saw that a large number of these loiterers had short hair and garments of a peculiar fashion.

Buckingham, with the little court that surrounded him at the castle, entered the church. Curtained seats had been set apart for him, and into one of these Lady Villiers swept her stiff brocade rustling in every amber flower, and the ropes of pearls rattling on her stomacher. There was a little tumult in the church, and this pleased my lady, for in such commotions her vanity reveled. She turned her handsome face on the audience, a smile brooded on it—one of those smiles that win hearts when they meet the eye. Then she settled gracefully down among her cushions, and shrouded her face with a graceful movement of devotion.

Just then the minister came in through a side door and moved toward his desk. Everything was still on the instant. Eyes that had been turned eagerly on the duke's party, were now lifted, in solemn reverence, to the man of God; the tinsel of admiration gave way to the pure gold of profound respect.

The rector did give one quiet glance to the ducal party as he opened the Bible on his desk. Perhaps a thrill of pride passed into his bosom, but it was a gentle, harmless feeling, that melted away in thankfulness that his poor church should be deemed worthy of so great an honor.

Then he lifted his voice in prayer, and after that came the eloquent words from his lips, which were to scatter dragon's teeth among his happy flock.

Had that good man dreamed that he was preaching a political sermon, that his honest, simple words might lead to bloodshed, he would have died there at his sacred desk rather than have uttered them.

When the heart is in a subject, eloquence is a natural result. Never since those walls were laid had they echoed to more thrilling language, or arguments that were so completely the growth of high principle. Most of the audience were loyal, and a law-abiding people, who went heart and soul with the minister in

his great idea; but a few seemed restive and ill at ease. Some quickly left the church, and others listened with stern, white faces, struck dumb by the course the minister was taking. The group we have mentioned, of which Cromwell was the center, drew close together in the aisle and looked sternly into each other's eyes as the sermon went on. At the end of a sentence more powerful than another, Cromwell was seen to clench his hand, while his lips were closed more and more tightly, till their coarse heaviness was lost in the fierce even pressure. At last his rude endurance gave way, and, casting a stern glance back at the earnest speaker, he left the church. Those who stood near followed him, and the tramp of their heavy shoes sounded defiantly in the holy edifice.

The rector paused, disturbed by the noise. A look of troubled surprise broke over his face, and he watched his daughter's betrothed with a bewildered look till he disappeared. Then he turned to the great subject again, and threw his soul into it, forgetting the disturbance.

Barbara had listened and seen. Her father's sermon she had been in some degree prepared for, and, in truth, it met a loyal echo in her own heart; but every word fell upon her like the link of an iron chain which was to separate her from the man who stood so gloomily in the aisle, and whose face she could not look upon without a spasm of pain. She saw the clenched hand, the swarthy crimson burning fiercer and fiercer on his forehead, and her young heart sunk within her. Those fierce passions in that sacred place! Had it already come to that? Did he dare so rudely to condemn her father, a man so truly good that no human creature had ventured to question anything he did or said up to that hour? Could he listen to that eloquent voice and not be convinced?

When Cromwell gave that fierce start and went out of the church, treading his way as if the sacred edifice had been a stable, a quick sob broke from her lips, and she bowed her head in utter humiliation, nor dared to look in her father's face again during the entire sermon.

Buckingham had watched all this from the luxurious cushions of his seat. He had kept his smiling eyes fixed on Cromwell from the moment that scowl of fierce defiance came to his face. Twice he saw him start and bend forward, as if to hurl back an indignant protest against the discourse. Then came the silent outburst and rude retreat, when the duke's smile turned to a burning glow, and he too clenched a white hand among the silken ornaments of his dress.

After Cromwell left, there was a gradual dropping off of the congregation. Men stole out singly, keeping as much as possible in the shadows; but they went; and every footstep, as it stole along, left a new pang with Barbara Westburn.

When this momentous day's service was over, a considerable concourse of persons had gathered in front of the church, not to see Lady Villiers, when she passed back to her carriage, as others had done in the morning, but to confer in low voices, and mutter the discontent they had not yet found courage to express aloud. When the duke came forth, leading his mother with great show of respect, these persons drew back and stood close together, offering no token of respect, but scowling on the show with their bent brows.

The duke cast a careless glance of defiance that way, and, speaking to one of his people, said, "Drive those churls back. See you not they stand in the way of my horses?"

The page thus addressed contented his valor by walking toward the group and back again, muttering something under his breath about an earl's son being no bailiff; while the knot of men kept their ground, scowling back defiance on the young court gallant and his master as well.

Lady Villiers lingered by the carriage, but refused to enter it until the rector should come forth. In the name of her royal Mistress, Queen Henrietta, she wished to thank him for the right loyal sermon which he had given them.

This was said in a sweet, patronizing voice, that filled a portion of those who stood about with admiration; but the group around Cromwell, taking example by his gesture of disgust, left the crowd which grew denser every moment, and moved off in a body toward the distant ruins.

"Here," said Cromwell, dashing his foot against the Druid font, "here I, for one, spurn and defy the doctrines we have heard this day. As I thrust aside this broken relic of past superstition, so do I condemn all doctrines that have not the rights of the people for their foundation. Neighbors, this popinjay duke with his ribbons, shoe-buckles, and diamond garters—all the price of his early shame—has come down here to wring gold from our pouches without right of law and in defiance of parliament. The sermon we heard to-day is the first step in this stupendous iniquity. Let us crush the whole design here in the hour of its birth. I would denounce it though King Charles stood at my elbow."

These bold words were followed by exclamations of accordance from the group of men that listened. Cromwell went on.

"Hitherto," he said, "the people of this district have felt little of the ploughshare that is tearing up the rest of the land; but the earth under our feet begins to tremble—no wonder—while it is compelled to support this tinsel monster of the court. Last week he was twice closeted with our rector—you see how his evil work prospers. The very sanctuaries of our worship are turned over to his cause. Our ministers become the tools of his rapine. Who is this man they call the Duke of Buckingham, this creature who comes here for our harm, half-popinjay, half-tyrant? What is his origin? What has been his progress? I will tell you. This woman, whom we saw but now, with the golden hair and evil eyes, was poor and widowed. She had two possessions in the world—her beauty, and her son. Somerset was King James' favorite then, and ruled all England. But while the king's favor lasts, who dares defy a royal favorite? No one. This woman was both wise and cunning. She attacked no one, but began to undermine and plot all the while, that her son should gain the vile eminence of this Somerset. He did attain it, by such means as only a base boy and worthless woman could have used. You know the fate of Somerset, and of the infamous dame who calls him husband. Yonder against the sky, if this miserable fog would permit, you might see the walls of their voluntary prison. On the other hand loom up the battlements of a stronghold which the infatuated king has given to his father's favorite.

What have we done, neighbors, that two such men as Somerset and Buckingham should cumber our district?"

Cromwell spoke vehemently. The caution, which marked his after-life, was forgotten here, or, perhaps, it prompted this very address. The audience was ready and prepared to follow him. The occasion might never arise again. His passion burned fiercely, but an acute intellect controlled even that. When Cromwell was angry, in any time of his life, it was always when anger was the best weapon to be used. He wished no influence to win over the men who listened, and went to work boldly.

"Henceforth," he said, "I belong to a new church and a new party. The son of James the First is not king—it is this tyrant, minion, Buckingham, who controls the free people of England. It is not King Charles we denounce, but his father's degraded favorite."

While he was speaking, Cromwell stood by the broken wall from which Bessie had leaped to secure the duke's truant cap. He paused to draw breath.

"This duke——" he continued.

That moment a figure came out from behind the wall, followed by half a dozen others, some laughing with ill-suppressed mirth, some pale with terror, and the foremost of all wearing a smile of sneering bitterness that made even Cromwell recoil a pace backward, as if he had suddenly trod on a serpent.

Not a word was spoken, but, with a low bow, and that smile transfiguring his features, the Duke of Buckingham moved on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOING.

BY MARIAN WINSLOW.

Going away—going away!

'Tis the chorus sad of a sad refrain—
And a shadow creeps over my heart to-day,
As I softly murmur this broken strain:
Going away!

Going away from your childhood's home,
Bidding farewell to your childhood's friends,
And a long good-by to the old hearth-stone—
Oh! say, will not grief with your gladness blend,
When you go away?

Going away—and the sun will shine
Just as brightly when you are gone,
The green leaves flutter, the wild flowers twine,
The river dance brightly on and on,
Though you've gone away.

But sunlight may glance, the green leaves fall,
The river dash on to the sea—

A palling shadow creeps over them all,
For all sing the same sad song to me:
Going away!

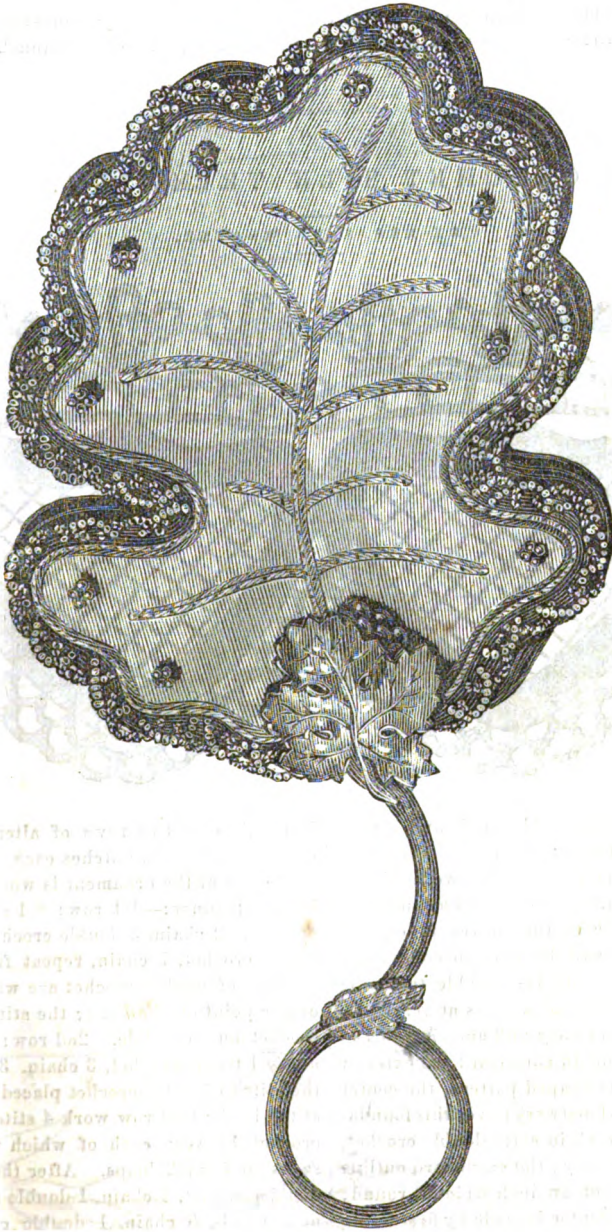
Going away where the cannon's ring
Breathes of fame, as you onward roam,
And you will forget, 'mid the battle's din,
That hearts are desolate here at home,
When you go away.

Going away—but do not think
That "absence will conquer" langsyne love;
Though bitter the fount where the heart must drink,
Yet hope ever prayerfully looketh above—
Though you go away.

Going away—going away!
'Tis a mournful lidge, and the echo clings
Round every thought I have had to-day—
And it sisseth yet o'er my sad heart-strings:
Going away!

NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



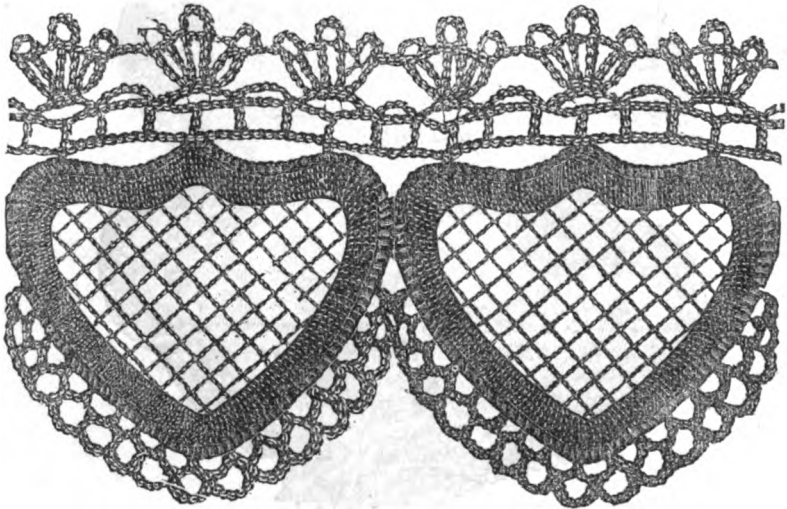
MATERIALS.—Some pieces of dark green velvet and silk; 1 bunch of gold beads; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fine bullion, or gold thread; 1 skein of green embroidery silk.

Cut a piece of pasteboard the size and shape seen in the design. Cover the upper side with the green velvet, the under side with the silk. The edge and veining of the leaf is to be done

in one half embroidery, the other half bullion, or gold thread, if the bullion cannot be procured. To sew on the bullion, it must be cut the required length and then threaded, afterward sew it at intervals as indicated by the black stitches in the design. Thread the beads and dispose of them around the edge. Cover a second piece of the same size with green silk for the under part. Cut several pieces of white flannel a size smaller for the inside of the case. The handle and ornament are of leather work; or the handle may be made of wire and closely wound with brown silk, dispensing with the ornament if you please. This design may also be used for a Pen-wiper, substituting some black cloth in the place of the flannel.

CROCHET SILK TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



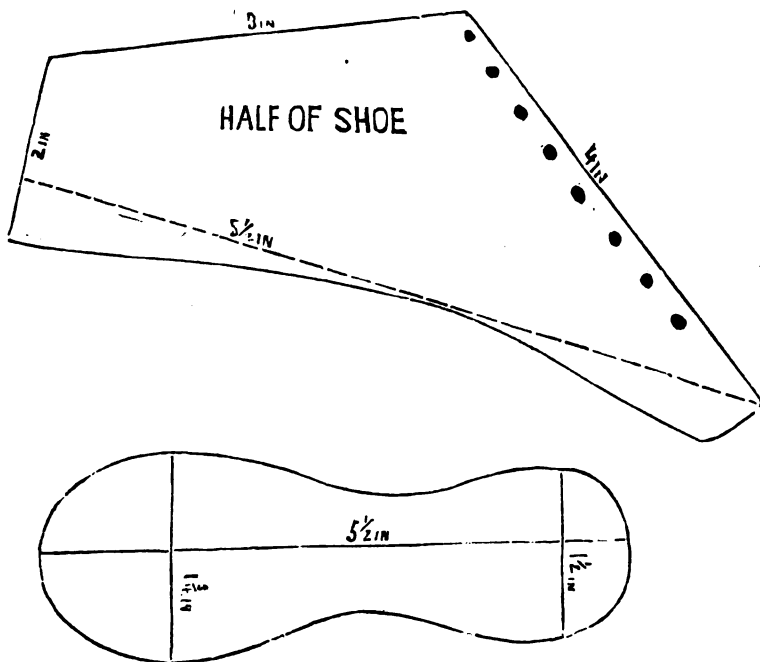
MATERIALS.—Black crochet silk and a steel crochet needle. Ornaments in passementerie are now so much the fashion, that we think our readers will be glad to know the way in which they can imitate them themselves in crochet work. Thus they will be able to complete a very pretty, lasting, and fashionable trimming for a mantle, a jacket, or a dress at very little cost; it is also a very easy and amusing sort of work. First cut out in cardboard the exterior outline of the heart-shaped pattern, the center of which is filled with network; over this foundation in cardboard work in close double crochet, so as to cover it entirely; the cardboard outline must be a quarter of an inch wide all round; the network in the center is made by first fixing the silk in slanting lines, and then crossing them over. A sufficient number of these hearts being prepared, they must be joined together; the trimming round the bottom must be worked; it consists of two rows of alternate loops in crochet, of 5 chain stitches each. The lacework at the top of the ornament is worked in the following manner:—1st row: * 1 stitch of treble crochet, 12 chain, 8 double crochet, 12 chain, 1 treble crochet, 7 chain, repeat from *. The 3 stitches of double crochet are worked over the center point of the heart; the stitches of treble crochet on each side. 2nd row: Always alternately 1 treble crochet, 3 chain. 3rd row: * On the stitch of treble crochet placed over the same stitch in the first row work 4 stitches of double crochet, between each of which work 7 chain, so as to form 3 loops. After the 4th stitch of double crochet, 1 chain, 1 double crochet in the next stitch, 5 chain, 1 double crochet in the next treble crochet stitch, 1 chain, repeat from *. The 3 loops must be repeated three times between each heart. 4th row: * In the first of the three loops, 2 double crochet, with 4 chain

between, then 1 chain; the same in next loop. For the third loop, 2 double crochet *more* with 4 chain between, then 2 chain, repeat from *. This trimming may be finished off by a fringe,

and be made into a shoulder-piece ornament, consisting of three hearts (the middle one being somewhat larger) trimmed with fringe.

BABY'S SHOE.

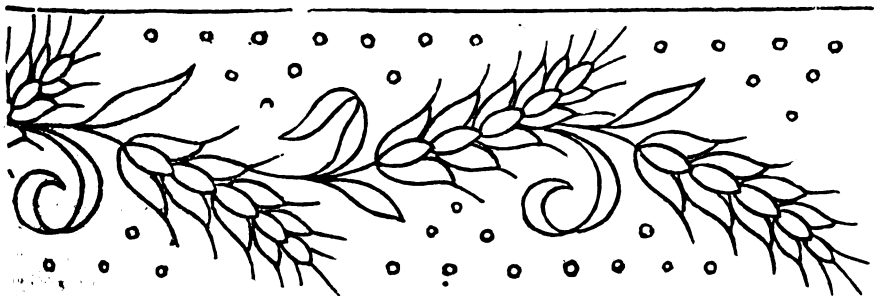
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For a child several months old, cut out of either scarlet, blue, drab, or scarlet French merino; line with fine flannel, and bind with ribbon all round. Make holes down the front, and finish with ribbon rosette and a little pearl

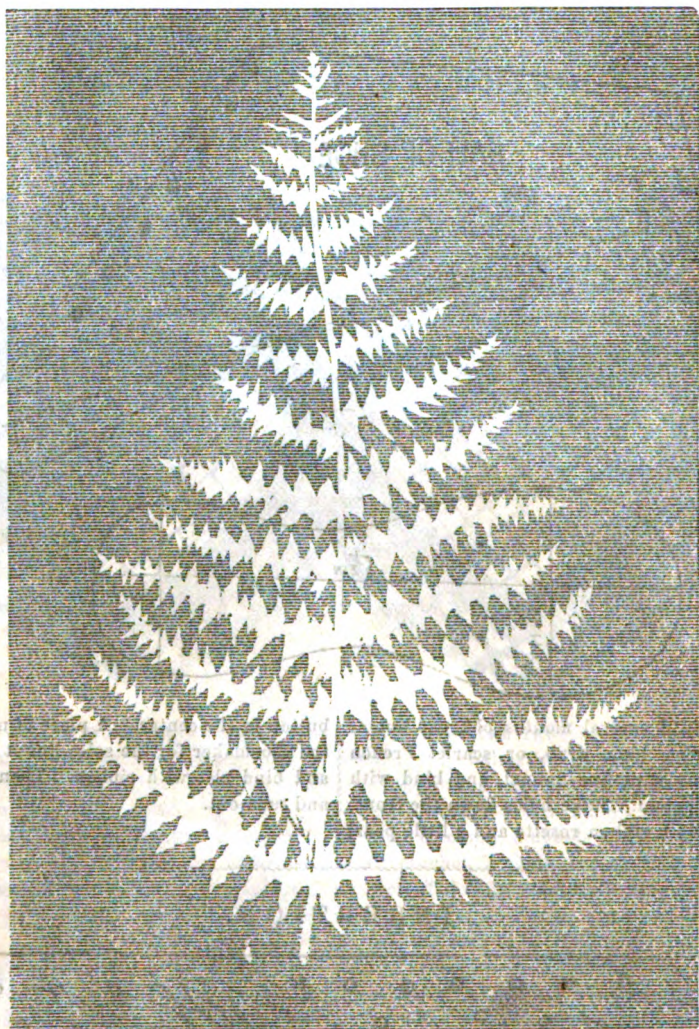
button in the center. A piece of morocco from the shoemaker for the sole; line it with flannel, and bind also with ribbon. Then seam inside and turn out.

INSERTION.



FERN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE material is white cotton velvet, or salun, as it is called. Cut out the mats the size you require, and produce the impression in the following manner:—Gather nice shaped, well-indented fern-leaves—or, indeed, any other kind will do, especially hemlock; and they must not be heavy, but well marked with indentations—press them in a heavy book, and when perfectly

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flat lay them on your mat; they must be damped to make them lie well. For a mat two good-sized leaves are generally enough, and if put so that the stems cross, they fill up quite enough. Then rub Indian ink very thick on a saucer, take a hard nail-brush, dip it in the ink, and, with a fine pocket-comb, squirt it on the mat, being careful to hold the light part toward you,

and squirting it very fine. It must be nicely shaded; quite dark at the bottom, and quite light at the top. When dark enough lay it (not removing the leaves) between two sheets of blotting paper, and press it with something heavy. When dry and well pressed remove the leaves, and the impression ought to be clear and distinct. Very pretty watch-pockets, mats, lamp-stands, etc., can also be made in this manner.

BRAIDED SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS Cushion, the illustration for which is given in the front of the number, may be braided either on velvet or merino, (or even cloth.) of any color to suit the taste. The braiding is done in gold braid. Yellow floss braid may be substituted, if preferred—it is much less expensive and looks very pretty.

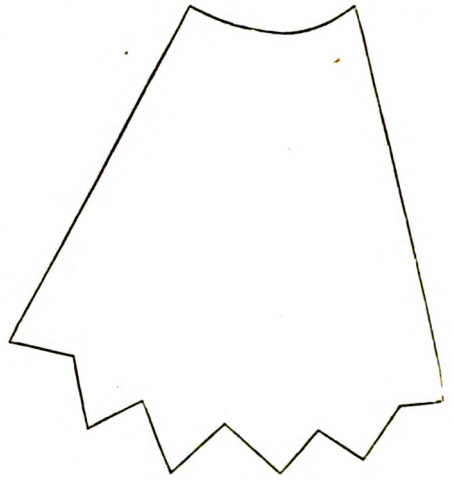
BASKET PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



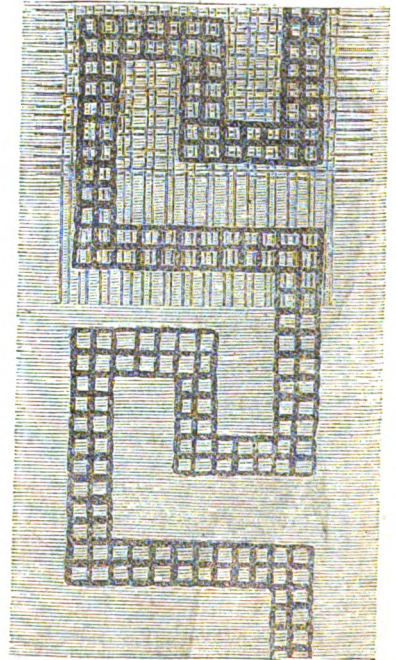
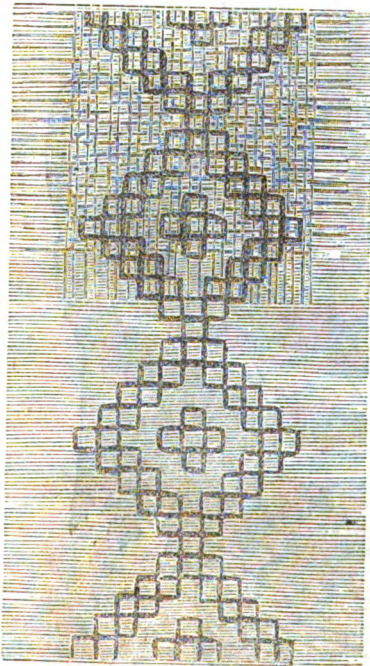
MATERIALS.—Red, blue, and white cloth; and some bullion, are required to make this white opaque and jet beads; a small basket, pretty and useful affair.

Procure a small and fine willow basket of the size and shape seen in the design. Around the outside edge of the basket place two frills of cloth cut in points. The lower frill is of the red cloth, the upper one white. Embroider the red piece with the white beads, sewing one in each small point. The larger spots are done in bullion or gold thread. The upper frill embroider with the jet beads in the same way. Around the extreme edge of the basket is placed six rows of bullion in festoons, fastened with the black and white beads. The inside, or Pen-wiper, is to be made of alternate pieces of red, blue, and white cloth, cut in pieces of the accompanying size and shape. Fold as seen in the basket, and arrange in rows of red, white, and blue, stuffing the basket just about half-way.



BORDERS IN CARREAU STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



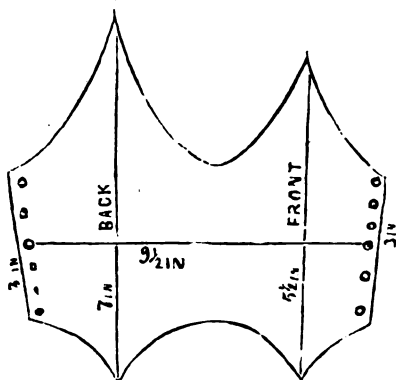
This stitch is a novelty in *point Russe*; it may be worked on alpaca, French merino silk, or linsey, and is employed to ornament dresses. A piece of canvas must be sewn on the part of the dress to be embroidered; the stitches are made over two threads of the canvas, and each *carreau* or *square*, is formed by four stitches—two stitches taken across the canvas, and two taken the long way. To render this work more easy, our engravings show a part of the border

on the canvas, and a part on the material, such as it is, when, the embroidery being completed, the threads of the canvas are taken off by cutting them at different places and pulling them gently away. Both patterns are embroidered in one color; red. It will be understood that, in order to have these borders larger or smaller,

the size of the canvas must be altered. For the body and sleeves the canvas should be much smaller than that round the skirt. These borders can also be worked in chain stitch for dresses in cashmere or silk; in that case they should be drawn on the material, and no canvas need be employed.

LADIES' ANKLET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

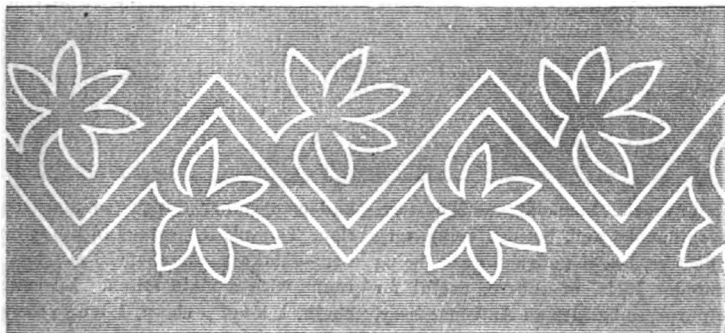


We vary our department, this month, by giving a pattern and diagram for a lady's anklelet, a useful article just coming into fashion. The anklelet is to be worn just above the boot, and is made of kid, lined with flannel, the whole bound with galloon. Where it fastens

on the outside of the ankle, it may either have eyelets put in, and laced on buttons and loops of gum elastic.

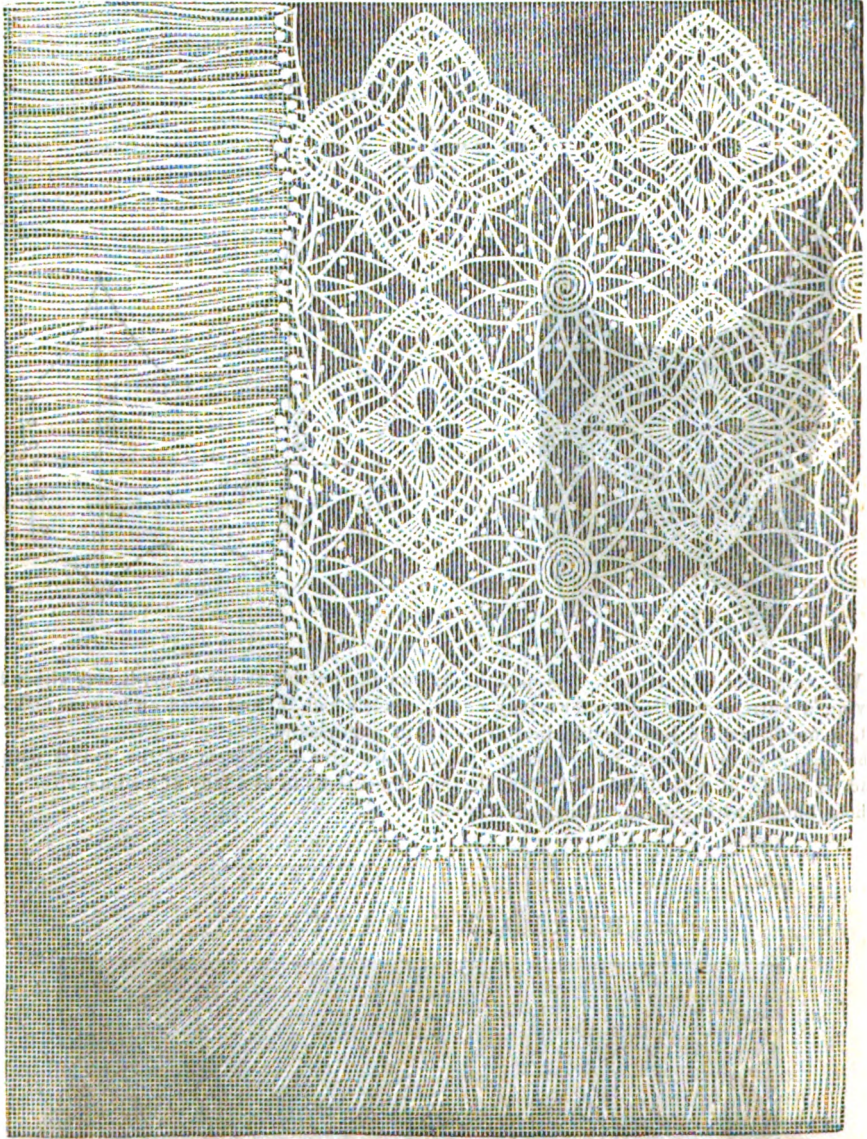
We give a diagram of the anklelet with the dimensions to fit a lady of medium size.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



CROCHET ANTI-MACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This style of crochet in medallions is now exceedingly fashionable, and, besides being very light and effective, has the advantage of being easily executed. It is, of course, useful for many other purposes besides an Anti-macassar, being suitable for pin-cushions, bread-cloths, and many other things too numerous to mention. To work it, proceed in the following manner:—Make a chain of 16 stitches, close in a round with a plain stitch. 1st row: 1 long, 1 chain, 1 long, 1 chain, 1 long (these 3 long to be worked in successive loops), 8 chain, miss 1,

repeat 3 times more. 2nd row: 1 long, 1 chain, 1 long, 1 chain, 1 long on the top of 3 long of 1st row, 1 chain, 6 long into loop formed by 8 chain of last row, 6 chain, 6 long into same 8 chain, 1 chain; repeat, 3rd row: 1 double crochet on top of center of the 3 long of last row, 6 chain, 1 long into corner, 6 chain of last row, 2 chain, 1 long into same, 2 chain, 1 long into same, 8 chain, 1 long into same, 2 chain, 1 long into same, 2 chain, 1 long into same, 6 chain; repeat. 4th row: 1 double crochet on double crochet of last row, 6 chain, 1 long into 1st 2 chain of last row, 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 6 long, 6 chain, 6 long (these 12 long to be worked into corner space), 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 6 chain; repeat. 5th row: 1 double crochet on double crochet of last row, 6 chain, 1 long into 1st 2 chain of last row, 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 2 chain, 4 long commencing on 2nd long of last row, 2 chain (2 long, 5 chain, 2 long), these 4 long to be worked into corner space, 2 chain, 4 long commencing on 2nd long of last row, 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 2 chain, 1 long into next 2 chain, 6 chain; repeat. 6th row: Double crochet into every stitch. The 2nd diamond to be worked the same as 1st, joining at the corner as shown in the engraving. For the raised rose medallion, make a chain of 13 stitches; close in a round by working a plain stitch. 1st row: 33 double crochet stitches into the round loop. 2nd row: Double crochet on front stitches of last

row. 3rd row: Double crochet on back stitches of 1st row. 4th row: Double crochet on front stitches of last row. 5th row: Double crochet on back stitches of 3rd row. 6th row: Double crochet on front stitches of last row. 7th row: Double crochet on back stitches of 5th row. 8th row: Double crochet on front stitches of last row. 9th row: Double crochet on back stitches of 7th row. 10th row: 12 chain, 1 plain into 5th loop from hook, 12 chain, 1 plain into 5th loop from hook, 7 chain, miss 3 stitches of last row, 1 double crochet in the 4th stitch; repeat to the end of the row, when there will be 12 loops. 11th row: 10 chain, 1 plain into 5th chain from hook, 10 chain, 1 plain into 5th chain from hook, 5 chain, 1 double crochet into large loop (between the minor loops) of last row: repeat and fasten off. These medallions must be joined to the diamonds by the 7th stitch of every 2nd 10th chain in the last round, as in pattern given. When the Anti-macassar is the size required, work half a medallion, the same as the raised rose medallion, commencing with a chain of eight stitches, and working backward and forward instead of round, and making 6 loops instead of 12 in 10th row; join these in like manner on the outside of the diamonds, making the work straight; then work round the Anti-macassar a row, thus—5 chain, miss 2, 1 double crochet in 3rd stitch, repeat and fasten off; then cut the fringe the length required, and fasten with the hook 8 in each loop of 5 chain.

BONNETS AND HEAD-DRESS.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MISS PROCTOR'S POEMS.—We promised our readers, last month, to quote some of the poems of Adelaide A. Proctor, from the elegant little volume just published by Ticknor & Fields. To give too many would be unfair to the publishers. We must, therefore, content ourselves with three or four. With many, indeed, our older subscribers are familiar, for we have printed several of the best, in our Chit-Chat, from time to time. Among these are "The Dream," "Echoes," and "A Woman's Question." Other beautiful poems are too long for our limited space. Of such are "The Wayside Inn," "True Honors," "A Legend of Provence," and "The Angel's Story." But here is a poem to which neither of these objections apply:

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead.
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy Southern breeze,
To bring them to their Northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While Winter winds shall blow.

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.
The sun has hid its rays
These many days:
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What soul can break the silence of despair?
Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past.
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Others, quite as fine, are "Incompleteness," "The Cradle-Song of the Poor," "The Voice of the Wind," and "One By One." But we are forced to pass them by. Yet we find room for the following:

-HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking,
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun,"

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
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"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover-grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest:
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

We have printed the following poem before, but it is too beautiful to omit, in any just notice of Miss Proctor, and besides it will be new to many of our readers.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Dim shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair
they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the closed
portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the
Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward,
hand in hand,
And some, with weary step and slow, look back where
their Beloved stand:
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the Angel
Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors the light that floods
the very air
Is but the shadow from within, of the great glory hidden
there:
And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass
within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals close
once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to
the door:
The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon
the watcher's face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music seems to fill
The silent air with love and fear, and the world's clamors
all grow still,
Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on in
pain.

Complain not that the way is long—what road is weary
that leads there?
But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the
misty stair,
And then with beating heart await the opening of the
Golden Gate.

It will be seen, from these specimens, that Miss Proctor is distinguished for womanly tenderness and sympathy rather than for any force of imagination. She reigns by the heart more than by pure intellect. She has been compared to Mrs. Browning, but though a true poet, she belongs to altogether a different—shall we say—a less gifted school? Nevertheless, she is, since Mrs. Browning's death, at the head of living female poets. In proof of this, we wish we could give our readers her poems of "Missing," "A New Mother," "Never Again," "The Sacred Heart," "Conquiesco," and "Our Titles." We must, however, quote

HOMELESS.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?
My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;

All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that liss so slowly
Up and down past the window-pano:—
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught, and fed:
That is only a sister woman
Who has got neither food nor bed—
And the Night cries, "Sin to be living,"
And the River cries, "Sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack which a Peeler
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night-air.

Nay: goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk, or woolen, or cotton.
But in counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chattels
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the Poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still.

We close the volume with regret. It is a book with which every lady ought to be familiar.

BEAR FOR HEAD-DRESSES.—A brilliant blue is very fashionable for head-dresses. The head-dress is formed into a band, in shape resembling a low diadem, studded with large pearls, and with a tuft of white feathers between the creped bandeaux in the center of the forehead. To fair complexions and oval faces this style is exceedingly becoming. Young unmarried ladies are following the example of their seniors, and adorning their heads with winged insects. Many butterflies are made in Paris of pearls, with diamond eyes. These are to be worn lighting at the top of a coronet, and a white rose low on the neck at the back. Nets seemingly never will go out of fashion. Many ladies still evince a partiality for them, for evening demi-toilet wear; the newest are made not of chenille, but of broad, flat, gold braid. This is not netted, but is formed into squares, and kept in place by a tiny loop of violet or black narrow chenille. Black silk braid, with white edges, is also made into nets in a similar way.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—The newspaper press pronounces our last number one of the most elegant we have ever issued. The Lapeer (Mich.) Republican says:—"Ahead of all others, Peterson's Magazine for February is received. We have so often spoken in its praise that we hardly know what to add; suffice it to say, it is in every respect a three dollar monthly, furnished for two dollars." The force of this eulogium is only fully understood when the enormous advance in paper is remembered. We are now paying just twice as much per ream for the white paper on which "Peterson" is printed than we paid a year ago; yet, as the Republican says, there is no falling off in the character or merits of the Magazine. In other words, we keep our promises, cost what it may.

THE DAY-DREAM.—This beautiful picture is a realization of "Love's young dream." It is not difficult to see that the fair girl, as she stands there by the well, is indulging in a happy reverie, which, it is to be hoped, is destined to come true.

NOVELTIES IN PARIS.—In Paris the mythological head-dresses are all the rage. The Psyche head-dress is charming. The hair is waved upon the forehead in bandeaux a la *Vierge*; a second bandeau is then formed which is turned back, and then joins the first. A bow of hair forms a diadem in front, and in this bow three diamond stars are arranged. The Hebe head-dress is also a mythological one. In this the hair is turned straight back from the temples, and small regular ringlets are arranged all round the forehead with a butterfly with open wings alighting in the middle. It was the Empress who introduced the butterfly into the head-dress; hers had beautiful azure wings worked with gold. Now everybody is wishing for a butterfly, and everybody is ordering one. The humming-bird alone disputes with it the favors of fashion. These ornaments fetch fabulous prices.

DELAY IN OUR LAST NUMBER.—In consequence of the enormous increase of our edition, this year, engravers, printers, and colorists have been taxed to the utmost. It was a physical impossibility, indeed, to get off our February number, in time, to all our subscribers. We make this explanation in apology for the delay. In future, all subscribers, whether East or West, will receive their numbers promptly.

FROSTY WEATHER.—What an animating picture! You can hear the gleeful shout of the children and the snow crackling under the horses' hoofs, as the merry party scamper down the lane. As we look at it, we almost wish ourselves young again.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Aurora Floyd. By Miss Braddon. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a reprint of a novel, which has been running through "Temple Bar," for the last twelve-month. The story is destined to excite a sensation not inferior to that created by "East Lynne." Miss Braddon, indeed, is much more cultivated than Mrs. Wood, and, therefore, her novel will be liked, by persons of refinement, even more than was "East Lynne." The interest is absorbing. It is a sensation novel, in fact, divested of all clap-trap. The reader pities and admires the heroine by turns; for she is, with all her faults, a noble creature. John Mellish, too, is a first-rate character, a thousand times greater than the proud lover who casts Aurora off, and whose selfishness is shamed by John's trust and generosity. We commend this novel as altogether the best of the year.

Springs of Action. By Mrs. C. H. B. Richards. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this superior little work is unusually qualified for the task she has undertaken. It is only necessary to give some of the heads of her chapters to show how useful a book she has prepared. They are: "Health," "Industry," "Cheerfulness," "Generosity," "Justice," "Earnestness," "Reverence," "Patience," "Magnanimity," "Physical Consciousness," "Delicacy," "Tact," "Amiability," "Dignity," etc., etc. Mrs. Richards tells some plain truths. She is a perspicuous, graceful, and, at times, eloquent writer. The work is dedicated to the author's sister, Mrs. Alice B. Haven, who is herself one of the most pure-minded and gifted of American female writers.

A Present Heaven. Addressed to a Friend. By the author of "The Patience of Hope." 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this work is an unusually able writer. Those persons, who have read "The Patience of Hope," will welcome "A Present Heaven" eagerly. It is a work to instruct even the most thoughtful. The volume is printed with great taste, and bound in cloth antique, with red edges.

Verner's Pride. A Tale of Domestic Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This new novel, by the author of "East Lynne," has been printed, partly from advanced proof-sheets, and partly from the author's manuscript. It is a story of great power, and is, in some respects, the best Mrs. Wood has yet written. This author, indeed, stands at the head of a school, which, without being exactly a sensation one, is one equally absorbing in the interest of its plots. Between Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood it is not always easy to give the palm. When reading "Aurora Floyd" we give the preference to Miss Braddon; when reading "Verner's Pride," we revoke our judgment. Writers, who can thus carry the reader away, possess no mean power. Mrs. Wood, however, has one quality in which Miss Braddon is deficient: she has a keen sense of humor; and there are passages in this story that are almost equal to Dickens.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This delightful writer appears here in a more serious guise than in his former volumes. But he is still the same sensible, easy, graceful writer, whose very diffuseness has its charm for his admirers. The present work seems to be made up principally of the best parts of various sermons, and will, therefore, to some extent, introduce him to a new and more serious circle of readers. "The Gift of Sleep," "Christian Self-Denial," "The Thorn in the Flesh," and "Spiritual Incontinence" are the titles of some of the essays. The book is very handsomely printed, in a style to match the former volumes of the series.

The Story of the Guard. By Jessie Benton Fremont. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The short, but brilliant career of General Fremont's body-guard is told, in this little volume, with loving womanliness. More than one letter from Zagonyi, its leader, is given in the text. The narrative of the gallant charge at Springfield, a charge hitherto unequalled in the war, is the most spirited we have read anywhere. The proceeds of the book are for the benefit of the orphans of the war. We believe Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have already sent Mrs. Fremont five hundred dollars on account of the profits.

Modern War; Its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By Eméric Schœberl, U. S. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this excellent treatise is a captain in the United States Army, who left Italy, when the war broke out, to offer his sword in the cause of freedom. The volume is an exposition, in a popular form, of military operations, from their most elementary principles up to their highest development. At a time like this it ought to have a wide circulation.

No Name. By Willie Collins. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though not equal to the "Woman in White," this story is one of remarkable power. It is, in this particular, the novel of the season. The present edition abounds in graphic illustrations designed by J. McLennan of New York. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth; but there is a cheaper edition, we believe, in paper.

Legends of Charlemagne. By Thomas Bulfinch. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This book is very beautifully printed, and is profusely adorned with elegant woodcuts. We should think it would be a great favorite with boys, for its stories of "old romance" are spiritedly told, in spite of their abridgment.

Lines Left Out. By the author of "Line upon Line." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We confess we do not admire books of this kind. The Bible histories are told in the Bible itself better, even for children, than they can be told by any uninspired writer.

Memoirs of Mrs. Joanna Bethune. By her son, the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D. With an Appendix, containing extracts from the writings of Mrs. Bethune. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the last work of that cultivated and eloquent divine, lately deceased, the Rev. Dr. Bethune. He prepared it about a year before his own death. It is a loving and truthful tribute to one, who had been, for many years, "a mother in Israel." The extracts from the writings of Mrs. Bethune, given in the appendix, are a rich legacy to the church.

My Diary North and South. By William Howard Russell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Barnham.—This volume is made up of extracts from the diaries and notebooks which the author, who was the correspondent of the "London Times," kept while he was in this country. To those who are curious to learn Mr. Russell's opinions, in full, of America, North and South, we advise the purchase of the book. Mr. Russell was full of conceit, and he often misrepresents America; but, on the other hand, he occasionally tells home truths.

Broad-cast. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a collection of short, forcible passages, apparently taken from sermons. The author is well known as a foremost American divine.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Sheep's Head Soup.—Cut the liver and lights into pieces, and stew them in four quarts of water, with some onion, carrots and turnips; half pound of pearl barley, pepper and salt, cloves, a little marjoram, parsley, and thyme. Stew all these until nearly sufficiently cooked, then put in the head, and boil it until quite tender. Take it out and strain everything from the liquor, and let it stand until cold, when remove the fat from the top. Before serving it must be thickened with flour and butter, as though it were mock turtle. A wineglassful of sherry should be put into the tureen before the soup is poured in. The heart cut into small pieces with rump steak makes an excellent pudding.

To Make Pea-Soup.—To four quarts of water, put in one quart of split peas, three slices of lean bacon (or a ham bone if at hand), and some roast beef bones, one head of celery, one turnip, and two carrots, cut into small pieces, a little salt and pepper; let all these simmer gently until the quantity is reduced to two quarts. Run it through a colander, with a wooden spoon, mix a little flour in water, and boil it well with the soup, and slice in another head of celery, adding cayenne pepper, and a little more salt. Fry slices of bread in some butter until they assume a light brown color, cut them into small squares, and hand them with the soup, as well as a small dishful of powdered sage.

German Soup.—Boil a knuckle of veal, or any veal bones, and some good stock, then add one or two turnips (according to size), one carrot, and some onions, a little lemon, thyme, a very small stick of celery, and three or four cloves. Let all boil well, strain it off for use, thicken it, and add the yolks of six eggs to three quarts of soup, and one gill of thick cream; pepper and salt to taste. A little vermicelli, a little lean ham, and one blade of mace, will improve the stock. A most delicious soup.

A White Swiss Soup.—Take a sufficient quantity of good broth (say five pints) made from veal or chicken, and let it boil. Beat up three eggs, and add to them three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one breakfast-cupful of milk. Pour this in gradually to the boiling soup through a sieve, add nutmeg, salt, and cayenne pepper to taste.

FISH.

Mayonnaise.—Take of cold fish (or of white meat) properly cooked, and from which all bones have been carefully removed; divide it into pieces, not too small, and dip it well in a mixture of oil, vinegar, and pepper. Put the yolks of two or three eggs in a deep dish with some salt and pepper, and stir them till the salt is dissolved and well mixed; then pour in olive oil in drops (or still better in a very slow stream, produced by boring a little hole through the cork of the bottle), stirring the contents of the dish one way all the time; (should the mayonnaise thicken too much, pour in a few drops of vinegar). This should be continued till there is enough mayonnaise to cover the meat (or fish) completely, this having been meanwhile laid on fresh lettuce leaves. Pour the mixture over it, and ornament with meat jelly and hard-boiled eggs.

To Dress a *Cat's Head* and *Shoulders*.—Remove the gills and the blood, leaving the bone clean, wash the head thoroughly, rub it over with some salt and a wineglass of vinegar, when the water boils in the fish-kettle throw into it a good handful of salt, and a wineglassful of vinegar. Put in the fish and let it boil gently for half an hour, if it is a large one three-quarters. Take it up very carefully, and strip the skin neatly off, set it before a brisk fire and dredge it well all over with flour and baste it well with butter. When the froth begins to rise, throw over it some very fine white bread crumbs. Continue to baste it unceasingly so as to make it froth well. When it turns to a fine light brown, dish it up and garnish it with fried oysters and slices of lemon. Cut the roe and liver into slices, and lay them round the dish before serving.

Lobster Sauce for a *Cat's Head*.—Buy an unboiled lobster to make sure of its freshness; put a skewer into the tail to keep the water out. Throw a handful of salt into a pan of water, into which, when it boils, put the lobster, and boil it briskly for half an hour. If it has spawn on pick it out and pound it exceedingly fine in a mortar with half a pound of fresh butter which has been melted. Take the meat out of the lobster, pull it (do not cut it) into small pieces. Add it to the butter and spawn, with a spoonful of either walnut ketchup or anchovy sauce, as much beaten mace as will cover a sixpence, a slice of lemon and cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Boil up for a minute or so, then take out the lemon and serve hot in the sauce-boat.

Fish *Fritters*.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the preceding day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar, add bread crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a tea-spoonful of cream, with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Beat all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

MEATS.

***Cutlets à la Breve*.**—Take six chops from the best end of a neck of mutton, and after sawing off the ends of them, braise them until they are tender. Put them aside to cool. Make a thick rich onion sauce, season it well, and run it through a sieve; then take the braised chops, when they are perfectly cold, and cut them into cutlets, and trim them into a proper shape. Dip each cutlet into the onion sauce, then into bread crumbs, and afterward into egg and bread crumbs. Fry them in boiling lard, a light brown color; drain them well, and serve with or without tomato sauce.

Mutton to Eat like Venison.—Take a loin of mutton and bone it; lay it on the fat side in a stewpan, with an onion stuck over with cloves, until the meat is slightly brown. Then pour over it one pint of broth, a gill of port wine, half a gill of ketchup, and let all stew together gently for three hours. Serve with a rich brown sauce.

Entrées to be made of Beef which has been Cooked to make Soup.—No. 1. ***Beuf au Gratin*.**—Most readers know—but there may be one here and there who may like to be reminded—that *au gratin* is a mode of cookery in which the fire is applied above as well as below, the lid of the vessel being formed to hold hot charcoal. Melt some butter at the bottom of the stewpan, add to it fine bread crumbs or raspings, and place in a circle thin slices of the beef. Place over them some little pieces of butter, parsley chopped fine, a sprinkle of salt, and a little broth. Let it cook gently, with the fire above and below.

No. 2. ***Bœuf en Mirolon*.**—Cut some onions in slices, and partly fry them in butter, add a sprinkle of flour, and turn them about until they are brown. Moisten them with equal parts of broth and white wine, season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, add the beef, cut in thin slices, and let it all stew together for a quarter of an hour. At the moment of serving, add a little mustard to the gravy.

A *Fricassee* of Cold Roast Beef.—Cut the beef into very thin slices, removing from them all the fat, shred a handful of parsley small, and cut an onion into quarters. Put all into a stewpan, with a piece of butter and some strong broth. Season it with salt and pepper, and simmer very gently for a quarter of an hour. Then mix into it the yolks of two eggs, a wineglass of port wine, and a tea-spoonful of vinegar. Stir it quickly, rub the dish with shalots, and pour the fricassee into it.

***Bouilli*.**—The rump of beef is the best piece to be employed for this dish. Tie it round, put it in a stewpan, with water or stock, and let it stew gently for three hours. The dish may be varied by serving it variously garnished. It may be covered with sprigs of parsley, or it may be surrounded with small onions and other vegetables, or with fried onions, or laid in a bed of water-cress, which looks exceedingly pretty.

***Forced Shoulder of Mutton*.**—Skin and take the blade-bone out, make a good forcemeat of herbs (plenty of parsley and no eggs), then roll up the shoulder to the shank bone in any shape you like and roast or braise it. Take the skin off before you serve it up. Tomato or sorrel sauce should be put round the dish, and care should be taken to serve it up very hot.

DESSERTS.

***German Squares*.**—Rasp the crust well of a loaf, cut the crumb into pieces about an inch thick and three inches square; soak these well in custard for about two hours, turning them occasionally; then roll them in the rasped crust and fry in a pan with lard. Serve with the following sauce in a separate boat:—Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs on the fire, pouring in all the time very gently half-pint of white wine and sugar to taste. It should be served the moment it is finished, as being all in a froth it will spoil if it stands.

***Citron Pudding*.**—Take half-pint of cream, one table-spoonful of flour, two ounces of white sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix all these ingredients together with the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Cut two ounces of citron into thin slices, place pieces of it in small buttered moulds or cups, fill them with the mixture, and bake until the pudding assumes a light brown color. This quantity will make five puddings.

***Salade d'Orange; Delicious for Dessert*.**—Peel and slice six large oranges, and arrange them in a dessert center dish, with powdered loaf-sugar sprinkled over every layer. Add *quantum sufficit* of Madeira, and sprinkle white sugar over all the moment before it is served.

***Molasses Pudding*.**—One pound of flour, one pound of molasses, one pound of suet, and four eggs, very well mixed, and to be boiled from four to five hours. Add a little nutmeg, and, if necessary, half-pound of sugar.

Krapfel.—Take one pound of flour, to three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt and sugar, and four or five eggs, and mix well together. Make the mixture into balls as large as an apple, fill the middle with preserve, and let them rise in a warm place. Then boil them in lard, and serve with a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cinnamon.

Quince Snow.—One third of a pound of quince marmalade, to be stirred with six ounces of sugar into a froth. Half an hour before serving, stir in carefully the whites of ten eggs, previously beaten to a stiff snow; pile up the mixture in the form of a pyramid upon a china dish, and bake it with a moderate heat to a pale yellow color.

German Rice Pudding.—Half a pound of rice boiled in one pint and a half of milk. When well boiled, mix with it three eggs, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of sugar. Put it into a well-buttered mould, and bake it one hour. When it is turned out of the mould, put orange marmalade over it. This pudding is also very good cold.

Open German Tart.—Half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and one egg, to be rolled out and baked on a flat surface, having first covered the top with slices of apples or plums. A round shape looks best, with a little rim of the paste round the edge.

Flour Pudding.—Four tablespoonfuls of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, boiled together. When quite cold, add four eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately); mix well with the first ingredients, sweeten to taste, flavor with lemon, and bake it in a pudding-dish.

Apple Comote.—Take some apples, any fine-flavored kind, peel them, quarter them, and take out the core. As you cut them, put them into a saucepan, in which you have already a glass of water, flavored, with lemon-juice and sugar, to taste. When they are cooked, arrange them in the dessert-dish.

Fig Pudding.—Chop up three-quarters of a pound of figs, with a quarter of a pound of beef suet, add five ounces of grated bread, halfpound of sugar, two eggs, and a breakfast-cupful of milk. Pour these ingredients, after being well mixed, into a buttered mould, and boil for two hours.

Peripatetic Pudding.—Take six sponge cakes and six eggs, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of marmalade, and two glasses of sweet wine. Mix these ingredients well together, and paper the mould. Bake for half an hour.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE FORCED FEAT.—Forcing is making a person take such a card as you think fit, while he supposes he is taking one at hazard, or according to his own inclination. It is almost impossible to describe how this is done; we must, however, attempt it.

First, ascertain what the card you intend to force is; this must be done privately, or while you are playing with the cards; then place it, to all appearance, carelessly in the pack, but still keep your eye, or the little finger of your left hand, in which you hold the pack, upon it. Now, request a person to take a card from the pack; open them nimbly from your left to your right hand, spreading them backward and forward, so as to puzzle the person in making his choice; the moment you see him putting out his hand to take a card, spread out the cards till you come to the one you wish to force; let its corner be most invitingly put forward in front of the other cards, and let it make its appearance only the moment his fingers reach the pack. The mode of operation seems so fair, that unless he knows the secret of forcing, you may put what card you please into his hand, while he thinks he is making a choice himself.

Having thus forced your card, you may tell him to look at it; give him the pack to shuffle as much as he pleases, for, in fact, do what he will, you, of course, can always tell what it was. A method of doing this cleverly is the first thing to be acquired; for, without it, few of the master-feats can be performed.

Should you, however, happen to meet with any one in company who knows this feat, you must have recourse to the following expedient.

We will suppose the card you wish to force to be the ace of hearts, but the person you present the pack to will not take it, but persists in taking one near the top or bottom; let him do so, still keeping your finger against the ace of hearts. As soon as he has drawn the card he wishes, and while he is looking at it, slip the fore-finger of your left hand between the ace of hearts and the card immediately under it, press the cards tightly together in front, in order to conceal the finger, and desire him to return the card to any part of the pack he pleases, at the same time opening the pack at the place where your finger is, taking care to withdraw your finger immediately, lest it should be seen, when the card will be placed under the ace of hearts. You then shuffle the cards slightly: for should they be shuffled too much, the two cards which are now together might chance to get separated.

Ask the person who drew the card, whether he thinks his card is now in the pack; he will, of course, answer in the affirmative; you say that you doubt it, throw the top card of the pack on the table, face uppermost, and so on with the rest, until you have gone through the pack; then ask if he has seen his card, he will answer, Yes: you can now either tell him the name of it, or finish the feat in any other way you may think proper, as by your watching for the ace of hearts, you will perceive what his card is, by its being the one which immediately follows it.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

DURATION OF, AND TIME FOR SLEEP.—Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant, and this salutary refreshment should continue to fill up the greater part of a child's existence. A continued watchfulness of twenty-four hours would prove destructive. After the age of six months, the periods of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet even then a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavor to accustom infants, from the time of their birth, to sleep in the night, preferably to the day, and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest—such as noise, light, etc.; but especially not to obey every call for taking them up, and giving food at improper times. After the second year of their age, they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after dinner it may be continued till the third and fourth year of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose, because, till that age, the full half of its time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that period, however, it ought to be shortened for the space of one hour with every succeeding year, so that a child of seven years old may sleep about eight, and not exceeding nine hours; this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood.

RESTLESSNESS AT NIGHT.—Infants are sometimes very restless at night, and it is generally owing either to cramming them with a heavy supper, tight night clothes, or being overheated by too many blankets. It may also proceed from putting him to sleep too early. He should be kept awake till the family are going to rest, and the house is free from noise. Undressing and bathing will weary and dispose him for sleep, and the universal stillness will pro-

mote it. This habit, and all others, depend on attention at first. Accustom him to regular hours, and if he has a good sleep in the forenoon and afternoon, it will be easy to keep him brisk all the evening. It is right to offer him drink when a young infant, and more solid, though simple food, when he is going to bed, and here he is two or three months old; but do not force him to receive it; and never let anything but the prescription of a physician, in sickness, tempt the nurses to give him wine, spirits, or any drug to make him sleep. Milk and water, whey, or thin gruel, is the only fit liquor for little ones, even when they can run about. The more simple and light their diet and drink, the more they will thrive. Such food will keep the body regular, and they cannot be long well if that essential point is neglected.

FIRE-SIDE PASTIMES.

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY.—This game may be played by any number of persons. One, by arrangement, is to leave the room. Meanwhile, the rest, with the knowledge of one another, are each to fix on some celebrated character. The absent person is then admitted, and is to address the following questions to each, beginning at the right:

1. What countryman was he?
2. What was his calling?
3. For what is he chiefly memorable?

Suppose Robert Fulton be fixed upon, the answers may be:—1. An American. 2. An inventor and navigator. 3. For bringing steam to perfection in propelling boats. Or suppose Edmund Burke, the replies may be:—1. An Englishman. 2. A statesman. 3. For his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. It must be borne in mind that the last question will require some decided and not general answer, which must refer to some particular act, event, or thing.

If, from the answers to the queries, the questioner is enabled to guess the character referred to, he or she must pronounce it, and, should it be correct, takes the seat of the one questioned, who must then leave the room, the others each furnishing themselves with a fresh character. The new questioner is then admitted, and puts the same three queries, always commencing with the person sitting on the right hand of the previous questioner, so that all may thus be questioned in turn.

Should the first party questioned baffle the inquiries, the questioner must address them to the next on the right hand, and so on through the company, until a correct name is guessed, when the one who had fixed upon it, must leave the room, and become the questioner. If the queries have been put to all, without success, the same questioner leaves the room, and a new name is chosen, as before. It may be made a game of forfeits, where parties are guilty of anachronism, or false answers (which should be at once exposed by the rest of the company), and also where the questioner addresses the queries to all unsuccessfully.

Among juveniles, it may be made a game of reward, some older person being present to decide who, among those questioned, evinces the most correct biographical knowledge, and who, among the questioners, is the cleverest at discovering the names chosen.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPTS.

Ginger Ale.—To ten gallons of water put twelve pounds of sugar, six ounces of bruised ginger (unbleached is the best). Boil it one hour, put it into a barrel, with one ounce of hops and three or four spoonfuls of yeast. Let it stand three days; then close the barrel, putting in one ounce of isinglass. In a week it is fit for use. Draw out in a jug and use as beer.

Apple Jelly.—For making apple jelly, select a finely flavored fruit: the Ribstone Pippin is very good; the Winter Queenin is another good sort for the purpose. When pared and cored, weigh them, and to each pound add nearly a pint of cold water. Do this quickly, as the color so soon changes after they are pared. Boil until the apples are well broken, but do not let them be done to a pulp. Drain off the juice through a fine sieve, and afterward through a jelly-bag. It must now be weighed and put on again to boil quickly for a quarter of an hour. Add sugar, finely broken or powdered, in the proportion of two thirds; stir till dissolved; boil again quickly for a quarter of an hour, taking great care that the fire does not catch the bottom of the skillet, as this would spoil the color. The juice of a lemon to every three pounds of juice should be stirred in before it is taken from the fire.

Storing Apples.—Spread them on the floor of a dry room, as much apart as may be convenient; the less they are in contact with each other, the longer they will keep. Every fortnight they must be wiped with a clean, dry cloth, as a good deal of moisture exudes, which inclines them to decay, if allowed to remain.

Cough Mixture.—Take extract of liquorice, three ounces; burnt sugar, four ounces; boiling water, two and a half pints; tartar emetic, fifteen grains; laudanum, six drachms; and nitrate of potash, one ounce and a half. Dose for children, half to one teaspoonful; for adults, from one to two teaspoonfuls.

To Cure one Beef Tongue.—Take two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of brown sugar, one of saltpetre. Rub the tongue with the mixture, daily, for one week. Then add two more spoonfuls of salt, and rub for another week. The tongue is then ready for smoking or drying.

Cure for the Lumbago.—One ounce of gum guaiacum, dissolved in half a pint of best rum; one tablespoonful to be taken, three times a day, in a wine-glass of cold water, before meals. This remedy has had, in nine cases out of ten, the desired effect.

To Keep Butter.—A quarter of an ounce of saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of light-brown sugar, half an ounce of salt to every pound of butter. Work the butter and put in layers, and put the mixture between.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK, trimmed around the bottom with black velvet. Black velvet circular cloak, trimmed with broad lace. Bonnet of white tulle, spotted with black, with a cap and trimming of blue velvet, and a blue feather.

FIG. II.—RIDING HABIT OF DARK GREEN MERINO.—The left side of the skirt is finished with large buttons and a band of green silk; this band passes all around the bottom of the skirt. The body is made with a moderately long basque, and is open in front. Sleeves nearly tight, with deep cuff. Black felt hat, with long white floating plume.

FIG. III.—THE ANDALUSIAN.—Dress of violet colored alpaca, trimmed with narrow black lace and velvet. The body is made high, and is trimmed to look like a jacket, shorter at the back than the rest of the body.

FIG. IV.—BLACK VELVET JOCKEY BODY, with long skirts at the back, two points in front, and quite close sleeves.

FIG. V.—VELVET BERTHE, trimmed with gimp.

FIG. VI.—THE MILANESE.—A dress of white and lilac plaid silk, trimmed around the bottom with a row of black wide guipure lace, put on plain. Above the lace is a band of black velvet, and another row of the narrow black lace is put on as a heading of this. Sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. VII.—PRINCESS ALICE BODY, closing to the throat in

front, and with a very small basque, not more than an inch or two deep; the basque slopes off to the coat skirt at the back.

FIG. VIII.—BALMORAL SKIRT, trimmed with a wide Greek border and a row of buttons in front. All Balmoral skirts should be placed on a yoke, as in our pattern, as the heavy material is too thick about the waist, for either comfort or elegance, in the present style of gored skirts.

FIG. IX.—THIN MUSLIN SLEEVE, with a narrow Greek border in black velvet.

FIG. X.—LINEN SLEEVE, with deep linen cuff embroidered.

FIG. XI.—ADVOCATE NECK-TIE of white lawn, embroidered and trimmed with white lace.

FIG. XII.—COLLARETTE, to wear with a dress made open in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The March winds are so bleak that there has but little that is new appeared as yet. Dresses are now made much flatter and narrower on the hips, and are rarely trimmed, except round the bottom of the skirt; and long sleeves grow narrower daily.

For the promenade, skirts of dresses, when of rich materials, are generally without trimming, or with as little as possible. Bodies are made high, with the waist slightly pointed, sometimes with two short points; small pointed capes of velvet are being introduced, as are also *berthes* set on the same as on a low body. Some dresses are made with *Pastillon* jackets, which quite plain. Sleeves are mostly made shaped at the elbow, whether wide and open, or of a closer form.

The low bodices are now cut extremely low on the shoulder, but not so much so either at the front or back. The lace tucker should correspond with the lace with which the dress is trimmed, and should be tied in front as well as at the back with black or colored narrow ribbon velvet. Some dress-makers tie the tucker on the shoulders as well, but this is not necessary for its well-fitting. Low bodices as well as high ones are made extremely short at the waist; the short sleeves are flatter and far less puffed out than they were last winter—sometimes they are even made quite flat, and are simply trimmed.

There is a very pretty style of UNDER-SLEEVE, which is both new and comfortable. It consists of a *very deep tight* cuff, reaching halfway up the arm, and fastened on the upper part of the arm by six or seven tiny gilt buttons. These cuffs are sometimes embroidered round in a color, and are attached to an ordinary full sleeve, of course shorter than usual, in consequence of the depth of the cuff.

MUSLIN CRAVATS are, to a great extent, taking the place of collars for in-door wear; some being knotted, and others tied in large bows. They are made in lace, or embroidered muslin edged with lace; and, arranged in the latter mode, are called in Paris the "*Cravate Arrosée*." These little cravats are in great vogue for out-door toilets, when they were worn with the open mantles with *revers*. Charming little novelties in the way of silk cravats for ladies are daily appearing. Some of the cravats are perfectly straight, stitched at each edge with white; others are shaped at the ends, and ornamented with an embroidery of silk or beads; and many of them are further enriched with a tiny blonde or narrow lace.

HEAD-DRESSES differ widely from the heavy wreaths lately worn. A puff of white tulle, a bunch of moss-roses, a branch of foliage, with the hair curled or creped between, arranged to suit the style of face, is now the most fashionable style. Birds-nests, humming-birds, butterflies, and dragon flies are all called into requisition to form this irregular, fanciful head-gear. Shoes for evening wear are now made of satin or silk of the exact color and shade of the dress, have high heels, and are ornamented in front with black lace rosettes. Fans of carved ivory without any gilding, with black or white lace lined with silk or satin the exact shade

of the dress, are now considered in better taste than any other style of fan.

STRIPED PETTICOATS are the most fashionable ones in Paris; black and white, red and white, or violet and black, with the stripes running downward instead of across, and with a narrow band of self-colored cloth or silk, stitched in white silk in an arabesque or classical design just above the hem. This is worn over a cage, which has a starched white flounce round the bottom of it. These cages are more patronized by the Parisians than any other kind of crinoline or steel petticoat. Colored stockings now invariably accompany the colored petticoat; they should correspond with it exactly both in color and style. Violet is a favorite color both for petticoats and stockings, especially since it can be now manufactured *fast*, and warranted "to stand any amount of washing."

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA FOR A GIRL.—It is trimmed down the sides with two rows of broad black velvet ribbon. Black velvet cloak, trimmed with wide black Black beaver hat, with black plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN FOR A LITTLE BOY.—There is a pointed waistband of black velvet. White Marseilles cloak, braided with black silk braid. White felt hat, with blue plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new shade called "*enir*," or leather color, is now being introduced amongst articles of children's attire, for even in their tiny garments it seems necessary to follow, to a certain extent, the dictates of fashion. We have seen some pretty pelisses in the poplin trimmed with a broad *crossway* band of "*enir*" colored poplin, and little frocks made entirely in the latter shade, ornamented with velvet to match. Push, always a favorite trimming for children's pelisses, is still much worn, and bands of swansdown are also very suitable and appropriate.

Since our remarks of last month two very pretty novelties have made their appearance in little boys' hats. One shape very much resembles a jockey's cap, and is made with a peak in front, and trimmed round with a band of fancy velvet. The material of which the hats are composed is velvet, and they are made in all shades, and are generally ornamented with velvet having a Greek design in white. This style of hat or cap is extremely neat and uncommon, because there are no feathers or fussy trimming of any kind, and on that account would not soon get out of order. The other shaped hat is round, trimmed with a turned-up quilling or fluting of velvet, lined with white, and piped with the same. The fluting of velvet, which was cut at the crossway of the material, and consequently stood out very nicely, was carried right round the bend of the cap. For babies in arms (not infants) the white felt hats, band and trimmed with dark blue velvet, and white feathers tipped with blue, are very suitable. This hat, worn with a blue poplin pelisse trimmed with blue velvet, makes a pretty and stylish costume. For little girls we have seen some charming bonnets in quilted white satin and silk, made soft everywhere; these were trimmed with light blue or cerise velvet. Now that mamma's are decking themselves in scarlet cloth cloaks, their little daughters must, of course, be dressed in the same manner; so we see now "The Little Red Riding-Hood" or gipsy cloaks in scarlet cloth, made for little girls of all ages. They are certainly prettier for little people than for ladies, unless worn as a carriage garment, and then it matters not how striking or particular any article of dress is. The shape of the little scarlet cloak is a simple circular, to which is attached a hood with streamers. The cloaks are generally bound with black velvet, and the bow and ends (which are cut nearly as long as the cloak) are of the same material.



Painted by J. H. P.

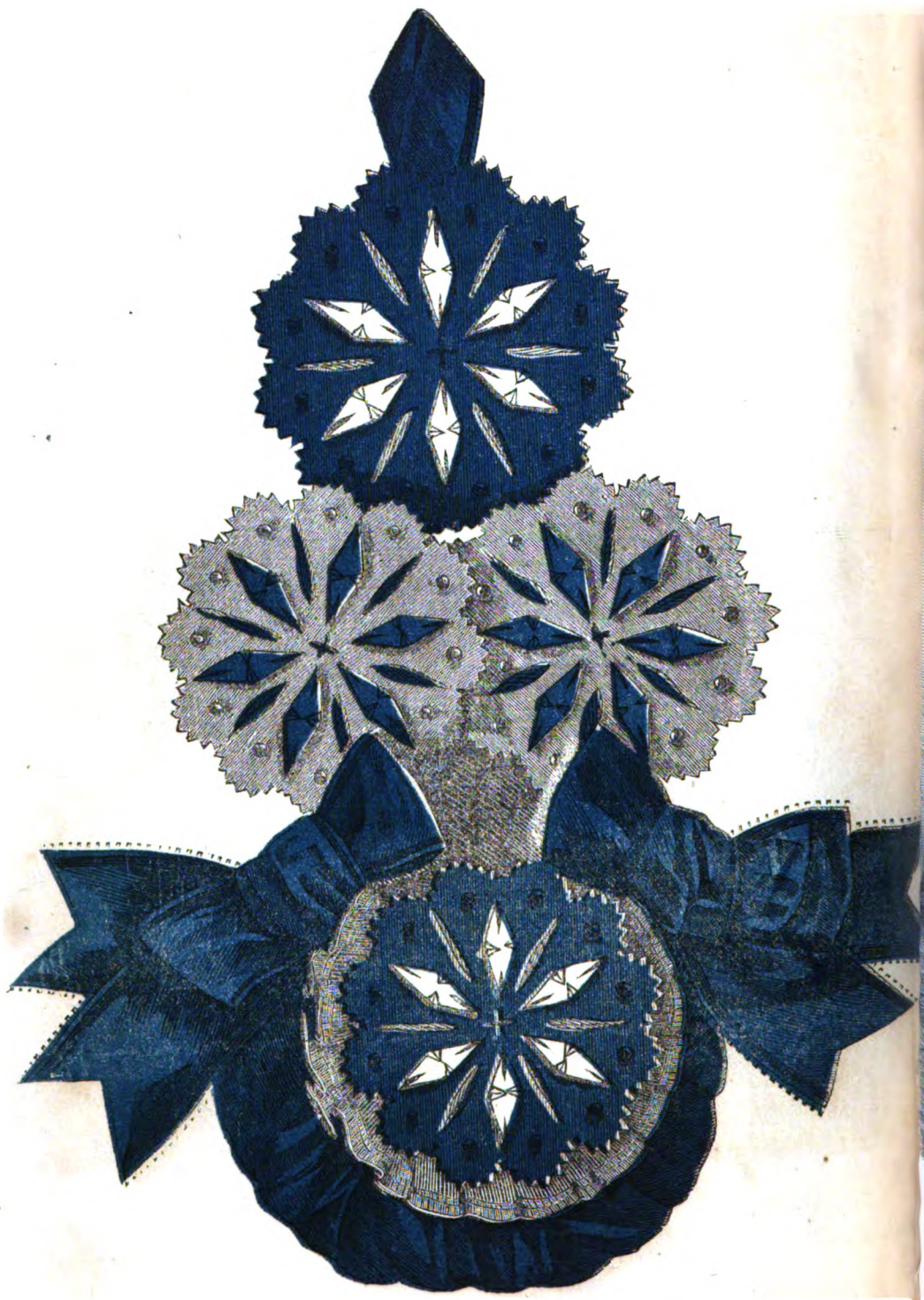
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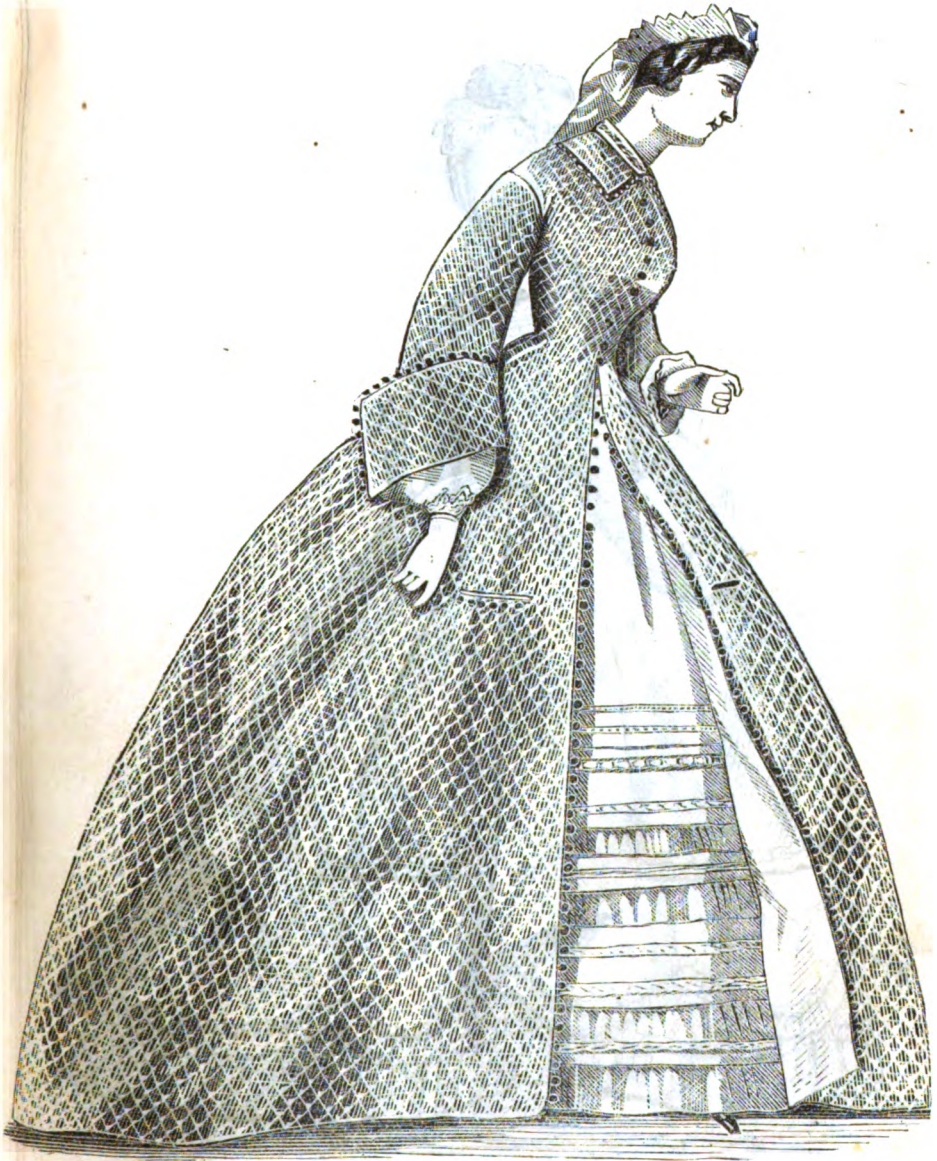
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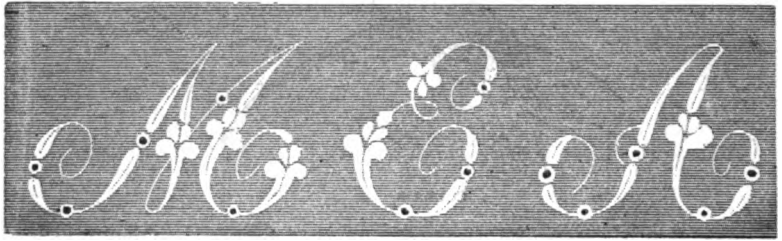
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COLLAR.



BREAKFAST DRESS.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



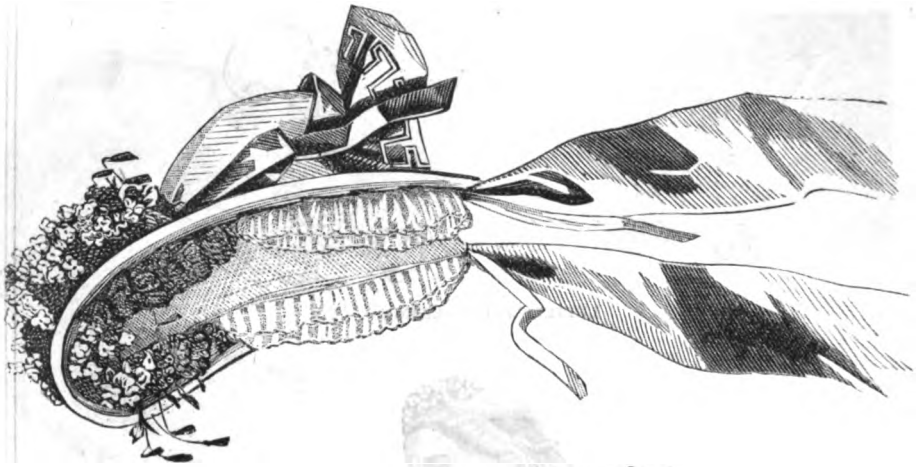
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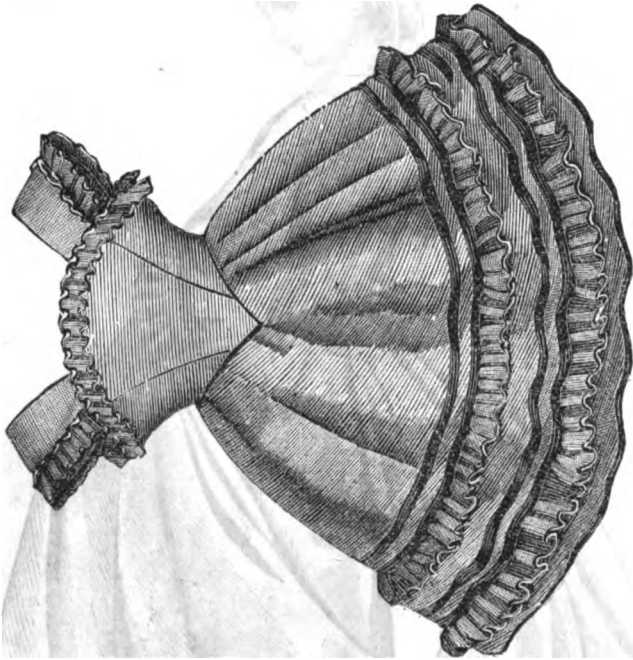
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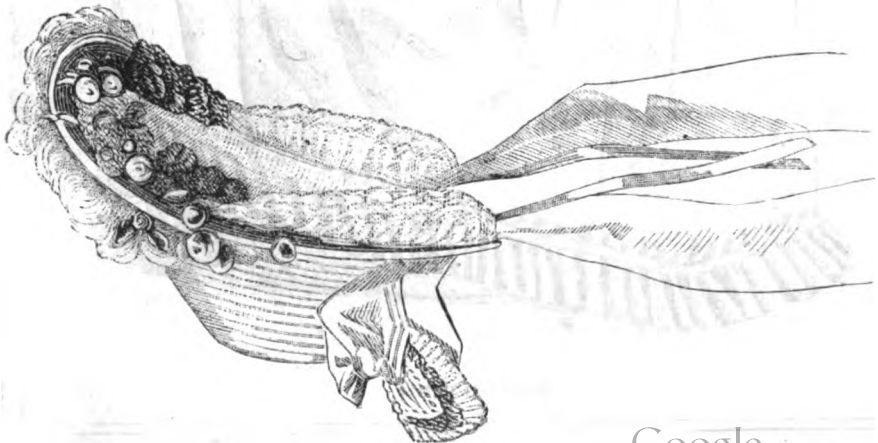
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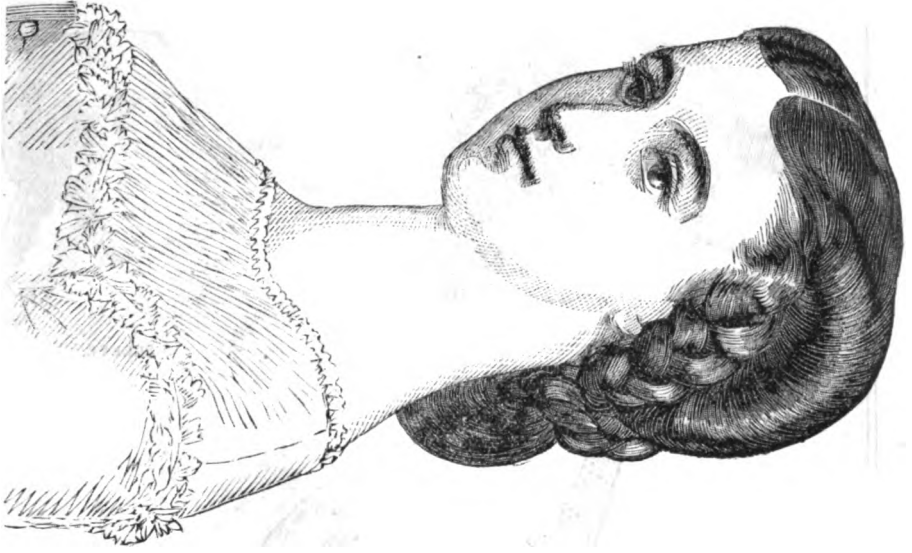
SPRING BONNET.



CHILD'S DRESS.

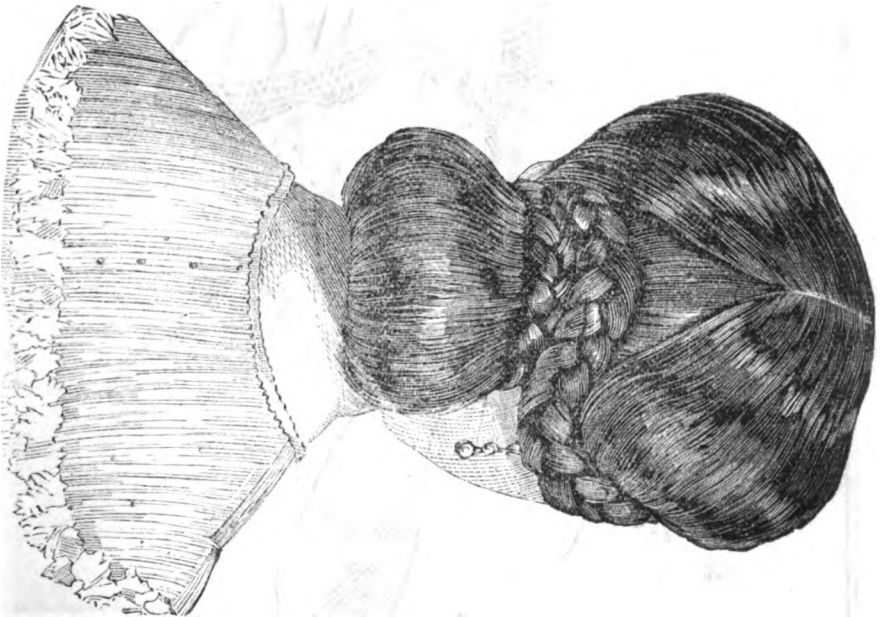


SPRING BONNET.



FRONT.

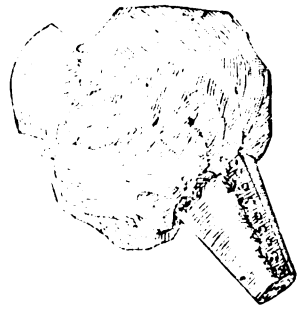
NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.



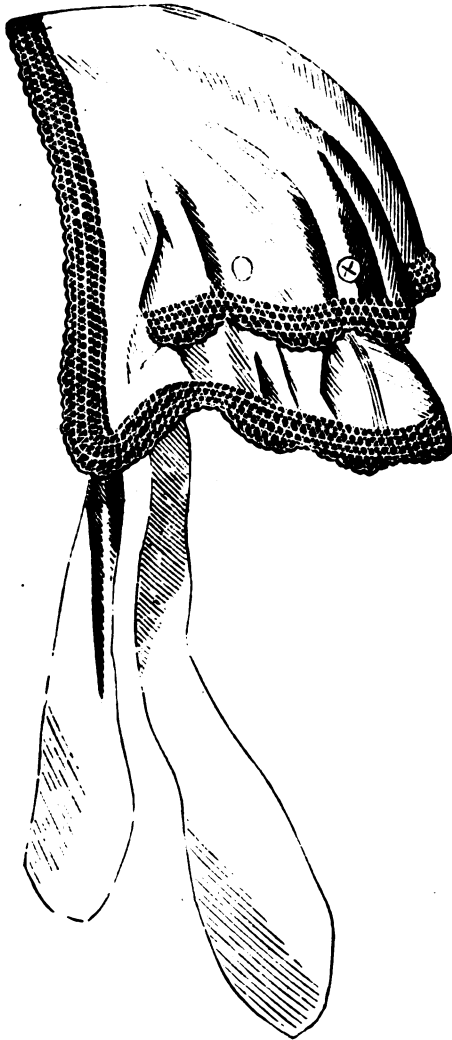
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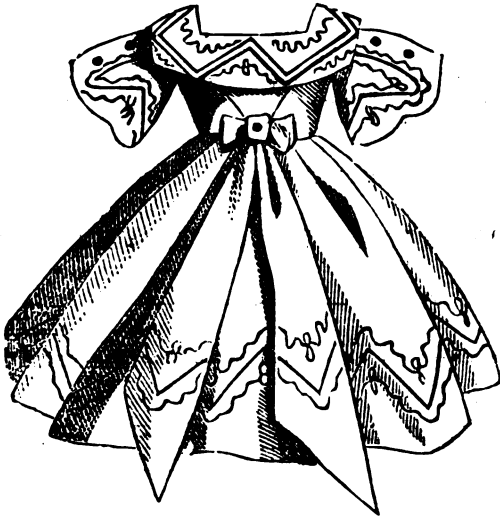
SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.



NIGHT-CAP.



CHILD'S DRESS.



CHILD'S DRESS.

O CHIDE ME NOT.

SENTIMENTAL SONG

WORDS BY S. R. W. MELODY FROM POLIUTO.

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Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked with four accents (^) above the first four notes.

O chide me not, I still must love, My soul can scarce sus-tain The

thrill-ing transport of its bliss, The an-guish of its pain; Too

O CHIDE ME NOT.

full of joy for earth to know, Too wild to look a -

bove; I could not bear the doubt, the dread, To

know I must not love.

O chide me not, love's sweetest flower
Hath pleasure in its smile,
To sweetly woo with dazzling power,
And fetter hearts the while.
I still will bear its rosy chain
And e'en its fragrance prove;
I fear not love's sweet, silent pain,
Chide not if still I love.



SEÑORITA JACKET.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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WELL RECOMMENDED.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

THE scene was poetical enough. Looking out from the piazza, you could let your eye range down a green slope, with the silvery boundary of a noisy brook glittering in the moonlight, and beyond that a grove of trees, nodding and whispering over deep, shadowy paths, to the right an old mill with a wheel that was a study for a painter, and to the left long sweeping lines of meadow, cornfield, and farms. On the piazza, their boots elevated to the level of the railing, their chairs tilted back against the posts, their mouths actively puffing two very fragrant cigars, sat Frank Hays and Rodney Edmonds, men just starting out on life's broad battle-field, and lingering out their last days of boyhood together. School-mates, college chums, fast friends from childhood, they spent these days, when youth was melting into manhood, in boating, fishing, driving, riding, chatting, and—smoking. It was Rodney's first visit to Cliff Wharton, and he was enjoying the free country life, home pleasures, and social intercourse as only an orphan boy, brought up in the city, can do.

"A lawyer," said Frank, after a long silence. "Well," he musingly added, "that will do, but not for me. You were always the bookworm, Rodney."

"It scarcely amounts to a choice," said his companion, "the family in a direct line have been lawyers, judges now and then, for generations back, and my guardian had me educated to commence law, from a boy, as a matter of course. You can bring me your first suit, old boy!"

"Merchants do considerable of that sort of fighting generally, I believe."

Another long silence; then Rodney said,

"When is the wedding, Frank?"

"Oh! not very soon. I must make my way, first. I have not your fortune to start with, you know."

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"She is very charming; but it puzzles me how you could ever go abroad to seek a wife, Frank, with such a sweet bird singing in the home nest."

"You mean Susy. Susy is my very dear sister; but Meta——"

"Yes, I know. I've heard it all fifty times. You promised to tell me Susy's story."

"There is very little to tell. My uncle Ray, as you know, is a sea captain. One of his voyages, eighteen years ago, took him to the coast of Africa. Coming home, when they were some five days out, they found the remains of a wreck, and, lashed to a floating spar, Susy. My uncle, being a bachelor, brought the baby to his sister, my mother, who, having no child but your humble servant, adopted Susy. I think that to both my parents she is as dear as their own child, and well she deserves it. She is as gentle and winning as she is fair and graceful, full of talent and animation, yet the most domestic, home-loving little darling. She is housekeeper and child in one, with her neat little figure and golden curls. In short——"

"In short," said a merry voice at the window, "the most delightful person in the world to recommend to a friend to marry. Pray, who is your paragon, Frank? Not Meta, for her hair is black as midnight—without a moon——"

Here something in Frank's merry eyes and his companion's confusion, enlightened Miss Susy as to the paragon in question, and the crimson flush on her cheek deepened under her adopted brother's eye. Too well-bred to betray her consciousness, she turned the subject, and soon had both "boys," as her mother called them, chatting easily on the thousand incidents that make up college life.

It was not until later, that Rodney, having retired, was sitting at his window over the porch, that Miss Susy gave vent to her feelings.

Frank had left his room to find a novel, and Susy was on the porch still, when she saw him enter the parlor.

"Come here!" said the little maiden, drawing her tiny figure to its full height, "and answer for your sins."

Her tone of laughing indignation had nothing very terrific in it, so Frank came.

"What sin in particular, Susy?"

But Susy was very quiet again, and by the moonlight he saw a grave, sad shadow on her face.

"Are you tired of me?" she said, trying to resume her tone of banter, "that you are trying to get me a new place by good reference, or— Oh, Frank! how could you?" and she fairly broke down in a passionate fit of sobbing.

He was in love himself, and he gave the affection of a fond brother to Susy. What wonder then that he read her heart in the change of face and tone, and his pitying tenderness was all roused!

"Susy! Susy, I never dreamed of this."

And the listener above softly closed the window and crept silently to bed. But below, on the porch, Frank held his little sister in his strong arms till she lay there quiet. Not one word was spoken for a long time; then, as he bent over her and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, she whispered softly,

"You will keep my secret, Frank?"

"As I would my honor," he answered; and she slipped away from him, and past the room where Rodney listened for her light steps, to gain her own room and chide her heart for its weakness. Memory was busy too. From her early childhood her home had been in this quiet country-seat, where but few visitors broke the regular routine that domestic love kept from monotony. And on this life came the visit of Rodney Edmonds, a man whose high intellect, graceful courtesy, and free face, were but the outward signs of a noble, true heart, a keen, sensitive honor, and a Christian mind.

And the simple girl, while she felt that his attentions were sweet, his presence dear to her, never awoke to the knowledge of her own love, till the galling suspicion that she was being forced upon his notice, told her how precious his own freely offered love would have been to her. The next day the friends were in the city, and in the demure little figure that stood upon the steps to wave them an adieu, there was little trace of the wounded woman's heart that had passed the night in the agony of unrequited love.

Rodney Edmonds was a silent companion on

the journey cityward, and Frank gave up trying to coax him into his old merry self again. He was thinking of the lonely home that awaited him, the long life of longing for companionship, the gifts of domestic love that all his wealth could never buy; and in contrast he pictured the home he had left, the fairy-like beauty, whose hand shed its peculiar charm on every spot; whose voice made music in every room; whose loving heart was broken by her adopted brother's love, for so, in his blindness, he interpreted the scene of the night before, and his indignation was strong, sometimes, as he thought that her happiness lay so near the hand that had crushed it.

Two long years to Susy passed before she saw Rodney Edmonds. Frank was married and living in the city, and came but seldom to Cliff Wharton. When he did, his companion was Meta. Many times they had urged her to come to their city home, but she, pleading her mother's loneliness, had refused; and Frank, knowing her secret, let her have her way. He had tried many times to win Rodney home with him, but without success. A thousand pleas of business, prior engagements, and what not, stood always in the way. But in good time the summons came.

Thus ran her brother's letter:

"SUSY DEAR—I have strange, sad news for you, and you must come to us. Meta is ill, not dangerously so, I trust, but confined to her own room; and I have another invalid. Rodney Edmonds was on the train at the time of the collision of the seventeenth, and badly hurt. I had him brought here, for I cannot trust him to hired nurses. Come, little sister, and nurse Meta, that my hands may be free for Rodney's wants.
FRANK."

And she obeyed the call. Strictly she held her brother to the words of his letter. She was Meta's nurse—he Rodney's.

It was a day when the early summer is just whispering of coming glories, that Rodney Edmonds left his room for the first time. Susy was in the sitting-room when she heard his voice in the entry, and Frank's cheery words of encouragement. There was no chance to run away, so she turned the large arm-chair to the corner, and crouched down till she could steal out in the coming twilight unperceived. And there, after much idle chat, when the gathering shadows made confidence secret, she heard Rodney's error. She knew then how she thought that she loved another had kept him from Cliff Wharton; how he had never let his

heart stray from its love for her, hoping that time would erase Frank's image; and he begged as a man begs for his life, that Frank would treat him candidly, and tell him if the old dream was dead, and her heart free for another's seeking.

He would have spoken, when the soft, little hand of his sister fell on his lips to close them, and in the half-darkness she knelt by Rodney's couch. In a low tone, her blushes hidden by

the friendly twilight, she told him all, and her little cold hands and trembling tones showed that she was sacrificing her maidenly reticence to make his happiness. No cloud of such cruel doubt and error must stay between them.

And when the golden head was drawn, oh! so closely to Rodney's heart, Frank brushed off the tears from his own cheeks to say cheerily,

"She will prove a treasure, Rodney, she comes to you so WELL RECOMMENDED."

WE MET AND PARTED.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

We met and parted; curious eyes
Were bent upon us both the while,
They could not pierce the stony guise
Which wore upon its lips a smile;
And thou who in past days had seen
What we had to each other been,
Looked on in mute surprise.

I felt a thrill of pain run through
My icy veins, and then my heart
Leaped up as if the morning dew
Had fallen with a sudden start;
And then the petals closed again—
It was the chill November rain
Which left its bitter smart

I looked into those sweet blue eyes,
Alas! that there was love untold,
They glanced not back with quick surprise,
As if my sudden hope was told:
I yearned to kiss those lips of rose—
The old love in its burial clothes
Burst from the grave-yard mould.

I could not lay the ghost while she
Looked on me with those eyes of blue,
I thought how false the heart could be,
How little of earth love was true;
And then remembered how long days
I wandered in a hideous maze,
And waked heart-hardened too.

She bore with grace her wealth so wide—
I knew that I had touched her heart,
And felt a kind of eullen pride
When tokens of pent love did start;
I took her throbbing hand in mine,
And said some foolish thing the time,
Then left her with the smart.

Oh, love! which bears so broad a cross,
And tainted is with groveling stains!
Shall it be counted only loss
When the high courts above are gained?
Shall we, bent low with weight of pain,
Feel the quick throbs of loss again,
And say, "It might have been?"

LOST.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

ONLY a word of cold good-by,
A glance—I could not tell its meaning—
And you were gone.

My lips, without one parting sigh,
Echoed the word, and, coldly turning,
I was alone.

The sky was dark, the rain fell chill—
But afterward came days more bright'ning
Of gay sunshine;
And, hoping all, I waited still,
But vainly—only in my dreaming
I found you mine.

I kept bright looks upon my face—
Sang songs as from my heart their coming;
But was I glad?
No, in my soul there was a place
Where I had kept your image shining,
That would be sad.

Since joy has made my heart-beats light,
And other friends around me praising,
Have all been true.

But careless that my way was bright,
Unmindful of their words approving,
I've wanted you.

Since grief has made my pathway drear,
While all life's sunshine darkly clouding,
Fate's frowned severe;
And, tired of other's tones of cheer,
My soul has sought afar for helping,
And prayed you near.

But never, in my joy or pain,
Have you come back with love and blessing;
While through the years
That hurry by I seek in vain.
With fading faith, for your caressing,
And falling tears!

CHRISTMAS CHARMS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

I.

It was the last evening Robert and Laura Chauncey would be likely to spend at home for a long time to come.

Robert had so far ascended the hill of knowledge, that his tutor, M. Bertoli—a small, swarthy man, half-Italian, half-French, who had educated the Chauncey juveniles after a method of his own, as effective as it was unusual—had declared with the rare smile he could use on occasions,

“Robert, *mon enfant!* Antoine Bertoli can lead thee no longer. I have accomplished my task, and now I speak to de Chauncey *pere*, who sendeth thee to college, from which you shall bring every honor, and make proud de heart of Bertoli.”

This decision M. Bertoli confirmed with a wave of his knotted, saffron-hued hand, that, homely as it was, had yet before now been kissed by grateful lips of the poor and needy; and Robert, with mingled exultation and regret, accepted the fiat.

Laura Chauncey—the eldest daughter—did not disguise her delight at being emancipated from the sway of M. Bertoli. Not by any means that she disliked the little man, for she was possessed of a certain stately good-nature, if one may couple the epithets, which prevented her from disliking any one, least of all M. Bertoli, who, if somewhat despotic in his realm—the school-room—was yet possessed of some genial magnetism, that made him strangely attractive in spite of all defects, physical and mental; his heart, however, was nearly faultless, and this was the secret of his power.

But for all that, the eldest and beauty of the Chauncey household felt not a pang of regret at leaving this strangest and kindest of tutors. For was she not to enter upon a new and delightful state of existence, represented by Madame Souffle’s “finishing school,” there to be inducted into a knowledge of all those arts and graces which it was proper should adorn Miss Chauncey? Was she not to spend her vacations with certain connections of the family, who were to unfold to her vision all the delights of society, and bestow upon her that acquaintance with the world, which she could never hope to acquire in her country home? And

with such brilliant prospects as these before her, how could she sorrow to be removed from the sway of M. Bertoli, who desired to initiate her in the mysteries of what he was pleased to call “de Po-e-tre” and “de Philosophe,” when she wished to be a proficient on the harp, to dance like a sylph, and to dress her magnificent hair after the newest mode *a Paris*?

Truly M. Bertoli, enthusiastic, impassioned, an idealist, had finished his work some time since; for there was in his pupil no material upon which to exercise his gifts.

It was the close of Christmas day—a day that had risen out of amber clouds, white and pure as a bride in its robe of fresh-fallen feathery snow—a day with whom old Winter, frosty outside, but glowing at the core with thoughts of yule-log and the merry wassail-bowl, had fallen in love, and, madly generous, lavished his fairest jewels upon the beautiful Day, until she flashed and sparkled with such gay splendor, that you grew to think she was not made to die!

But she passed away, stainless and lovely to the last, leaving the twilight struck through with heavenly tints of rose, and one fair star trembling in the blue ether, to remind the world of Bethlehem, and the advent of our precious Lord.

The Chaunceys sat in this rose-gray of twilight, made more wonderful by lingering crimson lights, that touched the level stretches of snow into sparkles of pink, determined to drain from the present whatever sweetness was possible, for the morrow was to witness their first family parting.

For certain reasons, by which one room in any home is apt to be dearer than the rest, they had chosen the library as the fittest place in which to spend their last evening together. It was small, cosy, and faced the west, as rooms we fancy are apt to do.

Robert sat on the sofa, Laura on one side, Edith, the second sister, on the other, an arm about each, and at their feet sat Gracie, the youngest and the darling, a great Angola cat purring away, the picture of comfort, in her lap. I have hinted that Laura was the Chauncey beauty *par excellence*; Edith was not nearly so handsome, darker than her sister, more im-

perious, less winning, but possessed of a heart and intellect much nobler and more aspiring. In Grace the family traits were not so strongly noticeable as in the others; the black hair and eyes, which were the Chauncey heritage, being softened, the eyes to amber, and the hair to a wavy brown, with glancing golden lights therein. As she sat in the fire-light, with scarlet cheeks, loose, shining curls and eager eyes, listening to the wonderful talk of the other three, she was as lovely a picture of a child-girl, as you ever read of in the most wonderful fairy-tale. The Angola cat in her lap even was changed by the magic blending of twilight and firelight, from a mere mortal tabby into an enchanted prince, waiting to be transformed into Gracie's lover.

Sitting opposite the fire in a morocco arm-chair, studded with gilt nails, sat Mrs. Chauncey, their step-mother, as you might guess; for this little dainty creature, with soft pink cheeks and gentle azure eyes, could never have handed down to the group that dark, striking beauty which distinguished all but Grace. No, this came—a lawful heritage—from the portrait above the mantle, that, set in a Christmas wreath of evergreen and scarlet berries, showed, whenever the firelight gave a sudden leap, the face of a lady, proud, sad, and lovely—the face of a woman who dies early.

But for all, this second mother loved the group before her dearly, and, as she dozed in the firelight, she opened her eyes every now and then to wonder if there ever were such lovely darlings since the world began; and by-and-by, when the door opened, and her husband entered and seated himself beside her, her cup of happiness—not as deep as that of some, perhaps—overflowed.

Robert Chauncey *pere* was a stately man of fifty, in whom one immediately recognized a "gentleman born," who could trace his "pedigree plainly." In all their lives not one of his household had ever seen him commit an un-courteous act; a man capable, even in moments of intensest anger, of maintaining an outward calm, and all the exterior shows of good-breeding.

Shortly after Mr. Chauncey's entrance, the door opened with that peculiar jerk which always announced his coming, and M. Bertoli entered. He was the antithesis of the man who had preceded him. Short, swarthy, ill-shapen; desperately ugly, except for a pair of iridescent eyes, that had an inexplicable gentleness in their lustre, and sometimes a smile of such rare sweetness that you couldn't but

think—however odd the imagination seemed in this connection—that so the angels smile when they are pleased.

M. Bertoli drew a chair close to the fire—he was a dear lover of heat—as if he were quite at home, and rubbed his sallow, knotted hands together, so close to the blaze you expected to see them scorched; gazing meanwhile into the fire, as if he saw a vision there—as perhaps he did. Presently he said, in a voice strangely musical, considering it found passage through such a wide, clumsy mouth,

"My two dear pupils leave me to-morrow; so, to-night, I play one little parting air, that they may know how Bertoli, who many times as been cross and scolded, loved them both."

There was a piano in the room of the old-fashioned kind in use a generation ago. It stood upright on quaintly-carved mahogany legs, and had a facing of crimson silk caught in the center by a star of gilt. But oh! the music that this queer, misshapen man evoked from the instrument! He played a soft, sad theme, that seemed to fill the air with the sigh of farewells, that so, when he ended, the party were in tears, and Gracie sobbed aloud.

"*Bien*," commented M. Bertoli, well pleased at this tribute to his skill. "I now improvise what I shall call *de* Christmas Mem-o-ories of my childhood."

Straightway there flowed, from the brown fingers of his knotted hand, delicious *roulades* and *fantasie* elfin trills that chased one another over the keys until they rushed together in a merry clash of chords. A soft subsidence of sound, and then the silver chimes of Christmas bells rose on the air, filling the melody with a solemn joy. Then the sallow, crooked fingers flew like wind over the instrument, in a lovely *capriccio*, wherein one could distinctly discern the laughter of children, braided in, and overflowing the melody, with gushes of merriment. It made you think of lost Christmas Eves, when you laid awake, striving to solve the mystery of Santa Claus, and longing for the sweet surprises the dawn would be sure to bring. It called to mind radiant windows, wherein sat enthroned the loveliest of waxen dolls, all dressed in shining satin, surrounded by ravishing tea-sets, prancing horses, and mimic soldiers. It called up visions of Christmas trees, glittering with toys and *bonbons*, and bright with colored tapers, about which children danced and clapped their hands in ecstasies of joy.

Gracie—all but a child herself—listened in a trance of delight, and, with eyes still humid, burst into a peal of laughter, in which the rest

joined until the room rang with their merriment. Then M. Bertoli played softly and sadly again, so that one thought of homeless children who had none of these delights—of orphaned childhood, lonely and wretched—and, last of all, of dear ones whom no Christmas time would ever bring again—until that sadness, which underlies, like a subtle charm, this holy time, dissolved the listeners into tears once more.

With a grand clash of chords M. Bertoli arose, bowed, and passed from the room—for he came and went as pleased him best. As he left the room, the eyes of M. Bertoli, shining like stars, fell on Gracie, who returned the glance with a smile half-worshiping, half-admiring, and wholly confiding. I begin to think, M. Bertoli, that your wondrous skill had been used chiefly to please yourself, and the child Gracie, after all.

After this, the party left behind murmured among themselves, kissed and clung together, and finally went to bed. They must all rise early, on the morrow; for, said Grace, half-laughing, "Robert and Laura are to begin the world to-morrow." Yet she meant it; for it seemed so to the child, who shuddered at the bare idea of leaving home and—M. Bertoli.

The next day the train duly departed: Robert to college, where I will leave him to win the honors his tutors had promised should be his, and follow Laura within that temple dedicated to the Graces—Madame Souffle's finishing-school.

This was one of the most famous schools in New York city, and stood not far from a handsome park filled with trees, and owning a fountain that played on grand occasions. By walking a short distance, one could also behold the bronze equestrian statue of Washington, that would, perhaps, be great, did not the dimensions of the man dwarf the grandest monument that could be erected in his honor.

Laura alighted from the carriage, well pleased with her beautiful surroundings, and was presently ushered into the presence of the presiding goddess—Madame Souffle. Madame was pleased to be most beneficent, kissed her new pupil on the forehead, said, "I'm sure, my dear, we shall be ze best of friends," and then led the way to her room.

Opening the door, madame said, "Mees Rice, I breeng you your room-mate, Mees Laura Chauncey. You will be so good as to make her so comfortable as possible;" then, with that inimitable sliding bow, for which madame was famous, left the two to themselves.

Laura regarded Miss Rice with attention. She was small, but plump, had shining, pur-

ple-black hair, gray, almond-shaped eyes, with shifting, yellow lights in them, heavy, arched eye-brows, purple-black like her hair, and a small, full mouth, the upper lip curving above white, even teeth.

Laura at once made up her mind that this new acquaintance was the very prettiest person she had ever seen; for very few would have observed that Miss Rice's nostrils were close and selfish, and the mouth entirely devoid of delicacy and tenderness. I will add that, at sixteen, Miss Virginia Rice was a thorough woman of the world; even Madame Souffle could teach her nothing in this department.

"Oh! this is Miss Chauncey at last!" was her greeting, as she proceeded to divest Laura of her wrappings, and, as she put them away, she began to chat most volubly, yet with an ease and *debonnaire* manner that, at first sight at all events, was peculiarly attractive. "I'm so glad you're to be my room-mate!" she went on. "I've been lonely enough, and madame has been promising you for ever so long! She told me all about you—and that you were of such a nice family. I'm right glad of that; for papa is a real southern aristocrat, and thinks so much of blood! I'm from Georgia, you know, and it seems so wretched here after there, where I had a dozen servants to wait on me, and my own maid besides. And then, madame half-starves us—sets the stingiest table. *Bouilli* and made-up dishes all the time, and Indian pudding for dessert, which I abominate. She pretends it's good for our complexions. Bah!" And here, Miss Rice, having stowed away Laura's garments, said, opening rapidly a couple of drawers in the bureau, "These are to be yours. I've got them all ready for you. We're to have this bureau and that closet between us. We'll have to manage it somehow, for that's all madame allows. Mean, isn't it? And you can only wear two collars a week—linen at that. Makes the wash too large, you know," etc., etc.

After a pause: "But, talking of *bouilli*, don't suppose I eat such trash. Look here!" And Miss Rice drew from under the bed a tin box, lifted the cover, and revealed to view a fragment of plum-cake, what had been a jar of pickles, now well lowered, and a remnant of ham. "There," said she, making a pretty *moue*, "That's all I've left. I have to treat the girls, you see. They know papa's a Nabob, and would think me mean if I didn't. But you've brought goodies with you, haven't you, Miss—no, Laura? I may call you by your first name, mayn't I?"

Laura was about to reply to these questions,

when there was a tap at the door, and two young ladies entered.

"Oh! Cheesey and Brownie, that's you, is it? This is my new room-mate, Miss Chauncey. Miss Chauncey, let me introduce you to Mamselles Brown and Cheeseman. These two are the shining lights of the school, and expect to be turned out ornaments to society."

The twain saluted this speech with a giggle.

"How ungentle!" reproved Miss Rice.

"Oh! be still, Jen, and stop your nonsense! We've got permission to come in and study."

So saying, Miss Brown threw down her books, and Miss Cheeseman, taking a reclining position on the bed, a lamp in one hand, and a book in the other, began to read.

Miss Brown's method of study was certainly peculiar; for she and Jennie plunged into a conversation about a new style of apron, with pockets, that had come in vogue, and which was "ravishing." Jennie, having concluded to have one in pink silk, braided in black, and Miss Brown a blue one, ditto, a mysterious him was brought upon the carpet, in connection with whom Miss Brown suddenly let down her hair, and declared that Jen must teach her that new style of braid, for the purpose of captivating this nameless masculine.

Laura, who, notwithstanding her surroundings were so new to her, was quite unembarrassed by it all—as it was proper a Chauncey should be under every circumstance—turning to the reclining nymph, said, politely, "I fear our chatter disturbs you, Miss Cheeseman. I can never study if people are talking around me."

"Oh! I've finished," rejoined she of the book and lamp, with a titter, and handed the book to Laura, who, glancing at the title-page, read—"Consuelo, by George Sand."

"Madame would burn me alive—or it, rather—if she found me reading it. Not that I care much for it either, except, you know, forbidden fruit is the sweetest. French novels are fascinating, maybe, but their heroines are always detestable. There's that Consuelo, made out to be a perfect paragon, but she can tell a much neater fib, whenever it suits her, than our Virginia Rice here, and that's saying a deal, I can assure you. Then there's Corinne madame gives us to read, because it's clas-si-cal. But, *ma foi!* isn't it stupid! Sand's amusing, at all events."

Just here the clang of a bell rang through the corridor.

"Pshaw! that's for bed!" exclaimed the twain.

Miss Brown tucked up her hair, voted that "stupid bell a bore of the first water," and,

after a slight scuffle engendered by an attempt, on the part of Miss Rice, to give them both a parting pinch, the two, nodding a careless good-night to Laura, departed.

And so ended Laura Chauncey's first evening in Madame Souffle's "finishing-school," warranted to turn out a prime article, in the matter of young lady, choicely lacquered and polished to meet the requirements of society.

II.

WHEN the first feeling of home-sickness was over—throughout which her room-mate had been, in her way, very kind, and had tried consolation by bringing her endless *bonbonniere*—Laura began to like her new life amazingly. She found herself popular almost at once, by virtue of this stately good-nature to which I have alluded before, and which was always ready to do a favor, and was yet too proud to demand much from others. She also obtained credit for the possession of genuine amiability, when often the secret spring of action was profound indifference, which caused her to yield to others that which she cared little to possess herself; for when she really desired a thing, she was by no means unselfish enough to see another carry off the prize. But if not thoroughly amiable, Laura was sincerely generous in the common acceptation of the word; for a mean Chauncey would have been an anomaly in the family history, and generosity is a quality held in higher repute by school-girls, than any other attribute it is possible to possess.

Before Laura's advent, Virginia Rice had reigned supreme, and though younger than many of the others, yet wielded an influence almost boundless. She was piquant, fascinating, and unscrupulous, she also possessed an unlimited command of pocket money, which she spent freely. Not that she possessed Laura's generosity, she was only extravagant, and hated to "appear" mean, which indicates, generally, a latent consciousness of possessing the undesirable quality. Moreover, Miss Rice, being an only daughter, possessed a most extensive wardrobe, every article of which she always appeared willing to lend; but in her secret heart she grudged the loan most bitterly. In short, had Miss Rice been poor, she would have been, in familiar phrase, a "screw." As she was rich, she was able to maintain, at least, a show of being generous.

Still there were several reasons which had tended to create, in Miss Rice's case, an undercurrent of unpopularity which had been steadily increasing for some time past.

In the first place, Jennie was inordinately vain, and delighted to boast of the conquests she was constantly making. Not orthodox conquests either, but conquests, by-the-by, as it were. She was never absent, for ever so short a time, that she did not return to madame's having some wondrous adventure to relate. She would assemble the girls about her, and flipping her ear-rings—golden drops containing each one huge twinkling emerald—the wonder of the school, would proceed to rehearse her triumphs. Not that they were fictitious ones either, for Miss Rice possessed a style of beauty that compels attention at once; but this continual rehearsal of compliments had begun to weary many of the girls, who had no similar record to produce, and who not having the license to visit outside, for which Miss Rice's father had compounded, were alternately incensed and tantalized by the scenes of gayety the pitiless Jennie unfolded to their view.

Moreover, Jennie's tale of triumphs had been confirmed by certain anonymous presents. One, a cage of singing canaries; and again, by a superb mosaic pin—mosaics then being the height of fashion—over which madame herself had opened her eyes and exclaimed in amazement at its value. Before this last, some of the more incredulous of madame's young ladies had consoled themselves with the belief that Jennie's admirers were, for the most, creations of her own brilliant imagination. Being thus summarily put to silence, they substituted secret wrath for open disclaimer.

Nevertheless, in consequence of this strong undercurrent of feeling, Laura presently found herself—with but little effort of her own—occupying the enviable position of favorite among her companions.

Jennie Rice, however, was too *insouciant* by nature to take their change much to heart, and, shrugging her pretty shoulders, thought, "Bah! why should I care for the opinion of a lot of stupid school-girls?" and gracefully stepped into the second place.

So leaving Laura Chauncey the universal admiration and favorite at Madame Souffle's "finishing school," we return to the rest.

III.

THE years had rolled around on silver wheels as far as these last mentioned were concerned.

Edith, under M. Bertoli's direction, had entered with delight upon the realms of "de Poetre" and "Philosophie," which Laura had disdained, and had won high praise from a master most difficult to please.

As for the child Gracie, she was never made for a student—but she was such a lovely poem in herself, so sunshiny, so gayly innocent, that it would have been a heart of stone that could have required her to be aught else but the thing of delight she was!

M. Bertoli had represented himself as having been "cross" and scolded Laura and Robert. And with truth, for he was the most exacting of masters, even Edith had sometimes failed to meet his requirements; but toward Gracie he displayed the most open and unblushing partiality. She learned her lessons or not, pretty much as she pleased; and if any of the rest ventured upon a protest, it was to meet the flashing eye of M. Bertoli, and the words in a tone of thunder, "*Silence!* When Bertoli is silent, who shall dare to make fault?"

The week before Christmas, Gracie came dancing into the school-room—had it been Edith an obeisance and formal salutation would have been demanded—clapping her small, child-hands and crying, "Isn't it splendid, M. Bertoli? Robert is coming from college, next week, to spend the holidays, and dearest Laura is done with Madame Souffle, and is coming home for good; and beside, she is to bring her most intimate friend—Jennie Rice—with her, who is pretty and charming beyond everything. And dear M. Bertoli," went on Gracie, catching the sallow hand of her listener between two pink palms, "you are to play your grandest on the organ Christmas day, and make Laura and her friend acknowledge they have never heard such music even in New York."

At first M. Bertoli smiled his rare, tender smile, then frowning, drew quickly his hand from Gracie; and Edith, coming in, wondered to herself what had made M. Bertoli so ashy pale, and why Gracie pouted all the rest of the morning, and averted her face from her teacher.

And yet Edith had little time to wonder at anything just now. For something so strange, and sweet, and sudden had happened her, as to entirely absorb her thoughts.

Howard Heath, who long ago had been a playmate and neighbor of the Chauncey juveniles, had gone, while a boy, to study at the famous University of Heidelberg; and had returned dashing, *debonais*, with a moustache of gold, dangerous eyes of brilliant azure, and a tongue that could have charmed serpents. At all events, it had charmed Edith Chauncey.

The Chaunceys and Heaths were old friends, and by reason of this the young man came often, and the thoughtful student girl watched for his coming, and found the brilliant, faithless

face of Howard Heath coming between her and her books, refusing even to allow her maiden dreams—lily pure—to remain undisturbed.

As for the young man, he enjoyed being with Edith exceedingly. Notwithstanding his innumerable affairs, it pleased him well to sit beside this proud, dark girl, and know that her heart beat faster, and that her cheeks burned at his coming, for he was insatiably vain, this Howard Heath. He was too wise, however, to tell Edith that he loved her—just yet at all events—but he looked at her as if she were the one woman in the world for him, and if you could judge from his manner—"so he breathed the air she breathed—satisfied."

So Christmas week came and brought with it Robert, matured into handsome whiskered manhood, Laura so superbly beautiful she was a marvel to look at, and—Jennie Rice invested with all the *diablerie* and coquettish airs ever possessed by a pretty woman to work mischief with. It is almost needless to say that Jennie—who couldn't exist without a flirtation—hadn't been half a day in the house without "making eyes" at Robert, who fell straightway into the snare, and followed her about like her shadow.

You may be sure that with all these gay, young spirits within its walls, the Chauncey establishment was a wonder of mirth and gaiety. But for jollity and joyous merriment, Christmas evening outshone all the rest.

Mr. Chauncey, who, himself of English descent, revered English tradition, had declared that it was a "shame" there should be so many young people and no mistletoe, and so had hung a branch of the same in the center of the great drawing-room, grand with curtains of sweeping damask, and cheery with the glowing yule-log that burnt in the fire-place.

Now old Christmas invested this same mistletoe with a fairy charm that worked mischief straightway.

In the first place, Howard Heath—who was one of the merry company—had no sooner beheld Laura Chauncey—stately, magnificent, verifying all the legends that had come down of the Chauncey beauty—than whatever liking he had had for Edith vanished, and Laura reigned queen of his fickle affections.

Well, this same evening, Howard Heath—who had brought from abroad a fair share of audacity— inveigled the stately Laura beneath the mistletoe, and then and there kissed her cheek of peach. She opened her beautiful eyes somewhat, but made no pretence of being offended.

Then Jennie Rice, who wore a distracting rose-hued apron, with pockets coquettish be-

yond description, found herself by accident (!) beneath the mistletoe, and Robert, blushing much more than she, snatched a kiss, and found, in doing so, he had fallen in love with this bewitching syren of the almond shaped eyes and purple-black hair.

Lastly, child Gracie, who had been darting hither and thither—a very phantom of delight—all the evening, suddenly found herself beneath the magic mistletoe, and lo! M. Bertoli, kneeling at her feet, kissed her hand devoutly, as if he were a knight, and she a princess, to whose service he was vowed forevermore.

No one presumed to laugh at this act of chivalrous devotion; but Gracie wore scarlet cheeks for the rest of the evening, and M. Bertoli vanished from the drawing-room, and was no more seen that night.

But Edith—proud and dark and very pale to-night—she had been kissed of none, until her father, who knew her better than any other, taking her in his arms, murmured, "I must kiss you, darling, this Christmas night, if but for the memory of your mother, whose image you have been all day."

The day after the affair of the mistletoe, M. Bertoli found Mr. Chauncey in the library, and said to him, "Your house is no longer the home of Bertoli. He shall say—farewell!"

Mr. Chauncey amazed, demanded the reason of this sudden resolution.

"I love your daughter Gracie. Honor and love have struggled long in the heart of Bertoli. But love is strong, and honor said to Bertoli, last night, 'It is time to go,' and I obey."

Mr. Chauncey regarded the little man who stood before him; no longer sallow, homely, ill-shapen, but transformed by some inner light that made him grand and noble. So looking, Mr. Chauncey remembered that he himself was of no better blood than M. Bertoli, whose ancestors had written *de* before their names, and been nobles. Remembered that M. Bertoli was a man without reproach—Sir Philip Sidney, or Chevalier Bayard, could have shown no fairer life. He said at length, "But Gracie is a child almost. And besides, have you a shadow of reason to think that she cares for you in the way you wish?"

"Send for her and ask what I have never asked myself," said M. Bertoli, proudly.

So Gracie came, and her father, speaking slowly, said, "Little daughter, M. Bertoli tells me he must leave us."

The girl looked from one to the other, with a face touching in its trouble and perplexity; then, springing to the side of him she had called mas-

ter, she caught his dusky hand fast in hers, and cried, "No, father, no! It would kill me!"

"You see, sir," said M. Bertoli, his wonderful eyes changing to stars, "that she loves me, even as I love her. Parting would be death for us both."

At these words Gracie fell at her father's feet, a full-grown woman, with imploring eyes.

And so Mr. Chauncey, after a short contest with his pride, yielded, and M. Bertoli remained.

Christmas week was almost done, and Jennie Rice was to return to Madame Souffle's on the morrow.

That evening, at dusk, she and Robert found themselves in a certain recess, with heavy curtains hanging before it—firelight outside, and a newly-risen moon lighting dimly the recess.

This being the state of affairs, what wonder that Robert Chauncey confessed his love!

Jennie listened to the recital with downcast eyes, smiled to herself, as she thought, "Won't I tell the girls of this, to-morrow! and shan't I make them mad! My third offer within six months!"

Then, when Robert had made his impassioned confession, she lifted her eyes demurely, and answered, "I can't tell you how sorry I am! I have been engaged to a cousin of mine, down in Georgia, ever since I can remember. I don't care for him much, you know; I should like you much better, I dare say; but papa wishes the match, so I must obey. Don't you think it looks rather odd to stay so long behind the curtains?"

So saying, Jennie stepped into the firelight. Robert followed her, his brain in a whirl, and ejaculating to himself, "Low, confounded coquette! I won't let you triumph over me, Miss Rice, at all events." And, assuming an easy, nonchalant manner, he began to talk to Howard Heath, who had been riding with Laura that afternoon, and now sat beside her, with her hand in his.

As for Edith, she sat apart in the gloom, where the firelight failed to reach her, her face stern and cold in the darkness.

Just here M. Bertoli came in with Gracie,

who, since her father's decision, had gone about with the loveliest blush on her cheek, and the happiest light in her eyes. As for M. Bertoli, one could almost swear he had grown handsome.

Gracie, whom love had made strangely wise, glanced about the room with a wistful gaze; then, gliding to M. Bertoli, who had seated himself at the piano, whispered,

"Dear Antoine, I will tell you a story. Edith liked Howard Heath, and he has fallen in love with Laura. And Robert has been ensnared by that pretty, wicked Jenny Rice, and she has jilted him. Please, comfort them both—dear Robert, and poor Edith."

So M. Bertoli flung his soul into his music, and sang out such grand, noble strains, that Robert thought to himself, "I will not waste my manhood in grieving for a heartless jilt. Striving for nobler prizes, I shall forget her."

Then the music merged into a Christmas carol, tender, yet joyous, fraught with holy memories, reminding one how Christ, our Lord, had come to earth, a "naked, new-born babe," to bring the glorious message, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" And proud Edith, softened, thought to herself, "God help me! Laura is so beautiful! Who could help loving her! Besides, she is my dearest sister still, and this golden-haired, faithless Howard Heath shall not divide our love." Thus thinking, Edith came out of the gloom, forgiveness in her face, and, bending down, kissed Laura, who had dimly guessed she was wronging Edith—and there was peace between them henceforth.

Howard Heath married Laura Chauncey, and they lived happily together, after a fashion of their own. Edith was a true sister to Laura, and the fondest of aunts to her children, but steadily refused to marry. In the future, she and her father were the whole world to one another.

The amber-eyed darling, Gracie, became the wife of Bertoli—and tiny steps, and tiny voices, in the Chauncey Mansion, made sweeter music than M. Bertoli's own. And the holiest charm of Christmas—peace, and love, and gentle charity—fold their angel-wings within the Chauncey dwelling always.

STANZAS.

AND thou art withered, lovely flower,
Just in the morning of thy bloom!
And thou hast lasted but an hour,
And blossomed only for the tomb!
Plucked by the ruthless hand of death,
From off the fostering parent-stem,

Before thy beauties could expand—
Thy graces gild its diadem.
But thou wilt blossom in the sky,
Where other flowers bloom and flourish
Beneath the Supreme Florist's eye,
Whose care thy tender bud will nourish. L. C. B.

AGNES MARSHALL OF DUMMER COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG, fair girl, Agnes Marshall by name, came out of her poor home to walk. Walking with her eyes on the ground, her thoughts on the roses and asparagus of the country garden where she was born, she saw a roll of bank-notes on the pavement at her feet. She longed for the money, thinking what it would do for her; for she was poor, and had the tastes which it takes considerable sums to gratify. But she went to the Times office, wrote an advertisement, left her address and returned to her poor home.

She had her dreams connected with the owner of the bank-notes. Of course she had. She expected him; she gave nice little touches to the room; went out and bought a little scarlet verbena to brighten the place; made the curtains white as snow, and tied them back with worsted cords to match the verbena. This we approve; but we are a little sorry to add, that she could not be satisfied until she went out and bought a jet bracelet like Martha Furbish's, and some fine bits of lace and velvet for a head-dress like Martha's, things she could ill afford to buy—things that ill became her simple style of features and manners. I am sorry to say that she put the new duds on every day; but am not sorry to say that, when the owner of the bills came to claim them, although he regarded her fair young face with complacency enough, he looked with contempt at the finery, and, speaking to her with bluntness, told her she'd get no praises from him for her honesty; for honesty was, of course, the most obvious duty. He was there to "pay cost" and take his notes. He would send her in a rose perhaps, some time; he saw that she had one plant already. Would she like a rose? Was she sentimental?

(*Par parenthese*, his proffer was certainly a kind one, and I think his accost would have been less abrupt if he could have wholly withdrawn his observations from the streaming velvet and the airy points of lace, and fixed them wholly upon her abashed features.)

Say! was she sentimental? in a degree?

She didn't know, she told him, whether she was sentimental. Perhaps she was, sometimes; she was afraid she was. But she would like a rose!

Yes! Would she promise not to do one sentimental thing, or think one sentimental thought, before the rose, if he would bring it?—or send it; more likely he would send it. If she did, she would see the unconscious rose (the rose unconscious of its grace and beauty, he meant,) reprove her; and he thought this would be a little mortifying, since it belongs to our human lives to shame the rose, not to be shamed by it. Would she promise?

She would promise to *try*, she told him. So he went.

CHAPTER II.

HE brought the rose. (His name was Collamer; he did a large business on Nassau street.) Agnes had hard work not to be sentimental. That is, she was afraid he would think she was sentimental, she was so grateful at sight of the lovely plant. In spite of all she could do to prevent it, tears would come into her eyes when she thanked him. But he, at least, was in no present danger of being trapped in sentimentalism. He cut her thanks short with asking her what less he could do? Humpf! He had brought her a rose that cost him three shillings, to be mate and companion (a sensible mate and companion) to her verbena. She was to remember that she too was to be a sensible, suitable mate for both the modest, unsophisticated rose and the bright verbena. Only, her life was to shame even the rose's, it was to have such intelligent, human worth superadded to the simplicity, and so on.

So she tried. She stuffed her head-dress away into a corner, as a poor worthless thing, and put her abundant, soft hair back into plaited bands. She made some plain little linen cuffs and collars to be worn with her high-neck, close-sleeve summer dresses. She kept herself as tidy as a choice pearl is kept by its lucky owner—as indeed, indeed it belonged to her to do; and she felt all the wise pains she took with herself, help her spirit as much as it helped her body. She busied herself conscientiously with her needle-work, and bought comforts for her mother, instead of the fine things she used to bring home for herself, when she had no better acquaintances than Martha Furbish, her lover, her mother, (Martha's lover and mother, I

mean,) and a few others in the court like them.

After some time had passed so, Mr. Collamer again called. And this time he brought her books—a few of Irving's works, one or two of Mrs. Jameson's, and one or two of Ruskin's. He would take no thanks this time either. What did she think? Why should he not spend six hundred pence for one who had lately put six hundred dollars into his purse? Would she offer him a chair, and take his hat, and his cane? An old gentleman like him needed that a young lady like her should do something besides showing him her tears, if the tears were ever so big and bright! Did her rose reward her with tears, when she gave it a little water, or a little sunshine? *He* guessed not. Not even the soft rose; certainly not the bright verbena.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Furbish saw him go out and recognized him. She had a sister who did all his linen-making. She, Mrs. Furbish, had passed his place, seen his sign a hundred times. He was rich! he stood high! he was old enough to be Agnes's—uncle. What did he want of *her*? Agnes told her about the bank-notes, Mrs. Furbish, looking in her face and laughing all the time, and often saying, "What a *little* simple thing! just as you always are, in everything!"

And now? she asked, when Agnes had finished her account, what did he keep coming for?

Agnes told her about the rose and the books.

"Very well; but did she know that many a rich, fine-looking, and, to all appearances, kind, generous New York gentleman, had come just so to the rooms of a little simple thing like her, and given her, first a rose, perhaps, then books, then fine clothes, to make her handsome in his eyes, then jewels—save the ring for the middle finger? That never came," she said, "from these high, fine-looking New York gentlemen, to the simple-hearted girls who live in an out-of-the-way court, and in a poor room like that. No; the marriage ring never came. Was she so innocent," (simple, Mrs. Furbish meant,) "that she hadn't thought of this, much as she had heard of New York ways?"

Agnes "had not once thought of it before. She had heard about New York ways; but *he*—"

"Yes! *he*—*he* was always another sort of man!" Mrs. Furbish said. "*He* always means well!"

Agnes did not suppose he meant anything, but to show a little kindness to one who had

done what was right by him, when there was a chance and a temptation to do what was wrong. He hadn't praised her for doing it; but she knew he understood, and brought her the very things she wanted, but couldn't afford to buy.

"If she let it go on, she would see!" Mrs. Furbish told her. "But she must go home and get supper. Good-by, simple little one!"

The little simple one shed a good many tears, the next half-hour, was shaken as never before by any of the sorrows that had come into her life by many hardships, many privations. She wept unrestrainedly until she knew it was time for her mother to come, then she wiped her tears to make an end of it; wiped them a good many times before she did fairly make an end of it. Her chin and lip were not done with curling, nor the tears with rising, for long after her mother came; not until her mother began to tell her how a poor girl on — street, went as seamstress into a family on — street; how the gentleman was taken sick, and she showed herself so handy, in the day or two that he sat in his easy-chair in the nursery, where she sewed, that, when he grew worse and took his bed, she was persuaded to nurse him. His wife, Mrs. Marshall said, was one of those gay, fashionable women, who have so much to do in society, so little at home. So the young girl nursed him faithfully, and he got well. Well, he was, of course, grateful to her; and sent her and her mother, who was a widow, nice things, such as fruit of all kinds; and by-and-by he began to send flowers; then he began to bring them; then—oh! it went on and the poor girl was ruined! Mrs. Ainsted, whom Mrs. Marshall had been visiting, knew the girl and her mother. More hairs had turned gray on the mother's head, since she found it out, than in the whole twenty years since they began to turn; and Mrs. Ainsted believed the girl would mourn herself into her grave.

The chin and lip were done with working, the tears with rising, before the story was half-told. Indignation, wrath, came into them and set them firm, held every feature, dilated the eyes, and sent fiery scintillations through them. She did not speak one word, but her breathing was heavy with her wrath.

In the morning, came Mr. Collamer's errand boy, with a basket of peaches and blackberries. "From Mr. Collamer," the boy said, "with his compliments, and Mrs. Marshall was to keep the basket."

Mrs. Marshall was delighted. The fruit was perfect! and such a rarity! blackberries! oh! look, Agnes! had they seen such blackberries,

had they seen a blackberry before, since they picked them off their own hedge at G—? Would the bright-eyed boy give her thanks to Mr. Collamer, and tell him she was ashamed of so poor a return for so much pleasure?"

Agnes, meantime, looked neither at basket, nor berries, nor errand boy. When Mrs. Marshall, wondering that she did not, that she kept her back turned in that resolute manner, said, "What message have we for Mr. Collamer, Agnes?" Agnes, speaking in quick undertones, and with her back still turned, replied, "Anything that you please. But I'd let the basket go back. If you keep the rest, I'd let that go."

"Why, no indeed, you simple child! not when Mr. Collamer has sent word we are to keep it!" "As she pleased!" Agnes said; and the bright-eyed errand boy, who had been standing looking from mother to daughter, made his bow over his little cap and went.

Agnes would neither look at the fruit, nor taste it, at all; nor look at the basket, with all her mother's praises of looks, taste, and of the good kind man that sent them. She was cross. Her mother told her she was "wondering what had got into her!" But Agnes gave no answer. When dinner time came, she ate no dinner; and when supper time came, no supper. Her cheeks were hot; her eyes very wide, very glassy, very dry. Bending low over her work, her needle glancing quickly in and out, she turned off seam after seam. "Never had she done so much work in one day!" her mother said, when she picked it up at night to lay it away. "But she would like to know what had got into her! What she had been thinking about all day, to make her so out of humor and to make her work so!" She got no answers. Agnes was at the bureau, taking off the little linen collar and putting it away, the little linen cuffs, putting them away; the black velvet knot and belt-ribbon, putting them away; brushing her fine, long, abundant hair with closer care than usual, and putting that snugly back, crowning it with her little white night-cap. Still standing there, she took her Bible from the top of the bureau, read a few lines where she opened, then laid it back, said, "Good-night," without looking at her mother, and went into the adjoining chamber, where she and her mother both slept; and her mother sat listening to every sound of her undressing and lying down, wondering over and over again what had got into the child's head to change her so in one day.

The next day she ate a little, but the silent mood lasted; and the next; and not one moment did her mother cease to watch it and wonder at

its cause. Not once in those three days did her mother call her a simple little thing, or feel inclined to. On the contrary, she was not a little awe-struck by the large, dry, down-looking eyes, the rigid solemnity, and the growing pile of work done. On the fourth day the tension was gone. She was pale; she moved with languor. This day her eyes met her mother's and saw things in the room. They were soft and very, very beautiful, although very sad-looking. Seeing this, her mother kept saying to herself, "How much they are like her father's in his last sickness! and people who saw him, said they never saw such eyes; or any eyes with so much of heaven in them." She told Agnes her eyes were like her father's; so much; and urged her to have some of the toast. She would, *wouldn't* she? She had made it on purpose, to see if she couldn't eat some of it. Her father could eat toast made like that, almost to the very last. She would have some?

But Agnes could not swallow a mouthful. She had been longing for her father all night, all the morning; longing, oh! with such an ache in her heart to be done with living, to be carried and laid down beside him in the country church-yard, where the pure brooks ran that never wronged anybody, where the birds that never wronged anybody sang. She covered the anguish of her mouth with her tea-cup; but her mother saw the tears in her eyes; and, losing her awe before this weak mood, feeling concern, but believing that there was really no need of it, she sat herself to probing the hurt, (or the fancied hurt.)

"You're a simple little thing! yesterday, and to-day, and day before yesterday, and day before that! You behaved strangely when Mr. Collamer's boy was here with those things! Of course he told Mr. Collamer how you appeared, what you said about the basket's being sent back—if we kept the rest," you said! What an idea that was! I shouldn't think strange if he never sends us another thing! I shouldn't mind this so much; we can get along without flowers, and even without peaches and blackberries. You get along now without the peaches and blackberries, though I have heard you say how often you long for these things since we left the country; but I am sorry that *he* should be offended and stay away from us, as no doubt he will after this. For why should he ever come after hearing those things from the errand boy? *he*, who is in all respects (in kindness and all) so far above you and me! I shall think he is weak if he comes again—ever!"

Ah! and was not Agnes, also, thinking much

the same thing? Was it not this that to-day made her sickest of all—that she never would see him again?—never could! if he came ever so many times!

Now Agnes was really, as they all called her, a simple thing, in many ways. She was twenty; but up to this time she hadn't had the slightest conception what love meant, or a broken heart. Isis and Osiris she knew something about, to be sure. One stood for love, the other for love returned; but what love really meant, in its depths, or what sorrow on account of love, or of the loss of love, she had never known—until now. Now it began to dawn on her and make its meaning clear as day before her. Now, thinking of love, thinking of sorrow on account of, its loss, she began inwardly to say, "Now after this I shall know. I shall understand it all, after this, and know how sacred both are, love and sorrow."

CHAPTER IV.

Toward night, that day, when the air grew cool and soft, and the slanting light brightened the rose and verbena, and made the dark leaves richer, Agnes felt as if Mr. Collamer was coming. She knew he was, she said to herself, growing faint at the thought. She could not meet him! Not for ten such worlds would she meet him again! So, with trembling fingers she laid her work aside, put on her bonnet, veil, and shawl, saying that she must go to walk; she needed the air and exercise. Her mother thought she had better not. She wouldn't go, she said, if she were in her place. But she went, and would have met Mr. Collamer, if her eyes had been on the ground, as his were. She saw him in season to dart into a bread store, and there she stood trembling, supporting herself by the counter railing until he passed by. She turned her head, when he had passed, to look after him; and could not help it; for her soul was hungry and athirst for him.

After she left the shop, she went on with the tears streaming. She felt so wronged! so desolate and sick! She had no doubt Mr. Collamer was going to their house; she feared her unsuspecting mother would say something she had better not. She almost wished she had remained at home, and shown him, beyond the possibility of his making a mistake any longer, that, if she was a simple little thing; as they all called her, she had dignity enough to keep herself from seeing him ever again.

She was returning toward home, her head filled with this planning, her eyes on the pavement, when suddenly some one stopped before

her, put his hand out, and in cheery tones said, "Miss Marshall—good evening! how d'do? you ought to have known I was coming to your house this evening; ought to have known it magnetically, I mean. The rose was so bright, you ought to have guessed it was because I was on the way. You will another time?—you will, won't you? Ag—, Miss Marshall, what is it? You don't answer me—you don't even look at me; you haven't since we met, to see how glad I was to see you. You got your hand out of mine as if mine scorched it; (and I don't believe it did;) tell me what it is! I will turn and walk a little way with you and hear about it."

But she trembled so! was so stifled with the laboring breath! Her knees were ready every moment to give way under her. By-and-by, however, she could speak. The faintness had left her limbs a little, the confusion her brain, and the dimness her eyesight, so that she became fully conscious of his presence at her side, so that she gave one quick glance up to see how large, noble, kind, but concerned, he looked; and then it was that her heart gathered its strength, the strength of its rectitude, its truth, its simple innocence, its sense of wrong. She would tell him the truth, she reflected. There was nothing else to be done now; and then he would understand, and, of his own accord, turn back homeward, and leave her to go her so different ways. Looking up in his face one moment, meeting one moment the full glance she would fain have let her eyes linger on forever, she then bent them to the ground and said, "I am going to tell you the truth, Mr. Collamer, and then you will know." And she told him the whole story. She looked up once, as in burning words she poured out the story of the poor seamstress' wrongs, and told him how she felt them, and saw how intently he listened, how pale and grave he looked. She ended with saying, "Now you must understand, although you will never know, probably, the pain it has given me to be obliged to say it. I would die! I would, oh! so gladly die, it would be such a little thing for me to die, if that would so put this wrong out of the way of young girls like myself, (in my place in life, I mean.) that there should be no more danger or suffering for them on account of it. But I suppose I can do nothing. I can just tell you once more how sorry this makes me, (I mean this kind of parting with you,) and ask you to leave me."

"I guess not. I mean, I guess I won't leave you. I guess I'll go home with you."

On looking up to see what sort of expression was on his features, she saw placid effrontery,

saw the habitual animation already taking its old place in all the lines and dimples. The first moment she took courage, and said to herself, that, whoever was cruel and dishonorable toward persons like her, it must be that he was honorable and kind; the next—her heart sank. It was easy, for one high, strong, rich like him, to feel no concern for any truth, or any complaint, spoken by one poor, simple, unprotected like herself. She grew faint again with these thoughts, and burst into tears in a helpless way, imploring him to leave her.

"Child, child, look at me!" said he, speaking with the tones of kindness and concern the being, true, simple-hearted, and lonely woman finds it so difficult to distrust and resist.

She looked up. "Little, sad-faced thing!" said he, meeting the upturned look with his own. "So—so. But I must go home with you, and show you a letter I have in my pocket. It was written for you, at my desk, an hour ago. I came out myself to post it, because it was such a—in short, such a precious little senseless thing, going from my hand into yours! But, after I got out, with my face set toward home, I could not deny myself the pleasure of coming to tell you the story with my own lips. I wanted to see the young face kindle, (for I will be as truthful as you are, Miss Marshall, and own that I did expect the face to kindle.) I wanted to hear what the lips would say. I was greedy for the looks and words, like a miser for his gold. I wanted them, you see, for my life-long hoard. Now—I—I fear I shan't carry home the picture I would be glad to, and hoped and meant to, when I started out, an hour ago; but, I think, the face will be a little less woe-begone. I think you will, at least, get rid of this painful sense of personal wrong, when I show you my letter."

He was so grave now—he looked so pained! She knew from that, as well as from his words, the manly tones, the manly bearing, that she had been wronging him. Everything about him made her so sure of this, that she could hardly

resist the impulse to catch the hand at his side, so near hers, and kiss it, and tell him how ashamed and sorry she was; but that she was a simple little thing, liable, at any time, to do weak things, and he must forgive her.

I suppose he gathered some of the thoughts from the expressive features laboring under them; and especially did he gather what must have given not a little relief to his true, kind heart, when, little by little, he saw the young face emerge from the gray cloud, saw the little form, as it were, drop its burden behind, and raise itself, and show itself as a woman, a mate, at his side.

At any rate, they were no sooner within the room, which the loveliness and perfume of the rose seemed to fill, and, in a way, make holy, than he turned to her, with his arms outspread, and calling her his child. "My child—my Agnes—my little wife!" he said. And she, poor thing! that had been so buffeted, that now was so deeply consoled, so covered with blushes, was glad to be taken into them, and to the wide, firm breast, where she might not only hide the happiness and the blushes a little, but feel herself at rest, now and forevermore.

CHAPTER V.

BUT Agnes could not keep the poor seamstress of — street out of her thoughts, and among the plans she and Mr. Collamer laid for their future lives was this, that Agnes should see to her, should go and find her out the next day, and be so kind to her that she should live, and not die in her misery and shame; should live to gather grace and strength out of her remorse, her true penitence.

And so it happened. And it was seeing this, after all—not her new wealth, the new consideration, with which she found herself surrounded, nor even her husband (and we doubt if there ever was a better, or one with a fonder, prouder wife)—that filled her cup of joy to the brim, and gave that joy its taste of the angelic.

T H A N K S.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Unto the source of life and light—
To Thee, oh! God, to Thee—
I lift my fervent, heartfelt thanks,
For Thou hast cared for me;
Hast filled my soul with calm content,
Blest me with peace and rest—
And let sweet hope be in my heart
An ever present guest.

If Thou art, near to shelter me,
What shall I fear below?
If Thy strong arm upholdeth me,
What terror may I know?
If I can feel, beyond a doubt,
Thy grand, sweet Presence near—
I've almost gained a Heaven below,
And know not what is fear!

A PRETTY MOUTH.

BY C. R. PROCTOR.

My hero, Mr. Conway, had been going a long journey. He had grown tired of the ever-recurring monotony of people and places. He took in character at a glance, and everybody reminded him remotely, pleasantly or disagreeably, of somebody he knew at home. He had studied the faces, voices, hands, and habiliments of his fellow-travelers, and had mentally set them down as morose, tidy, studious, vapid, honest, aristocratic, egotistic, and so on through the list of human attributes.

He was glad indeed to make the last change of cars, which he did after crossing the D—river. He exercised his tired and impatient limbs in the intervening moments of hurry and bustle between the trains, and at last jumped aboard, congratulating himself there were but forty miles further before he reached his journey's end. He stood on the platform with his hands in his pockets, whistling, until the wind, which was blowing sharply, drove him in shivering. He involuntarily glanced over the passengers, most of whom were a new relay. They were all awake and quite lively, but he knew how soon they would relapse into somnolency and *ennui*. He stretched himself at full length in an unoccupied seat, partly slouched his hat, and then felt to dreaming of times past, brought vividly to him now from his nearness to cousin Fanny, whom he had not seen since her marriage long years ago. He had loved Fanny once, desperately, as youths do, and traced all his misanthropy—of which he had a good-humored share—to this early disappointment. He was now quite a bachelor; was going out West on business for his firm, and had resolved to visit his early ideal, whom he still invested with long, brown curls, cheeks bright and glowing as a ripe apple, eyes of no discoverable color, so sparkling and so roguish were they. Unconsciously to himself he revived the old enchantment as he recalled their youthful intercourse, and wondered how she would meet him—blushing, as of old?—or sadly, or indifferently? He grew nervous over it and readjusted his already sideways-inclined hat.

A little movement in the seat behind diverted his eyes. It was a lady reading, and she was changing her posture to get the full benefit of

the now fading daylight. Her head was slightly bent, and her beaver hat, with its abundance of plumes and a veil, entirely hid her eyes, but he could see her mouth.

Who has not read or spoken learnedly, romantically, or practically about eyes—blue ones “wet violets;” black ones “liquid souls in mourning?” Setting aside utilitarian considerations mouths are, aesthetically, as much a feature of interest. The charm of a charming mouth has an indefiniteness in it that fascinates more than the direct and easily-detected power of eyes. You can look into black, or blue, or gray orbs, and watch changing color, dilatation, contraction, or a sudden eclipse, and see how each change is effected by light, or the exclusion of light; but a mouth is a mystery. From rocky sternness to broad laughter each change is bewildering. It is the gateway of speech; the outlet of heart and brain. Every man knows how much weal, or woe, in smile, speech, or kiss, certain lips have wrought him; even woman remembers or dreams of whispers and tender laughter—of moustaches, and some even go so far as to tolerate cigars.

This mouth was just arranging itself after a smile, he thought; very red, very pretty. He was right; the lines contracted, and the two lips closed demurely as hands in prayer. The under lip was full; the upper short—a mere coral line at the corners; both together were the very type of gravity just then. The book she read was evidently absorbing, serious, he thought; tragic, perhaps. The lips parted slowly, intent; closed again, transfixed! All at once, without any visible play of muscles, a premonitory shadow went over them; then a vague gleam; then a slow consciousness; the muscles relaxed, loosing numerous dimples about the corners, the lips parted, and out flashed tiny, white teeth. She was laughing. He thought her hero must have got into some scrape—or rather that the girls in the book must have got him into one—from the amusement and gratification he detected in her quiet laugh. She glanced up at the window, half in remonstrance at the meagre light, and as she did so caught his eye, curious, studious of her; his whole face—he being unconsciously affected

by the smile in all its stages—on a broad grin. What a half-contemptuous, half-indignant wonder there was in her whole face as she encountered the gaze! He felt it and was enraged at himself, slouched his hat still more decidedly, and didn't look up for many minutes. When at last he ventured to do so, he saw her book was laid aside and her face turned to the window, through which came a faint, red flush from the dying day. Her profile was exquisite. A small, straight nose, a full eye with visibly dark lashes, a small, clearly-cut chin, and *such* a mouth! He knew it could "stir with a song like song, and with silver-corded speeches." There was a far-away, dreamy atmosphere about her, not sad or world-wise, but preoccupied, as though her own thoughts were sweet and wonderful to her.

The whistle screamed; the train slowly neared the station, and Mr. Conway prepared to leave.

He glanced back as he reached the door, and saw the lady was also passing out the other way; however, in the bustle and confusion, he failed to get a sight of her again. He went moodily to his hotel. After losing sight of her, the nervousness about meeting cousin Fanny returned. He fancied a thousand ways in which their meeting might occur, but in all probability none of these were the destined ones. He looked in the glass, studied his attitudes, and glances, but all with no result.

He went to bed, and his tired head swam with the motion of the cars, and he thought of the lady with the pretty mouth. Pretty! it was divine! That full but quiescent outline in repose; that mobility in laughter, graceful and spirited, but intangible and indefinite, he would give anything to call up that glowing scintillation again. It was a rare mouth indeed; it had earnest repose; it had eager earnestness; it had scorn in that imperceptible curl; it had mischief in that demure apathy; it had infinite mirth in one smile, dreamy wistfulness in another. He fell asleep thinking of Queen Guinevere riding on her "cream-white mule," who looked so lovely, as she swayed

"The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other kisses,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon those perfect lips."

In the morning he called on cousin Fanny, Mrs. Hurlburt, now a widow. He found her an invalid, pale, lovely, very cordial and friendly, but with no apparent remembrance of the time when he had sworn he couldn't live without her. She was helping her little boy with his arithmetic lesson, and Mr. Conway asked if he was her only child.

"Oh! no, I have three others—Fanny, Henry, Flora, and this little one, Albert. Fanny came home from a visit, last night, and is late about rising this morning." Something about Mrs. Hurlburt struck him suddenly. Why had he been so obtuse? The lady of the pretty mouth was her daughter; there was a wonderful similarity. Cousin Fanny's daughter! Poor Mr. Conway!

He sat quietly looking in Mrs. Hurlburt's face. Why need that face, through his whole life, have caused him such pain? Why should its type, as it began itself to fade, have arisen, fresh, youthful, even more beautiful, to haunt him? It was not a cruel face, but patient, sweet, pallid; yet his heart ached with the old pain of his youth, and sunk heavily at the new thought that the wound was to reopen.

"Fanny dear, this is mother's old friend and cousin, Mr. Conway," said Mrs. Hurlburt, as the door opened.

"I met the gentleman on the cars, last night, mamma," answered Fanny, after some blushing hesitation, yet smiling in spite of her desire to keep sedate.

"Yes," said Mr. Conway, awkwardly, "I recognized in you a resemblance to your mother, as she was at your age, and half-suspected the relationship."

In this statement, which we know was not literally truthful, Mr. Conway had a little selfish object in view: he had that involuntary smile to account and apologize for. But Fanny had really woken in him the same feeling of bewitchment as her mother had once done, a twinge of unrest which he had not felt at sight of a face since. Even an embarrassment came over him, which he, a man of the world, seldom felt.

The morning wore away painfully to him—contemplating his youth in the patient, white face of Mrs. Hurlburt—feeling his years with a new weight, as he glanced at the daughter, conscious all the while that youth and years were sadly at conflict within him.

He staid a few days, and then, as his business demanded attention, went further west, promising to stop and finish his visit on his return. Fanny had grown terribly mischievous during his short stay. He fancied she made fun of him, so constantly was her laugh ringing out in the hall and in the garden, so demure was her roguish mouth while with him. She talked little; there was more eloquence in her motion, or in her quiet, than in all articulate speech. She evidently considered him her mother's guest, and, perhaps, thought their conversation old-fashioned and stupid. At any rate,

he didn't at all like being made an "uncle" so literally—all young girls didn't treat him in that way. He could talk gayly with the gayest; could outdo many a youthful dandy in gallantry; and to have all such qualifications ignored by the prettiest girl he ever saw, and to be considered middle-aged and sedate, was anything but pleasing to him. Yet he had no power to change such a state of things; it seemed to be established—and that irrevocably—by the most innocent, yet most despotic tyrant in the world. He went away, resolving to change this phase of affairs on his return. He had a strong will and some tact; he would not be out-generated by this willful little empress.

Returned, he met Fanny in the hall, as he entered the house. She came forward to meet him, and he, resolving to establish new relations immediately, took her hand, warmly, and kissed her, watching meanwhile the grave eyes which met his unhesitatingly.

"Mamma is very ill, Mr. Conway. I am glad you have come. She requires to be kept very cheerful, and we are all so sad it is almost impossible for us to do it. We are afraid she will never be any better."

Here all his gallantry was blown to the winds again by her tender, saddened manner, and he had little heart for gayety when he entered the sick-room. What a change had come over the placid, white face! It was contracted with pain; patient still, but fearfully wasted and sharpened by suffering. He forgot to assume a cheerful manner, as Fanny had begged him to do, but showed his surprise and regret at the change in every feature, and only recovered himself when he saw Fanny's sad face trying to smile, and saw how she was endeavoring to cover his awkwardness with light words and a playful tenderness toward her mother.

Those were long days, indeed, while the sufferer waited for the summons which all knew must soon come. Mr. Conway staid, for Mrs. Hurlburt could not bear to have him go. He and Fanny were her constant companions. The daughter's devotion was beautiful. The dying

mother watched and understood her efforts to cheer and comfort her, while the young heart was taking in, day by day, more fully the certainty and greatness of her coming loss. She read, sang tender little songs, brightened the children by her own cheerfulness, so that, whenever they came near their mother, their ignorant child-hearts caught no premonition of the shadow falling upon them, and the mother was spared the sorrow of a long farewell.

To Mr. Conway, this saddened intercourse was a blessing he could hardly comprehend. Daily and hourly to share Fanny's deepest solicitude, to minister, with her, the most loving comfort, to sustain her under the gradual but terrible burden that was gathering upon her heart, was all that he could have asked.

It was mid-autumn—long, warm, smoky days. Just at evening, when Mrs. Hurlburt's pain seemed to subside, and she grew calmer and more at rest, Mr. Conway and Fanny would walk down into the garden. He watched sadly the grave lines which settled more and more about the mouth, the deeper look in the eyes; but, oh! how gladly did he see and feel the growing reliance on him, which she betrayed in every act! The weight of her little hand on his arm grew more trusting, and his heart was full to the brim of worship deeper than it had ever known before; for it was the worship of a matured nature, the gathered idolatry of years and of suffering.

We will pass by the blow no human skill could avert. We will pass by the grief no human sympathy could alleviate. Mr. Conway did all in his power to soften the pain and loss.

In time he told Fanny the story of his life and of his love, and he heard the sweetest of all words from the pretty mouth, now wearing some of its mother's patience instead of only laughter. No truer words were ever spoken—no holier ones can be spoken—than those which made them one flesh.

And the pretty mouth now smiles a mother's love on one "sole darling of their house and heart."

THE PAST IS STILL OURS.

The past is still ours! Oh! the beautiful past!

How careless we wandered amid its bright bowers!
Though darkness and clouds may the present o'ercast,

One comfort remaineth—the past is still ours!

The future may darken with sorrow and fear,

The present its burdens may force us to bear—

But magical memory our spirits can cheer,

Can soften our anguish and lighten our care!

The loves of the elden time never grow cold,

The light of its Summers can never wax dim;
Its beauty ne'er fadeeth, its hearts ne'er grow old—

No voice ever fadeeth from out its glad hymn!

Let hope be their motto, who, joyous and gay,

Go wand'ring, as we did, through youth's pleasant bowers.

The burden and heat we have borne of the day,

And thankfully murmur: The past is still ours! L. M.

RUTH'S STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

EVERYBODY called her a stern, cold-hearted old maid, whose greatest pride consisted in having a model farm, and being considered a better housekeeper than her neighbors. When Ruth Davis heard such speeches, she only smiled in a wintry way, without taking the trouble to point out how many acts in her daily life gave the lie to their words.

An old maid she was, there was no denying that, full thirty-five, and always dressed in such a Quakerish fashion that she looked even older. I think a physiognomist would have pronounced her face quiet rather than old. There were lines in it too that looked as if even that calm had not been gained without a struggle. Not exactly pretty even in her best days, certainly not at all so now. Her form instead of rounding and growing plump—the only safeguard for beauty toward middle-age—was angular and thin; and I must confess that she had grown a little stiff and peculiar, as any mortal would who had spent the best years of life in almost entire solitude, at least as far as love and companionship are concerned.

For fifteen years Ruth had been mistress of herself and her possessions. She was not twenty-one when her father died. Since that time she had lived in the old homestead, and whatever her neighbors might think, had made more out of her life than perhaps you or I would have done under similar circumstances.

A year or two before her father's death, people said that she was engaged to Norton James, but nothing ever came of it; and during all that after time the village never could settle satisfactorily which of the two was the jilted and disappointed one. At all events, Norton James married a woman supposed to be rich, as his father's son ought to have done, for the family had little left except the reputation of their grandfather, and a variety of follies and vices which often have a trick of coming down along with an old name.

But I need not tell you all that the neighborhood fancied or believed, for I wish you to hear the story as it really was.

Ruth had been engaged to Norton James—it had been more than the romance of life to her—almost all that seemed beautiful and worth pos-

sessing went out along with the upbreking of that affection.

Old Mrs. James opposed the match because she wished a larger fortune for her son; and Mr. Davis objected to it because he feared that the young man's unsteady habits would settle into downright dissipation, as had been the case with his father, and cause Ruth much unhappiness.

The matter ended. Norton went away for two years. During that time Mr. Davis died, and Norton married—as was natural you will say—so it was, perfectly; human nature is so deliciously consistent!

Ruth Davis buried her father and her youth at the same time, and in the seclusion of her old home she sat down to decide—as we all must—whether her affection should be allowed to grow into a tyrant, that would make her life and that of all about her tenfold more wretched; or whether she should fasten the tomb-stone over her dead, and go on through the wilderness waiting, not for another dawn, but for the stars which should make her night holy.

This was what she did.

Her father's affairs had been somewhat embarrassed owing to his ill health, and a certain incapacity for business which had afflicted him all his life. Ruth found a good tenant for the farm, a man whom she could trust, and who would act under her supervision, in place of the person who had been cheating her father for years—that was her first step. A maiden aunt left her a legacy of several thousand dollars, which served to settle all debts, and put the farm in the complete order which Mr. Davis had always contemplated and never brought about.

Marshes were drained, orchards planted, worn out fields renewed by some mysterious process, which neither you nor I could understand if I tried to describe, and over every one of these reforms and improvements Ruth presided.

So now at the end of fifteen years she owned the finest farm in the county, and might have been a woman of great importance if she had been so minded.

But she had chosen to go her own way. The magnates of the district were kept as much

aloof as the plainest villagers; and long before people had given up trying to make her sociable, taking their revenge by calling her all sorts of unpleasant names, which appears to relieve the feelings of grown people as much as making mouths does those of children.

Stop a moment! Am I giving you the idea that she led the life of a hermit? Bless you, just listen then! She superintended her household affairs—yea, verily, often she made cheese and butter with her own hands; she worked in her flower garden; she was everywhere about her farm, prying into all sorts of places and things, till everybody knew her old gray pony as well as his mistress, and declared that he had grown just as odd and cracked as she.

Now, on the other hand, you will think I am describing an ordinary housewife, such as you know dozens of—possible too; but did it ever occur to you to wonder what every day forces people, whose talent you are bound to recognize, into pursuits which seem totally foreign to the tastes of their early years?

Ruth Davis took to occupation and labor because she found that there was her only safeguard. She put by her romances and the books of poetry she had so loved; she laid aside all thoughts of the life which she had dreamed of with Norton James; visions of Italian plains and Sicilian breezes, and forced herself down to the actual.

I do not say but that she made her life more barren than it need have been, but she could not do otherwise. It was necessary for her to break every link that connected her with the past, and she had done it in her own way.

Most old maids are supposed to have had a disappointment; but people seemed rather to think that Ruth had never married because she loved power and her own will. From the way they talked of her, one would have expected to see a tall, bustling woman, and was perfectly astonished to meet that clear, pale face, with its strangely reticent look, which few people were wise enough to understand.

Ah me! it must have been a hard life, but Ruth complained to nobody: would not even listen to her own troubles. Perhaps you can picture those years to yourself; if not, so much the better for you; but she had passed through it, far beyond the first bitterness, as we all do if we only have that patience and fortitude which it is so hard to gain.

It was a pleasant spring day, and Ruth was out among her flowers, when she received the tidings which swept a sudden wave into the monotony of her life.

"Wal, Miss Davis," said farmer Joyce, as he paused for an instant's chat, after a consultation about the duties of the week; "so Norton James is a comin' back to his mother's old place this summer."

She had not heard his name mentioned for years, she would not have been human could she have listened to it with indifference. She was kneeling before a troublesome vine that would not consent to grow in a proper shape, so that the old man could not see her face, and the inarticulate murmur which died in her throat he took for the only answer her taciturnity would permit.

"They say he didn't make sich a grand match, after all; anyhow, he's a widower, and comin' here. I don't think much of a man that daudles half his life away in furrin parts."

She was still busy over the vine; anyway she was always sparing of her words, and Joyce liked the sound of his own voice too well to wonder at her silence.

"That family has come down awful!" continued he. "Lord, they used to hold their head high enough. The mother was a proud one—she was a sort of cousin of her husband; ef he'd a had her sperit they'd kept rich. Bat somehow the men was a daudin', consaty set—see how they ended—the old man dranked and eat himself to death—Henry wan't no better; and, as for Norton, if all's true——"

Ruth turned quietly round, and he stopped.

"Suppose we attend to our own business, Mr. Joyce; that of my neighbors does not interest me."

"Lord, Miss Davis, how you do take a body up! Wal, you're right, and you allays be—I'll say that—you're sometimes uncommon short; but you hit the nail on the head every time."

He changed his rake to the other shoulder, filled his mouth with tobacco, regarded her for an instant with profound admiration, and shuffled away through the garden.

Ruth picked up her tools and went into the house. She could work no more among her flowers that morning.

She did something very unusual in her experience—left everything and went to her room, sat down there and gave herself up to an hour's reverie.

Very sad it must have been. She shed no tears, but the pale face softened and grew troubled, as the clear gray eyes looked back across the desert into the green plains of her youth.

A voice from below aroused her—very prosaic as was fit. She needed a shock to bring her out of that unusual state.

"Miss Davis! Miss Davis! The brindle cow's bruck into the drying yard, and there ain't no men about."

Down stairs went Miss Davis, and out into the drying yard, from which she exiled the cow without the slightest ceremony, utterly regardless of the threatening horns of the animal, or the screams of her domestics, who stood safely ensconced in the kitchen window.

She fastened the boards, and into the house she walked.

"Girls, if you are tired of screaming, perhaps you will go back to work."

That was all she said; but they started as if she had fired a shell into their camp, and flew about their tasks with unusual activity.

As for Ruth, she was very busy all day. Once or twice she stopped to smile as she thought of the difference between the old life, which had been so rudely brought before her and the present; but that was all.

For several days she seemed fated to hear more of Norton James than she had done during all those years which had elapsed since his departure. Every neighbor that came to the house had some wonderful information to give concerning him, but it was all received in Ruth's usual manner. She had accustomed herself to hearing the name now, and no matter how suddenly it was pronounced, her self-possession could not be disturbed.

It was a week after—the close of a beautiful day. Ruth stood on the verandah looking down toward the road. She saw the gate open, and, for the first time in sixteen years, Norton James walked up the winding path. She knew him at once. It was the same easy, careless gait; for a second her heart throbbled almost as it had done in the old time when she stood and watched him approach. When he came near enough for her to distinguish his features, her first sensation was one of womanly pity—his face was so changed and worn, as if by habitual ill health.

I really believe, elderly growing woman though she was, that Ruth's impulse was to run and hide herself for a few moments before meeting him. Then she stood perfectly still.

He saw her at last, lifting his glass to his eyes—for he was very near-sighted—and she caught the start of surprise he gave when convinced that he was not mistaken.

She went down and met him on the steps.

"You hardly knew me," she said. "I recognized you by your walk. How do you do?"

She held out her hand, and he took it warmly, although he appeared a little disturbed by her abruptness. He had lived in the world, and

would probably have run off a string of pretty phrases; but that was just what Ruth wished to prevent.

"I am very glad to see you," she continued. "I heard, several days ago, that we were neighbors."

"Again," he said, in a low tone; but Ruth did not seem to hear it. "I am glad you are pleased to see me," he continued. "Coming back to the old place has been sad work—all my friends gone, or so changed as no longer to be the same."

It was the familiar voice. How the years swept back like clouds of mist as she listened!

"Do you find me greatly altered?" he asked.

"I should have known you. Are you in poor health?"

"It amounts to nothing—I have not been quite well. But you—you are——"

He hesitated. She had a little womanly pang, but answered, with her rare smile,

"I know what you mean—I have grown old. Well, I must expect it."

"Oh! I did not mean that!" he exclaimed, annoyed that his face had shown his feelings so plainly. "But you dress so differently, and you don't wear curls."

"I have not done such a thing for years. I should scandalize the whole neighborhood."

She invited him into the house, but he preferred staying there; so she brought out chairs, and they sat down upon the porch.

"This seems very natural," he said, after a little pause.

"I often sit here," she answered, quietly.

"Have you come back to live?"

"Yes—I think so—I hardly know. I am alone in the world, except Bessie."

"Your daughter, you mean?"

"Yes. A pretty child. I want you to see her. I was tired of roaming about the world, so I thought I would come back to the old place and try farming."

"Will you like it?"

"Oh! it doesn't make much difference," he answered, a little drearily. "I shall come to you for advice. They say you have a better head for business than any man in the county. I am sure that old place of ours looks forsaken enough."

"I think Millet has done tolerably well with the farm," she said; "the land is very much worn out."

"Oh! I dare say I don't know about such things," he answered, carelessly. "The house has gone to wreck terribly, and the old furniture quite gave me the horrors."

That speech jarred a little on Ruth. To her whatever was hallowed by association and memory became precious indeed.

"It's painful, you know," he went on. "To you, who have not changed your home, it is pleasant to see the things you remember as a child; but with me——"

He broke off with a half-sigh, which made her feel guilty at having so misinterpreted his first words.

"Your little daughter must be a great blessing to you," she said.

"The only thing on earth that loves me," he answered. "She is a very remarkable child—a great companion for me already."

"How old is she?"

"Only twelve; but, as far as study goes, much farther advanced than most girls of sixteen."

"She has your old taste for books?"

"Quite; she is more industrious than I was. Do you read novels still?"

"Oh! no. I am a farmer now, you know—as commonplace and hardworking as possible."

"But one should never give wholly up to the actual. I should die if I could not feed my imagination."

Ruth thought of all her struggles to gain rest. She wondered what would have become of her had she not learned to restrain her fancy, instead of fostering its dreamy tendencies.

"You have been a great traveler," she said, quickly.

"Oh! yes," he replied, with the listless manner, which he only shook off at intervals. "But one grows very tired of that."

"I believe one can be happier settled quietly in a home."

"I have almost forgotten the meaning of the word; it is so long since I have had one. Bessie and I must try to make one now. May I bring my pet down to see you?"

"Of course, I should like you to, Mr. James."

"Don't call me that. I want to hear the old name once more; nobody calls me by that now."

"Norton, then," she said, with a little pressure on her throat that made the word difficult of utterance.

"Thank you, Ruth! That seems more natural. I don't believe in old friends being ceremonial. Now, I want to come and see you often. I shall have nobody to speak to, here, but you and Bessie."

"You may come whenever you like."

"But you work—you are always busy——"

"I have leisure sometimes."

"And I am a sad drone—I like to dream as well as ever."

He said that with one of his old smiles that made his face young again. It affected her as it does when we see suddenly the portrait of a dead friend.

He sat there until it was growing quite dusk; then he arose, saying,

"Poor little Bessie must think me lost. You see I study my own comfort still."

He went away, and, as the evening was growing a little chill, Ruth entered the house.

Anybody, looking at her, as she sat in her old-fashioned arm-chair, would have thought she looked a little stiffer and more old-maidish than ordinary. How it would have astonished those who had known her all her life, could they have gained an insight into her thoughts and feelings!

Poor, lonely life! I wonder if you know what it is to go about for years, with a weight on your heart that gradually presses youth out, and never once, during all that time, to have been able to make your suffering known to any human being!

Well, there she sat—an old maid that she was—when the clock struck an hour far beyond her usual bedtime. Ruth looked up, quite shocked to find she had been dreaming like a girl, and that her cheeks were wet with such tears as she seldom allowed herself to shed.

A couple of days after, Norton came to the house with his daughter—a bright, intelligent child, with eyes like her father.

Ruth could see that she had been spoiled, but her affection for James was beautiful to witness. She forgot will and selfishness in her care for his comfort.

"I want this lady to like you very much, Bessie," Norton said. "Ask her if you may call her aunt?"

"May I?" she demanded. And from that time the girl called her "aunt Ruth."

Perhaps she thought of a dearer name that ought to have been hers, with a throb and a pang, but that was only momentary. Poor Ruth!

From that time, Norton James was a constant visitor at the house, and, usually, Bessie came with him. He always had advice to ask of Ruth—he made her ride over his farm—listened to her plans of improvement, sometimes with pleasure—but oftener he looked annoyed.

"What a manager!" he said. "You really tire my poor head with your knowledge."

His visits interfered sadly with her duties—

for he disliked any appearance of work—and, before many weeks were over, he had several times left the house in his old spoiled-boy fashion, because he was annoyed at finding her engaged in some household employment.

Almost unconsciously she yielded to his influence, as she had done during their youthful days. She found her old love revived for the romances and poems he brought to read to her. She allowed him to dictate in the old way, and was quite content, self-willed and self-reliant as people considered her.

Bessie and she became very good friends, and any jealousy that the girl might otherwise have felt was set at rest by a lazy, selfish confession which her father made, without the slightest hesitation, but which might not have been so satisfactory to Ruth had she heard it.

Norton James was a man of good abilities, but his faculties were not of the order which would have made him an active business man, or politician, and they had been frittered away until his energy was quite gone. He had a great love for the beautiful, but, like all weak natures, he supposed because that was the case he had a perfect right to shrink from contact with anything which disturbed that worship.

He was indolent, proud of his family, sensuous in his tastes, which he had all his life indulged without the slightest regard to the comfort of those around him. He was just the man to be petted and cared for, and to become a tyrant, all the while rather believing himself neglected and ill-used.

His wife had been a handsome, refined woman. He loved her after a fashion. Probably the sincerest feeling he had known had been for Ruth; but the original sentiment was now so covered up, under a stratum of selfishness, that it would hardly have recognized itself.

Gradually a perception of his character forced itself upon Ruth; but I do not suppose that it changed her feelings toward him. I have read and heard of grand, strong characters, who can throw off a weakness at will, who, when they find themselves deceived in a loved object, can cast it aside, and search again for the real presence of which that affection was only the shadow; but I have not met such people, and certainly Ruth was not one.

The summer passed, and, when autumn came, Norton James asked her to be his wife. It was a selfish avowal. He must have been surprised at the way it was made himself.

"I wish you would come and take care of Bessie and me for good and all."

They were in her sitting-room. He had been

telling her of his troubles. His farmer cheated him—his stocks seemed always at discount—the house was cheerless. And so it came about.

Ruth sat looking at him silently.

"You will not do it?" he said, the red coming into his cheeks. "Why do you look at me so? I know I ought not to ask you to marry me—you are too good for me. I don't talk romance or sentiment, for I know you don't care about it;"—he had fully settled that in his own mind—"but I think we might be very happy. Will you marry me, Ruth?"

Perhaps, if she had yielded to her first impulse, he would have obtained a clearer idea of her character; but she conquered that and sat still, growing a little paler, but betraying no other emotions.

"Can't you answer, Ruth? I see you hate me—you blame me for the past—for what was not my fault——"

She put out her hand. That gesture checked him.

"I did not expect this," she said; "it has taken me by surprise."

"You do not care for me! Well, why should you? I am a disappointed, broken man——"

"You know I have always loved you," she interrupted, speaking firmly; "I love you now. Please to go away, Norton. You shall have your answer to-morrow."

She looked so like her old self at that moment, that I think something of the pure, honest sentiment of his boyhood came back.

"I do love you, Ruth!" he exclaimed; "I have, all my life. Let us be happy at last!"

He went on rapidly, speaking with passion, which thrilled her as it had done in the old time; but it made her so weak and confused that she could not trust herself to listen.

"Come to-morrow," she repeated; and when he saw how distressed and pale she looked, he yielded to her request and left her.

Ruth took that night to decide. She loved him with more than the affection of the young, with the entire devotion of a woman; but she saw his faults clearly—she passed them in review. Dear as he was, there was a question. Could she be certain of happiness in giving up the quiet and freedom of her life? She saw that he was selfish, that he would lean entirely upon her; but she did not love him the less for that—the feeling might have changed, but it was equally strong.

One thought did not occur to her. She did not perceive that he hardly seemed to consider her a companion in any mental pleasure—he turned rather to Bessie than her—but in other

respects she considered the question fairly, and she decided to be his wife.

He came the next day for his answer. He might have read it in her face—the color had come back to it—the light to her eyes. Ah! a little happiness is good for body and soul.

"Dear, dear Ruth!" he said; and she almost forgot the sea of trouble through which she had passed, as he sat holding her hand and talking of the days to come—always his plans, his wishes; but she did not think of that then.

"And Bessie?" she asked.

"Bessie knows. I will go and bring her."

He came back with the girl. She had been bitterly jealous, but her father had settled that, and she received Ruth's embrace with sufficient good will.

"I love you," she said, in her quaint way; "if you are good to papa and don't come between us, I shall love you more."

Come between them! Ruth shuddered at the idea. She would have wrung her own heart out sooner than have caused that young nature a pang.

They were married before many weeks, to the wonder of the whole neighborhood, but Ruth neither knew nor troubled herself about that.

The first cloud in her married life was giving up her old home—there had been no mention of that, and she had not expected it. Her house was pleasant and comfortable, and the old mansion on the hill cheerless and dreadfully out of repair; but Norton preferred its decayed state to the simplicity of the farm-house.

"I can't breathe here," he said; "these low ceilings stifle me; the Grove is our proper place. You must remember you have a position to keep up."

It cost Ruth a good deal of money to make the house at all habitable; and even then, before she had been two weeks in it, she was frightened at the discomfort and annoyance she foresaw.

The roofs leaked, and the cistern gave way, and all sorts of troubles happened, and then Norton was annoyed because he saw her fretted.

"I hate household details," he said, impatiently; "if you must worry, please don't let me see it."

Ruth answered impatiently; then she remembered her vow of forbearance and let the matter drop, wisely keeping her distresses to herself, and trying not to think that he had been selfish in exposing her to such discomfort, when they might have been so comfortable in her old home.

Before the winter ended, Ruth found her mar-

ried life full of annoyances, which, without the utmost care, would grow into a dark trouble, from which there would be no release.

Norton was extravagant in his tastes, morbid and unhealthy in his feelings, given to fits of despondency, which betrayed themselves in excessive irritability, of course, toward the one who loved him best.

He was very exacting in regard to his comforts. An ill dressed dish upon the table would make him thoroughly ill-humored, and yet he was annoyed when Ruth attended to the details of her household.

It was impossible for her to find domestics who met with his approval; and yet, if she showed at dinner that she had been obliged to go into the kitchen herself, he was always angry.

"One would think you expected to be eaten," he said, "from the way in which you have roasted yourself. I can't see how you can be content with such things—at least, if you find your happiness in them, don't make me uncomfortable. Come, Bessie, I want you to finish that poem; I suppose you don't care to hear it, Ruth."

She was tired and wanted to lie down, not being well, but he never thought of that.

Another thing that troubled her—it seemed a little matter, but it was not so to her—Bessie still called her by the name she had adopted at their first acquaintance.

"I couldn't hear her say mother now Emily is gone," was all Norton said.

I believe that in all the years they lived together, he never more deeply wounded her than by that remark.

She saw that he did not believe her able to be his companion in his mental pursuits; he always turned to Bessie there, and she could not force herself upon him. So, in a measure, she went back to her old life, and as the management of everything devolved upon her, she had occupation enough in all conscience.

She got along with Bessie very well. If the child had been her own she could not have been more tender of her; but Bessie herself had imbibed her father's ideas.

Aunt Ruth was a good woman—she loved her—but it never occurred to her to suppose that she could understand her feelings, or sympathize with the dreams, which, as she grew older, began to haunt her.

Before two years passed away, Ruth learned that she was not to expect happiness from the change she had accepted with such trust.

Her husband did not love her. He had still

a romantic idea connected with her youth; he loved the Ruth of his boyish days, but he seldom appeared to connect her with the woman who was his wife.

They thought her cold and commonplace, but she saw it all clearly, and felt it down to the core of her heart.

How she suffered. Do you know what it is to watch the decay of affection, to mark its increase, day by day, and know that expostulation or entreaty is useless? I think it is worse to bear than a perfidy that comes upon one suddenly! To notice that the daily kiss is often forgotten—that when you enter a room your presence is unobserved—to torture yourself by all manner of petty attempts, which prove that the suspicion was correct, and that a door has been closed between your soul and that of the loved one.

Ruth did not weary her husband by tears or complaints, it would only have made him intolerant of her presence, and she contented herself with doing her best to make his home happy.

She had found it necessary, one day, to reprove Bessie, and, though it was gently done, the girl was too unaccustomed to restraint to bear even a word.

"You have no right to speak to me in that way, aunt Ruth," she said, "and I shall tell papa."

She did go to him. Soon after, Ruth saw the two walking lovingly under her window—she did not attempt to join them. She heard them talk of her. It was only the proof of what she had known before, but it was none the less painful.

"Ruth does not understand us, my darling," Norton said; "but you must bear with her."

"I believe she cares for nothing but house keeping and making money," returned Bessie, passionately.

"She is good and kind," he replied; "she does not love books as we do—the beautiful is not essential to her happiness; but you must love her, my dear!"

"So I do; but I don't like to be scolded!"

"You shall not be. I will speak to her."

If she had been the girl's nurse, they might have spoken of her like that, was her bitter thought.

Her old impatience did flash up when he spoke to her about Bessie. She was a peculiar girl—her feelings were strangely acute—she must be carefully guarded. Ruth did not quite consider all that such delicate organizations required.

He was hurt and indignant when she replied, and went away feeling that he really bore with a great deal.

When they had been married three years, a mania for speculation seized Norton, and not all Ruth's advice nor entreaties could deter him from yielding to it.

The consequence was that he lost the greater part of his property, and seriously embarrassed that of Ruth.

They were obliged to leave the Grove and go back to the farm-house. It was the only consolation the wife had in that time of trouble.

Then Norton's health failed—symptoms of the pulmonary disease inherent in his family began to develop themselves, and, before many months went by, Ruth knew that the worst was to be dreaded.

It was useless to attempt to prepare either him or Bessie for the event—neither would have listened.

So she bravely put by her own suffering—she tended him constantly.

The strangest thing was to see the astonishment it caused both him and Bessie to discover that she had so many tastes in common with them.

How often when she made a criticism upon a book, which they felt to be so much more correct than their own, they looked as if wondering where she gained the ideas.

I really believe that, up to the last, Norton supposed she had acquired all this from companionship with him. Human egotism is such that I don't think anything short of the strong light of eternity would make mortals capable of seeing things as they are.

Norton was sick for a year; a difficult patient to take care of—his natural irritability added to that produced by the disease made it very hard to bear with him.

During this interval, Bessie frequently gave out, and had to undergo fits of terrible repentance; but Ruth never once forgot her promise and her trust.

I think she had her reward. When, soothed and encouraged by her presence and words, he was floating down toward the infinite, he laid Bessie's hand in hers, saying,

"Love and reverence her, my child—you can never do so enough."

So he died, and Ruth buried with him all but the remembrance of love and affection.

But her life had wrought its own reward at last. When Bessie threw herself into her arms, crying, "Mother! mother!" she folded her to her heart with a gush of inexpressible thankfulness.

She knew that now existence would be more peace than in the dream which had so long complete than ever before, that in her love for haunted her, and, feeling this, she was content that child she was henceforth to find more

RABBI AKIBO.—A VERSIFICATION.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

RABBI AKIBO, forced to quit his home,
O'er barren wastes and dreary wilds to roam,
By persecution driven from the joys
Of wealth and pleasure's ever-changing toys,
Took with him on his solitary tramp,
That he might see to read by dark, a lamp,
A cock to wake him at the early day,
And a lean donkey, which he rode away.
Beneath th' horizon slowly sank the sun
Upon that poor, forsaken, exiled one,
Who for his weary body had no bed,
Nor any pillow for his aching head.
Sick with fatigue, and from much travel lame,
At length to a small, peopled place he came—
Found human folk, but no humanity,
No food, no rest, no common charity,
And so he plodded, and in solitude,
To the kind shelter of a neighboring wood.
Rabbi Akibo thought it very hard
That every house the wanderer should discard,
Nor shield him from the bleak, inclement blast,
Nor from the big rain, falling thick and fast.
"But God is just," he said, "whate'er the rest—
And what He does is always for the best."

And so he sat him down beside a tree,
Lighted his lamp and read right cheerily;
But read he not a single page before
His lamp blew out, and he could see no more.
"What!" thought the Rabbi, "can't I be allowed
Even to read?" And then he spoke aloud,
"But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what He does is always for the best."

Then, glad, and ready for a little sound,
Refreshing sleep, he lay along the ground.
No sooner did his heavy eyelids close,
In the soft luxury of deep repose,
Before a gaunt wolf killed the wakeful cock,
And thus deprived him of his morning clock.
"What new misfortune must I now sustain?

My vigilant companion—is he slain?
How, henceforth, shall I waken, with the light,
To learn'd pursuits, that all my grief requite?
But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what He does is always for the best."

Scarcely had he so spoken, when there came
A hungry lion, with his eyes on flame,
And—oh! unhappy hour that he was born!—
Ate his poor donkey where he stood forlorn.
"And now, what's to be done?" the Rabbi said—
"My lamp put out! the cock, the donkey dead!
But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what He does is always for the best."

Rabbi Akibo passed a sleepless night,
But, with the dawning of the earliest light,
Went back into the village that, at least,
He might endeavor to obtain a beast,
His pack to carry, as he journeyed on—
But, strange to tell, both beasts and men were gone:
A band of fierce banditti from the woods
Had killed the folk, and plundered all their goods.
Rabbi Akibo turned his streaming eyes,
When he recovered from his great surpris,
Unto that azure Heaven, which towers above,
The holiest type of purity and love,
And then, as one who wishes to rejoice
Out of his heart, he lifted up his voice:
"Oh! Thou good God! these mortal men are blind,
And Thou alone art merciful and kind!
Had they not sent me forth with words of hate,
I should have shared their miserable fate—
Had not my lamp been quenched, its little ray
Perchance had led the robbers on my way—
If my poor brute companions had not died,
Their noise had drawn the danger to my side—
And had I slept, devoid of care and pain,
I too, like them, would surely have been slain!
Oh! God is just, and I, His servant, blest—
And what He does is always for the best!"

IT IS WELL!

BY GRACE GORDON.

WEEP not for the child from thy tenderness riven
Ere the blight of the world o'er its pure spirit fell;
Resign the bright gift to the hand whence 'twas given,
In the arms of our Saviour we know it is well!

It is well with the child! There no dark cloud of sorrow
May come o'er the spirit, its joys to dispel;
That young heart may never know care for the morrow.
Is it well with the child? Yes, we know it is well!

It is well with the child! True, the love-ties must sever,
That bound him to us, in the land where we dwell;
But, though life's radiant charn hath departed forever
To dwell with the angels, we know it is well.

Weep not for the child from thy tenderness riven
Ere the shadows of earth o'er its purity fall.
"Of such," we are told, "is the kingdom of Heaven,"
And, trusting in this, we can say: "It is well!"

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 211.

CHAPTER IX.

IN M—— county, Pennsylvania, there is a sleepy, country village, with no road connecting it with any great thoroughfare. A close, shut-in hamlet, into which the Dutch farmers ride stolidly on market days with their crops, and where the housewives make butter and yeast after the fashion of their grandmothers. There is a narrow, deep creek, which runs through this village, which loses itself afterward among the mountains, and, hundreds of miles further on, empties into the Schuylkill. About half a mile out of the hamlet, at the time of which I tell you, there was a country inn on the shore of the creek, kept by a woman named Chandler, a mere stopping place for an occasional traveler to water his horses and drink a mug of beer himself. The house was small, built of stone, with a garden rich in cucumbers and Lima beans, with borders of hollyhocks opening on the creek. The stream here was deep, fringed with a dark woods, an impenetrable thicket on the other side of thorns and haw-bushes: sinking just below the little garden into a succession of black holes, so deep, unsoundable, the villagers said, that they gave them the name of Hell's Mouths.

To this village Clayton Lashley, in the summer of the year 181—, brought Esther and her child, Pressley, then an infant of a few months old. He took lodging for them in this house, and remained there until in the fall, employing his time with fishing or hunting. His wife never was known to leave the house, except to pace up and down the garden walks each day, with her baby in her arms. Why Clayton had sought this obscure retreat, Robert could not inform me. Our way of accounting for it was, that his finances were terribly straitened. "I was struggling then myself," he said, "and could not help him. He had wasted his share of the estate with debauchery; how he lived at all I never knew. At times he was in possession of unlimited means, and in a few weeks without a dollar. I thought he gambled. There was a horde of river sharks on the border towns

with whom he herded. He may have hid himself in that hamlet until some chance of better luck would come, for the cheap living, or, forgive me, John, he may have thought he could better torture Esther there. She was free from no outrage that his petty, fiendish spirit could devise." Both reasons, I thought, might have influenced him. Yet in this hamlet he had no chance of repairing his fortunes by gambling; he was absent, professedly on hunting expeditions, for weeks at a time, several times during the summer. With regard to his treatment of Esther, the woman Chandler and her servants testified to no positive ill-usage. He was a mild, fair spoken gentleman, pleasant and sociable-like in the house; she, dumb, gloomy, giving vent, now and then, to wild bursts of frantic pain, as if driven to insanity. Caring for nothing, taking no heed to the people about her, clinging only to her baby, from which she was never an instant parted. They never heard an unkind word from her husband to her; at nights, though, they could hear her passionate moans, and his low, even pleasant voice. Sometimes she would escape from the room, carrying her child, and pace the garden walk until morning. They thought her deranged; indeed, her husband hinted as much when they first came. The fact that seemed to have prejudiced the inmates of the house most against her, was her total indifference to them. As if she were in a stupor always, they said; except once, when a neighbor's child fell from the loft, breaking its arm. She roused then, binding the arm as skillfully and tenderly as a surgeon, the slow tears running down her cheeks from pity. When the doctor came, he said, "You have done it as well as I, Mrs. Lashley." The words seemed to hurt her, they said. "I was able to be of use, once," she replied, turning away, "long ago."

It was late in October when the tragedy ended that began years before. Perhaps the easiest and briefest manner for me to give it to you, would be to give such portions of the evidence as bears directly upon it. The trial took place

at the county town some ten miles distant from the village. It was not known far beyond the precincts of the State. The murdered man and the woman accused were alike unknown, and were not identified as belonging to the Lashley family in Virginia until long afterward. Yet the population of that county were intensely excited; boorish Dutch farmers, whose lives had never known a sensation like this before. They made a holiday of it: quit their farm-work, crowded in with their wives and children in carts to hear the trial, listened patiently, during the three days it lasted, and would have listened as patiently if it had lasted a month. This strange, beautiful woman was of a different race from them; they did not know her; she was uncanny, outside of their human sympathy. To be accused was with them to be guilty. Acquittal was only the success of legal juggling; when the woman turned from the prisoner's box then released, but with her innocence far from proven, they drew back from her as one polluted; the coarse *frauen* drew their linsey petticoats, stiff with dirt and grease, away, that they might not touch her as she passed out from them. So my Esther was recovered back into the world. But let me show you how her guilt was proved. That was all that concerned me in those papers. There were many witnesses for the State. The woman Chandler, her two servants, and the hangers-on of the house, were called to testify as to the time Clayton and his wife arrived at the inn, and their manner of living while there. I have spoken of this before. "They had two rooms," the woman said, "apart from the other side of the house: one was the chamber where she mostly stayed with the baby; the other he used to read in, and kept his fishing-tackle there. Never thought they lived happy together, but always suspicioned as 'twas her fault, he was so mild and even spoken. She looked as if she were keeping herself down—down all the time, her face white as if she were bleeding inwardly to death. My Margot said always as he was a fair-faced devil and was a-killin' of her, but that's neither here nor there. The day of the murder, and for days before, Mrs. Lashley had been stiller and puler than usual. She used sometimes, when she was walking with the baby, to croon low songs to it and seem to forget her trouble, sometimes, even laugh to it. But three days she was quiet as death, just dumb, like an animal, clenching up the child close to her breast, and holding it there as if she thought the devils were coming to snatch it from her, going up and down all day hurried, unsteady-like. Mr.

Lashley sat quite quiet in his room, fixing his gun and pistols, watching her now and then out of the corner of his eye. I felt sorry for him. I says to Margot, 'She's gettin' madder and madder;' but Margot says, 'That fiend's gettin' her under 'is foot, that's it.' Toward evening, that day, she put her baby to bed. Then she was sitting by it, when we heard him go and talk to her, for a long time, in a low voice. We couldn't hear what he said, only he was taunting her like, or coaxing, we couldn't tell which. Margot thought one; me, tother. She didn't say a word, until at last something he said seemed to hurt her terrible, for she got up and came close to him. We could hear her walk across the room, and we heard her say low and fierce-like, 'As God lives, Clayton Lashley, this must end! Let me go, give me my baby, or else you or I die!' We heard every word distinct. He didn't answer her, as we could hear. Presently he went out and sat on the bench by the door, playing old tunes on a flute. That seemed to madden her more than all. She held her hands to her head trying to shut out the sound. I thought the tunes meant more to her than all the words."

(Did I know what these old airs were? Those I used to sing with her years ago?) "He put his flute away, and came up to her, where we all could see him, and kissed her, saying, 'Good-by, dear wife!' When he passed us, he said, 'Did you hear what she said? Don't heed her! She is vexed to-night—wilder than usual!' and so went down to the village. About ten o'clock he came back, and went into his room, locking the door on the inside. There was but one other door out of those rooms, and it was at the side opening into the garden. We go to bed early. By eleven the whole house was dead quiet. About three o'clock in the morning I heard a wild, gurgling sort of a cry—a man's voice—smothering-like. I got up, and, while I was putting on my dress, heard it again, but farther off. Couldn't say if it was a man's or a woman's. Went and pounded at Mr. Lashley's door, but got no answer. Heard the child cry, but no one hush it, as she always did. We began to mistrust something was wrong. Margot got a candle, and I brought my key and opened the door. Nobody was in either room. The bed had not been slept in all night. Mr. Lashley's shoes were lying near a lounge on which he used to sleep. There was a candle burning, with a long wick, as if it had stood a long time.

"The door out into the garden was open, and the night wind was blowing in strong. It had rained, and the wind was wet. I remember our

feet sank into the mud when we went out. Margaret and I did go—I taking the lantern, and she hushing the child on her arms—down the garden path to the creek, thinking we heard a sound. We did find some one there. Mrs. Lashley it was. She was crouched down on the bank, looking like a mad-woman, holding something in her hand, trying to clean it on the skirt of her frock. I saw it shine, and went up to her and tried to take it from her. It was a long, sharp knife, covered with blood. She gave it to me. "Don't blame me!" she said, crying like a child. "I was so tired living, I couldn't help but do it." "Where is he?" I said. She pointed down into the water, in the hole they call Hell's Mouth, being so deep. "Did you kill him?" Margaret said. She began to cry again. There was no more sense in her brain then than in a baby's. I just led her into the house and sent for a constable. That is all I can tell you. Everything was left of Mr. Lashley just as he had laid them down. There was no money anywhere, but I got my pay by selling some of their things. His watch he had on that night."

Her daughter, Margaret, testified to the same, only adding her evident conviction of the ill treatment given to the prisoner by the deceased, which she dwelt on out of pity, yet which only added to the proofs of her probable guilt.

Reuben Simms also appeared, and was sworn.

"Am a constable for M—— county," he said. "Was summoned by Mrs Chandler on the night of the murder. Arrested prisoner pursuant to warrant of Judge Johns. Examined the garden path early the following morning, and found marks of footsteps of two persons in the soft clay. Some of the marks appeared to be made by man's feet in woolen hose, the others were smaller, like a woman's. The prisoner's shoes exactly corresponded to them. The little wicket-gate opening out to the creek was half-wrenched from its hinges, as by a violent struggle. On the immediate bank of the creek, where the clay was soft and deep, there were traces of some violent struggle having taken place. The small bushes were torn up, the same marks of the two footsteps still continuing. I found, also, clots of blood in several places, a large pool of blood in another. The prisoner's arm was cut obliquely, yet could hardly have bled so profusely as to have left these proofs. Prisoner, when taken, seemed perfectly passive; said she did not know if she had killed him or not; that she was trying to kill herself; had gone there to do it; and that he stopped her.

Cried a little when we took her baby from her; then said it was all right."

Floyd Bach was also sworn. His testimony was as follows: "Was fishing in the creek two days after the murder. My hook caught down in the brushwood. Was fishing in Hell's Mouth, or just below it. Found a man's jacket fastened to my line. Found the name of C. Lashley on some papers in the pocket. There was no watch in the pocket—no money—only a three-dollar bill in one corner. Found afterward a silk handkerchief in the same hole, floating on the water. Know it to be Mr. Lashley's, as it was rather peculiar: white silk, with purple thistles worked on it. He was dainty about such things; kept himself perfumed; this handkerchief was perfumed."

There was but little other evidence. The body of Clayton Lashley was never found, though the deep hollows were dragged with but little hope of success; for nothing once lost in them had ever returned. The body, even if it rose, might catch on some of the jagged rocks of the sides, and so be retained. Clayton's horse was found at his stable in the village, where he had left him the day before. The presumption strong upon every mind was that the woman's crime had long been contemplated; that, by some trick, she had lured him to the water's edge, then struggled with him, and, nerved by madness to unnatural strength, thrust him in. Had her counsel been able to establish the plea of insanity, her full and free acquittal would have been secure; but unfortunately, after her first arrest, her demeanor was calm, self-possessed, and composed. She then persisted in denying her guilt, alleging that, in despair, she had attempted to kill herself, but had been stopped by her husband; that she had struggled with him; knew not what had become of him, if he had fallen in the pool or returned to the house. This incoherent tale had little effect upon the minds of any of the hearers. No one doubted her guilt. Yet the sober Pennsylvania farmers who composed the jury were averse to hanging a woman, especially from circumstantial evidence. She was acquitted; in the States there is no middle ground; in Scotland the verdict would have been, "not proven;" here it was not guilty; but the woman went abroad with as black a curse as Cain's clinging to her, whatever doubtful pity had been evoked by the tale of cruelty practiced upon her, destroyed by her cold, quiet composure.

The coldness of utter despair. I understood it well. Not at the shame or agony that had

fallen upon her; but that now, for her child's sake, she must give up her child. Robert took it before the trial. "I offered her a home, protection," he said; "but she refused both, would accept no aid, wishing, I think, to die. The child was with her in prison. I sent her a written agreement to take him, adopt him as my own, save him from the blot of her shame. I wrote kindly; I felt nothing but kindness toward her; if she sinned grievously, her temptation was grievous. I gave her three days to decide. When I came to the jail to know her resolve, she did not speak; gave me the child, her face as immovable, death-like as it had been since her arrest. She kissed the baby without a word, and gave it to me. Her look told me enough. I knew that God would deal with me and mine as I dealt with her boy. There was a stain of blood on the child's cheek where the mother had kissed it."

"And that is all, Robert?" I asked.

"That is all."

CHAPTER X.

He could not help me in my search; the time spent in coming to The Oaks had been lost. I was thoroughly balked. Where to begin the search for this woman, lost for forty years, whose name even was forgotten, I knew not.

"Do you think," Robert suggested, "she would return to the house you built for her? It has been vacant for many years, has partially fallen into decay. Clayton kept her there at first."

"She never returned to it," I said. I knew the woman's soul. "I will leave you, to-morrow, Robert. When I have found her, saved her, if that may be, I will return."

I hardly heard his arguments or reproaches. She was not dead, as he said. She lived and needed me. I should find her. We were in the library that evening; Emmy's little work-table was open; her sewing, her dainty little thimble and scissors lay upon it: the trifles had a curious interest for me; they were womanly, homelike; my poor, little Esther would have been thus womanly, gentle, if her fate had been different. Emmy was not there. I sat in the warm evening fire-light toying with the trifles with a reverent hand. My brother paced the room quietly.

"John," he said, pausing by my chair, "I have told Emmy this story. I told her to-day."

I looked up inquiringly.

"Why did I pain her? Because I thought it right to justify myself; to explain why I came

between her and her happiness. I wished her to see, to comprehend why Pressley was not a fit husband for her."

"Did she comprehend?"

"Why no," said the old man, fidgeting with his chain. "The truth is, John, women are unaccountable creatures. They've no common sense, when they love. I believe, in my soul, that girl cared twice as much for the boy when she heard his mother came so near being hanged. And I suppose, if he was going to be hung himself, she'd marry outright."

I could not help but smile. "Robert, may I speak to Emmy of this?"

"Yes, surely. But what can she know?"

"Much. More than you or I. She is a woman, and a pure, loving woman. Her instinct will teach her the truth. She is coming. Look at her on the lawn yonder. Look, Robert, how the black children crowd round her, how simple and child-hearted she is! Worthy of happiness. Robert, brother—don't deny it to her."

His thin lips trembled. "God help us all, John! I cannot give her to the son of a woman with bloody hands."

He left the room abruptly as Emmy entered. My face was turned from her. I did not look up; she came and seated herself beside me. After awhile, placing a screen between my face and the fire, then softly closing the door: trying in different ways to let me feel some one cared for me, loved me. How Esther would love this little girl!

"Emmy," I said, turning to her, "you have heard that long-ago story?"

She tried to speak, but could not, took my hands in both of hers caressingly and sobbing outright, clasped my poor gray head in her arms. "Oh, uncle John! what a sad, sad life! Nobody is so sorry for you as I!"

"Emmy," I said, after a moment, "was she guilty, do you think?"

She lifted her head proudly, her indignant face on fire. "Do you doubt her? She was as innocent as a saint in heaven."

"I do not doubt her, child. I only tried you. I must find her—Esther, prove her innocence. Not for your sake or mine, child, though that is much to hope for. But for her—Esther. My little Esther!"

She did not try to console me, only stroked my hand softly.

"I hoped to find some trace of her through Robert," I said, at last; "thought she would linger about the old homestead, but I have been disappointed. If I knew where to go—"

"She could not be here now, you know," she hesitated.

"What do you mean, child?"

"You will find her in one place," she said, turning away her head, the crimson blood mounting to her face. "Wherever Pressley is. He is her son, you know."

I sprang up "I knew a woman's instinct could not fail. Right, Emmy. Let me find Pressley, and I will not long be unsuccessful in my search for her. She could never leave him. Never."

CHAPTER XI.

To find Pressley. That proved to be not the work of a day nor an hour. I left The Oaks the ensuing morning and returned to Pittsburg. As I passed through one of the ravines of the hills, some miles from the house, I was stopped by an old, red-shirted farmer, one of Robert's tenants.

"You're from The Oaks, sir?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me if young Mr. Lashley—Pressley, I mean, is thereabout? Or where he's to be found? My business is pressing with him."

I answered the man carelessly in the negative and rode on, struck, however, as I turned away, by his eager, perplexed face.

I reached Pittsburg late one night. But I would not defer my business until morning. Too much time had already been lost. On the boat, Pressley had once mentioned the house in which he was employed. I found it on one of the wharves; but it was closed, and only a sleepy porter responded. Did not know Mr. Lashley. Mr. Coates could give me the information. He was head clerk, and knew the places of residence of all the clerks in the house.

I found Mr. Coates: an old bachelor, boarding at the Monongahela House, giving a dinner party to some rakish young men. "Know Mr. Lashley? Certainly. Clever young fellow. Rather glum. Wouldn't I come in and join them? Have a capital song after awhile and some fine champagne. No? Lashley? Well, Lashley left the firm some time since, resigned his place, said he was going into another business, out of town. Did not say what. Very sorry he could give no other information. Mr. Hoyt, the book-keeper, might know. He had settled accounts with Lashley before leaving. Hoyt lived in No. — in the Diamond."

I found Hoyt. It was a dark night, a dull, unquiet rain blowing in my face. My heart was falling back into its old weak dependency.

Success seemed far off—all the old years of pain rose up to contradict my hope. I found this man, as I said—Hoyt, late at night. A quiet, meek, old man, with the down-trodden, submissive air of an old clerk. The sign is infallible. Brightening into a womanish smile as he led me into his little parlor with its shabby carpet and worn chairs. "The wife and children were in bed long ago: this was his time for a little reading. Always tried to keep up his classical tastes. Read a little Latin every night. It was pleasant, and then—he could help the boys on." *Viri Romæ* lay on the table. "Young Lashley? Indeed, yes, he knew him well. Mr. Lashley often took tea with them on Sunday evenings, seemed glad to come, as if he was homesick and liked quiet. But he was gone now. Left very suddenly two weeks before. Came to him to draw his salary, and say Good-by. He—Hoyt, asked him where he was going; but Lashley replied that he could not tell; did not know yet himself. You're not well, Pressley, boy, I said. He was looking pale and haggard. 'Oh! quite well. Very strong and hearty. Worth a dozen fellows that don't play cricket yet,' he said, with a forced laugh. It was forced, I saw. I have been troubled ever since. He had a harassed, worn look I never saw before, his eye wandering, as if his very life was uncertain before him, unsteady. I've never seen him since. I hope no harm has come to the boy."

That was all. So I turned out into the night and the black cursed city, in which foulness and impurity have seemed to make a dwelling-place, as tired and hopeless a man as trod her streets that night.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE weeks after that I visited Hoyt again. Three weeks of constant baffling and disappointment. I had not found Pressley. That he had left the city I proved in many ways, discovering also, that he had spoken to several persons of his absence as being, in all probability, one of years. Farther I found no clue. It may have been that a younger man would not have found in this balk omen of defeat, but I did. Until then I had not known with what vital energy I had thrown myself into this work; how Esther, the weary, deserted woman, filled my every thought, was dearer, more a part of my life's blood, than Esther young and fair had ever been. The low, hopeless cry I had heard twice, as of one in mortal agony, haunted me. I walked the streets night after

night like a madman, hoping, praying to hear that cry again; nearer; to see the living woman lost for half a life-time, if but for a moment. I never heard it. There were wretched forms enough among those that jostled me; hers never came.

Three weeks, that seemed like years, had passed. Utterly foiled, not knowing where to turn, I found myself one evening going, mechanically, down the narrow street in the Diamond leading to the clerk, Hoyt's house. A faint hope that he might have heard or discovered something in that time, led me on, unreasonable as it was. I was disappointed. The old man took me again into his little parlor, was eager, anxious, troubled, but knew nothing. He had inquired, (for he was uneasy about the boy,) had inquired at car-depots and boat-landings, but could find no trace of him. "The poor young man was singularly destitute of friends," he said, "did not associate much with the other clerks, being shy and grave, though they liked him; as generous a fellow as lives. Liked best to come here, as I said, on Sunday evenings, and chat with me or romp with the young ones." He sat silent a long time, drumming with his fingers on the table, looking gravely in the fire. "Lashley had gathered about him more paupers than any young man ever I knew," he said, at last; "he was credulous to a fault, if it is a fault to trust—I don't know. But he had regular constituents that came to him once a week—the boys at the warehouse and counting-room chaffed him well about it. I was thinking that among them we might catch a clue. They would be more apt to ferret out his movements than any one else." I said nothing; the remark seeming to me trifling. If Pressley had gone, as I concluded he had, with his mysterious charge, to fulfill his duty to it, whatever that might be, he would leave no trace so easily found as this behind him. Hoyt, however, proceeded in his maundering talk, as if thinking aloud.

"That poor soul now that he was so kind to last summer—no shamming in that suffering—some chance of finding out there. If anybody would know she would."

"Who?"

"A woman, one of Pressley's clients, as the boys called the people he was kind to. This one he found at an hospital; Dylke, the porter, said she sent for him. Was low with typhoid there, brought on by starvation, I guess; after she got stronger, she kept a little apple stand in Penn street, used to take in washing when she was able. I remember, once a week, she would

bring the boy's collars, shining like paper, to him at his desk, done up in white paper. Never would take a cent for doing them, he told me."

"Do you know her name?"

"Never heard it. She never told Pressley, and he wouldn't ask. A born gentleman, that boy. Was queer about that woman. Lashley told me once her presence troubled him with an old, uncertain memory. He could not define or place it; but it impressed him in this way; that always this woman's face had been near to him, followed him since he was a baby. Never saw such gratitude as hers, such a hungry, eager look as she would have, standing by his desk when she brought the collars, waiting for him to look up and smile. When he did, going away contented. I saw her, one day, lingering about watching him, when he happened to throw an old quill-pen away. She snatched it up and carried it off, quick, with her. I saw her kiss it, as she went out, like a mad woman."

I got up, feeling blind, giddy. "Take me to this woman. Can you?"

"Surely I can. It's only a step," looking at me wonderingly, and going for his hat.

I do not know how far it was. I think Hoyt was silent as we went, for I remember no sound, but a keen ringing in my ears.

The street where we found the house, was, in truth, but a narrow alley, foul, stifling with impure smells and smoke. Hoyt stopped before a shanty of one room. The window-blind of paper was closely drawn.

"Will you leave me?" I said, abruptly. "Forgive me; but I must see this woman alone."

He shook hands with me kindly, and left me. I think now he thought another story than Pressley's lay beneath.

I descended a step or two in the pavement going to the door. It was but a frame of unplanned boards; unlocked, giving way as I turned the latch. Dwellings like this have no need of bolts. I entered; the room was vacant. She, for I knew whom I was to meet, was not there.

A low, underground chamber, with but one square window opening on the brick pave outside. Clean; she could not be impure; but with the black damp oozing through wall and floor. The open fire-place held but a few burnt cinders, no fire had been lighted there for days. A pine table, a broken chair, a rough chest; that was all. So Esther lived. I sat down on the chair—where she had rested—tried to collect my thoughts. She had followed her son—Emmy was right; the mother instinct in her

would keep her at his side, while he and she yet lived.

Then, in God's name, where was he? What horrible secret was this which he hid? Could I be wrong? Could this woman only be a grateful pauper, as Hoyt thought, and not Esther? The chest was partly open. I did not feel that I did wrong, as I went to it, opening it, looking in for some trace of her I sought.

A faded, rusty dress of black, a patched flannel shawl, carefully folded; a worn Bible, without a name or mark on the leaves; some receipts for washing done, that was all. No. In one corner, a small package, wrapped in white, soft paper, a baby's dress, yellow with age, the skirt tucked and embroidered; the dress complete, to the little gauze flannel shirt. I turned it over in my shaking fingers. Was this the dress the mother, tried for murder, had taken from her baby yonder in the prison? All that was left to her of her child? There fell out a tiny coral necklace, on the gold clasp the word, "Pressley." So, this was all. She had given up her child for her child's sake. In these long years of groveling under men's feet, of pain, starvation, she had held this holy relic of the child she might have had—the something that might have been. And as her mother's breast shriveled away, untouched by her baby's fingers, and her lips grew dry and hard, un-kissed by loving lips, do we blame her if, sometimes, she had cried out bitterly, "Was this well done, oh! God?" I asked of myself, that day, holding those little yellow clothes in my hand, heavier in pathos, I thought, than any shroud, *Was it well done?* I opened the little Bible again: there were faint pencil lines along the margins in some places. By one of them I read, "*Thou hast known my soul in adversities:*" and again, "*He hath brought me up out of the horrible pit; and He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall hear it, and fear, and trust in the Lord.*" I laid the book down. There are moments in life when a sudden light flashes over all the past, all the future. It came now: a conviction, a recognition of the uses of all pain. "It has been sent," I said, looking up to the sky, my eyes dry, perhaps, but my heart flooded with tears—"it is well borne, if it has brought her to Thy feet." Let me be silent on this thought. There are some lessons life teaches us, too solemn to chatter over.

From that hour I never doubted that I would succeed at last; that I would find her at last, if it were only to hear her poor dying lips say,

"I love you, John Lashley," before they grew cold forever. Something better than fate managed the world. The good God held it; brought it, as well as Esther and me, through pain and hunger to cling to Him, like little children. If, in His wise purposes to bring us where He would, He had made use of unknown powers and voices—agencies for which I could not account—it did not trouble me. Such things had been since the beginning of the world.

I sat in the cellar-room until late that evening. It was holier to me than any church. Then I rose to leave it, shut down the chest-lid gently on the little clothes, fastened the window, and, closing the door, went out into the street. I would return to-morrow. In there, I had wakened to new, healthy life; my heart beat cheerfully and full. How the very gas-lamps glowed and shone in the night! I passed a fire kindled on the street for some purpose, a crowd of boys around it. How jolly and genial their laughter was! For twenty years my step had not been so light as now.

When I reached my hotel, I hurried up the stairs to my room, nearly stumbling over a dark figure crouching at the top.

"Lor bless you, Mars' John, is dat you at lass?" and Scip scrambled into view. "I done waitin' hyar dis five hour. Scraped 'quaintance wid de cook, or my stomach ud hev bin in an awful 'dition."

"What brought you, uncle? What is wrong with my brother?"

"Nuffin wrong wid de cunnel, sah. Him's thrivin' fuss-rate, same as allers. Him didn't gib dis niggah leab, sah. Cum on private ticklar business. (N de sly, you know."

"Well?" I said, having opened my chamber-door now and lit the gas, stirring the fire, while Scip disposed himself oratorically, fumbling his watch-chain more conspicuously into view.

"Mist' Emmy 'twas as sent me dis time. She's got a will ob her own, dat chile. Says to me: 'Dis has to be done. Can't trust it to dem young ones; uncle Scip, he go.' Got sense, Mist' Emmy. She um knows who to trust; not dem low-flung, peart young darkies—Mist' Emmy, she."

"What did she send with you?"

"Don't you be impatient, Mars' John!" beginning to unroll a great wallet of rags, which he took out of his pocket. "Eber try dat plan, Mars' John? Wrappin' yer pocket-book in rags when you trabbel? I allers does. On count o' de robbers. Yi! yi! Uncle Scip's come to years of discretion. Him knows a dodge or two! Hyar's de pocket-book at lass. 'N hyar's"—unrolling it—"dat bit note ob Mist' Emmy's."

Dough why um couldn't hab confided de message 'vocularly to Scip, um can't——"

I tore open the note. It only held a few words, she knowing that Scip could read probably, and not trusting to his honor so implicitly as he could wish.

"My dear, dearest uncle!" the child wrote.
 "Come to The Oaks at once. God is taking care of you and me. I need help now, to save one from death whom it is your right to save."

That night I left Pittsburg for The Oaks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

BEHIND the hazy Western hills

The sun has sunk to rest,
 And beauty flashes from the clouds
 That glorify the West.

Look at the loveliness that gems
 The rosy Western skies—
 We fancy them the golden gate
 That opes to Paradise.

Seen through the necromantic glass
 Imagination brings,
 Those softly tinted clouds appear
 Like angels' downy wings.
 Yon distant, craggy mountain tops,
 With rocky foreheads bold,
 Glean in the sun's last rays as though
 Bedrenched with showers of gold.

We hear the drowsy hum of bees
 Returning to their cells—
 The plowman's blithesome homeward song
 Upon the evening swells.

The am'rous breezes kiss the flowers,
 Wet with the falling dews,
 And hoards of ravished sweetnesss
 Upon the air diffuse.

The zephyr, laden with the sweets
 Of roses in full bloom—
 How grateful is its presence in
 The patient sick girl's room!
 Who gazes out into the night,
 With eager, searching eyes,
 Then shrinks from mem'ry's pictured shrines,
 And crushes back her sighs.

What hour so free from every care,
 What hour so fraught with bliss—
 What hour so sweet with poetry
 And happiness as this?

Closed are the labors of the day,
 And evening ushers in
 A period of blest repose
 That seems too pure for sin.

The headlong passions are forgot
 That such a warfare made
 In human bosoms all day long,
 In busy marts of trade: ●
 And pleasant fancies light the mind,
 And soothe the aching breast,
 As evening's dusky hands prepare
 To smooth the couch of rest.

Love lights his torch when day declines,
 And wantons 'mong the flowers—
 And woos the young to stray among
 The green, umbrageous bowers;
 And hearts, that, in their midday strife,
 No passion scarce could move,
 Are glad to own the gentle sway—
 The mastery of love.

Oh! sweet, romantic hours of youth,
 The sweetest of life's flowery June,
 When Nature's thousand harmonies
 Are blended wondrously in tune—
 What more than earthly beauty gilds
 Your bright remembrance, when,
 From far, we backward view thy bliss
 That ne'er can come again?

Delightful evening hours of June,
 The fairest we can hope to know—
 Your very brightness fades beside
 The fairer Junes of long ago—
 The Junes of life, when Love and Hope
 Strewed amaranthine flowers
 Along the pleasant pathway of
 Your ne'er forgotten hour!

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY ELLEN WARD.

THE moon looks down on the white-robed earth,
 As it sleeping lies, as she looked on its birth,
 In the hour when time was young;
 And the stars' clear light burns as steady to-night
 As when they first from the Heavens' blue height
 Their radiance earthward hung.

The bright-hued Summers come and go,
 And the Winters pile the drifting snow
 O'er the graves of the pale wild flowers;

And many a friendship, so dear in the past,
 Has faded and died at the first chill blast—
 Gone with the Summer hours!

But others are pure as the fair moon's beam,
 Steady and true as the stars' bright gleam—
 Steady, and pure, and true;
 And may ever the friendship of true hearts be thine,
 Each year growing warmer; for friends like mine
 Are "better old than new."

A HEART OF ICE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"I TELL you frankly, Lewis, that she is very fascinating at times, though the most heartless, wicked flirt that I ever met. Mark me! I do not say flirt in the light, trifling sense that the word is used in fashionable society, but in its full, ugly meaning. With the most faultless face and figure, the most brilliant talents, wealth, and position, Geraldine Churchill wins a heart to crush it with the most cutting sarcasm and coldest cruelty. She pretends to look upon all wooers as mercenary seekers after the heiress, and this is her excuse for a course of systematic, heartless coquetry."

"You are harsh, Lizzie," said Lewis Rogan, smiling at the little sister who was lying in his arms.

"No, I am only true. You have never seen her, and you have been away so long; I have seen her so cruel and cold that I wanted to warn you. You may smile and shake your head, but wait until you meet her. She is a Venus with a heart of ice!"

"And we meet her to-night?"

"Yes. She is some relation of Mrs. Lee's, I believe, and always at her parties. Now, tell me all about your journey."

Geraldine Churchill was standing under the blaze of a large chandelier, when Lewis Rogan and his sister entered Mrs. Lee's crowded parlors. She could dare this light, and she knew it. Her dark, clear complexion was tinged with the flush of proud beauty, and her regal figure was carried with queenly grace. On the bands of jetty hair that swept in broad braids low on her neck sparkled diamond stars, and the folds of black velvet fell round the full figure in rich masses. In spite of the warning, Lewis could not repress a start of admiration.

His hostess noticed it, and smiled. Geraldine was one of her "cards."

"Shall I introduce you?" she asked, following his eye after they had chatted for some moments.

There was, of course, but one answer, and, threading the crowded rooms, he stood face to face with the belle of the evening. With a smile of winning courtesy, she acknowledged his bow and answered his greeting. Dancing drew off the people that were grouped around

them, and they stood alone still in the moving mass. One subject gave place to another, and Lewis found himself drawn into descriptions of travel and easy conversation, by that manner that had the highest charm, that of putting strangers perfectly at ease. Gracefully, and with a womanly manner, she was unmasking before his own powers of conversation a masculine intellect and education. He left her at last, dazzled and amazed, yet owing somewhat the truth of Lizzie's assertions. There had been flashes of wit that cut deep and keen into friends' foibles, pungent sarcasms, and sharp satirical phrases, that told too clearly of an indifference for wounded feeling. Many times in the coming season they met, and Lewis threw caution and prudence to the winds before this brilliant, fascinating woman, who held her sway over hearts spite of the tyranny of her rule. Yet he kept his love hidden, for he was sensitive and proud, and would not risk the taunts and sarcasms he knew would meet any betrayal of them. Silently and proudly he bore the pressure of the heart of ice. Like some brilliant meteor, Geraldine Churchill had flashed upon the world of fashion for one winter, and then, as suddenly, she vanished. There was no clue left by which to trace her. Mrs. Lee said she had gone into the country to reside, but gave no farther information; and Lewis Rogan, with many others, shut up his longing, and turned a brave face to the world. He was no puny, whining lover, this brave hero of mine. I can see him now before me, as I saw him one sunny day, not many years since, his tall figure so well knit and strong, his handsome face full of frank manliness, and his waving brown hair tossed back from his high, white forehead. He was a physician from love of his profession and fellow-men. Rich enough to have lived luxuriously in idleness, he worked among the poor and needy with an energy and industry that might shame many a rising doctor. And this brave, true heart had lavished its wealth of love upon a finished, heartless coquette. See!

Far away from the city, where she had queened it so successfully for one short winter, Geraldine Churchill lived in a small cottage

home in a little village where the minister prosed, the doctor bored, and the lawyer yawned, and the rest of the inhabitants looked up awe-struck at these professional gentlemen. With the crimson gone from her cheek, the light from her eye, in a plain dark dress, the late belle moved amongst the poorest of her neighbors, bearing no trace of the haughty belle, save in her winning smile and gentle tones. In the cottage, where the sick moaning sufferer craved woman's care, her hand was ever ready to minister, her voice to soothe. In the quiet seclusion she sought peace, and rest; and in this sheltered nook of the world there sounded a trump of dread to rouse all her dormant energies. At first, whispered, then in the loud cry of terror rose the sound of despair, an infectious fever, of the most trying description, was raging in the little village. Seeking it up and down, in the lowest cottage, or the respectable farm-house, Geraldine Churchill nursed, comforted, and tended the sufferers. Volunteer doctors had come from cities within reach of the cry of woe; and they turned to her for every statement, premonitory symptom, resting on her clear judgment and experience for hope in many cases. By one bedside, where the pale face of death had followed the fever flush, Lewis Rogan again met Geraldine Churchill. She had been watching many weary nights, and as she raised her head from bending over the corpse of her patient, her eye met Lewis Rogan's bent in admiring tenderness upon her. She was tired, weak, and ill, and, with a cry upon her lip, she stretched out her arms and fell fainting at his feet. It was the beginning of the fever fastening upon a frame exhausted by long nursing. Lying helpless and unconscious for many days, there were not wanting nurses for the noble woman who suffered for them. Not a well hand in the village but was stretched

forth for her; not an eye but shed tears for her danger. Foremost of all stood Lewis Rogan! Willing nurses aided him, and his devotion was unwearied. Sick, feeble, and dependant, she was a thousand fold more dear to him than when she swayed all hearts in her regal beauty. He won her from death's grasp, prayerfully and skillfully, and meekly she owned she owed the boon of her life to his care.

It was when the winter frosts had swept away the fever, that he told her his love and patience. "You love me," she said, tenderly. "Listen while I tell you my story. Five years ago, here in this little village, I listened to such a tale, from lips that had long before charmed my heart away. I was rich and courted then; but one month later my father died, and I was left poor and nameless, proved an adopted child, forgotten in the will. Other heirs came to claim all; I started out in the world to teach. He—I told you of—deserted me, took all the wealth of my first love, and threw it aside to woo again a richer maiden. Then I grew hardened! I will not tell you what a desert place life seemed, after I looked on the loveless, lonely path before me. For years I toiled on in my school, till last fall, when the will of my adopted father was found, and I was again rich. With a heart full of bitterness, I vowed my vengeance upon all men, and wrote to Mrs. Lee, my adopted father's cousin, to ask an introduction to society. I knew my power, and I used it ruthlessly. Let it pass! I soon found that it was playing with edge tools, for—Lewis"—and her voice fell—"I love you! So I came home to forget and try to atone for my folly, by doing some good in my corner here!"

"And I find you—my own—to offer a life's service to make you forget the painful past, to find the warm, loving heart under the crust of ice."

D E A D.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Away from the storm, away from the strife,
 Away from the feverish heat of life;
 Away from the pains of a throbbing heart;
 Away from tears which sorrows start.

At rest from the weary march, and long—
 At rest from the struggle with human wrong;
 At rest from every forward foe;
 At rest, for God hath willed it so!

Our house is dark, no light is there;
 Softly we gaze on the vacant chair,

Folding away in our hearts the while,
 The last low word, and the parting smile.

On the tented field there's one voice less;
 In the darkened home no more caress;
 In the mother's heart one sharp pain more,
 To bear now her weary watch is o'er.

Long and fearful has been the night:
 When, oh, God! will the morning light
 Break on the sea of Thy righteous will,
 And say to these troubled waves, Be still!

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 232.

CHAPTER V.

THE Tower of Wolf's Crag had been a royal hunting lodge since the time of William Rufus. It stood upon a shoulder of the hills from which the castle, now possessed by Buckingham, overlooked the country. Indeed, it had long been the only building of importance on that vast domain; but, as the monarchs of England grew more luxurious and less hardy in their tastes, that far more imposing structure on the slope of the hills had superseded the old Tower, which had for many years fallen into disuse. Unlike the princely Charles, James the First was niggardly even in his profuseness, and, in his gifts, always made some reservation. He had loved to hunt in the fine old forests which lay around Wolf's Crag, and once, when his favorite Somerset had, with his characteristic audacity, hinted at a wish to possess the noble domain, James put him off with a gift of the Crag and a tract of wild land which lay around it. This land was cut off from the grander portion of the domain by a river, which wound around the Crag at its base on the east, forming a natural barrier by which the two estates were divided. When disgrace fell upon Somerset, this wild lodge had been overlooked in the general confiscation of his property, and afterward, when Charles gave the more modern castle to Buckingham, the two royal favorites were thrown in close neighborhood—a fact that irritated the haughty duke not a little, and was still more distasteful to his mother.

A wild place was the Wolf's Crag. The face of the country was generally rich and pastoral; but here came a succession of broken hills and deep ravines that were in picturesque contrast with the scenery around. The old place had been neglected too. It had not fallen into ruin, for time itself had no power to crumble the massive walls, which it covered with the greenest ivy and sheltered with huge trees.

The old Tower, with its flanking wings, stood on a high, rocky eminence. The grounds that encompassed it were wild as an American wilderness. The only approach was by a rude car-

riage road that broke at the river, and was connected by a primitive bridge formed of logs and boulders of stone. Nothing could be more dreary or disheartening than this wild region. There was no mark of wheels on the lonely road, no appearance of cultivation on the hills; all was broad sunshine or black shadows. The sunshine came fitfully into the open spaces, but could not penetrate the forest. Close up to the very foot of the Tower great trees crowded, casting black shadows all around it.

Savagely desolate as this place seemed, it was inhabited, and, one evening, just as the sunset was powdering the woods with gold, and lighting up the old Tower into a marvel of grandeur, a party of horsemen came winding up the broken road, with a slow, weary pace, as if hunting had been a duty, not the noble pastime which kings loved to excel in. The foremost of these horsemen was a dark, stern-looking man, who rode so far in advance of his party that you saw at once the distinction of rank that existed between them. At one time this man had never taken the field without a train of young noblemen ready to render him the homage usually expected only from menials. Now he rode alone, stern and frowning, his black horse rushing through the shadows with a fierce tread, as if he partook of his master's sombre mood, and his small train of followers moving gloomily forward, so silent that the tramp of their horses sounded with unusual emphasis through the dim old forest. Ahead of the others, and yet not quite side by side with the earl, rode a young man, with one of those clearly-cut faces which give such exquisite beauty to some antique cameos. He was dark, and almost foreign in aspect. In repose, as I have said, his features were exquisitely symmetrical; but now his black eyes flashed, his lip curved, and a thousand stormy passions spoke in every look and gesture.

Thus, with a storm of passion on their faces, the earl and his followers swept up through the forest to the entrance of the hunting lodge.

The earl flung himself from the saddle and

entered the great stone hall, stamping down his wrath on the granite floor and the broad oaken stair-case. He paused a moment opposite an arched window, through which the sunset was flashing in a thousand golden rays, and seemed to hesitate which way to turn. He stood in a square chamber of the Tower. To the right were his own apartments, to the left a suite of rooms occupied by his countess. He turned to the left, for the first time in months, muttering, as he went,

"It will cast her in a rage, if nothing more."

With these words he entered a large, dimly-lighted chamber, furnished after the fashion of a previous century, and gloomy as a chamber could well be. The sunset which struggled through its windows, and died away on the dark oaken floor, was smothered and broken into gorgeous gleams by the uncouth figures painted on the glass. There was something fantastic rather than refreshing even in that. Near the window was a ponderous embroidery frame, containing a piece of elaborate tapestry half-finished, at which a female sat working.

She looked up sharply, as Somerset entered, and her face, beautiful in spite of its expression, grew dark as midnight.

"My lady!"

She feigned not to hear the words, but bent low over her frame and worked fiercely, striking her needle in and out of the canvas as if every stitch had been taken through the heart of some bitter enemy.

"My lady!"

The Countess of Somerset started up with a gesture of imperial defiance and the look of a handsome fiend.

"Earl of Somerset, this is my private apartment! What brings you on this side the house?"

He laughed hoarsely, and, striding across the room without removing his plumed hat, flung himself down on the chair his countess had left, and looked up in her face with a sneer, while he began to tangle the silks on her canvas with his fingers.

"I have news to tell you, fair dame, such as will bring the bloom to your cheeks for once."

She was too proudly fierce for any exhibition of curiosity, but gathered her voluminous skirts around her with a loathing recoil, as if his very presence was contagion.

"Now," she said, retreating close to the window, where gleams of purple and scarlet light quivered over her raven hair like a diadem of fire, "now tell your news, and begone, that I may breathe again."

"It is soon told," answered Somerset, whose face had flushed hotly as he remarked her contemptuous movement, "and it will give you pleasure, no doubt. Buckingham has taken possession of his castle over yonder."

"His castle—his!" exclaimed the woman, drawing toward her husband in the strong sympathy of hate. "His?"

"Yes, Frances, his! King James put me off with this miserable rook's-nest, and its rocky lands; but Charles is more liberal to his favorite: the castle and all its broad lands are his gift to this Buckingham!"

The countess drew close to her husband, as he said this; her black eyes flashed fire.

"And is he so near?"

"Go up to the top of the Tower, and you will see his pennant afloat on the battlements of the castle."

"And his wife?"

"She is made lady-in-waiting to the queen, and stays in London."

"Then there comes no woman down with him?"

"His mother is there."

"His mother!" cried the countess, in a low voice, but clenching her hand hard, as if she were crushing something.

"And some of her attendant ladies."

"Attendant ladies! Why, Somerset, when the creature first came to court, the best attendant she had was a scullion from the kitchen. Now, I dare be sworn, she endures nothing less than the daughters of noblemen."

"You never went so high as that, Frances," said Somerset, rejoiced that his wife was willing to converse with him on any terms. "Yet my power was as great—my——"

"Yes, but I did!" she cried, sharply. "No one can say that a creature of ungentle blood ever served Frances Howard."

"Lady Somerset, you mean," answered the earl, hastily. "It was the power gained through that title which gave you a right to ladies-in-waiting. Neither as Lady Essex or Frances Howard could you ever command such privileges!"

"Your title did not give me this!" cried the evil woman, putting the masses of purplish black hair away from her temples with both hands, and turning her face, radiant in its mature beauty, upon him. "There was more power, Earl of Somerset, in this face, in its prime, than in all your court diplomacy!"

The earl looked at her with newly aroused admiration, and said, after a moment, more warmly than he had yet spoken,

"Ah! Frances, it was enough to drive a monarch mad on his throne, that wonderful beauty!"

"Wonderful! Yes, who could deny it then?"

"No one can deny it now. You are still a beautiful woman."

It was the first gallant speech the earl had made her in years. A red glow, more of surprise than pleasure, mounted slowly to her forehead.

"And to what use?" she cried, angry tears taking fire in her eyes. "What power has beauty in this place?"

"It might have the power of making one unhappy man less miserable, if you would only think so, Frances!" said the earl, with a quiver in his voice. "Why do you avoid me so? Has all the love you ever bore me turned to bitterness?"

She lifted her hand angrily to stop him, but the hand shook like a dry leaf, and her eyes looked far beyond him with a far off expression full of gloom.

"Do not speak of it," she said, at last, drawing her mind back from its memories with a deep breath. "I might listen, perhaps, for this life is dreary, dreary; but *he* stands between us forever and ever!"

The earl turned white; and, taking off his hat, wiped away the drops that stood on his forehead.

"Whom is it you speak of?" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

She came closer to him, and, leaning one hand on his chair, stooped till her dry, hot breath swept pantingly across his cheek.

"Whom is it I speak of? Can you ask? Or does he only haunt this wing of the building? I speak of Sir Thomas Overbury, your bosom friend, whom we poisoned in his prison!"

The earl rose slowly to his feet—great drops rained down from his forehead and glistened on his upper lip.

"No, no," he answered, looking her steadily in the face; "I had no share in that terrible deed; it was your own doing, Frances Howard."

She laughed scornfully.

"My own doing? And who conceived it? Who—who?"

The earl seized her two hands in his and pressed them hard.

"Oh, Frances! do not evoke the fiend that keeps your heart from mine! In the name of that heaven, which will one day judge us, give some little place in your nature to the love for which we have both paid a fearful price."

Some touches of pity broke from those black

eyes. She suffered her hands to remain in his, and he felt them quivering in his clasp.

"I am very lonely," she said. "But *he* will not let you come here. Pine as I will for some power to break up this dreary life, he will not let it come. The poison which killed him killed love also. It is because you were not so guilty that you come here with the old look in your eyes. So far as a man is innocent, he can love and seek love; but one guilty act is like poison cast into a well. The crystal waters, pure and sweet before, taste of death forever afterward. We have poisoned ours. Well, Somerset. Let the stagnant waters alone."

He looked at her in gloomy tenderness. Wicked, criminal, hard-hearted as she was, the man had loved her with fatal persistence, and such love is not easily swept aside even by guilt itself.

"Frances, try and forget that deed! Have we not suffered a hard penalty for it? Have not the laws been appeased by our humiliation?"

"But *he* has not been appeased, Somerset; else why does he follow me everywhere I go? Why does he hover near when we are talking? And if a kindly thought comes into my mind, why does he frown upon it?"

"This is fancy, my poor wife!"

"Fancy? Oh! if it were—if it were!"

"You stay so much alone. It is this which troubles you."

"Alone? He is always with me."

"If you would consent, Frances, my great love should drive this shadow from your path."

She shook her head and clasped her hands in passionate grief. In all the years of their solitary life, Somerset had never seen her so deeply moved, so near to being womanly.

"I came in," he said, "hoping, at best, only to arouse you into an angry recognition of my presence; that you should be forbearing and tearful I did not expect."

"Oh! I am so weary—so weary!" she moaned; "but this news teaches me that I am human yet."

"And that you and I have wrongs and hopes in common. Does it teach you that, Frances?"

"That even the king should dare offer us the new insult of this man's presence!"

"The king! Oh! Charles has forgotten us long ago!"

"Has he; and are we such reptiles that this man, who was once begging for place at your feet, can flaunt his banner in our faces and pretend to have forgotten when you were his master, and I so far above him that he dared

not praise the beauty he now feigns to forget?"

"Even so, Frances. This very day I rode by him in the forest, and he passed by with a lofty front, without deigning to lift his cap or notice my presence."

"Ah! This Villiers who once, on his knees, craved some miserable place through my aid; and his mother—why the creature would gladly have been my bower woman, I really think, had I named her for the place."

"She would not deign to bend her head to you now."

"Indeed! We shall see," cried the countess, flaming out in all her native pride. "How long is it since I have joined in a hunt, Somerset?"

"I can scarcely tell," replied the earl.

"Are our stables well stocked? Have we hounds in training? Are our retainers such as an English earl, who means to maintain his place in the district, should keep up his stable with."

"We have horses—hounds, and plenty of retainers."

"Then we will hunt to-morrow," cried the countess, sweeping up and down the room in her impetuous excitement. "We will follow our dogs to the very gates of his castle and force him to a recognition. I say we will hunt to-morrow."

"Are you in earnest, Frances?"

"In earnest? Yes; I long to be on horseback. Perhaps I may outride *him*."

Somerset took her hand and kissed it. She smiled upon him for the first time in many a day. She almost loved him because he was willing to minister to her hate. For the moment, she felt ready to defy the shadow that had fastened itself on her imagination.

"Let my horse be got ready; the white horse that I loved so much."

"You forget, Frances, how long that is ago. The horse is dead!"

"But you have others."

"Yes; one that even you may be proud to ride."

"That is well; we will go early. The neighborhood of these people has filled me with new life. They shall find that the Countess of Somerset is not dead or quite torpid."

She paced up and down the room while speaking, a brilliant glow of life animated her. The cold hatred that had filled her heart, when this interview commenced, was heightened into something like enthusiasm. Her dull, monotonous existence was broken up, like a disused war steed in sight of a battle-field. The old

ambition of her nature came back. Somerset saw all this with satisfaction. In the lonely dreariness of their exile total estrangement had fallen upon the unhappy pair; remorse had embittered every joy that a peaceful country life is calculated to give.

From the hour Somerset left his wife's chamber, the old Tower was a scene of such commotion as had not arisen before in many a year. Saddles, housings, hunting-nets, and head-gear, were drawn forth and put in order by busy hands, and with the excitement of action came many a cheerful laugh and long-forgotten jest. The change from the usual stillness of that household was so great that it seemed as if some tomb had just been invaded.

Sunrise found the earl's retainers at their cheerful work. The rich, warm light of a June morning filled the air and glorified the old Tower; light breezes swept the ivy out in garlands; and the forests were all in a rustle of joyous sounds.

Then came the neighing of noble horses glad to feel themselves free of the stable. The joyous yelp of hounds, and the eager voices of their keepers suppressing or encouraging them. Windows were flung open and smiling faces thrust forth, eager to witness the cheerful commotion so long unknown to the old Tower.

Then came forth the lord and lady of that gloomy abode side by side—a strange sight, for they were not often seen together—and, so far as physical beauty went, a noble pair they appeared, as they came sweeping down those moss-grown steps in the bright morning sunshine. For a long time these people had left their sumptuous habits in abeyance, had become careless in their attire and indifferent to the objects that surrounded them. Now they came forth resplendent, all the taste that had been so conspicuous in former years sprang to life in the countess. The raven and massive braids of her hair contrasted richly with the crimson velvet cap and long white feather that floated from it. The deep green of her riding-dress carried off the sunlight into warm shadows, as you see it glow out and lose itself in old pictures. Her haughty face was kindled up. Her black eyes were full of active light. The riding-whip she carried had been the bridal gift of a king, as you might know by the great diamond flashing from the handle.

"Where is Narlow?" she said, "and where is the horse you boasted of, my lord?"

"Here they come," answered Somerset, and up from the stables rode the dark young man we have spoken of as riding next his lord, well

mounted and accompanied by two grooms, each leading a coal black horse caparisoned as a monarch's steed might be.

The countess examined them with her flashing eyes as they came up, and smiled.

"Does this please you, Frances?" inquired her husband.

"They are beautiful," she answered, deigning to praise what she evidently admired.

"Then let us mount."

The earl would have lifted his countess to her saddle, but she drew back frowning.

"No. Where is Narlow?"

The young man sprang forward, knelt down, received her foot in his strong hand, felt her touch upon his shoulder, and she was mounted. The horse began to prance and paw the earth with his delicate fore hoof, the flashing plume and fluttering dress startled him. She laughed gaily at his astonishment, drew him up with a reckless jerk on his mouth that set him to rearing viciously. But she only laughed the louder and kept her seat lightly, but firmly, as a bird sits upon a tree branch when the wind is high.

The earl was frightened, and rode toward her ready to grasp the bridle; but she beat his hand away with her dainty whip, and set the great diamond to flashing like fire with the motion.

"Think you I cannot manage a horse?" she said. "This is only play, and to teach him that he has a mistress. Now then for the forest."

She dashed ahead down the rough highway at a break-neck speed, and yet holding her horse well up and controlling him splendidly. The earl was at her side, and, at a little distance came her page Narlow, looking bright and happy. Out from the road and into the green everglades they turned, meeting the hounds at a given point. A buck had been driven from his covert. The dogs scented him and had strained at their leashes rampant for the chase. The keepers could hardly restrain their savage tugs at the twisted thongs that held them in thrall.

Down through the overhanging oaks, and over the velvety forest sward came the earl and countess, with the page still keeping a little behind. The broad-leaved hat, the black plume and purple dress of the earl, matched the splendor of his wife right regally. His horse too was under graceful control; and he rode so near the haughty woman that flecks of foam shot from the scarlet mouth of his horse to the jetty bosom of hers, as they came out from the woods, neck and neck, at a hand gallop, and in a moment drew up in the midst of their retainers.

"Unleash the hounds!" she cried, shaking her dainty riding-whip, and half-standing up in her stirrup. "They scent the deer. Cut the thongs and slip them; when dogs are so eager to rend their prey give them free will. I know what it is"—she leaned toward the earl and spoke in a whisper—"Oh! that the man and woman in yon castle were on the course and I on the scent!"

A dark smile answered her—nothing more.

The hounds were unleashed, and off they flew, scarcely rustling the undergrowth in their swift motion—and after them rushed the horses wild and savagely eager as the dogs. Down the hollows, over the ridges, along the river's bank swept the hounds, and after them those black horses covered with snow-flecks of foam and hot streams of breath issuing from their red nostrils.

Once in awhile the horses got separated from the hounds. The buck swam the stream, doubled and swam again, throwing the hounds out. The dogs scattered themselves up and down the river yelping furiously. In the confusion, Lady Somerset drew up and sat chatting with her lord. This wild ride had driven all the hate from her bosom. She laughed cordially, and, taking off her cap, crushed the velvet and the white plume together, fanning her flushed face with them, while the earl sat regarding her with the admiration of a lover.

"There, there. Listen! The hounds are gathering again. Listen how they join in one deep-mouthed cry. On, on, or we shall miss the death!"

A bugle hung by her side, an exquisite golden affair set with jewels and matching the whip. She lifted it to her lips, and sent a musical blast behind her as she plunged into the forest. This blast was answered by another from the distance, clear and brazen-toned, which rang long and loud through the woods.

"What is that?" cried the lady, drawing in her horse and looking behind her. "Oh! Narlow is not with us. It is his bugle. On, on!"

Again they dashed forward, and in their eagerness did not observe that the page had only lagged behind to secure some of the fastenings of his saddle, and was now fast gaining upon them behind, while the brazen bugle notes had sounded from the front.

On they went flashing through the oaks, smothering the swift hoof beat of their horses in the soft turf, and nearing each moment on the hounds, whose deep-mouthed bay warned them of the coming death. The stag was at bay; the dogs had hunted him to the foot of a

rocky precipice. He made a wild effort to dash up the steep ascent, felt back, and, turning desperately, strove to defend himself, as he fought for his poor life in this forlorn position. The earl and countess swept round a corner of the eminence and joined in the cruel cry of the dogs, as they tore the poor animal down from his staggering foothold, and worried him like a pack of demons. As the poor thing heard the fierce human cry, he made another desperate struggle, leaped up against the rocks, and, with his fore hoofs on high beating piteously against the flinty surface, turned his head and his great despairing eyes back upon his new tormentors with a look of absolute human agony. But the earl uttered a shout, and the lady, hoarse from her late outcries, sounded her bugle again; and the silvery notes rang out soft and clear from the hoarse cries around, like an angel calling for help among a crowd of fiends.

Now, around the other side of the rocks came a rush of hoofs, and adown a fissure in the precipice another pack of wide-mouthed hounds came leaping and howling like a tempest. Before any one could utter a word of surprise, a party of horsemen and horsewomen swept in upon the scene, and there, amid the yelping of dogs, and the pitiful moans of that half-dead animal, the two great favorites of King James' reign met face to face. They were upon each other before recognition was possible. One sharp interchange of glances, and they recoiled with a shock that sent their horses rearing back upon their haunches, and, when their hoofs struck the earth again, both riders were white as death, and sat like statues, gazing fiercely on each other.

The women met in a different fashion. Lady Villiers flushed crimson, at first, and looked about as if ready to flee from her enemy. Indeed, she half-wheeled her horse, but checked herself in the cowardly act, and, riding forward, held out her hand to Lady Somerset. The countess turned her eyes, full of smouldering fire, from the half-frightened face of Lady Villiers to her outstretched hand. Then, with a sudden impulse of hate, she lifted her whip and struck the little hand a sharp blow.

Lady Villiers uttered a cry which was lost amid the cries of the hounds, and, retreating a little, the two women sat glaring at each other in dumb white rage terrible to behold.

Then one of the two men spoke. It was Buckingham.

"My Lord of Somerset," he cried, "are you informed that the forest in which you have taken the liberty to hunt is in my domain?"

Now the fierce rage that had been so dumb till now broke forth, and Somerset found his voice.

"Upstart! parasite! jackal!" he shouted, while flecks of foam flew from his white lips. "I neither know nor care who owns the forest—whether it is the prize of some new infamy that you have performed, or still a royal domain; but any ground is good enough to defy you on, and thus I challenge you!"

Somerset drew off his gauntlet, as he spoke, and, riding against Buckingham so suddenly as to almost unhorse him, dashed the glove in his face.

Buckingham reeled in his saddle, confused by the sudden rush of the glove, which for a moment blinded him. But he instantly recovered himself, and, stooping sideways, lifted the glove from the earth, where it had fallen, with the end of his whip. Then he tossed it back to its owner with a contemptuous laugh.

"I do not accept a challenge from convicted murderers!" he said, wheeling his horse away. "Nor will I again allow this trespass on my grounds."

"George! George, forbear!" pleaded Lady Villiers, white with terror, and trembling painfully in her saddle. "Remember who this man was."

"I do remember!" cried the duke, with a sneer. "Was I not present when he and that woman were sentenced to death for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury? Did not I plead with the king to save their miserable lives? Who should know what he has been better than I? Who——"

All at once Lady Somerset urged her horse so close to the duke that the plume of her cap swept his shoulder, as she whispered in his ear.

He started and drew back, white and appalled.

"Now let us ride back," she said, casting a defiant glance over her shoulder, but addressing Somerset.

"Not till yon buck is flung across my sumpter-horse, and the hounds of my lord duke are chastised for worrying my game," said Somerset, hoarse with rage; and he called out to his helpers,

"I say, my men, shoot every strange hound in the park; or strangle them, if you have no fire-arms!"

Buckingham's dogs had run astray, and his keepers were searching for them in another part of the forest. Thus it would have been an easy matter for the earl to put his threat in

execution. Buckingham looked around. A few pages and some ladies-in-waiting to his mother were all the force that had come with him to the spot. When the countess wound her bugle-note in the forest, it served to draw the ducal party astray, and gather in his straggling hounds; but his keepers were beyond earshot, and so the haughty favorite found himself at a disadvantage, should his enemy use violence, as he threatened.

"Shoot down the dogs!" commanded the earl, fiercely.

"Not till I am shot down!" cried a young lad, leaping into the midst of the wrangling pack, with a firelock in his hand, which he leveled at the advancing keepers. "Come a step nearer, and I bang away right and left; see if I don't! My lord duke, never fear for the hounds! I'll take care of them! It's Randal, from Knowl-Ash, if you chance to remember him."

"Do not sink your quarrel to this level," said the countess, addressing her husband in a low voice. "Let the hounds follow their master."

"Command, Frances, and I will obey so long as you do not ask me to leave this insult unavenged!"

"Leave it unavenged!" she exclaimed; "leave it unavenged! Can you think so meanly of me as that? Am I one to brook insult? But revenge can wait. It is a dish that tastes sweetest when eaten cold, after a long hunger."

"Then, shall I give way, and yield up our game to this man?"

"Give way? No. We have force enough to claim all we wish. Give your orders to Narlow, and let him follow us."

This was said in a low voice, while Randal stood astride the slaughtered deer, beating the dogs off, right and left, with his matchlock.

"My lord duke! my lord duke! Am I to fire, or only keep the dogs in order?" cried the boy, hot and red from the conflict into which he had been so suddenly thrown.

"Come away, my brave lad, and let the hounds wrangle with each other," answered Buckingham, riding up among the pack, and taking the matchlock from Randal's hand. "But give me your gun; it may be needed before we reach the castle."

The duke flung a sarcastic glance at Somerset, as he spoke, which the other returned with a look of pale rage; for he understood the taunt. The countess drew her horse close to her husband's side, and gave Buckingham glance for glance. Her air and the splendor of her beauty was like that of a lost spirit defying all things.

Buckingham was afraid of her. With all his power, the fire of those magnificent eyes found the coward spot in his heart. He had taunted these two people with being pardoned murderers, and, because he knew the charge to be just, feared them as we dread serpents whose venom has been well tried.

"Let me walk by your horse, my lord duke," said Randal, valiantly. "The matchlock is enough for a troop of soldiers; but I understand it best; in these hands it is a host."

How handsome the bright lad looked, as he threw the clumsy gun across his shoulder, and prepared to act as body-guard to the duke!

Lady Villiers, always more diplomatic than courageous, now rode up to the earl and countess, with a conciliatory smile on her trembling lips.

"This is all a mistake," she said. "The duke is hot-tempered, but he meant nothing serious. Believe me, countess, you are welcome to hunt in the forests till doomsday. It is only unfortunate that our parties encountered each other so rudely. We are here on a peaceful errand, and would avoid all contention. This has been a rough encounter, in which harsh words have found utterance on both sides. Let us forget them."

"Lady Villiers, I never forget!" answered the countess, with an icy smile on her lips.

"Nay, it is a greater merit to forgive."

"Nor forgive!" was the slow reply.

Lady Villiers was not to be defeated. She prided herself on those diplomatic powers, which so few women really possess. An idea of broad statesmanship never entered her mind. The advancement of her own interests and that of her own family occupied every thought. The fate of this woman, once quite as powerful as herself, admonished her to be temperate and careful. A cowardly desire to conciliate dangerous enemies she considered as statesman-like craft, and even forgot the blow, that still smarted on her hand, in her great anxiety.

"Mother! My lady!" cried the duke, angrily. "We are waiting. May I crave that your conference with these people be of the briefest?"

Lady Villiers bit her pale lips in angry impatience.

The countess drew her horse proudly back, and, seeing that there was no hope of conciliation, the mother of Buckingham turned her horse reluctantly and joined her son.

"George," she said, "there is murder in that woman's eye. You have signed our death warrant!"

"Death warrant! Pshaw! What power have they over death warrants? Let them see to it that their own lives are safe. After hunting them into that wolf's den yonder, it will be easy smoking them out again."

"Hush, hush! for heaven's sake!"

He had spoken so loudly that his last sentence was distinctly heard by Somerset and his wife; but they sat immovable, while the duke's party rallied round him for departure. When it filed away through the woods, one of the earl's people came up to him.

"Will your lordship dismount, and cut the animal's throat? It is not quite dead."

"No. Fling it to the hounds, and let them tear it to pieces!" he answered, grinding the teeth under his white lips. "If it were that man," he muttered, as the servitor left him, "I would creep to the spot on my hands and knees."

The countess said nothing, but her eyes were full of smothered flame.

The duke had declined Randal's valiant offer to protect his whole party with the wonderful matchlock, and the lad stood alone, crest-fallen, and half-ready to cry. As the countess withdrew her eyes from their fierce pursuit of the ducal party, they fell on this handsome boy, and read his face. Softly, and with gentle care, as if she feared her horse might tread down the wild flowers too coarsely, she drew close to his side, and, leaning down from her saddle, smiled upon him as she spoke.

"There is no danger to the duke, my brave boy," she said, in a voice that brought Randal's heart into his mouth. "But if you will mount one of our horses, and guard us with your matchlock through the blackest of the woods, I shall be no longer afraid of robbers or of wolves."

"That I will!" exclaimed the boy, reddening with proud pleasure, and trying the lock of his weapon.

"Both I and my lord will be grateful for the escort," answered the countess, with another smile that warmed the boy's heart through and through.

"Will you, though? Well, my gun is all loaded, and yonder stands a horse."

"Take it, take it!" cried the lady, flashing back another glance upon him as she rode away.

Randal made a dash at the horse which she had pointed out, sprang upon his back, and, with the matchlock held firmly across his saddle-bow, rode after the earl's party like a young brigand.

The countess greeted his advance with one of her brightest smiles, and chatted with him kindly whenever the horses paused, in their quick pace through the woods, to draw breath. Never had the boy been made so much of; never was a warm heart so completely entranced.

The earl seemed scarcely to regard the lad's presence, but dashed on, with a thunder-cloud on his face, and its lightning in his eyes. Up hill and down, over broken ground and forest-sward alike he urged on the generous beast that bore him. Many a red drop fell into the sweet clusters of wild flowers, where the sharp rowels were dashed into the noble creature's side. Many a storm of fire-sparks did its fleet hoof send up from the rocky passes through which the party tore its way.

There was no cause for this haste, save that the passion raging in Somerset's bosom urged him on to stormy action. He thought of his former power, when the highest in the land, even the king himself, trembled at his displeasure; when the Tower of London was full of his enemies, and many a gibbet groaned under the weight of men who had dared to question his will. Now so miserably helpless he was, an exile from court, doomed to the solitude of that lonely Tower, insolently forbidden to hunt in the domain which had always been left free almost to the common people! What humiliation could be deeper? How could he avenge the insults heaped upon him that day?

With these thoughts seething in his heart, he rode on, growing darker and darker in his anger.

But the lady had suddenly become all sunshine. She chatted with the boy, but summoned the page Narlow to ride closer, as if to soothe the jealous spirit that even then began to look darkly on the young stranger.

"And so this uncle, whom you love so much, is the rector at Knowl-Ash? Why is it, young sir, that we have never met before?" she said.

"Oh! I suppose it is because this is the first time I was ever so far from home; but when a man possesses fire-arms, his spirit rises up against being treated like a child, and he cannot be made to content himself with shooting a poor old rook that is sure to be missed. Then, fair lady, the whole forest here seems scarcely large enough for him to try his skill in. Twice this very day I have had a good, fair bang at the deer, to say nothing of a wolf-cub, with which I had very nearly made acquaintance, taking it for some hound gone astray."

"Did you kill it?" inquired the lady.

"Kill it? I should think so! The match-

lock blew it all to pieces. Oh! it's a wonderful gun!"

The countess glanced at the ponderous machine and smiled.

"It is too heavy," she said.

"Not for a strong arm, lady."

"Well enough, doubtless, for a yeoman to handle; but men of gentle blood should carry weapons of lighter make."

Randal looked down upon his gun with indecision.

"The duke gave it to me," he said, "and he ought to know what becometh the son of a gentleman."

"The duke. Oh! yes, he understands these things well enough; but his own servants would refuse a clumsy weapon like that."

"Is it so very clumsy then?" cried the lad, ruefully.

"Clumsy? Why look at it; the very horse moves wearily under its weight."

"Yes, he does lag a little just now; but the ground is rough."

"You shall give that thing to one of your uncle's people, when you get home, for it will go hard if we do not replace it from our stock of arms at the Tower with something befitting a gentleman."

Randal blushed crimson with delight.

"Are you in earnest, fair lady? Is there anything in the way of arms more beautiful than this?"

"You shall see. I think my lord has a gun more perfect than anything you ever saw. It was made in Venice. The stock is inlaid beautifully, and the lock carries its own fire, requiring but a touch of the finger to let it off."

"Does it bang away at both ends?" asked Randal, eagerly. "Is it apt to kick you over while it blazes off?"

"No. In sooth, it has not a vicious fault. I have myself fired it off more than once."

"And did you ever kill anything, lady?"

The question was put innocently enough; but the earl, heeding the conversation for the first time, reigned in his horse and cast a fierce glance at the boy. That one look was enough; a face more innocent of a double meaning never endured jealous scrutiny; still Somerset was too deeply enraged for cool judgment in anything.

"Who prompted you to ask that question?" he demanded.

The boy looked at his dark face with eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Who prompted me? Why, the lady! What is the good of shooting if you kill nothing?"

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"Curb your anger and leave the lad to me," said the countess, in a low, eager voice; "birds are not caught by frightening them."

The earl looked sharply in her face and dropped into his silent wrath again. The party had ridden some distance, and were now in the broken grounds which lay around Wolf's Crag. Randal began to be a little uneasy; he had literally run away from home, and was going, he knew not whither, with persons entirely strange to him.

"Is the place you speak of far from here, lady?" he ventured to inquire.

"You can see it from the next eminence," she answered.

"And we have ridden from Knowl-Ash all the way, and full gallop too. How am I ever to get home?"

The youth addressed this question to the page Narlow, who rode on pretending not to hear it. In a few moments the party came in sight of the Tower looming grandly against the sky, which was now piled with fleecy storm-clouds.

The boy checked his horse in astonishment.

"Why, is not that Wolf Crag that we can see from our ruins at Knowl-Ash?"

"Yes," answered the lady, turning her beautiful face upon him, "this is Wolf Crag."

"And you, you?"

"I am Lady Somerset."

Her voice was sweet as the breath of violets; her eyes grew sadly appealing as if she would say, "Have you so young, so frank-hearted, whom I like so much, been taught to shrink from my name?"

The boy made an impatient gesture.

"How people lie!" he exclaimed; "even Bess and Bab. I'll never believe anything again."

The lady smiled, not lightly, as she had done before, but with sad mournfulness.

"Do not condemn those who have spoken evil of us too harshly," she said. "The unfortunate are always wrong with worldlings. But come into the Tower, and you will see that, notwithstanding its name, it contains no litter of wolves to frighten people from the threshold."

As she spoke, they had reached the Tower, and were dismounting before the main entrance; a groom took the horse Randal had ridden and was leading him away. It was a fine chestnut hunter, full of life and perfect in its action. Randal followed it with admiring eyes. The countess saw this and smiled quietly.

"See that the horse is refreshed, and do not take the housings off," she called out to the groom. "He will be wanted to take this young gentleman home."

"Oh, my lady!" broke forth the grateful young heart—for he had been sorely perplexed on this one question. How was he to clear the long miles between Wolf Crag and Knowl-Ash before the night closed in? The way was opened and his heart beat freely again.

Randal followed the lady at her bidding into the bower-chamber, where we found her in the morning. She ordered wine and food to be brought, and occupied the time, while he refreshed himself, in questioning him of his home and its inmates—of the people who composed his uncle's parish, and their state of feeling toward the king and his favorite.

Randal, frank and honest as daylight, told her everything. How one cousin was betrothed to a glum, close-fisted man, who preached to her when he should be making love; and how the other, Bessie—his bright, cousin Bessie—was *such* a favorite with the duke.

While he was talking, the page Narlow came sullenly into the room, carrying a beautiful gun. The barrel exquisitely engraved, and the stock veined with coral.

"Is that for me?" cried Randal, starting up and forgetting the pigeon pie which had occupied his supreme attention for the last ten minutes.

"Yes, it is for you," said the countess. "I doubt if King Charles has one to match it."

"But it is too costly—too, too——"

"It is yours, young sir, and you must accept it, if only to remind you that at least Lady Somerset can discern merit when it comes in her way."

"Dear, dear lady, how can I be grateful enough?"

"By saying nothing of your visit here to the Duke of Buckingham, who is my enemy."

"Your enemy, lady? I knew he was talking angrily with the gentleman; but not with you."

"He hates us both. He has always been our bitter, bitter foe!"

Randal began to look grave. He saw tears gathering in those beautiful eyes, and they wounded his heart.

"You will not mention us to the duke?"

"No, I will not."

"But you will come again; and say to this man Cromwell that he may find unexpected help at Wolf Crag. Now farewell. Your horse is at the door, and, remember, do not send him back; you will need him to bring you here often. We shall expect you."

Randal kissed the hand she held out and left the Tower. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HELENA.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Fair Helena! cold and fair
As the Alpine summits are;
In thy brightly-tinted cheek
Doth no blood of passion speak?
In thy softly lustrous eye
Doth no unabused "blind god" lie?
Is there none a kiss deserve
From thy red lip's scornful curve?
Dost thou never, in some dream,
Happy wife and mother seem?
And, awakening with a start,
Feel the soft bliss still at heart?
Fair Helena! cold and proud,
I have rent thy veiling shroud!
I have seen thee in the hour
When thou felt'st dark sorrow's power;
In thy pensive, drooping head,
All thy bright locks round thee spread;
I have read a tale, perchance,
Ne'er revealed by word or glance.
In thy soul there burns a fire
Does no added breath require;
And 'twixt thee and peace, alas!
Doth a face too cherished pass.
Then the cold and statueque,
Wouldst thy soul for sweet love risk,

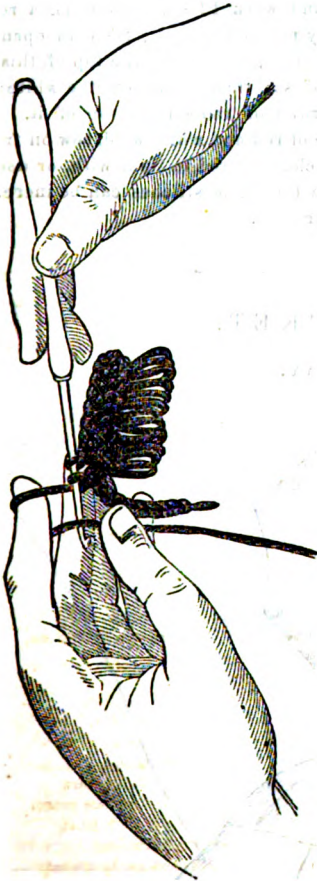
For a love that's poured on thee,
Vials of dread agony?
Who can ever rightly know
What he recketh of his woe?
What's ordained to every one,
That Heaven's righteous will be done,
Blinded, grope we on our way,
Stumbling on to destiny!
Fair Helena, swathed in pride,
Thy soul's every outline hide;
Loveless, and yet so exempt
From compassion or contempt.
Heaven keeps record of thy tears
Shed through long and sunless years;
Not by blind chance cometh Bliss,
Nor her sister Wretchedness.
Some through flowery paths are led,
Some o'er Fate's sharp rocks must tread
If we trust, or if we doubt,
Unto each is measured out
His life's share, what'er it be,
Planned from all Eternity.
Let us then in meekness take,
If the heart shall fag, or ache,
What a righteous God doth send,
Through all changes still our Friend.

TIPPET OF CHINCHILLA WOOL.

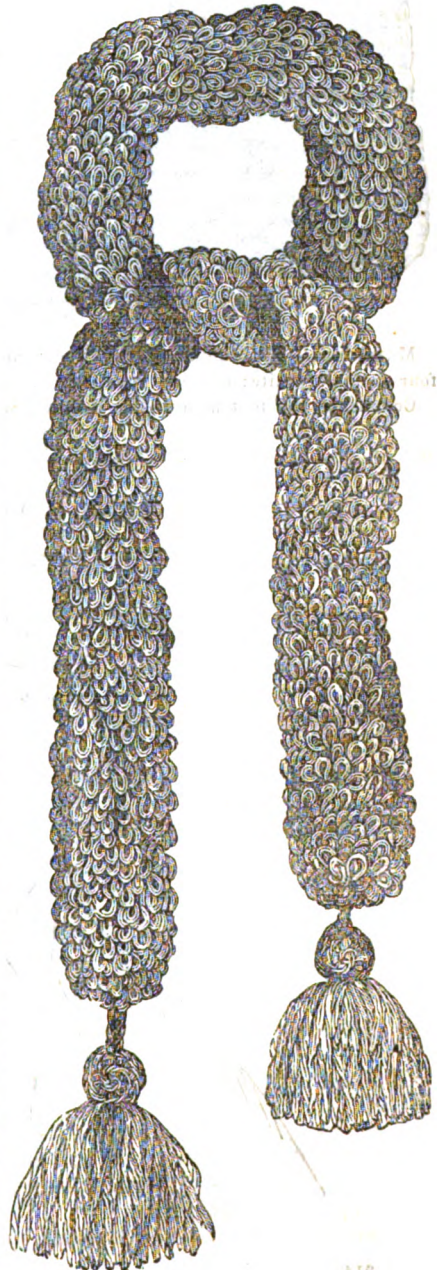
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—5 oz. Chinchilla zephyr (single);
fine crochet hook.

Make a chain seven and a half inches long.
Work backward and forward in the manner
shown by design below, which shows the exact
mode of working the stitch. Observe to work

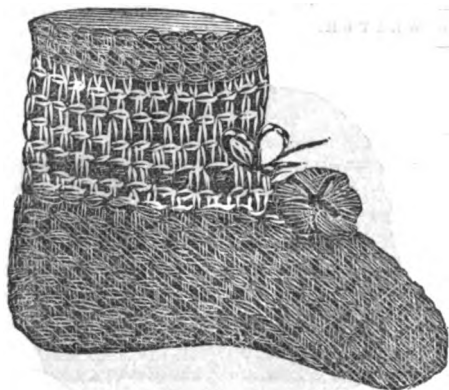


the loops always on the same side, doing one
row of plain crochet between every row of
loops. Continue until the piece is of the re-
quired length, which must be determined by
the age of the child, then join it lengthwise,
and finish with the tassels of the same wool.



BABY'S SOCK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



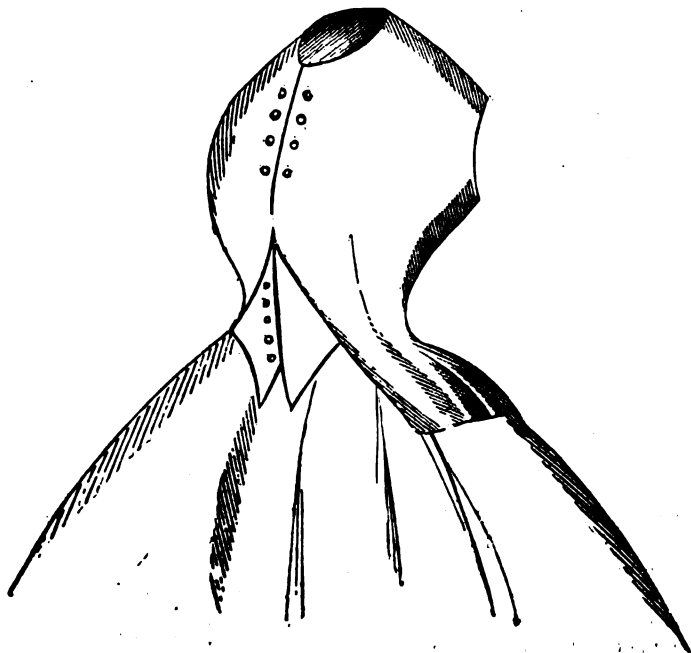
MATERIALS.—Six skeins of red wool; and four skeins of white; Princess royal stitch.

Commence the foot with 18 ch, into it work

20 sc, and increase 8 stitches every row for 4 rows. Being now at the toe, turn, and work 10 stitches up, turn, work 10 more down; repeat this 5 times, turn, and work 16 ch, turn, work this side the same as the other, decreasing every row until you have only 18 stitches, join the 18 stitches on both sides together; then join up the back; then work a small piece in sc to fill up under the toe. Fasten off now. Commence with white wool: Work across the front 10 sc, turn, and work 12 sc; then work a row of sc entirely round the sock; then an open row of 1 long, 1 ch, miss 1; on the top of this work 3 rows of sc; then fasten off the white; then 3 more rows of red on the top of it. Make a rosette of red and white wool, sew on front, and put a chain of red to tie it with, or use ribbon for the tie. The stitches can be increased for a larger shoe.

IN-DOOR JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for an In-door Jacket: with diagrams by which it may be cut out. The material should be silk velvet, or fancy cloth. This garment buttons in the same manner as the Figaro Jackets. Each side of the front is thrown back a little. From the waist behind, two large plaits are made; then, from the middle seam, one of the two parts composing the middle of the back is laid over on the other, as in men's coats. It is trimmed with small flat buttons at the waist, down the front, and on the sleeves, which may be either

closed at bottom, or left open and held together by laces.

DIAGRAM NO. 1.

No. 1. FRONT.

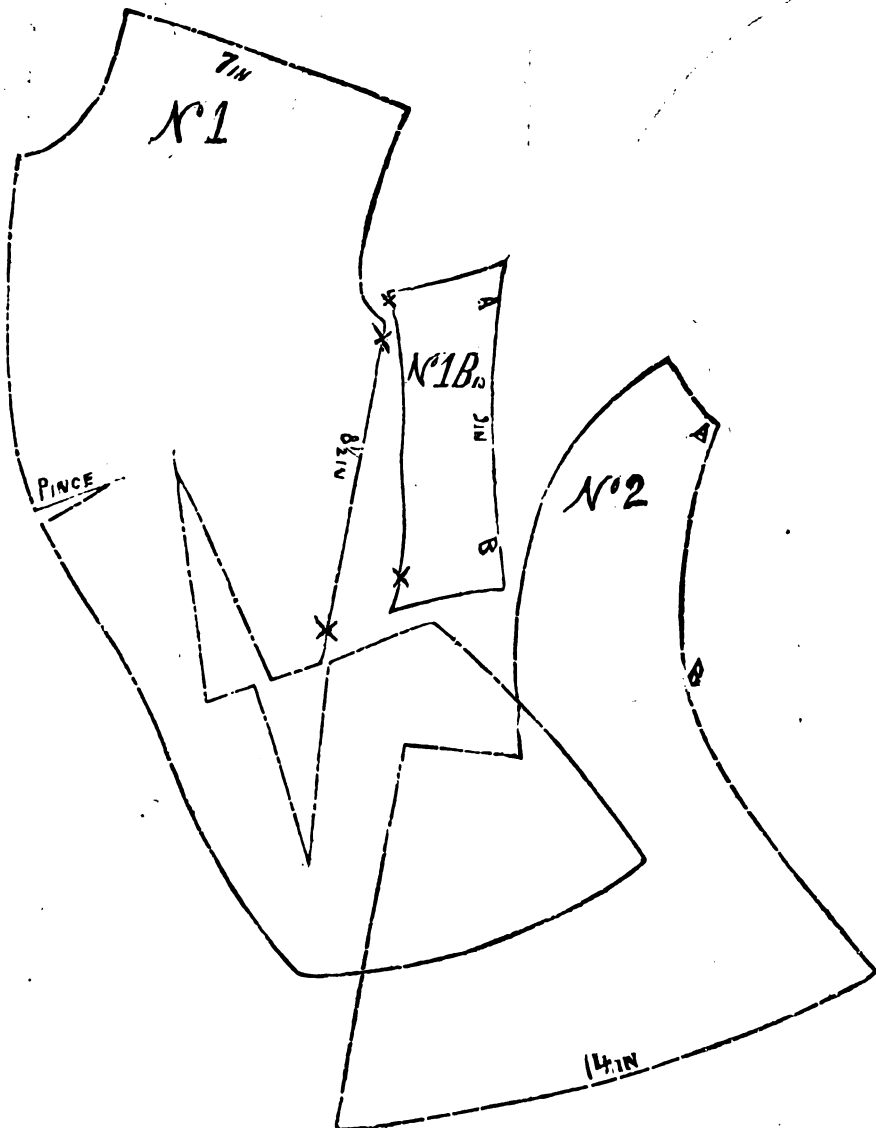
No. 1. *bis.* SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT, put almost under the arm.

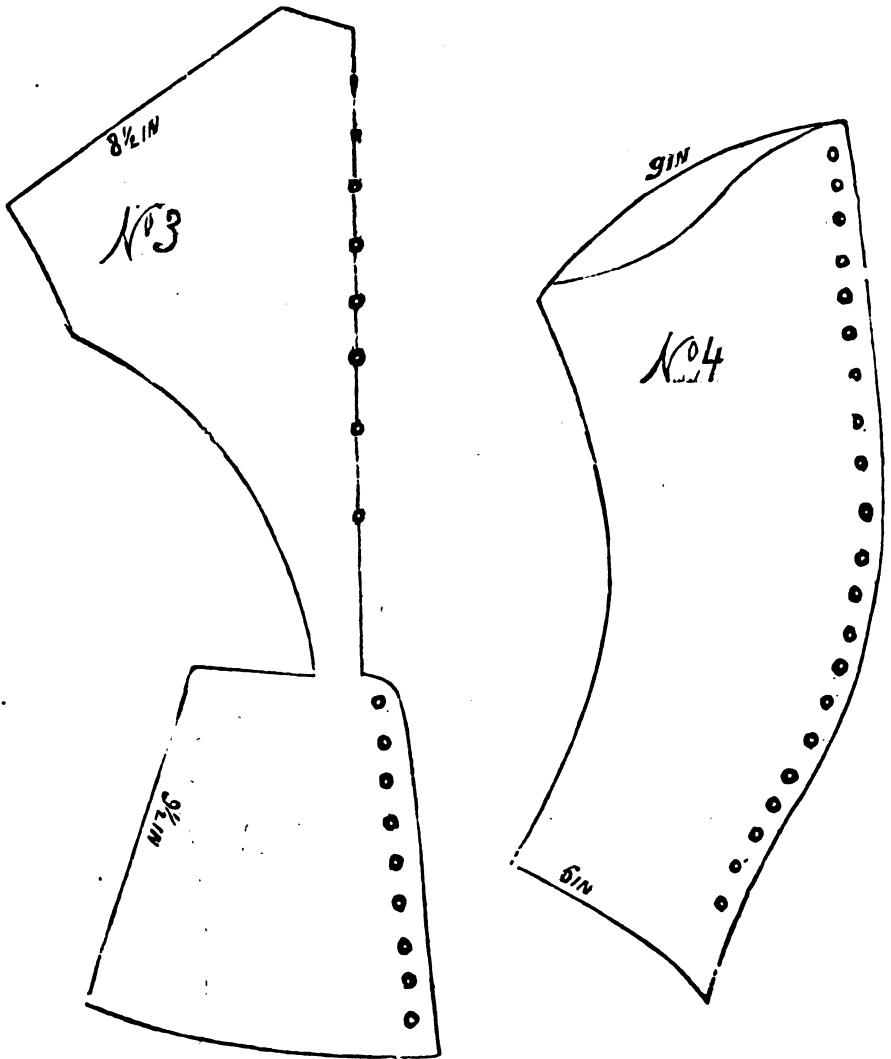
No. 2. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

DIAGRAM NO. 2.

No. 3. MIDDLE OF BACK.

No. 4. UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.





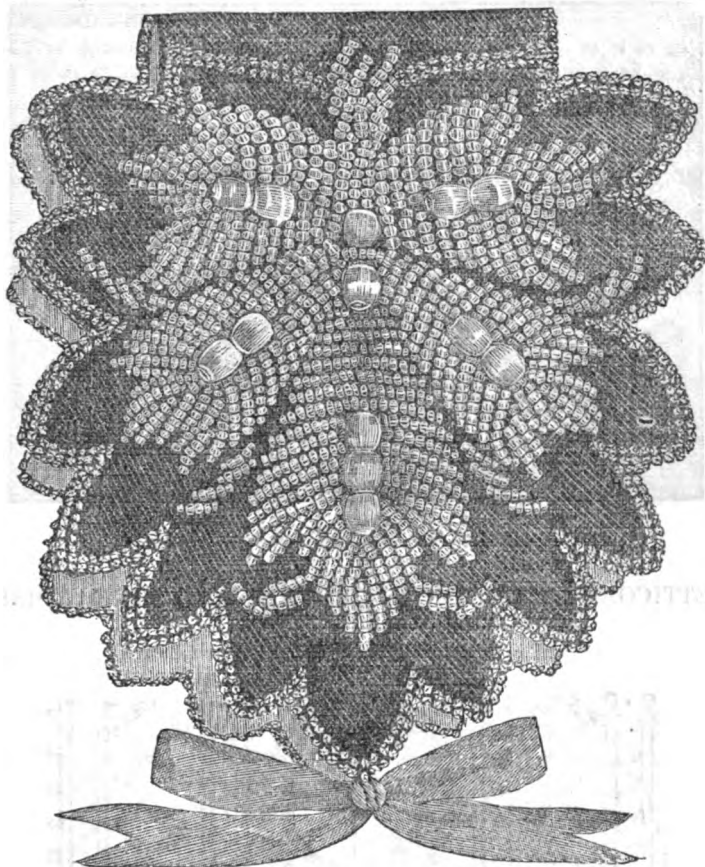
NEEDLE-CASE IN BEAD-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—1 bunch of white beads, size seen in the design; 1 string larger ones; cloth or velvet for the outside, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard; No. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ribbon.

Cut out of pasteboard the leaf, (double) to fold as shown in the design. Cover with cloth or velvet (color to suit the taste). Sew two rows of the small beads around the edge. Cut out of white silk or paper muslin a piece the size of the embroidered design; tack it upon

the upper side of the Needle-Case, and on it sew the beads after the manner designated by the engraving. Of course the bead-work must cover entirely the piece of white silk, or muslin. Line the inside with white silk. Add some pieces of flannel or cloth for the needles and the ribbon. This completes the case, which is one of the most beautiful designs we have ever seen.



VANDYKE EDGING IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

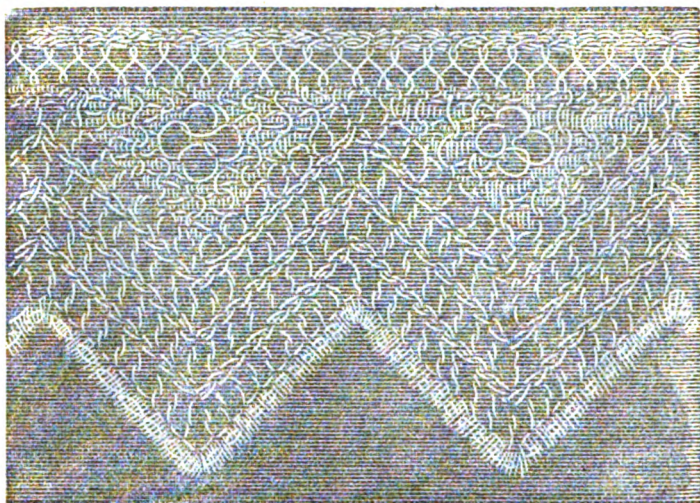
This is a very pretty border in knitting for counterpanes and toilet-table covers. It is convenient for making either wide or narrow. The edge is both perfect and strong, and the pattern is easy to execute. Cast on 1 loops; the edge of the vandyke is the commencement of the loops upon the needle, the hem-stitch being formed by the last three loops, contrary to the general rule.

1st row: Knit 2, make 1, and narrow three times, make 1, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

The back rows are always plain knitting except the hem-stitch.

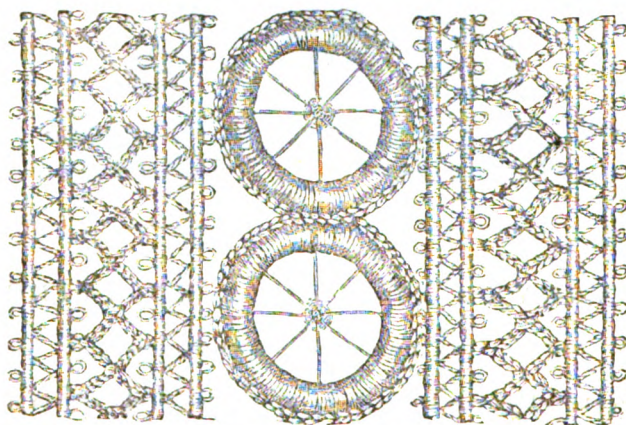
Repeat the first row until there are seven plain stitches; knit three of these after the hem-stitch, then make 1 and narrow; this is

the first hole of the four in the center of the plain. This pattern requires that three rows should be knitted plain, in order to turn the point of the scallop; the third row should end at the point. After turning, the rows from the point should be knitted thus: Knit 1, narrow, make 1, and narrow four times. These rows should be repeated until the number of loops is again reduced to twelve, remembering to make the holes in the center of the solid knitting, so as to complete the four. Three rows must be again knitted before recommencing the pattern from the first row. No. 8 of Boar's-head crochet cotton is a very good size for a general edging; but for a counterpane No. 6 knitting cotton would be most suitable.



PETTICOAT INSERTION IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—White mignardise; 6 reels of crochet cotton, No. 12; some thick knitting cotton.

This insertion is worked *the long way*, and in a round, so as to avoid any seams. You must begin by joining together the two ends of a piece of mignardise—a sort of white French braid with narrow loops on each side called *picots*. This piece of braid must be folded in two, the long way; it must be large enough to go round the petticoat.

On that side of the folded braid where the *picots* are, work a row of loops in the following manner:—5 chain, miss 1 *picot*, work 1 stitch

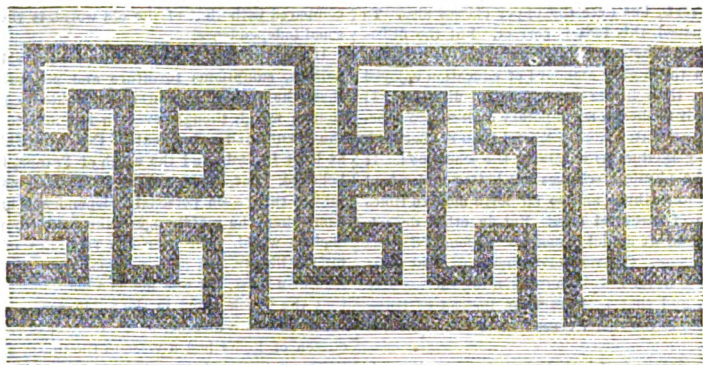
of single crochet, repeat all round. Prepare another piece of braid, and join it to the first by chain stitches (see the engraving). The other side of the insertion is worked in the same manner between two pieces of folded braid.

FOR THE RINGS.—Wind some thick crochet cotton four or five times round the thumb of your left hand; withdraw your thumb. Over this round of cotton work very tightly a row of double crochet, and in the opening of the rings work a rosette in glaze thread; sew these rings in a row between the two edges in mignardise. Those ladies who do not wish to use

mignardise can form the braid themselves in *picots* of the braid, leaving about 5 stitches between each loop. This will render the work somewhat longer, but will be quite as pretty and even more durable than the mignardise.

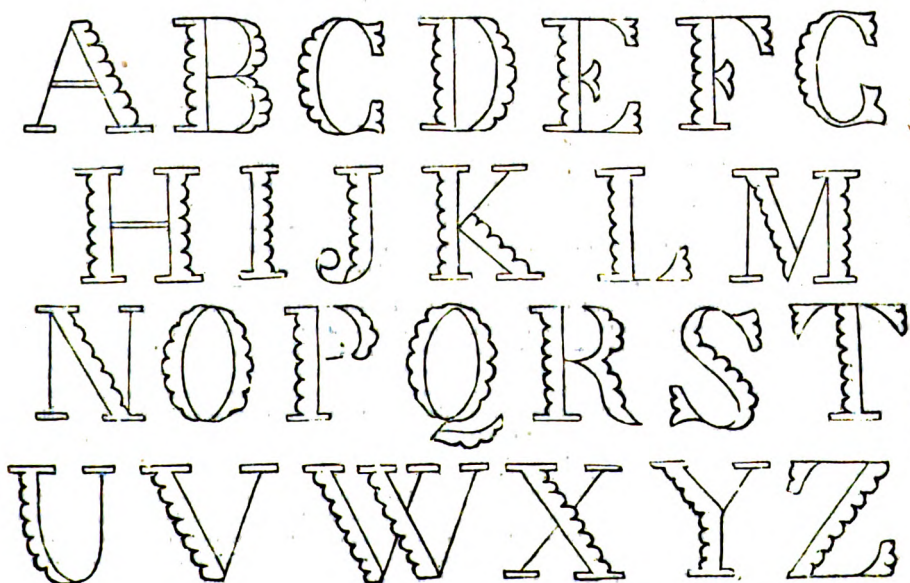
DRESS TRIMMING IN NARROW VELVET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is an exceedingly effective and simple mode of trimming a tweed, a poplin, or a merino dress; and, with a little industry, most ladies would be able to accomplish it. The pattern should be traced on tissue-paper, and tacked on the dress, and the velvet run on at each edge, the paper being then torn away. It would answer equally well for a cloak trimming, or for ornamenting children's dresses. This design may be traced on any material.

ALPHABET IN MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION NOW AND BEFORE.—The moderns are apt to underrate the dark ages. Because there was no newspaper press, because printing had not been discovered, because comparatively little was known of books, we too hastily conclude that superstition, ignorance, brutality, and barbarism reigned paramount, not only over the serfs, but over the upper classes also. To some extent, indeed, this idea is correct. But the difference between the nineteenth and twelfth centuries really consists, less in the higher standard of education enjoyed by the former, than in its more popular diffusion. It would be difficult to show a cotemporary dialectician superior to Abelard, an orator more powerful than St. Bernard, or intellectual gladiators as subtle as the schoolmen. It is true that the physical sciences are better understood now than they were then; and so far forth modern times are in advance of mediæval ones. But in other departments of education we do not transcend the feudal days as much as we suppose. Our real advantages are, that what is acquired now is never lost, because printing successfully perpetuates it; and that book-learning, instead of being confined, as then, to the richer classes, or to churchmen, is available to all.

But even the degree to which knowledge was disseminated throughout the community in the feudal times, has been generally misunderstood. Learning seems to have fluctuated as nations enjoyed more or less of peace. Just as, during the wars of the first Napoleon, literature gave place to the military spirit, so, in the more troubled portions of the middle ages, it seems to have suffered from similar causes. But at other periods, or in particular localities, when there happened to be a long peace, learning flourished with a vigor for which generally we moderns do not give those times credit. It is an historical fact that the students of Oxford frequently numbered thirty thousand, that swarms of followers listened to Abelard at Paris, that the doctors of Salamanca were famous throughout Europe, and that the schools of Italy were crowded with learners. In the republican communities of that day (in Florence, Pisa, and other peninsular towns, for example), the citizens could mostly read and write, and enjoyed generally a high degree of refinement and civilization. Later, the republican towns of Flanders and Holland exhibited a similar spectacle. The first produced Dante and the great painters. The last gave birth to those mighty spirits who founded the Dutch Republic, and laid the corner-stone of English and American liberty.

But if the middle ages had even been more ignorant than they were, they performed a service, in one respect, which cannot be ignored. It was to those ages that we owe much of that sentiment of personal independence which distinguishes the modern from the ancient world. The Roman empire fell, not merely, as used to be popularly taught, because the Goths assailed it, but because it was socially as well as politically rotten to the very core. The idea that a mighty empire, such as that of Rome then was, should succumb to a foreign invader, while it was healthy and sound, is a manifest absurdity. The truth was that wealth had become concentrated into a few hands only, that selfishness had completely corrupted all classes, and that the poor were in such a hopeless condition that they had less to dread from new masters than from the old; and it was the weakness of the commonwealth, caused by these things, which made the empire so easy a prey to

the invader. But when the deluge had swept over the ancient order of things, when rich and poor alike were washed into one common alluvium, and when the seeds of the sentiment of personal liberty, which the Northern nations had brought with them, and scattered abroad, had germinated, then arose that new civilization which we now enjoy, and whose distinguishing characteristic, as compared with that of the old world, is the sense of personal independence.

If we consider civilization to consist solely in marble palaces, sumptuous furniture and generally in luxury, then the middle ages were undoubtedly inferior to the Roman world, though, even in the middle ages, more of the luxury and refinement of the old world was retained, at least in Italy and the south of France, than is usually believed. But, if we regard civilization as consisting in higher things—in personal independence or political freedom—then the middle ages take rank above that of the ancient world. For even the republics of the old time taught liberty, less as a personal right than as the privilege of a class. It was not as a man, but as an Athenian, that the Greek voted in the public assembly. It was because he was a member of his tribe or order, that the free citizen of Rome had a voice in the State, and not because he was a human being, gifted with an immortal soul, and endowed by his Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is time that we moderns were more just to both the learning and the civilization of the middle ages.

ORNAMENTAL BOXES.—A pretty and useful article may be made by ornamenting small boxes with sealing-wax. Having procured your box (round wooden boxes, that have been filled with tooth-powder are much the best for the purpose; but any sort will do, provided it is strong enough); next get a large seal, some good sealing-wax, and a small watch-key. A small gasjet is rather better than a candle to melt the wax by, being not so liable to discolor it when the colored sorts are used. Make an impression with the seal on the center of the box-lid; then spread the wax around it evenly—as much as can be impressed at one time without cooling; then mark it all over, as closely as possible, with the pipe of the watch-key, repeating the process until the whole of the outside surface is entirely covered. Then finish them off by lining them with velvet, cut out the exact size of the inside, and gummed in. They form exceedingly pretty ornaments for the toilet-table, suitable for holding brooches, pins, etc. A little variation may be made by using red wax for the center seal, and black for the small indentations.

THE QUABREL.—This is one of the very best steel engravings we have ever published. Its humor is inimitable. The two lovers have had a tiff, and while one sulks and bites her nails, the other coolly blacks his employer's boots and whistles with affected unconcern. And yet, doubtless, the swain is, at heart, quite as unhappy as the maid. At least, the way in which he looks around at her, out of the corner of his eye, suggests the suspicion.

A FASHIONABLE WARDROBE.—The Caldwell (Ohio) Republican says:—"We hazard nothing in asserting that Peterson is a more valuable repository to the ladies of the rural districts, in the way of getting up a fashionable wardrobe, than all other publications combined."

A FINE POEM.—We do not know who is the author of the following; but it is worthy of preservation; and so we copy it for our fair readers.

THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years;
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow,
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overtlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its haven,
And the past its Long-ago.

A SAFE WAGER.—The strongest gentleman in the company may be safely challenged to break a soda water bottle in an empty stocking by swinging it against the wall with all his force. If the experiment is new to him, he will probably undertake it. When, by a vigorous swing, he has smashed the bottle, as he undoubtedly will, his exultation will be a little diminished on being reminded that it was to be broken in an "empty" stocking, and that a stocking containing a bottle is not empty. At sea, where this is a common trick, the usual articles are a wine bottle and an "empty" bread-bag.

"FURTHER AHEAD THAN EVER."—The Republican (N. Y.) says of our last number:—"The Cook-Book is a very important feature of 'PETERSON,' and one peculiar to that Magazine. There is each month a long list of recipes, each of which has been tested by a practical housekeeper. 'PETERSON' has not raised its price, and consequently stands further than ever ahead of all other Lady's Magazines."

"WASHING THE CRADLE."—This pretty engraving represents a fisherman's wife washing a cradle, while one of her children is playing at her side in the water. It is a spirited picture, that will commend itself to all.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Great Consummation. The Millennium Rest; or, The World As It Will Be. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. F. R. S. E. First Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is the concluding series of lectures on the subject of the millennium. First came "The Great Tribulation," then "The Great Preparation," and now this. Dr. Cumming is the minister of the Scottish Church in London, and only less popular, as a preacher, than the famous Spurgeon. He is well known as a firm believer in the speedy approach of the second Advent. He has made the prophecies his life-long study, and he treats of them, in this and his other books, with a solemn earnestness, which impresses even those whom he fails to convince.

Garret Van Horn; or, The Beggar on Horseback. By John S. Sausade. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The scene of this original American novel is laid principally in New York. We cannot say much for the story. There are some readers, however, who may find it interesting.

The Chronicles of Curlingford. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The story of "Salcyn Chapel," which is the principal one of these chronicles, is altogether the best that Mrs. Oliphant has ever written. The interest is intense. From the moment that Susan disappears, up to the final chapter, the reader follows the narrative with almost breathless interest. The characters, moreover, are life-like. Lady Western, Mrs. Hilyard, Susan, Phoebe, Miss Tufton, and Vincent himself, though each differing from the other, are all equally natural, and all vividly portrayed. Mrs. Vincent is a most faithful and elaborate bit of painting. The "butter-man" is comically superb. In this country, where the voluntary system in the church prevails universally, the trials of the young pastor will be appreciated even better than in England. No greater proof of the merit of this novel can be adduced, than the fact, that, for some time, it was believed to have been written by the author of "Adam Bede."

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. W. Childs.—Since the demise of the American Almanac, published for many years in Boston, there has been a dearth of popular books of reference. Mr. Childs has made an attempt, in the present work, to supply this deficiency. The National Almanac is modeled, in most respects, on the American Almanac, but is greatly improved in many particulars. No labor appears to have been spared to make the volume complete. It is the purpose of Mr. Childs to publish the work annually. He promises that the volume for 1864 shall excel even the present one in merit.

Notes, Criticisms, and Correspondence upon Shakespeare's Plays and Criticisms. By James Henry Hackett. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this volume possesses unusual qualifications for the task he has undertaken. In his profession he is a man of more than average intellectual endowments, and he adds to this superiority a generous literary culture, and especially a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare. We commend the book as one of rare merit.

A Tangled Stein. By Albany Funblanque, Jr. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—In some respects this novel reminds us of "The Woman in White," and others of the stories of Wilkie Collins. It has the same skillful plot, the same rapid incident, the same breathless concentration and unity. The representation of character, however, is less successful.

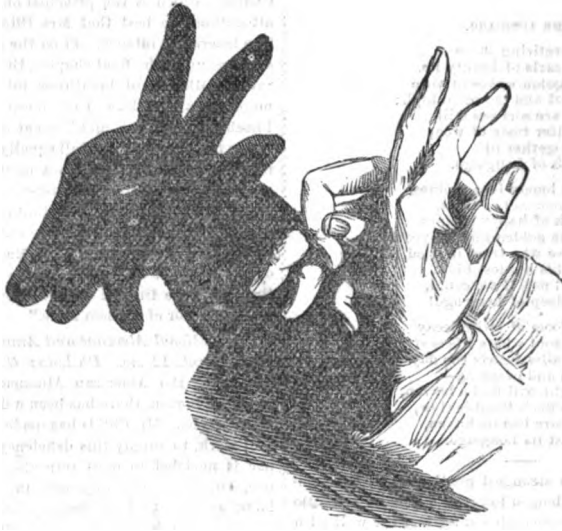
The Employments of Women; a Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By Virginia Penny. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.—The principal object of this book is to point out the various avocations open to women, the remuneration to be expected, and the advantages or disadvantages of the particular employment. Viewed in this aspect, it is a work of very great value.

The Ice-Maiden, and other Tales. By Hans Christian Anderson. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: F. Leypoldt.—This little volume does great credit to the taste of the publisher. It is printed on tinted paper, with a photograph from an original drawing, and is bound in vellum cloth, with gilt top. The translation is by Miss Fanny Fuller, and is a very creditable performance.

Barrington. A Novel. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap edition of Lever's last fiction. "Barrington," though not up to "Charles O'Malley," is much better than many of Lever's books. It is very agreeable reading.

Tactics; or, Cupid in Shoulder-Straps. A West Point Love Story. By Hearston Drille, U. S. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is a novel by an anonymous writer. The tale has variety, but is hardly first-rate. But there is plenty of sentiment, love, and romance.

A SHADOW PICTURE



FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE GRACEFUL LADY.—Having procured a number of small twists of paper, or lamp-lighters, one of the players commences the game by reciting a certain formula, which is to be repeated, with an additional remark, by each of the players in their respective turns.

If any omission or mistake is made, the one who makes it will have to receive a twist of paper in the hair, and drop the title of Graceful Lady, or Gentleman, and be called the One-horned Lady, or Gentleman; or, if they have more than one horn, they must be called according to the number. The one who begins the game will politely bow to her neighbor, and say: "Good-morning, graceful lady, ever graceful; I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers."

The next one then takes up the play, addressing her nearest companion: "Good-morning, graceful lady, ever graceful; I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers and a long red beak."

The next one says in turn: "Good-evening, graceful lady, ever graceful; I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a gold bird with little feathers and a long red beak tipped with green."

You'll see there are two mistakes here, so the player must have a couple of horns in her hair, and the next one proceeds with: "Good-morning, graceful lady, ever graceful; I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that two-horned lady, ever two-horned, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers, a long red beak tipped with green, and brilliant diamond eyes."

And so the game proceeds, producing more horns as it becomes more complicated. Nothing can be too ridiculous for the graceful lady to possess, as it adds to the enjoyment of the game.

MAGIC WRITING.—Present a person with a slip of paper, a pen, and a tumbler of water, and desire him to dip the pen in the tumbler, and write down whatever he pleases. When dry, the words will be invisible, but, if the paper is

immersed in the contents of the tumbler, the writing will make its appearance quite distinctly. To perform this, the pen should be a quill one, and new, and the water in the tumbler should have one or two crystals of sulphate of iron (green vitriol) previously dissolved in it, while the writer should be careful the pen does not get dry in use. When the writing has been executed, the tumbler should be taken away, on pretence of the water being rather dirty, and wanting changing; another similar tumbler is brought back, filled to the same height with water, in which a few drops of tincture of galls have been poured. When the paper is immersed in this, the writing will quickly appear.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Beef a la Menagere.—Take about twenty rather small onions, brown them in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when they have taken a bright color, sprinkle over them a little flour or some bread-crumbs. Remove the onions to a stewpan, taking care not to break them. Add a teacupful of broth, the piece of beef whole, a sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire for about two hours. Serve the beef on a dish, and arrange the onions round it.

A Savory Chicken Pâté.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

To Make a Hot-Pot.—To make this successfully, it is necessary to be provided with a deep glazed earthenware dish, with a cover fitting closely over it. Take a loin of mutton, first cut it into chops, and then free them from fat and skin, and upon each chop lay a piece of butter the size of a marble. Peel some potatoes, and cut them into thin slices. Place first a layer of these sliced potatoes at the bottom of the dish, at the top of these a layer of chops, seasoning them well with pepper and salt, then a mutton kidney, and some oysters; begin again with a layer of potatoes, and continue in the same order until the dish is full, finishing off with a layer of potatoes which are cut into four quarters. Pour in half a pint of gravy, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, the same quantity of walnut ketchup, and the liquor of the oysters, which should be strained carefully. Place the cover firmly on the dish, to keep in the aroma, and bake for an hour and a half to two hours, according to the oven. The dish is sent to table with a napkin pinned round it. For a moderate sized hot-pot, three dozen oysters and three mutton kidneys are requisite. N. B.—If an onion flavoring is preferred, either onions or mushrooms can be substituted for the oysters.

Timbale.—This dish, if cooked with care, is an excellent plan for using up cooked meat. Boil some macaroni in milk and water for five minutes. Butter a plain mould well, and place the macaroni in rows all round it; then fill the mould with forcemeat made with either chicken or veal, or any other dressed meat which may be at hand, adding to it a little ham or bacon, pounded very fine and seasoned with the rind of a lemon grated. Three small leaves of sage, chopped very fine; two cloves, a pinch of mace and nutmeg, an onion chopped small, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all these ingredients well together with two eggs. The whole must be steamed for one hour and a quarter, and served with white sauce.

Beef Hash.—Chop up three or four onions, fry them brown, and add a teaspoonful of flour, a little good broth, seasoning of salt, pepper, and a sprig of parsley chopped very fine; and mix all well over the fire. Mince the beef very fine, add it to the sauce, and cook all gently for a short time. At the last thicken the gravy, and serve the hash with sippets. A circle of poached eggs may be added.

DESSERTS.

Dutch Flummery.—Put one ounce of isinglass or gelatine into a jug, pour upon it a full pint of boiling water, and let it stand for half an hour, or until it is dissolved; then put it into a brass saucepan, adding the peel of one lemon and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, half-pint of sherry, and loaf-sugar to taste. Let it simmer or just boil up together; when this is done, put it into a cool place until it is lukewarm, when add the juice of one lemon. Run it through a jelly-bag into moulds. This is a simple but an excellent sweet.

Rice Meringue.—Swell gently four ounces of rice in a pint of milk, let it cool a little, and stir one ounce and a half of fresh butter, three ounces of pounded white sugar, the rind of a lemon, and the yolks of five eggs. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and lay lightly and evenly over the top the whites of four eggs beaten to snow. Bake the pudding for ten minutes in a gentle oven. The peel of the lemon should be first soaked in a wineglass of white wine before it is added to the other ingredients.

Cocoa-Nut Cheesecakes.—Take the white part of a cocoonut, three ounces of lump sugar, and half a gill of water. The sugar must be first dissolved in the water, and the cocoonut (grated) to be added to it. Let all boil for a few minutes over a slow fire; let it get cold and then add the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one well-beaten up. Put the mixture into small tins with thin paste at the bottom, and bake in a slow oven.

Orange Cream.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass and six ounces of loaf-sugar in a pint of boiling milk, having first rubbed off the rind of five oranges with some of the lumps of sugar. Extract the juice of the oranges, and then strain the isinglass and other ingredients into it; add one gill of cream and the yolks of four eggs, which must be well beaten. Pour the whole into a saucepan, warm it over the fire, but do not allow it to boil; pour into a basin and stir it until cold, before you put it into a mould.

Apple Jelly.—Boil your apples in water till they are quite to a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every English pint of the juice, put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. We may as well add that we can say from experience, that this jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

French Pancakes.—Beat half a pint of cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve; beat the whites and yolks (separately) of three eggs, add one tablespoonful of flour, and the same quantity of white sugar; mix all lightly, and bake in three saucers for twenty minutes. Dish them up with raspberry, or any other preserve, between.

Indian Pudding.—Two quarts of boiling milk, with Indian meal enough to make a thin batter; stir in while boiling hot. Add sugar, allspice, and salt to your taste; also a teacup of cold milk. Bake five hours in a moderate oven.

Receipt for Syllabub.—Put a quart of cider into a bowl, grate a nutmeg into it, sweeten with fine sugar; then add some new milk, and pour some cream over it.

VEGETABLES.

Greens and Broccoli.—In dressing these vegetables, the chief things to attend to are to wash them perfectly clean and free from insects, to cook them enough, and not too much, and to serve them very hot; half-cold greens are abominable. Washing greens requires great care and attention, even more at the season when caterpillars and slugs are plentiful than now. Put them into water with plenty of salt in it, and that will cause the insects to emerge from hidden recesses, whence they could not otherwise be dislodged. As the salt tends to make the greens limp, as soon as they are free from insects, plunge them for an hour or more into fresh cold water, to restore their crispness. To be very nice, everything of the cabbage tribe should be brought in fresh from the garden; but, if they have to be kept from one day to the next, nothing but the stalk should be put in water, the whole plant should be immersed only for a little time before cooking. To cook greens and broccoli, put them into boiling water, with some salt, and boil them fast, with the lid of the saucepan off. If soda be used, let it be a bit no larger than a pea. A Savoy or large cabbage will take three-quarters of an hour; sea-cale and broccoli, if fresh, half an hour; bunch greens, half an hour; Brussels-sprouts, the same; all these must be boiled until quite tender, not longer.

Potatoes are served with almost everything of which an American partakes. Greens and broccoli are eaten with all roast meat. Sea-cale is sometimes introduced as a vegetable, but most persons prefer it as an *entremets*, and eat it by itself. Beet is generally used as a salad, or with salad, but in some families it is served hot, as a vegetable. Turnips, parsnips, and carrots suit best with boiled meat, but in some places one or all of them are also served with roast meat, especially mutton.

To Pickle Parsley Green.—Pick a sufficient quantity of curled parsley, and put it into salt and water which is strong enough to bear the weight of an egg. Let the parsley remain in this for one week, then take it out and drain it thoroughly. Make fresh salt and water, as strong

as before, and let the parsley stand in it for another week; then drain it again, and put it into spring water, which must be changed every day for three days consecutively, after which scald it in hard water until it becomes green; then take it out and drain it until it is quite dry. Boil a quart of the best vinegar for a few minutes, with a couple of blades of mace in it, a nutmeg sliced, and three shallots; when this is cold, pour it upon the parsley, and keep it for use.

Melted Butter.—Melted butter is often served with greens, and always with sea-cale and brocoli, but the instructions for making it are not generally sufficiently plain and clear to help a beginner in the art of cookery. Mix a table-spoonful of flour quite smoothly with a little cold water. Add to this half a pint of water, in a clear saucepan, stir in two ounces of butter, and stir the mixture over the fire until it is sufficiently cooked, and looks thick and rich. The thickening properties of flour vary very much; if, therefore, the melted butter does not thicken with the table-spoonful of flour named, a little more may be dusted in from the dredger as it cooks. Cooks consider it imperative to stir it only one way all the time.

Potato Balls.—Take four potatoes, boiled the day before, grate (not rub) them. Add two table-spoonfuls of flour and two eggs, salt, and a very little nutmeg. Make into round balls, put them into boiling water, and boil twenty minutes. Oil some butter, and brown some chopped onions in it. When the balls are finished, throw over them raspings of bread, and then pour on the hot oil and onions. N. B.—The great point is to serve very hot.

To Stew Celery.—Take off the outside, and remove the green ends from the celery; stew in milk and water until they are very tender. Put in a slice of lemon, a little beaten mace, and thicken with a good lump of butter and flour; boil it a little, and then add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs mixed with a teaspoonful of good cream. Shake the saucepan over the fire until the gravy thickens, but do not let it boil. Serve it hot.

To Boil Beetroot.—Wash and cleanse the root, but take especial care not to injure it, or the small rootlets growing from it, in the slightest degree. If the rootlets get broken, or the root be wounded over so slightly, it will spoil the color and sweetness entirely. Put it in warm water with a pinch of salt. A beetroot takes long to boil; it must be cooked until the outside feels tender to the touch.

Root Vegetables.—Turnips should be pared, have two gashes, half through, cut in each, to hasten the cooking, and put in plenty of water, with a little salt. They must be boiled until quite soft (more than half an hour must be allowed), and mashed with butter, pepper, and salt. Carrots and parsnips must be scraped clean, boiled for much longer, and served cut in quarters.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

Barley Cream.—Take two pounds of perfectly lean veal, or three pounds of the scrap, free from fat; chop it well. Wash thoroughly half a pound of pearl barley; put it into a saucepan with two quarts of water and some salt. Let all simmer gently together until reduced to one quart. Take out the bones and rub the remainder through a fine hair-sieve with a wooden spoon. It should be the same consistency as good cream. Add a little more salt, if requisite, and a little mace, if approved of. This makes light and nourishing food for invalids.

A Delicate Pudding.—Take the yolks of five eggs, beaten very well, half a pound of pounded sugar, half a pint of milk, a slice of butter warmed in the milk, and a table-spoonful of flour. The sauce should be made of one glass of sherry, a little loaf-sugar, and melted butter. Bake the puddings in large teacups, turn them out, and pour the sauce over them.

Mary's Pudding.—Put not quite half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, and two ounces of butter, into a basin, pour upon them (boiling) one pint of good milk, sweetened with about three ounces of sugar. Cover with a plate or saucer, and set to cool. Beat up three eggs well, and stir them into the crumbs when cool enough, adding any flavor that is liked; it is very good without. Pour into a buttered dish, and bake half an hour; or pour into a buttered mould, and boil one hour. The following sauce is very nice over the boiled pudding: Add one egg, and the yolks of three, to half a tumbler of sherry, sweetened. Put in a jug in a pan of hot water, taking care not to let it remain too long on the fire; five minutes will be long enough. Whip the whole by rolling the whisk well between the hands till the mixture becomes light and firm.

Scalded Pudding.—Stir three spoonfuls of flour into the smallest quantity of cold milk possible to make it smooth; into this stir a pint of scalding milk, put it upon the fire, but do not let it boil; when cold, add nutmeg, ginger, and lemon peel, and three well-beaten eggs; sweeten to taste. Butter a basin, fill it with the above, and let it boil for an hour. When cooked, plunge it into a pail of cold water, turn it on a dish, and let it stand a few minutes covered with the same basin before you send it to table.

Strengthening Jelly.—One ounce of isinglass, one ounce of gum-arabic, one ounce of sugar-candy, dissolved in half a pint of port-wine. Let it stand all night (add one pint more wine if you like it strong), and (next day) let it simmer on the fire till well dissolved; then strain and keep for use (in this case the preparation assumes the Jujube appearance.) If half a pint of water be added (before simmering), the usual jelly appearance is produced.

Tapioca Blancmange.—Half a pound of tapioca, soaked for one hour in a pint of new milk, and then boiled until quite tender; sweeten, according to taste, with loaf-sugar, and, if preferred, flavor with either lemon, almond, or vanilla. Put the mixture into a mould; when cold, turn it out, and serve it with custard or cream, and, if approved, some preserves.

Baked Puddings.—One pint of milk, a quarter-pound of butter, a quarter-pound of flour, five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, two ounces of lump-sugar. Mix all well together, and bake it in cups, which first must be rinsed in cold skim milk. Bake half an hour, and serve with butter or arrowroot sauce.

A Quaking Pudding.—Boil a pint of the best new milk with two blades of mace, a little grated nutmeg, and a little ginger, when nearly cold; add to it the yolks and whites of five eggs, well beaten, a few almonds, and sugar to taste; mix all together with two table-spoonfuls of flour. Boil it half an hour.

Port-Wine Jelly.—One and a half-pint of port-wine, two ounces of isinglass, one nutmeg. Pour the wine on the isinglass; let it remain twelve hours. Boil all together, with the nutmeg grated in it. Sweeten to taste. The vessel for boiling must not be an iron one.

FIRESIDE RECREATIONS.

TWO OBJECTS SEEN AS ONE.—On a sheet of black paper, or other dark ground, place two white wafers, having their centers three inches distant. Vertically above the paper, and to the left, look with the right eye, at twelve inches from it, and so that, when looking down on it, the line joining the two eyes shall be parallel to that joining the center of the wafers. In this situation, close the left eye, and look full with the right perpendicularly at the wafer below it, when this wafer only will be seen, the other being completely invisible. But if it be removed over so little from its place, either to the right or left, above or below,

It will become immediately visible, and start, as it were, into existence. The distances here set down may, perhaps, vary slightly in different eyes.

Upon this curious effect, Sir John Herschel observes:—"It will cease to be thought singular, that this fact of the absolute invisibility of objects in a certain point of the field of view of each eye should be one of which not one person in ten thousand is apprised, when we learn, that it is not extremely uncommon to find persons who have for some time been totally blind with one eye, without being aware of the fact."

OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Shut one eye, direct the other to any fixed point, as the head of a pin, and you will indistinctly see all the other objects. Suppose one of these to be a strip of white paper, or a pen lying upon a table covered with a green cloth: either of them will disappear altogether, as if taken off the table; for the impression of the green cloth will entirely extend itself over that part of the retina which the image of the pen occupied. The vanished pen will, however, shortly reappear, and again vanish; and the same effect will take place when both eyes are open, though not so readily as with one eye.

FIX-HOLE FOCUS.—Make a pin-hole in a card, which hold between a candle and a piece of white paper, in a dark room, when an exact representation of the flame, but inverted, will be seen depicted upon the paper, and be enlarged as the paper is drawn from the hole; and if, in a dark room, a white screen or sheet of paper be extended at a few feet from a small round hole, an exact picture of all external objects, of their natural colors and forms, will be seen traced on the screen; moving objects being represented in motion, and stationary ones at rest.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Crimp the Hair.—Damp it well and brush it out, then take a small lock of it, and plait it tightly in out and over both sides of a hair-pin: when you have plaited all the lock in, turn up the ends of the hair-pin, so as to secure the hair from escaping. The pin must be held upright whilst you are twisting the hair in and out. Another way is to damp the hair, divide a lock into three, leaving one piece much thinner than the other two. Plait it up simply, hold the thin piece in one hand, and with the other run the remaining two up to the top. But this latter process will not cause the hair to be so regularly crimped as the former. Elder-flower water makes a refreshing wash for the face; glycerine diluted with rose-water is also good, when the skin is rough or chapped; and, as for face-powder, we should think that white starch pounded very finely would be the most harmless one to use; we think, however, that no powder at all is better than any.

Burns or Scalds.—A very simple and perfectly efficacious remedy is salad oil, beaten up with the whites of eggs in a bowl, into which dip pieces of old linen; to be applied to the parts burnt or scalded, and kept changing as the linen cloths applied become warm. In a very serious and extensive scald, the relief afforded in a few hours was attended with permanent success, and where there was some delay in procuring medical advice. This simple French remedy must be persevered in till the sufferer finds relief from it, which he will do in the course of a few hours, when the blisters will be found to subside. The linen cloths applied must be large enough to cover the injured parts.

To Preserve Bulbs.—When the bulbs have ceased flowering, take them out of the water and lay them in the open air and in the shade to dry. After a few days they may be removed into an airy room; and having remained uncovered until they are moderately hardened, the decayed parts, the loose skin, fibres, etc., should be cleared away, the offsets removed, and the bulbs put into some dry place,

where they may be secure from mice. They may be preserved in this manner until it is time to replant them. The offsets should be put into pots; two, three, or more, according to their size, being put into one pot.

Pomades, etc., for the Hair.—Cocoa-nut oil melted with a little olive oil, and scented as preferred. Sage tea is good for a wash; or warm water. A very good pomade is also made of: white wax, half an ounce; spermaceti, half an ounce; olive oil, six ounces. Different sorts of hair require different treatment; for what agrees with one, makes the other harsh and dry. Cold cream is often used; it is made with a quarter of an ounce of spermaceti, and a quarter of an ounce of white wax; dissolve by putting the basin in which you are going to mix it in hot water; then add one ounce each of oil of almonds and rose-water.

Dentifrice.—Rye carbonized and finely pulverized, used daily as a tooth-powder, soon stops caries, and promptly cures the small abscesses which are often formed on the gums.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE DOTTED LACE OVER WHITE SILK.—The side breadths are lined with pomegranate colored silk. The body is made high at the back, but low and square in front, and is trimmed with a full of lace. Lace also ornaments the bottom and side breadths of the dress. A narrow pomegranate color ribbon is run through the ruching around the neck, and there is a broad sash of silk of the same color. Head-dress of white lace and pomegranates.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK, striped and figured with black. Around the bottom of the dress is a deep ruffle of plain fawn-colored silk, fluted, and surmounted by a row of black guipure lace. The body and skirt is cut in one, and there is a narrow guipure lace, which forms an Andalusian jacket on the body. Large sleeves trimmed to correspond with the body. White tulle hat, ornamented with lace and jonquils.

FIG. III.—BREAKFAST DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The material is stamped to look like quilting. It is made without a seam at the waist, open in front, and lined with rose-colored silk.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PEARL COLORED SILK.—There is a narrow ruffle around the bottom of the dress, headed with a ruche of silk. Above this is a deeper flounce cut in deep scallops, and edged and headed with a ruching of silk. The waist is made with points before and behind, trimmed with quite a narrow ruche. A broad sash of silk is tied over these points. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the body.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK, PLAIDED WITH BLACK.—The sleeves and bottom of the skirt are trimmed with a fluted ruffle of blue silk. A low Andalusian body of blue silk is worn over the plain, high body of the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The weather keeps so cold that but little has yet appeared in the way of novelties. Marsailles and pique come in all the shades of buff, drab, and pearl, printed in black in various patterns around the bottom of the skirt to imitate braiding. These are very beautiful, and have the same effect as braided dresses without the trouble. Silks of one color are the most stylish, though, for young ladies especially, nothing can be more beautiful than the tiny narrow plaid French silks. Some few plain foulards are in the market, but these are very apt to spot and to rumple soon, though they are very beautiful when new. The printed foulards are so poor that they are no longer worth buying; and most of them this spring are sold at one dollar per yard. The India silks are the cheapest, when they can be procured, though for a few

years back but few have been imported. The most serviceable dress, for walking especially, is the alpaca. This material comes in the various shades of brown, gray, and quite plain, and also with small black plaids over the grave colors.

The style of trimming the skirts of dresses has undergone but little change. The last new body which we saw was made with three points at the back, and four in front. This was particularly pretty.

SLEEVES are usually made quite close to the arm to below the elbow, where they widen out in the funnel shape, or with a wide cuff.

A BEAUTIFUL STYLE of dress for home wear is the Empress' Veste, which is worn over a white braided foulard bodice, with a colored taffetas skirt. This Empress' Veste is generally made either of black velvet or black corded taffetas, embroidered on the seams with black silk and jet.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIMMING for a party dress, one which is very effective, and can be easily arranged at a trifling cost, can be made of ivy. Artificial ivy is not wanted; long natural sprays are the best—taking care to choose those which consist of well-shaped variegated leaves. These should be well dusted, and then cotton wool, slightly saturated with sweet oil, should be rubbed over them. Not too much oil; and it should be delicately applied. This will give the leaves a bright lustrous appearance, and, to some extent, preserve them from shriveling up. Loops and knots of Roman or composition pearls should be arranged every now and again among the ivy leaves. A wreath in the same style, high in front, and with long ends at the back, and long loops of pearls falling upon the hair, has an exceedingly graceful effect. These ivy ornamentations should be worn with a white lace or white tarletan dress, and, if skillfully arranged, will be found at this season of the year in as good taste and as effective for a young lady's ball toilet as the more expensive artificial wreaths and garlands. Nets are still worn; many ladies hold as tenaciously to them as they did to the frisettes of yore. Soft scarlet chenille, without any wire in it, netted over a mesh half an inch wide, and then trimmed round the front with a ruche of black lace, with a scarlet bow at the top, is very appropriate for demi-toilet evening wear.

SHOES AND SLIPPERS, whether for morning or evening wear, are now always ornamented with either a flat bow and large buckle in the center of the front, or with a large quilled satin rosette, quillings of satin ribbon, and ruchings of black lace also frequently adorn the sides.

APRONS.—Now that dresses are made with short waists, aprons are very general for home wear. They are made short, and are very fancifully ornamented. Black glace silk and black moire antique are the favorite materials of which these aprons are composed. As we said before, they are short, and are generally rounded at the corners, although some few are made square. Those made of moire antique look well trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, about an inch wide, with a white satin edge. Upon each row steel buttons are sewn. The pockets, which are slanting, are trimmed to correspond. Black glace silk aprons are sometimes ornamented with bands of black velvet, with the Greek design attached in white silk; others with a quilling of black silk all round, headed with a band of jet. All have small pockets in front, and are adapted into a very narrow compass at the waist. Small black velvet aprons are also made, trimmed with bands ornamented with small steel beads; in short, there is an endless variety in these small articles of dress.

It is very difficult to make UNDER-SLEEVES to suit the present style of dress sleeves, which are made so narrow that hardly a frill of lace can be seen underneath; this is awkward, as it is impossible to present a dressy appearance in a high dress without showing a considerable por-

tion of the white under-sleeve. For this reason white bodices have been more popular this winter than ever. Low bodices are frequently made of white silk, and over them is worn a high canezou. These canezous are arranged in a thousand different ways; the most simple are made with tucks, and are suitable for young girls; others with alternating rows of Valenciennes insertion and *maulin bouillonne*. Some, too, are made with puffings of tulle, with narrow colored velvet ribbon run between, and with a lace collar. The sleeves have a seam to the elbow, and have puffings like the rest of the canezou. It is truly a pretty fashion; all these white bodices have a pleasant effect in a drawing-room. White is cheerful and gay-looking, and very becoming; therefore ladies should wear as much of it as is possible in their toilets.

MANTILLAS are more of a circular shape than formerly, though the short jackets are still worn. Next month we hope to have something decidedly new to chronicle in this department.

BONNETS will not be worn so high on the top, still sufficiently so to warrant a good deal of blonde and plenty of flowers over the face. The flowers are, however, not placed so directly over the forehead as formerly, but a little to one side.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY ALPACA, trimmed with ruchings of silk of the same color. The body is low, and is worn over a high chemisette. The sash, body, etc., is braided with narrow black braid.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF PLAID MARSILLES.—It is trimmed with black velvet, and braided with cord-colored braid. A thick white linen shirt with a small collar is worn with this dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Some dresses for little girls took our fancy lately. The skirts were trimmed round the bottom with a quilled flounce of cashmere, having a tiny black velvet run on the bottom and heading, and rows of quilled flounces were placed up the front of the skirt *en tablier*. The caps had two rows of this quilling all round, and the cashmere was so evenly and regularly fluted, that no prettier trimming could be imagined.

Little girls, like their mamma, are wearing all kinds of fancy jackets and waistscoats, and, arranged in bright colors, they make charming toilets for little people. For evening party costume they are very convenient, as a child may be made to look smart and dressy without uncovering her shoulders and arms—a proceeding which is always objectionable when the wearer is accustomed to high frocks and long sleeves. The Swiss bodices (not pretty for grown people) are charming for little girls. They consist of a stiff bodice, covered with silk, and made without sleeves; a chemisette and full puffed sleeves are put on, and over this the Swiss bodice, which is sometimes tied with a bow and ends of ribbon, and sometimes has a narrow ruche across the shoulders to imitate a strap.

We will now proceed to give a few simple and inexpensive toilets suitable for little girls' evening costume, as at this particular season mamma's will be puzzling their brains what to make or order for their little ones to make them look nice.

A frock of white gronaalme muslin, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with two fluted flounces, ornamented with a row of narrow velvet, either blue, cerise, or black. A sash tied behind (like the *Medici ceinture*) of the same color as the velvet. Bow of velvet for the hair to correspond. Another suitable toilet, but not so dressy, for little girls from four to ten years of age:—A light checked silk skirt, trimmed with three rows of velvet. Swiss bodice, chemisette, and sleeves of sprigged muslin.



Engraved by Wm. Park Galt.

Engraved by Thomas G. Smith.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH THE CROWN OF FLOWERS.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH THE CROWN OF FLOWERS.



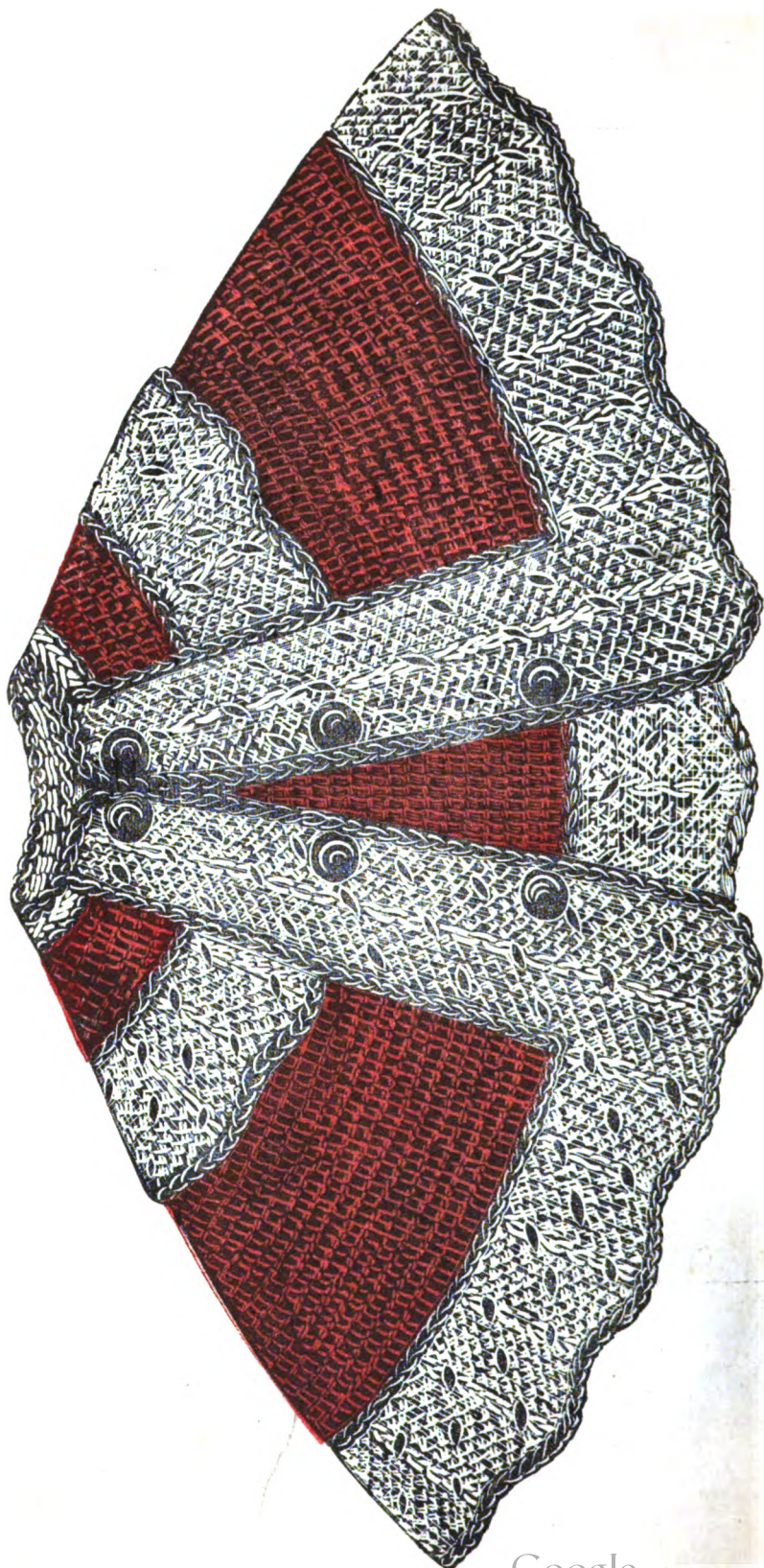
Engreved & Printed by H. B. de Vries

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MAY.
1872.

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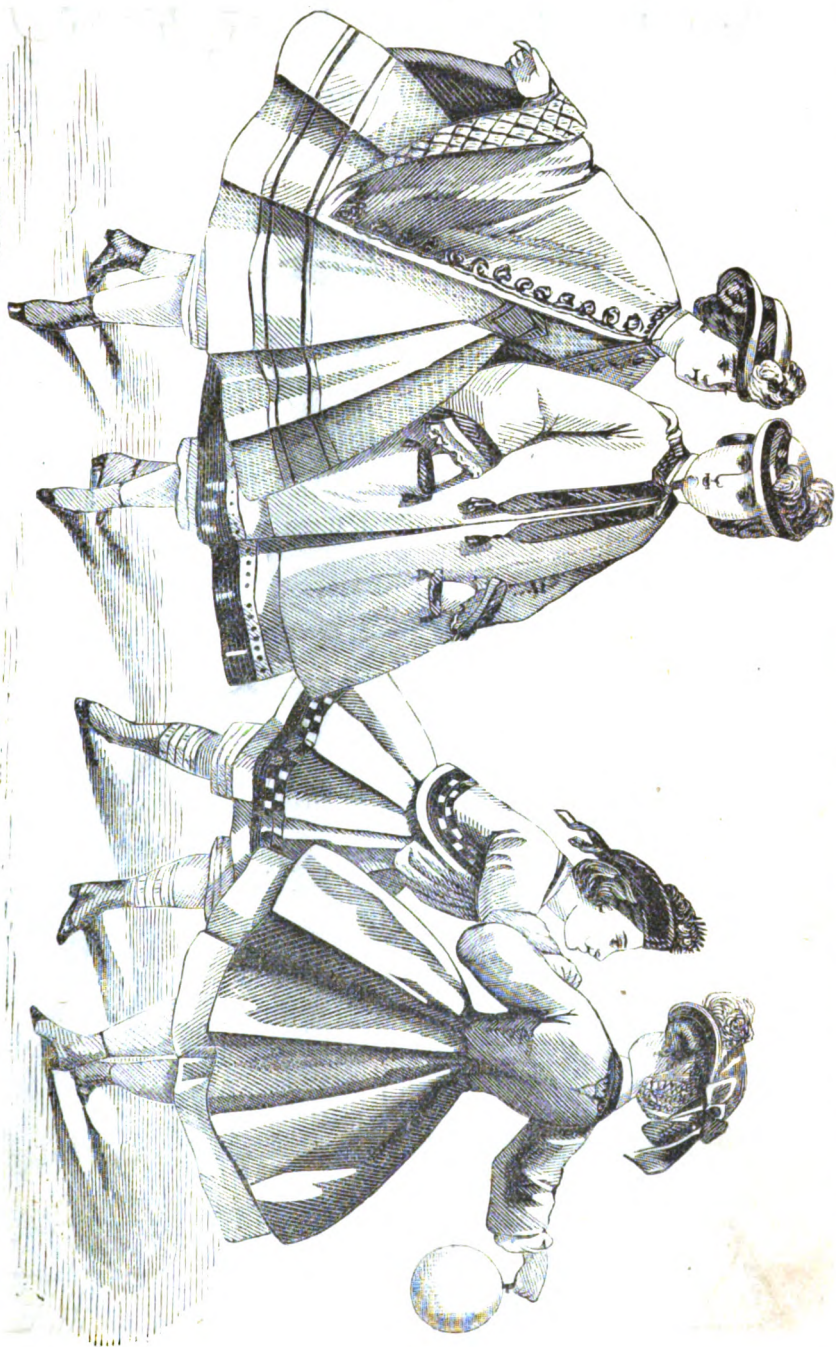
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, MAY, 1863.



CIRCULAR CAPE.



BLOWING BUBBLES.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



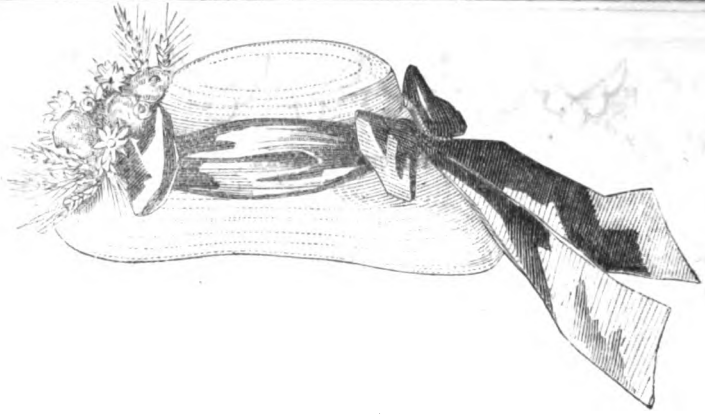
WALKING DRESS.



FOR CHEMISE YOKK.



HOUSE DRESS.



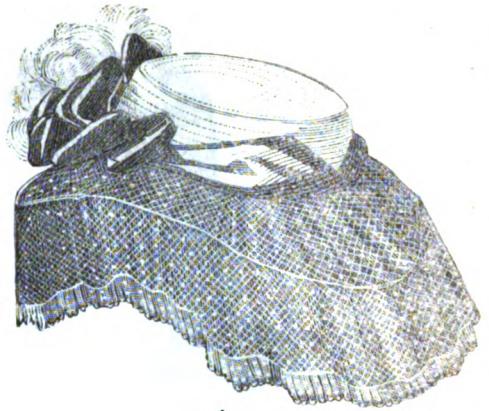
LADIES' HAT.



WALKING DRESS.



SPANISH JACKET.



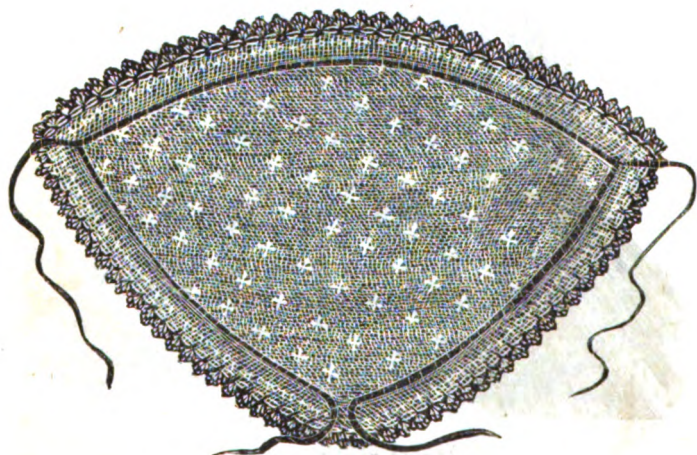
LADIES' HAT.



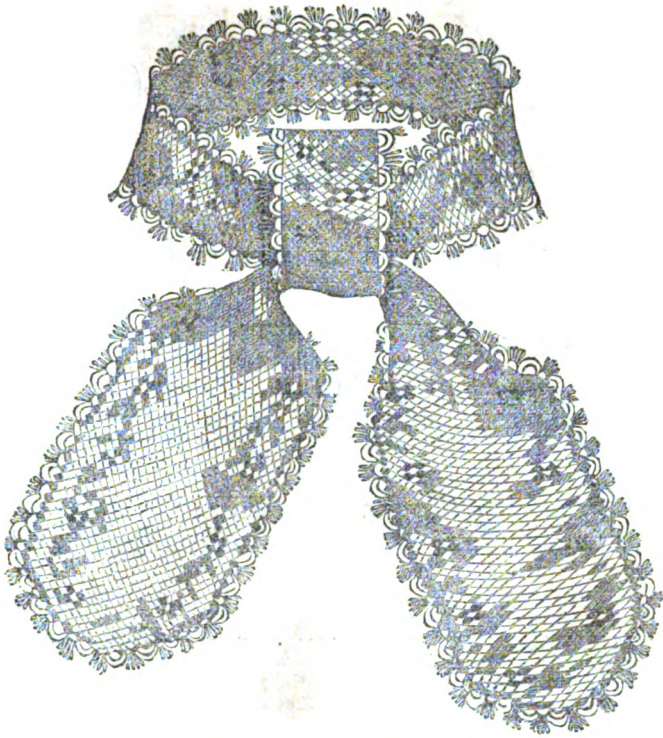
VELVET BERTHA.



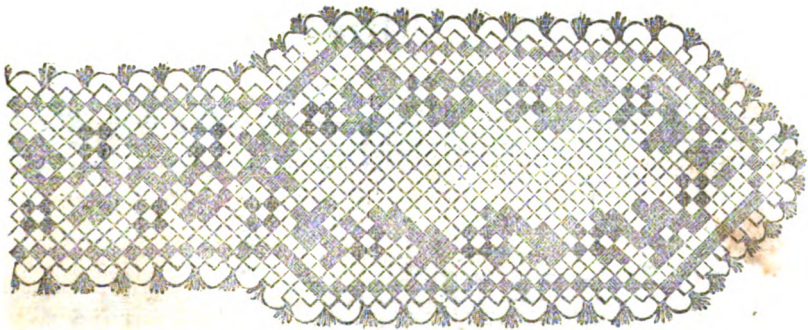
VEIL FOR WINDY WEATHER.



DESIGN FOR ABOVE VEIL, SHOWING HOW IT IS TIED.



EMBROIDERED NETTED NECK-TIE.



SECTION OF THE ABOVE NECK-TIE.

MARYLAND REDOWA.

Arranged from "Maryland, my Maryland."

BY SEP. WINNER.

Andantino.

PIANO. *mf*

8va.....*loco.*

f

MARYLAND REDOWA.

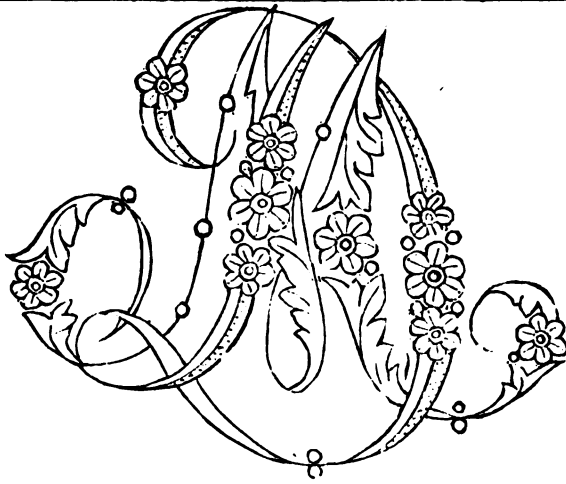
The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody with several measures, including a measure with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. Both staves feature dynamic markings of *p.* (piano) at the beginning of the first and second measures. Chordal figures in the upper staff are marked with a 'V' above them.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata in the fourth measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p.* is present at the start of the system. Chordal figures in the upper staff are marked with a 'V' above them.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the fourth measure. The lower staff provides the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p.* is at the beginning. Chordal figures in the upper staff are marked with a 'V' above them.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p.* is at the beginning. Chordal figures in the upper staff are marked with a 'V' above them.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the first measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p.* is at the beginning. Chordal figures in the upper staff are marked with a 'V' above them.



FOR PILLOW-CASE.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



NAME FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1863.

No. 5.

THE TWO KATES.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"I AM sure we shall get along very nicely. Mrs. Williams says the salary will be liberal, and that the little girl is very lovely, though she is so afflicted. Don't look so doubtful, mother," and Kate Everett wound her arms round her mother's waist, sinking down beside her at the moment with a pretty, graceful attitude all her own.

"You do not appreciate all the difficulty, Katie. And—and then to think that you must teach for our daily food while I sit idly here, tied down by my ill-health. Oh! Kate, it is very hard to bear!"

"It is right that it should be so, mother. If it had not been for your love, your kind teaching, I should not now be fit for the life before me. You first taught me, and from my alphabet to the last sonata I practiced, I owe all I know to you. Is it not just that I should now repay you, my dear, patient mother?"

Mrs. Everett's hands passed caressingly over the bright curls that shaded her child's beautiful face, but she did not answer. Only in the tender touch of her small white hand did she give any token of how her heart was affected. She had been a widow for fifteen years, and since Katie was a wee baby had let her affections center in her child's life. Her marriage had not been a happy one. It had been made by her parents, and she a shy, timid girl, had let herself be influenced by their stronger will. Years before, when she was a school-girl, her life had been gilded, for the time, by the dream of love that opens every woman's life to higher thoughts; but her suitor was poor and obscure, the son of an ambitious carpenter, who was spending his all to educate the boy, and her father had frowned down the presumptuous youth at his first call. He was modest, dreamy, and poor; she, shy, timid, and obedient; so they separated with only a longing sigh over their

castle-building so rudely and coldly ended. And when, as she reached womanhood, Kate Seymour heard of the proposal of the rich Leigh Everett, she wondered a little how he learned to love her in their short acquaintance in social circles, but quietly submitted to her mother's wish, her father's command, and became his wife. Four years later he died, and in his grave his widow tried to bury the memory of bitter sorrow, neglect, harshness, cutting sarcasm, and the unkindly used wit that had made her married life a martyrdom. He left her wealthy, and she spared no expense in the education of her only child, the Kate of this story. Every lesson was given in her own presence, her patient care directed every hour of study and practice; while the recreations were judiciously planned to give health to the child's graceful form and animation to her movements. Riding, dancing, and walking were daily insisted upon, and now, at nineteen, Kate Everett's sunny face, perfect health, and graceful manners, spoke as eloquently of her mother's care as her fluent conversation in French and German, her brilliant fingering of the piano-forte keys, or her cultivated tastes and pursuits. And just as the fond mother's health, never strong, began to grow still more feeble, a crash came in business affairs that swept away her large income, leaving her a mere pittance in place of her former wealth. She had never saved, for both from her parents and husband she had inherited money, and she lived fully up to her income, dispensing large sums in charity and living in luxury. The blow fell heavily upon her. She was ill-fitted to cope with poverty, and she shrank with a sick shudder from the idea of seeing Kate working for her living. Always timid and reserved, she gave up utterly for a time; while Kate, in every moment of leisure nursing left her, sought for some means of earning her bread. One of their

friends, anxious to aid her, told of a child whose father was seeking a governess, and Kate applied by letter for the situation. She had already sought and found a small house, which she furnished from their own large mansion, and there on the day our story opens we find the two Kates.

"The little girl," said Kate, breaking a long silence, "has some disease of the spine that makes her incurably lame, and her father wishes her to have a governess who will teach her orally, and be careful that she does not undertake too much mental exertion. I shall be there only five hours every day, so still have our afternoons and evenings together."

"And the name?" asked her mother, interested at once.

"Grace Myers."

"Myers! Ah! Katie, long, long ago, when I went to boarding-school, I had a lover named Myers—Horace Myers."

"Tell me all about it," said Kate, with a girl's eager interest in a love story.

"There is very little to tell, dear. The college where he studied was in the same village as the seminary where I went to school. One day, in a high wind, I lost my veil, and he caught it. This led to a speaking acquaintance, and we met very frequently at little parties given in the village. One summer we both remained at school during the holidays, and then we met every day, for there was but little restraint in either school. He was very handsome, with gentle, winning manners. We were both reserved and shy amongst our companions, and, having no associates in school, perhaps made us happier together out of it. Well, dear, we fancied then that life would be very worthless if we could not pass it together; but after I left school, my father was very angry because Horace was poor and the son of a carpenter, and so, dear, he would not allow him to visit me, and I heard that he went to California when the gold fever broke out. I don't know, because he went from here years before, and it was only hearing a friend speak of a Mr. Myers whom she met in San Francisco, a merchant, very wealthy and very intellectual, highly respected there, whose name was Horace. He was married, she said, with four or five children—perhaps, after all, it was some one else," and the little pale invalid smiled as she saw Kate's interest.

They were very unlike in looks this loving mother and child. Mrs. Everett was a delicate blonde, with a slender, fragile figure, blue eyes, and fair curls; while her daughter was tall,

with a full, well-developed figure, large hazel eyes, and dark chestnut hair. She had inherited from her father well-cut features, and a firm, though beautiful mouth, and with her fair, noble brow, stately manners and dignified carriage, she was very unlike her gentle, timid mother. Yet her respect and love for the pale invalid were true and earnest, their two lives bound up together by lasting tender ties.

Six months later look again at Kate Everett's life. She is seated in a luxuriously furnished parlor, and in her arms rests a pale, golden-haired child, whose stunted figure, crooked by disease, is crowned by an angel's face.

"That is the last lesson for to-day!" said the child, as, leaving the piano-stool, she climbed into Kate's lap. "Now tell me a story."

"Not now! Go to Mary and be dressed for a ride. I want a word with Miss Everett."

It was the voice Gracie loved to obey, her father's, so she went quietly, leaving Kate alone with her employer. Supposing he wished some alteration made in the course of study, or some change of exercise for Grace, she waited for him to cross the room, take a chair beside her and speak. But after seating himself the silence was so long, that she looked up inquiringly to meet a pair of soft, dark eyes resting on her face with loving interest.

"Kate Everett, will you be my wife?"

If he had drawn a pistol and fired it in her face, she could scarcely have been more astonished. His wife! This cold, grave man, who had remained the silent spectator of Gracie's every day studies, rarely speaking or smiling. His wife!

"You are surprised," he said, gently, "and I will woo you not for myself, but Gracie. I have lost four children, Miss Everett, and this is the only treasure I have left. She is so lonely when you are gone, she loves you so tenderly, and I—I will be the kindest, truest husband if you will come to me for my little girl's sake. You have a mother, too, who is ill, and, I hear, poor, I will be a true son to her, trust me. I wait your answer, Kate."

"Mr. Myers, I am so surprised, confused—I—let me think a moment. You have been very kind—but—"

"But I am an old man for such a fresh, young heart as yours to love! Yet I will try to make you happy. You love no one else, Katie?"

"No. I respect and esteem you, Mr. Myers, perhaps I may learn to love you. Give me time."

"May I come to-night to see your mother?"

Suddenly, like a flash, Kate's face lighted. He had been opening and shutting a book that

lay on the table beside him, and she had looked for the first time at the name inside of it. He had been to her before the grave Mr. Myers, in the care of whose child her whole attention had been absorbed, now he stood before her in a new light.

"Yes, come; come to-night!" she said, rising. "I will not fail. In the meantime speak to your mother."

Speak to her mother! Kate flew over her well known road with quick, light steps, and her face full of bright light. Some happiness too great for speech filled her mind, for her greeting to her mother was only a fervent, warm kiss.

"You must be dressed for company to-night, mother," she said, as, late in the afternoon, she laid aside her sewing, "Mr. Myers is coming to call upon you. I shall fish up the blue silk I used to like so much from its cosy bed in your trunk, and curl your hair as I used to do when we went out together."

"And you? What will you wear?"

"Oh! he won't look at me when you are by. He sees me every day, and he is used to this merino!"

Even in her youth, Kate Everett, senior, had

never looked lovelier than she did when her daughter's skillful fingers had arranged her dress. The long curls were looped in front to fall over her comb in a golden mass down on her neck. The dark blue silk made her fair complexion radiant, and the color given by this little excitement in her quiet life was rich and becoming.

No wonder Horace Myers stood bewildered. One long, earnest look, and he was beside her.

"Kate Seymour! my Kate! My wee bonnie Kate!"

All the gravity of his face broken up as ice before the sun, and radiant happiness making it beautiful.

The long, long years of separation and sorrow were gone like a dream, as he took a low seat beside her, to feel her fingers caressing his face and hair, to hear her sweet, low voice making music of his name. And our Kate glided away to sob out her content in tears such as only happiness makes flow.

Two long hours to her passed like minutes in the parlor, and she went down to find them where she had left them.

"My daughter!" was the greeting he gave her as he kissed her blushing cheek.

I ASK NO MORE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

I HAVE not wealth; no lands are mine,
I own no houses, broad and high;
I have no costly gems to shine;
No robes of rich and varied dye;
No regal coach and dappled grays
To drag me through the crowded street;
No titled fop to lip my praise,
And bow in homage at my feet.
No servants to obey my will;
No slaves to wait on my command;
No golden cups with wine to fill—
No rings upon my small brown hand;

No costly couch with rich lace hung,
And softly spread with snowy white,
To rest at night my form upon,
When wrapt in tranquil slumber light.

No. I have none—not one of these,
My home is but a rustic cot;
I've no fastidious friends to please,
And mine's a very happy lot.
For I am loved by one true heart—
And as the hours and days glide o'er,
I see no golden dreams depart—
Oh! I have love! I ask no more!

MABEL WAITING.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

MABEL waits as the sunset fades
Away from the Western sky,
While up her cheek the flushes creep
In crimson of deepest dye;
For she waits a step, whose sound she loves,
At the happy place of tryst,
And her eyes look eagerly, brightly forth
Into the shadowy mist.

Mabel waits, but the twilight goes,
And the stars in Heaven are bright;
But in her heart each star hath set,
And 'tis only desolate night.
The drops of dew are chill on her hair,
And her cheek is white with pain,
For she knows that never, 'neath star or sun,
Shall her false friend come again.

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 300.

CHAPTER XIII.

The journey occupied, as I told you, several days. Late one snowy morning, I rode up to the door of the house. Robert was absent, I had learned from one of the tenant's as I came up the road: had gone down to the nearest town two days before on business.

Half a dozen little black imps swarmed out seeing me come up the lane.

"Where is your young mistress?" demanded Scip and I together.

"Gone down de Cove road," three voices replied in a breath. "Lef word as I should take Marster John dar if he come."

"Come on then, show me the way."

"I'm goin'."

"Git back, you danged nigger, Mist' Emmy said as I'd go wid."

"You Jim! Pete!" and uncle Scip dismounted with aching joints and a scowling face and began to lay around him with his whip. "Go long wid Mars' John, you 'Rlando! You've got some breeding, you have."

I turned my horse back to the road, and, following the bare-footed urchin who ran like a deer, left the broad carriage way speedily behind me, and turned into a bridle-path leading through a cleft in the hills. It was the old Cove road. I had not put my foot on it since the day when I turned away from our Home, leaving my wife in the arms of Clayton Lashley. She was free now. Dying? Dead? No. "God is taking care of you and me." They were brave words of little Emmy's—true. God would not so cruelly mock me. She would not, could not die.

Standing by the road side, mending a broken halter on his horse, was the tenant who had accosted me as I left The Oaks, asking for Pressley. He recognized me now and beckoned to me to stop, catching my rein as he saw I was not going to heed him.

"Did you find young Mr. Lashley?" he said. "They told me you were going in search of him. That poor lady at my house will die if she does not see him soon."

I stopped now willingly. "When did she come there? At your house? Now?"

"'Bout a month ago she comed. Walked from Pittsburg. Thought she was a beggar like at first, but she's got the heart and ways of the lady, sir. I soon found out who she was a seekin', sir. Young Lashley. He'd left Pittsburg, and she thought he mout be here. She used to watch The Oaks all day. Then she got sick at last, and I sent for Miss Emmy. She's always ready an' willin' where there's kindness to be shown, an' my old woman, partly bed-rid herself. An' this lady, pore as she is, is one of Miss Emmy's own sort. She's there now. There's my house, that log un, with the brick front, yonner in the corner of the hill."

I galloped on. A low, snug, mountain farmhouse, with the usual yard in front, shut in by a worm-fence, a few chickens and a dog picking their lazy way through the snow. I dismounted, tied my horse to the fence, then stood motionless.

I had waited for this moment for half my life; now I could not go forward one step.

The house door opened and a figure came out softly, as though not to disturb some sleeper within. Emmy; she came toward me, her little chubby face glowing, her brown eyes on fire, held up her lips to be kissed.

"You have not found him, uncle John? No?" with a sudden paleness. "But I have found her. So tired and worn she is in these many years, but oh! how pure and true! God help us all. Are you ill?" looking at me for the first time. "I forgot. Forgive me; will you see her now?"

"I cannot, Emmy."

The young girl took my old hand in hers and patted it softly, not looking again at me, talking in a low, even voice, as if hoping to turn my thoughts into her own cheerful fancy.

"She knows who I am, uncle John," she said. "She loves me so already. Not knowing at all of—of Pressley's caring for me. I could not tell her that, you know. And last night, being very low, and I praying with her, she put her

arms about my neck, and told me all her story, who she was: all that horrible tale, only—that she did not by word or look complain—did not hint at all the savage pain she had borne since—was cheerful and grateful, and oh! so loving to God! She listened so hungrily when I spoke of my father, and of The Oaks. ‘It was my home once,’ she said, ‘you know, and then I haven’t had any place to call home since, exactly. And Pressley lived there too—my boy.’ She would draw my hair through her fingers and look steadily into my eyes. ‘It’s fine and black, the hair; and the eyes are clear steel gray, true, and tender, and reserved—the Lashley blood, Emmy,’ she said. ‘You’re like the Lashleys, like one. Not your father.’ And after awhile she drew me down and held me close, straining me to her breast. But I did not speak of you, uncle John. I was afraid. Only to say my father had a brother, who went to California when they were boys. I said no more. Her face was turned toward the wall, she did not look round nor ask any questions, lay quite quiet for a long time. I know that she thinks I look like you.”

Loosing her hand gently I turned to go to the house. She held me.

“Not yet. She was asleep in her chair when I came away. Uncle, she has forgiven all those who made her suffer so; she thinks it was only natural they should think her guilty. Let her think so still. Do not put bitterness in her heart.”

“I will not, child. God has sent her to me. I will never make less His than now.”

Emmy left me. I went slowly to the house.

Does the sharp pain that chilled my blood that moment move your laughter? I was an old man; she a feeble, worn woman; but love is stronger than years or death. I had loved this woman. In all the sixty years she was all my life had known of good; for some wise purpose of His we had been driven apart. But my soul clave to her still, heart of my heart, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh! My wife in the sight of heaven! For forty years I had not seen her face. Looking now at the door of the room where she lay, the fierce, hungry hope for happiness of my youth sprang anew into every drop of my blood. If it were late, should not we, who had so suffered, soothe each other at the last? Was this implacable evil fate always to hold our lives? Were there to be no summer days?

It was very still. The late winter evening was pale and gray. I remember, as I laid my hand upon the latch, a flock of black-birds

swooped low and lazily across the dim, waiting sky. They paused in their flight. “If they pass into the dark cloud yonder,” I said, “I shall think God does not mean to give us this great rest—in this life.” They wavered, beating the air with their wings; then, with a clear, steady poise, floated into the one spot in the heavens, where the sun broke through with deep latent light—the soft rose tint closed behind them. I opened the door and went in.

I see, as distinctly as if it were photographed before me, the room as it was then; the dull fire, charred low in the grate; gleaming red on the shining brown planks of the floor; on the low, white pallet; on the figure leaning back in the chair near it—with its face turned from mine—covered by a shawl. I crossed the floor: stood before it. Worn, tired, nearly gone from the sharp, coarse world that had hurt her so. The poor nervous hands folded and at rest; the flush faded from the face; the black hair chilled into gray; the very lips wan and cold, with deep furrows that pain had cut in the white forehead. Still—my Esther.

Her eyes were closed. No despair in the face; a hopeless, loving quiet, like one that has watched through all the years for something—something that never came.

Should I call her? Did her soul yet call fiercely and passionately for me? It might shock her feeble strength to death if I woke her thus. Should I go then? Never look upon her face again until we met yonder? Was that best?

I bent forward, took the nerveless, sleeping hand in mine. “Esther!” I called. “Esther!”

She wakened; the dark eyes were on mine, Years had not touched them. “You called me, John Lashley. I have come.”

Years had not touched her soul—nor mine. They met face to face as in that day we parted. There was no fright in her eyes as they stayed their intent gaze on mine. Waking from her sleep, it may be that these troubled years seemed to her as a dream. I know not. She had waited for me, loved me, watched for me through all. I was here.

“You are tired, my poor Esther!” I said.

She held her hands to her forehead, pressing it until the fingers grew white. “It is long,” she said. “You were dead, John. Am I dead now? Are we both dead—?”

I stooped down to her, took the hands in mine, stroked them softly, choking down the savage throb in my heart. She was weak, trembling on the verge of death, I must lead her very gently back to life.

"Sister, Esther," I said, "a long time ago we loved each other like two children; after that, coming nearer, year by year, as those do whom God has joined before their birth, we were one, loving, truly, purely, passionately. We were one. Do you remember? With only one purpose in life, one memory, one thought between us. Oh! Esther, do you remember?"

She grew paler, shivered. "I remember."

"Then God put us apart, for a long time. Do not shudder, nor close your eyes, it was God did it. He knows why. That we might curb our hearts maybe, grow more loving to Him."

I had touched the right chord. The lips trembled; slow, childish tears stole from under the closed eyelids. "I do love Him now," she murmured.

"I know. And how He has brought us together again; says—Go back to find the rest and childish happiness you never had. Yet a little hour of joy I give you before nightfall. Then come home to me."

Her head bent on her breast, her tired eyes were fixed on mine, drinking in strength and comfort. "Will you come, Esther? I have waited for this hour all my long, lonely life—will we go and find it? Or have the pain and sorrow made the love in your heart faint and die? Do you love me? Are you my wife now?"

"I have been your wife always, John Lashley, in God's eyes. I love you." She leaned her head back. "It is so long, I'm very tired. Even my boy's gone now."

Was she asleep? I tried in vain to gain word or sound from her; she lay in a sort of stupor.

"You cannot waken her," said Emmy, who had entered. "The physician says it is excessive exhaustion; that nature may revive in these sleeps, or that she may quietly pass away. She gains strength every day. We will hope," and so the imperious little nurse turned me away.

I saw her every day after that; but for a few moments only. At first, she moaned and cried in her weakness for my coming, at her awakening, thinking she had dreamed only. Then, gaining strength, she knew that I had come into her real life, would not be thrust out. She spoke to me but in monosyllables, as though she feared to waken the dear past. It was alive, awake. It had written its record in her bent figure, her face, her eyes. I read there the torture of her married life, the trial, the years of starvation of body and soul that followed. I thought it best to bring her from this stupor of thought into which she had fallen. Any shock would rouse her brain to healthier

action. I spoke to her of him—Clayton. I think it was well to do it, though it stabbed her very soul.

"Did he die in the water that night?" Again the pitiful motion, clasping her hands to her head.

"I do not remember. He fell. I saw him fall as he left me. In Hell's Mouth. John! John!" with a wild cry, "you do not think me guilty?"

I never spoke of it again. Yet the shock had been given. After that, her brain seemed to shake off its torpor, keenly enjoy, keenly suffer as in the days when I clasped her to my heart as full of life, love, vitality, as anything fresh from God's hands.

Robert had not yet returned. Emmy was unceasing in her care. I had not accomplished my errand to the North. I had found Esther, but I had not saved her. I had a silly plan, worthy only an old hungry man's fancy—hungry for some glimpse of happiness and rest before he died. I was rich: money can command anything, build an Aladdin's palace if it will, I determined it should build me a home. I sent workmen (I could not go myself) to remove every vestige of the old log-house where we had planned our Home in that early time, gave them the plot of a new house. I meant we should live there, Esther and I, and be content. If they could build it as swift and sure as Aladdin's palace, I was ready to supply the means. They worked well. When every trace of the first house had been removed, I went over every day and watched their work. The strength and passion of a young man had gone into that first building; the hope and life of an old one went into this. Stone by stone I saw it go up; in these early spring days counted, like a dotard, the months until it should be completed, and Esther and I should rest. Pressley would return: whatever this foul shadow might be that haunted him it would vanish; Robert could not persist in believing this woman guilty, looking in her face, hearing her words. Then Emmy and our boy would be content, their lives would not be cursed as ours had been. So I planned out the future.

As mad and vain a dream as that of forty years before, when I toiled with my own hands at the Home I meant to build. The fate that held its hand in the lives of the Lashleys, compelling their years in its own good pleasure for good or evil, was not yet banished; held us still.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CLEAR April morning. Fresh, healthful airs stirred the bare boughs of the forest, the

sunlight, yet chilly with winter's memory, but bright and flashing, filled the deep vault above, the creeks and streams gathered a darker blue as they curdled and-gurgled down the hill ravines; on their shores the pale spring flowers thrust out their lilac leaves from under the brown debris of the snow, the willow shimmered a cloudy green. A new life was coming to the world. A *second life*, I thought, looking out into the tranquil quiet of the early morning. A second life? Could it bloom for human hearts also? A childish love and beauty on the confines of the grave? What was it the old German said?

"*Des Leben's Mai blucht ein Mal und nicht wieder.*" Yet after May and November came the Indian summer. So I cheated myself that day. I was in the library. The windows were open, the fire burning low on the hearth. Far off in the hills I could see the pale wreath of smoke from the farmer's cottage; *she* was there; growing into her first fresh strength, and feeling, day by day, the quick, full breath stealing again to her lips, the color to her cheek, the light to her eyes. Yonder in the east, between those peaks, lay the cozy valley where our Home stood. In a little while it would be ready, fair and warm for us. Rest and Home.

"Dar's Mars' Robert," volunteered Scip, who had bustled in to replenish the fire and make a remark. "Hims gone done, been down to Heft's, whar dat um sick lady is as Mist' Emmy's so took to. Ole Scip's feet's mos' sore wid carryin' jellies an' sich down dar. Um don't complain 'cos Mist' Emmy hasn't no one else to place um's confidence in, dat's plain. Dem cussed niggers not worf dere salt! Gib Pete or 'Rlando jelly to carry. Lor! dey'd throw themselves outside o' dem jellies 'fore dey got to de bottom ob be lane. Ki! Scip knows!"

Robert came in, a heavy cloud on his face. I did not speak. For weeks I had waited to know the result that this interview might bring between Esther and him. On her his opinion of her guilt or innocence could have no effect. She was mine; soon would be my wife: no harm could touch her more. But for Pressley's sake, Emmy's? Their lives, happiness depended on his judgment of her. He sat down silent, took up the poker and began to stir the wood on the hearth, sending up clouds of impatient sparks.

"Um was jes' observin' to Mars' John, Mars' Robert, dat dem darned Pete and oder darkies ob aunt Hetty's gotten more worfless an' onbearable ebery day. Ef I was you, sab, I'd send 'em down de riber, an'——"

"Silence!"

Scip started, and so did I.

After a moment's pause, Robert looked up, kindly, at the old servant. "There, uncle, I didn't mean to be cross. Don't worry me indoors. There's enough outside."

Scip took up his chips and departed with dignity, to give with interest the scolding he had received to those next below him. It is a fashion of some blacks—white people, of course, never indulge in it.

I did not question Robert. Presently I knew he would tell me what troubled him, so I let him beat the logs with the poker, keeping time to an uneasy tune he hummed, that sounded very much as if his old throat was choking.

He rose at last, coming toward me. "John, I have seen Esther."

I looked at him silently.

"I went to her believing her to be the murderer of my brother!"

"You speak of my future wife, remember, Robert."

"I do. You face the world's censure when you do this thing, John. But she is worthy that you should do it. I believe her innocent; pure as little Emmy."

"Then? Robert?"

He paced the floor with hasty strides.

"No. I cannot. It may seem unjust, cruel. But though Emmy's heart breaks, I cannot consent. She never shall marry the son of a woman whom the world calls murderer, though she be pure as God's angels! I am resolved. When Esther Lashley proves her innocence my child shall be her son's wife. Never before."

"Robert, look at me. Not at the gray hairs, or the bent form. Time would do that. There are lines on my face time would not make. Hard, covetous, selfish lines. They come on every face that has gone through life unloving and unloved. Spare these children this trial. I am an old man, brother, I beg it of you in memory of the boyish days. Spare them. Let their fate be like yours, not mine. It will hurt your pride. Give up your pride. For their souls' sake, for God's sake, I ask you. Give it up!"

He stood by the window, looking out into the clear morning a long time. When he looked around his eyes were dim.

"I will not yield, John," he answered, low and resolute. "I am right. Emmy trusts in her lover, trusts in his mother. But she is sensitive to a fault. The scorn of the world would hurt her more than she knows. Here, she is coming."

She was coming, through the long corridor,

and more, she had heard our last words. The color was gone from her face, only the lips were crimson, and the eyes burned still and clear.

"You were speaking of me, father?"

"Of you, Emmy. You overheard me as you came. I am glad of that. Was I correct in my judgment?"

"You think——"

"I know this, child; that your own blood is clean, that you are proud that no drop of it is stained by a mean or a foul taint. I say this that it were easier for you to part from Pressley Lashley now, though it tore your heart-strings, than to bear the slow torture of the world's pointed finger, its scorn of the murderer's child!"

She laughed, her face lighting into a clear radiance of love and hope. "Why, father! God rules. There is such a thing as truth in the world. I mean to do right. I mean to obey you, you have the right to command. But you have no right to control my feeling. Father," looking into his eyes with the steady, humble look of one who knows God is close to her. "As my soul lives, I will be true to Pressley Lashley. When the day comes that I may be his wife, I shall be as thankful as in the hour when I enter the eternal gates, I think, though the whole world stood by to mock me. For He will have blessed me above women."

Robert pushed back the hair from the broad, low forehead, his hand trembling as he did it. "You have the Lashley will, child."

"More, father. The Lashleys never forsake those they love."

"Nor ever take back their word."

"I know."

So they stood a moment, looking in each other's eyes. Two strong spirits meeting, firm in their own sense of right, honorable, deeply loving.

He stooped and kissed her. "You are resolved, I see, my child. And so am I. Until Esther Lashley's innocence is proved, you never shall be her son's wife."

She put her hand to her head. "God is good!" she said, faintly, and went out of the room.

"For you, brother," he said, turning to me, "I honor you. You are braver than I."

"I make no sacrifice," I said, coldly. "I seek my own content—happiness."

Robert deeply grieved me. He was noble, affectionate, generous; yet he suffered the one spot of pride to canker his whole nature, make his act of to day a lie against himself.

From that time the subject was dead in the household. In every other way, the father and daughter tried to show their deep affection for one another, more than ever before—on this point they were silent as the grave.

Late in the evening of the same day I was preparing to mount my horse for a ride to the new building, when Scip approached, with mystery stamped on every feature. "Git out o' de way, you Jim. Got some 'tickler private business wid Mars' John. Get away, I say. Clar to de stables."

"What is it, uncle?" I said, gently, remembering his morning's discomfiture.

"Why um, dis, sah," bending close over the pommel. "Hab a werry 'portant communication. Was in charge to keep it secret. Jes dis, sah!" with many furtive glances to the house, and producing a note very black on the outside, having been carried all day in his pocket with a pipe, tobacco, and a half-eaten apple. "Was requested to gib that um to yer honorable self, sah. Not mentionin' no names."

I tore off the envelope. It was in Pressley's writing, asking me to meet him on the Cove road at sunset that evening.

Pressley! My hand fairly shook, as I thrust it in my pocket, throwing Scip the money which he was waiting for. Found at last! And in the glow of pleasure at that, I augured a sure content in the future from the good omen.

I put spurs to my horse. Sunset was already past, and the place appointed for meeting was miles distant. Fan, my mare, had sturdy legs and English pluck, and we found ourselves in less than an hour going down the hill leading to the Cove. I saw a dark, waiting figure in full relief against the evening sky. Dismounting, I tied the mare to a tree and proceeded on foot. He heard me and came to me, walking less eagerly than I. Pressley, yet Pressley without his soul—if such a thing could be—inanimate, weary, utterly worn out, his face haggard, as by years of old age, his eye indifferent, lifeless. He came slowly, as I said, to me, held out his hand.

"Why, Pressley, boy! You are not so glad to see the old man, as the old man is to see you!"

"I am selfish. Forgive me. I'm a little sick, I think."

"Sick? Why, you looked as if some vampire-bat had been sucking your blood and soul out night after night. What ails you? Where have you hid yourself?"

"A vampire!" He laughed. What a desolate,

mocking laugh! It made me shudder. I remembered my boy's cheery, ringing voice—how it used to echo over the boat when first I knew him! "You choose your similitudes well. I think I belong to a vampire, fresh from glutting itself in graves. But that may be a dream, you know. Never mind me. My fate is fixed."

He waited a few moments. Meantime I studied his face, the sunken, watchful eye, like one who guards a wild beast; the listless, unutterably tired mouth, the sharp, aged lines. What evil thing had clutched the boy, drawing his life from him? He passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

"I forgot. I sent for you. It was foolish, but I cannot help it. I must hear of her. God knows how silly it is torturing myself. She is nothing to me now. But I am hungry to my very soul to hear her name even."

What did I do? A dotting old man? It may be. Yet, if the boy was hungry, I gave him food; told him of Emmy, of the vow she had made that day, of her truth, her fierce, passionate love for him. He listened, his head bent down in his hands. Looking up, his face very wet, not caring to hide his tears. "I thank you, uncle John. I'll take back what you have told me, to keep me alive."

"What shall I tell her from you?"

"Nothing but that, while I live, I am true to her."

"Come with me, boy. See her. See her father. Plead your own cause. I dare not tell you the reason for which he keeps you asunder. He will. Emmy knows it now."

"It matters not. There is another more real than any fancy of his. A skeleton, a death in life, standing between me and her, between me and all Christian men." Again he shuddered, then held out his hands with a feeble attempt at a smile. "I must go to, *it*. To my duty, you know. Thank God, I'm strong enough to stand by it, though Emmy and all heaven were on the other side. I cannot stay longer."

"Pressley, promise me only this. Let me see you again. To-morrow, at noon, here. It cannot violate your duty to meet me. Promise me, I have a reason for asking. I ask it, almost as a right, my son."

"I will come," he said. "Heaven knows what good your cheery, genial voice even does me. I'm almost tired out, you see, uncle John." And so, again trying to smile cheerfully, he left me.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DIRGE.

BY ELLA ELLWOOD.

Toll softly, gently, sad-voiced bell—
Wail, wind-harp, sweet and low—
Moan, breaking heart, that loved too well—
Weep, tearless eyes, the sharp blow fell
So swift it checked your flow.

Brave-hearted boy, my hero son,
Cold is thy brow and white—
Thy work on earth forever done,
The laurel wreath so proudly won
Mid cypress gleaming bright.

Days in, days out, in stony woe
I sit and watch the sky;
Friends come with words of cheer, and go,
Hours pass me, leaden-paced and slow—
I only pray to die.

Low lying on the crimson sward,
He rests in sculptured grace—
His closed eyes turned Heavenward,
His fair hair gory, matted hard
About the marble face.

My brain is ice, my thoughts are fire,
My heart one mass of lead—
Hope, feeling, on one funeral pyre
Aro calmly laid, where all expire—
My boy, my son is dead!

Oh! never more shall mother press
Those proud bright lips of thine;
If I would but have loved thee less,
Some gleam of sunshine now might bless
This darkened out of mine.

Where raged the carnage, fierce and wild,
Where shots fell thick and fast,
Where Death with ghastly visage smiled—
There fell my loyal-hearted child,
Undaunted to the last.

He loved me well—ah! more than fame
This thought my heart can thrill!
What care I for the dear-bought name
Of hero? Brows, that red-hued shame
Ne'er flushed, lie cold and still.

A whisper steals from Heaven's shore,
Love, bliss therein expressed:
"Sweet mother, grieve for me no more,
God loveth whom He chasteneth sore—
My soul hath found its rest."

Toll softly, then, oh! memory bell—
Wail, wind-harp, soft and low—
Moan, breaking heart, that loved too well—
I hear above your plaintive swell
Sweet sounds of rapture flow.

POCKET PATRIOTISM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ONE half of Mr. Solon Gilbert's trade was with the South, and more than half of all that he was worth was in Southern debts. This Southern trade, and these Southern debts, stood as a touch-stone to the patriotism of thousands, who were for larger compromises, broader concessions, even in favor of a peaceful separation, and opposed to all coercive measures—anything for the stability of commercial relations, and the guarantee of debts. The nation might be rent in sunder if business were saved. As to the future of this dismembered nation—the fate of its shivered fragments—they made no prophecy; took no concern. In their hearts they said—some even with their lips, "After me the Deluge!"

Mr. Solon Gilbert did not hesitate on this point. We met him, one day, in January, '61. The heart of every loyal man gives a half-beat when memory carries him back to the winter and spring of '61. A wild storm was gathering in the sky. Look to any point, and you saw wind-driven masses of clouds, marshaling on the coming tempest. Below, with sails half-furled, and rudder abandoned, our ship of state was drifting toward a rocky shore, against which the waves dashed in fury. To touch that shore was to be lost! It was the time of our greatest peril; the hour in which all purely loyal men were saddest and most desponding. Those who loved the nation held their breaths and trembled.

We met Mr. Solon Gilbert in January, '61. All of us were in the crucible suffering a fiery trial—Mr. Gilbert among the rest.

"Why don't they settle the matter?" he demanded. Three of us sat conversing on the one all-absorbing topic. "It is the work of politicians. They might do it in an hour. The people are sick to death of all this. If things go on much longer after the present fashion, we shall drift into war—horrible war! Brother against brother! It makes me shiver to think of it!"

"War is a fearful thing," we answered. "But a worse thing than war threatens us!"

"What?" he asked, turning sharply.

"The death of this nation!"

He made a gesture of displeasure. There

was an expression like disgust on his face. Before he could reply, we kept on saying,

"A man will not give up his life without a desperate struggle—neither will a nation. If blows are struck and blood spilled; if there come a wild, a deadly encounter, the blame lies with the assailant. The man, or the nation, would be craven indeed, if it did not put forth all strength, and muster all resources."

"There is no nation to-day. It is dead!" the man answered, with a sort of brutal triumph in his voice. "Dead and dismembered! It will not do," he went on, passionately, "to ignore facts. Where are South Carolina, and Georgia? Where are Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida? The nation includes all these; but they are no longer a part—and so, the nation is in fragments—rent asunder—dead! Let us take the fact, and, like sensible people, make the most of it. The South has parted company with us forever. You cannot bring her back. You might as well try to arrest the course of an avalanche. Destruction, only, lies in that attempt. She lifts to us the olive branch of peace; asks to be regarded as a sister nation, and to hold with us amicable trade relations! She wants our manufactures, and we want her cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, and naval stores! If we refuse and say war, she is ready for war—armed and in better condition than the North. We have the issue in our own hands, and if we say *War*, it will be the world-madness of the nineteenth century!"

"Waiving," we made reply, "your fallacy of a dead nation, which is only a weak assumption—for disease and revolt in the members are no destruction of the man, so long as the heart beats free and strong, and the lungs respond—waiving this fallacy of a dead nation, let us suppose the separation you advocate. We have then two weak nations instead of a single strong one, and one of these enamored of European ideas, and seeking to establish an aristocratic government, based on slavery and military force. The change to monarchical despotism in its worst form will be easy and natural. What then? Alliances with powerful governments in Europe. And what then? Humiliation of the North. Nay, more, its conquest and sub-

jugation. Our free institutions are a standing menace to the despots of Europe. So long as this grand experiment in the direction of popular government abides, so long thrones are in danger. Let us show a single vulnerable point, and a death thrust will gleam like sudden lightning across the Atlantic. Divide the nation, and we are vulnerable. What then, Mr. Gilbert? How long do you suppose peace and prosperous trade would remain? Not a day beyond the time it took the South to organize a great army and navy. English and French dock-yards would be strained to their utmost capacity to create this navy, and cotton would pay the price. And what then? Shall we accept peace now in the face of such a perilous future?"

"Peace now, I say," was his answer. "I will accept peace in the present, for the present only is ours. Let the future take care of itself—manage its own concerns! After me the Deluge! You have my doctrine."

There was no use in arguing with this man. It was but a waste of words. His interest lay all in himself. There was in his mind no ground into which you could sow the seed of patriotism. So we left him.

After the thrilling event of Fort Sumter, which did something more than "fire the Southern heart," this Solon Gilbert began casting about in his mind as to how he could turn the current of events to his own advantage. He had Southern correspondents who appreciated the man. One day he received, by private hand—a stranger's—a letter from an old customer in Richmond, named Fisher. Judge of his surprise, on opening the letter, to find therein a remittance of six hundred dollars, the amount due him by this customer. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Others may repudiate, but I am not of that number," wrote the merchant. "Enclosed, I send you by the hand of a confidential friend, the full sum of your claim against me. I should still like to obtain goods, if you can devise means to deliver them to parties in Baltimore without attracting attention. I will not object to an advance in price; and you shall have cash down."

Mr. Gilbert became excited. A second time the letter was read; and now with a kindling glow of pleased anticipation. Light came breaking through the clouds that hung so darkly over him. He sat musing. Now it occurred to him that the letter containing this remittance of six hundred dollars, was an open letter. He glanced, for assurance, at the envelope. It

had not been sealed. Mr. Gilbert arose and shut the counting-room door.

"You know Mr. Fisher?" he remarked to the stranger, on resuming his seat.

"He is one of my most intimate friends," was answered.

"And has shown himself to be an honorable man, in the midst of a thousand temptations to dishonor."

"He is the soul of integrity," replied the stranger.

"You know the contents of this letter?"

"I do."

"He wants more goods?"

"Yes. And will pay the cash for them. In fact, Mr. Gilbert"—the man dropped his voice and leaned closer—"I am in funds, and ready to foot his bill to almost any amount." His eyes were reading every change in Mr. Gilbert's face; and he saw that he was ready to become an instrument.

"What goods are wanted? The usual articles in my line?"

The agent looked steadily, with shut lips and half-mysterious eyes, at Mr. Gilbert, and then slowly shook his head.

"What?"

The agent bent nearer, and whispered,

"Percussion-caps!"

Gilbert did not change countenance. He only said, "Ah!"

"Surgical instruments! quinine! revolvers! rifles!"

The man paused. Gilbert moved his head a little doubtfully and looked sober.

"What do you say?"

"Risky!"

"But the profits will be large. We shall not cavil over the bills. We hold the money and must have the goods. Fisher said to me, on the day I left Richmond, 'Gilbert is our man. Shrewd, cautious, and enterprising. He'll see through the whole business at a glance, and organize the ways and means. Secure him to our interests, if possible, and two fortunes will be made—one at Richmond, and one in Philadelphia.' The true merchant is always superior to the times, Mr. Gilbert, and coins his gold even in the midst of business disaster. You and Mr. Fisher belong to this class."

"Surgical instruments, percussion-caps, quinine, revolvers, rifles." Gilbert looked down at the floor.

"And a hundred per cent. profit," said the tempter.

"Possibly arrest, imprisonment, and confiscation."

The merchant's countenance fell—his voice was gloomy.

Not a particle of danger," was rejoined. "Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods are passing South every day. Express and freight cars are crowded between here and Baltimore. I could name half a dozen parties in your city who are reaping the rich harvest of a thousand dollars daily out of this trade. Now is the harvest time; and you can, if you will, make yourself independent for life."

"My will is good enough, you may be sure of that. I am no friend of this mad attempt to coerce your people, and would rather help than hinder them. But there are dangers in the way you suggest that a prudent man will gravely consider; and I am a prudent man."

"You will be silent?" said the agent.

"As the grave. Whether I make an adventure here or not, you are safe."

"I confide in you!" The agent reached out his hand and grasped that of Mr. Gilbert, who gave him back a vigorous clasp.

"We understand each other?"

"Fully," answered Mr. Gilbert.

"How long will you take to consider the matter?"

"Come in to-morrow. I will give it my earnest thought; and, if I can see the way clear, you may depend on me. Should I go into this business, it will be with a will. I was never a halting, half-way man."

"Just the man I expected to find," said the agent. "Just what my friend Fisher represented you. To-morrow, at this hour, I will see you again."

"Very well. I will reach some decision by that time."

This agent of a contraband trade had not been gone over half an hour, when two men, old business acquaintances, came in, and held a long conference with Gilbert.

"Come to my house this evening," said one of them, in going away.

"I will be there," replied Gilbert. He walked the floor of his counting-room, in deep study, for most of the afternoon. In the evening he kept his engagement. He could not answer Mr. Fisher's agent on the next day; but spoke encouragingly, and put him off a day longer. The two men who had called came in again, and, after a prolonged conference, during which a number of estimates were made, Gilbert went out with them, and did not return that evening to his store.

Early on the next morning, Fisher's agent called again; but Gilbert's decision was not made.

"I am feeling the ground," he said. "I am considering the ways and means. There is too much involved for precipitate action. A blunder, a false step, an unguarded word or act, and all is lost. See me again to-morrow."

To-morrow and to-morrow came and went, and still Mr. Solon Gilbert had no affirmative answer for the agent. Meantime, he held many and long interviews with the two persons we have mentioned. Finally, greatly to the agent's disappointment, Mr. Gilbert declined the tempting proposal. The risk was too great, he said. But he placed him in communication with an individual who had neither fear nor scruple, and the golden harvest he declined was reaped by another.

A month ago, we were thrown into the company of Solon Gilbert again. We had not come into close contact with him since that interview in January, '61. In fact, a feeling of contempt had kept us out of his way. He was, in our eyes, little better than an open traitor, and we shunned him as such. He joined in a company of men with whom we were conversing, when one of them said to him,

"Well, Gilbert, what do you think of these peace and compromise rumors? Of this commissioner said to be on his way from Richmond?"

"If I was the President, I'd send every scoundrel of them to Fort Lafayette," he rejoined, with considerable intemperance of manner. "Peace Commissioners indeed! I'd never stand that insult. Traitors and rebels proposing terms of peace! No, sir! Unconditional submission. That is my doctrine. I belong to your last man and last dollar party. If it takes twenty years of war to subdue or exterminate them, I am for twenty years of war. Aye, and for twice and thrice twenty, if need be."

"What is the meaning of this?" we asked, when Mr. Gilbert withdrew. "Once, he was on the other side. Full of sympathy for traitors, and horror-struck at the idea of war."

"Don't you understand?" said one of the company.

"No."

"He has obtained a government contract."

"Oh!"

"It is now fifteen months, or more, since, through some scheming, he, in company with two noted politicians, secured a heavy contract; and he is said to have made over a hundred thousand dollars already. The longer the war continues, the more money he will make. So he is for the war."

"Pocket patriotism!"

"Nothing more. So far as conscience and patriotism are concerned, he would just as lief furnish powder to rebels, as shoes and clothing to loyal soldiers. Indeed, it is said, that he has done something in the contraband line."

There are too many patriots of the Solon Gilbert stamp among us. Alas, for our country, if, on the question of her integrity, the masses were not sound to the core! With them it is no pocket patriotism, but a deeply ingrained love of country, that will sacrifice all, even to life itself, that she may be saved. The Solon Gilberts of every stripe and shade of color, whether on 'change, in mill or warehouse, in office or expectancy of office, will see to it that

no personal advantage is lost; will, from the agony, and tears, and blood of the nation, wring gold and place. But, out of our fierce struggle with this demon of rebellion, we shall arise, hurt, but purer through suffering; and then will come another reckoning.

The people cannot forgive these base and corrupt men. Eagle eyes will be upon them. There will be time to search into their doings, and what has been wrought out in dark places will be exposed to the light. They feel safe and strong to-day. But there are to-morrows coming of which they dream not; and a public opinion forming, before the decisions of which they will tremble and grow pale.

MAY SONG.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

MONTH of bursting buds and flowers,
Springing grass and vernal showers;
Welcome to thy cloudless skies,
To thy garb of brilliant dyes;
Welcome to thy loosened hills
Leaping wildly from the hills.
Spring-time's latest, loveliest child,
Glad we come thy steps to greet,
Grateful for thy breath so mild,
And for all thy odors sweet.

Time of singing birds and brooks,
When the fair earth loveliest looks,
Glad we hail thy welcome hours,
Perfumed with the breath of flowers.
Down the green hill's sloping side
Grassy ripples smoothly glide,
And the sailing clouds above
Cast their shadows o'er the scene,
While the sun, with eye of love,
Shows o'er all his face serene.

Blossoms white as drifted snow,
Float down silently and slow,
Shedding odor everywhere
On the waves of dewy air.
In the wood and by the river
Tender leaflets shine and shiver;
Out and in, beneath their shade,
Flit the birds with plumage gay,
Sweetly through the everglade
Warbling all the livelong day.

Throbs our heart with rapture high
As we meet thy beaming eye.
Flora comes thy steps to greet,
Strewing flowers 'neath thy feet;
Zephyr, with his gentle sigh,
Woo thee as he passes by.
Charming, flowery month of May,
Hey-day of the fleeting year!
Basking in the sunny ray,
Care and sorrow disappear.

THE WIDOWED.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

LITTLE one, has the sun gone down?
How dark the room has grown—
And cold! Give me your hands again,
They are warmer than my own.
Dear little hands! 'Tis but a year
Since first you gave them me,
I have tried to make their bondage sweet—
Have you ever wished them free?
Our wedding day—how glad it was!
The ground was white with snow;
But our hearts were like two flowery Mays
Only a year ago.
Your linnet sings, isn't that odd—
After the sun has set?

Why are you sobbing, little one, say!
Has any one wronged my pet?
The clock strikes two—ah! what is this?
Ah, Marian! Is it Death?
The chill—the darkness—while 'tis day—
This choking in my breath?
To die—when we have been so blest!
Have I been always true?
There are papers, dear, in the corner drawer,
Everything goes to you.
Kiss me—kiss me—cling to my hands—
One last—one last caress.
The waters are cold, my Marian,
I go—I go. God bless—

HARRY NOBLE'S LETTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a place where a man would have flirted with his grandmother, if there had been no one else convenient—something in the air, I fancy, which affected everybody alike.

Upon my word, I saw the most extraordinary goings on there that I ever witnessed in my life! Staid, middle-aged men, that had been playing at propriety since their families began to grow up, were transformed into the most frisky gallants you can imagine; and, as for the old maids and widows, their exploits pass the power of human tongue to describe.

You can fancy that Kate Brennan must have been the leading spirit in a scene like that—the head and front of all insane proceedings—the bugbear of all mothers with daughters to get off their hands, and of all quiet wives whose virtues shone best in the intimate circle of home.

Twenty-five, and a widow! What could a woman wish for more, especially as she had an income that made her tolerably comfortable, and plenty of relatives to visit when she wished to retrench? For my part, I consider such a position the most fortunate in the world, and Madame Kate was just the person to take every advantage of it—

Here Harry paused and knocked the ashes off his cigar in a meditative way, while I waited patiently, confident by the sly smile which played under his moustache, that some reminiscence worth listening to would follow his retrospective indulgence. Take a man in the proper mood, stir him up gently, then let him alone, and if he doesn't tell you things which he would never have dreamed he should repeat, I am mistaken. Harry was no exception, and, before many moments, he went on with the little history, which is faithfully set down in the following pages:

How she used to worry the women! I think it was one of the chief pleasures of her flirtations! The first week she spent at the Springs she was exceedingly quiet. She wore a charming sort of half-mourning, and with that and her melancholy face made the women believe she would not stand in their way; while the men were still engrossed with the females, who had before been the attraction of the place, and did not think much about her.

She was just studying them all the while—the sly mix! I dare swear that, before the week had made its round, Kate knew by heart the peculiarities and weaknesses of the whole set, and arranged her campaign accordingly.

Was she pretty? Upon my word, I don't know. At first I did not notice her much, and once within her toils, a slave of Circe—I believe that was the name of the dangerous mythological female—might as well have attempted to decide what her real looks were, as any man to have said whether Kate Brennan was handsome or not.

After all, I believe she was not. Her features were irregular—her eyes too light. She looked rather washed out, if you understand the term. Let me find a better way of describing her! When it suited her purpose, she had a way of making her face a blank; she shut the doors in front of her soul, and only allowed the gazer to see the closed portal without any inscription upon it—that's neat, slightly transcendental, and perfectly true.

She had been there a week—her plans were settled—the auspicious moment arrived, and Kate appeared, for the first time that season, in her favorite character, but not at all by particular request.

Old Mrs. Nedley had been making a dead set at Fred Helmsley for her daughter Maria. You remember Fred was a rather timid old bachelor, and Maria as nice as any girl can be who has been hawked about for two seasons. Her mother was a dragon, and the poor creature had a hard life of it. No wonder she seconded the old woman's matrimonial schemes to the best of her powers, though at heart she was really truthful and honest, and would have made a fair sort of wife.

Now Helmsley was looked upon by the whole set as the legitimate prey of the mother and daughter. Old Nedley had followed him there after throwing Maria at his head, during a Washington season, and Helmsley had at last quietly succumbed, accepting his fate with fortitude.

He had not proposed yet, the only reason was because he could not keep his courage up long enough. Old Nedley was anxiously

expectant. When he and Maria came in from a walk, she would look as if she longed to shake him, when she saw by their faces the word had not been spoken. I am morally certain she used to relieve her feelings by pinching Maria in private, because the poor girl had a nervous way of starting if anybody came behind her suddenly; and I have seen blue marks on her arms, for which there was no accounting in any other way.

But that first evening—this was the way it came about. Maria and her mother were late in the parlors that night, and Helmsley, after wandering to and fro in his awkward fashion, sought refuge by Kate because she looked so quiet, and he was confused by the situation.

I don't know what she did to him—I never could account for her power, except on the principle of magnetism—but in less than half an hour poor Helmsley was done for! Just as the old dragon sailed into the room with Maria on her arm, Kate and the recreant lover passed out by a window into the portico, and there they walked for nearly the whole evening.

Nedley's face was a study for all sorts of tragedy, and I could see that she was venting her spleen on Maria at every opportunity. Everybody looked aghast, for most people were a little afraid of the old woman's tongue.

By the time Kate brought Helmsley back, he was so dazed that, if she had told him to stand on his head, he would have done it. Mrs. Nedley had only a week longer to stay, and during that time Kate never released her captive, never gave the mother one moment's peace.

She flattered him, she ridiculed him, she tortured the whole three, and all the while was sweetly unconscious as a wood-dove.

Afterward I found out the reason for the performance. The winter before old Nedley had seen fit to snub her and declared her insignificant. It was only a little slight revenge on her part.

But that was a little farce preparatory to the fine act comedy which followed. In less than a fortnight she had the whole place in confusion.

She dressed exquisitely, and little by little let herself out from her chrysalis state into the most dazzling butterfly. She danced, she sang, she rode horseback, she talked half a dozen languages. Well, there was nothing she could not do, and nothing she couldn't make other people do.

Her second exploit was driving a jealous wife out of the house—it was very neatly done. The silly creature had never had the slightest reason for jealousy. Middleton was middle-aged, stout,

and domestic; but she was a wiry little shrew, with a necessity for tormenting, and she had fixed upon that passion. Kate pounced upon the unlucky man. She led him a fiendish dance, and never set him free until his wife dragged him by violence out of her reach.

After that, the little privateer of a widow carried her exploits into everybody's sea. It was enough for her to observe that a newly-married couple were devoted—she became a thorn in the wife's side immediately! She would wait patiently until some damsel considered herself secure in the possession of some eligible creature. Pounce Kate went down upon him, and carried him off just as you have seen a tame mocking-bird do with a buzzing blue-bottle.

A portion of those proceedings took place during my absence. I left the Springs the night of her seizure of the poor old ship Helmsley, and did not return for more than a fortnight, when I found Kate mistress of the seas, fluttering her piratical flag boldly aloft, admitting no quarter for her natural enemies, the women, and only the most abject surrender from her rightful slaves, the men.

I was too near thirty, and had lived in the world too long to get up any boyish enthusiasm. But I need not trumpet my own praise. You know what people say of me, so fill up the blanks for yourself and spare my modesty.

At all events, we glided into the dearest flirtation it is possible to imagine, and I am happy to say that it did not take me long to distance all other pretenders—perhaps Kate having about gone the rounds had something to do with it.

I think the women were rather grateful to me, for I was not considered a marrying man, and my time could not be better employed than in keeping the widow occupied, so that she need not tear up their pretty cobweb schemes the instant they were nicely arranged.

Not that I could keep her entirely out of mischief. Every now and then she could not resist the temptation of making some poor female uncomfortable, and demolishing some new-comer among the masculines. I think she would have done it oftener, only she never could discover that I was in the least annoyed.

"How can you behave so wickedly?" I asked her, one night, as I was waltzing with her after one of her little escapades.

She looked up with a deliciously penitent expression.

"I don't know," she replied; "I don't mean to! The truth is, people don't understand me. I hate making others uncomfortable."

"Yes, witness poor old Mrs. Nedley."

"Oh! that was righteous retribution! She said, last winter, that I had a pug nose. Now have I?"

"Never mind your nose—it is not for me to dispute Mrs. Nedley's judgment! But what right had you to make poor Helmsley wretched by turning him topsy-turvy?"

"I really think it did him good," said she, with a charming candor. "I always felt I had performed a meritorious deed!"

"But how do you answer to your conscience where Middleton—"

"People talk most of what they know nothing about," she interrupted. "As I am not astonished to hear you use the word—you'll talk of moral obligations next! I am sure Mrs. Middleton ought to be obliged to me—I have given her real grounds for complaint—as her fancy was not fertile she must have exhausted the imaginary ones."

"And that poor young midge Bonner?"

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "Owen Meredith describes his fate. Don't you remember?"

*'By the midge his heart trusted, his heart is deceived now;
In the virtue of midges no more he believes:
From love in its falsehood once wildly believed, now
He will bury his desolate life in the leaves.'*

Take me out on the piazza, please—quoting poetry exhausts me."

"Do you intend to leave me out among the leaves, pray?"

"You would only smoke instead of dying, if I did. Where would be the good? They say here if I have met my match. I wonder if it is true?"

She stopped abruptly on the piazza and began picking her bouquet to pieces.

Upon my word, senseless as it was, I came very near making a *bona fide* offer. Don't laugh!

She took a daisy from the bunch, looked wickedly at me, and began to pull the petals.

"He loves me—he loves me not—he loves—oh! dear, it won't come right! I'll try another—he—"

I stopped her by catching her hands.

"He loves you!"

"And all those people to see and hear? I wish you wouldn't say such things! Anyway, if you must, we had better walk further on."

So we strolled away. Perhaps it was as well we could not hear the comments which followed our departure.

Well, we were there full six weeks. I am not ashamed to say that they were strangely pleasant ones. I really think I was hard hit for the time, and I believe that Kate had more feeling

in the matter than she had put in any similar affair since girlhood.

Not that either of us were insane enough to think of matrimony—or any of those ills with which short-sighted people afflict themselves—each knew the other too thoroughly to have thought of it, even if we had possessed enough between us to have rolled toward old age on golden wheels.

But it was pleasant while it lasted, yes, very pleasant! There is no woman so frank and honest as a thorough-paced coquette betrayed into being natural; no man—there, I won't finish that sentence—it would not be complimentary to myself, and my friends can abuse me sufficiently without any help from me.

But they came to an end at length—all these delicious moonlight walks—those quiet chats in the morning—those long rides—those pretty romances for the future, the impossibility of which we both realized—the lamentations over our own worldliness—all the sweet hours that had gone to make up as pretty a summer idyl as one could wish to dream!

Kate went her way, and I departed on my devious course that has led me such a wayward journey since boyhood—always without any aim.

For a week I really felt a deep regret; for a month I thought of her in a pensive way, over my cigar, and then it appeared to be my duty to stop and not go on trying to make a sequel to a romance that was completely ended, and that was one of the few cases where I felt called upon to do my duty. So I did it.

More than a year passed before I even heard Kate Brennan's name mentioned.

I was lazily looking over the list of marriages and deaths in a morning paper, pitying such of my friends as I saw doomed in the former, and envying the fortunate ones who had laid down for the last time, when I saw the announcement of Kate Brennan's wedding.

I believe I whistled, and then laughed. My prominent thought was, what a sweet life the poor devil would have! I did not recognize the man's name. I was sorry for that. I wished it had been one of my friends, so that I might have enjoyed the joke to its fullest extent.

At last I pulled the table toward me, took a good-sized sheet of paper, and began a letter to my old admiration. Stop a moment. I have a copy somewhere in this ancient desk, and her answer too. They are worth hearing. Behold them—so here goes:—

"I saw to-day the announcement of your marriage. I cannot tell you with what a strange

shock it came over me. I had no reason to expect anything else—perhaps I should have had no wish to change anything, had it been in my power—still the unexpected news found me poorly prepared to meet it.

"I wonder if you think of those bright summer days, when we snatched such a gleam of fairy-land from their influence! Ah! I know well that you have not forgotten them! It may be that you have smiled often at my allusion to that time, yet I know there have been seasons when, in the solitude of your room, you have felt that you would willingly change position, giving everything to have made real that beautiful dream.

"You loved me then. I write the words fearlessly. Though you may frown, your heart cannot deny their truth. You loved me. You were a flirt, a woman of the world. You knew the folly and impossibility of any realization of our summer vision, but it made it none the less sweet.

"And I? Oh! it is useless to write these things—but I did love you! I gave you the best and purest feelings of my nature—how entirely, you never even dreamed!

"We knew each other as those about us never did! I understood how a craving for sympathy and companionship was at the bottom of your coquetry. You did me justice, and, instead of reproaching me for a wayward and reckless life, you pitied me for the impulses and influences which had forced me onward. It was very sweet to be pitied by you—to feel that I could talk unrestrainedly, without the fear of being misunderstood.

"Do you remember how often, after giving way to mournful fancies, when we thought of the parting which must come, we mocked our own hearts by jests and laughter? With younger and less worldly, there would have been tears instead; but there was a deeper tragedy in our simulated mirth.

"Do you remember our parting? That glorious summer night—the dear, old-fashioned garden, with the moonlight lying broad and clear upon the dew-sprinkled flowers! For the last time I pressed my lips to your forehead, and hurried away through the night, feeling that I had snapped the last link which bound my heart to love and hope.

"What has my life been since that time? I need not tell you. You can understand, only too well, without any recital of the events of these dreary months.

"Many times I have been impelled to seek you out, to ask you to forsake the world and

go with me to some distant land, where we might try if love and happiness could not more than compensate for these worldly joys, to which we both clung, although long since they had lost the power to charm.

"I dared not do it. I feared for you and myself. With our idle habits, our luxurious tastes—how could either of us endure the petty cares and annoyances which follow a marriage where wealth is wanting? But to-day, as I sit here in the silence of my room, I regret bitterly that I did not go to you and ask you to be my wife. I believe that you would have consented, and we might have been happy. Alas! it is now too late! There is only the bitterness of regret left to me!

"I do not know why I have written this letter. It can avail nothing. It may give you an hour of sadness. But I know that you will not be angry. You have not forgotten the past. It is as deeply engraven upon your memory as on mine. No matter what triumphs await you—what wealth and distinction may be at your command—often and often you will think of our summer dream, and sigh for the beautiful season which can never return."

I sealed and sent off the letter, and, feeling in capital spirits, after my effort in the heavy romantic line, went out and spent a very pleasant day.

A fortnight passed—I don't suppose I had once remembered the fact of Kate Brennan's existence during that time—when, one morning, the servant brought me a letter, directed in a hand which I did not recognize.

You can imagine my feelings when I broke the seal and read the epistle.

"Your letter is lying before me—your dear, sweet letter, which I have read again and again until every line is indelibly impressed upon my mind.

"Angry with you? Was I ever that, Harry? No, no, you know me too well even to suppose it!

"When I first read your letter, I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the recollections which came crowding about. I lived over that beautiful summer, as I had so often done in my dreams, and roused myself by a burst of passionate weeping and prayers of hearty thankfulness that it was not yet too late to remedy the past, which you believed swept forever from our reach.

"My friend, I am not married! I can see the astonishment with which you read this—I can hear the broken exclamation of joy which bursts from your lips. It is true, we have not yet

wandered beyond the reach of that sweet dream—I am free!

“Your mistake was a very natural one—it was the marriage of my cousin Kate which you saw announced.

“Every day I feel more the emptiness of all that makes up my life. I long to break loose from all, to find some retreat aloof from the world, where I might let my heart speak, might live the free, natural existence for which I was intended.

“I shall see you or hear from you soon—I am certain of that! I had tried so hard and so long to forget, but it was impossible; and through all I felt that you had neither changed nor forgotten any more than I had done.

“Yes, come to me! I will never again allow the advice of friends to stand between me and happiness. I will wear no more golden fetters. I want rest and peace, and one way of obtaining them has suddenly opened before me.

“You will understand this letter. You will not think me unwomanly because I reveal my real feelings. It is so sweet for once to throw off all disguise—to let my heart really speak, and be certain that its language will be comprehended, and meet with a return.”

The letter fell from my hand. I never was in such a fright in my life. This was coming to grief with a vengeance! What should I do? How was the matter to be settled? I quite tore my hair, and it was as well that several pious old relatives of mine were not near, or they would have had the trouble of altering their wills at once.

The names I called myself! I never told myself such unpleasant truths before or since. What an ass—what a consummate booby I had been! Satan had certainly possession of the woman! To think of our marrying! Why, I would sooner have been mated with a chameleon!

I thought first, that is, when I was calm enough to think, of having a notice of my marriage put in the papers, and then writing her a letter, saying that I had done it in a fit of desperation—that her dear answer had come too late—there was nothing left for me now but years of unavailing repentance and remorse.

Then I decided that would not do, she would be sure to find out the truth and be down upon me like a torrent. There was nothing for it but flight. I must get out of the country with all speed; the idea of being pursued by an infuriated widow with matrimonial designs, was a calamity which I had not the courage to look in the face.

In three days I sailed for Europe. I had not one instant's peace until the steamer was out of sight of land; then a little feeling of safety crept over me, and a severe fit of sea-sickness did the rest. But before sailing I could not even sleep. Every time the door-bell rang, I expected it was a message from her—perhaps herself come to claim my pledge—to renew our dream and idyl—I have hated both words ever since.

I could not think myself perfectly secure even with the ocean between us. I made up my mind to go to Egypt—the widow had a horror of monsters, so I thought the recollection of the crocodiles might keep her from following me up the Nile, if she heard of my journey.

I was gone all winter. I went to Greece in the spring—made all sorts of impossible voyages; and it was more than a year after when I found myself in Berlin.

I meant to rest there. I was becoming a little less of a monomaniac, though I was still worse off than one of Dickens' haunted men. But I had reckoned without the consent of my nightmare! One of the first persons I met was an old acquaintance from New York.

He began telling me the news over a quiet dinner, and I had oceans of questions to demand.

“Did you know Kate Brennan?” I asked, tremblingly.

“Know her? Why, Lord bless you! I saw her in Paris last week. She and her party are coming on here—I expect them every day.”

I rushed out of the room—ordered baggage and passport prepared, and away I went.

Harris saw me just as the carriage was driving off.

“Are you crazy?” he asked. “Why, where are you going?”

“To drown myself in the North Sea!” cried I. “Tell every one so that you see. I shall be a cold corpse long before anybody can reach me.”

I suppose he thought that I was insane—little I cared for that. I had once more escaped my tormentor.

I went to St. Petersburg and froze my nose—I think that did me good. I reflected, a thing I seldom do. I could not go on through life making a Flying Dutchman of myself, it was quite out of the question. Perhaps I had better face the enemy and try to make some terms of peace.

The summer found me in Switzerland, in a little place where there were few English, and

not a single Yankee. I was quite happy there for a fortnight—there was a good hotel, a comfortable billiard-room, and nice scenery—I decided to remain.

I ceased to think so wholly of my fear and trouble. When a man begins to feel a sense of security creeping over him in regard to some long threatened ill, let him be certain that the storm is ready to burst already.

I had gone out to walk one day beyond the town. There was the most romantic spot imaginable, and so few visitors that it was a favorite haunt of mine.

I had seated myself on a rock overlooking the turret, and was comfortably smoking and watching the water, when I was roused by hearing my name pronounced.

I looked up—there she stood, prettier, wickeder-looking than ever—Kate Brennan had found me at last.

I sat and stared at her with a vague longing to escape; but unable to contrive any means, except by tumbling backward into the cascade.

Finally she began to laugh.

"Don't you think you had better surrender?" she asked. "Suppose you get up and say, How do you do?"

I managed to rise, held out my hand, and tried to stammer out some phrases of greeting.

She held my fingers firmly in her own; a quick change came over her face, red and reproachful.

"At last!" she said; "I have found you at last! Have you been searching for me, Harry?"

"I have been about a good deal," I answered, vaguely.

"You look worn and ill! Dear me, there are actually crows' feet under your eyes."

I only wondered that I was not a mass of wrinkles, or a living skeleton, after all that I had endured; but I held my peace.

"You have suffered," she went on.

"I have indeed," I groaned.

"Poor Harry!" and her voice quiver. "But you need suffer no longer. We meet at last."

"Yes—at last."

"The time has seemed long to you?"

I remembered my endless journeys—my frozen nose, and I shuddered as I answered,

"Very, very long."

She repeated the words slowly. Suddenly she began to shake—she hid her face in her shawl—she was evidently sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, don't cry!" I exclaimed, I could stand anything better than that.

"One moment," she gasped; "one moment, and I shall be myself again."

How fervently I wished that she could be somebody else long enough for me to get away!

At length she turned toward me again.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Harry?" she asked, reproachfully. "Not a word after this long separation?"

"Oh! dear, yes!" I said; but, in my confusion, the only idea that would suggest itself was the brilliant one, "Don't you think it is most dinner time?"

"Dinner!" she said. "At a moment like this he can talk to me of dinner! But I will not wrong you by a reproach—you do this to hide your feelings—you are fearful of giving way. I shall not misunderstand you, Harry—you ought to know me better than to think that."

"Oh! yes—yes—"

I could get nothing more out. I could only stand staring stupidly from side to side, wondering if I had reached the culminating point of my destiny—if there was nothing left me but to plunge into a Swiss cataract—make a great deal of trouble to the people at the hotel, and an interesting paragraph in *Galvani*, headed, "Done to death by a widow!"

Oh! shade of Samuel Weller, the elder, how vividly your terse and admirable advice to your offspring came into my mind at that dreadful moment!

At length she broke the silence.

"Harry!"

She made a movement as if to take my hand. I put it behind my back. If she did drag me away a victim, it should be by force. I could not weakly yield, or take a step to meet the dreadful fate which had overtaken me at such an unexpected moment.

Just then the sound of voices reached me, and a couple of gentlemen and ladies rounded the point of rock. They rushed up to Kate and began talking eagerly. She took the arm of a fine-looking man and led him directly up to me.

"Mr. Noble, let me introduce my husband, Mr. Dashford, to you. Charles, you have often heard me talk of my old friend Harry Noble."

"Often, and I am most happy to meet him."

The others were introduced. I saw by their faces that they knew the whole story. There was no help. Kate took my arm and marched me off toward the hotel.

Suddenly she began to laugh.

"I can't help it—it's such a delicious joke! Oh! you ridiculous man! Why, I answered your letter out of fun. I was engaged as long ago as that summer we were at the Springs. Bob Thompson told me what a fright I gave you. Oh, dear me! I think I shall die!"

I made the best of a very bad affair—stood the quizzing of the whole party for a couple of days, and then took my leave.

“Good-by,” said Kate, “don’t bear malice; but—be very careful how you tempt another widow, she may not let you off so easily.”

I registered a vow that I would never forget her counsel and went my way, a subdued, but very much wiser man; and from that day I have never written a letter to any human being that might not be read without detriment to me in a court of justice.

CONTRARIETY.

BY N. F. CARTER.

“I WILL be rich,” a young man cried—
“My highest aim is this!

To me the stream of time shall guide
Its wealth of golden bliss!

“For this the world shall learn my name,
And praise the vast estate,
Till kings and princes joy to claim
Me one among the great.”

“I will be good,” another said,
“And love my fellow-men;
On them would I rich blessings shed,
As dew on hill and glen!”

“And if the world shall ever raise
A tribute to my name—
To Thee, my God, shall be the praise,
No honor here I claim!”

The one made shining gold his God,
Burned incense at its shrine—
Toiled hard at home, toiled hard abroad,
To pour its votive wine!

The good ships went, the good ships came,
And brought him golden ores;
The tempest’s wrath, the lightning’s flame
Increased his hoarded stores.

He grew the richest of the rich,
Yet poorest of the poor;
He carved a gilded temple niche,
But could not peace ensure.

From lip to lip his titles ran,
But failed to bless his soul;

The idol crowded out the man,
And left him but the goal.

None ever came to him for love,
None for a crust of bread;
His presence chilled like clouds above,
Sunshine returned when dead.

The other, blessings on his name!
Lived as the good should live;
For good deeds won the noblest fame
The human heart can give.

Along the narrow way he ran,
Its toils and joys to share;
He lived for God, he lived for man,
Made life a living prayer.

His riches was the wealth of love,
Which yearns to soothe distress;
And, looking to the hills above,
He won the power to bless.

The sick and poor rejoiced in him
As in their dearest friend;
Where ears were deaf, and eyes were dim,
Hearts blessed him to the end

He lived to love, to teach, to guide—
He meekly bore his cross;
The world was loser when he died,
And sadly mourned its loss.

Live not for Mammon, young and old,
Crave not its praise or blame;
Be rich in goodness, not in gold,
And win eternal fame!

INVOCATION TO MAY.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

On! hasten, month of flowers,
Queen of the cycled year—
Come in thy smiling beauty,
Our dormant hearts to cheer!
Thou germ of Spring-time pleasures,
Cancel our Winter woes;
Give life unto the lily,
And perfume to the rose!

Oh! hasten, month of flowers,
Come with thy rosy face—
Come in thy bright-hued mantle
And perfect maiden grace!
Thy smile will wake the blossoms
And songsters into birth;
Thy juvenescent foot-steps
Will gladden all the earth!

Oh! hasten, month of flowers,
Come in thy youthful bloom;
Fill boudoirs and fill gardens
With exquisite perfume!
April is fast retreating
From face of mother earth,
Knowing his rosy sister
Is springing into birth.

Oh! hasten, month of flowers,
Queen of the cycled year—
Of all thy kindred sisters
We sadly miss thee here!
Come in thy iridescence,
With Flora by the way;
Come in thy painted tableaux,
Delightful, sweet May!

“MARIAN’S CHOICE.”

BY LESLIE WALTER.

“MARIAN, my dear, you are boring me dreadfully with your music, though I suppose you are not aware of it. As if this rainy afternoon were not enough to try one’s temper, without hearing the seven penitential psalms chanted down stairs. Have the goodness to go away somewhere, and leave me alone, and I’ll go to bed.”

“Certainly, aunty; I didn’t know I was disturbing you. Anywhere you wish.”

“Of course you have forgotten that we were engaged to Mrs. Melville this evening?”

“But I thought the rain would prevent.”

“So it must. A regular down-pour like this, nobody would think of receiving her friends on such an evening. But you look quite delighted.”

“I am glad, aunt Jane,” I confessed. “One night in a week does not seem too much for rest and quiet, and I feel quite tired after Mrs. Pray’s ball. Besides, it is so pleasant to have a little time to one’s self, and I really like a rainy evening at home.”

“Oh! yes, you young ladies with ‘resources of your own’ who can read, and write, and sew, find it all very well, but I must say I prefer a little excitement;” and my aunt Pierson, who, at sixty, was as fond of society as a girl of sixteen, sank back in her chair with a discontented sigh, and was soon asleep over her dressing-room fire.

I walked from window to window trying to get a view of the sea, whose mournful roar could be distinguished by a practiced ear, above all the noise and tumult of the great city, and which, lashed by fierce winds to-night, and torn by jagged shafts of lightning, threatened by angry thunder, rolling away over its vast green wastes, was a sight my coast-born eyes longed for in vain. In fancy I could see the shrieking gulls, dipping their wide wings in the troubled waters; the long stretch of billows hurrying up to break upon the shore; the seething and whirling abysses between—the white crests of foam above them; the sharp shingly sands over which they broke and fled, leaving a wealth of rare sea-weeds, and strange shells to shine, wet and brilliant, when the sunny morning broke, and the storm was past. I began to grow lonely and restless, wild sea-songs came rising to my

lips, and snatches of childish tunes, that I used to think kept time to its cadence, haunted my ear. Furthermore, aunt Pierson woke, and, finding me still pressing my forehead against the glass, and murmuring the forbidden melodies, was pleased to be pettish, and rang for her maid to put her to bed.

I slipped down stairs, as the girl came in, and, wrapped in my water-proof cloak, and fortified against the flood with a large umbrella and a pair of India-rubber boots, quietly left the house and went out in the rain. The day had been dreary enough in that grand prison, I wanted something cheerful to end it. I knew of a little haven of light and peace, not many streets off, and yet quite away from the fashionable quarter, and as much out of reach of the world that inhabited it as Chinese Tartary or the Mountains of the Moon. In a certain quiet, isolated place, stood a row of neat brick houses, shaded by the greenest trees, approached by the whitest steps, with the tastiest of curtains, the most modest of pearl-colored blinds, the brightest of silver bell-knobs and door-plates; and in one of these lived my sister Sophie, who had been summarily scratched out of aunt Pierson’s will, and banished from the society of her fashionable friends, when she chose to marry a poor young man who did business as junior partner in a dry-goods house down town, and whose limited means enabled him only to rent this humble residence. Yet George was a handsome, manly fellow, and Sophie was justified in loving him with all her heart, and in writing to me—away at school when the sacrifice was consummated—that she had preferred “love in a cot with water and a crust,” to her share of aunt Pierson’s legacy and the brilliant prospects it opened, and had thereby secured to me the dearest and best of brothers, and a home, however humble, to which I should be always welcome as a queen. So indeed I found both, whenever, as in the present case, I could slip away from my gayer lot to seek them.

It was hardly dark, but already the lamps were lighted, and reflected the wet, glistening streets, quite silent and deserted, except for a few wayfarers plashing through the rain toward home, and the inevitable policemen in oil-cloth

apes, who had begun their nightly patrol. Hurrying past these worthies quite unnoticed, I gained at last the haven to which I was bound, and rejoiced in the homelike light that shone from its kindly windows.

A rosy faced Irish girl, the sole attendant, opened the door, and I heard my sister up stairs soothing her factious eldest, Master Benny, into his nightly slumbers. His fat fists were firmly clenched in defiance; his flossy curls were tumbled with the strength of his resistance; his round black eyes were wide and wakeful; there was very little prospect, apparently, of his yielding to the softening influences of Dr. Watts' cradle hymn as sung by Sophie, who considered it infallible; and when I appeared unexpectedly upon the scene, and the rebel gave me a shout of welcome, she stopped in despair, and turned him over to me for the game of rumps that followed.

Half an hour later he succumbed, lulled by the patter of the rain against the windows, and by the promise of being awakened when papa came home, and, loosening his white arms from my neck, I laid him softly in his little bed and crept down stairs. Sophie was in the parlor, which was also the sitting-room and the dining-saloon upon occasion, a little light stand was set there now for George's supper; the grate glowed clear and warm, the center-table was drawn before it, covered with books and papers, and Sophie's pretty, matronly work-basket, laden, as usual, with articles of children's wear. She herself was flitting about the room, drawing the blinds, dropping the curtains, setting a few blossoming plants in better relief on the flower-stand, wheeling a curtain arm-chair closer into the circle of light and warmth, adding a few touches to the tempting array on the tray; the quietest, the busiest, the happiest housekeeper, I am very sure, that ever lightened the labors of an only Bridget with her white hands, and toiled for husband, home, and children, with a sweet temper and a thankful heart. Her face at least bore this record, when she came at last and sat down by the overflowing work-basket, and began to labor at the mighty pile it contained, humming softly the old tunes she never found time to play, with her contented heart keeping time to the motion of her busy fingers and the music of her lips.

"And now," said I, drawing my favorite "rocker" into the corner, and taking Benny's little lamb's-wool stocking from her fingers, "we'll have a happy evening."

"But I am afraid to trust you with my baby's sock, Marian; you, such a belle and beauty!

You will have quite forgotten how to knit, and it's very near the heel."

"Just as little, Sophie dear, as I have forgotten the butter-cups and dandelions in the field, or the sea-weed on the shore, or the happiest days of my life when we were children down in J——"

"Do you really remember them as such?" said she, earnestly. "I thought your happiest days were only just come, I hear so much of your dissipations and pleasures."

"From whom?" I demanded.

"From Bentley Archer," she answered, hesitatingly. "He meets you in society, sometimes, you know. He is the only person that I ever see now who goes in aunt Pierson's circle; he describes you as gay, admired, and flattered."

"Yet I wish it were all over, Sophie. I am not a romantic young Miss, as you are aware; one gets over such nonsense at my age, and among my associations; but I would give up all my gayeties and triumphs, as you call them, for such a home as this."

"I knew it! I was sure of it!" she clapped her hands exultingly. "I thought aunt Pierson could not quite spoil you with all her money and her French elegance. My little sister is the same after all these years of fashionable training."

"Not quite the same," I answered, smiling. "I like the elegances and the comforts, dear; I enjoy the luxuries of life at aunt Pierson's; I have learned to dread labor and to fear care, to love beautiful surroundings and tasteful accessories; I am contaminated by the atmosphere of that Castle of Indolence; don't think otherwise; but it is not, and never will be, *home* to me."

"Then why don't you marry and have a house of your own? You have had plenty offered to your acceptance, I am sure."

"Yes, we have had our chances. Ten years ago I wore white camellias in my hair, and went to my first party. True, five years of school life followed, but I have still been five years in society, and it does not take so long to learn it all. The dancing, and the dressing, the talking, and the acting, it is like going to the same old theatre, night after night, and recognizing the same unvarying old stock company, through all their disguises and changes. I am weary of it, Sophie, and I envy you your real and simple life."

"What a confession from the beautiful and brilliant Miss West!"

"You were Miss West, too, and far prettier than I, yet you must have felt the same and tired of your station before you left it."

"So you contemplate following my example? You are a 'person about to marry?'"

"No; only tossing on a sea of irresolution, impatience, and revolt—drifting perhaps toward that port where we all anchor at last. Yet not like you, Sophie dear, to find a haven of rest and peace. My fate must be different. I love nobody. I respect and esteem none; there is but one I fear: how can I be like you? There are no manly men now, no true, there are none good, not one; there are no heroes, no cavaliers, no souls brave, generous, and gentle, fiery and faithful, worthy and wise, to whom we can render allegiance without shame, or fear, or distrust. If a more knightly, more manly race ever existed, they have all gone now. No, I see the protest on your lips—there is but one left and that is George!"

"Aunt Pierson told me Percy Dutton had proposed for you."

"Yes, thanks to her, we have had two 'offers' in spite of the dreadful dearth of such things this season, and one was Percy Dutton; but I cannot marry a simpleton like that, even for the sake of his great establishment. My aunt was very angry when she knew it, but she has since been appeased. Harry Warrington has paid me some attention, and we have compromised on him. If he should propose, I don't know."

"Oh! Marian, you will not marry him!"

"I think it very likely that I shall. He is considered the most desirable match in town, and I don't see any reason for doubting it. If we can't be happy, let us be mercenary. Why should I refuse the prize in the lottery when it falls into my hand?"

"You can never be happy with your husband, darling, if you don't love him."

"But I can do very nicely without. With a good position, a good name, and a good fortune, one can be quite comfortable in this wicked world, with no flavoring of sentiment at all. And think of his handsome country house, of his beautiful bays, of his pictures—that lovely Madonna especially, for which alone I could almost marry him!"

"Dear Marian, you could not speak so if you had ever loved any one."

"But I have not, and never can, in the very nature of things. Why is it, Sophie, that in the set we call ours, only the ugly, the stupid, the old, or the bad, are endowed by fortune or by Providence with all these charming things; while the really deserving and interesting are the poor young men, with 'ineligible' marked on their very foreheads, and whose incomes

every matron in society counts on her fingers, as she warns her daughters against them? Not that the temptation is very strong, and they perfectly understand that all the interest you choose to display is at your own peril, not theirs. They don't expect us to care for them while there is 'higher game,' you know. So Denton said to Lena May, the other evening, 'Now don't consider yourself engaged to me at all, if Warrington asks you, Miss Lena; he's a marrying man, you know, he's worth dancing with.' Dreadfully impertinent, wasn't it? and he would never have dared to say it to any one but her; but oh, so true!"

"Poor child! I wish you were out of it all."

"And therefore you must not blame me if I should change the scene to a house of my own, where I can do as I please, at least, and not be dragged about by aunt Pierson to shows I hate, but be at liberty to consult my own tastes. If Warrington is not musical, his instruments shall be; if he is not entertaining, he can buy books that are; if he is not pleasant, I can choose my own society; for the rest, he cannot greatly interfere with my comforts or pleasures; he cannot burn his beautiful pictures, or melt down his family silver, or break his mother's costly old china, or destroy his tasteful house, or rob me of any of the luxuries his position and income secure. For the rest, we can manage very comfortably together, I think."

"And what of the rainy evenings?"

The words were hardly spoken before the outer door opened with a latch-key, and George was heard shaking the rain-drops from his wet shawl in the vestibule. She went to meet him—a little observance which, though six years married, they had not yet forgotten—and presently they entered together, and my brother-in-law gave me an affectionate welcome, and a brotherly kiss. He was fresh from walking in the rain, happy to be at home again, glad to be done with the tiresome duties of the day, and happiest of all it was easy to see, in being with Sophie. He sat down at the little table so neatly laid with its pure damask and modest tea-service, with a very limited display of silver, and heartily relished the delicate meal with which his wife served him, smiling over the little urn. The scene and Sophie's simple question had sunk deep into my heart. I ceased to see the visions of wealth and luxury that had occupied me but a few moments before, and I envied rather Sophie's sweet content, and the calm happiness that looked from George's blue eyes. Only mutual love and trust could bring, and money could not buy, or wealth procure the truest

charm of home. They were handsome and refined, toil did not degrade, nor care oppress them, their hearts were safely anchored and at rest, and love was the charm that made all burdens light. Before I was tired of looking at the pretty picture, or had begun to analyze the uneasy pain it gave me, it vanished; George assumed his slippers and took his paper, his wife her work, and I, sunk in my arm-chair, thoughtfully surveyed them while I knitted with flying fingers.

There came a ring at the bell, which nobody minded, and a bustle in the hall, which we attributed to an errand-boy bringing home a bundle; for George laughingly declared it was too wet a night for bores to be abroad, they mostly affecting dry seasons and latitudes. But I thought differently, when, the door being opened, Bentley Archer came in and was welcomed like a brother.

He was a tall man, dark and thin, not more than one and thirty, but with some early gray in his dark hair, and some early wrinkles in his thoughtful face, abstracted and reserved in his greeting, careless in his dress, but with that indescribable air of gentleman, which redeemed the negligences of his toilet, and the eccentricities of his manner. A gentleman, indeed, he was, by birth and blood, by bearing, by habit and by education, with a passport to society of which he had but rarely, till of late, availed himself in his undoubted talents, an old name, and a good family, no longer rich, or powerful, but too lately both, to be wholly forgotten even in the annihilating waves of our republican society. Born to a secure position here, he was perfectly neglectful of its claims, and seemed chiefly to seek it for the sake of the amusement it afforded him as a student of human nature, and in this pursuit lay the groundwork of my aversion and antipathy to him. For many months I had resented the quiet surveillance that seemed to select me, as a favorable specimen of my tribe, for study and observation, and had grown restless under the searching gaze, keen, critical, analytic, to which I was subjected. It made me vaguely uncomfortable and embarrassed. I was always nervously conscious of his presence and regards, and found myself involuntarily testing my words and actions by the standard of this cold criticism, and referring constantly to the Sphinx-like face, wherein I read a judgment so different from that of the gay crowd, who surrounded me with attentions and flatteries that were neutralized by a glance at the dark and silent oracle who watched over me like a fate.

There must have been in me something peculiarly and remarkably wrong that thus drew his unfavorable notice, and many times I found myself wondering what it might be. In my dress, which, the more tasteful and complete it seemed, the darker and sterner grew his reproving gaze—or in my manner, which was sometimes vexed into feverish excitement under his sarcastic scrutiny—or in my looks and daily life—for I am sure that he closely scanned both with those exhaustive and dissective eyes. I disliked him heartily, and with as good reason as, perhaps, may have the luckless victims of a naturalist's ardor, as, penned in bottles, or impaled on pins, they whiz in useless indignation under his microscopic scrutiny, or as a sensitive subject in a hospital may feel beneath the incisive knives and eyes of the calm professor who is demonstrating anatomy to a dozen curious pupils at his expense.

I suppose these reminiscences were reflected in the expression with which I looked up as he entered, and his face, usually so dark and inscrutable, for once was eloquent enough. If he had found a zebra domiciled in his law-office, or a bird of paradise among his briefs, I suppose he might have bestowed upon it some such look of incredulity, astonishment, and dismay as that with which he favored me, sitting in my own sister's parlor. His glance included my dress, plain, high, and close-fitting, my little linen collar and plainly-braided hair, and, I am sure, noted even the knitting-work in my fingers, and the kitten in my lap. I knew that I did not look well under this presentment; but I was far too indifferent to his admiration, or too well accustomed to his disapproval, to be hopeful of altering it, or to care for unbecoming accessories, and, feeling that I had him now on my native heather; in a circle his good or ill opinion could not affect, returned his look of surprise and embarrassment with a glance of haughty defiance, at which he almost smiled.

But it was difficult to be cold and formal in that warm and genial atmosphere, under the influence of George's kind cordiality, and Sophie's gentle friendliness, which harmonized discordant elements and made us a very pleasant party. At first the two gentlemen plunged into politics, and discussed parties and principles, whose very names sounded mysteriously in our unaccustomed ears, while our busy needles flew by fire and by lamp-light, and we sat in submissive silence, or in an undertone, consulted together over little domestic interests pertaining to "baby" and "Fenny," the Lares and Penates of the house. Presently these per-

sonages, awakened, I suppose, by the arrival, were audible above. Mamma went up immediately, and, on hearing the voice of the guest below, his namesake insisted on being brought down stairs.

Mr. Archer was fond of children—it was the one accessible point in his otherwise cold and cynical character—and he possessed unbounded popularity among a circle of acquaintances, whose heads did not reach to his knee. Not only in wealthy houses, where he was a good genius, in the matter of toys and confectionery, and a modern St. Nicholas at Christmas time, but he would pause, in his rapid walk, to pat the head or fill the hands of a baby mendicant as readily as he touched the costly lace cap and dimpled fingers of a befrilled and bejeweled infant paraded by a French *bonne*; and I have seen him turn aside from the crowded thoroughfare, to soothe the grief of some lost and wandering child, alone among a thousand hurrying people. He was known to the crossing-sweepers, and not unmindful of the tangled curls of the Irish children in the alleys, whose bright eyes shone through the dirty obscurity of their faces like suns through a cloud at his coming; and had amassed, in his office, kindling-wood enough for an incendiary, exhaustless supplies of matches, and a store of unwholesome fruit, brought there by small vendors, whose little feet could hardly climb the weary stairs. For these there was always a warm corner by his fire, on rainy and frosty days, a luncheon for the hungry, or a penny to buy it with; and more than one homeless little beggar has found a night's lodging in its sanctuary, *malgre* all risks of juvenile pilferers and thieves. There must have been some benevolence in that man's heart, some human kindness in his nature, below that stern and self-concentrated surface. Let me do him full justice in the telling, for such qualities are rare in this hard city, where these jewels of humanity are worn away by attrition, and, in the day when Christ shall make them up, are lost and cannot be found.

Master Benny came down jubilant, in a long night-gown, whose trailing folds embarrassed his chubby feet and disturbed his stately walk, and had a long and cheerful interview with his solemn namesake. It was pleasant to see Mr. Archer's face soften in this genial atmosphere. He looked almost handsome, almost happy, in the company of his childish friend and the sweet influences of the place. I could not help watching him—as he had so often watched me—with keen, inquiring eyes, to detect, under this unaccustomed *bonhomie*, the latent scorn and

satire, which I believed formed his character. But nothing so repellent appeared, and he seemed unconscious of my observation, till the child, accepting the invitation of my outstretched hands, came to lay his curly head upon my shoulder and fell asleep in my arms. He looked at us both steadily a little while, and then spoke to Sophie.

"Don't you want a nurse for that child?" he said. "One who should cost you nothing, and be of some use besides?"

"He has just such a nurse already," said Sophie, glancing fondly at me. "I believe he thinks Marian was made for his use and service, and to be his chief mistress of the robes. She makes his dresses, and he knows it. But why do you ask?"

"A little girl that I know of wants a home," he answered. "She needs a good one, where there is care and love. It is an old story, Mrs. Simple. You would not care to hear it. A drunken father, a flock of miserable, motherless children. She is handy, and wise beyond her years—poor little thing! She came to me, crying with cold, to ask for my washing. Ten years old, and the eldest of six!"

"Poor baby!" said Sophie, with tears in her thoughtful eyes.

"She will do for me," I said, impulsively; "my maid is just gone, I will take her in her place."

"You!" he said, satirically, almost bitterly. "Fine ladies want fine maids to curl their hair, to paint their cheeks, and adjust their flounces; my little girl could do you no good, she knows nothing of a belle's varieties, and they are apt to be rather unfeeling and hard mistresses, I believe."

"My hair will curl naturally," I answered, meekly, more inclined to cry than to be angry; "my cheeks will paint themselves," and indeed they felt burning red under his rudeness. "I promise to demand no such services from my maid; I will dye my own wig and find my own false teeth unassisted. I would try to be patient and kind. I think she would be happy with me."

"I think so too," said Sophie, with a kiss, as she stroked back my hair, and Mr. Archer looking anxiously at us both, seemed to feel some compunction at sight of my flushed cheeks and wet eyes.

"Forgive me," he hastily said, and his look asked pardon more effectually than his lips. "You shall have the child, I can trust you with her;" then changed the subject and his mood.

The evening that followed was a very plea-

sant one, and full of mutual concessions. I had not thought our guest could be so genial or so pleasing, he fascinated us all. It seemed to me that in his tones, his action, his expression, lay the trust of eloquence. I no longer wondered that he swayed stupid magistrates, and convinced obstinate juries by the magic of his voice and eyes; the acrid and repulsive rind of the root is not more unlike the sweet morsel at its core, than was the manner he had dropped un-like the nature he betrayed. Observing him thus, one saw the change reflected in his face; his eyes no longer shone with a hard, derisive light, their softened rays met mine fully, kindly, with a gentle, earnest look that inspired trust and confidence, and made them wonderfully beautiful. His very accents seemed turned to music from his heart to-night. It became easy to see for what nature had intended him, to be gracious, noble, lovable, and loved; a fine and stately growth, in whose shelter inferior plants might thrive with sweet assurance of protection. Circumstances had interfered to warp her plaus; a sensitive exotic suddenly transplanted into a cold, and dark, and barren spot, must harden or must die. Harsh winds of adversity battle with it, pitiless storms of suffering beat upon it, it becomes gnarled, and hard, and stunted, it learns to resist and to endure. But it will never blossom or bear fruit, remaining only alive, but sad and strange, an alien among the tougher, inferior growths. Yet restore to it the light, and warmth, and richness of its lost heritage, and see in what generous bloom, in what rich fruition the grateful plant repays your care!

Something like this I fancied in looking at this man, and remembering how sad and lonely his life had been—what burdens had been laid upon him—what misfortunes had overtaken him—through what trials, through what vicissitudes he had passed, unaided by a single kind or loving influence, reliant only on his own stern courage and firm resolve, and, having passed the painful ordeal, stood now a conqueror, but still sad and alone. In my heart I honored him with every word he spoke. I now respected and esteemed him, and feeling in his presence a new sense of freedom, ease, and pleasure, forgot the jargon of society, and dared now and again to speak as I had never known how to speak before, encouraged by the gentleness of his replies. For the first time in my life I stood face to face with a great mind, and looked into its depths with awe, and wonder, and delight, feeling thoroughly my own deficiencies, but with a sense of shame and humili-

ation new and salutary, but conquered and charmed by his superiority. When the storm was over, he took me home with silence, like a gentle mist, and not an icy wall, between us.

"I have to thank you for a very pleasant evening," he said, quietly to me, as he rang the bell. It was the kindest speech that had ever passed between us. I turned and offered him my hand without a word, he took it in a clasp both warm and kind. Did he lift it to his lips? Did he press it in his own? I hardly knew, for it was over, and he had hurried half-way down the street in his rapid manner before the door closed, and I stood wondering inside. It was yet early, but a servant, sleepy with many nights' watching, was waiting in the hall, and I went at once up the stairs with a lighter foot, and a gayer heart than when I had descended them. It is pleasant to feel that you have made a friend of an enemy, that you have won over the judge advocate to your side, that you will henceforth be kindly looked upon by lenient and indulgent eyes, where you have dreaded glances both searching and severe. It was a little thing to make one happy, but it followed me even into my dreams, and I wondered long, before I fell asleep, over the pink flush on my hand that colored its idle whiteness, and the rosy dawn of a new pleasure in my life.

Several weeks had passed before another stormy evening gave me leisure to seek my sister's little house and caress her little children. I went with a heavy heart, for the new friendship I had formed there had already known many changes. At first it was a relief to miss the steady observation of those thoughtful eyes; but soon I began to look to them for approbation, for admiration, I hardly knew for what, and to feel bitter and resentful if I failed to receive it. I had hoped never to stain my soul with coquetry; but what was this new feeling that impelled me both to desire and dread his presence, to conceal the pleasure it gave me, or hide the pain of his disapprobation in gayerity with others? A restless fever had taken possession of me, and I no longer understood myself. I knew I should meet Mr. Archer there, and anxiously expected him; yet when he came, I was languid and silent; he was abstracted, grave, severe. For many evenings we had not interchanged a word in the gay crowds which we met. My time was monopolized by the attentive Warrington, whose devotion was all my aunt could wish; and as others advanced, Mr. Archer fell back, so dark, so distant, so unapproachable in his new phase, that it was

impossible to understand him. A sort of resentment, more painful than the old defiance, sprang up in my heart against him; I was glad to be gay and admired, that he might see how others appreciated what he disapproved and despised—I was glad that he watched and studied me, that he might see how completely I was beyond the reach of his liking or dislike, and how thoroughly I ignored the sort of surveillance he had established over my actions. Yet it pleased me to think that I alone received his notice and regard, and was his attraction to these uncongenial scenes; and I tried to forget that he was believing me unworthy of either, and daily finding more cause for his unfavorable judgment of my character. I sat before him, inwardly restless and dissatisfied, outwardly indifferent and contented, the trifling work in my fingers served as a good excuse for inattention and abstraction, and the evil mood gradually disappeared under Sophie's persevering gentleness and George's cordial kindness. How could I fail to come away more peaceful and happy than I went, and humbled, and softened even to my stern and silent companion?

"Dear little house," I sighed, "I wish I might never leave it."

"Yes," said Mr. Archer, breaking in upon my reverie with cold, deliberate sarcasm, "for a season and for a retreat, how nice! To recuperate your exhausted energies, to restore your paling roses, to smooth your brow of the wrinkles, your mind of the cares they gather in the gay hurry of the world, how sweet and how appropriate! What do you know of the sacrifices and cares of a narrow income, and a little house, you whose lace dress touched my cheek last night as you whirled past me in Warrington's arms, you whose sparkling ornaments dazzled my aching eyes, whose costly exotic flowers were scattered, unheeded, at my feet with a royal indifference, and who to-night, pale and plain, and patient as a nun, sigh for the conventional repose of the world we have left, and sweetly bewail the vanities of the one to which we are going, till you almost deceive yourself and me!"

He paused a moment for an answer, which I was too bewildered and astonished to give, and hurried on again; the words rushed to his lips fast, fiery, impetuous; they fell upon my ears like a scathing judgment. I was in a mood humbled, softened, and penitent, and a child might have chidden or led me. I did not check or retort upon him, I only wondered at the bitterness and passion of his reproaches, I was only saddened by the biting sarcasm of his

strictures. I received in silence the judgment that had long been gathering, I submissively heard recounted the list of my faults and follies, my vanity, my coquetry, my pride, my extravagance, my careless and thoughtless indifference to the feelings of others, my haughty, self-sufficing nature, my cold reserve, my arrogance, my presumption, and my disdain. With patience I bore these accusations, with patience I replied, my voice faltered, my lips trembled, the tears sprang thickly to my eyes, but I pressed them back, I would not let him see me weep—perhaps he guessed my self-restraint, for he continued in a milder strain, yet with a marked and personal bitterness that I could not understand. To others, I might have been as wayward, unjust, and cruel, as he said; to him—never. Whatever past injustice or unkindness lay between us was not on my side, but his; of late I had had for him only too high a value, only too kind an esteem. He proceeded to dissect my motives, to analyze my character. I made no defence, and attempted no answer; only when we paused on the threshold of my aunt's house, I turned and said,

"You have been cruelly unjust and unkind, Mr. Archer, and some day you will be sorry. You would not like to be judged as you have judged me."

"I spoke for your good," he answered, a little shaken; lingered a moment, and then passed hastily down the street.

Long afterward, when I sat reviewing this strange scene, as I had been too confused and bewildered to do while it lasted, recalling his looks, his words, his tones, his unreasonable bitterness and causeless anger, a light broke upon me that made the burden of these reproaches easy to bear; a secret thought that changed them from a pain to a pleasure; a sweet assurance made my heart lighter than since our acquaintance began. Love wears many shapes; wayward, capricious, and unjust, he is Love still and a god, and is welcomed with the honors due to divinity. Besides, I fear there is something cowardly in the nature of women, that makes them defer better to the *main de fer* than the *gant-de-vieux*. Some of our admirers call us angels, and are astonished to see us sour on fancied wings beyond their reach; but those to whom it is given to comprehend and rate us truly, with a look of deserved reproach, a word of calm command, with a just reproof, or a stern action, win our hearts more than with a deluge of flattery or a libation of praise, and bring us to our proper level as only the Queens Consort of mankind.

However it be, when next I met my stern mentor, no sting of resentment or malice testified to the severe reprimand I had received, no word of apology or reproach passed between us. In his eyes I read regret and tenderness, and a new, delightful hope. In mine he must have found, I suppose, a silent pardon; for the subject was never renewed from that time. Henceforth there was a bond between us, which I can never understand or explain; but I know that, if then some wave of chance had thrown us forever apart, his influence would have continued to control me all my life.

That was a triumphal winter, and I was never so happy, so gay, or so admired as during its progress. My aunt was delighted with my increased success. She had feared that my failing interest in these pleasures would lead me to neglect and forfeit them. She did not know that in the tall, dark shadow, always leaning beside my chair, I found my sunshine; that, when I was most brilliant, and most gay, my brilliancy and gaiety were inspired by a cold and silent man, in whose impassive face I only could read the fervent change, the softened look, the light that shone alone for me.

No life, brought so near to his, could remain wholly vain, idle, and useless, and mine began to be stirred by some better and higher influences than I had known before. Pity and a gentle association had attached me very much to my little maid. I tried faithfully to be the friend and mistress she needed, the compensation she deserved for her short, hard life. Learning more of this, I found compassion for other such lives, many of which were connected with her own, and went with her to the dismal place for which she had no other name than *home*. It was not a noted haunt of vice and misery, only a poor abode of feeble, hopeless, struggling poverty. It contained no classical thieves and pick-pockets, only a few wretched men and women, who drank for a temporary oblivion of their weary life, and were penitent enough afterward. To go once into this locality, was to desire to go again; to do a single good, was to feel the ceaseless prompting of a thousand undone; to afford relief to one case of sorrowful destitution, was to take the initiatory step in a work which demands a life-time for its furtherance, and eternity for its completion.

I began to seek this place often, to grow familiar to and in it. It was not pleasant to listen to the whine of the 'sickly women, the complaint of the irritable men; to touch the dirty children, and be brought into close contact with all that is coarse, shocking, and

repulsive in this state of living. But these accents were not worse to endure than the fashionably languid drawl, the spiteful sarcasm of "society," and one who had learned to tolerate the faults and follies, the crimes and vices of the well-taught and well-conditioned, might easily pardon lesser frailties than theirs, and, dropping out of sight the failings and short-comings of these poor creatures, think more and longer of their poverty and pain, of their cold, their hunger, their sickness, their real suffering and actual distress. I learned to do this, not soon or readily, but gradually, and, in a long time, accomplished some real and practical good, and began to be received, in my visits, not as an angel of mercy, but as a faithful and well-intentioned friend.

It was raining and blowing hard, one afternoon, when I went out on one of these errands; but these were my favorite times, when all other engagements were prevented, and I could steal the daylight for such duties, the evening for a visit to Sophie. By a tacit understanding, Bentley Archer came there too, kinder and gentler with every succeeding meeting, revealing all manly, all strong, all lovable and noble traits, till I grew to reverence and admire him with my whole heart. The poor had a faithful friend, the oppressed a strong champion, the wrongfully accused a firm defender in him—to his own sex an honor, a master to mine. I had reason to know this, and I knew it. I should see him to-night, not in society, where our eyes and thoughts were engrossed by others, and a throng of gay people kept us apart, but in Sophie's little parlor, where were content and peace, where we could be quietly happy and talk of many things, where my mind could be filled, my heart satisfied from his, and my eyes, now well accustomed to that dark face, find it both beautiful and good. These thoughts urged my hesitating steps, and I left the shelter of the threshold and went out into the street.

It was early dark and raining heavily, and I had a long way before me. I was a little frightened, and hurried on with flying feet, but not so fast as some hastening on behind me, like a pursuer—as, indeed, I fancied him—and quickened my pace in vain. A large umbrella settled, like a sheltering angel, over my bonnet, my hand was drawn under a dry sleeve—I was stopped, sheltered, protected in a moment, and halted under a doorway to wait for a coach.

"How did you know I was here?" I ventured to inquire.

"I have been waiting for you for an hour," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"In the rain?"

"Perhaps. Next time you come on these charitable errands, remember a good old proverb, and have some charity for me. Am I not worth many Mrs. O'Flahertys, and of more consequence than the Daniels children?"

"How did you know?" I stammered.

"I know of many things, Marian. I did you the harshest injustice once. Have you ever forgiven me? If you can let me tell you how you conquered my hardness, my prejudice, let me tell you by what a strange power I was compelled to love you, even when I doubted and disapproved—what more than love I have felt for you since I was undeceived—what I feel for you now, my dearest, truest, and best!"

I listened, in the darkness and silence, to words I shall remember all my life. I have no right to repeat them, and no need. They are an ever fresh and blessed memory to me, a wonder and a happiness. The seal of years of dumb patience was lifted from his lips—the bonds of a long constraint were taken from his nature—the chill of a life of sorrow left his heart. As he felt, he spoke, and his words rushed on rapid, impetuous, powerful, as a torrent long checked and stemmed throws down its ineffectual barriers, at last, and rushes on resistless. He did not need an answer, for my hand was clinging fast to his, and that firm, fond grasp was an earnest affirmation of the strength that has sustained the love that has shielded me ever since. The coachman Mr. Archer had commanded to wait grew desperate, and went off without us, the omnibusses were all full; so we plashed on through the storm, the happiest of streaming people, and carried damp confusion into Sophie's neat hall.

Will it be believed that the first opposition arose from these happy persons themselves living on a narrow and precarious income? Yet George, inwardly delighted, shook his wise head, and Sophie, as in duty bound, following

his example, smiled radiantly while shaking hers.

"How will you live?" he eagerly inquired of Bentley; "you had better leave her to Warrington. She can't buy lace flounces with a thousand a year."

I do not buy lace flounces, and perhaps should be ashamed to confess that I do patronize shilling calicoes. I wear no jewels but my wedding ring, and carry no exotic flowers, but a dancing baby with shining eyes and silken curls, who furnishes music for the household in the absence of mine. I have a little house like Sophie's, and to this my aunt Pierson sometimes comes, rather more reconciled to the sacrifice since my husband is rapidly rising to fame and fortune, and my pretty children kiss away the artificial roses from her cheeks, and wake some gentle emotion in the dormant heart beneath her French corsage. I think they are teaching her some lessons she never learned before; and she has ceased to speak to me of Mrs. Warrington, who faded, sallow, and wrinkled at thirty, bears few traces of the fresh young belle I knew, and hurries through the heartless life I once marked out for myself, as if she strove the sooner to end it. But I have no need to be so weary of my husband, at least while there is so much to reform. He dresses well now, with my fear before his eyes, and has his curls clipped and his whiskers trimmed to the fashionable standard with touching meekness. He is stouter and straighter with our triple responsibility on his shoulders, and the sweetest sunshine of our house is in papa's eyes and smile. But he is still addicted to newsboys and beggars, and I can never walk out with him without making a score of dirty acquaintances, and obtaining the patronizing notice of all the ragged match-girls and itinerant fruit-venders. Dear and true heart! Not many wives are annoyed by their husband's too great goodness, and my cross is lightly borne!

SONG.

BY MARY M. BARNES.

In the deep midnight hush,
When stars are brightly beaming,
And whispering winds are still,
I woke from pleasant dreaming;
I look into thy deep, dark eyes,
Like stars of midnight gleaming,
And wake to find—alas! alas!
That I am only dreaming!

My hand is clasped in thine,
My soul with rapture filling,
I hear thy low, sweet tones
With love's deep meaning thrilling.
Oh, blessed hour! too quickly fled!
When stars of night are beaming,
How sad to wake and find, alas!
That it is only dreaming!

THE MISERIES OF BEING FAMOUS.

BY THORPE BEALE.

"Come, Nell, I'm bent on going into some secluded country village for the summer!" cried Louisa Leighton, the "rising young authoress," early one lovely morning last June.

"Oh! tired of being lionized at home, are you?" said her friend, Nell Brown, bending to pull her tiny slipper up at the heel; for, if the truth must be told, Nell, though a beauty, was rather slovenly.

"No. But you know that I have an engagement to write a serial for Peterson's Magazine, and that I have too many interruptions at home to perform it satisfactorily."

"Of course; for everybody is anxious to pay court in some way to the renowned authoress," interpolated Nell, merrily.

"I want you to go with me into the country, and pass for the authoress, while I remain unmolested, writing in my chamber when I please, or strolling out unnoticed."

"It would be capital fun!" cried Nell, clapping her hands. "When shall we start?"

A week later the pair found themselves ensconced in two pleasant rooms, a parlor and sleeping-room, in a village in the interior of Massachusetts.

"How do you like the looks of things?" asked Lou.

"Much. Did you notice that two gentlemen—nice-looking youths—followed the hack from the cars to this very door?"

"No, Nell. Did they? In truth, I was lost in noticing the gorgeous blue of the sky. It strikes me that the sky is bluer in the country than in the city."

"Maybe it is," said Nell, with a yawn. Hearing the sound of horses' feet, she rushed to the window that commanded a view of the road, when she exclaimed, "Here they are again! How ought I to stand to look classical, etc., hey? Is this the right attitude?"

"Stand as you always do. Don't go to affecting anything," said Lou, merrily, while taking from her trunk her writing materials, and placing them upon the table near the window at which Nell stood.

"If those gentlemen are not dismounting!" gasped Nell, a moment later. "Do you hear me? Dismounting at our door!"

Here the farmer's voice was heard.

"Ah! boys, I'm right glad to see you! Walk in."

"Those gentlemen can't be sons of that rough old man! Lou, come and peep out, will you?"

"They are fine-looking youths. Maybe they are his sons. A large portion of our leading men were born in the country—had fathers for fathers, you know," whispered Lou, furtively glancing upon the trio below.

The farmer's greeting was answered in as kindly a spirit, and the horses were speedily led round to the stable by the farmer's son, a mirthful lad, of inquiring mind, and whose name was Jim.

"Have your boarders arrived?" asked one of the young gentlemen, when seated in the parlor.

"Ha! you rogue! Just like your father at your age! Well, Will, they have. I guess you'll want to stop here a spell now, hey?" laughed the farmer.

"Shouldn't wonder, uncle," laughed Will.

Just here the farmer's wife, Mrs. Smollet, entered. On her rubicund face there also shone a smile.

"There, boys, I knowd jest as soon as you'd heered we were agoing to hev a live author board here, you'd visit us quick enough. I charged Jim not to tell your folks a word about it, when he rode over last Sunday; but, catch him to keep a secret! You see I wanted ye, when ye did come, to come to see us, father, and I, and Betsy Jane. Naver mind! I'm glad to see you anyway! Jim's put yer hosses up. Where's yer baggage?"

"We haven't any. We intend to pass to-night and to-morrow morning only with you," said George, the elder and more grave of the young men.

"Sho! you don't say!" replied Mr. Smollet, about to fill his pipe. "You'd better reconsider that 'ere, boys."

"Now, that's too bad! Hadn't ye better let Jim go over to Grantville and get ye a change of clothes, some time to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Smollet.

"You are very kind, aunt; but, as we are

about to take a trip to the White Mountains, we must decline," replied George.

"Aunt," whispered Will, "do tell me which is the author. I was at the depot when they arrived."

"The one with the golden locks and blue eyes."

"Impossible!" said George. "She don't look intellectual."

"I can't help that; she's the one, and no mistake. She is a frolicsome creter, too. Would make a nun laugh. And more—she's awful careless of her clothes, tore her handsome check silk gown in gittin' out of the hack, when she needn't a' done it, and never cared a mite about it. I said to her, 'My dear, you've tore'd it awful, hev'n't ye?' an' she said, with a cunning little toss of her lovely curls, 'La, its nothing; I'm always tearing my clothes; I never hev a whole rag on me long at a time!'"

"Don't go to falling in love with her, Will. A woman that pretends to know more 'n she ought ter, don't never make a profitable wife. Writing is above a woman's sphere," observed the farmer. "Besides, she's destructive."

"Poh! a grate deal you know what's above wimmin's sphere! I think wimmin air ekal to men in brain any day," replied Mrs. Smollet.

"So do I, aunt," said George, with an animated look.

"Do? Then go in and win." was the laconic observation of Jim, who stood leaning in the doorway. This caused a laugh. When it had subsided, Mrs. Smollet said,

"I hope, Jim, you hev'n't been a tellin' everybody who we've got to board here?"

"I can't say I hev. But old Marm Sykes means to hev a couple of verses writ for her tombstone, and Nancy Bell wants a new autograph in her album, and Peggy Lowering has got a bouquet to offer the authoress."

"Now, Jim, as though the ladies want to be troubled that way! You ort 'er be ashamed!" cried Mrs. Smollet.

As for the farmer and the youths, they fell into a fresh fit of merriment.

"No harm done, ma'am. I reckon the authoress 'd jest as lives be made on as not," replied Jim, who now was noticed to smother a grin after glancing hastily down the road.

"Now, Jim, what air you up to?" groaned Mrs. Smollet.

"Nothin'; on'y here comes Marm Sykes. Maybe she's got her tombstone with her. I shouldn't wonder!"

"Gracious Peter! You varmint! ef you don't deserve to be pinched! Now, that old woman will stay to tea, whether I ask her or not!"

When Lou and Nell were summoned to supper, they found waiting, in the ample dining-room, George, Will, and Marm Sykes, in addition to the farmer's family.

"Provoking!" muttered Nell, yet flashing a coquettish glance at the young gentlemen, who were now elaborately presented to her by farmer Smollet in these terms:

"Allow me to interduce Mr. William Landseer, and his brother, George, my nephews, both studying law at Harvard, and first-rate fellers, who've come a purpose to see you. Miss Louisa Leighton, the celebrated author, young gentlemen."

Nell stifled a giggle, and, after that, managed with dignity to assure the youths of her pleasure in meeting them.

"How graceful and courteous!" thought George.

"I'll be hanged if she doesn't beat every other girl of my acquaintance!" thought Will.

As for Lou, she was very serene under the far less careful manner of their introduction to her. But then, she was a nobody, we must remember.

"Your sarvant, ma'am," said Marm Sykes to Lou, ignoring the formality of an introduction. "I've tuk this 'ere long walk a purpos to git you to write a couple of varses for my tombstone, which I've kept behind my head-board for nigh upon twenty year. I never wanted to forgit that, in the midst of life, we're in the midst of death. I want 'em to be teching, and tell of all my vartooos. Mrs. Smollet will tell you what I've been from my youth up."

"You must apply to my friend," said Lou, coldly.

"La, me! I thought farmer Smollet was mistaken, I did! You don't mean ter say that 'ere pink butterfly, with the yaller hair affyin' all over her head, is the writer, do ye?" said Marm Sykes, bending her spectacles upon Nell, who tried to look wise and dignified. "Wal," turning to Lou again, "ef she *can* write the varses, she may. But you look a powerful more sensible. Did you ever try to write? Now, it's my 'pinion you'd do a heap better 'n that line than she can."

And the old woman sighed, as she turned from Lou to take a second look at Nell, who, good-naturedly, promised to consider the epitaph.

"I declare if I wouldn't like yer picter!" broke out the delighted old lady, soon after, completely captivated.

"You shall have it in welcome," answered

Nell, bestowing a comical glance at Lou, who looked calm as a saint.

"Here come the bouquet and the autograph book!" shouted Jim, at which the Smollet family sighed in concert. And soon beside Nell's plate lay the bouquet and the autograph book, while two stiff females proceeded to watch her critically.

Filled with pity, George and Will devoted themselves to the business of making themselves agreeable to Nell, who, glorying in flirtations, managed to bewitch not only them, but Jim, who kept flitting about, behind, or before, as there happened to be the best chance, and sighing dolorously, while wishing he knew how to talk as well as his really brilliant and attractive cousins. As for Betsy Jane, a short, thick, freckled, red-haired girl, she mentally declared, with Marm Sykes, that Lou looked far more sensible than Nell, though it might have been because the latter received all the attention.

While Nell, with a beau on each side, and Jim in the rear, roamed in the fragrant fields, by twilight and moonlight, talking of everything but literature, from which she willfully kept clear, Lou sat writing unmolested in her chamber. Marm Sykes, disgusted at having been deserted, left for home soon after supper. So, also, did the other females.

"Ah! how do you prosper?" asked Nell, bursting into the chamber about eleven o'clock.

"Finely, thanks to you, my darling! Now own up, how many conquests have you made?"

"Three, Lou; maybe four, if I can include the farmer himself, who just treated me to strawberries and cream! Oh! what a goose to sit writing when you might have so much sport!"

"I knew you'd get pleasure enough out of the matter," said Lou, complacently, resuming her writing.

"Come, aren't you about ready to think of sleep?"

"Hardly. I shall write an hour longer."

"Indeed. You don't expect me to sit up for you?"

"No, indeed, Nell. Let the beautiful little authoress recruit herself for the work on the promised verses. Ha! ha! You didn't think you'd be employed so soon!"

"Now, Lou, all such jobs that come to me, you are to perform, remember. I shouldn't wonder if I brought you plenty of work."

"No matter, if you only keep me from company! Now go to bed, there's a dear, so's to gather rosy cheeks for the morrow."

"One word, how do you like the youths?"

"Very well, I think on the whole."

"That George is quite bookish, you must know. Oh! didn't I have tough work to steer clear of literature!" And Nell laughed at the recollection. "What sort of a poet was Byron, Lou? George asked me how I liked him, and I said at hap-hazard, 'He might have been a great deal better than he was,' and he agreed with me, and went into an analysis that saved me from talking about what I didn't understand, which was very kind in him, I think."

Lou laughed as she said, "If you are always as non-committal you will get along famously."

The next morning Marm Sykes was on hand for her verses, which Nell passed her with becoming gravity. The old lady donned her glasses and proceeded to read. Nell retreated to a corner out of sight of George and Will, who, mindful of what was progressing, sat smoking in the hall.

"Wal," said Marm Sykes, "they air bootiful, and I'm much obliged to ye. 'Fore you go home come down and take a cup of tea with me, and I'll treat ye to some of my beer-besides. Maybe your marm 'ud like some yarbs! I can send her a heap of 'em, if she does."

"You are very kind to offer the herbs, and when I write to my mother I will inquire if she is in need of them. As I have an engagement, I hope you will excuse me now, Mrs. Sykes. Good-morning."

And Nell flew to her chamber to indulge in a good laugh. Happening to glance at the bureau, upon which were lying the autograph book, and now withered bouquet, she cried.

"A plague on being a celebrity! Lou, get a good pen to write your name with, and then take out a sheet of your best Paris note-paper, to write verses of thanks for this miserably arranged bouquet!"

"I've a great mind not to!" said Lou, fretfully.

"You see that even in the country you can be bored!" And Nell laughed maliciously.

George and Will did not leave farmer Smollet's that day; and more, commissioned the reluctant Jim to get them "a change," as suggested by their aunt.

"Don't you go, Jim! You're a goose if you do! Did they come, and do they stay to see us? Oh! no, country folks aren't good enough for them!" sneered Betsy Jane, with a green glitter in her very black eye.

"Dang it! I wish they hadn't a come," muttered Jim.

"Who, the ladies?"

"No; t'others, of course! I'm glad she came, I reckon!" heartily replied Jim.

"It's your fault that the boys came, you kn-w. But much good'll her coming do you!" retorted Betsy Jane, who had long in imagination appropriated the merry Will to herself, and had often dressed her flaming locks with an eye to his especial admiration.

Many callers filled the house that day, each bent on picking little Nell to pieces, while Lou sat swelling her manuscript in the delicious quiet of her chamber.

"Why don't you stop below?" asked Mrs. Smollet, as, after the evening meal, Lou was preparing to go to her apartments. "You look awful pale, and need more exercise than you take, I guess."

Lou suddenly remembered it would not do for her always to keep up stairs, if she desired to pass Nell off for herself. So she unwillingly decided to remain below. Later in the evening, Marm Sykes, and the squire and his lady called. These were followed by the minister. Before she was aware of it, the latter gentleman, pitying her for being passed over, completely drew her out, making her talk better than she had ever talked before.

"Your friend is a better conversationalist than I had imagined," said George, in an aside to Nell, who was dying to have a good laugh over the affair.

"She's splendid!" replied Nell, admiringly.

"What makes her so shy?" inquired Betsy Jane.

"I don't know, unless it's because she was born so!" fibbed Nell.

"Well, if talk is in a body, our minister'll be sure to draw it out, I tell ye. He's a master hand at talking," observed Jim, who was jealously keeping watch over Nell, who could not be easy under it, as he had daubed his tow-colored hair with candle grease, and poured upon his red cotton handkerchief a deal of peppermint. As he listened to Lou, George began to wonder how it happened that Nell would never converse on literary matters. This thought had visited him before, even when basking in the full blaze of her charms. Ere he was aware, he had drawn nearer Lou, who seemed far from sensible of his presence.

"Lawful sakes! I al'as knowed ef you were a mind you could write better'n Miss Leighton! Though her varses were bootiful, and suited me to a T. Now she can't talk like you, I know. I don't bleeve she wants to, nuther! 'Spose you try to write a couple varses for me, too? I can hev 'em put right on the back of the tombstone, you know," interposed Marm Sykes, who had kept silence as long as she could. Passing her

snuff-box round, she continued, "'Pears to me you and George look alike, now. Yes, and talk alike, too. Hev you got a beau? Cos, if you hev'n't, as that little butterfly can't marry but one man, she might let you hev him!"

Poor Lou, suddenly aroused, scarce knew what to do. Perceiving this, kind Nell burst into a laugh, in which she was joined by all present.

"Who is the one man for Miss Leighton?" asked Jim.

"Not you, by no means. But Will is. You needn't feel bad about it, Betsy Jane. You and Jim'll be better suited some day," replied Marm Sykes.

"You're a meddlesome old thing!" muttered Betsy Jane.

"Catch me a-going home with you!" muttered Jim.

Somehow or other the pleasantness of the evening was visibly broken up. One after another the guests departed. Intent on her "varses," Marm Sykes lingered, informing Lou how to write them. After that matter was settled, she inquired,

"Jim, ain't you a-going home along of me?"

"No, marm!" was the emphatic reply.

"I will!" cried Nell. "Come," to Will, "it will be a fine walk for us. You are to go, too," and Nell laughed at Lou's dismayed look.

So Marm Sykes was escorted by Will and Nell; while behind them, lost in pleasant conversation, loitered George and Lou.

"A pretty muss you have brought about," said Nell, when at length alone with Lou that night.

"I wonder what made me forget myself!" sighed Lou.

"In what character am I to appear for the rest of our stay?" inquired Nell.

"As heretofore. You are still considered the authoress. I am thought a good talker, that is all," replied Lou.

Betsy Jane, who was given to eaves'-dropping, heard enough of this conversation to set her thinking.

The next day, when Nell was rambling with the brothers, Jim handed a letter to Lou, saying, "You'll keep this ere till the authoress gits back, I reckon? It's for her, you see."

"Oh, yes!" said Lou, taking the letter. "Ah, it's from home," she cried, opening it.

"My! opening other folk's letters!" said Jim, astonished.

"It will not make any difference to my friend," replied Lou, blushing scarlet.

"Oh! no, I guess not!" thought Betsy Jane.

After that, Jim took more than ever to eaves-dropping, amply assisted by his sister.

"I'll be beat if I can tell what makes that pale one keep in her room so much," said Mrs. Smollet, soon after.

"I hear her rattling and scratching on paper often," innocently observed Jim.

"She's apt to look as though studying out things; deep like, I mean," said Betsy Jane, with the air of one who could develop a secret, if she chose.

Mrs. Smollet looked at her searchingly, as she said, "Do, dear, tell me what you mean?"

"Nothing; only I think she's the writer, and t'other nothing but a silly flirt!" elucidated Betsy Jane.

"Call that angel a silly flirt again, if you dare!" cried Jim, looking dangerous.

"Oh, go 'long, Jim! Such as she isn't for such as you!"

"No more'n Will's your style, hey?"

"Be still fighting about yer loyers, children! This ere's a strange world! Betsy Jane, I think jest as you do," interposed Mrs. Smollet.

Jim donned his cap, and called upon Marm Sykes.

To all of the above conversation, Mr. George Landseer had been an unintentional listener. Curious before, he was more so now, and became so deferential to Lou, that she grew un-

comfortable over a surmise that resolved to a certainty before nightfall, and through Marm Sykes, who entered the Smollet mansion there to tear up her "varses," return Nell's libelous, and denounce in stinging terms "wimmin that went up and down the airth under false names," and to "hope Providence would be arter 'em with fire and sword." At which Nell fell into convulsions of laughter, while Lou grew white, and haughty, but mentally sighed that the case had been discovered. A fortnight longer they remained, during which time all the people within ten miles visited the house, bent on seeing the pair that had become suddenly uncomfortablely famous.

Nell was in her element, for three more collegians bowed at her shrine, and she was not obliged to drive away literary conversation, as it was now well known (and glad was she!) that she could not tell one author from another, and had never read a whole book in her life.

On the last day but one of the fortnight, George offered his hand to Lou. About the same time Will made a similar proposition to Nell, who had just before placed a damper on the "hopes" of her three collegians. Were they accepted? One thing is certain, neither youth went to the White Mountains that year; but both went the next; and each was accompanied by a bride.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY AMANDA M. KAIN.

I AM pondering, I am musing
On life's strange, mysterious ways,
As fond memory brings before me
Happy scenes of other days.

I am wandering back in childhood,
To the homestead once so dear,
And the old, familiar voices
Sound still sweetly in mine ear.

I have wandered to the brook-side,
Where I loved to linger long,
Listening to the tales it told me,
Listening to its wild free song.

'Mid the meadows long grass tangled—
There the blue flags stately stood,
Nodding proudly to the daisies,
Studding brightly yonder wood.

Back I wander to the wild wood,
Where the ripe red berries grow—
With the watch-dog for protector,
Fear nor care my bosom knew.

Now, alas! that wild wood's vanished,
With its wealth of berries red;
Gone, too, is that faithful mastiff,
Lies he numbered with the dead.

But the brook goes babbling onward,
As of yore its song it sings,
Hastening to the ocean's bosom,
There to nestle, there to cling.

Broken now that band of loved ones,
Seated round that hearth-stone dear—
Some are sleeping 'neath the valley,
Few the number lingers here.

Short the time the Spoiler waiteth,
Even now his bow is drawn—
Soon will speed the fatal arrow,
Soon another one be gone!

Like a ripe sheaf for the garner,
Gathered in our Father's store,
Leaning on the arm eternal—
There she'll weary never more.

Slowly fades the dream of childhood,
Sterner scenes are rising fast—
Saviour, guide me o'er life's billows,
Till the Heaven's gained at last.

Then, in that bright land of beauty,
Where the angels ever roam,
May I meet the loved and loving,
And forever be at home.

"SILVER IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT shall we give our niece for her wedding present?" said Mr. Alston to his wife.

"A silver tea-service," replied Mrs. Alston. "Silver, in the end, is always the cheapest."

Now Mr. and Mrs. Alston were rich, and it was no more to them, therefore, to give a silver tea-service, than it would have been for most of us, for myself particularly, to give a plain china tea-pot.

"I'm not so sure," was Mr. Alston's answer, "that a silver tea-service would be the best. Ellen is not rich, neither is her intended husband."

"The more reason we should give the tea-service. They'll not get it for years, if we don't give it to them. And, as I said before, silver is always the cheapest. You can't break it, and it never wears out."

"It's very far from being the cheapest. Such a tea-service, as you would buy, would cost, for instance, five or six hundred dollars. Now the interest on six hundred dollars would be thirty-six dollars every year. Thirty-six dollars every year would buy a new china service every year. But even a china service would last five or six years. So, if the six hundred dollars were invested for the benefit of Ellen, she would be able to buy a new china tea-service every five or six years, and have thirty-six dollars, yearly, to spend on something else, for the four or five other years."

"That's the way of you men," said Mrs. Alston. "You're always talking of investments and interest. But I know, as a woman, that niece would rather have the silver tea-service than the money, and so I shall give it to her."

"As you please, my dear. You know I leave all such things to you. The most I do is to advise."

So the tea-service was given to the bride, and when Mr. Alston saw the unconcealed pleasure with which his niece displayed it, he began to think that his wife had been right, after all.

And she was right, so far as the present was concerned. Ellen was ten times happier, in regarding her pretty silver tea-service, and in beholding the secret envy of her female acquaintances, than if the six hundred dollars, which it cost, had been invested for her in the safest securities.

But the present is not everything in life. Temporary gratification is often bought at the expense of future suffering. It was so in Ellen's case.

The young couple had not been long at house-keeping before they discovered that there was a want of harmony between their silver tea-service and the china plates and tea-cups which were used with it. The latter were but ordinary china-ware: "not at all the thing for silver tea-pots," as Ellen said; and so fine French porcelain was substituted. When this had been done, the glass, which had been only pressed glass, was soon found to be also out of place, and so cut glass was purchased. Then the table-cloths were observed to be too coarse. "Elegant linen, silver, fine china, and cut glass ought always to go together," remarked Ellen; and her husband, who, though not rich, loved pretty things as well as his wife, consented to let her purchase some exquisite damask table-cloths. After this, it was not long before the chairs were seen to be too cheap an article, and then the carpet: till, finally, nothing was left in the dining-room, which had been there originally, except the silver tea-service.

"How is it, Ellen," said one of the bride's friends, one day, "that your dining-room is so much more elegant than the rest of the house? I always like to come here to tea; everything about your table is so refined and choice."

Ellen had begun, before, to feel this want of harmony between her dining-room and her parlor; but from this hour she was positively unhappy till she had begun to refurnish her parlor. Her husband, who was not without sense and foresight, trembled at these demands on his purse, for he knew he could not afford to take so much money out of his business; but Ellen's unhappiness, in the end, overcame him; and beside, he trusted to make it up in some other way. "We can save it out of the household expenses, I know," said Ellen; and he allowed himself to be persuaded.

But they never did save it. Their parlor grew to be as tasteful as their dining-room, and by the same process: for first a new carpet was bought, then new furniture, and finally curtains were put up. "No room was complete without drapery," Ellen said, "and Hensel had

such lovely silk rep so wonderfully cheap." Mirrors followed. Then elegant vases and a clock for the mantel-piece. And so it went on; for when the parlor had been entirely refitted, the bedrooms were discovered to be unworthy of the rest of the house, and their improvement began. All this taxed the young husband's means to the utmost, in spite of Ellen's thrift in selling the old articles and buying the new, as she persuaded herself she did, "at a bargain."

"I'm afraid our niece is living too fast," said Mr. Alston, one evening, to his wife. "Her husband wears a troubled look. They've now been married three years, yet his credit is worse to-day than before he came to see Ellen: and that ought never to be with a married man who has a rising family to support. They threw out his note at the bank, this morning, in spite of all I could say."

"Ellen is too fond, I'm afraid, of fine furniture," replied Mrs. Alston. "She ought to know that one should wait to be rich, before indulging in silk curtains and velvet carpets."

Before another year the husband had failed, and the sheriff came to sell the fine furniture. All but the silver tea-service. That had been disposed of, it turned out, some weeks before, in a desperate, and, for the moment, a successful, attempt to pay a large note and avert failure.

"I had the curiosity to trace its end," said Mr. Alston, to his wife. "It was sold to a silver-smith and melted up. Of course it brought hardly half of what it cost; that is, merely its weight in silver."

"What a shame!" cried the wife. "I don't think I shall ever forgive Ellen. To sacrifice it so—and a present too."

"Do you know," answered Mr. Alston, "that I sometimes think we are the ones who ought not to be forgiven? I'm very clear, since I've thought it all over, that our giving her that silver was the cause of all Ellen's extravagance. It's a favorite idea of yours, my dear, that silver is the cheapest thing young married people can have, but this is not the only case in which it has proved the dearest."

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."—MARK XI. 13.

BY NELLIE NORTON.

I **STAND** where flowers have budded, bloomed, and paled!

Sweet-scented flowers

As ne'er before such fragrant breath exhaled

From earthly bowers.

I **CAME**—as I have oft before—to bind

My flowery sheaves;

But ah! amid the withered waste I find

"Nothing but leaves."

'Tis thus through life! God gave rare flowers to me

Of perfect mould!

Aye! gave me more, in His Infinity,

Than I could hold!

And so I've watched them one by one depart—

And memory grieves

That I must gather to my desert-heat

"Nothing but leaves."

'Tis well! God gave—and only took in love

What He had given—

Transplanted my poor flowers from earth, above

To bloom in Heaven.

And yet, through all its mute, life-lengthened hours,

My heart still cleaves

To the last remnant of its withered flowers:

"Nothing but leaves."

My spirit sighed for honors; so I sought

For envied Fame!

She told me she could never bring me naught

Beside a name!

And still I higher climbed, and reached to grasp

Her laurel-wreaths;

When lo! I held within my tightened clasp

"Nothing but leaves"

I prayed for riches—as if wealth could buy

My soul from sin;

As if Earth's gold and gems could satisfy

The life within;

Oh! heavy—heavy weighs the glittering crown

My brow receives;

And so I fling the worthless bumble down—

"Nothing but leaves."

A painful wrath from Pleasure's gilded bowers

My brow adorns!

I (in my eagerness to clasp its flowers)

Forgot the thorns!

Fair is the crown—though filled with scorpion-stings—

That Pleasure wears;

And what are all her boasted offerings?

"Nothing but leaves."

Oh, Earth! with all your honors, wealth, and show,

Can ye not give

Something to satisfy the heart below—

Something to live?

Can ye not proffer aught from out your store

That ne'er deceives?

Or shall we seek and find forevermore

"Nothing but leaves?"

My heart be patient! Through all suffering

Be calm and mute!

Believe—from all thou'st sown in tears shall spring

Life's perfect fruit;

And when the Angel-Reaper comes to bind

Love's scattered sheaves;

In Christ's rich garner thou no more shalt find

"Nothing but leaves!"

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 312.

CHAPTER VI.

COME with me to the ruin, Bessie. I've got something very important to show you."

Bessie was fastening some knots of ribbon into her hair when Randal came to the window, and, folding his arms on the stone sill, looked in upon her coquettish work. His bright face was anxious.

"Come, Bessie."

The young girl flung a scarf over her head and ran out through the kitchen, following his great leaps with the step of a fawn. They sat down together under the shadow of a broken arch.

"Bessie, I've something wonderful to tell you."

The young girl clapped her hands. "Oh! that is beautiful! What is it about—the duke?"

"The duke? Nothing like it! What is there grand—or—or—or—I can't just say what I mean, Bessie. But when there is only a man in the case, things are sure to be coarse, common, unsatisfactory, in short—detestable! Oh! Bessie, Bessie! I've seen such a beautiful lady!"

"Lady? When—where?" cried Bessie, looking eagerly around the ruins.

"Hush! don't speak so loud! It's a profound secret. But you mustn't think because the duke has taken you up and praised your pink cheeks, and all that—you mustn't think, I say, that other people mayn't have their friends, and that good looks, a courtly air, and all that, belong only to girls."

"Why, what are you talking about?" cried Bessie, opening her blue eyes like violets when the wind passes over them.

"Hush, Bess, and come here."

The lad arose, crept to the corner of a ruined cloister, and looked through an opening to see that all was right. Satisfied of this, he stole back a step or two and beckoned her toward him. She ran forward, full of eager curiosity.

"What is it?—what is it? Have you got the lady in there?"

"Come, look."

Bessie made a spring, lodged herself on what had been the sill of an arched window, and looked through the opening. There, in an angle of the ruined wall, which had retained a fragment of its original roof, she saw a chestnut horse, eating luxuriantly from a pile of fresh grass which lay before him. The beautiful animal looked up when he heard Bessie's joyous exclamation, and a tuft of pink daisies that he was gathering to his lips, fell away unharmed.

"Oh! Randal, what a beauty! Where did he come from? Who owns it?"

"Bessie, I own it," answered Randal, laying a hand on his heart, feeling that his simple word needed some confirmation. "I own it."

"But who gave it to you?"

"There, Bessie, you touch on a delicate subject. It is an idea full of poetry."

"It's a beautiful horse!" exclaimed Bessie; "and I want to know how he came here."

"Don't pry into things above your comprehension, Bessie."

"A horse isn't above my comprehension. I only want to know where he came from; and, if you can't tell me, I'll ask father if he knows."

She was poising herself to spring from the window, but Randal lost all his affectation in genuine affright.

"You wouldn't do it, Bessie?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because it would get me into trouble."

Bessie settled back to her old position.

"But how?"

"I'll tell you everything, Bess; you are my only confidante. Remember, we could always trust each other; couldn't we?"

"Yes, of course. But do tell me about the horse."

"He was a present."

"A present? And to you?"

"To me—and from a most beautiful lady!"

"Lady Villiers?"

"Lady Villiers! Indeed she! Nobody, compared to *my* lady! Oh! if you could see her,

with those great black eyes, the velvet cap and white feathers, the whip and little bugle-horn—oh! it makes one's mouth water!"

"But who is she?"

"Wait till I tell you. But it must be in confidence strict, remember!"

"Yes, yes. But do begin, and speak out like a man."

"Of course! How else should I speak? Well, this lady——"

"Yes——"

"Came upon me in the forest. A pack of hounds had run the deer—a noble fellow!—right into the spot where I was lying for the birds. Two packs, in short—for one set had but just begun to worry the buck when another poured down the rocks and plunged in with them. Then came the duke."

"The duke—in his hunting-dress—and with hounds!" exclaimed Bessie, brightening all over with curiosity.

"Yes, just as you say. With his mother, and a swarm of ladies, that is, three or four, I should think. Then—no, it was before that—came *my* lady, on a black horse, looking—oh! Bessie, it's of no use, I can't describe her!"

"Well, well, can't you say who she is?"

"That is the worst of it! I—I'd rather not. You'll never believe how grand, and beautiful, and splendid she is, without seeing for yourself!"

"Well, if you won't tell her name, and only mean to go on in this way, just to provoke one. I'll go back to the house. I dare say some one is wanting me."

"No, no; don't do that!"

"But what's the use of staying here?"

"What's the use of hurrying a gentleman in this fashion? Of course, things come out in the right time. I've shown you my horse—now, look here."

Randal put his hand under the old font, pulled out some moss, and then the Venitian gun, with its stock veined with coral, and its barrel engraved like the blade of a damaskin sword.

"Try not to call out, or go into a fit. But here it is!" cried the lad, in suppressed exultation. "Such a beauty!"

Bessie took the weapon in her hands, and examined it with intense curiosity.

"This is something like a gun, Randal. Did he give it to you?"

"He? No. The guns *he* gives are like cannon. *She* gave this to me. It was made in Venice."

"That's where the streets are full of water,

and people float like ducks. Yes, I know all about it. So they make guns like this in Venice, do they?"

"The king shot with it when he was a boy."

"What, King Charles?"

Randal nodded his head.

"Who told you so?"

"Who? My lady."

"Randal, you are bewitched, you have been among the fairies in the woods, selling your soul to the Evil One for guns, and horses, and hunting gear. This looks like wicked fairy work!" cried the young girl, getting more and more in earnest, while she ran her finger along the coral tracery of the gun. "See, how they have massed it out with threads of blood. Your blood, I dare say, it is, frozen into the wood. Oh! Randal, if you must deal with the little weird people, why not wait for them here among the ruins bathed so richly with holy water, hundreds of years ago, where nothing evil can live!"

"But, Bessie, I have not been among the fairies. I tell you it was a real lady who gave these things to me—a lady who hunts, and eats, and smiles. Oh! how she does smile!"

"But, why did she give them to you, cousin?"

"Why? Why, because——" here Randal broke off, blushing crimson; then he brightened up, exclaiming, "because I guarded them through the forest!"

"Guarded them? From what?"

"Hush, Bessie. Stoop down, and let me whisper it. From the duke."

Bessie started and turned an angry scarlet.

"You are mocking me with all these stories!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Perhaps you will speak out to my father. We shall see."

The girl turned away and was going to the house, biting her lips, and crimson with impatience.

"You would not do that, Bess?" pleaded Randal, trembling with terror. "What, you turn traitor?"

"It is you that are turning wicked. To slander the good duke so! I won't listen to such talk. Then this lady without a name!"

"But she has a name—and had from the beginning—grander than the duke's ever was! I tell you, Bess—she was a Howard."

"Who? The lady?"

"Yes, *my* lady. And afterward she was a countess. Not one of the new people the king makes in these times, but a lady whose ancestors were lords when our monarchs began to be kings."

Bessie sat down by her cousin, quite impressed by his earnestness.

"But you do not tell me what her name is now?"

"That is because you have prejudices. I had. And it troubles me to say what I wish, because, if you foil me, Bessie, I, and my horse, and gun, saddle and all, are plunged into one mighty ruin. This is why her name seems so hard to speak. But you are a sensible little maiden, that is, for a woman, and I am going to trust you."

"Why don't you begin then?" cried Bessie, who was leaning forward, resting an elbow on her knees, and her pretty chin in the palm of her hand. "What's the use of all this round-about work?"

"None at all; and the longer one puts it off, the worse it is to speak out. You have heard of Wolf's Crag, Bessie?"

"Heard of it? Yes. Who has not? That den!"

"And of the lady—that is, of the earl and countess who live there?"

Bessie closed her crimson lips, and sat upright, like a queen who sees some distasteful thing approaching her footstool.

"Yes, Randal, I have heard of them."

"It was Lady Somerset who gave me that splendid horse and this beautiful gun."

Bessie drew herself up in dead silence.

"Did you hear?" asked Randal, timidly.

"Yes. I think you said Lady Somerset—a person who amuses herself with getting her enemies put into prison, that she may poison them at leisure."

"You are prejudiced, Bessie; but I can forgive that. I, who am a man, fell into the same error."

"Oh! Randal, Randal! I said you had been among the fairies! But it was among the furies!"

"But, listen to me, cousin. The things we hear are all slanders. This lady is a thousand times more lovely than the duke's mother."

"Proud thing!" muttered Bess. "She scarcely deigned to look at me in church."

"Besides, the duke can frown. I promise you, his face was black as a thunder-gust when the two parties met," said Randal.

"But you have not told me how it was."

"Well, now that we have got over the name, it is easy enough. Sit down close by me, Bessie, and I will tell you everything."

Bessie drew close to his side, her pride completely swamped by curiosity. She was about to hear something tangible of those weird people at the Wolf Crag—people that she had hitherto classed with demons and evil spirits.

"And did you really speak with them? Did you enter the Tower, Randal?"

"Wait while I begin at the commencement; then ask questions as I go along."

"Well," said Bessie, breathing deep, "go on."

So Randal took up his story, and told his adventures in the forest with less exaggeration than a less brave lad might have used. Bessie listened eagerly. Sometimes she uttered little exclamations of astonishment; sometimes her eyes flashed, and again they filled with tears. This was when he described the pitiful look of the poor deer, while the dogs were tearing at him. When Randal spoke of the blow which his lady had given Lady Villiers, Bessie gave a frightened start, and asked him, in breathless wonder, if ladies ever beat each other. Randal did not know. He only thought that it was not usual, and seemed a little strange to him at the time. Only he wished Bessie could have seen Lady Somerset at the moment. Her black eyes flashed like ten thousand diamonds, her lips quivered as Bessie might have seen red roses quake under a high wind. Lady Villiers, and even the duke, seemed mean compared to her. Then Randal went on to tell how he had fought the dogs, all alone, with that great, ugly kicking gun that the duke had bestowed on him—how he had offered his escort to the proud man and been refused. Here Bessie's cheek kindled hotly, and her blue eyes looked more like stars than twin-violets. She bent the turf with her foot, and changed her position every moment.

"And he left you there without thanks, this doughty duke?" she exclaimed.

"Without a word!"

"So much the worse for him—and you, my own cousin. Let him try to surprise me into giving him kisses again. We shall see. But go on, I am listening."

So Randal went on and told all. How he had visited Wolf's Crag, and how he had ridden home on the chestnut horse, like a prince, to find the family just going in to prayers, and no one the wiser for his exploit. How he had hid away the noble steed in an angle of the ruins, and concealed his gun under the Druid font; but this could not last forever. What was he to do with these noble gifts in the end? It was impossible to go on making a stable of the cloister without unpleasant discoveries; and to possess a gun like that without the felicity of showing it was torture. In short, Randal felt his secret lying very heavily on his conscience after the first day, and was rejoiced to share it with his faithful friend and ally at the first favorable moment.

"Now," he said, "that you and I have settled everything about this lady, who has been so vilely spoken of in the district, I hope you are satisfied about that."

"Oh! yes," answered Bessie, with a little hesitation, "you must be right. No one could have acted like that without being a lady; and papa says we must never believe scandal of any one. So it is right to think the best of our neighbors. It must have been such a treat to get into Wolf Crag."

"Oh! but that was nothing to the splendid treatment I got within the walls! Why, Bessie, if I'd been a crown prince, they couldn't have excelled the hospitality of that visit. Why my lady absolutely directed the man how to cut the pigeon pie, and questioned me so cordially about home, and my uncle, Barbara, and you."

"Me? Had she ever heard of me?"

"Of course she had! 'Young gentleman,' she said, smiling on me like an angel. Not my lad, or my man, but young gentleman, remember. 'Young gentleman, I hear that you have two very beautiful young ladies at the rectory.'"

"Did she say that, Randal?" cried Bessie, in a glow of delight.

"Certainly; have I not said it? 'Two beautiful young ladies! Are they your sisters? From the description I should think so.' I felt myself blushing, but answered, 'No; Barbara and you were my cousins. Like sisters in kindness, but only cousins'."

"You might have said that we had been brought up together from little children, and that Barbara and I had no thought of you but as a dear, dear brother."

"Well, what I said amounted to that, you know," answered Randal. "Then she spoke of the duke, and asked if he admired you, and I told her, 'Yes, very much'—it didn't need to be a duke to do that—and so I told her about the game and the duke's visit, and how Cromwell hated him, and how Barbara always took to her room when he came, while you didn't care to run away. She said I was to take great care of you, and let her know if anything happened, for she had taken a great interest in us all from my gallant conduct—for she called it that—in the forest, and should be only too happy if she could befriend us in anything."

"Now this is what I think very kind, at any rate, Randal," cried Bessie. "Isn't it strange that so many great friends have started up for us all at once? It's like reading a story book."

"It was just what I thought that night as I cantered home on the chestnut. To think that he should be mine!"

"But what can we do with him? There is room in the stables, I know; but then papa sometimes goes there," said Bessie, taking a peep at the horse, which was lazily picking out the tender grass and flowers from his provender, with the fastidious taste of a thoroughbred, as Randal observed.

"That is a tough question," he said, ruefully. "It's difficult to get along, as it is, stealing curry-combs and corn from the stables without being found out by the groom; but what else to do?"

"I'll tell you," said Bessie, starting up and clapping her hands with the glow of a new idea. "Just turn the horse loose and let him be found grazing around in the ruins. Of course he must be taken care of, nothing more natural than that."

"Bessie, Bessie! you're a general. Why didn't I think of that? Of course there'll be wonder and a hard search for the owner; but who ever goes to Wolf's Crag? But there is the saddle and things—how about them?"

"Why, put them on his back? A horse is just as likely to stray with his saddle on as with it off."

"True again. Oh! cousin, what a girl you are!"

"Don't be silly, Randal. Of course they will make inquiries, but no owner can claim him, so he will drop off into your possession, and no one the wiser, not even Barbara, who is getting like a nun lately, and takes no interest in us, nor anything else."

"Yes, I'll do it. You've opened the door, and now any fool can walk through. I'll do it; but half the animal shall be yours, Bessie; we will own him together. You shall ride him."

Bessie's eyes danced with delight.

"As far as the castle?" she said.

Randal shook his head.

"Or Wolf's Crag? Oh! how I should like to see the old Tower."

"And my lady? Of course you would. Well, who knows? But about the gun?"

"Oh! that is nothing; take it into your room just as if it were the old barker his grace gave you. Everybody was afraid to look at that; papa always shut his eyes when it came near. Put on a bold face, and there need be little trouble about the gun."

"Bessie, you are an angel!"

"Randal, you are a boy!"

"I wouldn't let a man say that!"

"Well, you are a good, brave, little lion of a man, worth your weight in gold!"

"Bessie, kiss me. Upon my word, little one, I sometimes think I'm in love with you."

Bessie laughed till the ivied old walls rang again with the joyous outbursts of her merriment. "Come," she said, "put the saddle and things on our horse, then let us run away. He will soon find a path through the orchard."

Randal had concealed the trappings of his horse in another part of the ruin. He soon brought them forth, and the animal was speedily caparisoned. Then, with a loose rein and rich pasturage to entice him on, the two children—for they were scarcely more—left him to work out his own way to the comfortable stables of the parsonage.

Barbara was sitting alone in her chamber when Bessie entered it, gay, bright with smiles, and sparkling like a sunbeam.

"Ho! Madam Barbara! so I have caught you crying! It's of no use; don't attempt to wipe away the tears with your scarf, but own up and tell me what it is all about."

"Nothing—nothing, Bessie. Why should you care? Indeed, it is not decorous to come into your elder sister's room in this boisterous fashion, asking such rude questions, too," cried Barbara, allowing the tears she would gladly have concealed to burn upon the damask of her cheek. "I am surprised."

"Surprised! Because I am always trying to comfort you, and put things to right; but that is the thanks one gets. Dear me! what a thing it is to be a younger sister, especially when there is a sullen lover in the case."

"What do you mean, Bessie?" cried the elder sister, turning upon her lovely tormentor, while her cheek flushed to a hotred, and her lips parted in expectation. "Whom are you talking of?"

"Oh! only of that dark-faced mule, Cromwell. Here he has been sulking about, walking up and down the ruins like a ghost, never looking one straight in the face, or acting like a Christian in any way; while here you sit moaning like a shot bird, and looking so drearily through the window when he comes up here to get a peep at you in the dark."

"He come up to the window? Bessie, you are crazy!"

"Am I? Well, perhaps so. But I don't always mope in the house, and like a good run by moonlight as well as other people. Perhaps I did not see the black face of Oliver Cromwell lifted toward this very window and you looking out."

"I did not see him. Indeed, Elizabeth, I did not dream of this," cried Barbara, clasping her hands half in joy, half in terror.

"Oh! I dare say! He's a good deal like other

people, Barbara, wants to quarrel and make up; but his best feelings are a kind of bitter-sweet that no one but you could endure; for my part, I think him a brute!"

"Bessie! Bessie!"

Barbara started up, her eyes striking fire, her lips curving angrily.

"Bessie, you shall not speak of my betrothed husband in this way."

"Indeed!" said Bessie, with a little defiant toss of the head. "But is he your betrothed husband?"

Barbara sank to her chair again, pale and stricken.

"You know—you know——"

It was all she could say, for Bessie had flung both arms around her, and stopped her pale mouth with penitent kisses.

"I—I didn't mean it. Of course I know you are betrothed to him; more's the pity when he acts so like a heathen! Kiss me, sister, and stop trembling so! Why, Barbara, Barbara Westburn, what has come over you?"

Barbara drew herself up and put the hair back from her forehead, answering gently,

"I have not been quite well lately, and you create such a tumult, darling. But we will talk more quietly now. What were you telling me about Cromwell? Was he at the house any night this week?"

"No, not at the house; but prowling around it."

"Did you not say something of his being in sight of my window?"

"Certainly I did. It was night before last when the moon frosted the wet grass like silver. He stood out yonder, just where the great elms cast their shadow—and you stood at the window with a light behind you."

"What must he have thought?"

"What? Only that you liked to look out on the orchard, when the moon bathed it, and the ripe blossoms were fluttering downward like snow. I declare, Barbara, does it seem possible that everything has happened since the trees budded? It seems a year."

"Yes," answered Barbara, sighing heavily. "A long, sad year!"

Bessie fell to kissing her sister.

"Don't think so, Barbara—don't think so, because you had a falling out with Noll."

"Noll! Whom can you mean?"

"Oh! Cromwell, of course! One likes to snub

him and cut him short,

name. But, as I was

the creature, his hear-

are enough to keep

wholesome sleep. Just compare him now with the duke!"

"It is impossible. There is no comparison between such men. The one a mockery and a sham, the other harsh, homely, severe, I grant, but stable as iron, and pure as gold. Such men contrast, they do not compare."

Barbara spoke with enthusiasm. She had begun to comprehend the qualities which had drawn her heart into the keeping of a man so stern and unprepossessing as Oliver Cromwell. In the depths of her soul she did respect him, far more thoroughly than she could find it in her power to respect the duke with all his pomp and pretension.

"I saw how much you hated the duke, and did all a poor little girl could to keep him from troubling you," said Bessie, with a demure smile.

"You were very kind," answered Barbara, laughing in spite of herself.

"Yes," answered Bessie, fastening a knot of ribbon on her bodice, and giving it a little fillip of the thumb and finger, as if she were frightening some butterfly from a flower, "I did my best, of course. One always does when the happiness of a dear, good sister is at stake; but don't trouble yourself to be over grateful. It isn't in the least disagreeable to have a handsome duke tell you that you are more beautiful than the queen, and brighter than the stars. So don't trouble yourself to be over grateful."

Barbara shook her head.

"Bessie, Bessie, think how young you are. This is a dangerous business!"

"Dangerous? Not at all. It's you that are in peril!"

"Me?"

"Yes. Because you are in love!"

"Bessie!"

"Of course, it's always Bessie, Bessie, if I tell the truth. But you don't see my cheek getting pale—you don't see my eyes always through a mist of grief. There may be trouble ahead—indeed I think there is—trouble for us all. Cromwell has preached that into me, if nothing more; but I'm not going to meet it half-way—no, nor one step of the way. I mean to be staunch, and blooming, and strong when it comes."

Barbara looked at her sister in astonishment. There was sense and resolution in her words, but more decidedly in her air. Body and soul, she seemed free as a bird on the wing.

"Bessie, dear, you're a strange girl."

Bessie's eyes flashed with tears as Barbara kissed her. They had hanged places uncon-

sciously, these two young creatures, and she who seemed youngest and lightest of heart now took the lead, protecting the spirit which was rendered heavy by the clouding of its great love.

Meantime the pastor sat below in his study, sad at heart, but strong in a conviction that he had performed a great and solemn duty in maintaining the power of his king. Still he was not quite at rest. Hitherto his life had been so peaceful, and his duties so completely those of a divine nature, that even to his ardent patriotism it seemed as if his sacred office had been somewhat desecrated by the political sermon he had been induced to preach. To a pure heart like his—one in which religion becomes a vitality—the introduction of worldly thoughts created a feeling of tumult which was not easily allayed. He had seen Cromwell and his friends leave the church, and knew that they had met together since to discuss his sermon and condemn its doctrines. He knew also that others of his congregation were beginning to question the grounds he had taken, and that in one single day more discord had been flung into his little flock than had ever existed there before.

All this made the good man a little melancholy over the sermon he was preparing. At first he had been heated and his pride aroused by the controversies springing up in the track of his political sermon. Having once taken a position, the whole pride and strength of his manhood arose to its defence, and, but for one thing, a sermon even more patriotic and loyal than the one which had gone before, would have followed in hot succession, probably rending his church in twain, or making it a hot-bed of discord. But the rector was a good man, and did not now forget his old habit of kneeling down to pray for help, and ask God's blessing on his work before he began to work on his sermon. Fortunately for his people and his own peace of mind, there was a sovereign to whom that pure soul gave deeper homage than it had ever awarded to King Charles. Kneeling at the foot of God's throne, humbly wishing to do right, anxious only to be used as an instrument of good, all the intellectual pride that would have led him on died out of his memory. The old flow of benevolence came back, and, with a benign smile upon his lip, he sat down to write.

The rector was interrupted by a slight knock at the door, and a cheerful voice, calling out, "Father! Father, may I come in?"

The good man laid down his pen with a sigh, but answered, gently,

"Yes, my child, come in."

Bessie flung open the door and came into the study all bloom and freshness like a June day.

"Father," she said, resting both elbows on the study table, and folding the dainty fingers of one little hand over her chin; "father, don't write anything more about duties and ship-money to please the Duke of Buckingham. It's killing Barbara."

"Killing Barbara? Barbara, my child!" exclaimed the rector, pushing the paper away from him and rising in affright.

"Dear me!" cried Bessie. "I didn't mean that she was dying just this minute. But how is she to live after you have driven her betrothed from the church, and made him half a traitor to the king?"

The rector sat down, overwhelmed with astonishment. It seemed as if a very infant were rebuking him for driving that rash, stubborn man from the sacred influences of God's altar.

"Bessie," he said, with gentle dignity, "I have done what seemed to me best in the sight of God. If I have failed in the method, He will direct me aright. Have no fear that I shall bring discord among my people while it can be avoided. If the seed that I have planted be good, then will the harvest prove wholesome; if evil—which God forefend—the dragon's-teeth may spring up as armed men to punish me and mine; but even then the Master we serve is just and merciful. I can but act as He may enlighten me."

Bessie left her chair and came round to her father, kneeling beside him. All her high spirits were gone. She seemed like a Saint Cecilia, entranced with the solemn music of his voice.

"Oh! father, how should I dare ask anything of you! When you speak in this wise, my heart fills with love. I long to creep away, and thank God that he has given me such a father!"

"But you looked imperious. Your voice was full of rebuke a moment ago," answered the rector, laying a hand softly on her head. "How is this, child?"

"My mind was full of that sermon," answered the girl, casting down her eyes.

The rector lifted his hand from her head and shrouded his eyes with it. Painful thoughts sprang into his mind. Had that one political sermon found its first result in his own household? Had his young daughter lost anything of her respect for his sacred character by listening to that sermon? The honest unconsciousness of her words was sufficient answer to these questions.

"Rise up, child, and send your sister to me."

Bessie arose, paused a moment, to look in his averted eyes, and, lifting his hand to her lips, kissed it reverently. Then she went out, and directly came Barbara, with a forced smile wandering about her mouth, and her large eyes full of sadness.

The rector looked at her earnestly, as she sat down opposite him at the table, exactly as Bessie had done.

"Did you send for me, father?"

"Yes, child." He strove to speak calmly, but the sight of her pale, sad face touched him to the soul, and, clasping his hands together on the table, he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "Barbara, Barbara, you are ill!"

She made a little struggle to deny it, but answered at last, with quiet sadness,

"Not very well."

"Barbara, how long is it since Cromwell was here?"

"I—I have not seen him since the night after—after——"

She faltered here, and her pale check grew red.

"Since the Sunday when I preached on the duty of a people to their king. Was not that the time?"

Barbara bent her head and made a brave struggle to keep the tears from her eyes.

"And you saw him then? I do not remember that he was here."

"No. I was walking in the ruins and met him, as I often do when the weather is fine."

"And he has not been there since?"

"I thought not. I truly believed not, until to-day, when Bessie told me that she had seen him wandering about the house after night fall."

"And what conversation held you with him on the evening when you did meet?"

Barbara turned very pale, even to her lips. Never in her life had she evaded a question, or resisted a command from her father. It seemed impossible to do so now, still she hesitated.

"We—we talked of many things, but mostly of your sermon."

"Which he condemned, no doubt."

"Yes, very bitterly."

"And you?"

"I said that whatever my father did was right—that I never questioned his words—only believed."

"Nay, my child, that was going too far."

"I cannot believe so, father."

"Then, after these sharp words—for I know

the young man better than to think he took this gently—you took a cold leave of each other. Was it not thus?"

"He was stern, and asked that of me which I could not give. So we parted, I fear me, forever."

"And what was this thing he asked?"

"That I should repudiate the doctrines of my own father."

"Nay, he could not have meant that!"

Barbara burst into tears. "I have been striving to blind myself and think so, but such were his words."

The rector walked his study in perturbation. Here was another painful result of his political sermon. He had great respect for the man to whom his daughter was betrothed. There was something in Cromwell's astute intellect and iron will that fascinated his gentler and more beautiful nature. He could understand the deep hold which affection for a character so extraordinary had fastened upon the soul of his daughter. Indeed, the young man's defalcation had troubled his own thoughts not a little before its effects were so apparent in his first-born child.

The rector took his hat and cane with a quicker movement than was usual to him.

Barbara watched him with earnest attention till his hand was on the latch. Then her great, wistful eyes met his, and he came back.

"I am going to find Oliver. Wait patiently till I come back."

"Going to find him? Oh! father, what if he says—what if he— No, no, do not seek him!"

"Hush these fears, child. Think you I cannot be patient and forbearing, even though he should prove rude, as you seem to fear? We may not swerve from duty to our God, or his vicegerent, our king; but there is a fractious and a kindly way of doing a duty. Fear not that thy father will not seek out the least thorny path to his."

Barbara arose, and, reaching out her arms, began to cry.

"Father, father! let me thank you before you go on this mission! Appeal gently to him, if argument arise; for he is of a stubborn mind. Do not say that I—I am not quite well, and, oh! father, if you can bring him home again!"

The rector patted her bent head caressingly with his hand, then took his cane from the table and left the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAME AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



CIRCULAR CAPE IN PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE colored pattern, for this month, is a circular cape, exceedingly suitable for ladies going into the country or to the sea-shore.

The materials are 4 ounces each of scarlet and white, and 1 ounce of black, 3 or 4-ply fleecy; double Berlin wool may be used if preferred; a long Ticot needle, the stem of which measures three-quarters of an inch in circumference, or No. 1 bell gauge; and a rug needle.

As some of our readers may be unacquainted with the exact method of forming the stitch, we give

RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.

A chain row is always made for the foundation of this work, the same as in crochet, and, after the number of chain stitches are made, as given in each direction, the last loop is to be kept on the needle; and for the

1st row—still keeping the loop on the needle—Miss the 1st chain stitch, put the needle into the next chain stitch, take up the wool on the needle and draw it through in a loop; * keep the 2 loops on the needle, put the needle into the next chain stitch and repeat from * to the end of the chain. This is termed “raising” loops or stitches, and reckoned as half a row.

To “work back”—Take up the wool on the needle and bring it through the 2 last loops on it, then take up the wool again and bring it through the 2 next loops; the 1st of these 2 loops has been formed by the last stitch, and the 2nd is the nearest loop of those previously raised. Repeat to the end.

2nd row—Keep the loop on the needle and miss the perpendicular loop at the extreme edge; † put the needle into the next upright loop and bring the wool through in a loop. Repeat from †, raising all the loops of the row. At the end, which will form the left selvage, the last 2 loops are rather closer together than the others, but they are both to be raised as usual. “Work back” as in the 1st row.

When joining on a new color, it should be done before the last stitch is worked, so that the loop on the needle, when the row is finished, may be of that color.

In order to obtain the correct size of the stitch, it is advisable to make a small piece,

say 13 stitches, and work 9 rows, as above; this should measure 3 inches square, and will be a guide in working the cape, as, of course, the size depends upon the stitch being tight or loose.

THE BORDER.—This is worked as above, the waved pattern being formed by decreasing in the center of each vandyke and increasing between them.

Commence with the white wool, and make a chain of 306 stitches, worked rather loosely.

1st row—Work as the 1st row in the Instructions, until the 306 loops are raised; then “work back” all the loops as there directed.

2nd row—Increase a loop thus: Insert the needle in the chain stitch which runs across the work, between the 1st and 2nd upright loops, and bring the wool through in a loop as usual; then raise 6 loops, putting the needle into an upright loop each time; decrease 2 stitches, by taking 3 upright loops on the needle, and bringing the wool through them as one stitch; then raise 6 loops from 6 upright loops as usual; increase again, putting the needle into the chain before the next upright loop; then put the needle into the next upright loop and bring the wool through as usual. Repeat from the commencement of the row, and continue the same to the end, when one stitch will be left, which is to be raised. “Work back” the whole of the loops as usual.

Repeat as the 2nd row for 7 rows more, always working the decreases over those of the previous row; this finishes the border.

THE CENTER.—Take the scarlet wool, and, leaving the first 17 stitches of the border, commence by bringing the wool through the 18th upright loop; the stitches left are for the side border, which is to be worked on them after the center is made.

1st row—Raise the next 5 loops as usual; then take 3 together, as before, and raise 13 loops alternately 16 times; then take 3 together and raise 7 loops; there will now be one vandyke, or 17 stitches, unworked, and, leaving them for the other side border, “work back” all the scarlet loops; this row will have decreased 34 stitches.

Work 8 rows plain, that is, without shaping.

5th row—Raise 12 loops, then decrease a loop by taking 2 on the needle and working as one stitch; continue decreasing after every 12 loops to the end of the row.

Work 4 rows plain.

10th row—Raise 4 loops; then decrease a loop and raise 11 loops alternately to the end.

Work 3 rows plain.

14th row—Raise 10 loops, and decrease a loop alternately to the end.

Work 2 rows plain.

Repeat as the 14th row and the 2 rows plain 6 times more, but each time these 3 rows are repeated, one stitch less between the decreases must be worked, so that in the 17th row it will be "raise 9 loops and decrease," in the 20th row "raise 8 loops and decrease," etc.; when finished, it will be reduced to 92 stitches, and there will be 34 rows of scarlet from the commencement.

35th row—Work 6 single crochet stitches on the first 6 stitches of the row, these are cast off for the neck; then raise 4 loops and decrease a loop as before alternately to within 6 stitches of the end; leave them, and "work back."

36th row—Decrease the first 2 loops, raise the rest to the end, and work the last 2 together.

37th row—As the last.

38th row—Decrease a loop and raise 2 loops alternately to the end, decreasing the last 2.

39th and 40th rows—Plain, decreasing at the beginning and end of each.

41st and 42nd rows—As the 38th row.

43rd row—Decrease a loop and raise one loop alternately to the end; which finishes the center.

THE SIDE BORDERS.—Return to the 17 stitches left to the right side, and with the white wool commence at the edge stitch for the

1st row—Increase a loop as before, raise 6 loops, take 3 together, raise 6 loops, increase a loop, raise 2 loops; work back.

Repeat this row until 30 are made; then two rows, omitting the increase stitches. Sew the selvages to the center.

Work the other side border the same.

THE EDGE ALONG THE NECK.—Commence at the 1st stitch of the 1st side border, and work (1 chain, miss 1, and one plain crochet stitch 7 times), then continue the same on the scarlet rows to the end of the other border; turn back, and work a plain crochet stitch in every chain stitch of the last row.

THE SECOND BORDER.—With the white wool commence by making a chain of 146 stitches, and work as the 1st border to the end of the 9th row.

10th row—Black wool—Work 4 chain, miss 1 and 1 plain crochet stitch; repeat to the end; fasten off.

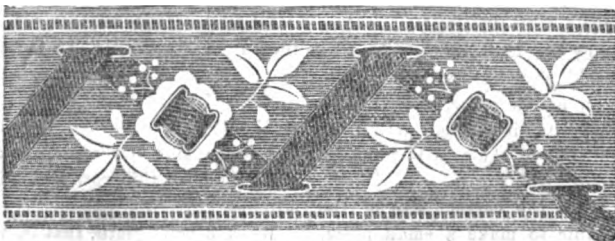
This border should be placed on the scarlet center, and sewed to the 29th row of it.

THE TRIMMING.—With the black wool work a row of single crochet all round the edge of the white borders and across the neck. Work the same at the edge of the 2nd border.

For the dividing line between the center and border, commence at the top of the left border, where it is sewed to the center, and with the black wool work a row of chain stitch, thus—keep the wool on the wrong side, bring it through in a loop, and pass the needle in the edge stitch of the work to the back, bring the wool through and also through the loop on the needle; continue the same along the three sides.

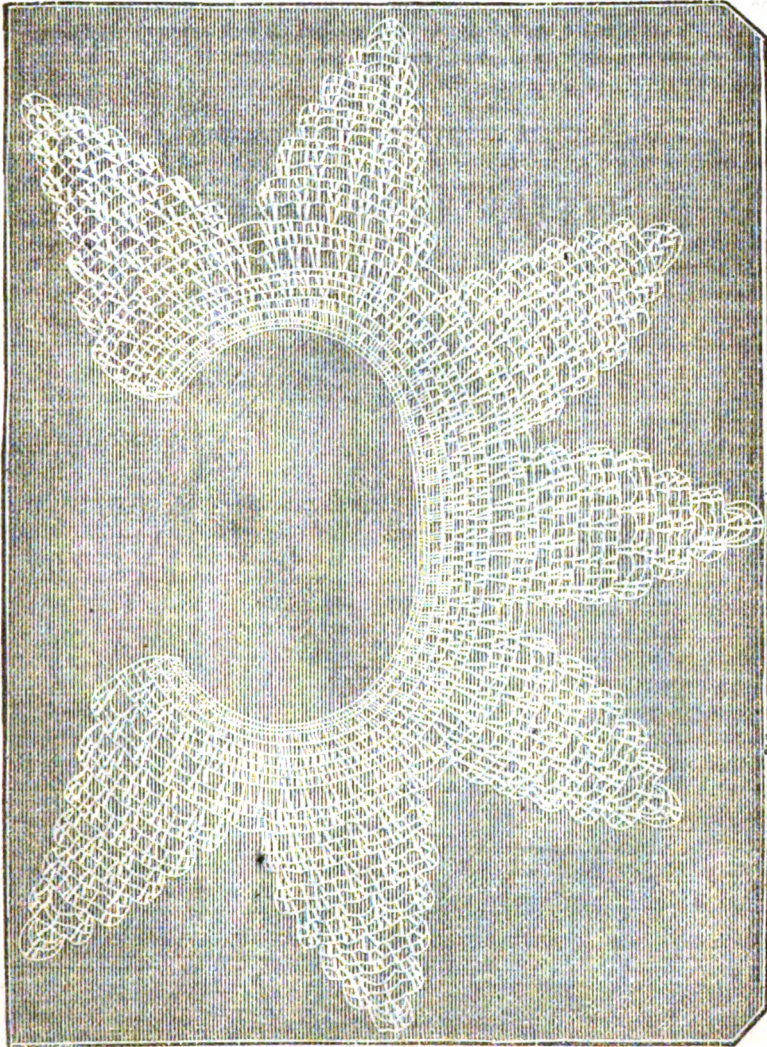
The Spots are worked with a rug needle and black wool, they are formed by a chain stitch worked on the white border at regular intervals, two stitches being made on the ribbed seam of each vandyke, and one stitch between them; the wool is slipped at the back. The chain stitch is formed by passing the wool to the right side, making a loop, putting the needle back to where it was brought through and bringing it into the center of the loop, then pass the needle outside the loop to the wrong side. These stitches should be in a slanting direction, across 2 rows of the Tricot. Finish with buttons and loops.

MUSLIN INSERTION IN SATIN CROSS-STITCH.



VANDYKE COLLAR IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



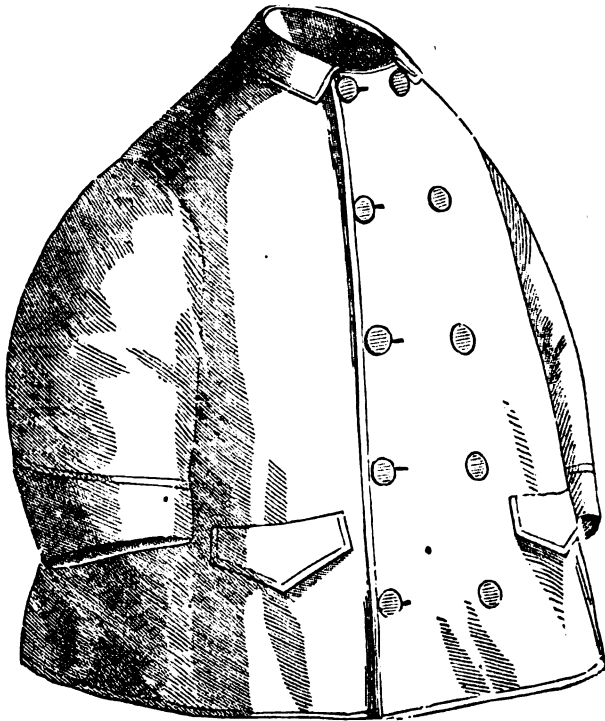
As this pretty collar is formed of points, we only give the instructions for one, which can then be repeated until the collar is the required size. Make a chain, the length of the collar round the neck, on which work a row of one double and one chain every alternate stitch; after which, work three or four rows—all the same—of four double and four chain, making the four double on the four chain of the last row. Now begin the pattern of the points:—Chain four, two double, three chain, two double; these four double crochet stitches are all worked in one stitch of the last row; repeat the four chain, leaving six stitches of the last row

between each of the four double; repeat these four chain, and four double with three chain between, seven times. This is the first row of the point. Work three rows the same, making the double stitches over each other for three rows, only making two chain, one double, and two chain, between the four double in the two last rows, instead of the four chain. The next row, work only six instead of the seven, and work the four double over the one double of the last row. Work three rows the same. It requires seven rows to form each point; each

three rows form the pattern; and it is by repeating these rows, only leaving one less at the commencement and end of each pattern, which forms the point. In this pattern there will not be found the least difficulty, which is a very great recommendation in this sort of work. Seven points will be found about the right number for a full-sized collar, if worked in No. 20 crochet cotton. This sized cotton does not produce very fine work, but, if finer is preferred, No. 30 will be found excellent.

LITTLE BOY'S PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This garment is suitable for a little boy from three to four years old, and is made in gray cloth, with gray velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets. It is double-breasted, consequently can be buttoned over on either side. The shape is comfortable and loose, and may with ease be worn over high, full Garibaldi shirts, the sleeves

being wide and arranged with good-sized armholes. One yard of cloth would be sufficient to make this paletot; that would allow of cuffs, collar, and pockets of the cloth as well; but the appearance of the paletot is much improved by having these latter appendages in gray velvet.

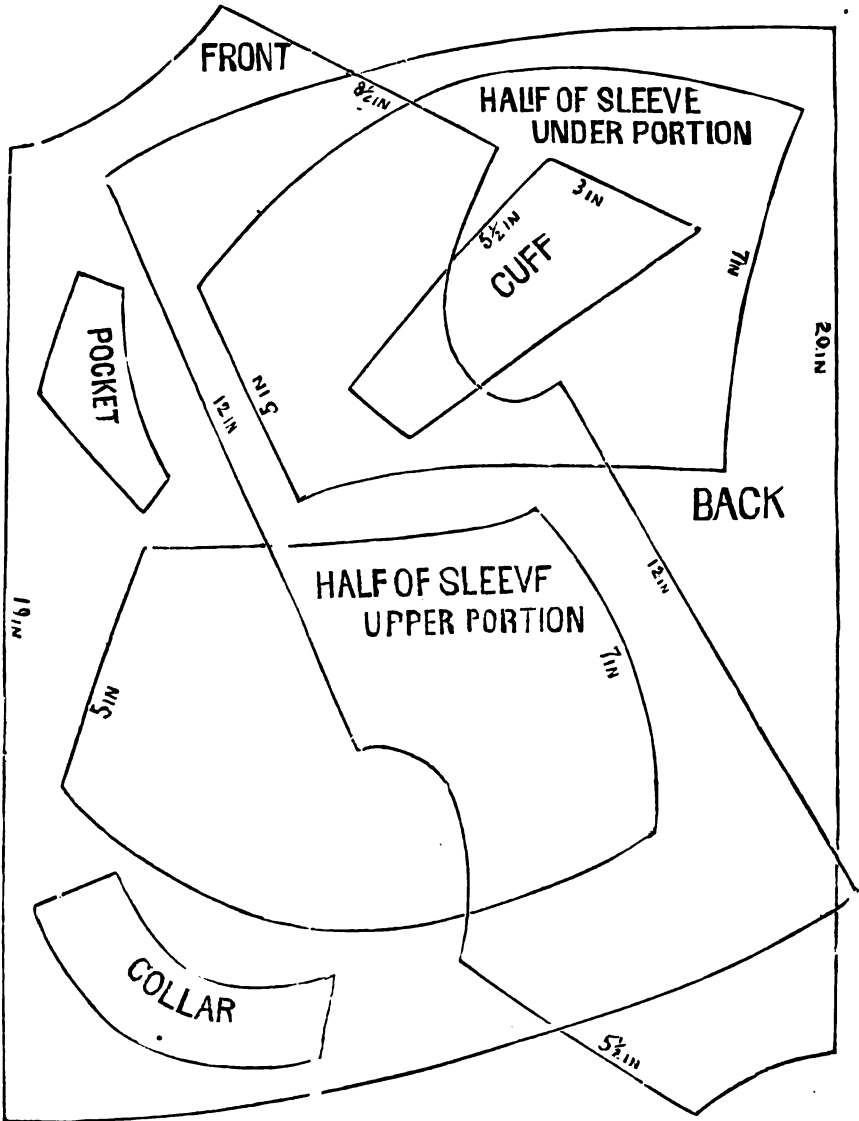


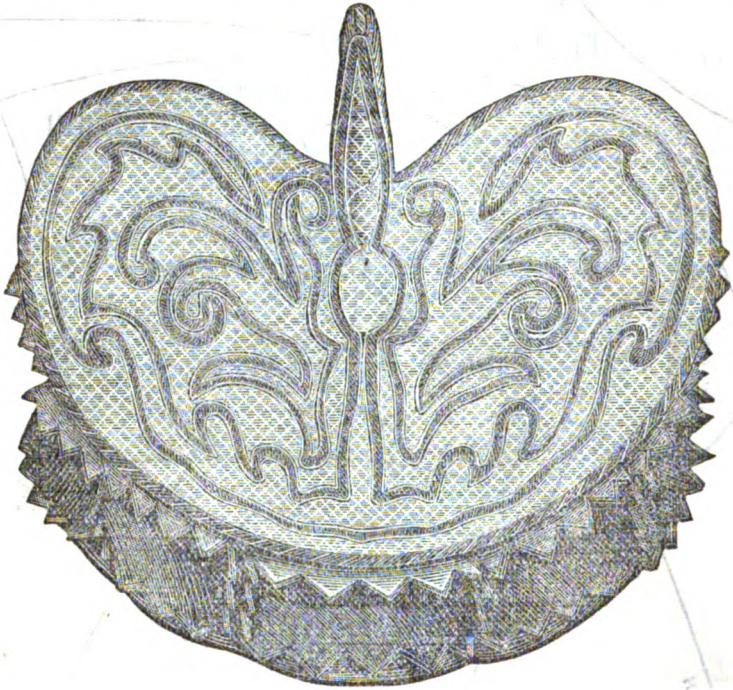
DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE BOY'S PALETOT.

BUTTERFLY PENWIPER.

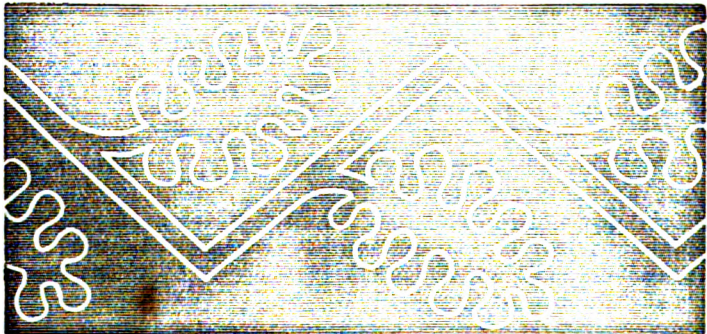
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS —A piece of bright-colored velvet, Penwiper; it consists of two shaped pieces cut or cloth, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 8 inches long; $1\frac{1}{2}$ according to the pattern, without, of course, the lower part seen in the illustration. The handle is cut in one piece with each side of the Pen-

wiper. To form the design, a black silk braid

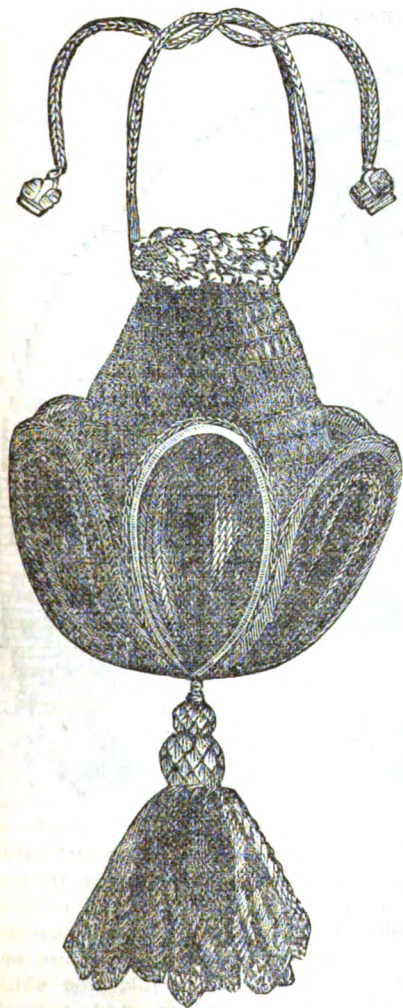


is run on the colored velvet, or cloth, which may or may not be edged on each side with gold twist, according to the taste of the worker. The Penwiper top is edged all round with braid, crossed by diagonal stitches in gold twist. The two sides are joined together, when the handle is formed. This must be stuffed with cotton wool, and a piece of wire run through it, long enough to reach half-way down the Penwiper. This should be neatly fastened down, and the handle, or body, sewn all round. For wiping the pens on, seven pieces of notched cloth are secured inside, cut to the shape of the outer covering, and showing the scalloped edges beyond. These pieces should be first sewn together, and then inserted between the two leaves of velvet. We would suggest that the braided portion of this Penwiper be lined with a piece of thin cardboard and silk, as we think it would give the top a neater and firmer appearance.

 BRAIDING PATTERN.


CROCHET TULIP-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This small bag need not be made of any expensive material, and therefore Alpine pink and a middle shade of green single Berlin wool can be used, with the edges worked in gold twine. If, however, it is made for a purse, then middle size netting silk and fine gold twist should be substituted.

A small steel tassel, Penelope needle No. 3, and 2 yards of fine wire, will be required.

THE TULIP, FIRST PETAL.—Commence with the pink wool, *, make 31 chain; and for the 1st or center round—Turn, miss 3, 23 treble, 3 plain, turn, 1 chain to cross, and up the other side; and for the

2nd round—6 plain, 17 treble, 2 treble in 1 stitch, 1 treble (2 treble in one, 5 times), turn, and down the other side, 1 treble, 2 treble in one, 12 treble, 6 plain, 1 single on the 1 chain that crosses; and for the

3rd round—1 single, 8 plain, 15 treble, 2 treble in one, 2 treble, 2 treble in one, 1 treble (2 treble in one, 4 times), 1 treble, 2 treble in one, 2 treble, 2 treble in one, 15 treble, 8 plain, 1 single. Repeat from * 5 times more, join on the gold twist or silk, and work 1 single on the 1st plain stitch of the 1st petal; then round the six petals thus—

THE EDGE ROUND.—Take the wire and work it under the stitches, 25 plain (2 plain in one, and 1 plain, 8 times), 2 plain in one, ** 25 plain, 1 single, then up the next petal, 1 single on the 1st stitch, 5 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, counting from the last stitch, 6 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, always counting from the last joining, 7 plain, join to the 7th stitch of the 1st petal, 6 plain (2 plain in one, and 1 plain, 8 times), 2 plain in one. Repeat from ** 4 times more; then to make it round, 6 plain, join to the 19th stitch of the 1st petal, 7 plain, join to the 12th stitch of the 1st petal, 6 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, 5 plain, 1 single; cut off the wire, twisting the ends together to secure it, work along the ends of the petals (3 chain and 1 plain in the 1 chain between the petals, 6 times), (1 chain, and 1 plain in the 3 chain, 6 times). Fasten off.

FOR THE LINING.—Commence with the green wool or silk, work 114 chain, make it round by working a treble stitch in the 1st chain stitch.

1st round—2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble. Repeat all round, and work 19 rounds more the same, join on the gold.

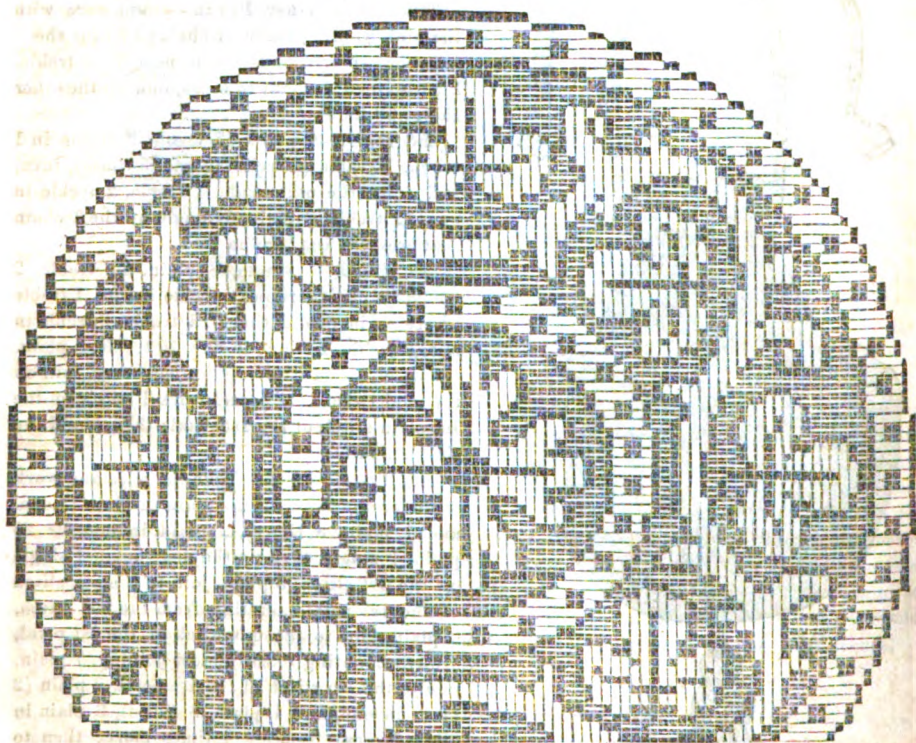
21st round—7 chain, miss 2, and 1 plain in the 2 chain. Repeat all round.

22nd round—7 chain, miss 7, 1 plain in the 7 chain. Repeat, and fasten off. With a needle and silk, draw the foundation round close, and

sew it to the inside of the last round of the flower, sew on the tassel, and tack the last joining of each petal to the 7th round of the lining; then make a chain for the strings and run them in the last green round.

MAT IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



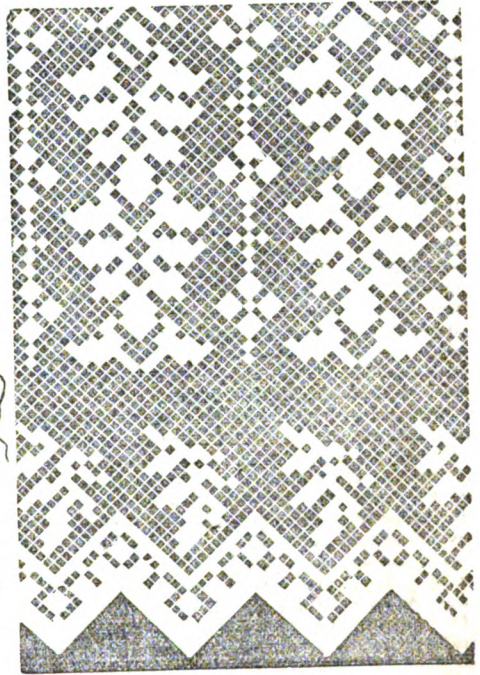
THE union of beads and Berlin wool, which is now fashionable in fancy work, produces very beautiful effects, and we supply a mat in this style, which, when completed, will be found really elegant. The canvas employed must be rather fine, and the beads must be chosen to correspond with its texture, so that the fabric may be perfectly covered. The outline of every part of the design is to be traced in steel beads, as well as the veins, and all the interiors to be filled up with white transparent beads. The two circles have each their boundary lines of steel beads, the spots also being of steel beads, with the space between of dead white beads. The ground is all of bright French blue Berlin

wool, except the center, which is scarlet or crimson. A bead fringe makes a pretty finish, or a cord of twisted beads, but we give the preference to the former. Before either of these are added, the mat must be stretched on a round piece of cardboard, cut to the exact size, and lined with either cotton or silk, after which either the cord or the fringe must be fastened on, according to the preference which may be given. Our illustration cannot give the glittering effect of the beads, or the pleasing contrast of the colors. The article requires to be seen in its completed state to be appreciated. Bead-work is just now very fashionable. We have seen some pretty cuffs, of velvet and beads.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



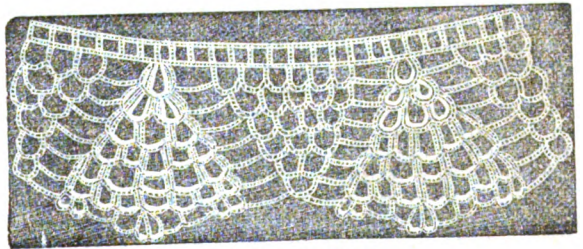
SPRIG FOR FLANNEL.



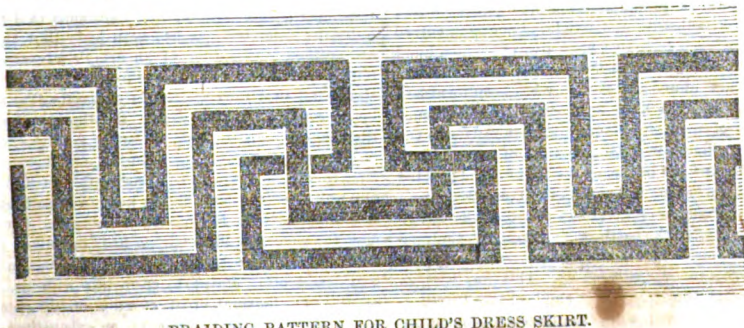
DESIGN FOR TIDY: TO BE DARNED IN.



CROCHET LACE.



CROCHET LACE.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS SKIRT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WOMEN AND THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—The United States Sanitary Commission has just made an eloquent appeal to the women of the Nation. Few are aware of the good this Commission has done. We confess to having never realized it ourselves till we heard its President, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, deliver an address on the subject in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The Sanitary Commission is undoubtedly the best, if not the only safe way of reaching the sick and wounded of the army, with anything like system. Contributions to its stores can always be made effective, as its thorough national organization and official recognition by the military authorities, give it facilities for communication with and transportation to distant points, possessed by no other organization; while one almost necessary result of sending supplies through the numerous well-meaning independent relief societies is that some localities are overburdened with useful stores, while other places are comparatively destitute.

We do not mean to disparage other associations designed to aid sick and suffering soldiers. But however much good they may do, they would do more, generally, if working in direct aid of the Sanitary. One of the circulars of the Sanitary truthfully says:—"Little or no reliance can be had that articles sent to individual sick or wounded will ever reach their destination. We have good authority for saying that *over twenty thousand undelivered packages for soldiers are now awaiting owners in the store-house of one express company in Washington.* We believe that no express company ever undertakes to deliver packages to a particular individual or company. Boxes are perhaps taken to within five or six miles of the desired spot, but they are as useless there as if they had never been forwarded at all. No regimental transportation can be depended on for their conveyance, as regimental wagons are fully occupied in other service. The Sanitary Commission does not and cannot undertake to deliver specific articles to individuals, or to particular regiments, but adopts the broad principle of attending *faithfully to the wants of any and every sick and wounded soldier who can be reached.* It is, we believe, the only organization which is national and permanent in its character, having store-houses and branch offices in the principal cities of the country, and should have innumerable contributing aid societies in every county throughout the land, as it already has in many. It has *transportation trains* of its own following the armies in the field, in addition to unusual governmental facilities, and, in the pursuit of its humane mission, knows no North, South, East, or West. Large supplies of under-clothing for the sick and wounded soldiers—of prepared soups and jellies, wines, fruits, and other delicacies and articles of nourishment, so indispensable on such occasions, have always been on hand with the agents of the Commission, at the times and places most needed; and abundant testimony has been furnished that thousands of lives have been saved by the prompt administration of such stimulants and restoratives to the exhausted and almost perishing victims of some bloody and perhaps unexpected battle, by the faithful and devoted physicians and nurses connected with the Commission."

Nor does the circular exaggerate, in the least, the utility of the Sanitary. After the battle of Antietam, the Sanitary agents were first on the field; and two days elapsed before even the government stores came up. This was because the railroad, which the government employed for transportation, was broken down; while the Sanitary, depending

upon wagons, drove night and day, and so was in time. Think what the wounded would have suffered, after that terrible conflict, if it had not been for the Sanitary! At Fredericksburg the services of the Sanitary were equally signal. "The agents of the Commission," says one of their circulars, "were promptly on the ground, and, acting in conjunction with the regular medical authorities, materially aided in having the wounded of that bloody struggle, better cared for on the spot, and more expeditiously and comfortably removed to hospitals, *than after any previous battle.* These results were largely due to the wise foresight of the Commission, enabled by the contributions of a liberal public to accumulate large quantities of the necessary supplies at such points as were most accessible for the purposes required."

With eight hundred thousand men in the field, the drain on the resources of the Sanitary is enormous. It is not money only that is needed. To an even greater degree, things are required that money cannot buy, at least immediately. What is wanted are woolen, Canton flannel, and cotton material; cotton shirts, flannel undershirts, woolen shirts, ordinary size and make; woolen stockings, blankets, quilts, towels, ring pads and cushions, stuffed with hair or feathers, bed-ticks; Canton flannel shirts and drawers, cotton drawers, woolen drawers, ordinary size and make; dressing-gowns, handkerchiefs, good size, sheets four feet wide and eight feet long, pillows, flannel (by piece) jellies, cocoa, dried fruit, chocolate, whiskey, pure lemon syrup, brandy, pickles, white wine (for wine wher). Preserves, jellies, and all articles contained in bottles and jars, in order to carry safely, should be securely packed in small boxes (marked glassware). Much loss, from the breaking of bottles and jars, has heretofore resulted from their not being properly packed.

To maintain a constant supply of these articles, the aid of ladies is indispensable. And this aid should be systematized. Societies, subsidiary to the Sanitary Commission, exist in many places. But there should be such a society, composed of women, in every city, town, and village in the land. In Philadelphia, though there has existed, from the first, a principal branch of the National Commission, the ladies have lately established a "Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission." This association has taken rooms at 1307 Chestnut street, and elected Caleb Cope President and Treasurer, and Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore Corresponding Secretary. In an address, just printed, the association says:—"Our appeal is based upon the knowledge that this Commission (the U. S. Sanitary) has greater facilities for doing this work than any state or local agency—that out of the thousands of boxes distributed by them, but one has been lost—that their agents are notified of the time of an army's advance, and permitted to transfer their stores to as near the front as possible—and that they are the only organization authorized by government to pass within the lines, and administer their supplies on the field of battle for the saving of life and the relief of suffering, knowing no difference between men from any section. This work must be left undone if the women of the land do not keep the Sanitary Commission supplied with the means of doing it. For this purpose, the women of Philadelphia have organized and invite every other woman in the city and state, and surrounding counties of other states, to cooperate with us. A small amount of self-denial, or of exertion on the part of each, would insure to the Commission an exhaustless supply of

these needed stores. There is no time to be lost. Let every county, every town organize and put themselves in communication with us without delay. We know not how many lives depend upon our exertions—how much suffering rests with us to relieve. Let us assume these duties solemnly, with the determination that while the war lasts, we will devote our energies to this sacred cause."

To give this noble appeal larger circulation, to do what we can to alleviate the miseries of this terrible strife, we have written this article. It is not a question of party, for all parties can unite in this humane work. It is not a matter of charity either, it is a holy duty. Christ said, "Even as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto me."

On one of the pages of the cover, we print a letter, from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, which enters into this subject at even more detail. We hope every one interested in the matter will peruse it.

We would add that Western women can send their supplies to Chicago, where the U. S. Sanitary has an agency.

A BEAUTIFUL DRESS.—The colors most worn in taffeta silks are fawn-color, more or less yellow, Russia leather in various shades, violet, and bright blue. Miss Dayton, the stylish daughter of the American Minister in Paris, wore, lately, at one of her father's crowded receptions, a very pretty dress of the shade of fawn-color, known as *Cheveux de la Reine*, having a bright golden tint through it. The dress was made with a narrow flounce about six inches wide, bound with black velvet, and put on in plaits at the bottom of the skirt; over this, black velvet ribbon about an inch and a half wide, with a narrower velvet on either side, was placed so as to form lozenges interlacing one another, the velvet being stitched down on either side with a sort of herring-bone stitch in white silk, which threw out and relieved the effect of the black velvet. The body was ornamented in a like manner, so as to imitate a *figaro* vest, the same trimming being prolonged on two long and widening ends which formed a sash behind. We have described this costume minutely, as with a little ingenuity, and very little labor, many of the young lady readers of this Magazine may produce very pretty dresses by giving a little of their own time in working such a trimming, which, in a mantua-maker's bill, would, no doubt, occupy a very considerable position, without, perhaps, being as pretty or more effective.

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.—The Bloomfield (Iowa) Clarion says:—"To say that Peterson furnishes a better Magazine for the price than any other publisher, is but saying what every one should have known long ago, and what every magazine reader does know. Send for it at once." We may add, it is not too late to get up clubs. Back numbers furnished, from the beginning of the year, if desired. Recollect, this is the only Magazine that has not raised its price. In spite of the advance in paper—about one hundred per cent.—we continue to furnish Peterson at the old rates.

THE PARLOR GARDENER.—A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of House plants, care of Green-houses, Aquarium, and instructions to many new and beautiful methods of growing plants, of grafting, budding, etc., etc. Price, 65 cents. By mail, 70 cents. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

SHAWLS.—Double woolen shawls in knitting or crochet are being worn, the upper point of which may be turned over the head like a hood. These knitted or crochet shawls are lined with silk, and are trimmed with moss fringe and colored ribbon.

EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—L. P. Borden, we are informed, continues to manufacture his celebrated Premium Embroidery and Braiding Stamps. These stamps have become very popular through the United States and the Canada. There should be a set in every town. They have never failed to give satisfaction to those who use them. Stamps from any design made to order. They will stamp on any material with accuracy. Send and get a few dozen. Address L. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio; or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Sylvia Harrington, Potsdam, N. Y.; Miss Carrie P. Aydon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. F. Brooks, 838 North Tenth street, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. M. Newitt, Chicopee, Mass. Mrs. E. C. Borden is travelling agent. Inking cushion, pattern book, and full instructions accompany each order. Price, five dollars per dozen.

A HINT ECONOMICAL.—Many of our readers are, no doubt, possessors of black silk dresses, which have done good duty and service as dresses. These may be converted into very warm and pretty petticoats, if a little time and patience be expended on them. We will describe the style of petticoats we mean, and then our readers will see the arrangement of the same. These, of course, may be made in *new* material as well as old, or alpaca may be substituted for the silk. The silk should be cut into narrow gores, measuring about six inches at the bottom, and sloped off to about two inches at the waist. Between each of the gores a thick piping of colored or white silk should be stitched, and the whole of the petticoat should be lined with eider-down and good glazed lining. These are amongst the favorite shapes for silk petticoats.

COSTUMES FOR BOYS.—Little Parisian boys adopt either the Russian or the Scotch costume; the latter is the most popular among them, as the Prince Imperial often makes his appearance as a small Highlander. The Russian dress is bordered with a band of cloth, and the over-coat is made either of cloth or velvet, and is always bordered with fur. Plush is now frequently used in Paris as a material for children's dresses. In London the usual style for little boys out of petticoats is the loose blouse and the Knickerbockers, with a leather band worn far below the waist; these are made in a variety of materials, but none look so well as either fine broad-cloth or black velvet.

INCREASING IN BEAUTY.—The enormous circulation of this Magazine is explained by the Viroqua (Ill.) Expositor, which says:—"Peterson contains the finest and most life-like steel engravings we ever beheld. No one can look upon its beautiful pictures without astonishment at the expense and taste with which this Magazine is got up. Peterson's Magazine is increasing in beauty and interest every month."

UHLAND'S LAST POEM.—It is said that the last poem of Uhland was the following, on "The Death of a Child," which we have had translated from the original German:

"Light was thy step, to come, to go,
A fleeting guest on earthly land;
Or whence? or whither? we but know,
From God's own hand to God's own hand."

RIBBON FOR THE THROAT.—A black or colored velvet ribbon is very generally worn round the throat, to which is appended a kecket—the scented locket which were lately introduced have found much favor; but these are again likely to be superseded by the small gold or silver buckle, which in Paris is now so frequently employed for fastening the velvet around the throat.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is with the very greatest pleasure that we welcome Mrs. Gaskell back to the field of fiction. For many years she has been unaccountably silent. In different ways, she has written some of the best tales of the day; witness "Ruth," "North and South," and "Cranford." The former, in its tragic unity, in its great, brave spirit, has no superior of its kind. The last might have been written by Miss Austen, its touches are so minute, its characters so quiet, its whole atmosphere so life-like. But we shall be surprised if "*Sylvia's Lovers*" does not come to be considered the most artistic of all her novels. It labors under the defect, as a book for the many, of having much of the conversation carried on in a North country dialect, which is not always readily understood. Hence it may not be as popular. But this, which is a defect in the sense we have pointed out, is a merit, and a great one, regarded from an artistic point of view. It keeps up the air of naturalness. It gives a raciness to the story like the salt breeze of the coast where it is spoken. We advise all who like really good fiction to procure "*Sylvia's Lovers*" without delay.

Annette, or, the Lady of the Pearls. Translated from the French by Mrs. M. L. Johnson. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a translation from the French of the younger Dumas. The story is one of great interest and must have as wide-spread a popularity in English as in the original. The translation is particularly well executed. It has always been our opinion that a cultivated woman, who was thoroughly master of the foreign tongue she sought to translate from, would make a better version than anybody else, for well-bred women always speak and write their native language with an idiomatic force and raciness which educated men either never acquire, or soon lose in a heavy, scholastic style; and this book confirms our notion. We predict a bright future for this young writer, if she works hereafter as conscientiously as she has done in "*Annette*."

Meditations on Death and Eternity. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This work has been generally attributed to Zschokke. It was a great favorite with the late Prince Albert, and on that account, after his death, became endeared to Queen Victoria, who employed Miss Rowan to translate it. A small number of copies was printed, with a notice that the "*Meditations*" had been "selected for translation by one to whom, in deep and overwhelming sorrow, they had proved a source of comfort and edification." As the volume is one eminently calculated to answer this end, it was republished in England, and is now reprinted here. Many afflicted hearts, we think, will find in it consolation.

African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi, including Lake Nyami, the Kalahari Desert, etc. From 1852 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin. With illustrations by James Wolf and J. B. Zwecker. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A spirited narrative of hunting in South Africa. The book is written in the form of a diary, and, as it has not been recast, has the merit of giving the first, vivid impressions of the traveler. We have found the volume not less interesting than the narratives of Gordon Cumming, Harris, and Andersen. A portrait of the author accompanies the volume; and Mr. Baldwin looks, to the full, "the slayer of lions."

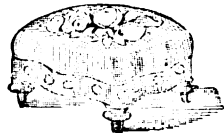
The Two Friends. By the author of "*The Patience of Hope*." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a series of conversations between two intimate friends. The subjects discussed are of the highest interest. The thoughts, if not always new, are vigorous, and are tersely

expressed. But the great merit of the book is that it sets one to thinking for one's self. In other words, the work is eminently suggestive. It may be read again and again, and every time with additional profit.

The Foggy Night at Orford. By Mrs. Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A story of mystery like "*East Lynne*," and others by the same author. The novel, however, is shorter than Mrs. Wood's are usually. But the tale is well told, and one of the very best of its kind. The edition is a cheap one.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

—Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND FISH.

A Collared Breast of Veal.—Select a fine breast of veal, bone it and rub it over with the well beaten yolks of two eggs, and strew over it some bread-crumbs, the grated rind of two lemons, and pepper and salt, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Roll the meat up very tightly, and bind it with strong twine, wrap it in a cloth, and let it boil for one hour and a half, after which take it up and let it cool. When it is a little cool, remove the cloth and cut the twine away carefully. Cut the veal in five slices, by them upon a dish with the sweetbread boiled, and cut it in thin slices, and laid around them with ten or twelve forcemeat balls. Pour over the whole a white sauce, and garnish with green walnut pickle. The white sauce must be prepared in the following manner:—To one pint of good veal gravy add a dessertspoonful of lemon pickle, and a few mushrooms; let these boil gently together, then add a teacupful of cream and the well beaten yolk of two eggs. Shake the saucepan over the fire, but do not let the contents boil after the eggs and cream have been added, otherwise the sauce will curdle.

Hunters' Beef.—Take a round of beef, beat fine four ounces of saltpetre and one of allspice, rub them well into the beef, and let it stand a day and a night. Then salt the beef with a sufficient quantity of common salt, let it be in the salt twelve days, turning it every day. Place it in an earthen pan with three or four pounds of beef suet; cover it with a thick crust, and let it bake for six hours. It will keep two months. It should be cut in slices to come to table. *Or:*—For a round of beef, take three ounces of saltpetre, the same of coarse sugar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of allspice, and three handfuls of salt, and reduce them all to a powder. Let the beef hang two or three days; take out the bone; then rub it well with the salt and spice, and do so every day for two or three weeks. Before it is dressed, wash off the spice. Bind it with a tape. Place it in a pan with a teacupful of water; cover the top with shred suet, and put a coarse paste over the pan, and brown paper over that. Let it bake five hours, and, when cold, take off the paste and the tape.

To Cook Cod-Fish with a Piquant Sauce.—Cut the best part of a cod-fish in slices, and fry them in butter a light-brown color. Take them up out of the pan, and lay them upon a warm dish before the fire. Boil some onions, cut them into slices, and put them into the same pan with the butter, adding a little vinegar, water, and flour, and some finely-chopped rosemary and parsley. Fry the onions and all the ingredients together, and afterward pour the whole over the fried fish. This dish will be excellent for three days, as it can be warmed easily when wanted.

Calf's-Head Cake.—Parboil a calf's head with some sage; then cut off the meat, and return the bones into the broth, and boil them until the latter is greatly reduced. Put the meat, which is already cut into pieces, into a jar with the tongue, some cloves, mace, nutmeg, and some slices of ham. Cover the jar with a plate, and bake the whole some hours, until it is thoroughly well cooked; then add the brains, beaten up with an egg. Some hard-boiled eggs must be placed round a mould, and the meat poured in.

Pressed Beef.—Take any rather lean piece of beef, rub it well with treacle or brown sugar, and turn it often. After three days, wipe it, and salt it with salt and saltpetre, rubbing and turning it every morning. Roll it tight in a coarse cloth, and press it under a heavy weight. Boil it, and then press it again under a board with heavy weights placed on it.

Collared Beef.—Choose the thick end of a flank of beef, but do not let it be too fat; let it lie in salt or pickle for a week or ten days. The brisket of beef will also serve for this purpose, from which the bones should be taken and the inside skin removed. When sufficiently salted, prepare the following seasoning:—one handful of parsley, chopped fine, some thyme, marjoram, and basil; season the whole with pepper, and mix all well together, and cover the inside of the beef with it. Roll the meat up tight, then roll it in a clean cloth; bind it with strong string or tape, and tie it close at the ends. Boil it gently from three to four hours, and, when cooked, take it up; tie the ends again quite close to the meat, and place it between two dishes, with a heavy weight at the top. When it is cold, remove the cloth.

To Dress Salt Cod-Fish.—Procure salt fish always the day before you wish to cook it. Let it lie all night in cold water, into which a wineglassful of vinegar has been poured. This will extract the salt, and cause it to taste as fresh fish. Wash it the next morning in an abundance of cold water, then put it in the fish kettle, which must be three parts full of water. Place it near the fire and let it heat slowly, then simmer it gently, but never allow it to boil, or it will become hard. The scum should be removed from the top directly it begins to rise. When the fish is sufficiently cooked, drain it, pull it into flakes, and arrange it on the dish. A wall of mashed potatoes should be placed around the dish, or boiled parsnips, beaten up with butter and cream. Egg sauce should always be served with salt cod-fish.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes.—Many good cooks are bad managers of potatoes, and this esculent, which, in most houses, is served every day, and which is so popular in many families as to be often the only vegetable at table, requires much care in the cooking. The great fault in cooking potatoes, whether they are steamed or boiled, is allowing them, when they are cooked, to sadden in the moisture still hanging about the vessel in which they have been cooked, or in the steam which they give out. If they are boiled, as soon as they are cooked enough they should be taken out of the saucepan (an iron pot is best for the purpose), which should be emptied and wiped out dry; the potatoes being then returned to it will dry and become mealy. If they are steamed, take the steamer off the kettle as soon as the potatoes are cooked enough, and place it on a hot plate, in a side oven, or anywhere else where they will keep very hot, and where they will dry. The grand items with potatoes are: Develops their mealiness by allowing the moisture to evaporate, serve them very hot, and serve but a few at a time, so that relays of hot dishes of them may be ready to go in with every fresh course with which they are at all likely to be required.

A Savory Dish.—Put one pound of rice into five pints of cold water, boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will be a thick paste; then add two pints of skim milk, and two ounces of Cheshire cheese, grated fine, a little pepper and salt, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce nine pounds of macaroni rice.

Potatoe Balls.—Mash some potatoes very well, with butter, pepper, and salt, taking care, as in all mashed potatoes, that no lumps remain; shape them into balls, cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown. This is a very nice supper dish, or a pretty garnish for hashes or ragouts.

Salsify.—When the salsify has been boiled, take some very light batter; put each piece in separately; take out and fry lightly; drain them, sprinkle a little salt, and grate very finely lemon peel, to sprinkle merely sufficient to give a very slight flavor.

Fried Potatoes.—Peel the potatoes, cut them into very thin slices, and fry them with a little butter, lard, or dripping. They will eat crisp, and form a nice accompaniment to cold meat. Another way is, when they are peeled, to cut them round and round, as in peeling an apple, until they are quite cut up; then fry them brown and crisp in a pan nearly full of melted lard or oil. Spread them on a dish before the fire to dry, and season them with pepper and salt.

DESSERTS.

Whips for Glasses.—Half a pint of thick cream, a tea-spoonful of milk, a wineglass and a half of white wine, two tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon. All these must be put into a pan, and whisked for some time until the froth begins to rise; let it stand for a few minutes, and then take it off with a large spoon and lay it on a hair sieve; whisk again, and repeat until all is used up. The liquid which drips through the sieve must be mixed with preserve, and placed at the bottom of the glasses. By the time this is done, the froth will have set on the sieve; it must then be put into the glasses at the top of the preserves. Colored powdered sugar if desired may be sprinkled at the top of each whip.

Cold Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk with a good-sized piece of vanilla in it. Pour it when boiling over eight well-beaten eggs. Mix one tablespoonful of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, and half-pound of loaf-sugar together. Pour over these ingredients the eggs and milk; strain the whole through a hair sieve into a jar, which must be placed in a steupan of boiling water; keep stirring it over the fire until it becomes a thick custard; add three-quarters of a twelve cent package of gelatine. Let it stand until nearly cold. Mix in preserved fruits. Ornament the mould with fruits, and pour the mixture in gently. Ice it well before serving.

Ground Rice Pudding.—Mix seven dessertspoonfuls of ground rice smoothly with a little cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, mix it with the rice, and boil it just until it thickens. Then mix in two eggs well beaten up, sugar to taste, and flavoring if desired. Four peach leaves boiled in the milk, and left in until the pudding has to go into the oven, will flavor it as nicely as anything. Bake it until it browns on the top. For flavoring of light simple puddings, peach leaves, orange-flower water, cinnamon, or vanilla, may be used. The last is so delicious that it is surprising that it is not more generally employed than it is.

Cheese Fingers.—First make a rich light puff-paste, then take some parmesan cheese, grate it, and season with cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Roll out the paste and sprinkle these ingredients over it; this must be repeated three times, when the whole will be sufficiently flavored. Cut the paste into fingers, about six inches in length and one in breadth, bake them quickly, and serve them hot. They should be neatly arranged upon a dish which is covered with a white cloth, and should be eaten after the sweets. If properly made they are exceedingly tasty and good.

Ice Pudding.—Boil one and a half-pint of new milk with one teaspoonful of isinglass. Beat up well five eggs and mix them with the milk as for custard. Procure a tin mould with a cover, oil the mould, but do not use butter for the purpose; then line it with sweetmeats, such as plums, green-gages, apricots, etc., etc. Pour the custard in gradually, otherwise the fruit will not stay at the bottom; put on the cover, and bury the mould entirely in ice all day long. Turn it out only when wanted.

Baked Custard Pudding.—Beat up four eggs thoroughly, sweeten to taste, mix with a pint of milk, and scatter powdered cinnamon over the top. It will take the same length of time to bake.

Leche Cream.—Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one; add to them a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; mix gradually three ounces of arrowroot and two ounces of flour, and then a pint and a half of milk; boil it up gently, stirring continually until thick; take it off the fire and continue to stir until it is a little cooled. Place ratafias at the bottom of a buttered dish, and pour the leche cream over them. A flavoring of either lemon peel, vanilla, or cinnamon is an improvement.

China Orange Tarts.—Take three fine China oranges and one lemon, grate the peels and extract and strain the juice from them; crush half a pound of loaf-sugar, carefully melt quarter of a pound of fresh butter, beat up the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and mix all these ingredients well together. Make a puff-paste, place it thinly over some oval tins, and pour the mixture into them. Bake for half an hour.

Plain Tapioca Pudding.—Swell nine dessertspoonfuls of tapioca with a little water or milk. Beat up two eggs, sugar to taste, a pint of milk, and flavor with a little orange-flower water, if liked. Mix the milk, etc., well with the swelled tapioca in a pie-dish, and bake the pudding from half an hour to an hour, according to the heat of the oven.

Barley Cream.—Take two pounds of perfectly lean veal, chop it well, half-pound of pearl barley well washed to be put into the saucepan, with two quarts of water; let all simmer together until reduced to one quart, and rub the veal through a sieve; it should be of the thickness of good cream; add salt and a little mace. This cream is light and nourishing.

Rutina Biscuits.—Take four ounces of bitter almonds, blanch and beat them as fine as you can; put in the whites of four eggs, one at a time, as you break them, then mix all up with sifted sugar to a light paste, roll it out, and lay it on wafer paper, and on tin plates, bake it in a quick oven. The paste is to be made so light that you may take it up with a spoon.

To Make Wafer Pancakes.—Beat up well four eggs; add two spoonfuls of fine flour, and two of cream; one ounce of finely-sifted sugar, and, if approved of, part of a grated nutmeg. Rub the frying-pan well with a little cold butter. Pour the batter in as thin as a wafer; fry it only on one side. Put them on a dish, and throw sifted sugar over each pancake, and serve them hot to table.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve apples in water until they are soft; take off the peel and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon half a pound of powdered sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat altogether until it becomes quite stiff, and looks white. Serve it, heaped upon a dish, with some fresh cream around it.

An Italian Pudding.—Take two eggs and their weight in butter and loaf-sugar, melt the butter a little, and beat up all well together. Line the dish with a puff-paste, and lay some apricot or other good preserve upon it. Pour the mixture of butter, eggs, and sugar over it, and bake for twenty minutes.

To Make Cream Pancakes.—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream and two ounces of sugar, heat the pan over a clear fire and rub it with lard, and fry the batter as thin as possible. Grate loaf-sugar over them and serve them up hot.

CAKES.

Cigar Biscuits.—To make these biscuits it is necessary to procure a mould, with compartments in the form of cigars. Take one egg, its weight in flour, butter, and pounded sugar. Beat the egg well, and add to it the flour, butter, and sugar; the butter must be beaten up. Put a small quantity of the above mixture into each division of the tin, and bake them quickly.

Tea Cakes.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter-pound of lard, a quarter-pound of sugar, one ounce of lemon peel, half a pint of new milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in buttered tins from twenty minutes to half an hour. If not required too rich:—One pound of flour, one teaspoon brim-full of baking-powder, two eggs, with an extra ounce of sugar. Rub flour and lard well together first, then add currants, sugar, lemon peel, and baking-powder. Lastly, add egg and milk, the first well beaten, the latter warmed; mix egg and milk together, and put in oven at once.

Seal Cake.—Beat one pound of fresh butter to cream, add one pound of loaf-sugar, and beat both together until they become white; then add two eggs, beat for some time, add two more, and so on until you have added twelve. Have one and three-quarters of a pound of flour sifted, mix among it half a pound of orange peel and one pound of citron peel, cut small, half a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and cut small; then mix all together, but stir it as little as possible. Have a hoop or mould prepared, put the cake in, smooth with a knife and scatter a few carraways at the top. Bake two hours and a half in a moderate oven.

Lemon Sponge.—Dissolve half a pint of isinglass in half a pint of water; add the juice of two lemons, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and the whites of three eggs. Whisk up all these ingredients for three-quarters of an hour. It is better to let it stand some time before the fire previous to beating it up. Put it in a mould.

Plain Pound-Cake.—Stir one pound of melted butter and one pound of sugar well together, till it is quite light and white; then add ten eggs, one and a quarter pound of flour, a handful of currants, the same of raisins, and a little citron and orange peel. Bake in a tin form lined with paper, and bake for two hours.

Sponge Cake.—Take three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, seven ounces of flour, six eggs, and a few drops of essence of lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs with a silver fork for a quarter of an hour, next sprinkle in the sugar, then the well-beaten yolks, and lastly the flour and lemon. Bake in well-buttered moulds for one hour.

Soda Cake.—Rub two pounds of butter in one of flour; add a quarter of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and lemon peel, and a dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda; mix it in half a pint of milk, add the other ingredients, put it immediately in the oven, where it is to remain one hour.

Small Tea Cake.—Seven ounces of flour, four ounces and a half of butter, three ounces of white, sifted sugar, the peel of one lemon, the yolks of three eggs, worked well together, rolled into small rolls, and pressed on one side with a knife, and then baked.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPTS.

To Pickle Lemons.—Take the fairest lemons; scrape the yellow off, as for preserving; rub them well with salt, and cover them with salt for three days; take them out then, and wipe it off. Put your lemons in a crock with pepper, cloves, ginger, and a little mustard seed and shallots. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them; pour it on boiling-hot. Cover your crock close, and put them by for use. They will be fit for use in a month, and will keep all the year.

To Clean Hair-Brushes.—The best plan is to use soda and cold water. As hot water and soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction, use soda dissolved in cold water instead. Do not set them near the fire, nor in the sun, to dry; but, after shaking them well, set them on the point of the handle in a shady place.

The Pomatum.—Take the marrow out of two beef bones; put it into cold water, and let it remain until it is quite clean and white. Before this is effected the water must be changed several times. Dissolve and strain the marrow; then add four ounces of the best castor oil. Beat both well together until cold, then add, before the pomatum becomes firm, half an ounce of strong scent. This pomatum should be well rubbed into the skin of the head every night, and the hair should be well brushed both night and morning.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—GENTLEMAN'S WALKING DRESS of green cassimere.

FIG. II.—MORNING DRESS OF WHITE PIQUEIN MARSEILLES.—The Spanish jacket and skirt are braided in black. A jaconet Garibaldi skirt is worn under the jacket, and at the back of the waist is tied a black lace sash. Leghorn hat, trimmed with feathers and black lace.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, above each of which are three rows of velvet. The deep circular cape is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS OF LILAC SILK, striped with a darker shade of the same color. The bottom is trimmed with three ruffles, above the upper one is a ruching of plain lilac silk. A scarf mantilla of lilac silk, trimmed with a full narrow ruching of the same on each side, makes this a very stylish walking dress. White chip bonnet, with a black lace cape, and trimmed with lilac ribbon, boucens, and wheat-ears.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED ALPACA.—The skirt is trimmed with a piece of bias silk, opening on one side of the skirt and trimmed with a bow of ribbon. The body is made in the postillion style with a coat skirt at the back. Close coat sleeves, trimmed with silk like the skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Foulards and alpacas are among the choicest goods of the season. The colors range from the darkest to the most delicate tints. The shades of leather and fawn are the most sought for. The latter color is not as becoming to fair complexions as to brunettes; but if trimmed with brown can be readily worn by blondes. The plain foulards are of an excellent quality, but the figured ones are inferior to those which came a few years ago. The materials which we have mentioned will take the place of French silks this season in consequence of the high price of the latter. Grenadines, organdies, and, in fact, all the thin summer goods are very much risen in price, so that the present fashion of wearing old skirts, with Spanish and Zouave jackets, is a most convenient one. Piques or Marseilles are among the most popular materials for morning dresses for ladies. The figured piques are not pretty or effective this season; but the buff and white ones braided or black are charming.

TRIMMINGS are in every imaginable style. Every lady can be her own arbiter of fashion in this respect.

SLEEVES are worn rather narrow, and mostly cut like a coat sleeve to the shape of the arm.

BODICES are usually made with small points both at the back and in front; but the postillion body, like that in our plate, is very much worn; and very narrow basques, too narrow almost to be termed such, are becoming fashionable. We will describe the shape of the Postillion Jacket, as, doubtless, there are many of our subscribers who would like to have one. The garment is stylish. The bodice portion is made to fit the figure with two points in front like a dress bodice, and may be arranged to close at the throat or open with revers. A very long basque is attached to the jacket behind, which is sloped off sharply at the hips. The sleeve is usually of the coat shape, with a seam at the elbow, cut rather long, and a lace ruffle is generally the finish to the sleeves at the bottom. We have seen these

pretty jackets in velvet, silk, and cloth; and we may here add that they are very useful for wearing with old skirts, the bodices of which are worn out. Those in velvet are decidedly the most stylish.

✓ A **VELVET ZOUAVE JACKET** is very frequently worn at this season of the year over a white muslin skirt for evening toilet. The jacket does not reach further than the waist-band; and underneath it is worn a satin vest. These Zouave jackets are convenient for wearing with light-colored taffetas skirts, the bodices of which have either lost their freshness, or have become ancient in form. A white lace or muslin vest can be worn instead of a satin one, and the Zouave can be trimmed with a black Maltese insertion, with white ribbon underneath it. This style, although not novel, is a very favorite one. It should be remembered that the sleeves of a velvet Zouave jacket follow the same rule as those of the high bodiced dress; they are made narrow, and if a white under-sleeve should be worn, it should likewise be cut with a seam to the elbow, so that it may set perfectly flat to the arm, and not cause a full or puffed appearance to the Zouave sleeve. Very young ladies still patronize the Garibaldi bodice for evening demi-toilet. A blue or pink grenadine, or foulard, or taffetas dress, with a plain low bodice, and a wide sash, tied with hanging loops at the back, a full loose Garibaldi, made of either figured Brussels net, or of finely embroidered muslin, with a ruche of Valenciennes lace round the throat, still continues to be a favorite style, and very becoming it proves to tall, slight, youthful figures, but should never be adopted by any others.

MORNING DRESSES still continue to be made in the same form as at the commencement of the winter, but the sleeves are altered. The white under-sleeves, which rather resemble a balloon, upon each hand, which were highly starched, so as to make them stand out more effectively, and which lost their fresh appearance after the first half-hour they had been worn, and assumed a crumpled, untidy look—these, we are happy to say, are at last banished. The sleeve of the dress is now made narrow; it is the same breadth all the way down, but to form it, it is cut with a seam to the elbow. A small ruche is arranged round the edge of the sleeve, and there are buttons as far as the elbow. The sleeves of taffetas dresses for evening wear are also cut in this narrow form, but frequently they are left open as far as the elbow, and the narrow white under-sleeves, which are cut in precisely the same manner as the dress sleeve, are trimmed up with broad Valenciennes or Alençon lace, which falls through and imparts a more dressy appearance to the toilet. White under-sleeves for morning wear are made with a deep linen cuff, fastened with three studs, either composed of precious stones, or of gold. For evening wear the cuff is made of lace and embroidered insertion; but fillings of any description are now never employed, as the under-sleeve should be as flat as possible.

PETTICOATS are now trimmed almost as much as dresses at the bottom. They are usually ruffled, and the ruffles fluted. Crinoline and steel hoops are also frequently ruffled, or at least have all the lower hoops covered with a piece of muslin, as this prevents the shape of the steel showing.

THE MANTILLAS which have as yet appeared are mostly round as in our engraved walking dress. Of course the modes of trimming these mantles are innumerable. The loose saque is still a favorite, though not so new as the circular style. Some are also cut deeper at the back and in front in the shawl shape, and richly ornamented with lace.

BONNETS continue to be of the shape worn during the winter, not quite so high in front, but still sufficiently so to admit of a great deal of trimming above the forehead. They are very narrow at the sides.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE PLAID SILK, for a girl of eight or nine years of age. The skirt has a bias band of blue silk put on with narrow black velvet. A pointed waist of blue silk over the high body of the dress. Mantilla of blue cashmere, braided in black. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and feathers.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF GRAY ALPACA, for a girl of ten or twelve years of age. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a wide row of velvet. The gray cloak of this summer cloth is also prettily trimmed with black velvet. Gray felt hat, bound and trimmed with black velvet and a tuft of gray feathers.

FIG. III.—STONE-COLORED DRESS, for a little boy. The skirt is short and trimmed with a Scotch plaid velvet around the bottom. The Zouave jacket corresponds with the skirt and is worn over a full Garibaldi shirt. Scotch cap of black cloth.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED FOULARD, for a little girl. The coat is of black silk, and the hat of black straw, with fawn-colored feathers and black ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Alpaca will be much used during the coming spring for children's dresses, for little girls especially. The manufacture of this fabric is now so beautiful that we can suggest nothing prettier. Foulards will also, to a great extent, be in requisition for little people. We have seen a pretty little alpaca dress, of a delicate shade of fawn. It was made with three tiny flounces at the bottom of the skirt, corded with green. The bodice, high, was trimmed to imitate a Spanish jacket, and the sleeves, with a seam at the elbow, were arranged with a deep pointed cuff, also in green. Another pretty little girl's dress was in black and white checked poplin, trimmed round the skirt with blue ruches, put on in vandykes. The bodice, also high, was ornamented with ruches, to imitate a Swiss corsage.

A pretty little novelty has appeared in the way of little girl's drawers or knickerbockers. They are made in long cloth, gathered into an insertion below the knee, the insertion running up each side of the leg. This insertion is arranged to carry rather a wide ribbon, which is run in it and tied round the leg. The ribbon at the sides is allowed to fall in small hanging bows—an effect both novel and pretty. For ordinary occasions, the unpieking and replacing the ribbon, for washing purposes, would entail too much trouble; but, when a very dressy pair of drawers is required, we cannot too highly recommend these stylish knickerbockers. Made in white muslin, with blue ribbon bows, they would be exceedingly pretty, with, of course, a pair of blue flannel drawers underneath, to make the garment sufficiently warm. Imitation knitted and crochet petticoats are being worn by little girls under their tiny gowns, and most comfortable they are, particularly for walking.

Little girls' fashions follow, in a great measure, those which are invented for, and adopted by their mamma. Simplicity in the matter is entirely lost sight of, and in fact their toilets are exactly those of their mamma's in miniature. In London, many little girls up to eight years of age, wear their hair all loose and flowing down their backs, regardless of length or quantity. It is never straight; but if not waved by nature, a wave is given to it by creping, or by any other artificial means which will produce the same effect. Hats are universally worn by little girls; they are made of felt, straw, or Leghorn, and are ornamented with a tuft of feathers, exactly in the center of the front; black beaver hats of the sailor form, with small red feathers in front, are the newest; a band of scarlet or black velvet is arranged straight round the crown. Crimson cloaks are very general among them, and their dresses are still frequently made with a Garibaldi bodice.





Designed by J. G. S.

Engraved & printed by James H. B. Co.

THE WHISPER.



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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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Design for Pin-Cushion, or Ottoman Cover—in Application.





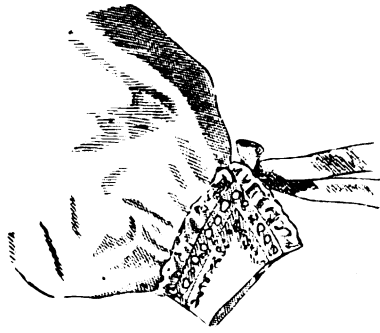
LACE BODY.



COLLAR AND CHEMISSETTE.



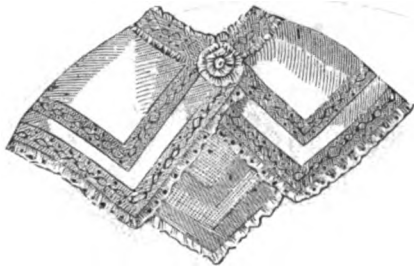
OUT OF DOOR DRESS.



SLEEVE.



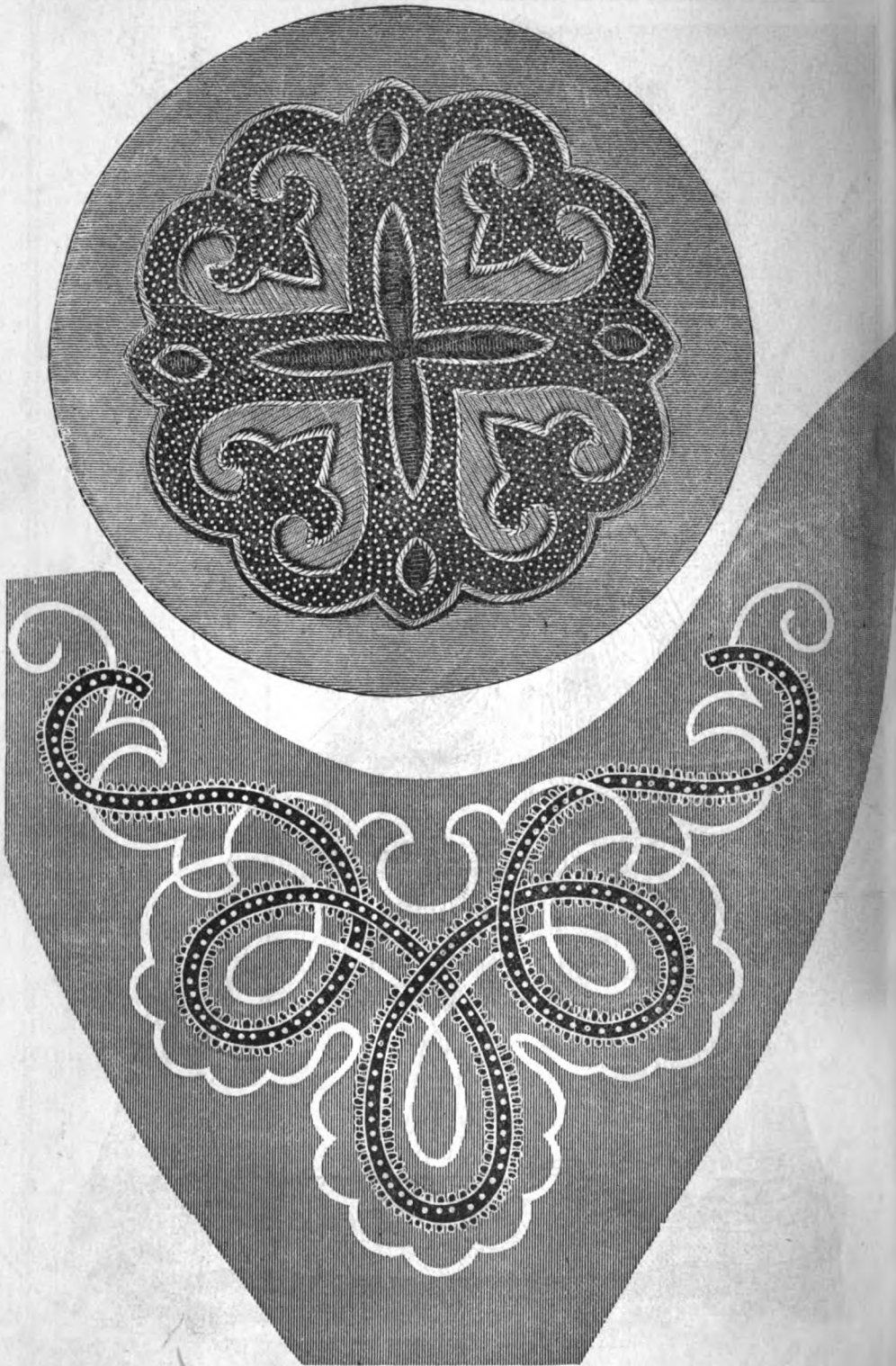
HOUSE DRESS.



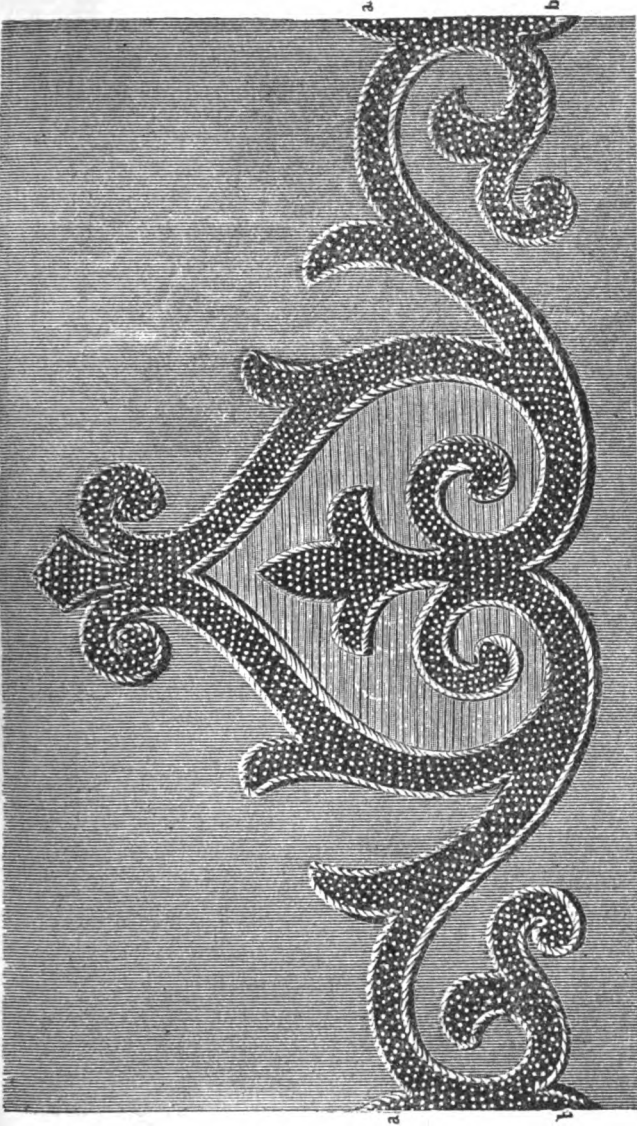
CAPE.



WALKING DRESS.



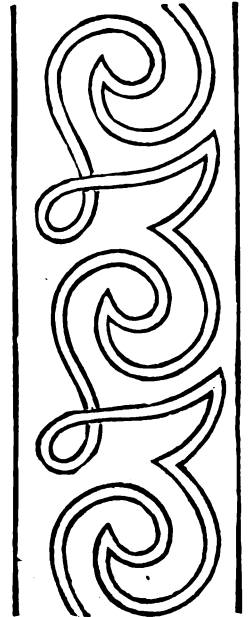
GENTLEMAN'S BRAIDED SLIPPER: CROWN FOR SMOKING-CAP.



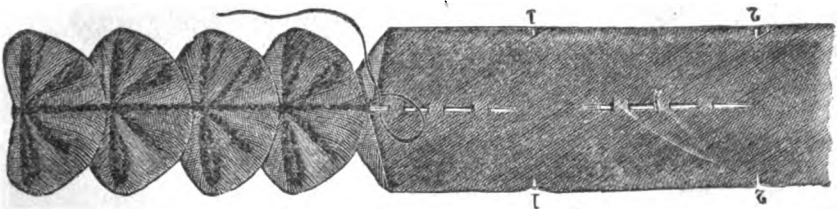
SMOKING-CAP IN APPLICATION: SIDE.



SPRIG.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



NEW STYLE RIBBON TRIMMING.



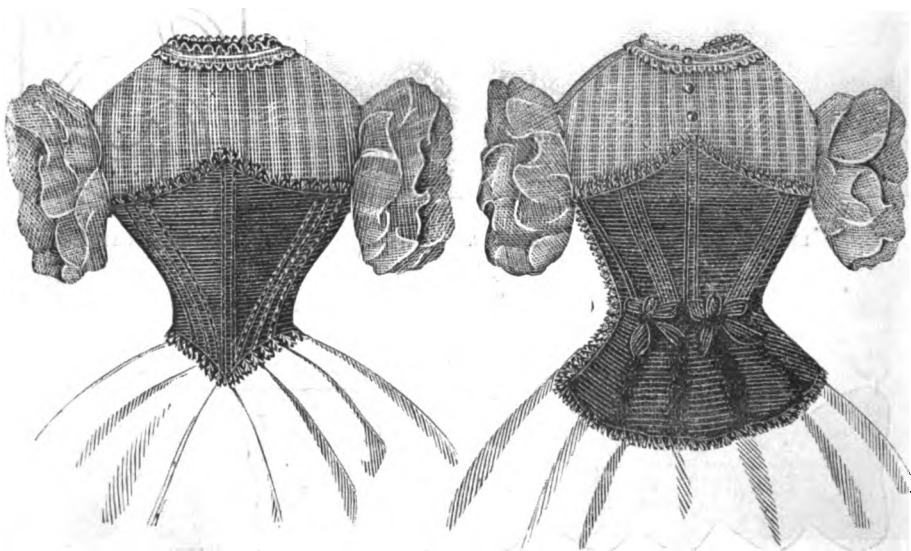
BONNET.



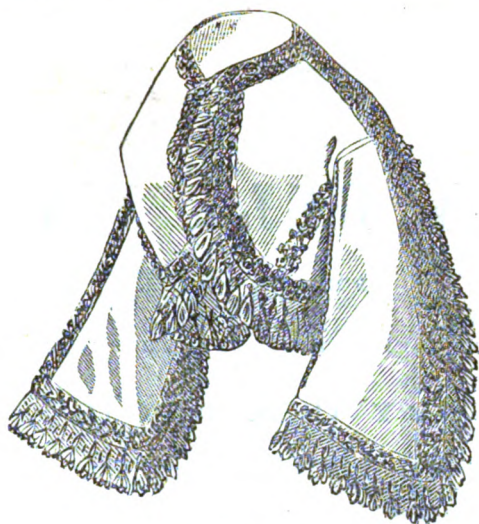
HEAD-DRESS.



SLEEVE.



WAIST-BODY: FRONT AND BACK.



SPANISH JACKET.



SCARF MANTILLA.

FAIRY DELL WALTZ.

FOR THE GUITAR.

COMPOSED FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

BY C. S. RICH.

Allegro.

5th position. 3d position.

5th position.

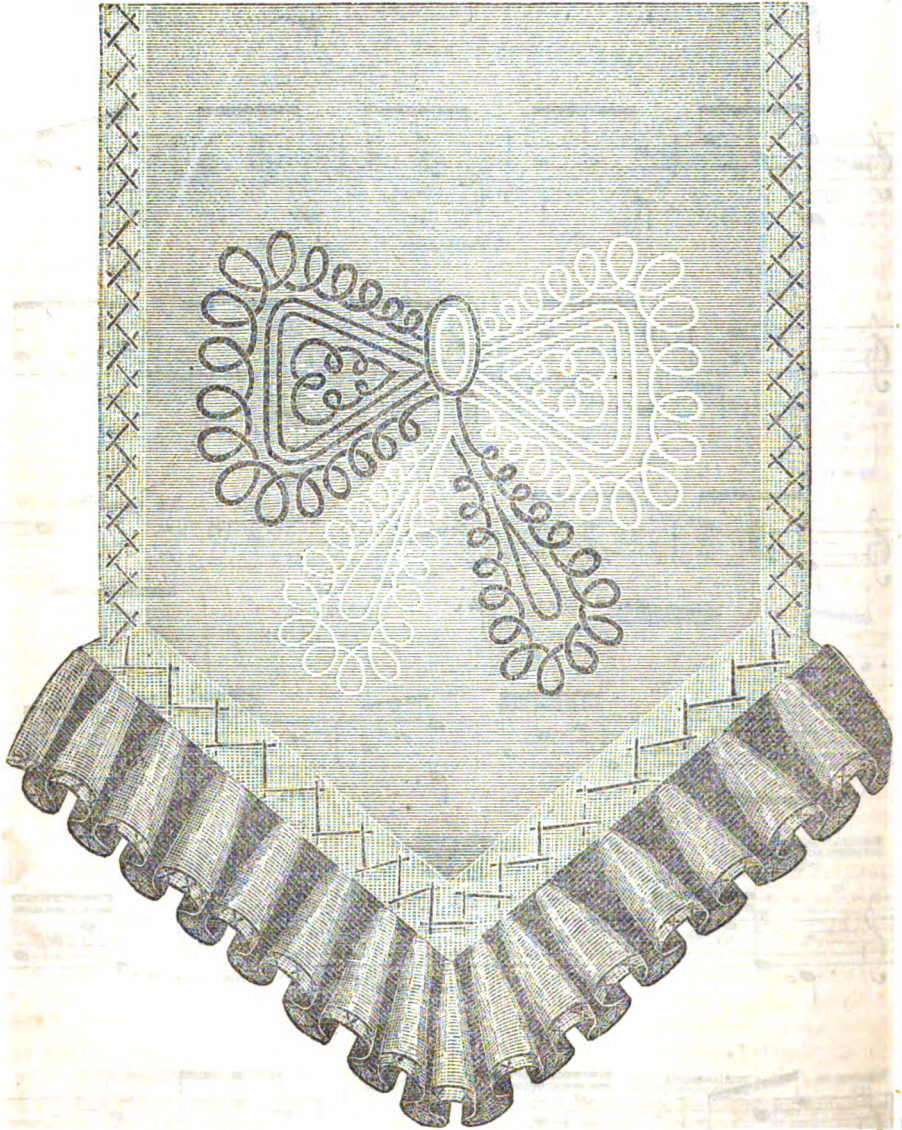
3d position.

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INITIALS FOR MARKING.



MUSLIN CRAVAT IN CHAIN-STITCH.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1863.

No. 6.

LOVE DOWN A WELL.

BY ELLIOTT MACKINTOSH.

Do you see the lady on the other side of the fire-place, with soft brown hair and mild blue eyes, whose fair complexion and unwrinkled brow doff ten years from her age, and whose quiet voice and gentle manners tell truly of a shy, retired nature? That's my wife! Ah! ain't I proud of her, and don't I love her? Haven't I an insane desire to run to the roof and shout out, for the benefit of the world at large, that Mary Sherman *nee* Lee is my wife? You would never suspect her of being a heroine, but, I'll tell you the story, and then judge.

Thirty years ago this summer, when my hair was brown and my limbs young and active, heigho! I was sent by the firm, to whose service I had been devoted by my father, to collect bills in some of the New England villages. I was new to the country, but I had full directions given me, and started off on a two months' trip to make the Yankees pay for the calicoes, silks, and notions they had purchased of "Law, Stone & Co."

I had fared pretty well on my errand, and was putting up at the Bell-Flower Inn, when one of our customers invited me to come to a gathering of young folks at his house, and I accepted the offer. There I met Mary Lee, and lost my heart instantly. I was returning home from the farmer's good cheer, when I met with the accident that colored my whole future life, gave me its greatest joy, its heaviest sorrow. Crossing a meadow, I, in the darkness, set my foot upon a plank which tilted, and I fell, down, down, losing consciousness long before I reached the end of my subterranean descent. How long I lay insensible I cannot tell; but I woke in bitter agony, feeling that I was fearfully injured. I called and groaned, but the darkness above me was unbroken by any friendly gleam of light, the heavy silence cheered by no succoring voice. Day dawned, finding me still sensible, suffering, and alone. As the streaks

of light broke above me, I saw that I had fallen down a long dried well, half-filled with rubbish, and covered with loose boards at the top. One of these had given way under the pressure of my foot. This well, I learned later, was on farmer Lee's farm, and was being gradually filled up with any dirt that would have been otherwise carted away. The customary stone work round the mouth had been long ago removed for the convenience of backing up the carts. How, in the dark, I had strayed from the road on the large, open field, can only be explained by my ignorance of the localities and my castle-building, inspired by the sweet face of Mary Lee.

Morning dawned, and I was lying almost frantic in my agony, when I heard a young, fresh voice singing above me. I called loudly, "Help! help!"

"Where?" The singing ceased, and the question came in a startled tone.

"Here! I have fallen down a well!"

The boards above me were pushed aside, and the daylight, farther advanced than I had perceived in my darkened position, poured in.

"Down here! Oh! you must be fearfully hurt! George! John! Come quick!"

Hurrying feet came above me.

"Some one go down!" said the first voice again. "Have you a rope?"

"Ay! the old rope is here; but it ain't over and above strong! It won't bear a man."

"I'll trust it! He has fainted."

For I was too much exhausted to answer any of the questions they shouted to me. The reaction of promised relief was too great after such a night as I had passed. Before I realized the purport of the last sentence, I knew by the darkening of the open mouth that some one was descending. I felt the dress of the brave woman, then a slender girl, touch my cheek; I heard her pitying tones; I knew she raised my

head, as she stood in the twilight beside me; but I could not speak. Others had hurried to the farm, and one for a surgeon. Wine was lowered, and she knelt beside me to revive me by it. Three long hours, they told me later, passed before the arrangements were completed to hoist us up, and she never left my side. She bathed my face with the water they lowered; she gave me wine; she spoke words of cheer and comfort; she aided me, when the basket was at last lowered, in rising from my painful posture, and almost lifted me into the vehicle after reaching the upper air. And when the long fainting fit that followed my arrival above was succeeded by days of delirium, she was my

faithful nurse. How I loved her cannot be told. When the truth became known that my left side, arm, and leg, was crippled and useless forever, then I tried to smother my love, and learned hers. Mary Lee, the pet of the village, the idol of home, the center of many living hearts, left all to follow her crippled husband to his city home.

If, by the exercise of the talents God gave me, I have made my brain work for my hands—if my right hand has earned a home of more luxury than competence—if by the love of a lifetime I have humbly endeavored to make her happy, did she not earn all this, and more, ay, more than I can ever give her?

IMPREGNABLE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"MEN are fickle," the maiden sighed;
 "Helghol! it is not denied,
 But none shall ever vex my pride,
 Or cause me sorrow.
 Gay good-humor may hold her sway,
 And beauty her rarest charms display;
 But the beauty that men may prize to-day
 Is scorned to-morrow.
 "So never more shall the faintest trace
 Of Love's idwelling my pride disgrace,
 To whisper the 'tell-tale' to my face;
 And so revealing
 What lips of mine could never have spoken;
 And better thus, than that tear or token
 Should ever tell of a heart that's broken
 Beyond all healing.
 "A 'coat of mail' I will e'en prepare,
 Deftly jointed, and made with care;
 And none shall whisper to me, 'Beware,'
 For all defying,
 I'll throw my glove to each amorous swain,
 And bid him enter the lists again,
 Nor let him know that he snees in vain
 Till I see him dying.
 "Woman is weak! Ah! they know it well,
 And they work on her heart with a fiendish spell,
 Till they drive her, body and soul, to hell,
 Nor seek to defend her.
 Few can practice what all may preach;
 Yet an arrow sent some point may reach;
 And this heart, to beguiling look or speech,
 Shall never surrender."
 Full many a suitor who came to woo,
 Did pledge his life, and his hand too,
 That he loved her well, and his love was true;
 But unbelieving,
 And undisturbed by the vows professed,
 She looked her scorn as his suit he pressed,
 For she knew, by every unfulfilling test,
 He was still deceiving.
 In such regal state she held her away,
 That many a one was heard to say,
 She had no heart to give away
 That was worth deploring;

Yet wondered why, above all her sex,
 She should use her charms to allure and vex,
 And by a thousand arts perplex
 Mankind adoring.

At last, in the train, came a Captain Wright,
 The hero, brave, of many a fight,
 Who fell in love with the maid at sight,
 And vowed he'd win her.

"What though a 'coat of mail' she wear!
 'None but the brave deserve the fair,'
 And one defeat ought never to scare
 A young beginner."

He knew that within that fair young form,
 There beat a heart that was true and warm;
 But the fortress must be taken by storm,
 To be taken surely.

Love's tactics no one can underrate,
 And he was studying, early and late,
 How to make his mistress capitulate
 For love's sake purely.

Thoroughly skilled in the warlike art,
 He ventured a well-directed dart
 That went through her eye and pierced her heart;
 And the truth so tender

Was written all over her cheek and brow:
 And the "coat of mail" dropped off somehow,
 And the "iron-clad" was a captive now,
 Compelled to surrender.

I would not have you by this infer
 That pride in a moment deserted her,
 And without any sign of delay, or demur,
 Or serious objection,

With her "coat of mail" she consented to part;
 Not finding it proof against Cupid's dart,
 She gave her hand, as she gave her heart,
 To better protection.

That men are fickle is no less true,
 And faithful hearts are among the few,
 The rare exception may come to you
 And meet concession;

And for all you shut up your heart so tight,
 And bury its treasures out of sight,
 There may come a time when a Captain Wright
 Will claim possession.

THE SECOND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MURDER IN THE GLEN ROSS."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353.

At noon the next day, Fan was carrying me quicker than before over the hills to the Cove. I had laid a plot, very deep and cunning for old John Lashley, I thought. The boy must meet Emmy and her father: that only would break this spell, whatever it might be, under which he lay bound. So, cogitating on the ways and means all night, I devised the scheme of asking them to meet me at my new Home, down in the niche of the Cove hills. "I want you, Robert, to give me advice," I said. "The house is nearly completed—but finishing and furnishing it is a new work for me. You must counsel me. And then Emmy and you must see the old man's Best."

"I'll be there, old fellow," said Robert, cheerfully. "Thank God, you're going to have a rest at last. I'll ride over at mid-day."

"And I am going out now in the pony carriage," said Emmy. "I mean to drive a friend of mine through the hills. May I take her there, uncle John? She has gone there with you before, I know—the pain of old remembrances is over. May I bring her there?"

I hesitated. Yet what better place for Pressley first to meet and know his mother?

"Yes, child," said her father, "it's a good, kindly thought in you. We will all be there, John."

More than they thought, I laughed to myself, were hidden to the meeting. Ah! I little knew the unbidden guest that would come.

As I told you, I went at noon to the place of my appointment with Pressley. I fancied even our short meeting yesterday had done him good, cheered him, made his thought healthier. He came to meet me with an outstretched hand and a cordial greeting, though the old pain was on his face still. He was mounted to-day, and we rode on together, side by side. I asked no questions, gave no hint of the terrible secret that troubled him. The day was fresh, cheery; the early spring birds were calling to each other from the trees on either side; even the talk of an old man must perforce catch some of the healthful glow. I found myself telling him

of the daily life at The Oaks, of Emmy; no trifle on that theme was too trivial to interest him. He listened, his head partly turned from me, but his eyes glowing, the muscles of the lips trembling now and then, yet saying no word. Doubting, I knew, if this was best for him to hear, but unable to dash the sweet poison aside. Passing through the abrupt gorges of the hills, he pointed suddenly to a small brick house up a ravine, a place easily guarded.

"There, uncle John, is my home."

"Old mother Farley's, is it not, Pressley?"

"Yes. A quiet, deaf, secret old body. I live alone there with her and—it. I told you that you might never try to find me. I must be alone."

"Come then and see my home. I have a long story to tell you, boy."

We were near the Cove. Putting spurs to my horse I led the way, and in a few moments we turned a sudden bend of the road and reached our journey's end.

The house stood on a low plateau, girded by noble oaks, such as only find root amid these eternal mountains. Behind it rose a broad ledge of hills, wooded and mossed to the top-most peaks. At the base ran Cold Creek, a shining, frothing, blue gush of limpid water. The house, nearly completed, so eagerly had I hurried on the work, stood heartsome, quiet, content. "The old man's rest I call it, boy," I said, pointing to it.

"God bless it and you, uncle John," he answered, earnestly.

We rode up to the door and dismounted. The workmen were absent, it was their noonday resting hour. Behind the house yet remained the old garden: the very orchard I had planted for Esther and me. The trees were old and gnarled now, but they bore fruit still. We would pluck it together, late as it was. Lilac-bushes and great masses of mountain laurel fenced it in.

We entered the square little plat where the sunshine had brought its deepest warmth and light, sat down under a tree upon a heap of

mossy roots. My boy was with his back to the house, could not see, therefore, the little carriage that had brought Emmy and—his mother to the place. I saw it, saw too Emmy's light figure move across the windows inside. Her weak charge was resting doubtless. Then the shadow left the windows, and the young girl came down the unfinished steps leaning on her father's shoulder, the footing being uncertain, and laughing as he jumped her like a child over the rocks.

Pressley heard the sound—he started up. "Emmy!" he cried.

She saw him now. Well, what mattered it if Robert and I were there? He held her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers. It was right—his heart was her home.

"John! Was this well done?" said Robert, facing me.

"It was well done. Whom God has joined together no man can keep asunder. Besides, I brought this boy here to see his mother, and to hear her story."

"Who will tell it to him?"

"You, Robert."

"Never. His lifelong it has been guarded from him. I never will sting him thus."

"He must be told. It is just. He must know why you refuse your child to him."

The boy overheard the last words. He unclasped Emmy's arms from his neck, and, keeping his arm around her, turned to his uncle.

"It is just. Tell me all. I demand it as a right; if there be disgrace, let me know it. It cannot be fouler than the secret I have which keeps me from her."

Robert took the boy's hand. "Perhaps you are right, though your uncle John has no more judgment than you, boy."

He hesitated.

"Come, Emmy," I said, "we will go in to her, who lies waiting for us yonder; and when Pressley knows all he shall come to us and—to her."

We left them. Going into the house where, in the only room yet completed, the boy's mother sat, ignorant that her son was so near. A cheery fire burned on the hearth. Emmy had brought a chair, shawls, cushions; and Esther, pale, faded, but with a deepening contented light in her sunken eye, sat there, looking dreamily in the fire. Its red flush colored the pale gray walls and windows, outside of which, like a sleeping picture, lay the bright spring morning.

"My little girl has made me very cozy and warm here," she said, putting her hand on

Emmy's, but looking at me. When I was in the room, those sad eyes, true to me for so many years, never failed to turn to me for comfort and help. "Why, child," she said, "how cold your hand is—and trembling! And your eyes full of tears?" She raised the soft baby hand and pressed it to her withered cheek. "Emmy must bring all her little pain to me to bear. I am used to it."

Emmy softly stroked the silvery hair. How beautiful age had made her, my pale, pure, saintly Esther!"

"The pain of others is all you shall have to bear," I said. "We have charmed all other from your life. And so, our Home, my Esther, shall be so full of love and content that those who suffer shall come to it to be cured."

She smiled; but it was a sad smile. "I am afraid," she said. "Forgive me, John. I cannot help it. Life has been so hard and cruel. I cannot believe it true that I am to lie down, and be a happy, petted child until heaven comes."

"Yet it is true, unbeliever," I said, cheerily.

I looked from the window. I saw Pressley's face, as it was turned toward me, where he stood listening to the story of his mother. It was paler than usual, with a new pain on it, as if the shadow of her years of suffering fell on him; but with a strange, latent glow of hope and triumph. Leaning out into the open air, I caught Robert's last words. "I have told you all now. Do you hold her guilty?"

The boy started forward. "Where did you say she was? My mother——"

The next moment his quick, firm step fell on the passage way without. Esther heard it. She flung Emmy's arm aside that would have held her, crying, "It's my son! Pressley!"

He held her close. His arms had not pressed the woman he loved in so firm a clasp as this, his mother, who had borne a life of cruellest pain for him. "Mother! mother!" he cried, unceasingly. All a man's tender pity, helpfulness was in the words—all the years lost of child's petting, of boyish love, of man's protection was in his trembling touch, as he wiped the tears from her cheeks, fondled her, caressed her. "My mother—*mine*. I have found her at last."

She lifted her head, looking him in the eyes. "My son, do you believe me guilty?" The blood had left her face: she waited for his answer.

"Listen, mother. I believe you are as foully wronged as any martyr that suffered at the stake. More, mother. I know it to be true.

Some day the world shall know it also. Not now. My uncle tells me that until that is proved I shall never call Emmy wife. Let it be so. We are young and patient. We can wait. Not now. Some day they shall humble themselves before your feet, who have been unjust to you."

She turned her terrified eyes on Robert. "Is it true? Have you said this thing? Have I blighted my son's life?"

"Be calm, mother. It will make your son's life content to hold yours, to make you forget the pain. You are mine now."

"No, boy," I said, quietly. "Esther, Paul comes back to the first and truest heart that ever loved her. I take her life all the years to come in my keeping."

The boy stood erect as if struck a sudden blow. "You mean—your wife?"

"I do. It is just—right."

"Merciful God! no." He held his hand before his face a moment, as if called to decide in that brief instant some question of life and death; then looking at me, spoke low and hurriedly, "It cannot be. Never. Give this up without asking for a reason. If you love my mother—yield to me."

Something of Esther's old calm strength shone out of her eyes then. "It is for me to speak," she said. "Years ago, in our fresh youth, my son, this man and I were husband and wife in God's eyes. The devil put us asunder. When he finds me poor, old, worn-out now, and says to me, 'Come home, Esther,' I have no right to stay away, and I am glad to go."

She put her hand in mine, as she spoke.

Pressley's eyes filled with tears.

"I have found my mother then only to make her life wretched. God knows I meant to save her. I meant to give even Emmy up to save her."

"What do you mean, boy?" demanded his uncle.

There was a sudden sound of struggling in the yard. A strange brutish growl, then a sharp cry like the whine of a horse.

"My charge has followed me," he said, changing color. "It is as well. It will explain all. Come with me."

We followed him, through the corridors until we reached an ante-room darkened by scaffolding. The strange sounds, lower and more angry, now came from thence. Pressley pushed the door open and we entered. Crouching under a heap of carpenter's benches was a something, a bent, apeish form, the head and bare clutching

arms covered with coarse, light hair. I saw the flat, retreating head, the hog-like lips. Not an ape, but worse, a groveling, sensual idiot. It muttered and jabbered at us, the froth oozing from its mouth, until, catching sight of Esther, it stopped, as if fired by some human escaping thought, and, coming close to her, tried to clutch at her hands. Then came words—I heard them—God help me—"My wife," and, pushing the hair from his face, we saw the brutal wreck of Clayton Lashley.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT night we were gathered together in Robert's library. A clear, starlit night without; inside, the cool air made the fire roar and sparkle, fling dancing lights over the walls, the homelike furniture, the faces seen in half-shadow about it. Some of them joyous, cheery enough. Emmy's, with her brown, soul-lit eyes, that stole wistfully now and then to my boy's. I did not blame him that his was content, that he could not repress the proud triumph in it. For Emmy was his now. That day Robert had said to him, "You've been patient long enough, boy. All I asked is fulfilled. Her innocence is proved. Emmy shall be yours, and God knows never father was fonder of son than I of you."

So Pressley, that evening, (I know not what the employment of the day had been,) had seated himself beside her on the low lounge, with the quiet look, content in possession. And Emmy, perverse as a woman is born, got up with a dewy crimson on her cheeks and sauntered away, seating herself, however, on a low settle by his mother's knee. Trying to gravely regard the fire and the Newfoundland dog asleep before it; but glancing in spite of herself shyly across the hearth beyond them.

They were young. Rest, love, happiness belong to youth. It was their right. If I and the faded, haggard woman in the shadow yonder had missed our chance of it in our early days, why dared we demand it now? Let us take up the few years left, work through them doggedly, patiently, lie down each alone in the narrow house below—and then—what? To meet again? As God pleased.

I could not find the fire cheerful, the air clear; loving Pressley and Emmy, I found their new happiness weary me; the world was full of pain, of thwarted lives, needless suffering. I knew, cared nothing, that night, saw nothing of the good God over all. Yet do me justice. It was not of myself I thought; of the woman yonder, who had found again that day the dead

body that had hung for years about her living limbs. I had not spoken to her that day. I dared not. Only now when her eyes were closed as if to shut out life itself I could watch her. With a hungry madness to control her fate, force it into happiness.

There was silence for a long time—it was no time for surface talk. "Pressley," Robert said at last, "you have not yet explained this matter. Where did you find—my brother?"

In all my life I never had heard Robert call Clayton Lashley by that name. It was a kindly, delicate thought to do it now to his son.

"It is a long story," said Pressley, speaking low and hurriedly. "I cannot go over it all. In Pittsburg I received a letter from the keeper of a poor-house in Missouri, stating that an imbecile, for some years in his care, had been discovered by means of some papers in his possession to be my father. I went to him at once. Believing the story from the first, for I remembered the strange mystery that always had hung about my father's fate: how persistently you had evaded my questions as to how and where he died. I went to him. I found him what you see. I heard too," (gulping down a sudden choking in his throat,) "the story of his later life, how he came there clandestinely to escape creditors in the North. Uncle, don't ask me to speak of this. He is my father. You know—his life has made him what he is—you may guess how fearful and brutish it was."

How white and still she lay there! Would she not look at me? But once. Were death and hell to come between us forever?

Pressley went. "I brought him home. For your sake and Emmy's, uncle Robert, I determined to keep his life secret—guarded him on the boat—that Emmy might not know. And when I reached Pittsburg, finding that his frantic cries and convulsions attracted notice, I brought him here to the hills. I thought he was safer from discovery there than in the city. I had saved enough of my salary too to live there, but nowhere else. I had saved it for another purpose," with a pleading look at little Emmy, who rose uncertainly and went to the window, rapping on it with her unsteady fingers. "When I heard my mother's story to-day," he took her hand in his as he spoke, "when I heard it, I determined she should bear the pain of his life no longer, that I would take it all upon myself, give up Emmy, and save her." He did not look at Emmy now, but with unutterable tenderness at the faded face before him.

But Emmy was true. She came now, all childish coyness put aside, and leaned over his

chair, touching his hair softly as if she blessed him. "It was nobly done, Pressley. I am glad you put me aside for her. I am glad." Her voice choked with tears. Proud, happy tears.

"I would have saved you, mother, if I could."

"She is saved, my son," Robert said, coming near her so tenderly and firm.

I dared not speak to her again. "She is saved. She has borne enough. So long as she lives this house is her home, where you, and Emmy, and I, will watch and care for her. She never shall see the face of the man who has so wrecked her life again."

"You are wrong," she said, lifting her head, and looking at him with the eyes of one who had asked quietness of God, and heard His reply. "I will go to him, Robert, take care of him to the end. Hush! Do not oppose me. I am right, my children. God has given me this task to do, to try my love for Him maybe. He knows best. I will do it."

She did do it; went back, not to the old loathsome servitude, that never could be again, but watched, tended, nursed this man. It had been easier for her to have cared for the lowest beast that grovels in the mire.

Let those months go. Of all my life they were the barest, most bitter. For I was powerless to aid her. Her will was strong to do right. No word of mine could come between her and this duty, or make her share it with another. She would not even remove Clayton to The Oaks, because, I think, she was unwilling Emmy's pure life should be tainted by his presence. She kept him at the house to which Pressley had first taken him, living there herself. Her life there we made cheerful and bright as loving hands could will; but what was that? Pressley was with her through the day; but in the long evenings he went to Emmy, and she was alone. I dared not help her. It roused the maniac to fury to see my face: that seeming to be the only trace of reason or recollection left to him. So, through the long creeping, lonesome evenings, I walked to and fro on the solitary hill-top, watching the light burning in the farm house window, where Esther was caged with her foul charge; and, as I walked, I thought, may God forgive me! of how strong he was, with stouter frame, more massive lungs than either she or I, and how he would outlive us, swallow all our lives into his, as he had those dead years gone. God will forgive me if it was a sinful thought: it was a very natural one.

So the spring crept by, and summer came on. My Home was finished now. I went into it—alone. I would have the loving fancy that she

might come some day. That, bitter and poor consolation as it was, would be better than going back to California. So I called back all my wealth. I made it a home worthy—not of her, nothing could be pure or warm enough for that, but of my tender care for her. Some day—was this a crime?—she might come; then it should be ready, waiting for her. There were gardens—she loved flowers; there were stables, outhouses for every domestic animal, remembering how her simple heart fraternized with all of God's creatures; there were wide, warm rooms, where, if she chose, she could gather her friends around her to make them happier; there were hidden, quiet cozieries, where she could be alone—rest her tired life, perhaps, suffer me, with her, to grow stronger and purer in that rest. So the summer dragged away.

Late one evening in September, I passed close by the farm house. Lying prostrate on the ground, caressing a loathsome, yellow dog he had chosen to fondle, was Clayton Lashley: the brute had more reason, more purity than he. Watching him, careful, kindly as though he had been one worthy all reverence was—my Esther. I looked at them unseen over the gate. She could not bear this long, her face was gray, rigid. So many months—I counted them off almost coolly—would suffice to kill her. This creature would have done its work. What did Pressley call it? A vampire—

I walked on. What that night was to me only He knows. Toward morning, I heard a violent knocking at the door, and Pressley's voice, "For God's sake! Uncle John—come quick! My mother—"

I heard no more. In another moment I was following him breathlessly down the road.

To the farm house. The doors, windows were open, lighted, crowds of people hurrying in and out, cries and shrieks. I went in. What was this that had come to her?

The old woman who kept the house caught me by the arm, her face white with terror. "Dawn't blame me, master! God alone knows when he got the knife. It wor Mr. Pressley's watch when he got out, the poor boy wor asleep—small blame till him, thinkin' th' other were secure. Then he did it."

"Did what? Pressley—what is this?"

"He tried to kill my mother."

"And—"

"She is safe; but look here."

He pushed open the door of the farm house kitchen. Lying on a wooden settle, surrounded by the terrified farm people, lay Clayton Lashley, dead. By his own hand:—how it needs

not to tell. Let me shut that sight out from my eyes forever.

Two days after, I stood with Robert and Esther in the chamber where she had so faithfully watched him. Her watch was over now. God had released her. The house was deathly still. The farm servants stood without, decently attired and silent, to follow this poor body to the grave with us. One or two of them, old and gray-headed, had known this man. They were silent. Even remembering his boyish days, they had no good word to speak.

And we whom he had so bitterly wronged, the brothers, the son, the woman, whose lives he had cursed, were dumb also, now that God had called him home.

At last she spoke, laying her hand on the something covered with a white sheet there before us. "Let us forgive as God will forgive us," she said, in a low, hushed voice. "Let us believe that this, our brother, lived for a good purpose, being made by God. If for no other, He has brought us to Him."

I looked out into the great, calm light of the solemn day, listening to her words; knowing then that the infinite spirit of Good, that held that world and day, all worlds and days, held her and me also, and that—the something lying there never to be named again.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHRISTMAS day. Before the trail of blood crept over the land. But they will come again, please God! It was long since I had known a Christmas. Since my boyhood this was my first Christmas. Shall I tell you how we kept it?

The year was generous to us; crowned the hills with heaviest snow; frosted the snow with glittering ice; blew its strongest, wintriest, cherriest blast through the great depths. The oldest mountaineer remembered no such winter. About us, the mountains rose white and still, the long months through, flashing back a thousand defiant rays to the sun, as if to say, "We have no need of your light; here we hide love and happiness enough to warm and brighten the world." The lonely roads leading through the hill-passes echoed only to the ring of merry sleigh-bells, of the tread of some horse carrying the farmer boys to a country frolic. For in this region, the winter was given up to home-gatherings, with the country people, to sleighing parties, apple-parings, quiltings. What Western farmer does not know the names?

The nights were clear, cold, starlit: the poorest hovel window burned red on the hills

with the cheery fire within. In the Oaks, and at another dwelling, dearer to me than the old homestead even, the Christmas peace and joy glowed with more silent, intenser heat. Down in the lower regions, it is true, where Scip and aunt Jolliffe reigned triumphant, never Christmas approached so noisily. "Folks," said Scip, authoritatively, "talked of Christmasses. But the Lashleys knowed the real thing. 'N as for brides, please de Lord, de prettiest 'n bestest bride as eber gived herself way, 'n the gemmin de mos' fust rate, 'cordin' to Scip's notions, 'id come from *dis* house on dis Christmas day. 'Twasn't of'en as Scip hed condescended to black enny man's boots; but ef Mars' Pressley's didn't shine that day 'twouldn't be de fault ob dis ole chap." Yet only to aunt Jolliffe, as being of equal age and dignity with himself, did he deign to express these opinions; to the rest of the "peart young fry," who anticipated endless finery and feasting at the coming wedding, he preached unceasing sermons on the vanity of such trifling follies. "Two demortal bein's amakin' demselves inter one was no subjee' for gaffing 'n chaffing." But it was a subject for unlimited eating and drinking, if the savory, spicy steams from aunt Jolliffe's pantries might be relied on.

Up stairs, little Emmy's face grew paler, her eyes softer, as the day drew near. More shy, more loving, clinging to her father, to Esther, to me; petting even the old house dog with a gentler touch: the one object of tender interest from every one in the household. I thought too that Robert's care for Pressley grew warmer, more helpful, as though he repented of the trial he had forced upon him.

So the wedding day came. Can you picture for yourselves how it passed? Is there no soft clinging memory or hope in your hearts of a day you have known or dreamed of, that will tell you what this Christmas time was for my boy and little Emmy? A day when all life, and earth, and heaven held but one form, one face? When the full throb of joy in your heart tinged every other common voice, and so filled the world with a happy music? If you have

such a memory, or such a hope, you better know what that wedding-day was than I. For me it was a far-off pageant only. A cold, bright winter's day, full of sunshine, laughter, loving faces, the crowded country church, roses, perfume, tears, music—little Emmy's hand for the first time resting without a tremor in my boy's; Robert's cheery voice choking now and then, the old homestead glowing with love and outspoken joy. Never to be sad again!

I tell you that the day was like a dream to me; a hopeful, prophetic dream; these two human souls were strong, God-fearing; life could hold no day for them which their faith could not convert into a worthy, beautiful offering to man and God.

So it passed to me, this day; the evening brought an hour more real, sharper in its vital touch, that all the years had given. When I had given my blessing to my boy and girl, and, turning from them, went to my own solitary Home. Joy and laughter was not for me or mine. Something deeper, holier from God's hand He gave me that day; the rest waited and hungered for through all these forty years. For, passing through the lonely paths at my side was a woman, more weary, footsore with her pilgrimage than I: to whom the years had been slow torture, pressing, urging her, closer, closer to her God. A woman, dearer to me now in her age and poverty, than on that day of long ago, when her proud, new life thrilled mine with passion. Very tired, very tender to those who suffered as we had done, with hearts that had been true to each other for half a lifetime, with dimmed eyes that looked ever upward to find their Lord, my wife and I trod once more those lonely hill paths together. The evening shadows closed around us, dreary, colder; overhead, the stars came out with their prophecy of eternal content; but on earth God yet gave us a Home in which to rest our earned strength, to be loving, hopeful, helpful. It was before us now. Its cheery glow shone out into the night, and, and entering with bowed heads and reverent hearts, Esther Lashley and I began "OUR SECOND LIFE."

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The winds are singing to the moon,
Such mournful strains as she may love,
As pale and wrapt a phantom dim,
She on her lonely course doth move.
Wert thou a spirit, that for pride
From peace and service mild wert driven?

Methinks a shadowed beauty thine,
Oh! fair mysterious queen of even!
The stars are gay, aerial dance
'Round thy sad majesty they hold;
But there is nought can gladden thee,
Thy tale of woe may not be told.

H A L T.

BY L. J. DUNLAP.

"WELL, I do not see how she *could* have done it!"

"Done what, Milly?"

"Why, married a man with a cork-leg!"

Aunt Mary looked very serious.

"God forgive me!" I exclaimed. "I suppose I am very wicked, but *I* never could have done it. Deformed people are positively disgusting to me."

As I rose from my seat, at these words, anxious to make my escape from aunt Mary's reproof, my glance fell upon the laughing face of my cousin, Howard Grant, who, seated in an alcove at the farther end of the room, had, unknown to me, overheard what I had said.

He was rather vain—a circumstance which his unusually handsome exterior almost excused; and if he *had* a weakness, it was for his shapely leg. My glance followed his, as he now looked down on it. "No cork about those, How!" I laughed, as I made him a mock obeisance, and danced out of the room to attend grandpapa, whose step I heard in the hall.

I was but just sixteen, the spoiled darling of the loving friends, who had taken me, a wailing infant, from my dead mother's breast, and had stood to me since in the relation of those parents, whose affection I had never known.

Four years afterward I had learned to love Howard Grant, and for one year I had been his promised wife. This was in the spring of 1861.

The night after Fort Sumter fell, I heard the door open behind me, and quick steps coming to my side; then an arm was thrown around my waist, and my face lifted so that the eyes which bent above me might look into the tear-filled eyes which could scarce bear their scrutiny.

"Tears? Milly!" cried the dear voice, mockingly. "A soldier's bride should buckle her true-love's sword about him, and, with smiles, send him forth to victory."

"Oh, Howard!" I cried, as he drew me up and folded me to his heart.

"Yes, darling," he said, answering the mute questioning of my eyes, "I have volunteered. I desired to go into the ranks, but when I offered to arm and uniform the first company

which should be formed, I was by acclaim chosen the captain of that company. So, if you please, madam, behold Captain Grant."

My tears, my weak tears overflowed. He looked so brave, so noble! and he soon might be—

"There, dearest!" he cried, "no more tears to-night! Come to the piano and sing me 'La Marseillaise,' to arouse your patriotism, and then we will go to mother. And, Milly," seriously, "beware, love, how you say one word that would make me weak in the hour of danger. Mrs. Grant," he continued, as his mother entered the room, "allow me to present to your favorable notice Capt. Grant. Make your salute, madam, to your superior officer."

"My son, my son!" The mother's arms were around his neck, her warm tears falling upon his shoulder. I leaned upon the piano and sobbed aloud.

"Mother! Milly!" he cried. "Why, what a mother and sweetheart ye are, to drown my dawning glory in your tears! There, Milly, you may leave the piano, we won't have any music to-night. Fie, love, I didn't ask you for 'The Shower of Pearls.' Good-night to both of you. I will go to my grandfather and ask him if the heroes of 1812 were sent forth to battle with the sobs of women knelling in their ears." And, with a military salute, he left the room.

Aunt Mary and I could but throw ourselves into each other's arms and weep out our grief together. Yet we said bravely that these should be the last tears we would shed, and that no word of ours should cause our beloved to falter in the path of duty.

I will not dwell upon the two weeks which followed—busy, stirring days to the volunteers, full to repletion with the preparations for their approaching departure—days of agony and dread to those who could only sit idly at home and look forward to the hour of parting.

Howard was desirous that our wedding might take place immediately; but it had been a desire of my father, expressly named in his will, that I should not marry until I had attained my twenty-first birthday. His only sister had married, most unfortunately, at the age of sixteen

years, and, although I was but a few months old at the time of his death, he had desired to cast around my future all the protecting care which his loving foresight could devise.

Well, all things earthly have their ending, and so soon too all the days of grace which had been granted us were told; and one bright morning, with banners flying, music sounding, and bayonets glancing in the sunlight, "Company A of the First Regiment of — volunteers," with their captain at their head, passed before the windows of that captain's home, made a salute to the three sad faces which gazed through the library window, and, pursuing their way to the railroad-depot, departed for the seat of war.

Oh! the long, weary months which followed! The agony of the first dread, which, after a time, settled down into a dull pain that no change of scene or thought could for a moment remove! The wearying for the sight of the dear face, the sound of the dear voice—the longing for intelligence, yet dread of receiving it lest it might be adverse—the painful forebodings of ill—the quick throbbing of the heart at the sound of the postman's ring—the painful trembling of the hand which unfolded the morning's paper—and the eager searching after the war news!

Nine lagging months had dragged their slow length along, and, though often in peril by flood and field, our captain had thus far escaped uninjured, when, one morning, as I sat at work, there was handed to me the laconic message: "In a skirmish with rebel cavalry, Capt. Howard Grant, dangerously wounded." "Dangerously wounded!" I sat as one stunned, and when aunt Mary came to seek me, some time afterward, I could only murmur: "Dangerously wounded!"

It was the burthen of all my ravings, they said, in the fever, which, for nine days, racked my frame almost to dissolution, then left me, weak and helpless as an infant. Strange to say, upon my return to consciousness I had entirely lost the memory of the intelligence, which, superadded to the wearing anxiety of months, had been the cause of my sudden illness. To all my inquiries concerning Howard, his mother improvised favorable replies, and, to my desire for his letters, answered that there were some for me, which I should have as soon as I was strong enough to read them.

As I grew stronger, the quiet and dimness of my sick-room grew unendurable, and, one morning, with a vague idea of entertaining myself for a few moments, I lifted from the stand beside

my bed the Bible, from which my grandfather had been reading to me, and fell to tracing with my finger the designs upon the binding. As I somewhat carelessly handled it, there fluttered from between the leaves a folded paper upon which I recognized the handwriting of our family physician. I had been told that he was absent, upon my expressing surprise at receiving the visits of a stranger: and, not doubting that the paper in my hand contained written advice as to my treatment, I thought to exercise my eyes upon this, that, so learning their strength, I might the sooner claim the promised reading of the precious letters for which I had been wearying. In the act of spreading it open upon the bed, that I might read with greater ease, these words caught my eye:

"You will be shocked to learn that his foot had been so badly shattered by a ball that it was thought necessary to amputate it immediately."

When my aunt came to my room, some time afterward, she found me lying prone upon the floor by the bedside.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed.

"I got up and tried to dress myself," I answered, faintly. "I must go to him."

"Go to him?" she echoed, in surprise. Then, as she raised me in her strong arms, and laid me upon the bed, her eye fell upon the paper and Bible, which still lay upon the covers, and she said: "Father has used an unfortunate marker this time."

When she had me once more safely covered up in bed, and wet, camphorated cloths laid upon my burning forehead, she deemed it prudent to tell me the whole truth. She had found me, upon the morning of the receipt of the despatch, lying back in my chair, with the paper clasped between my hands. Reading upon the envelope, which lay at my feet, her own name, she had taken the paper from my unresisting hand, and read the distressing intelligence. Her first action was to have me conveyed to my own room, and put to bed; then she went herself to the telegraph-office, where she remained until, by dint of incessant telegraphing, she at length discovered to what hospital her son had been removed, and that she would not be permitted to go to him—being a female.

With little difficulty she had induced Dr. Williams to go in her stead. The letter which I had partly read was the first one received from him after his arrival at the hospital. The operation of amputation had, of course, been performed before his arrival, but he had found

his patient "doing well." Since then other letters had been received from him, all giving favorable accounts; but—and the mother's voice sunk despondingly—it would be at least two months before he could bear the journey home.

I must speak briefly of those two months. Doctor Williams returned home so soon as his patient was entirely out of danger. Then we waited. My recovery was very slow, harassed as I was by constant fears for Howard. Then, too, his letters—written by a friend—were all to his mother, and my heart ached for a sight of the dear, familiar handwriting, and the loving words with which his letters to myself had been so full. There were messages to me, to be sure kind and cousinly, but no more; yet I said to myself, "He is guarding his love from the profaning eyes of his comrades."

Over two months had passed away, and, one evening, I sat before the library fire, idly seeing (as on one evening nearly a year ago) pictures in the glowing and dying coals. This evening seeing not battle-fields and marching troops, but my soldier, stretched upon his narrow cot, ill and lonely, when wheels, which I had heard slowly rumbling up the street, stopped before our door. Quick feet came hurrying down the stairs—the outer door opened—there was a sound of low talking in the hall—then the library door was flung wide open—and a figure entered upon crutches, oh! how unlike my Howard!—pale—haggard—limping!

For a moment I was overwhelmed; then I sprang forward, crying, "Howard! Howard!"

He sank wearily into a chair, then held out his arms to me, saying, mournfully: "Give me one kiss, Milly, for the old times."

"The old time!" I echoed. "Oh! Howard, what has come between us?"

"This!" he said, pointing down to his footless limb.

In an instant the cause of Howard's silence to me, since his wound, was revealed to me; also the cause of the appealing glances which his mother had cast upon me so frequently during the past week.

"Oh, Howard!" I said, reproachfully, flinging my arms around his neck, and drawing the dear head to my bosom.

"Milly," he said, "do not let a momentary impulse blind you as to my future. Remember: *Laure for life!*"

Reverently I kissed the pale forehead. I could not speak for the tears which choked my voice.

"I know, darling," he continued, "how your fresh, vigorous life has always shrunk from intimate association with the deformed. I do not blame you; I felt the same once. Now, it has been hard to school myself, darling; but I can give you up."

"Howard! darling!" I said, bending the dear head back, so that I might look into his eyes. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. God make me worthy of your love. God grant me the great honor of being the wife of one who has suffered for his country!"

"Is this so?" he asked. "Is she still mine? It has been so hard to bear, Milly! I have longed for death rather than a life unblessed by your love. I feared to lose you!" clasping me closely. "You know what you once said." (Surely, reader, we are judged for every foolish word.)

One month afterward we were married. My husband wears a cork-leg, and I am proud of it. It is his badge of honor. Had he lost an arm too, in the service of his country, for my own sake, I should not have cared. And as to "glasses"—God grant that we may both live to wear them!

CROSS AND CROWN.

BY MRS. HEPPIE B. GRANT.

I LIFT the cross, though heavy it doth seem,
And, with a heart of trusting love, ne'er deem
Its weight a burden: for my precious Lord
Has lightened it with His own dying blood.

Life's pathway oft is marked by stone and thorn;
But onward still I press, with hope, nor mourn.
Though Jordan dark is nearing at my feet:
Above its vale a crown my eye doth greet.

As every pilgrim doth, I watch and wait.
Oh! when for me shall yon pearly jasper gate

Be opened wide by a blest angel hand?
The tired welcomed to that holy land?

Bright sparkling on the cross a crown is set,
But I would have it on my brow not yet;
A little longer still the heart must bear,
Before celestial glories it shall share.

A few more suns will rise on all, then wane—
The dawn be welcomed, then dark night again—
The cross be borne—'twill lift me to the sky—
A crown from God complete the whole on high!

THE LITTLE ISHMAELITE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"MARTIN! Martin!"

The boy rushed down the hill without paying the slightest attention to the summons, and the other returned to the school-room to report the ill-success of his errand.

I think as the creature dashed along, he had some wild purpose of running forever beyond the sight or knowledge of anybody who had ever known him; but as he came in sight of the familiar house, where he had been all his young life a sort of modern Ishmael, his feelings changed.

He turned toward it directly, flew up the pretty yard, and burst into the room where Mr. Walters was sitting with his young wife, exasperating the father to the last degree, and causing Mrs. Walters to spring quite from her chair, not having been accustomed to such theatrical surprises.

"Are you crazy, sir?" Mr. Walters began, grasping him by the collar of his jacket.

"You can beat me as quick as you like," shouted Martin, breathless between running and excitement. "Old Marshall tried to whale me, and I shied an inkstand at him—I always said I would, and I did—and then I flew out. I'm glad I did it! I wish I'd killed him—there! If you make me go back I'll run away."

By that time he had reached the point where his passion could only find vent in sobs; and as he was not a boy who cried easily, it was a very tumultuous proceeding indeed.

Mr. Walters grasped his collar more tightly; but his wife whispered,

"Let him go for the present. He is in no state either for talking or punishment."

"Go up to your room, sir," said Mr. Walters, pushing him away; "don't show your face again until I give you leave."

"You may just as well p—pound me n—now!" spluttered Martin. "I'll never say I'm sorry. I wish I had broke his head—I do!"

His wife's gentle, but firm pressure of his arm, restrained Mr. Walters, and he merely repeated his order to the boy, who tramped out in a still greater state of insane excitement.

"He is like a wild animal!" exclaimed Mr. Walters, after an instant's silence; "I don't know what to do with him. He will live to

be the disgrace of his whole family—a young Ishmaelite."

"As he is not eleven years old," she replied, quietly, "there is time enough for a good deal of change."

"I feel quite hopeless," said Mr. Walters, sitting down in his easy-chair. "He never was like any other children; Florence is as obedient as a girl can be; and there never was a sweeter child than Robby."

"After all, oughtn't one to have more sympathy for him on account of that unfortunate temperament? I always feel sorry for excitable children—I believe half their ill-doings proceed from that."

Mr. Walters looked at her in considerable astonishment. He understood what sympathy for a child in illness meant; but farther than that he had never gone.

"I don't quite understand," he said, rather coldly. "Do you mean that a child ought not to be punished when he has done wrong?"

"No; but I would rather allow him to go unreprieved than punish him once when he did not deserve it."

"I don't think he could be punished amiss," returned Mr. Walters, wrathfully. "Why, we have only been married a month, and has there been a day that he has not been guilty of some atrocity? He insulted you—he defied me—"

"My dear Howard, remember that, in all probability, some one had been filling his mind with all sorts of stories about step-mothers—to me his feeling appears by no means unnatural. You say yourself that he never seemed to love any one but his mother. I think I might have felt just as he did—I wasn't a good child myself, so you see I can understand him better."

She said this blushing and hesitating, fearful of interfering more than was her duty, yet conscious from all she had seen how totally the boy was mismanaged, and full of sympathy for his desolate condition.

"Why, it's not a week since he nearly killed Robby, by dropping a flower-pot on his head."

"But that was an accident—he was quite broken-hearted—"

"He was sullen and impertinent. I call his conduct fiendish!"

"I think you did not know the rose was one his mother had in her room," she said, gently.

"Martin loved it as if it had been human, I am sure."

"You give your own imagination to the boy. I don't believe he has any tender feelings."

Marian did not answer. She saw that just then she could do no good by pursuing the subject. It was not by argument that she would be able to bring about a better state of affairs where the boy was concerned.

Mr. Walters took several turns up and down the room by way of calming his irritation; then he said,

"What am I to do now? This is the third time Marshall has had trouble with him during this term."

Marian had seen Mr. Marshall several times, and she was too good a physiognomist not to have read his character. Tyrannical and prejudiced as only a man can be who has had scores of luckless boys under his control for good twenty years.

"Isn't it possible that it may sometimes be Mr. Marshall's fault?" she said.

"Upon my word, my dear, you will soon make that boy out the most ill-used creature on the face of the earth!"

She laughed a little.

"I first said that my sympathies always went with bad children—the fault of my organization."

She looked so pretty that Mr. Walters could not help feeling less irritated as he looked at her; and still he felt as if he would like to punish her for siding against him in any matter whatever.

"What would you advise me to do in this affair?" he asked.

"I do not like to advise," she said, hesitatingly; "I am strange here yet——"

"I will make a proposal to you, Marian."

"Let me hear it, Howard."

"You shall manage this affair entirely yourself. I won't say a word to Martin, and when Marshall comes to see me about him, you shall hear and answer."

It was the very thing she had wished, but which in her delicacy she would not have proposed.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"Perfectly so. I would like you to do it."

"I think you want to punish me," she said, smiling in his face with the expression which had at first stirred his rather unimpassionable nature.

He looked a little conscious—she had read

his feelings so correctly, but he attempted a faint remonstrance.

"Never mind," she said, "I don't blame you: perhaps I deserve it. But if you are serious, I am perfectly willing to undertake the settlement of the affair."

"I give you every privilege—but I warn you old Marshall is stiff and obstinate; and as for Martin, you might beat him till——"

"Howard!" she interrupted in consternation. "Do you suppose I would strike that boy?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a smile for her, and a frown of irritation when he thought of Martin.

"Do just as you please. I can't manage him, I am willing to acknowledge that."

"May I say one thing?"

"Well?"

"I believe he would be the better for a little less management;" and then, astonished at her own abruptness, she atoned for it in a way which no husband of a month could have resisted, even if her offence had been more heinous than it was.

They talked for some time longer, wandering a good way from the subject which had first engaged them. Then it was the hour for their early dinner, and, immediately after that, Mr. Walters was obliged to go out for several hours.

Marian armed herself with a plate of eatables and took her way up to Martin's room. The boy was busy among his little valuables. He had fully made his mind up to run away if forced to return to school.

"Martin," she said, when he did not look up, "I have brought you your dinner."

He raised his face—the first burst of passion was over. He was sullen and obstinate now—quite prepared to be misunderstood and harshly treated.

"I don't want any dinner," he replied; "I want to be let alone. When father wants to whip me he can call me down!"

"Your father is not going to whip you. He has gone out."

He looked up in astonishment, which quickly gave way to a paroxysm of rage.

"He means to have old Marshall do it!" he exclaimed, clenching his fists. "He shan't—I tell you he shan't! I'll kill him if he tries—I'll run away——"

He was quite incapable of farther expression. Marian waited quietly.

"Mr. Marshall is not to touch you, Martin."

"What is to be done then?"

"I am to settle the matter."

"You!" somewhat contemptuously. "Oh! if it's any satisfaction you can beat me—a woman's beating isn't much—you'll never have but one opportunity though."

"I am sure if you say anything ungentlemanly to me, Martin, you will be sorry when you think it over. There is no talk of punishing you—there is no necessity for speaking of the matter."

He stared at her, but she was occupied in arranging his dinner on the table, and did not appear conscious of his scrutiny.

"We'll take this clean napkin for a tablecloth," she said, pleasantly. "I have brought you your favorite pudding."

"I don't want——" he began; but she went on as if she had not heard him.

"If you have nothing on hand I wish you would do me a favor, Martin."

His features relaxed somewhat. It would have gone near to calm him, even in the first outbreak of rage, to have had any one ask a favor.

"What do you want?" he asked, more mildly than he was in the habit of addressing her.

"Robby is not very well, and I am going to take him out to drive. I wish you would go, for he gets tired sitting up, and it is hard work for me to hold him; you are so strong I know you won't mind it."

He brightened at once, although he looked utterly astonished.

"I'll go if you want me to," he said; "but I don't mean to get in your way."

"My dear boy, you never can! I had a little brother once who looked like you, and he died; you can understand that I love you for that."

"Why, Mrs. Marshall said all step-mothers hated their husbands' children—she said you'd soon settle me."

"Just let me see you settle your dinner first. Mrs. Marshall will get an indigestion one of these days if she says such ill-natured things."

Martin laughed heartily at that; and though half an hour before he had arranged in his mind a plan of deliberate starvation or sudden escape, he sat down and made a very comfortable meal, while Marian hovered about talking pleasantly all the while.

"I thought I was going to be shut up," he said, abruptly.

"Now, Martin," she returned, "don't let's think of any trouble all the afternoon—we want a pleasant drive. Nobody is going to lecture you. Some time, if you feel like it, you shall tell me the whole story, and we'll see if we can't get nicely out of the business. I must go

and find Robby—I want to start in about an hour. Oh! Martin, I do wish you would pick a nice bouquet of roses—we'll leave them for old Mrs. Anderson, she is sick, you know."

Then she ran out of the room and left Martin in a state of complete bewilderment; but without waiting to ponder upon the singular turn matters had taken, he rushed off to depopulate the rose-bushes without the slightest scruple.

They had a pleasant drive, and found old Mrs. Anderson so much better that they staid for tea with her, and went driving home through the June sunset on the best possible terms with each other.

Martin Walters' short life is easily understood, even from the little sketch I have given of that one day. His mother had died several years before, and he had scrambled up as best he could until he reached the present time—misunderstood and severely treated by his father—the terror of the servants, and the pet aversion of old Marshall, who had done more than anybody toward injuring his disposition.

He was undoubtedly a bad boy; his worst fault was his passionate temper. As for the endless mischief he got into, that would not have counted so much with sensible and patient people.

Mr. Walters was as wrong in his ideas of bringing up children as are nine people out of ten. He got along very well with Florence and Robby, for they were rather proper little persons than otherwise; but the "baddish boy" was entirely beyond him, and he had long since got in the habit of regarding him as the most unbearable fledgling that ever troubled a well regulated nest.

When he met and fell in love with Marian Duncan, he had talked to her a great deal about Martin, for he would not willingly have deceived her, in any respect; and she, with her clear-sightedness, understood the boy more thoroughly without ever having seen him, than did the father who had been near to him all his life.

She did not find Martin at all disposed to be friends with her. He regarded a step-mother as the crowning evil of his existence, and showed it very plainly in a way that brought his father's wrath upon his devoted head in less than three days after her arrival in her new home.

Little Robb clung to her from the first, and Florence, after her fortnight's holiday, went back to boarding-school perfectly charmed with her new mother.

Now it remained to be seen how she could manage Martin, since Mr. Walters had shifted

off all responsibility, at least as far as settling the matter in hand was concerned.

Before she went to bed that night, Martin had told her the whole story of his own accord, having already discovered that, however justice might oblige her to decide, her prejudices were in his favor.

It turned out just as she expected; except in the matter of throwing the inkstand, the boy was not to blame. He had refused to expose a comrade. Marshall had not been content with telling him, before the school, that he was a disgrace to his family, a young reprobate who would meet a bad end; but he tried to knock him down with his ferule when his temper was excited by the boy's silence. Then Martin shied the inkstand and flew out of the place. I hope parents won't think I mean to hold up bad examples to their children, but, upon my word, I would have done the very same thing, and never have been sorry for it either.

Such books as *Jane Eyre* and *Nicholas Nickleby* have exposed the abominations of a certain class of schools; but we have in our own country many and many a popular boarding-school, where there is established a system of tyranny that would tell very badly were it fully exposed.

Marian was determined at least that the boy should not again be placed under Mr. Marshall's charge, even if he was willing to receive him; for she felt confident that the resolute creature would run away from his home if forced to go back.

When the old teacher called the next evening to give his account to Mr. Walters, he was quite astonished at being received by his wife, who very plainly told him that whatever Martin's faults might be, it was quite evident he had increased them by his injudicious management. He stared at her in utter surprise and undisguised anger.

"I have been at the head of a school for more years than you have lived, ma'am, and nobody ever talked to me in this way before."

"Possibly it would have been better if some one had," she answered, quietly. "I do not suppose you intend to be a tyrant; but you must know that pulling a boy about the room by the hair, or calling him insulting names, is not likely to have a very beneficial effect upon his character."

"I didn't come here to be lectured, ma'am," he said, getting very red and pompous. "I came to tell Mr. Walters how his son had misbehaved, and to see that he was punished."

"That, sir, permit me to say, you will not

have the pleasure of witnessing. Martin will not be punished."

He shoved his glasses back and glared at her. "Then he can't come in my school again, ma'am. No, ma'am, don't hope it—don't hope it."

"I never intend that he shall, Mr. Marshall." "He'll disgrace you, ma'am. You'll live to repent this, and I shall be glad of it!"

"Sir," returned Marian, "is it wonderful that a boy like Martin should give way to his temper, when a man of your age forgets himself so much as to speak as you have done?"

He tried to calm himself a little, but it was hard work—the old Trojan was unaccustomed to such self-control. The truth was, he would have liked to see Martin punished and sent back to school. He neither wished to lose the money or his sway over the boy, whom he had never been able to conquer.

"I have been severe with Martin only for his own good," he said; "that is my rule with all boys."

"To be severe, Mr. Marshall?"

"No, ma'am—no, ma'am, to act for their good! Martin is the worst boy I ever had in my school without exception. He's a young reprobate—a——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Marshall, I am not partial to such language—pray confine it to your pupils. I think we have nothing more to say upon this subject."

She was so perfectly calm and self-possessed that it added fuel to his rage.

"Then Martin is expelled," he said, violently. "I beg your pardon; I informed you that we did not intend to allow him to return."

"I shall expel him, ma'am, to-morrow morning, publicly, before all the school."

"Then, sir, Mr. Walters will make it known still more publicly that it was a bit of revenge, on your part, because he had taken his son from your charge. I think you had better let the matter rest. Were this affair made public, it would not reflect very much to your credit."

She would not continue the discussion, so he blustered out of the house, leaving Marian quite mistress of the position. Mr. Marshall did not fulfill his threat; but his wife solaced herself by abusing the boy and Marian both to everybody who had the patience to listen.

"Well," said Mr. Walters, "and what do you propose to do with the young rascal now?"

"Put him in a school where he will be treated as a human being should," she replied. "If you follow my advice, you will give him a fortnight's complete holiday. It seems the child

hasn't had one in an age, for, during the last vacation, you kept him constantly at his books."

"He was so full of tricks and mischief there was no living with him else."

"I should think there would have been no living with him after that. Why, I should have detested the sight of a book for ten years after."

Mr. Walters was vexed, but he laughed in spite of himself.

"You have the most singular theories, Marian! I am curious to see how they will answer when carried into practice."

"You acknowledge that your method has had no beneficial effect upon Martin?"

"Indeed I do! Oh! go your own way. I give him up to you."

"You must give him two weeks' peace; don't frown every time he enters the room noisily, or look as if he had been guilty of a capital offence, when he commits some boyish rudeness or folly."

"You are a dear woman, Marian—Martin will never be grateful enough to you."

"I beg you won't repeat that unless you wish him to hate me forever. It would be nearly as judicious as Mrs. Marshall's holding before his eyes the phantom of a step-mother, with instruments of torture in one hand, and the key of a dungeon in the other. Upon my word, I have no patience with those people!"

It was something so new for Mr. Walters to hear any one defending Martin, or to think that it could by any possibility be right to do so, that he was quite at a loss what to say.

"Well, my dear," he said, as he left the room, "I only hope your patience won't give out before the fortnight is over."

"If it does, I give you permission to be heartily ashamed of me. Good-by."

He kissed her and went off to his business, probably thinking more of the charming wife he had found than of his duty toward his son. But Marian did not forget. She had not married without a full realization of all she was undertaking, and she vowed that nothing should make her falter in the path which she had marked out as right and holy.

She went into the garden where Martin was tasting the sweets of freedom among the roses; the very love the boy had for beautiful things would have encouraged anybody who had the thoughtfulness of an oyster.

He started when she called him. He had acquired that habit so painful to see in a child from constant lectures and unexpected cuffs—he thought one or the other must be coming when any one spoke quickly. There was plea-

sant assurance in Marian's face though, and he came toward her directly.

"Martin," she said, "you and I are going to have a fortnight's holiday. Now, how shall we spend it?"

"Ain't I going back to school?" he asked, eagerly.

"No. You are going to have a holiday, and after that, perhaps, you would like to go off to a nice school where a little cousin of mine is?"

"Does he get beaten?"

"I hope he never deserves it."

"Oh! that never makes any difference to old Marshall——"

He understood the grave expression of Marian's face and stopped, covered with blushes.

"I won't speak so again," he said. "You said it wasn't like a gentleman."

She stooped and kissed his forehead. It was a caress he was mighty little accustomed to; but he received it with a very contented air.

"May I call you mother?" he whispered.

"Whenever you love me enough," she answered.

"I think my other mother would like it," he said, with seriousness, which was a side of his character seldom betrayed. "You are very good to me. I'll try not to be bad."

She drew him toward her, and I believe the prayer that rose in her heart was heard—that they might both be enabled to act aright in what lay before them.

Well, all that was very pretty and very pleasant; but revolutions don't take place in a day, and in less than twenty-four hours Martin's demon needed to be again exorcised.

"There! Marian, do you hear that noise?" said Mr. Walters, looking up from his book. "Martin has broken loose. Attend to the matter yourself. I shan't interfere."

She went into the hall. Martin was raving at one of the servants.

"Mr. Martin has thrown a bowl of water over me, ma'am, because I didn't bring it quick enough," said the woman, who had been for years in the family.

"Then let Mr. Martin bring water for himself in future. You may go back to your sewing."

Martin stood silent in the landing. He expected to be punished, and he was getting up his obstinacy as fast as possible; but Marian walked back into the parlor without even looking at him.

"What have you done with him?" asked Mr. Walters.

"Left him just where he was."

"How do you mean to punish him?"

"By making him ashamed of behaving in an ungentlemanly manner."

Martin confined himself to his room for several hours. At last he espied his mother and Rob in the garden, and made bold to get out near them.

Robby called him, but Marian did not appear to notice that he was there.

"Mamma and I be's going to walk, Marty," said the child. "You want to go?"

"May I?" he asked of Marian.

"You have forgotten something; you must attend to it first."

"What, mamma?"

"To beg old nursy's pardon for being so rude."

He pouted. She took Robby's hand and turned away.

"I can only have little gentlemen about me," was all she added.

She returned with Rob to the house for his cap, and Martin stood still. It was a hard struggle. He had never humbled himself in his life. Marian might have beaten him to a jelly, and he would not have yielded—but that appeal he could not withstand.

He tore into the house, upsetting a hall chair, and eliciting a groan of horror from Mr. Walters, and rushed up stairs, where Marian was giving the old woman some directions about her sewing.

"Wait a minute, mamma!" he cried. "Oh! Gracey, I beg your pardon! I never will be so bad again." And with that he hid his face in his mother's gown.

"What is the matter now?" Mr. Walters asked, as Marian went down stairs.

"Only that Martin has achieved a triumph you or I might be proud of. He has conquered himself."

I really believe that was one of the happiest days in Martin's life.

I dare say you will think all these details very trivial and uninteresting, but, after all, I only set out to give you a sketch of this season in the child's life; so I do not know that it is in my power to make it other than it is.

The fortnight passed very pleasantly on the whole. I don't think, on an average, that Martin got in more than one scrape each day. Thanks to his mother's judicious management, he came out of them in a different manner from anything in his past experience.

He was so full of life and spirits that it was impossible for him to keep out of mischief; but he was not a coward, consequently his word

could be depended upon. So Marian was as hopeful and courageous as possible.

At the end of the time Marian took him herself to the school she had found for him, and confided him to the charge of a man fit to be at the head of an institution for the young.

She did not tell the principal that she was putting under his charge a boy stubborn and unmanageable as a mule, as I have known judicious parents to do; she insisted upon it that her boy should be treated as a reasonable being, and Mr. Carson luckily had discernment enough to understand the proper way of controlling a child of his peculiar disposition.

Martin was quite heart-broken at parting with his mother, and she was inexpressibly touched when he whispered in her ear:

"Make papa love me a little against I come home, won't you, mamma?"

The child could have said nothing which proved more plainly the desolation of his life before she brought the sunshine of her influence to bear upon his fate.

She repeated his words to Mr. Walters, when she reached home, adding nothing thereto. It began to dawn upon his mind that, between himself and old Marshall, the only wonder was the boy had not been completely ruined.

He came home, at the end of a year, so healthy and robust, that it was a pleasure to see him.

"I haven't been in a temper for two months, mother," he said; "and Mr. Carson treats me just as you do. I think I'll be pretty good yet."

He got on much better with his father than ever before, although he still held him in such awe that he never appeared at ease in his presence, and he distressed Mr. Walters somewhat by his boisterous ways. I am sorry to say the boy could not be quiet, and his father was as intolerant of noise, as most people who forget they were once children themselves.

So time passed on. When Martin returned home again, there was a little baby sister for him to welcome, and he seemed to consider her the most remarkable baby that was ever seen.

"Do you think you will love me as well now," mother?" he asked, in one of their confidential chats.

"I shall love you better," she answered; "because you are so much older than your sister that, if anything happened to your father or me, I should look to you as her guardian and protector."

That was enough for Martin. Few things in life would be as dear to his heart as that sister.

Ah! Marian was a wise woman! If our households only contained more like her—human nature would be greatly benefited.

When little Lizzie was nearly three years old and Martin fifteen, he had an opportunity of proving his devotion to the child, and of drawing still closer, if possible, the bonds which united him to his mother.

Marian and Mr. Walters had gone out to drive, and Martin was absent too, so that the child was left in the care of her nurse. How it happened, nobody ever exactly knew. The girl had always been faithful and kind, but the child got out of her sight while they were in the fields. Probably she fell asleep. At all events, when she called Lizzie, who had been playing among the flowers, there was no answer—the child was gone.

She was quite frantic with alarm, and lost more time in shrieking than was at all advisable, uncertain which way to run—so starting in half a dozen directions only to return to her original stand-point and get off a few more superfluous shrieks.

Martin had been up in the woods, with his sketch-book, and, tired of that, he was making his way down toward the river to try his luck with hook and line.

Susan's screams roused him, and he hurried toward her, crying out,

"What is it? What is it?"

She could hardly ejaculate. She gasped:

"Lizzie—lost!"

He fairly shook her in his fear and agony.

"Where is she? What do you mean?"

"She's gone! I can't find her—oh!—oh!"

For an instant he stood paralyzed by the dread which came over him. His quick mind took in the truth at once. Only a day before she had begged him to take her down to the river, being mightily enamored of the bright pebbles along the banks.

Only while the first horror of the thought flashed through his mind did he stand thus. He dropped Susan's arm, and, with a groan at his heart which could find no echo from his compressed lips, he flew toward the river.

The stream was not wide, but very deep. Where he would come out upon it was just

where the highway crossed it by means of a stone bridge.

It seemed to him that he should never reach the stream. He saw it shining—heard its tumultuous murmur, and, though he strained every nerve, it appeared to him that he did not move. He tried to call the child's name—he had no power—he could only rush on in that desperate race, which some instinct told him was run against death.

He reached the bank—just under the bridge he saw the flutter of white garments. With one desperate bound he leaped into the water and caught the child's dress as she was floating down the current.

The water ran so swift that he lost his footing in a breath. How he did it he never could tell. He got the child on his shoulders—he managed to swim out of the eddy, although he was terribly exhausted by his long run. He reached the bank and fell almost senseless by the side of his sister, who was only suffering from fright and the coldness of her bath.

At that instant Mr. Walters and his wife drove over the bridge. Marian looked down and saw the pair—she gave one cry which roused her husband. Before they could spring from the carriage and reach the spot, Martin had heard and seen them.

He caught Lizzie in his arms and staggered up the bank, crying,

"She's safe, mother—she's safe!"

By this time the nurse had reached the spot, and between them they managed to explain.

It would be difficult to tell what anybody did during the next few moments—temporary insanity is quite excusable after such a scene. But when they reached home—when Marian could realize that her darlings were safe—sitting with Lizzie on her knee and Martin's arms about her neck, then she could think and feel.

"Oh, Howard!" she exclaimed, "if I had not done my duty by your child, mine would have been lost to me to-day! If he had been punished and had run away, think what a retribution it would have been to me."

There was no answer—there could be none; but during his after life the father never forgot those words.

VERSES.

A SONG these weary times? My restless pen
Seems dipped in human blood, and ever when
I strive a song to write, I hear from 'far
The words, "Not yet, not yet!" The notes of war
Are sounding now, and every loyal heart

Must beat, drum-like, to music's higher art!
Oh! Liberty! for thee we humbly plead;
For thee our bravest ones go forth to bleed
And die! Yes, die, and shout with dying breath,
"God, give us Liberty, or give us death!" L. L.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF MIRIAM GREY.

BY MISS M. D. BARTLES.

THE country parson says that "very much of the pain and disappointment of life are connected with the post-office," a truth I might heartily have endorsed for the six weeks after Maggie's departure. But at last it came, the little white-winged messenger I had so longed for, so waited for, was placed in my hands. Yes, there was my letter finally! It lay before me in all its purity and beauty, unopened. I write in this wise because it seemed to me that everything must be pure and beautiful that came from Maggie Wentworth's hands. The address, written in those clear, graceful characters—the tiny seal bearing the impress of Maggie's initials. Ah! It all brought her before me so forcibly that I wept over its snowy surface in very joy.

"How silly!" my readers may exclaim, "to cry over a letter."

But I had loved Maggie Wentworth with all the fullness of a sister's love. Through the long summer months had we been together, until autumn came and Maggie returned to her city home, and I was left, oh! so lonely without her. The blue eyes from the little picture over the mantle are bent lovingly on me as I write. The soft brown hair arranged simply behind the small ears, and gathered in a rich knot behind—a style very trying to most persons, but singularly becoming to Maggie's delicate, yet clearly cut features. But it was after all the expression, or rather the ever varying expression, that was the charm of that dear face. Ah! seldom have I met with one as loving, or as full of winning sweetness. But am I not digressing? My letter ran thus:

New York, October 8th, 186—.

"DEAREST MIRIAM—I have been waiting and waiting for a leisure half-hour to write you *such* a long letter when I was not too tired, but that I have given up entirely; and I now devote ten minutes to tell you that I do not forget you, but love you, if possible, still more now that we are separated. It is late—after eleven—and Annie is fast asleep while I write, and that reminds me I must tell you the great piece of news. Sister Annie is to be married in three weeks, and consequently we are in *such* a bustle. Mamma is dreadfully hurried, and thinks she

never will accomplish half she has to do. But Mr. Laurentz (my future brother-in-law) is positive. He has to leave for Europe about the thirtieth, and Annie must go with him. But oh! Miriam, what surprises me most is Annie's indifference. She never seems waked up to any degree of enthusiasm, unless it is over an unusually elegant dress, a camel's hair shawl, a set of jewels, or some of the *et ceteras* of her bridal outfit. You must know Mr. Laurentz is very rich, 'immensely so,' mamma says. Annie says not so much about his wealth—but, after all, she may be happy in her way. But it is not, oh! Miriam, it cannot, cannot be the true happiness that makes one satisfied with such things as these. Yet, Miriam, I am afraid you will think I am as foolish as ever, when I tell you that if I was going to be married, I should be perfectly wild about my future husband, not so calm and quiet as Annie. If a servant comes up to tell her Mr. Laurentz is in the parlor, she does not spring up as I should do, and go almost flying down stairs to meet him. No! The color does not even deepen on her cheek; but she walks deliberately to the mirror to give a finishing touch to her toilet before leaving the room. I write to you, Miriam, as I would talk, for the fear that trembles at my heart. Perhaps I am wrong, but Annie is my darling sister. Oh! how miserably I feel when I think of her going away. It seems pleasant to be at home again when we *are* here, and not shopping, for that is the chief occupation of mamma, Annie, and myself, and such a feeling of sadness is mingled with it all. You must come on to the wedding, Miriam. I am to be bridesmaid with three other particular friends of Annie's. My ten minutes have passed away—Annie is calling—and I must finish, for the morning of the Sabbath will soon dawn. Ah! Miriam, you have not forgotten, I know, the pleasant Sabbaths at L—, when Howard Mason was with us. The last night before his departure, do you remember how faithfully he talked to me of the future? Can I forget his warning? I wept bitterly, Miriam; but I do not think he was aware of my tears. The moon-rays glimmering down among the leaves of the trumpet-creeper did not reach my face. And oh! Miriam, darling, I may confess

to you now what I could not tell you then, that I feared Howard Mason was becoming far too dear to me—but no; I fear the treasure of his love is not for me. I am not worthy of one so good; but my letter is becoming a long one after all, and Annie is again calling. Good-night, dear Miriam.

Your loving
MAGGIE."

My letter was folded with quiet hands, and I sat long, long in the autumn twilight thinking. The latter sentences had given me a new revelation of Maggie's heart, and as I read my own grew stilled in its beatings. The shadows lengthened in my room, the darkness deepened, and twilight was merged in night. There was no moon to lighten and make beautiful the still bright robe of nature. I remember how it seemed to me like my life, my future, the night without a fit type of the darkness that enwrapped my spirit. No moon to rise with its rays of splendor to gild the days before me with brightness; not even a little star to send its silvery, tiny ray of light to shine for me—but all darkness, darkness. And yet even then I felt the sinfulness of such thoughts, though I did not think of the nobleness of the joy of living and of walking in the path of duty, and waiting for the light, not marking out our own lot too surely. Ah! is it not there we err too often? Rough-hewing our own ways, Divine Guidance all unasked? Oh! the long, long hours of that night time! how slowly they passed away. The past! It rose before me as a spectre to mock me with its hours of gladness. The first time I had seen Howard Mason, (who had been for years under the guardianship of my father,) how I loved him then, and how I loved him still—with a love that had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength! Hardly before had I been aware of its depth, its intensity; and then the image of Maggie Wentworth rose before me so pure, so lovely—ah! so much more pure and lovely than I. Should I grant her the misery I now was experiencing? For I believed then that Maggie Wentworth loved Howard with a deeper love than she had written of. Many things before passed, oh! it seemed to me willfully passed unheeded by, arose before me to confirm the thought. "And did he love her?" Ah! the spirit of unrest left me then—almost the power of thought, and I grew calm—but it was the calmness of despair. And yet I could not tell. He had been as kind, during her visit to me, even more attentive to her—but the thought, oh! the happiness and joy that seemed to flood my heart. Life hath not many such golden mo-

ments, and they are quickly told. Then searching back once more in the past, I remembered how he had listened to her singing, for Maggie's voice was almost unrivaled for its sweetness and power, and the way in which he had thanked her for singing his favorite tunes. Oh! I could recall much, much that woke me from my brief dream. But it was not till hours had passed, and the first gray strip of dawn grew visible in the East, I yielded to the still small voice of conscience. Then I battled in my own strength no longer; but when I rose from my knees a holy calm rested on my spirit, and I tremblingly trusted that my love for Howard Mason, as the deep, absorbing passion it had been, had passed away forever.

In a few days I received cards for Annie Wentworth's wedding, and a note from Mrs. Wentworth, begging me to make her house my home during my stay in the city. It would not inconvenience her, she wrote, and Maggie would be delighted. Circumstances prevented me from complying with Mrs. Wentworth's request, and I arrived in New York, weary and travel-worn, only the night before the appointed day. I was longing to see Maggie, but preferred to stop at aunt Kate's on Fourth street. The gas was already lighted in parlor and basement when the carriage stopped at the door. Aunt Kate welcomed me warmly, thanking me for coming there instead of first going to the Wentworths, as she had expected. I had scarcely time to make myself presentable before the dinner bell rang. Cousin Louise was absent from the table, and, in reply to my inquiries, aunt Kate informed me she was spending the evening with Annie. "You know what intimate friends Annie Wentworth and Louise are;" and she added, "Louise is to be second bridesmaid, Maggie, of course, first, Eloise Bryant and Laura Jennings the other two. This wedding, Miriam, is creating quite a *furor*. There are over six hundred invitations out for the reception. B— has the charge of everything, and I expect it will go off in grand style. The presents, especially those from Laurentz's friends, will cost mints of money. But I am forgetting to ask after the friends at Leighton?"

Oh! how rejoiced I was at an early hour to escape to my room and seek quiet and repose. Repose indeed I sought, but did not find; for the fatigue of the day had not left my head quiet enough to charm the gentle spirit of sleep, and I was thinking of Maggie. She was, if possible, endeared yet more to me by the measure of self-abnegation through which I had passed. How I longed to see her once more,

and happy that not many rods now separated her from me. I think no sacrifice where self is concerned, should pass without causing the fountains of human kindness and love to flow more freely. The clock had struck ten—then the half-hour when the door bell rang, and in five minutes Louise was with me. "Oh! how delighted I am, Miriam; I told Reynolds to drive directly back to the Wentworths, to let Maggie know you had arrived. She has worried so to-day because she feared you were not coming. But how tired and weary you look! Are you ill, dear Miriam?" Louise's usual staidness of mien had quite departed; for Louise Warner was called proud and distant by the world that ever judgeth by the outward seeming; but I had sometimes thought her manner was natural, and did not by any means proceed from coldness of heart. How radiant she looked as she threw aside her carriage wrap, and put back the glossy black hair from her brow! The eyes dark and lustrous—the clear contrast of color in her face; yes, Louise had grown handsomer than ever during the past season.

"No," I replied, as she awaited my answer; "only a little overfatigued from my journey. But tell me of Maggie. Is she well and happy?"

"Oh! yes, well and happy, I believe; excepting, of course, her sorrow at parting with Annie. Yet," she continued, slowly unclasping her diamond bracelet, "now I think of it, Miriam, Maggie is a shade more sober of late; but she is a dear little creature—is she not?—and so lovely! And Annie—Annie Laurentz, as we have teasingly called her all day—is a dear girl too. But their styles are very different. I really regret to part with Annie. We were at school together, and have been intimate ever since. Oh! Miriam," she exclaimed, springing up; "wouldn't you like to see my dress? It's a perfect beauty!"

"Now, Louise," said aunt Kate, at that moment entering, "go directly to your room and retire, that you may have a little freshness to-morrow, while I bathe Miriam's head. She is not to see your dress to-night, or to be disturbed again on any pretext."

Louise gathered up her cloak and jewelry, and, with a "Good-night" kiss, left me, while aunt Kate's fingers, with their soothing ministry, did their work: and I fell asleep, thinking gratefully of their kindness, and thankful, I trust, to One, to whom, if we but give ourselves up, and submit to His guidance, will bring us at last to rest eternal.

It was late when I awoke the next morning.

The sun came in goldenly, for it was shining in full splendor on that bright October day; the gentle breeze stirred the lace curtains, for the window was partly raised. Kind hands had been at work for me, I could plainly see; for my wrapper was placed over the lounging-chair, and my slippers rested cozily side by side on the carpet. Even the dress to be worn later in the day was unpacked. The cool morning, though it may not have had the bracing properties of that which blew over the hills of Leighton, seemed to revive me; yet the mirror told me I still looked pale and ill. Oh! these morning-wakings! How should our hearts be lifted up in thankfulness, in praise to Him, "whose mercy lends us one day more," instead of being killed, almost immediately, with the cares, the sorrows, or the joys of life. Should we neglect to thank the Giver while enjoying the gift?

I was just fastening the cord of my wrapper, as a servant came to the door with a message from Louise and flowers. Oh! such beautiful flowers! They seemed to fill the air with fragrance as she entered. "Miss Louise hoped I was better. She was now under the hairdresser's hands, and did not know as she would have a moment to look in upon me, as she must be at the Wentworths' at eleven o'clock, and it was already after ten. Would I accept the flowers, as she had ordered them expressly for me?"

Besides the bouquet, there were flowers for my hair and corsage sufficient.

"How kind of Louise," I murmured, as I descended to the breakfast-room, "to remember me thus!"

The ceremony was to be performed privately, at twelve, with only the relatives and bridal party present. The reception lasted from one until three. As we drove up the avenue, for blocks this side of the Wentworths' residence, the street was lined with carriages. B—himself stood ready to open our carriage door, and the band were playing as we entered. Declining to go up stairs, as we had left our wraps in the carriage, I accepted the arm of a gentleman who met me at the door, and followed uncle and aunt Warner into the parlors. Daylight was excluded, and the gas was burning with mellowed radiance, turning day into night within.

Asking my name, in order to introduce me, the gentleman beside me awaited the opportunity to approach the bride. The music, the confused hum of voices, and the effort to listen, in order to reply, although mechanically, to the voice at my side, did not so fully occupy me but

that I sought eagerly for Maggie's face; but too many were before us just then. At last the ranks gave way, and we approached. Annie Laurentz, royally beautiful in her bridal robes, received the congratulations of the crowd with queen-like grace and dignity. For the moment I saw but her, as I addressed the stereotyped words that but half expressed the warm wishes of my heart toward her; but the clasp of the hand, and accompanying kiss, I trust, spoke more truly. The face of the first bridesmaid was turned from me, as she momentarily conversed with an elderly gentleman standing near. Yet I could but notice, as she moved more fully to my view, the blending of that rare ease and refinement of manner with which she met and responded to the greetings of her friends. The plain white silk and rich lace overdress, worn by the bridesmaids, became as well my Maggie, as the gleaming white satin her queenly sister. She was pale, paler even than the bride, and the lines of the mouth, when at rest, were far more quiet than of old. It took but little time to observe all this. After bowing to Mr. Laurentz, ere the gentleman near her moved away, Maggie, with a look of joy, a simply uttered "Miriam!" was clasped to my heart. But "demonstrations," perhaps, of this nature, are usually omitted at Fifth avenue weddings, and in five minutes more, having declined the escort of my attendant to the refreshment-room, I was leaning on uncle Warner's arm, and mingling with the crowd. We passed down the parlors, and I, at last, found a seat, while uncle and aunt Warner went to the adjoining room, where the table was spread, and waiters in abundance in attendance, listening to the notes of the "German Waltzes" with only partial heed, as the surging crowd swayed past me, and hearing little of the conversation around, till my attention was attracted by Miss Elliott, a lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance, asking, "Mr. Warner, can you tell me who that gentleman is, just now addressing the bride? I am sure he is very 'distinguished-looking,' though quite unknown to me." The lady swept past me, as she spoke, the rose-colored opera cloak dropping from her graceful shoulders. Wondering who could attract her attention—for she was the reigning belle in the circle in which the Wentworths moved—I looked toward the group. The gentleman had turned from the bride to the bridal train. I did not see his face, but I saw the countenance of Maggie Wentworth light up with an unwonted glow. I could almost see the trembling of the small, gloved hand that rested for a moment in his. My

heart beat no faster, as I passed up stairs with my uncle and aunt, who had rejoined me, but I grasped tighter the arm on which I was leaning, and a chill for a moment crept over me; but it was not long, and, by a great effort of will, I was soon as calm as before. Ah! yes, I knew that I must soon meet one who must read no emotion in my face at his coming, for Maggie would not fail to tell Howard Mason I was present. There was, I admit, for a moment, a wild wish to re-enter the carriage, and leave before he would see me, rather than meet him there; but that was quickly conquered, for I knew it was better thus.

I was bending over a set of jewels, in an upper room, where the bridal presents were displayed, trying to read ostensibly the donor's name upon the case, when I heard my aunt's voice near the door, in reply to Howard's words of greeting and inquiry for me. I did not raise my head till he stood beside me. It might be he held my hand a little longer than politeness required, as he bent on me a look that, at last, grew grave and anxious. It made me hesitate for a moment, but I said quickly, with a smile, "Howard, I am so glad to see you! This is quite an unexpected pleasure. I did not know that P——n could spare her students on such errands as this."

He did not reply for a moment. Then, without taking his eyes from my face, said,

"I was obliged to come down on business, and, happening to remember this was the day specified in Miss Wentworth's cards, I took advantage of the opportunity, hoping to meet you here, Miriam. But I almost regret it, for your white face hardly relieves your dress. Have you been ill, and they did not write me? Miriam, was this fair?" And he drew my arm tenderly within his own and led me to a seat near the window.

"Oh! not ill, Howard! Do not look so sober. I only came down from Leighton yesterday, and you know the journey is tedious, riding so far with but little rest. But, only look! Mrs. Laurentz's gifts are most splendid, are they not? What will she do with all these beautiful things, I wonder? And Maggie—you have seen her, Howard?—is most lovely to-day, is she not?"

"Yes," he answered, looking at me with an expression I cannot forget. I think he must have noticed I was not talking like myself, and, as I did not feel quite at ease, I soon after rose to go down.

The crowd was still great as we re-entered the parlors; for I did not wish to leave without bidding Annie "Good-by." But Maggie would

not hear of my going at all, and Mrs. Wentworth's voice joined with her daughter's in begging me to remain: and, having my trunk sent up from aunt Kate's, I could not resist Maggie's pleading, and consented. Finding a seat, in the corner of a sofa, I sat down to try and think calmly, for a few moments, after my friends had left. The crowd did not annoy me: I hardly thought of their presence. I was not feeling as well as in the morning, and yet, perhaps, was more happy. Temptation, in its most enchanting form, was assailing me; but conscience spoke, and—oh! how thankful I felt, then, that the great conflict was over and past! And yet, Howard's last words, at parting, had made me for the moment happy, indeed, and he had not left until I had promised to grant an interview. I say for a moment happy, then miserable; then a dreary longing for the time to come and pass filled my heart.

The bridal party and Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were to accompany Annie to the steamer, and I had appointed that hour for Howard to call. Maggie kissed me "Good-by" with a shade of sadness on her face, as she turned to her darling sister, and, throwing her arms around her, seemed to realize the great sorrow of their parting. Annie's hauteur was all gone now, for the whole family were in tears. Mr. Laurentz at last told them they could delay no longer, and rising, Annie placed her hand in his, and sank on his shoulder weeping afresh.

I had not before been thoroughly convinced that Annie loved her husband with all the wealth of a wife's affection; and I think that one act relieved Maggie's mind, as well as my own, of its hardly acknowledged suspicion.

At length they had all left. The servants were moving noiselessly about, turning down the gas here and there, and endeavoring to restore the house again to its wonted quiet and orderly arrangement. Requesting them to close the folding doors and leave the front parlor undisturbed for a time, I again sought my seat upon the sofa to rest and wait. No, not then, but first upon my knees, I looked up to Him who has promised to be us as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Howard Mason came and went. What passed at that interview I do not care to write. I knew that he felt in honor bound to marry me. It had been somehow (before I had known Maggie Wentworth), a sort of tacit understanding in the family, though in words he had never told me of his love. Ah! it required all my eloquence there to convince him I was right. That it was better we should be as brother and sister

than husband and wife; and to love me, oh! my heart went forth in the cry to love me still as a sister, for that love I had no wish to resign.

At last he promised, and, taking my hands within his own, kissed my brow, murmured over me a blessing, and departed.

Ah! that blessing! It rested like dew upon my spirit, for the storm had swept over me and was past, and I was, oh! so calmly happy, the sure reward of doing right is the inner peace that follows. When I had looked for strength I had sought aright.

Had I really believed that Howard's happiness was in my keeping, that his love was for me alone, I might have acted differently, I cannot tell. And yet he might not have known then that he loved Maggie—but I think he did love her even then.

I spent the greater part of the winter with Maggie; and as Annie returned in the spring to New York, Mrs. Wentworth permitted Maggie to accompany me home, and at our urgent request and Maggie's earnest pleading, she was to remain with us also during the summer.

Late in the spring Howard was ordained, and soon after called to the charge of a church in a neighboring city. His talents and eminent piety seemingly qualified him for the station, though still young.

But ere he left us, during the summer vacation, he had stood beside me one evening in the porch—I, sitting in the shadow of the great trumpet-creeper, even as Maggie had once sat—as he said very quietly,

"Miriam, I am going to ask Maggie Wentworth to become my wife."

I was not surprised, and, rising, said calmly, "She loves you, Howard. May God bless you both!" and passed into the house.

Reader, I have never regretted the sacrifice I made to ensure Maggie Wentworth's happiness. My path in life I knew then, I know now, was straightly marked out before me, and I am walking in it. My days flow on in their calm even-tide. My mirror tells me I grow but little older in appearance. My hair is still rich in its coloring, and my step has lost little, if any, of the elasticity of youth. My heart is filled with a quiet sense of happiness, which I know is the reward of duty performed, though it may be but imperfectly. The silver threads are mingling with my mother's hair; my father's step is less firm than of old, and his form more bowed. It is right that I, their only child, should minister now to their wants, who so faithfully ministered with loving hands to mine. It is their wish that I should mingle in society,

and I do it—though they are well satisfied that I do not leave my home for another while they live, as I have repeatedly told them I should not do. After that, should my life be spared, I leave the direction of my future course to the Disposer of all events, my Father above. The poor of our village I visit, and try while relieving, in a measure, their wants, to direct them to a home and a Saviour above. And when I see so much real misery, I feel that God has been most gracious to me, and that the “lines have indeed fallen to me in pleasant places.” And when the time of the singing of birds has come, and the country is clothed in beauty, and Maggie Mason and her husband come to our pleasant home; when I behold her bright face and hear the joyousness of her voice, I feel, oh! how thankful, that it has been my lot to avert the sorrow and anguish that might have been hers had I loved her less.

TWO HANDS.

BY PLINY EARLE.

Two hands, two gentle, tender hands,
Not dimpled, white, and fair,
And only slender, as they're worn
With pain, and toil, and care;
Not tinted like the pink sea-shell,
But brown, with purple veins—
Yet, oh! their touch is like the fall
Of blessed Summer rains.

Two hands, too loving, helpful hands,
That, wheresoe'er we stray,
Know how to gather all the flowers
That blossom by the way;
That do not heed, though wounding thorns
Beneath the fair leaves lie—
Though pierced and bleeding, still they bring
Their balm and fragrance nigh.

Two hands, whose brave and steady clasp
Is ever strong and true;
Though rough life's way, they ever find
The work that they can do.

Though dark life's hours with storms and clouds,
With hopeful eyes, and fond,
Those hands, uplifted through the gloom,
Reach toward the light beyond.

Uplifted through the shadows dark,
They bear the spirit's prayer—
Then, from the heights where such can go,
They earthward blessings bear.
Two hands that, when their work is done,
Fair angel hands will fold,
And place within their blessed clasp
A harp of shining gold.

When, on that bright and radiant shore,
And o'er the golden strands,
The music echoes from the strings,
Touched softly by those hands—
Ah! will it be less sweet because
On earth the hands were brown?
And will it be less bright because
They won the victor's crown?

HOPES AND FEARS.

BY CARRIE BARRETT BATESON.

Our youth was filled with hopes which glist'ning shone
Like diamonds in the sky;
But one by one their lights have paled and gone,
As year by year passed by.

We fancied joys hung round our pathway thick,
All ripe and luscious grown,
And we had but to reach our hands and pick,
To gain them for our own.

We gathered some—they withered in our hand—
Some were beyond our reach;
Some floated, like a ship, away from strand,
And left us on the beach.

The dim, uncertain scenes of earth grow clear,
As, one by one, within
The azure sky, the stars will disappear,
When daylight doth begin.

So melted out our hopes, we turned each way
Life's busy scenes to meet,

And faltered on the threshold of the day,
Our fears so clogged our feet.

They led us on from step to step—the good—
And pointed out the snares;
They showed the base on which the righteous stood,
Encompassed round with cares.

They showed how sorrows make our mission bright,
And toil, and strife, and pain;
And more—we saw affliction bleach to white,
Souls that were dark with stain.

We gathered now the spirit of the day,
'Twas to dethrone all wrong—
To battle for the truth where'er we may,
And make its fortress strong.

We felt no more ambitious ends or aim—
There was one field, one call
For every man: all working for the same
And one reward for all.

MRS. DR. JOHN'S STORY.

BY ELLA STANTON.

I WAS tired, worried, and overheated. Cross, as a natural consequence, and, of course, it was just then Dr. John took it into his head to come into the kitchen, although he had been to the house for five consecutive days to see his patient, as I knew, without once inquiring for me. The knowledge of this only deepened my vexation, and darkened the frown on my brow.

I dropped the sheet I was wringing out of the hot suds, and set him a chair.

"Good-morning!" he said, pleasantly, "anything new the matter?"

"No!" I answered, shortly. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought I saw a new wrinkle in your face," he replied, smiling.

"Oh! it isn't new troubles that bring them, so much as it is the old worries over and often repeated. Besides, I'm growing old!" And I went back to my washing.

In spite of the sigh which unconsciously accompanied my last remark, my tones repelled sympathy, and so the doctor understood it, for, taking a daily paper from his pocket, he leaned back in his chair and read, or pretended to. After watching him a little from the corners of my eyes, I was satisfied it was mere pretence; and, as I finished the last article I was washing, I said without preface,

"Dr. John, I am sorry I didn't take your advice!"

"About the millinery interest?" he asked, without raising his eyes, for he was a man of infinite tact, or rather discretion. Physicians learn it naturally in a sick-room; that is, if they are worth anything. He was—his weight in gold, as you shall see. He did not say, "I told you so," or obtrude any common-place words of sympathy, that would have driven me back to my own wretched self-communing, but waited patiently for my next remark.

"Yes," I said, wearily, "I'm a perfect slave here!"

"It is best for any one, a woman especially, to consider candidly before she gives up one situation for another, whether she is really about to benefit herself. You made as great a sacrifice of your freedom, selling out your millinery stock and coming to live here, as you

would have done had you married a perfect tyrant." A sunset flush passed over his face. I busied myself about the basket. I wondered if I had been right, if he really did know of the offer I had rejected when I made the disposal and sacrifice, as he termed it. Ah! he little knew how true it was.

"Yes," I said, "my life in my establishment was freedom compared with this drudgery. I liked my work—I was strong, healthy. Now my waist is spanable almost with my two hands, and see how thin my arm is! Don't I look like washing?"

"I heard the sound of the treadmill," he said, indicating the wash-board with a nod. "I have listened to your weary footsteps day after day, and pitied you without seeing how I could help it—at least in any way that you would consent."

Unmistakable commiseration of my wretched condition rested in the glance of his kind eyes on me. Soft pity smoothed out the lines in his face. The kind, true man! How I had misjudged him!

"I will consent to anything *you* can propose, anything you think fit and proper," said I, with a sudden return to the old time trust in Dr. John, "if you will wait till I hang up these clothes."

"Let Mrs. Myson hang up her own clothes!" he said, indignantly. "You were up all night watching, weren't you? Wasn't that enough without putting you to washing this morning? Sit down and listen to me?"

I wiped my hands and sat down, waiting patiently one, two, three minutes; but still the doctor was silent. He twisted his guard-chain into an incomprehensible knot, then set himself slowly and deliberately to undo it. And when this manœuvre was executed, he looked at his watch and compared it with the gossiping little clock on the mantle.

"After all—I don't know," he said, looking up, "but it might be as well for you to hang up the clothes. It isn't as late as I thought—only half-past nine. You have been expeditious in spite of your weariness." I took up the basket sadly and went out.

"No," I said, energetically, "it is impossible

to suggest anything that will alleviate my forlorn condition;" and my hopes, excited for an instant, fell into Arctic water, and froze immediately. I couldn't work very fast I was so utterly wretched, so it was some time before I returned to the house. There I found the doctor had set all the chairs in order, stiff and angular against the wall, and was just commencing operation with the broom.

"I thought I would help you," he said, in answer to my surprised exclamation. "Part of my project consists in your leaving this place immediately, and I knew everything would have to be arranged in perfect order before you would consent to this necessary and initiatory step."

"Leave this place!" Where was I to go? To the poor-house! My amazed look asked and obtained a partial answer.

"You are to go to see a patient of mine—with me. I have arranged it with Mrs. Myson. So, get your bonnet and shawl, I want to be off immediately." And I went without farther question.

The capacious two-wheeled vehicle—none of the little pill-boxes country doctors so much affect—held ample space for two, and whirled us miles away into the open country before I had recovered from my delight and amaze at the beauty of the October morning; for in the town the sun had dried up the rain of the night previous, and the streets were dry and dusty as ever. Out here the drops still glittered in by-places, and a cool breeze swept up the road as Dr. John slightly drew rein at the entrance to a grove of pines.

The eye was satiated with light and color, for the sun shone broadly, and the forest trees which lined the country road with their dark green frondage, lit up here and there with vivid flames, looked like the victims of an *auto da fe* going to their burning. The pines were a contrast, with their uniform color and dense shade.

"Heaven's peace over all!" said the doctor, breaking silence. "How tranquil the still serenity of these pines after the riotous bacchanal orgies of those walnuts and maples. It is like coming from some high carnival masquerade, and sitting down to read godly John Fletcher in the brooding firelight of home."

It was a picture of peace. The road was seldom traveled but by laden farm wagons; the silence of centuries dwelt in the tree-tops, and moved down the endless opening and closing vistas. A falling cone or nimble step of wood squirrel, making by contrast the silence more still, the stillness more profound.

The carriage rolled slowly over the path,

where scant grasses grew, the trees clasped hands above our heads, and dropped the gloom of night about us. I was growing forgetful of surroundings, inhaling the eternal perfume distilled from the pine's green tresses, "the garnered balm of iucense breathing morns." I grew intoxicated—it always affects me so, I cannot explain how, any more than I can why I should wake up crazed and almost gibbering, when the moon shines full upon me slumbering.

I thought it was having its effect upon the doctor too, he lapsed into silence—looked dumb, and lest we should both turn maniacs together, I ventured to waken him from his trance. The horse just then caught a glimpse of a sunshiny road discernible at the end of the grove, pricked up his ears and moved faster.

"Doctor," said I, "your patient will die before you get there!"

He looked down at me smiling, glanced at the trees on either side, shook himself free from fancies and replied,

"No; he is better! I came out to minister to a mind diseased, but I recollected the old adage, 'Physician, heal thyself,' and have been trying to get rid of a morbid growth of melancholy, which has weighed upon my spirits this 'year and many a day.' Retrospection is not in general good for heart complaints, but it has cured me, I think."

He smiled down at me again, cracked the whip at the pony's sense of hearing rather than at his hide, and we were whirled at our old pace out of the forest.

The sun shone down on the stubbled fields, sentinelled here and there with maples in Zouave uniforms of red and yellow, a gray old rock, plumed and bearded with moss, lifted his head like a tall grenadier in a distant meadow. Thistle down, silver winged and buoyant, floated away in the still air, some lazy winged swallows chirped and gossiped opinions about their Southern flight under the broken eaves of red farm houses. In the distance stood Merton, the village we had left, asleep in the sun, its walks and streets lined and guarded by the maples in their red array.

It looked so like tranquillity, repose alike for mind and body; I sighed thinking of the home which awaited me there. There was no help for it, but out of the very depths of despair seemed born a sort of courage which nerved me to take my fate into my own hands, to turn a destiny of quiet suffering by the alchemy of the will into the strength of hopeful endurance. But I would try first if there was a chance for daylight, down here in the shadows.

"Deeds are born of resistance," thought I, "passivity corrodes nerve like canker." So I spoke,

"Dr. John, two years ago you obtruded your advice, I thought; I resented the interference. But I see my error now. I wish I had followed a part of your counsels; if you have a plan for me, will you tell it me?"

"But you scorned my advice then, called me a perfect tyrant! What guarantee have I of better treatment now?"

"If I have hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns that have held no water, do not mock me, nor withhold a draught if you have it. Don't you see I am dying with the thirst of expectancy?" I clasped my hands nervously. "Oh! Dr. John, you do not know how much I need sympathy!"

"Poor child!" he said: "Jennie, I am going to do what I have always said no man with a proper self-respect would do. And nothing except the torture of seeing the woman I love undergo such treatment as you do, would ever have opened my lips again. Have your changed circumstances made you repent the decision of two years ago?"

"Selling my establishment? Yes."

"That was not what I meant," he said.

"As for the other part," I replied, "rather poverty, starvation, suffering of any kind than a marriage with one whom I cannot love, nor even esteem!"

He looked as if I had said enough, and I did speak strongly, for I was grieved and hurt. Did he not intimate in one breath that he loved me, and the next offer me that man as a relief from my self-imposed servitude?

"Jennie," he returned, in a subdued voice. "I wish you could find some one you considered worthy of your love. I was rash to arrogate so much to myself, but I hardly thought I had fallen so entirely from your respect!"

"Respect! for you, Dr. John! That is too cold a word. There is no earthly friend whom I reverence and value so highly; but not even my trust in you could make me love Everitt Ward."

"Everitt Ward! What has he to do with us?"

"I am sure I don't know," I replied. "When you advised me to marry him, two years ago, I told you it would be impossible for me to think of marrying such a perfect tyrant—I called *him* so, not you—and now this return to the charge is 'Ossa on Pelion piled!'"

"You are the most difficult case I have found yet to manage," the doctor said, subduing some

strong emotion. "You are laboring under a strange hallucination!"

"I think the same might be said of yourself!" I retorted.

"Perhaps so. And it is that which prompts me to undertake your restoration. 'Like cures like,' you know!"

"But," persisted I, "I will hear nothing of Everitt Ward!"

"You shall not from me. I am delegate for no man. What can you mean, Jennie?"

"That I rejected him two years ago. That I still more decidedly resent such interference now!" If I could only have got away! How hateful they all appeared to me!

"I don't understand yet, Jennie," the doctor said. "When your father died, and left you penniless, every one admired the strength of mind with which you threw scruples aside and set earnestly and resolutely to work. I don't know which was the strongest feeling with me, admiration, love, or pity; for I saw the motive, dear, and felt how useless your labor would be—for I knew Eb's extravagant habits pretty thoroughly. When he married, and I heard from his own lips that you thought of selling out and going to live with him, I could no longer keep silent. You know how I tried to dissuade you from it. It was then I asked you to come and live by my fireside, to be my cherished darling, as you had been my hope, my star. I remember I was a little exalted—rhapsodical, perhaps—but it seems you totally misunderstood me—thought I was proposing for Everitt Ward!"

"Then you were ignorant that he had worried me for a year with his suit; that Eb had tormented me with entreaties and expostulations; that, morning, noon, and night, I was subjected to the same persecutions, if not in words, in contemptuous silences. Then you joined with them, as I thought; for when you offered me a place, at some one's fireside, my thoughts went in the accustomed channel."

"Very ambiguous I must have been," said the doctor, leaning back and drawing a long breath. "I will be explicit for once. Dear Jennie, if you had then understood me, would your answer have been different? Is it different now?"

He dropped the reins, took both my hands, and looked at me with eyes which would not be denied.

I had prayed for sunlight. Here was heaven come down to earth again in a broad sweep of glory. It lit up the darkness, and opened the doors on the hidden secret of my heart. For

since when had I not loved Dr. John? He read the secret, I am sure, before I gave back glance for glance, heart answering to heart.

"I love you, Dr. John! I always have loved you! Will that do?"

How he answered I shall not tell you. The interest subsides when the battle is over, the victory complete. Besides, there was no room for heroics. Merton Broad street opened suddenly before us, and we were lost in the whirl and sweep of other vehicles. One little explanation I attempted.

"My property——"

"Is all swallowed up in Eb's speculations—I know, dear. Don't think about it."

Didn't I tell you he was kind and true? We both came to the conclusion that it would be better for me to return to my brother's house, though the doctor, in his indignation at the selfishness, which, not content with absorbing

my property, had made me—if not a "hewer of wood—a drawer of water," would have had me proceed immediately to a clergyman's house, and be married thence. But he yielded to my plea for having all things done "decently and in order." In the evening, the marriage ceremony was performed in the front parlor. Eb, sitting bolstered up to witness it, and his wife looking on with what feelings it is impossible to judge. They gave us good wishes and kind hopes for the future, which were repeated and reiterated by the whole of Merton, when they came to see us, next day, in our own home.

"And now," said Mrs. Dr. John, rising, "you wished to know how I came to marry the doctor, and I have told you my story. You asked, too, if I had ever repented the step? You must look to the doctor himself for answer to that question. There he comes, through the trees. Ask him!"

A L O N E.

BY MAUD MULLER.

Day after day I sit beside the window,
So lone and weary—weary of the light—
And number o'er and o'er the laggard moments,
And count the hours that slowly take their flight;
While ever, borne upon the moaning North-wind,
Sound weird-like wailings, as a spirit tone—
A wild refrain that thrills the trembling heart-strings,
And all the burden of its song—alone.

It was not thus, when last the year departed,
Ere Ralph—my blue-eyed Ralph—my pride, my all,
Heard in the bugle's blast and trumpet's clangor
That holy sound—his country's stirring call!
How could I keep him—and those thousands dying?
How could I love him—and his honor flown?
And so I sent him, though my heart was breaking,
And strove to still the voice that wailed—alone!

Long, long I waited for his coming footsteps,
And listened for the voice that still delayed—
Nor cometh more to chase these weird-like shadows—
'Tis ever thus—our hopes bloom but to fade!
They brought him to me when the leaves were falling,
But, ah! those lips gave back no answering tone,
The death-damp coldly lay upon his forehead—
Then, then how utterly I felt—alone!

Alone! alone! Ah me! this dreary blankness!
This gloom, thrown o'er my heart, no hand can lift!
These phantoms of the past that sit around me—
These clouds with not a single sunny rift!
But faith points smilingly beyond this darkness,
Where all these phantoms and these shadows flow—
Across the Silent Sea, where comes no parting—
Ah! there I shall no longer sing—alone—alone!

D E S P O N D E N T.

BY HENRY PUCK, JR.

FAREWELL! proud sun, once more!
Shall night thus always bring
Grim hints of strange old pain,
While bells of evening ring?

The morning had its light—
Its health—its scented rose;
And noon, all balmy, softly bright,
Had its own dear repose.

But now, quaint glooms do fall;
My serge-clad, spectre friend
Waves through the gray a dusky pall,
Obscuring day's sad end.

And so this heart and brain
About the past must cling,
(In memory, round some sweet refrain
That youth once tried to sing.)

Ah! all I ask is—rest!
The spangled Summer rain,
The loveliness of woman's breast,
Or music's richest strain—

If these would only go,
If aught would make those cease—
No shadow moving to and fro
Could haunt my evening's peace!

SUCH A PERFECT ICEBERG.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"Oh, Lizzie!"

May Paul's face, as she made this exclamation, was a study for a picture of entire discomfort, and this expression was faithfully supported by the shrug of her white shoulders and the gesture of her tiny hands. They were in evening dress, my heroine and her companion, and had evidently just sought their own room after a *soiree*. Little May, with her dancing black eyes, and piquant, saucy features, was a beautiful contrast to her tall, stately cousin, whose fair curls and pale, pure complexion served to heighten the effect of the little brunette's bloom and sprightliness.

"Oh, Lizzie! Ain't he fearful?"

"Who, Maily? We have seen some fifty gentlemen this evening, and now you ask me if he is not fearful. There was no one who terrified me much."

"I guess not indeed! Fancy your stately dignity bowing to anybody. Frighten *you*? Why, Lizzie, I believe if you had been in court in the time of the great Napoleon and had been presented, you would have calmly remarked that it was a fine evening, and shaken hands without a flutter"

"But, May, all this does not tell me who he is."

"Our cousin, of course. Oh! Lizzie, it is too horrible! The man will stay here a month, I know, for ma invited him to make our house his home. A month! Six weeks, perhaps!"

"But, May, you utterly astonish me. I think Charles the handsomest man I have ever seen."

"Handsome! The Apollo Belvidere is handsome in marble. One of these handsome men is about as warm as the other."

"He is perfectly well-bred."

"Now, Lizzie, if you praise him, I shall utterly detest him. Well-bred! When ma introduced him, he favored me with a bow in the Sir Charles Grandison style, and looked down upon me over his cravat, as if he actually wondered that I did not fall prostrate before his lordship's condescension! 'Do you dance?' said ma. 'Occasionally,' drawled his highness. 'Suppose you make this an occasion,' I suggested, and I was favored with another bow *a la* Mogul, and—"

"May, May, chatterbox, be still!" cried Lizzie. "Here is a handsome, gentlemanly cousin come to pass a few weeks with aunt Ada, and you storm at him as if he were—"

"Just what he is! An iceberg! And fresh from the North Pole at that."

"You may like him better to-morrow!"

"I won't! He and I are about as congenial as a humming-bird and a snow-ball!"

"Girls," said a voice at the door, "it is after three. Go to bed."

"It is Lizzie, mother, chattering so that I can't sleep one wink."

"Lizzie does all the chattering, when you are together," said Mrs. Paul, "I recognize her voice."

"Lizzie!" whispered May, "I'm going to bed, but I am convinced that I shall dream of ice-creams—lemon ice-creams with the sugar and cream omitted, and only iced acid left; that cousin of ours is such a perfect iceberg!"

Of whatever the bright little beauty dreamed, it did not keep her long asleep, for, at an early hour the next morning, Charles Raymond, looking in at the library door, saw this picture. A large arm-chair covered with a white knitted cover, and curled up on the seat a little figure in a crimson merino morning dress, with snowy collar and sleeves. Jetty curls lay against the white background, and black lashes swept over the glowing cheeks; in her lap, playing with an ivory cup and ball, held just out of reach, lay a white kitten, and May's clear voice coaxed it.

"Jump, kitty! jump! Catch it."

The warm firelight from an open grate played over the group, and Charles, looking with his cold, grave dignity upon it, formed a good offset to its warm light and merriment. Suddenly looking up, May saw her cousin. In an instant she put the kitten down and was on her feet.

"Good-morning, cousin Charles! Mamma is not down yet, so I must do the honors. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you!"

The measured tone, the grave bow, were but a poor return for her hearty, cordial greeting; but she thought:

"Let me see if he will thaw in the firelight."

"Do not let me interrupt your amusement," said Charles, quietly, glancing at the kitten."

May blushed, but she answered, "Kitty is a particular pet of mine. A sort of prophecy of single life, is it not, to love cats and parrots?"

"I never inquired into the subject!" was the reply, delivered with a careless gravity.

"No? How singular!" May was getting provoked. "There are so many interesting works extant upon it. Pray, occupy your leisure in reading them."

A dead silence followed this speech. Leaning wearily back in his chair, his eyes fixed on the fire, Charles did not seem to hear his cousin's voice. Piqued with his indifference, she would not speak again, but curling herself up lay looking at him. There was a gloomy sadness upon his fine face, and the shadow deepened as the moments crept on. Sometimes a heavy sigh escaped him, or he would pass his hand over his brow as if to dispel painful thought. The sight stirred all the woman in May's nature. For a long time she watched him in silence; then she rose and came softly to his side.

"You are troubled, cousin?" Such a low, sweet tone, so unlike any one he had heard before from her, startled him. He looked down at her as she stood beside him.

"Pardon me," he said, gently. "I was rude, I fear; but I have led for many years a secluded life, and I forget that reverie is not consistent with politeness."

"You are at home here, to dream or talk as your own wish dictates," said May, in the same sweet voice; "but I interrupted you because you looked so sad that it pained me."

"I am sorry, little one, that I troubled you," and he passed his arm round her and drew her near him, softly stroking her hair.

The action was so gently done, and his sad gravity made him appear so old contrasted with her sunny childishness, that May submitted to the caress in wondering silence.

"You will find me but a poor guest," he continued, "for I am, I fear, moody and wearisome."

"But, cousin, you will soon find that we are all cheerful, and you will let your sorrow rest while you are here."

"My sorrow rest," said Charles, bitterly, "never till the grave closes over my heart, stilled forever." The last two words were uttered in a low, deep tone, and he gently put May away and left the room.

She stood silent for a moment, and then whispered,

"I'm asleep! What a man! Was I ever embraced by a man before? Never! The wretch had the first clasp of my waist, and he took it

with the calmness of a patriarch. Gracious! Think of his magnificence smoothing my hair like a grandfather—and—what ails him? He is handsome; but what a world of sorrow there is in his eyes. I know! I've hit it! He's in love, and she won't have him! What an idiot she must be!"

The breakfast bell broke in upon May's musing at this point, and she shook off her gravity, and entered the room with a sunny smile for her parents and Lizzie.

As the days passed on, there began to be a significance in the look and tone of each member of the family, when they spoke of Charles and May. He sought her constantly, and there came over her bright face a serious expression that was not wont to rest there.

Her father said, "Charles is making a woman of our May," and the others smiled, as each concluded in her own mind, that the cousins were in love with each other.

It was far from the truth. Over May's heart was creeping softly a shadow that chilled and numbed it. In the morning she rose with the expectation of meeting her cousin, in the evening retired to think of him till she slept, and woke again, wondering and musing always of him. It was a strange influence he exerted over her. His low-toned voice and gentle hand seemed as if resting where they were for her, as if his heart found in her innocent, childlike presence a relief from some woe that haunted every lonely moment. Sometimes he read to her, or walked with her; but he sought her every hour. In the long winter evenings, as her voice sang for him, he would close his eyes and lay his head back, drinking in the sound, with a look of peacefulness that touched her deeply. Her bright, dashing songs were unheeded; but for him she sang Schubert's "Adieu," or other plaintive melodies, with a depth of expression that few would have expected from the gay little beauty. Three weeks of this intercourse had softened her voice, sobered her dancing step, and many times dimmed her eyes; yet this fascination was not love. Deep sympathy, wondering gentleness for the unknown sorrow—but not love.

They were together, one evening, in the library. Lizzie, Mr. and Mrs. Paul were at the opera, and the cousins were keeping house. May was seated on a low stool near the fire, and in the arm-chair beside her sat her cousin. As usual, his hand clasped hers, and her head rested on the arm of his chair.

"Maidy," he said, softly, "I am going away to-morrow; but, before I go, I must thank you

for the comfort you have been to me. I thought all was gone from my life but sorrow; but I now feel a new hope. A child's lips have told me great truths, and I bow my heart before her simple reverence. When you pointed out to me, day after day, with your pure Christian faith, the thousand blessings God strews before all, the opportunities for doing good, the many proofs that our heavenly Father did not doom any man to utter misery, I opened my closed heart to pray and hope."

"I, cousin? I never preached to you."

"Never! It was in little words dropped here and there, little frank attempts to comfort me. I will tell you my sorrow, May, and you may judge of your own work. It is eight years since I was happy. Then I was in Paradise, for a time—a little time—soon lost. I loved—I was loved again. I cannot talk about her, cousin, my promised wife—it is too hard even now. She loved me with a tender, confiding love, and I worshipped her. She was my idol, my faith, my hope! The day for our wedding was appointed, and the preparations almost completed, when, one day, my father came home in a strange state of excitement, rambling in his talk—and my life's horror began. He was insane! Then, and not till then, did I

learn that it was hereditary madness. There was but one course left for me. I wrote to Amy and told her all. She pardoned the involuntary deceit, but she loved me too well—she died a year later, broken-hearted. For five years I lived alone with my father, his nurse, and his keeper; then his weary burden of life ended, with a few weeks of sanity—my comfort for the sorrow before. All time now is filled with the haunting dread of the day when I, too, will feel the curse of the family; yet, with your gently sympathizing words in my heart, the time shall not be spent in idle repining. I am rich, alone, and what one man can do to lighten the burdens of his fellow-men, with God's help, I will accomplish. May my prayers for your welfare repay you for the blessing you have been to me!"

A long caress, a loving kiss printed on her forehead, and May was alone.

Years later, when a kind husband and loving children were May's portion, long letters from her cousin, toiling as a missionary among the poorest of the misery-haunted quarters of the large cities, told her how constant, prayerful work was changing a cold, gloomy man to the hopeful Christian laborer in good deeds.

LITTLE ALMA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Bosny and blythe is this daughter of mine!
"Household pet," "climbing rose," mamma's sunshine,
Such are the pet names we call her by now.
"Rosy-cheeked," "violet-eyed," "Parian brow."

Dear little creature! who, all the day long,
Cheers and beguiles with her joy and her song,
Thrilling it out, in her sweet infant measure:
"No place like home!" Oh! the beautiful treasure!
Sometimes I fear me an angel now waits,
To carry her up through the bright pearly gates;

Scarcely will I trust her away from my sight,
Guarding her fondly by day and by night.

Hardly three years is the age of our pet—
She knows all her letters, she does not forget;
With thimble and needle she sits in her chair,
And thinks Dolly's dress is quite out of repair.

A miniature woman, a sweet merry child—
Happy and thoughtful, submissive and mild;
'Tis a mother's fond heart. Is apology due
For thus loving her darling, and praising her, too?

SPRING.

BY GRACE GORDON.

A SONG for thee, oh, Spring!
Spring, with thy floating clouds, and balmy breath,
Waking the leaves and buds from seeming death,
Thy praise we sing!

Thy hand is on the woods.
The trees are putting forth their soft bright leaves,
And, by the rippling stream, the willow weaves
Its velvet buds.

Music is on the breeze.
Music and fragrance float on every gale;
From gushing streams, and birds; from flowerets pale,
And waving trees.

A song for thee, oh, Spring!
Beauty and joy awaken where thou art;
Thou bringest Hope unto the weariest heart,
On thy bright wing.

THE BROKEN TROTH-PLIGHT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 338.

CHAPTER VII.

OLIVER CROMWELL was not a native of Knowl-Ash, but frequently visited a connection of his family in that place, and in his then irregular habits would remain there sometimes for months together. It was known that he was of good descent—almost regal on the mother's side—a young man of powerful will and great force of character; but the really bad reputation as a sensualist and profligate, which he bore at home, had not yet reached that quiet spot, or Barbara Westburn had never found cause to mourn over his estrangement as she was now doing.

It was to the house of John Hepburn, a man of wealth and influence in the county, that the rector of Knowl-Ash made his way, generously resolved to conciliate his daughter's love, and bring him back to his own happiness and hers. But unfortunately the two did not meet; while the rector was dreamily making his way toward Hepburn's mansion, Cromwell had started across the country toward Knowl-Ash, urged onward by a force of selfish passion which was for the time his master. Hitherto the young man's associates had been often of a rude, uneducated class, into which he had been, to a certain extent, forced by the plebeian calling of his father: for, with all this gentle blood, the Cromwells were poor, and obliged to earn their daily bread. In the brewery, which gave the family support, the naturally coarse young man had found congenial rudeness, and learned to become the tyrant he afterward proved. There is no sycophancy like that which follows the son of a man in lucrative business, on which a large number of workmen depend for support—no length of evil to which it may not lead if those men chance to prove low and groveling in habits, and the heir an apt scholar as Cromwell surely was. But in the neighborhood of Knowl-Ash all the social influences which surrounded the young man were of a refined and most exalting nature. His relative, Hepburn, was a noble character, far-seeing, prompt, and proud. In the presence of this man Cromwell became another being. Nothing could make him an elegant or accom-

plished cavalier, nature had given no materials for that; but his rugged strength was subdued, his rudeness kept in abeyance. All that was good in his character shone out, and genuine love gave a touch of softness to his nature now and then, which was irresistible to a person like Barbara.

John Hepburn was one of the truest and most honest defenders of those popular rights that King Charles and his ministers were invading. He it was who afterward refused to pay ship money to the king, and boldly carried the question into court testing its legality there. Cromwell learned many a just lesson of human rights from this man, which he began to pervert into radicalism from the first. Utterly unfitted in person and manners for a courtier, he hated elegance and despised refinement. The thing he could not be, Cromwell was always ready to destroy.

Still the young man loved Barbara Westburn, and had events transpired differently, her refinement and superior intellect might have won him from much that was repulsive in his habits. The woman must be both loved and respected who holds influence over a man like this; and from the depths of his rude soul Cromwell did both love and reverence the young creature to whom he was troth-plighted.

The coming of Buckingham, the very perfection of all that was most admired and elegant in a courtier, a man of almost regal power, brought out an instant feeling of opposition in the young brewer's heart; and afterward the duke's evident admiration of Barbara, his frequent visits to the rector's house, drove him wild with jealousy. Still his love for Barbara was not to be uprooted by a fit of anger. He sullenly refused to enter the house which Buckingham was allowed to visit so familiarly; but he met Barbara in the ruins, when she came out to walk, laying wait for her for hours together as a setter watches for game. The interviews thus obtained were very unsatisfactory to both parties. Loving him dearly, and considering his resentment as a proof of jealous

affection, the young girl forgave his fierce reproaches, and withdrew herself altogether from the company of Buckingham, not once dreaming that the tyrannical will which was making her a slave sprang out of the hard nature of the man, rather than from the sensitive love for which she gave him credit. But her father's political sermon broke up even this imperfect companionship. It struck Cromwell in both the strong passions of his heart. The doctrines which he shared alike with Hepburn were severely attacked in this sermon. The king's supremacy maintained with eloquence. This was enough to arouse the young man's wrath, but a deeper cause of offence remained. Cromwell knew that Buckingham's influence had induced the good man to write that sermon—Buckingham's influence over the father of his betrothed wife, perhaps over her. This conviction roused all his vile passions and set them in open, almost boisterous revolt, the lever of a holy affection kept down the brutal coarseness, which but for that would have broken out unrestrained; but his mildest denunciation of a thing he disliked was fierce as the most bitter of ordinary men.

When Buckingham found him denouncing the rector's sermon to a group of men in the ruins, Cromwell scarcely paused, a look of ferocious defiance swept his harsh face, and he laughed scornfully, when the nobleman lifted his cap in mock salutation, and walked on.

The next day Cromwell saw Barbara, and strove to extort from her a promise to reject her father's doctrine of Divine Rights, and to refuse her presence should Buckingham again enter the house.

Barbara was high-spirited, and her womanly pride repulsed this effort of tyranny. She had, in fact, always withheld her society from the duke, but would not use this in her defence, and refused, with gentle firmness, to give an opinion of her father's course about the sermon.

Then Cromwell had left her in fierce wrath, threatening never to see her again. Poor girl! she felt this keenly, as the proud and loving woman alone can feel. That which she had refused to promise, the young creature did in all true-heartedness. With the affectionate reasoning which comes so sweetly from a good woman, she expostulated with her father and besought him never again to degrade his divine calling, by urging arguments from his pulpit which might inflame men's passions. Then, like a gentle nun, she returned to her chamber and endured the heartache of expectation for a time. But the young are not patient to suffer.

The outbreak of her sister, the singular appeal which the gay young creature made, sent Barbara once more to her father's study, and the result was his departure for Hepburn's residence. But Cromwell had been tortured by this week's absence. In vain he had haunted the grounds around Knowl-Ash—in vain he had stood for hours beneath Barbara's window sad at heart; she had sat brooding in her room, not caring to look out on scenes so full of touching associations. At last, for the first and last time in his life, Cromwell's stern pride gave way. He resolved to seek Barbara and retire from the high grounds he had taken. For her sake he would remain neutral in the great contest, which was even now gathering strength in the land. All that he would insist upon should relate to the courtier tyrant Buckingham. This man she must neither speak to nor look upon, of that he was determined. In the broad country, as I have said, the rector and Cromwell passed each other not far from Hepburn's mansion. It was a long distance from Knowl-Ash, and the sunset was gathering richly in the west before Cromwell came in sight of the little stone church with its weird tower cutting against the crimson of the sky.

Cromwell walked on hurriedly. The hour was beautiful, the air a happiness to breathe. Surely she would come out to walk in the ruins on a night like that, and there, beneath the old trees, with the soft golden light falling around them, he would win her back to the old love—win her to repulse this court lordling for his sake.

Yes, there was some one in the ruins, he could see the flutter of a red garment under the apple tree. See!—but what was that?—two persons, a man and woman walking close together with their heads bent and their arms interlinked. He moved toward the house, he saw them dimly all the way—saw them enter and sit down in a room dusky with the purple gloom of coming night. No lamp was kindled, still these persons were in the room together; Cromwell gnashed his strong teeth together; his deep-set eyes burned fiercely. Was this so? Had the king's minion made such headway in one little week? Barbara, was she like all the other women he had known?

Darkness had gathered slowly in the room, and he could see nothing, not even the outlines of those two persons sitting within it. So, with an oath, one of those profane expressions with which he had sometimes astonished the coarse men in his father's brewery, he went back to the ruins, raging up and down the orchard path

like some wild animal. As he moved in and out of the broken arches, a noise from what had been the old cloister attracted his attention. He sprang over a fragment of wall and came against a horse sumptuously caparisoned, which was cropping the grass which grew tender and heavy all around the ruins.

The stars had come out thick and golden; by the glow he could make out that this was no animal likely to belong in Knowl-Ash. The trappings were too costly, the animal of itself of a breed which kings seek for their stables.

"And has it come to this?" he cried, dashing his clenched fist into the animal's forehead with a burst of fury. "Is he so intimate that his horse runs at large in the ruin after nightfall? The brute is well trained."

The horse gave an angry snort, and, flinging his heels in the air, plunged off toward the orchard.

A better man would have hesitated at the conclusion which Cromwell drew at once. He had come too late, Buckingham had made a sure foothold in the family; Barbara was glad to walk in those ruins by starlight, as she had once walked with him. There was the courtly reprobate's horse running loose in the grounds like a house dog, so accustomed to the place, no doubt, that there was no fear of his wandering beyond call.

Cromwell, fiercely aroused as he was, could not force himself away at once. He sat down on a fragment of stone and gazed moodily toward the house, softer thoughts stole over him, the building was so dark and quiet that evil connected with it seemed impossible. Yet within its walls was that bad man, the facile tyrant of a despotic king, the boasted favorite of more than one queen. What had he to do there in the only house where Cromwell had found rest for his fierce, strong heart? Was the court so circumscribed that its leader must come to that retired spot, and tear up all the roots of his happiness as they were just bursting into blossom? Cromwell asked these questions of himself fiercely, as if his own soul had been the aggressor, and deserved to be rebuked and quarreled with.

While these thoughts went burning their way through his mind, he heard a soft sound of footsteps coming through the grass, and directly the starlight revealed the rector moving slowly toward the house. His feet dragged heavily from fatigue; sometimes he put out his staff to keep from stumbling, so greatly had his strength been overtaxed. The ruins were always full of curiously formed shadows, and the good man

did not heed the one which fell across his path, till he startled the horse with a touch of his cane, and sent him careering across the orchard. The rector stood still, struck with astonishment. What was the horse doing there? Had guests arrived in his absence?

He moved on more quickly, startled by the sudden apparition of a nobly caparisoned steed browsing in his orchard.

Cromwell watched him with a lowering face.

"Worse and worse," he muttered, through his clenched teeth; "her father absent. Women, women—all alike. Why do I torment myself about this one, the world is full of such?"

He arose, as he spoke, brushed the dew from his garments, as men of old shook the dust from their feet on leaving some distasteful place, and walked away. He had already traveled many miles, but the exercise suited his mood, and he took to it with fierce satisfaction. As he walked, the brain, at all times so active, seethed and pulsed with the passions that grew strong within him. These lordlings who sent down their minions to seize the hard earnings of the people, were they to rob men of their souls also, tear the love out of a man's life and soil it forever before his eyes?

Henceforth the aim of his life should be to punish these men, to drag them down from their high places and let the people see them face to face. What were kings but men, pampered and well dressed, but men after all? Was there a good woman on earth except his mother? Every man excepts his mother when he condemns the sex; even Cromwell did that in the very bitterness of his wrath against Barbara.

It is in hours like these that great destinies are often shaped. Those hot, passionate hours that loom up through our lives, like burnt forest grounds covered with dead trees, are the starting point of many a desperate fortune. When the heart has nothing to lose it grows desperately strong, sometimes almost conquering the impossible.

The soul of this rude, uncouth young man was that night going through the first agony of its preparation, and in the storm sweet Barbara Westburn was cast out from her place in his heart, and sent adrift like sea-weed torn from the rocks it clung to. Alas! how many a pure woman's heart has been trampled down under the fierce rush of ambition, or, worse still, fanaticism!

Through the dark night the young man took his way, counting over in his mind the sources of power that lay within his possible reach, the mistake he was under filled every thought with

bitterness. Coupling refinement with deceit, he began to hate everything that possessed beauty or grace, and from that walk his hard nature lost everything that had redeemed it from common wreck.

It is a terrible thing when human beings are allowed to blind themselves with passion, and mad with mistakes seize upon their own destiny. A few kindly words, a cool inquiry into the truth that evening, might have saved a nation from the sin of its own unholy bloodshed.

And Barbara waited in hope for her father's return. Do not wonder that she loved this man—that her pure nature was taken captive by his rugged strength. She had lived in the refined seclusion of her father's house from childhood, and partook somewhat of her father's poetic temperament. But it is useless analyzing the feelings of this fair young girl.

"Why did she love him? Meddling fool, he still
Is human love the growth of human will?"

The best answer is contained in these lines that can ever be given regarding the grand passion. Barbara loved this man—at the time respected him. That which was despicable and low in his nature had not yet reached her intelligence, was slow to reach it even to the last; for when a woman's heart is fast locked against the truth, it is hard to reach her intellect.

Barbara was restless that night. She walked her little chamber to and fro with anxious unrest. What, if her father, in his meekness, should say what might compromise her womanly pride? What, if Cromwell, angry yet, should meet his advances with anger or sullen reserve? Sometimes his harsh manner had offended her; how would it surprise her father, if he was fated to meet an outburst of scorn or temper? She did not permit herself to look upon this unfortunate manner in her lover as a fault—only as something which her father might not understand.

At last, as the night closed in, she went down to her father's study, thinking to wait for him there. Randal and Bessie were already in the room, and proposed to light a lamp; but Barbara knew that her face was flushed, and feared that traces of tears were still about her eyes; so she pleaded gently for the twilight, and the young people allowed the darkness to gather around them in patient silence. Once or twice Bessie started and caught at Randal's hand. He grasped hers tightly, and both held their breath. The sound of a horse careering through the grass, snorting and prancing, filled them with alarm.

"He has got tired at last—he is coming out

strong," whispered Randal. "How you tremble, Bessie!"

"Do I?" whispered the girl. "It's only because of the night. One always is a coward after dark."

"Bah! that may be true with girls; but don't say it where men are concerned."

"Hark!" whispered Bessie. "I hear a step. Some man is coming—father, I dare say."

"Yes; he'll come square up against the beast, and then——"

The outer door opened, a slow step came up the passage, and Mr. Westburn entered the darkened room. He could just see that it was occupied.

"Are you here, my children?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, father," called out Bessie, with a little unsteadiness in her voice.

Barbara stole close to her father and laid her hand on his arm. The hand shook—so did her anxious voice.

"You saw him, father?"

"No, my child. This toilsome journey was all taken for nothing. The young man had left his kinsman's house and gone homeward, it was supposed.

Barbara's hand fell away from her father's arm, a sick, heavy feeling came over her. It was the first great disappointment of her life.

Bessie went to the kitchen and brought a lamp. Its light revealed Barbara, leaning against the wall, white still, and drawing her breath in long, painful gasps. Randal sprang to her side.

"Never mind, Barbara. I will find him, if he's in the world. I'll tell him a piece of my mind, be sure of that!"

"Oh! Randall, hush!"

"Yes, I'll be quiet as a mouse," answered the youth. "Quiet as a mouse, but brave as a lion. No matter if he has gone home. One only wants a fleet horse and—and——"

"This reminds me," said the rector, "some one must have left the stable unlocked. There is a horse careering with dangerous violence in the orchard. He dashed across the path in great fury, as I came along, and—what seemed strange—it seemed to me that I heard a jingle of stirrups flying loose."

Bessie and Randall drew close together, frightened, but eager to meet the crisis.

"Let us go and see what it is," cried Bessie, growing brave as the time for action approached.

"Yes," joined Randal, "let us go search the orchard. It may be something worse than a

horse roaming abroad. I saw the shadow of a man moving about the ruins just now, but said nothing. Girls are such cowards!"

Barbara drew a free breath. A man in the ruins! What, if Cromwell had come to gaze at her window again? She panted to go out and tell him how welcome he was—how unhappy she had been!

"I will bring a lantern," cried Randal; "then you and I, uncle, will see what all this tramping is about."

Bessie drew back into a corner, laughing quietly. She knew what was coming, and enjoyed it, now that the first surprise was over. Barbara, on the contrary, crept toward the window and looked out, searching for the shadow that had surprised her cousin, with timid scrutiny.

Directly Randal came back, with the lantern, and went out, followed by the rector, who, weary and foot-sore, moved languidly along the orchard path.

"Who! who! Can't you be quiet there!" cried Randal, swinging his lantern before the horse, which had caused all this commotion, and setting the spirited animal off afresh. "Be still, I say, and let us see what kind of a brute you are. Something out of the common sort, I'll be bound!"

The youth made a dash at the trailing bridle, and brought the graceful head of the horse down with a strong pull; then, leading him, notwithstanding a wild resistance, toward the startled rector, he said, in a conciliating voice,

"You see, uncle, it is a splendid creature, all saddled and bridled, coming to our very door for shelter. What shall I do with him?"

The rector took the lantern from Randal's hold and deliberately examined the horse, which curved his neck proudly and pawed the grass with his delicate hoofs as the light flashed in his eyes.

"It is the horse of some grand cavalier, undoubtedly," he said, standing back, with a proper regard to safety. "The saddle-cloth is of velvet, and the bridle embossed with silver. What can have brought him here?"

"But what shall I do with him?" interposed Randal, reluctant to dwell upon the phenomenon of a strange horse on the premises. "Perhaps it would be as well to put him in the stable till daylight. He might attempt to lie down and spoil the saddle."

"Yes, it is better. Put him in the stable. There is an empty stall. What could have brought the animal here?"

"Isn't he a beauty?" cried Randal, with enthusiasm, lifting his lantern and swinging it on high. "Isn't he a creature worth—worth his weight in gold?"

"How came he here? I should know something of an animal like that, if he belonged in the neighborhood," answered the rector. "Well, we shall probably know in the morning."

With this natural conclusion the rector walked quietly into the house, leaving Randal, with the bridle in his hand, glowing with the triumph of his first diplomatic success.

All this Cromwell saw, as he left the ruins, sullen and filled with bitterness. Saw—and thoroughly misunderstood.

"So the old man turns hostler for this court minion, does he? And Barbara, how she leans out of the window, with that dainty bend of the neck, eager to know that even his horse is cared for! Fool that I was, not to know that all women are alike!"

No wonder that his walk back to the house of his kinsman was one of fierce wrath and terrible hate.

The next morning was a sad one for Barbara. She was condemned yet to bear the tortures of suspense, which is the greatest agony that love can know.

The rector was ill, that day, and kept his room. Vague doubts and fears possessed him. So tranquil had been his life, up to this point, that the turmoil of the last few weeks had disturbed him greatly. The curse of politics dragged into a divine mission, followed him like a haunting shadow. He prayed God to forgive him, if this deviation from his usual course had been wrong, yet could not entirely repent or forgive himself with full conviction of conscience.

"Bessie, Bessie!" called Randal, from under his cousin's window. "Come down, Bessie, I have a great deal to say to you."

Bessie was smoothing the ripples of her golden hair before the tiny mirror in her room, but she put forth her head into the morning sunshine and shook it cautiously, holding a finger to her lips.

"One moment, Randal, and I'll come down."

Before the brief time stipulated for was over, the fair girl stood by her cousin's side, and they moved away from the house together.

"Has he mentioned the horse, this morning, Bessie?" inquired Randal, anxiously.

"Not a word; and my belief is he will never think of it again; for he seems troubled, and Barbara is so down-hearted that she will not remind him."

"Poor Barbara!" sighed Randal, shaking his head.

"Yes, poor sister! This love must be a terrible disease, a sort of fever, I suppose, that takes away the appetite, and makes one hot and cold by turns. Heaven forbid that I should ever catch it, Randal!"

"I'm thinking that it might come easier if taken in the natural way," answered Randal, with philosophic thoughtfulness. "Kept all in the family, you know, like the measles or scarlet rash."

"What do you mean, Randal?" asked Bessie, with thoughtful earnestness.

"Will you know if you or I—that is, if you should catch the ailment from me, all at home, quietly?"

"Nonsense! Randal, that is impossible!"

"I don't know that," answered Randal, laying a hand on his right side, not knowing exactly where his heart lay. "I have something going on here that makes me think it's dangerous for you to come near me. A sort of flutter, as if a nest of young birds was just beginning to stir. You never felt in this way, I suppose, Bessie?"

"Well, I don't know, Randal. It seemed as if the old bird itself were flying up into my throat when the horse neighed last night."

"Oh!" said Randal, scornfully, "that was fear, not love. As a man, of course, I never felt what fear was; but when one has a bright imagination, he can guess pretty clearly. The thing you speak of was fear."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted Bessie, with unusual meekness. "Now, suppose we go and take a peep at him, as he stands in the stable."

"Of the horse? Oh! yes, I've been out four times to see him crunch his corn. It's quite beautiful. He has such a gentlemanly way of doing it. Come."

Bessie followed her cousin into the stable, and, seating herself on the saddle which lay on the floor, watched Randal as he caressed the beautiful steed. She had earned a joint proprietorship in the animal, which made her quite forgetful of the implied falsehood of his presence there.

"Look here," said Randal, giving a last caressing pat to the glossy flank of his steed; "I'm going to ride him this afternoon."

"You? But where?"

"I've got a message for Cromwell from my lady, which must be delivered. Besides, I mean to have a turn with that fellow about Barbara."

"Barbara? Oh! Randal, that is beyond you!"

"What have the men of a house to do but protect the happiness of its females? Barbara suffers."

"I know that too well!" answered Bessie, shaking her pretty head, while tears rushed to her eyes. "But what can you or I do?"

"That is impossible to say. But when a man is well mounted, and resolute, he can do a great deal. Something is going wrong between Cromwell and her, and she's breaking her precious heart about it. Perhaps I can bring them together."

Bessie looked troubled.

"Randal, I don't like Cromwell," she cried.

"I don't, either; but then, she does."

"He's dark; one can't understand him."

"Dark as midnight," assented the youth.

"I hate him!"

"Yes, one naturally hates him."

"I'm afraid of his great, heavy face and smouldering eyes."

"So am I—oh! what did you say, afraid?—no, I'm not afraid of his face, or his eyes, or his whole body together. Give me a good horse, a Venetian gun, and a cousin to defend, and I'm afraid of no man, be he roundhead or cavalier, duke or yeoman!"

"Still, Randal, I think you had better leave Barbara's love affairs to father."

"What, to my uncle? Upon my word, Bessie, I really think that, in affairs of the heart, I should prove the best person of the two."

Bessie did not contradict him, but she bent her head, and the tears came swelling thicker and faster to her eyes.

"Oh! if that man had never come here!" she whispered. "We were so happy, Barbara and I, till he came!"

Randal's success in the horse manœuvre had rendered him bold. That afternoon he caparisoned the chestnut and rode off along the same high-road that his uncle had traveled the day before. To him there was something glorious in controlling a spirited steed in his career across the country, and in breathing the fresh air gathered into currents by his rapid flight. So great was his felicity, that he took the longest rout, galloped up and down half the green lanes, that tempted him from the dusty roads, and, though riding like mad, did not reach Hepburn's mansion till after nightfall.

Here he just missed of Cromwell by half an hour. He had left the house, but no one could tell at what hour he might return.

Randal rode away rather crest-fallen. But for the boyish love of action, which had led him from the road, he would undoubtedly have

found the man he sought. Now, to all appearance, his journey had been fruitless. He rode back more slowly, keeping the highway, and influenced by a vague hope that he might possibly overtake Cromwell on the way to Knowl-Ash. It was a rolling country through which he passed, broken into gentle hills and pretty green valleys under cultivation. About half-way between Hepburn's house and Knowl-Ash was a rustic village, lying in the heart of a well-populated district. Toward this central point Randal observed that a good many persons were moving through the gathering dusk. He reached the village inn and halted, that the generous steed, which had borne him so well, should have a few minutes' breathing space. When the youth entered the house, he found it full of men, some of whom seemed of the lowest class. There was an appearance of considerable excitement among them, and strong drink was passing round freely, as if some one person paid for the whole.

Randal had never witnessed a scene like this before. Its coarseness shocked him, and, with something of the terror he was so ready to deny, he withdrew into a corner of the room and listened to the clamor of voices around him.

"Here, young man, take a sup of summut hot—its a' for nuthing," cried the landlord, who came toward the youth with some smoking beverage in a greenish tumbler, which he stirred lovingly with a wooden spoon, inhaling the strong odor with delight. "Only say nothing about it, lad, when ye get home, or it may reach John Hepburn that his kinsman sometimes holds a jolly bout at the Horned Stag, and pays for stronger drink than his father ever brewed. Come, take hold, lad, a sup will do thee good."

Randal took the glass, drank one swallow of the hot compound that half-strangled him, and handed it back again.

The landlord laughed and offered the glass again, but the youth shook his head with an expression of disgust, and his tormentor quaffed the hot liquid himself, ending with a sob of deep satisfaction.

Just then the noise of laughter and voices that filled the house subsided. Some one entered and said a few words which seemed to cast disappointment on the crowd.

"Not coming to-night? Meet us all here to-morrow! it's too bad. Cromwell had better not serve us in this fashion more than once," came up in fragments from the crowd waving to and fro in dissatisfaction.

"Wait a bit, my men," cried the landlord, setting down the empty glass he held, and lifting his head from the stooping position in which he had listened to some whispered words from the new comer. "Wait a bit before you condemn one of the soundest patriots and noble-hearted lads in all the country side. He cannot come just now, take my word on it; but to-morrow night, I'll go bail for his being at the Horned Stag before this hour of the night, and ready for anything in reason you can ask."

The landlord had gradually mounted himself on a table while he was speaking, and now rose in his whole person above the crowd with his portly figure, broad face, and warm, ruddy hair giving a bacchanalian finish to the scene. He was exactly the sort of figure that Bubens sets astride on wine-casks, when his groups are crowned with grape-leaves, and his sturdy women, twin bar-maids, and his Cupids stagger loosely across the canvas.

Still the crowd were dissatisfied, and expressed the feeling in coarse clamor.

"Besides," continued the landlord, "the young gentleman is here in spirit just now. If not in person. I have his written order here for broaching a fresh cask of ale for the company; and it is any man's fault, let me say, who is last with his cup at the spigot."

Then the clamor grew joyous again, woolen caps were flung up, and coarse, red hands waved in the air; while Cromwell's name rose out from the rude tumult in a shout that made young Randal recoil with disgust.

The landlord clambered down from his table after shouting to his man that a cask of ale was to be set flowing at once. He saw Randal standing against the wall, pale with surprise, half-sick with the close atmosphere, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"Ye maun be one o' the young gentlemen he toud me on as was to meet him in private loik. It's no use waiting, he'll no come this gate to-night; but dunny miss coming to the Horned Stag to-morrow e'en."

"Yes," said Randal, scarcely knowing what he said, "I'll be sure to come."

The youth drew his cap down and went out of the room, leaving a riot of voices behind him, and glad to draw a breath of the fresh air as he emerged into the starlight of the evening.

Randal was a sharp young star, and took in the whole nature of the scene he had witnessed with singular correctness. Its political bearing he did not probably comprehend; but that Oliver Cromwell, the betrothed of his cousin, the austere young man who had dared almost

to rebuke the opinions of his uncle as too full of merciful charity for evil-doers, was associated with such persons as he had just left, filled the youth's heart with disgustful astonishment. He looked upon the whole acquaintance as an imposition and an outrage against the pure nature of his cousin.

"What would she think? How would she feel were all that I have seen told her?" he said, in half-confidence, as he rode along. "How she would sicken and grow faint in that room. How she would loathe the comrades he has chosen!"

The youth became heavy-hearted and thoughtful as he pondered over these things. The atmosphere of refinement in which he had been brought up, rendered a scene like that in the Horned Stag repugnant and odious. With a vivid imagination and fine spirits, he was ready for any adventure that partook of romance or chivalric daring; but that coarse, lower world into which he had, for a moment, innocently strayed, shocked him almost as it would have outraged the sensibilities of a woman.

"What would she think? Could she love that man after seeing him so basely associated?"

These questions revolved in his young mind till he came to a conclusion.

"She shall see it—she shall know how base and low his associates are; then, of course, it

will be all over. She will cease to respect him as a gentleman; her pale cheeks will grow rosy again; her eyes will smile when I say a bright thing; she will take an interest in things, and not go moping about all day long with tears in her voice. Yes, it shall be done; but how—how? Shall I tell Bessie? Why, of course I will. What should I be worth without Bessie to say, 'Yes, Randal, that is the right thing.'"

It was not very late, even for those primitive times, when Randal reached home. As he passed the ruins, leading his horse by the bridle, and keeping on the thick grass in order to drown the noise of his hoofs, the youth fancied that he saw two figures moving against the arch of a window that stood against the sky. Who could these persons be? Was it Barbara? And had Cromwell broken his engagement with the people at the Horned Stag, in order to intrude his company on that noble girl? The generous blood boiled in his veins as he thought of this. He softly tied his horse to a bough of the orchard and stole toward the two persons. A little circuit around the ruins brought him behind a column of sculptured stone that supported the delicate tracery of the window. It was indeed Barbara standing there with Cromwell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES

[ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA BELLA, WIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL GARRET H. STRIENER, AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MCDUGAL, OF THE BRITISH NAVY.]

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Like some fair spirit from the past outspringing,
With wings all radiant and but half-unfurled,
Was her sweet youth: pure light and beauty bringing,
She stole a sunbeam on our common world;
And there, among her sister roses, waiting
Fon the low voice that answered to her youth,
A richer music in her life creating,
She made her own pure atmosphere of truth.

Oh! she was spirit-like, and yet all human,
Close to the world, and still so far apart:
Angel almost in purity; yet woman
Down to the softest pulses of her heart.
With Nature's self she found a sweet communion,
And in its mystic language held a share,
Until uplifted by the gentle union,
The first pure impulse of her soul was prayer.

With tender intuition few inherit,
A sense of beauty that was almost pain,
She kept the white robes of her childlike spirit,
Through the world's dust, without a spot or stain.
Then came her life-mate, in his proud devotion,
And laid his soul in homage at her feet;
And her young heart, in all its rich emotion,
Entwined with his, and life became complete.

Unlike the common world, in its rude rushing,
Where all things gentle find an early death,
Where rough and eager feet are ever crushing
The sweet wild blossoms that grow underneath,
He took her home among the climbing roses,
Beneath the forest trees his fathers knew:
Whose deepening shadow dimly now reposes,
Where once the savage launched his bark canoe.

The city rose around them, not too coarsely,
For, centered in by those ancestral trees,
Its roar and bustle, thundering so hoarsely,
Was kept at bay, and on each passing breeze
The hum of life came with a dreamy stillness,
Like the soft droning of a distant hive,
When the rich Autumn takes its evening chillness,
And only hardy field flowers are alive.

Within that proud ancestral home, still keeping
The poetry that thrilled her childish thought,
Upon the altar of her great heart sleeping,
Where all the treasures of her life were brought.
The simplest things grew brighter in her vision,
And shone like dew upon an emerald sod,
Until her home became almost Elysian.
And bright the path her gentle footsteps trod.

This dear old sheltered home was to her seeming
 Like a well-guarded nest within the wood,
 Where her young soul, in its poetic dreaming,
 Feasted upon the beautiful and good.
 And so her youth went by in meekly proving
 That as a purple sunset meets the night,
 A woman's heart grows lovelier in loving,
 And on the hearthstone sheds its richest light.

In her brave womanhood she drew around her
 The sorrowing, the noble, and the wise,
 Gentle and generous they ever found her,
 A sinless Eve in that home Paradise:
 Like the great Hudson, whose resistless flowing
 Lent silvery flashes to her stepping-stone,
 High thoughts within her soul were ever glowing,
 And solitary, she was least alone.

Like some sweet lyric, perfect in its measure,
 Existence floated onward to its close,
 And every hour revealed some mental treasure,
 As streams turn golden when the sunset glows:
 Thus of the world, but higher still aspiring,
 Her womanhood approached its last sublime,
 When all it hopes, and all its pure desiring,
 Turns in full faith beyond the shores of Time.

Down toward the coursing of the Eternal river,
 Clasp the roses gathered from her home,
 She trod her way along the dim forever,
 And lighted up the shadows with their bloom.

Her home had been a Heaven itself in seeming,
 That sheltered nook within the city's beat;
 But now those white gates, with their opal gleaming,
 Reveal the glory of her new retreat.

She enters through, in search of her evangel,
 But pauses sadly on the golden track,
 Dear earthly voices call their guardian angel;
 With Heaven in view, she tenderly looks back!
 Not all the glory of the upper Heaven
 Can win those loving glances from the earth;
 The heart to which her own deep love was given,
 The brave young souls that owe to her their birth,

Have, in the mystic faintness of their sighing,
 A power to reach her glorious soul again;
 To every prayer her voice is still replying,
 For every pang she sends a holy rain
 Of sacred dew, such as the angels only
 Must gather from the blossoms God has blest,
 On those faint hearts so troubled and so lonely,
 They softly fall, and give a gentle rest.

Let her pass on, and bow your faces lowly,
 Our homes were darkened when she went above,
 Archangels mude a passage white and holy!
 The gained of Heaven are never lost to love.
 Husband and sons, she has not gone, but listens
 In gentle pity for each broken sigh,
 And every tear that through your anguish glistens,
 She turns into a jewel for the sky.

ASPIRATION.

BY C. M.

I WOULD my life might glorify
 The Saviour that I love—
 But how could I, who walk below,
 Cast light on Him above?

Thus, in the gathering shades of doubt,
 I talked unto my soul,
 When lo, a whisper, faint at first,
 In volume seemed to roll.

So live that in thy daily walk
 Thou shalt reflect His love—
 Then shall the radiance of thy life
 Throw light on Him above.

To many a weary, sin-sick soul,
 Who questions if there be
 Such goodness as the Saviour taught,
 Such love and purity!

Lord! unto Thee my life I give,
 Oh! teach my soul the way,
 And suffer no temptation hence
 To lead my heart astray!

Weak as a worm to Thee I bow—
 Strong as a God I stand,
 If Thou wilt teach me, Lord, the way,
 And hold me by Thy hand!

A WAKE, MY LOVE, FROM SLUMBER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

A WAKE, my love, from slumber,
 And come and roam with me;
 The moon her rays is throwing
 Upon the silvery sea;
 The stars are brightly peeping
 From out their caves above;
 And oh! it is an hour
 Made sacred unto love!

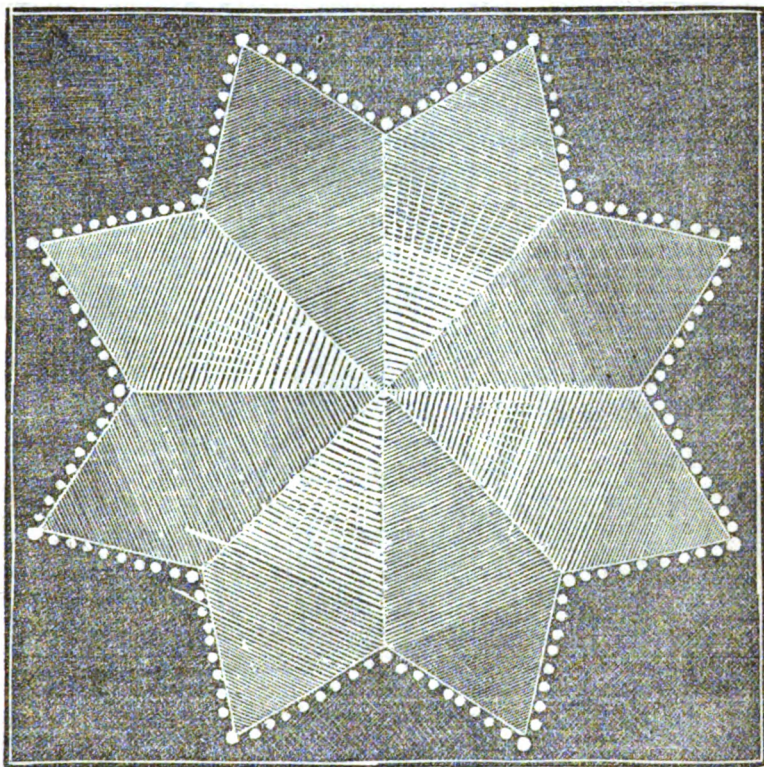
The dews are gently falling
 Upon the perfumed flowers;
 The fire-flies are fitting
 Through Nature's fairy bowers;

And airy sprites are dancing
 Upon the hill and lea;
 But, oh! there are none fairer,
 My dearest love, than thee!

Then wake, my love, from slumber,
 And come beside the stream,
 Where we will of the future
 In happy visions dream.
 Oh! come and let us wander,
 The moon is shining bright,
 For I have much to tell thee,
 Which must be told to-night!

THE STAR PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



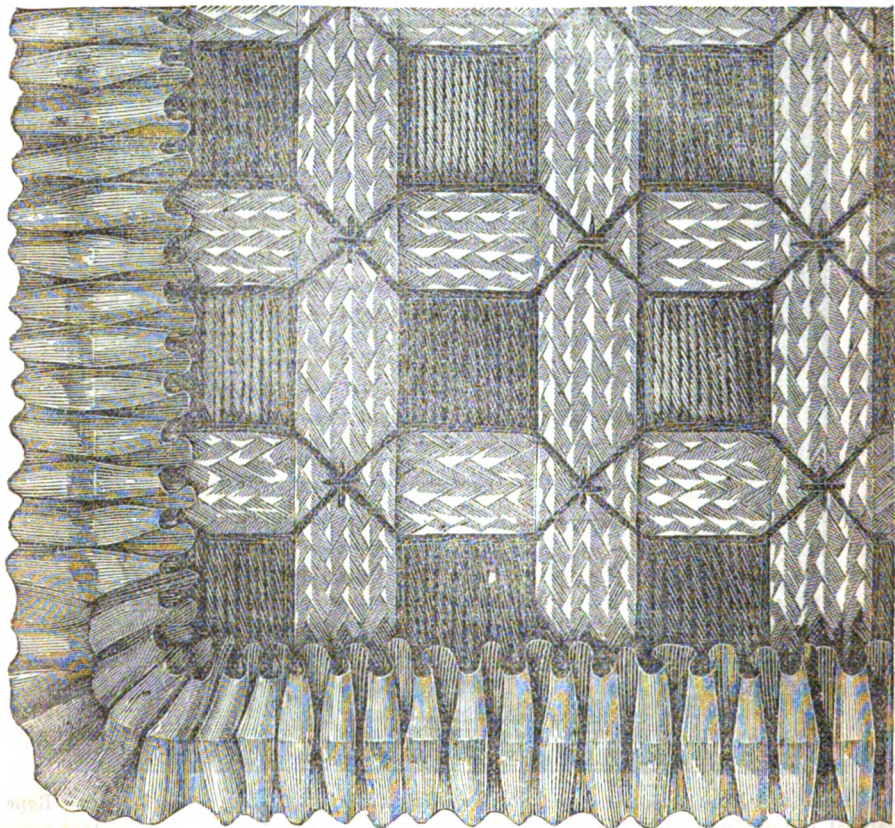
To make this Pin-Cushion, cut out of your material sixteen bits of stars (enough to make two stars) of the shape which appears in our illustration. Cover half of these with silk or satin of a light color, and half of them with dark, choosing such as will make a pretty contrast. Sew them together very neatly with a bright silk, alternating the two colors. Repeat this, with either the same or different colors, for the other side of the Pin-Cushion. Sew the two stars together, placing a little wool between them. Stick in a row of pins all round very regularly, so that the heads may form an ornamental edge for the Pin-Cushion.

EDGING.



STRAW MAT FOR DINNER-TABLE, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

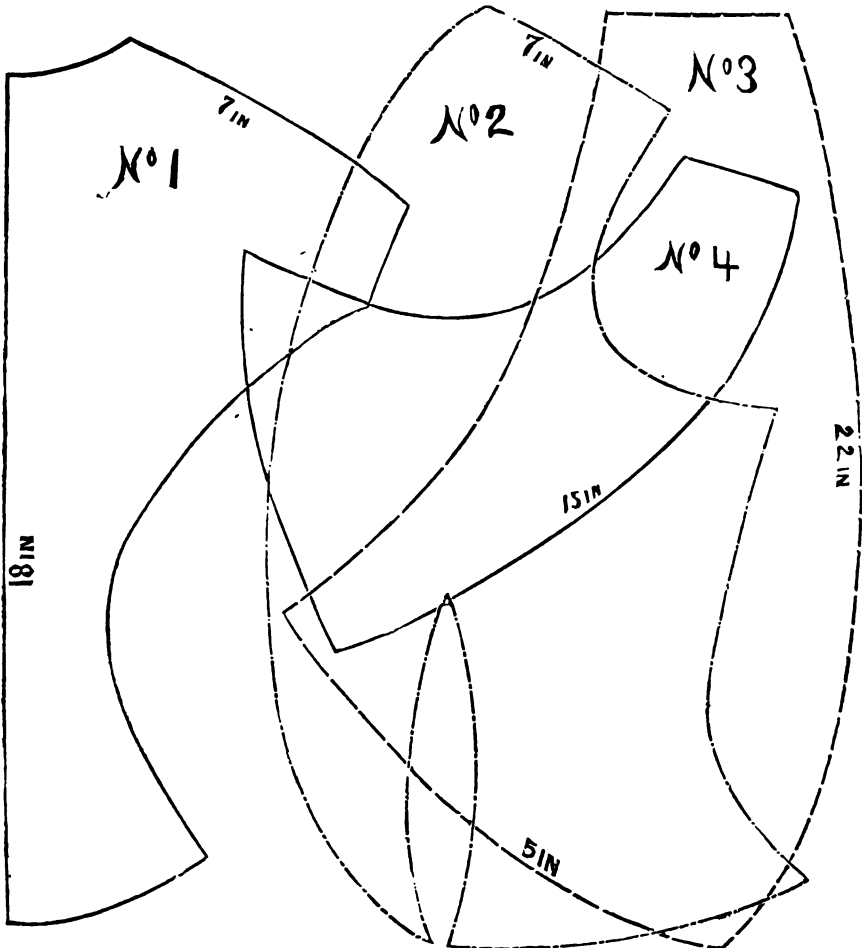


MATERIALS.—Some rather coarse yellow striped canvas; some coarse broad straw plait; double scarlet Berlin wool; black silk union cord; some black sarsnet ribbon with a tiny scarlet edge. It is impossible for us to give the quantities of the various materials required for working this pattern, as all depends on the purpose for which the work is intended. The design may be executed for a set of dinner-mats, or is useful for little mats on which to stand a jug of hot water, or lamps, or flower-vases. Being rather solid, and lined with leather, it is well adapted for preserving tables from being marked by having anything placed on them liable to spoil them. The foundation of the mat is canvas, worked in Berlin wool, and ornamented with strips of broad straw plait, edged and secured with black union cord, a material somewhat thicker than purse silk. The straw must first be tacked on the canvas, missing eight stitches between every straw plait. This should then be crossed (not interlaced) by another series of plaits, and tacked on in the same manner. When this is accomplished, the squares must be filled in with scarlet wool, taken in stitches the whole length of the square, as will be seen on referring to our illustration. The plait, wherever it crosses, is then secured by means of a large cross stitch, crossed again by a smaller stitch, in union cord; this cord being carried along the edge of the straw, and caught down, where necessary,

with fine black sewing silk. The mat should be lined with *toile cirée*, or a piece of American leather, and the edge should be finished off with a quilting of black sarsnet ribbon having a very tiny edge.

THE VESTE DANOIS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE pattern which we give, this month, is that of a new style of vest, called the *Veste Danois*, to be made in black or any rich dark shade of velvet. We have given the pattern complete which consists of four pieces, namely, the front, side-piece, back, and sleeve: it does not close in the front, but forms a graceful curved line from the top of the shoulder seam, to the seam under the arm; there is no seam down the middle of back, and the form of the small jacket is extremely elegant and becoming. The sleeve is of the *gigot* form slightly shaped at the elbow; the fullness at the top is laid in large plaits, and at the wrist, where it fits nearly tight, it has a cuff turned back in the style of *Louis XIII.*: the top of the cuff may be either cut in points or scalloped. This *veste* is trimmed entirely round with rich gimp, the top of the cuffs

to correspond; on each of the plaits of the sleeve there should be a gimp ornament. When this *veste* is made in silk the trimming should be velvet *en soutache*. It is intended to be worn either with a waistcoat or over a high dress. This pattern is for a lady of medium size and good figure.

J GENTLEMAN'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

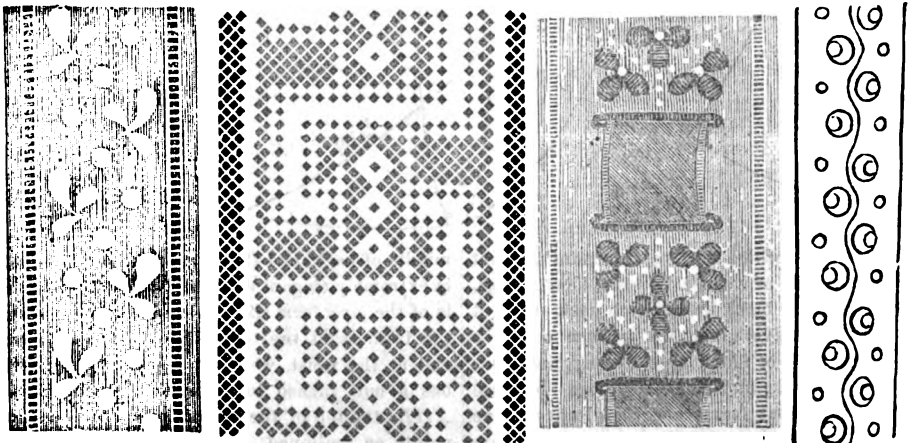
In the front of the number is a pattern for a Gentleman's Braided Slipper; and a very beautiful one. The materials are two small pieces of cloth; four yards of silk braid; two yards of black silk mignardise; a few gold beads. The making up of these slippers would be the principal item of expense in their manufacture. They require only the toes to be worked, the heels being left open and covered with morocco leather, so that the feet very easily slip in and out. The white lines represent white Russia braid, and the black lines mignardise, dotted with gold beads. A pair of slippers like these would be very quickly worked, and at the same time would be extremely effective. Scarlet merino might be substituted for the cloth, if this material chanced to be in the worker's possession.

MUSLIN CRAVAT IN CHAIN-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty Cravat (an illustration of which is given in the front of the number) must be made long enough to go round the neck and tie in a bow in front, and of the finest French muslin. Hem all around the width as seen in the design, cat-stitching the hem with black silk. The bow is done in chain-stitch one half black silk, the other white working cotton. The frill is pleated on, the edge of which is worked in the same manner as the edge of the cravat, and quite narrow. It is intended to be worn in half-mourning.

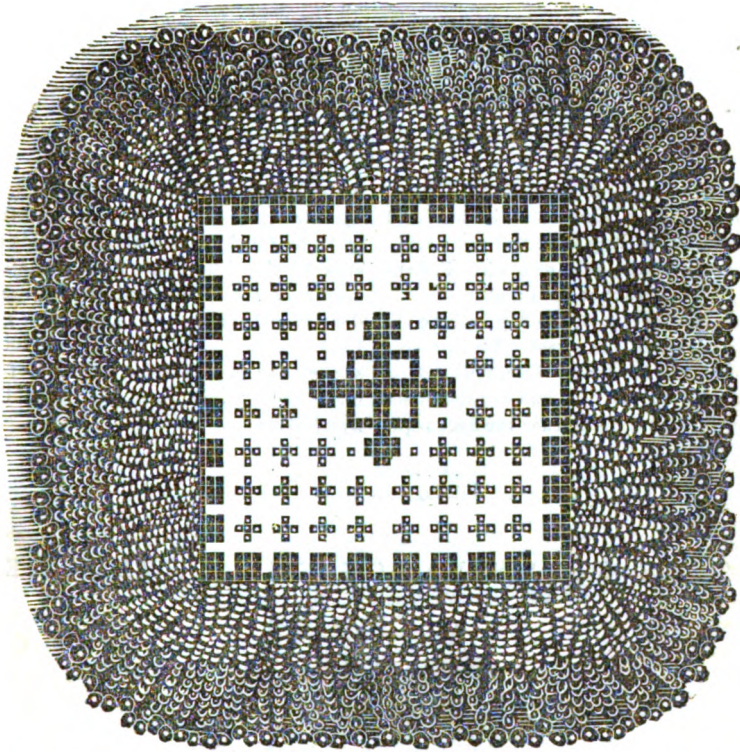
VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



BATIN STITCH INSERTION. FOR NETTING. TRIMMING FOR COLORED RIBBON OR VELVET. INSERTION

SCENT SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This elegant little Sachet is one of the most tasteful arrangements for introducing a pleasant perfume into the drawers in which young ladies keep the various articles of their wardrobes. It is made of bright blue seed beads and transparent white and gold beads. The material on which these are worked is very fine white sampler canvas. The size of the canvas must be measured by the center square in our illustration, being left sufficiently large for tacking over the edges and turnings in. Then, counting the stitches, a bead must be taken on the needle, and fastened with a slanting stitch on each thread of the canvas. The first line is a row of blue, the second three blue and two white alternately. This will be the commencement; but counting the stitches in the illustration and following them accurately will be the most certain way of ensuring success. The

blue border goes all round; the ground is in the transparent white, the stars are gold. When the two squares have each been worked, care having been always taken to fasten off the thread at the back, they must be laid upon each other, the edges being turned neatly in, and sewn together with small stitches on three of the sides. Then a very thin layer of cotton-wool is to be laid flat in the inside, having first had a few drops of some sweet essence placed upon it, of any kind of perfume preferred; or a few grains of musk may be introduced; but this, of course, is all according to taste. When this has been done the fourth and last side of the Sachet must be sewn up, thus finishing the interior square. It now only remains to ornament the Sachet with the fringe, which gives it a very elegant finish. This is done by first putting the needle through the two thicknesses

of canvas, close to the blue border at any corner of the square, then threading fifteen of the white beads, twelve of the blue, three of the gold, twelve of the blue, and fifteen of the white, which completes the loop. The needle must then be passed through the next thread of the canvas, and this must be repeated all round. The beauty of this fringe depends upon its being done with great regularity, and care being taken that a loop may come between every thread of the canvas, which makes a very rich as well as elegant fringe.

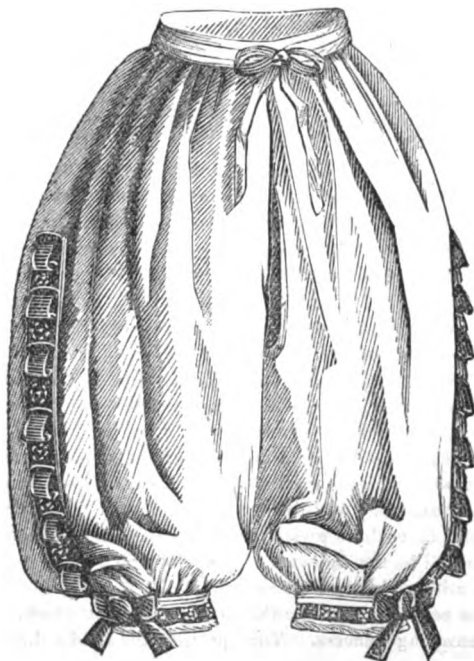
SMOKING-CAP IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of gray cloth; 2 spools of fine gold braid; 5 bunches of jet beads; 1 skein of black embroidery silk; and some small pieces of scarlet velvet, silk, or cloth. For the engraving, see the front of the number.

The crown and border of the cap is to be cut out of the gray cloth. The heart-shaped pieces on the crown and border of the scarlet velvet, gum them slightly on the under side, place them as seen in the design, trace the arabesque pattern around them as designated, edging it with the gold braid. This part of the pattern is to be filled in with the jet beads as may be seen by the little black dots. The star in the center of crown and the four large dots are done in embroidery silk, edged with gold braid. Line with scarlet silk quilted. Finish with a scarlet and gold tassel. The cost of materials for a cap of this description would be about five dollars.

LITTLE GIRL'S FANCY KNICKERBOCKER.



LITTLE GIRL'S UNDER PETTICOAT IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



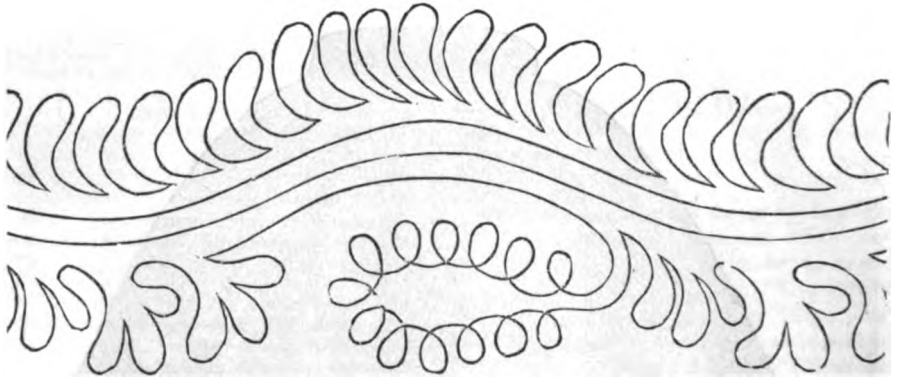
MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of white double Berlin wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of scarlet ditto; a long Alliance crochet needle.

A nice warm petticoat of this description is indeed a comfortable garment for little girls to wear under their crinolines, over the usual flannel petticoat, and mothers will do well to employ their leisure time in making a little article like this for their children, to protect, in a slight degree, their little legs from exposure to cold. The stitch that it may be done in may be left, to a certain extent, to the taste of the worker; but we will give the full description of the petticoat from which our illustration was made, which was very pretty and comfortable-looking. For a child from six to seven years of age, the garment should be $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard wide and 13 inches long. The groundwork is in *Gobelin* stitch, and the borders, of which there are three, are in Wave stitch. Illustrations of these two stitches were given last year. In white wool, a chain of 210 stitches should be made, and on this a row of ordinary double crochet worked. Then commence the

Wave stitch, and work 7 double rows, then 3 double rows of *Gobelin* stitch, 5 double rows in Wave stitch, 3 in *Gobelin* stitch, 3 in Wave stitch, 37 in *Gobelin* stitch—so finishing the petticoat. Care must be taken to keep the work straight at the edges by always inserting the needle through the last loop in each row. The garment is joined behind, leaving an opening for the placket-hole, which should be worked round with double crochet. The small border at the edge in scarlet wool is done in the following manner:—1 double crochet, * 3 long, 1 double in the first of these long, 1 treble in the same long, 1 double in the two following stitches of foundation; now repeat from *. A treble needleful of red wool should be run in the first row of Wave stitch, just below the *Gobelin* stitch, to give the three stripes seen in the illustration. The top of the petticoat is pleated and put into a band, which should be done in tightly-worked double crochet. The garment is pleated up to the desired size, and secured by a row of tightly-worked double crochet, always inserting the needle through

the double or treble portions of the pleats at } form the button-hole. A button is sewn on the
 the same time. 8 rows have then to be worked } other side, so that the band fastens neatly.
 very closely, leaving a space in the working to } This completes the petticoat.

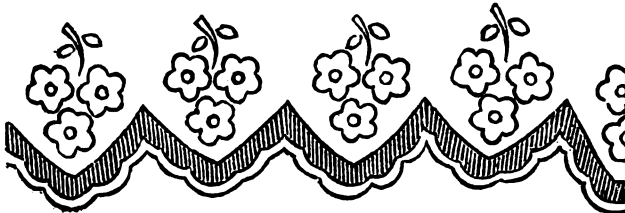
PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



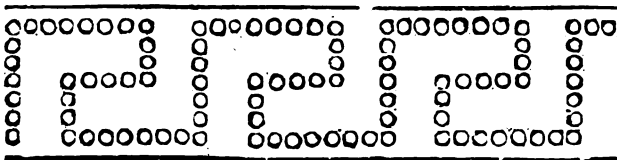
BRAIDING PATTERN.



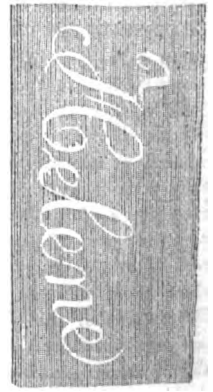
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

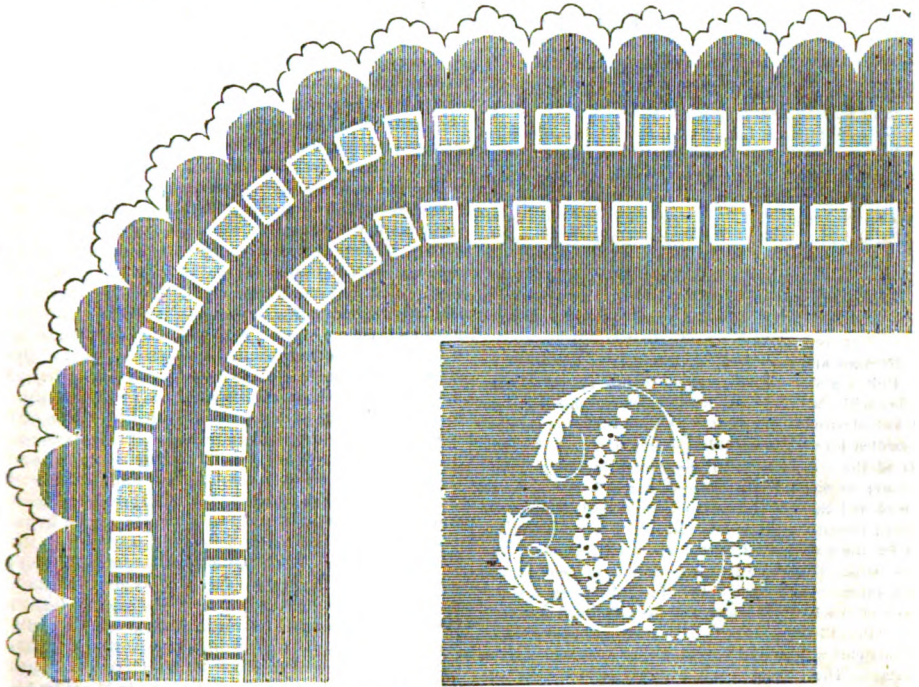


INSERTION.

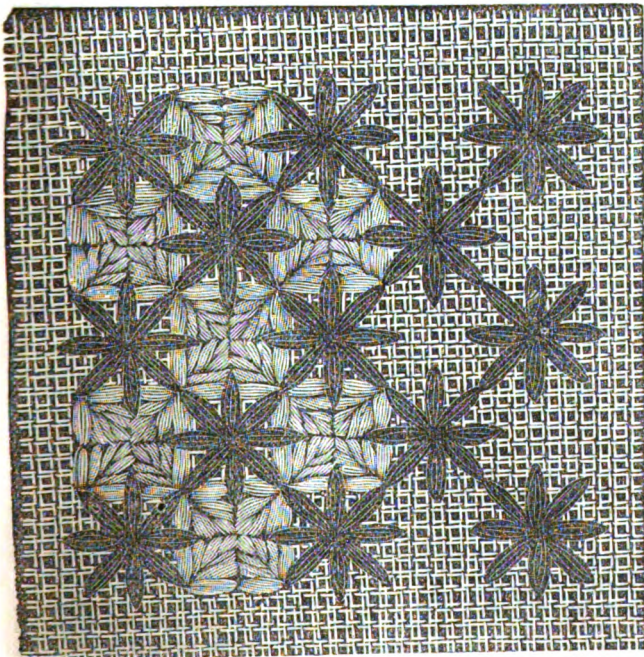


NAME FOR MARKING.

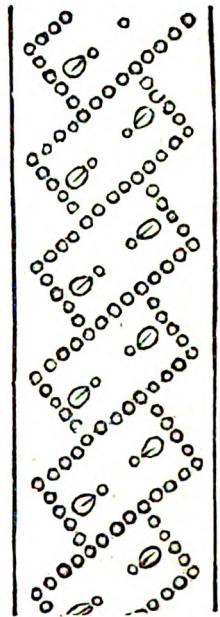
NOVELTIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND INITIALS.



NEW TAPESTRY STITCH.



INSERTION.
471

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WEDDING-RINGS.—The “plain gold ring,” so often referred to by modern poets, and which is so familiar to all the present generation, is but of comparatively recent introduction. Formerly these rings were ornamented in various ways, and some were remarkable for their cunning device and beauty of workmanship. The wedding-rings of the Romans, who originated them, displayed joined hands, intaglios, and inscriptions. Later, the “gimmel” or double ring, which opens into two and yet cannot be separated, was used, and rings ornamented with filigree and enamel. It was also the custom to inscribe wedding and betrothal rings with appropriate mottoes. In Germany and Italy finger-rings seem to have been more elaborate during the Middle Ages, and more recently, than has been common in the United States. There is the betrothal ring of Martin Luther with Catharine Von Bora, which is composed of an intricate device of gold work, set with a ruby, the emblem of exalted love. The gold devices represent all the symbols of the “Passion.” In the center is the crucified Saviour; on one side the spear with which the side was pierced, and the rod of reeds; on the other is a branch of hyssop; beneath are the dice with which the soldiers cast lots for the garment without a seam, and below are the three nails. The whole is arranged so as to make a large cross, surmounted by the ruby. Inside the ring are the names of the betrothed pair, and the wedding-day in German, “Der 13 Junij, 1525.” This ring was presented to the intended wife at the betrothal, and worn by her after marriage. The ring used at the marriage ceremonial was worn by Luther after the wedding. This is a “gimmel” ring, an emblem of the married state. There is a motto engraved within, in old German. On one hoop is a diamond, the emblem of power and duration; and on the inside of the hoop, which is concealed, are the initials of Martin Luther, followed by a “D,” denoting his title of doctor. On the corresponding surface of the mounting of the gem of the hoop are the initials of his wife—“C v B.” The gem on this side is a ruby, the emblem of exalted love. These rings are doubtless the design, and probably the handiwork, of Lucas Cranach, the friend of Luther, who was one of the three witnesses to his betrothal; and it is no doubt owing to the combination of artistic knowledge with practical skill in this kind of art workmanship, that we are indebted for these beautiful productions. So far as we have been able to learn of the use of the plain gold ring at weddings, it became common, in England, in the reign of George II. or George III., and was imitated in America, then in colonial vassalage to Great Britain. It was an era when taste was in a deplorable condition; when chairs, tables, and every description of furniture, and houses, were made plain and heavy: so the finger-rings and other articles on which both skill and good design had been formerly bestowed, were made to correspond. We cannot but think that it would be a reform to return to the ancient fashion. The wedding-ring is expected to be worn during a lifetime, and it, above all others, ought, therefore, to be beautified by taste and art.

“**THE PATIENT HEART.**”—In this number, we conclude “The Second Life,” one of the most powerful stories we have ever published. In the July number we shall begin “The Patient Heart,” a story of New England life, by Mrs. L. Chandler Moulton.

EMBLEMATIC COLORS.—Why, in the language of colors, is green emblematic of hope? Why does blue denote faith; white, innocence; and red, love? An imaginative German writer answers these questions in the following manner:—“Green is appropriately the hue of hope; for in each returning spring do we not see the graves of those we love overspread with verdure? Does not every blade of grass, every leaf, and every opening bud whisper the hope of reunion with the departed? Spring is hope, and hope is spring. Did not Noah’s dove bring back the green olive leaf, and with it hope? When the breath of spring diffuses genial warmth over the earth—when the lark carols and the swallow flutters in the air, when the trees put forth their foliage—then is the heart of man gladdened by hope. The vernal regeneration of nature is typical of life after death. Blue is the color of faith, for it is the hue of heaven, wherein all our faith is centered, though for a time the celestial firmament may be obscured by clouds and storms, yet the azure canopy soon again spreads above our head. When abandoned by all we have cherished and trusted on earth, do we not feel that our faith is anchored in the blue heaven above us? White is the color of innocence, because white is really no color. Innocence is unconscious of its own purity, for only with sin comes the knowledge of sin. When the dust of the earth profanes the whiteness of the lily, the charm of its purity has fled. Why is red chosen to represent love? Because the heart’s blood is red, and only the warm and fervent heart is really capable of true love. The setting sun casts the hue of his rosy kisses on the earth which he has blessed and fertilized; and at early morn the earth is again kissed by his golden rays. We call this the glow of sunrise and sunset; but it is love—all powerful love, manifested through the sun by the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe. Therefore red is love’s own color.”

RADIANT WITH HAPPINESS.—The Peru (Ind.) Republican says:—“Always suspect persons who affect sweet smiles, great softness of manner, an enunciation studied and low, and who appear incapable of openly expressing their feelings. But when you see a person with Peterson’s Magazine, you may depend upon it that the smile which is radiant upon his or her countenance, is one of unalloyed happiness. Such was the smile we saw, and the happiness we witnessed when the May number of this most superb Magazine was delivered to subscribers, last Monday morning.”

LARGE POINTED COLLARS.—Large pointed collars are again coming into fashion. What is called the Shakspeare collar has been adopted by many fashionable ladies in Paris. It is made of fine linen, and cut with a point in front; sometimes it is embroidered in black, and sometimes with fine white embroidery, and trimmed round with wide Valenciennes lace. The sleeves to correspond with the Shakspeare collar are very deep, and are fastened with four gold studs.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—When subscribers move from one place to another, and wish the direction of their Magazines changed in consequence, they must notify us, not only of their new post-office, but of their old one also.

THE WHISPER.—This is another charming steel engraving. Never before, we think, have we had so fine a series of embellishments as we have had this year.

WILL CRINOLINE LAST?—There is another report afloat that crinoline is to be abandoned; but we do not believe it. The fall of crinoline has so often been predicted, and it never comes to pass; the prediction is never realized. The Empress of the French protects it, and it remains fashionable. The Countess Walewski, notwithstanding, appeared at a court ball last month without any crinoline whatever; but that is not sufficient to dethrone it, the example must be set by the Empress Eugenie herself; she it was who made the fashion, and she is not likely to abandon it. Besides, we must confess that this extension of our petticoats, although at times troublesome and "in the way," yet is becoming and pretty; it adds dignity to the figure, causes the waist to look smaller, and gives grace to many women, who would look awkward without it. Dresses are made longer than ever in the skirt. They are generally much trimmed; the invariable plaiting round the bottom; above, either crossway pieces of velvet, hanging buttons, gimp, and floss silk ornaments, ruffles, and bows of ribbons are all used for ornamenting the skirts: the trimming frequently reaches as high as the knee. In the street the dress is always raised, and the boots are visible; the most fashionable are those made of Russian leather, with leather or steel heels. These are the great novelties in boots; they are the invention of a noted Parisian boot-maker.

STILL IN TIME.—In answer to numerous inquiries we state that it is still in time to subscribe for 1863, as we can supply back numbers from the beginning of the year. Recollect, also, that this is the cheapest of the lady's magazines; and is by most persons (and we think those of the finest taste) considered the best. On this point, the Plover (Wis.) Republican expresses the almost universal opinion, when it says:—"Peterson's Magazine for April is already on our table. Its frontispiece is a very fine and expressive steel plate engraving, entitled 'The Quarrel,' in which the pouting maid and whistling swain both seem to feel rather uncomfortable in the region of the heart. The colored fashion-plates, and sixty odd other embellishments, with two pages of music, demonstrates that there is no falling off in the efforts of the publisher to maintain the high standing of his Magazine, notwithstanding the greatly increased cost of the materials which are used in getting it up. Two dollars is a small price to pay for such a Magazine now-a-days, yet it is all that is asked for it in single subscription. In clubs it is much cheaper." We would add that our Magazine is the only one in the United States which has not either raised its price to clubs and agents, or diminished the number of its pages.

PURE MORALITY.—The Reading (Pa.) Press says:—"Peterson's Magazine contains no matter but such as can be perused by the purest: no flashy French novels are admitted to a place in its columns. To inculcate purity, morality, and religious sentiments seem to be the end and aim of its publisher."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Slaves of the Ring; or, Before and After. By the author of "Grandmother's Money," "Wildflower," "Under the Spell," etc., etc. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—We have here a novel by a writer comparatively unknown to the American public. The story is well told and will have popularity. It is true, the author is not equal to George Eliot, or Mrs. Gaskell, or Miss Muloch, or Mrs. Oliphant; but he is a first-class second-rate novelist, if we may use such a phrase. The volume is a cheap edition, in double column octavo; price, fifty cents.

On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a work of rare value. John Stuart Mill is well known as one of the soundest thinkers and ablest writers among the liberals of Europe; and in this treatise on a subject much talked of, but little understood, he has, so to speak, surpassed himself. The book is divided into four chapters, besides an introductory one, and we cannot give a better idea of its character than by quoting the titles of some of these chapters; viz: "Of the Liberty of Thought and Discussion," "Of Individuality, as one of the Elements of Well-being," and "Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual." The time will come, we hope, when the great truths enforced in this volume will be acted upon as axioms in all free governments. When that time arrives, the capacity of the people to rule themselves will be no longer denied. A tender and loving dedication to the memory of Mr. Mill's wife, who seems to have been a woman of rare intellectual and spiritual excellencies, is prefixed to the work.

A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York. Harper & Brothers.—Like everything which Mrs. Gaskell writes, this story, for it is hardly a novel, exhibits considerable power. The plot turns on the accidental murder of one partner, by another, in a business quarrel; on the concealment of the crime; and on the consequent remorse and terror in which the guilty man and others cognizant of the deed spend their lives. His daughter, who discovers the murder unexpectedly, is one of the greatest sufferers. Her character, a noble one, and that of her selfish lover, who deserts her, are admirably drawn. Not the least interesting of the actors in the tragedy is an old servant. We commend the book as the best fiction of the month. It is printed in cheap style; price, twenty-five cents.

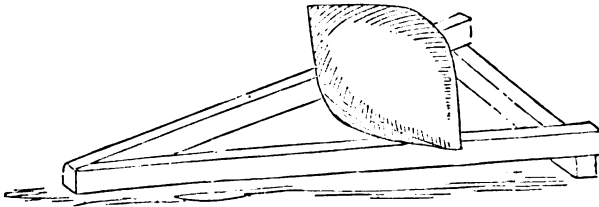
The Every-Day Philosopher in Town and Country. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It would seem, from this and other republications of his essays, that the "Country Parson" is losing none of his wide-spread popularity. He writes, in this volume, in the same genial, practical, egotistical, diffuse, and pleasant way he has always done. One of the best essays is: "Concerning Disagreeable People." Another is: "Concerning Beginnings and Ends." Another is: "Going on." The volume is very handsomely printed, in a style to match former volumes of the series.

A First Latin Course. By William Smith, LL. D. Revised by H. Drisler, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York. Harper & Brothers.—This work comprehends a grammar, delectus and exercise book, and also vocabularies. It is the first of a short series designed to facilitate the study of the Latin language; is the result of many years' practical teaching; and combines, in a remarkable degree, the advantages of the older and more modern method of instruction.

Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes. A Book for Boys. By John G. Edgar. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A capital book of its kind. Looking over its pages, we are reminded of the avidity, with which, when a boy, we devoured "Mavor's Voyages," and are compelled to regret, that, in our time, no such works as this were in existence. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

The National Tax Law, as Amended. By C. H. Hall. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This little work not only gives the tax law as amended at the last session of Congress, but also embodies all the official decisions, the official list of assessors and collectors, an alphabetical schedule of taxable articles, and a complete compendium of stamp duties.

MECHANICAL PARADOX.



THIS amusing puzzle, in which a solid body apparently runs up an inclined plane, is not, perhaps, very generally known, though it may be constructed at a trifling cost.

Get a turner to make a double cone of any hard wood—that is to say, a shape like two sugar-loaves joined base to base: the size is unimportant; four inches long by two inches in diameter will do very well—then procure two slips of wood about half an inch square and eight inches long, join them at one end, and let the other extremities diverge nearly four inches apart. To keep them at the proper distance glue a slip across at the wide end underneath; this piece may be three-quarters of an inch square,

and will form, with the others, a triangle. When placed upon the table, the cross piece makes the wide end considerably higher than the other; nevertheless, the double cone, on being placed on the lower end of the triangle, immediately travels toward the higher extremity, seemingly in defiance of the laws of gravitation. In truth, however, it strictly obeys them, as the center of gravity of the cone is situated in its axis; and owing to the divergent character of the railway, it sinks more and more between the rails as it proceeds, and therefore, in reality, rolls downward. This will readily be perceived if either apex of the cone is carefully observed during its progress.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

To Make Stock for Soup.—We believe the reason why French cooks succeed better than English ones in making clear soup is, that they pay greater attention to skimming it during the boiling process. In France the soup pot is usually an earthen one; in England it is made either of copper or of iron. The greatest care and particularity should be observed in keeping it clean. No matter of what material the vessel may be made, the inside of the cover and the rim must not even be neglected. The best parts of beef for the stock-pot are the hind shin and the buttock; the proportion of water should be about two quarts to three pounds of meat. The meat should be placed first in the stock-pot, and the water poured in cold, and the quantity of salt required added. Place the stock-pot at the side of the fire, and let it slowly become hot; before the water boils remove the scum carefully directly it rises, and continue skimming at intervals, for at least half an hour. Then add the vegetables—three carrots, three turnips, half a head of celery, a few young leeks, and an onion stuck with three cloves; some savory herbs and peppercorns. Let all these stew very gently for five hours at least. Strain the soup, clear it from all fat, and serve it. The continental mode is to place a few slices of untoasted bread at the bottom of the tureen, to soak them well for ten minutes with a cupful of the soup, and then to pour the remainder boiling hot over them.

Giblet Soup.—Let the giblets be well cleaned; cut them into small pieces, and wash them well in water. Put them into a saucepan with one quart of good broth, and all sorts of herbs chopped fine. Let these simmer together until the giblets are tender; then thicken with flour and butter, and season with salt and cayenne according to taste. Asparagus tops, if in season, may be added; these must be boiled first. If you wish the soup to be white, take the yolks of four eggs, beaten up with half a pint of cream, and add them to the soup five minutes before serving, stirring them in gently, but not allowing them to boil. If the soup is required to be brown, put in a little browning and a glassful of sherry wine.

Green Pea Soup.—After having removed the hulls from a peck of fresh green peas, boil them in spring water until they are soft, and then work them through a hair sieve. Pour the water in which the peas have been boiled into a clean saucepan, and put into it a knuckle of veal, three slices of lean ham, two carrots, and one turnip cut up into slices, add a little more water, and let the meat and vegetables simmer gently together for two hours; then strain the liquor through a hair sieve into a clean bowl, and add the pulped peas. Boil a little spinach, beat it and squeeze it in a cloth, and add to the liquor as much of the juice pressed from it as will render it a good color. Pour all into a saucepan, and let it boil gently so as to take off all taste of the spinach. Slice in the white part of one head of celery; add a lump of sugar the size of a walnut, pepper and salt to taste. Cut some slices of bread into small diamonds, and fry them in fresh butter. Cut up a large lettuce in slices, and fry them after the bread; put these into the tureen. Have ready boiled a pint of young peas as for eating; put them into the soup with a little chopped mint if approved of, and pour all into the tureen. Serve hot.

A French Soup made without Meat.—Take a large lump of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; brown them in the saucepan in which the soup is to be made; then chop up finely some carrots, onions, celery, sorrel, and potatoes, and mix them together; put them into the saucepan, with pepper and salt, pour boiling water over them, and let them stew over the fire for three or four hours: they can hardly simmer too long. A little thyme, parsley, cress, and mint, are a great improvement added to the other ingredients.

FISH.

To Boil Fish.—For all kinds of fish put two spoonfuls of salt to every quart of water; put the fish in with the water cold; remove the cover, and only let the water simmer. Try with a skewer, whether the flesh of the fish stick to the bone; if so, it is not enough, if the flesh drop off, it is too much cooked. A mackerel will take from fifteen to twenty minutes, a halibut a little longer; a pound of fish takes from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Steamed Lobster.—Cut the meat into nice bits, and warm it in a little good gravy; season with salt, mace, and a little cayenne; thicken with flour and butter, and a little anchovy sauce; dish neatly up with sippets of toast round it.

To Boil Mackerel.—Clean the mackerel and dry them carefully with a clean cloth; rub them slightly over with a little vinegar, and lay them straight on the fish-plate, for on turning them they are frequently broken. Put a little salt in the water, and when it boils, place carefully the fish into the pan, and boil them gently for a quarter of an hour. Take them up and strain them well; put the water that runs from them into a saucepan, with a tablespoonful of walnut catchup, the same quantity of brownling, two anchovies, and a slice of lemon; boil all these ingredients together for a quarter of an hour, and then strain them through a hair sieve, and thicken with a little flour and butter. Serve in a sauce-boat with parsley sauce in another; dish up the fish with their tails in the center of the dish; garnish with scraped horseradish, sprigs of parsley, and burberries, if at hand.

To Boil Salmon.—Fill the fish-kettle with as much spring water as will be sufficient to cover the salmon which is to be cooked. When the water boils throw into it a handful of salt, and remove the scum as soon as it rises. Wash the fish thoroughly, put it into the fish-kettle, and, if it is a thick fish, let it boil very gently. Salmon requires almost as much boiling as meat, therefore a quarter of an hour should be allowed for each pound. Serve with lobster or fennel sauce.

To Bake Fish in a Tin Dish.—Scale and clean the fish dry it well; put an ounce of butter or dripping in the dish, and sprinkle a little chopped parsley and onions at the bottom; lay in the fish, season with pepper and salt, and lay over the rest of the chopped onions and parsley, with some bread-crumbs, and a little bit of butter or fat, and a little water or broth over all; put the dish in the oven or before the fire until done.

To Fry Fish.—The art of frying fish consists in having plenty of grease in the pan and making it boil to the utmost before putting in the fish, which should have been laid to dry for some time in a cloth, and then rubbed with egg, and dipped in bread-crumbs; the grease should be so hot that it browns the fish, not burns it; the fish should be turned once. A fish well fried is not an economical dish, because it requires a great deal of fat to fry it in.

MEATS.

Calf's-Head Hash.—Parboil a calf's-head, or half of one, according to the size of the dish you may require to fill, cut off the best parts in either long or short slices, as you like; set them aside for the hash; the rest, with all the bones, and any others you may have at hand (if a ham one, so much the better), return to the liquor, with a bunch of savory herbs, a sliced carrot, a carefully-fried onion, half-head of celery, mace, salt, and peppercorns, according to taste. Let all these ingredients stew gently together, until the liquor is sufficiently strong that, when it is cold, it will form a jelly. Strain it through a hair sieve, and afterward through a cloth, and when cold, remove all the fat which may rise to the top. Take of this jelly the quantity which may be required for gravy, put it into a saucepan, and add to it mushroom catchup, Worcester sauce, and a little lemon pickle. Now put in the slices of meat, and let them warm gently, but do not let them boil. Before serving to table add a wineglassful of sherry and a tablespoonful of brandy. Garnish the dish with forcemeat balls, brain cakes, and slices of lemons. N. B.—If the gravy is not of sufficient thickness, add butter.

Beefsteak Dumpling.—Choose a juicy piece of beef, without much fat, and cut it into neat slices about half an inch thick, sprinkle some salt and pepper over them, place a small lump of butter on each, roll them up tight, and flour them a little. Line a basin with plain suet paste, fill it with the rolls of beef, add a few mushrooms and a little catchup; cover up the meat with the paste, tie up the basin in a floured cloth, and boil it three hours.

Meat and Potato Pie.—Mash three pounds of potatoes with a little dripping and milk, and pepper, and salt to taste. Spread two-thirds in a pie dish, and place on it a breast of mutton, cut into pieces. Cover the remainder of the potatoes over the top, and bake it for an hour, or more or less, according to the heat of the oven. A side oven, or the bread-oven, when done with for the bread, will often (at no cost for the cooking) bake a pudding for the poor or sick, which will have much more value to them than its cost to the giver. Rice milk, rice pudding, broth of bones, and odds and ends, and many nice puddings and fricassees for the sick or hungry, may be done at very little cost and trouble, in this manner.

A Stewed Neck of Mutton.—Choose a lean neck of mutton, cut it up into chops, remove the fat and skin from them, and trim them neatly. Put a tablespoonful of sage at the bottom of a large earthenware jar, which has a cover to it; on the sage arrange a layer of chops, and upon the chops sliced carrots, turnips, onions, and celery, and any green vegetable which may be in season, such as lettuce, peas, etc. Commence again with another tablespoonful of sage, then a layer of meat, and another of vegetables, and so on until the materials are all in the jar. Season well with salt and pepper, pour in one pint of spring water, cover the jar closely, and stew gently in the oven for three hours.

Collared Mutton.—Order the butcher to bone a loin of mutton which has hung for a week; rub it well with pepper, salt, ground allspice, and cloves. Pour over it either a teacupful of port wine or of vinegar; let it lie in this for twenty-four hours, then cover the inside with a good stuffing as if for veal; roll it up tightly, and bind it with broad tape to keep it in shape, and roast or bake it. The underneath part of a sirloin of beef may be dressed in a similar way. Let the butcher send the bones of the mutton so as to make the gravy.

Brain Cakes.—Wash the brains thoroughly first in cold and afterward in hot water, remove the skin and fibres, and then boil the brains in water with a little salt for two or three minutes. Take them up and beat them in a basin with some very finely chopped parsley, sifted sage, salt, mace, cayenne pepper, the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and a gill of cream. Drop them in small cakes into the frying-pan, and fry them in butter a light brown color. A little flour and grated lemon-peel are sometimes added.

DESSERTS.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Take a pint of new milk and half a pint of cream, sweeten it according to your own taste, flavor it with either lemon-peel, peach-leaf, or cinnamon, as you prefer; let it simmer until this is effected, then strain it, and, having beat up the yolks of four eggs with a little cold milk, stir the hot mixture well into them, and add a glass of brandy, but mind you keep stirring it quickly all the time; it will form a nice custard, which pour over your bread and butter at least two hours before you put it in the oven. Half an hour's baking will be sufficient. The bread and butter should be cut very thin, and currants, finely-shred candied peel, and almonds strewed between each layer. Or:—Take sponge cakes instead of bread and butter, and pour the brandy and a little milk over them the night before, adding the warm milk and eggs half an hour or so previous to the baking of the pudding. A pudding made of sponge cake, and steamed instead of baked, is very good. Soak the cake with brandy and milk the previous evening, place a layer of cake in a ware or tin mould, then a layer of jam alternately; currants and candied peel can be used, as for a baked pudding. When the mould is nearly full, pour in custard made as described; let the pudding steam for half an hour, or longer, according to the size of the mould, and, when served, pour cold custard over it in the dish, sticking blanched split almonds over the top by way of ornament.

Welsh Flummary.—Put three handfuls of very white oatmeal to steep twenty-four hours in a pint of cold water; then pour it off clear, and add as much more water; let it stand the same time; strain it through a hair-sieve, and boil it till it becomes as thick as hasty-pudding, stirring it all the time. When you strain it, pour in two spoonfuls of orange-flower water and a little white sugar. Some persons dispense with the orange-flower water, and use brown sugar. Pour it into shallow dishes, and eat it cold with cream, milk, fruit, and sugar.

Baked Apple and Almond Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar; pound all well together; then add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs. Grate the peel of one lemon, and add the juice of it, and one tablespoonful of flour. Mix all well together, and whip the whites of the six eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them with the other ingredients before baking. Pour the whole upon a thick layer of stewed apples already prepared in a baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Arrowroot Blanc Mange.—Mix three well filled up tablespoonfuls of arrowroot with a little milk. Boil one and a half pint of good, rich, new milk, sweeten and flavor to taste; pour it on the arrowroot, mixing them well, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is thoroughly cooked and thickened, taking care that it does not burn. Pour it into a jelly shape, and do not turn it out until the next day. The chief care requisite is to cook it enough for it to set firmly.

Vanilla Cream.—Boil a stick of vanilla in a pint and a half of rich new milk until it is highly flavored, take out the vanilla, and sweeten the milk to taste. Beat up thoroughly the yolks of six eggs, and the white of one, and gradually mix in the milk, stirring them all the while. Then cook the cream until it is thick enough. If the vanilla be carefully dried, it will serve several times, provided it be good.

Italian Cream.—Take one pint of cream and half a pint of milk, make it hot, sweetening it to taste, and flavoring it with lemon-peel. Beat up the yolks of eight eggs; beat up all together, and set it over a slow fire to thicken. Have ready an ounce of isinglass, melted and strained, which add to the cream; whip it well, and pour it into the mould.

Stone Cream.—This is a simple blanc mange, made with isinglass, and milk and cream, or milk alone, and poured, while yet warm (not hot), on preserve in a glass dish.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

IMITATIVE HALOES.—Look at a candle or any other luminous body, through a plate of glass, covered with vapor, or dust in a finely divided state, and it will be surrounded with a ring of colors, like a halo round the sun or moon. These rings increase with the sizes of the particles which produce them; and their brilliancy and number depend on the uniform size of these particles.

Or, haloes may be imitated by crystalizing various salts upon thin plates of glass, and looking through the plate at a candle or the sun. For example, spread a few drops of a strong solution of alum over a plate of glass so as to crystalize quickly, and cover it with a crust scarcely visible to the eye. Then place the eye close behind the smooth side of the glass plate, look through it at a candle, and you will perceive three fine haloes at different distances, encircling the flame.

TO READ A COIN IN THE DARK.—By the following simple method, the legend or inscription upon a coin may be read in absolute darkness. Polish the surface of any silver coin as highly as possible; touch the raised parts with aqua fortis, so as to make them rough, taking care that the parts not raised retain their polish. Place the coin thus prepared

upon red-hot iron, remove it into a dark room, and the figure and inscription will become more luminous than the rest, and may be distinctly seen and read by the spectator. If the lower parts of the coin be roughened with the acid, and the raised parts be polished, the effect will be reversed, and the figure and inscription will appear dark, or black upon a light or white ground.

This experiment will be more surprising if made with an old coin, from which the figure and inscription have been obliterated; for when the coin is placed upon the red-hot iron, the figure and inscription may be distinctly read upon a surface which had hitherto appeared blank.

This experiment may be made with small coins upon a heated poker, a flat-iron, or a salamander. The effect will be more perfect if the red-hot iron be concealed from the eye of the spectator; this may be done by placing upon the iron a piece of blackened tin, with a hole cut out, the size of the coin to be heated.

CORNER FOR INVALIDS.

Midge-Bites.—One raw egg, well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirit of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirit of wine, a quarter of an ounce of camphor, these ingredients to be well beaten together; then put in a bottle and shake it for ten minutes, after which cork it down tightly to exclude the air. In half an hour it is fit for use. Directions:—To be well rubbed in two, three, or four times a day.

How to Treat a Person Rescued from Drowning.—All that is required is that the body of the drowned person be placed upon its chest and abdomen, with the arms under its forehead, and then turned from side to side, as one would roll a wine-cask or beer-cask in process of cleansing; but, of course, more slowly and gently, and continuing this rotary motion until full inflation of the lungs shall have taken place.

Gargle for a Sore Throat.—Pour a pint of boiling water on a handful of sage, tie up about half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a piece of muslin, and put it in when cold, strain it off, add a dessertspoonful of honey, a wine-glassful of port-wine, and as much vinegar as will make it sufficiently sour, without injuring the palate; gargle three times a day, or more frequently, if need be.

To Cure Burns.—Scraped potatoes applied to a burn will relieve the pain, and prevent scars, in moderate injuries, sooner than almost any other remedy. The raw potato is peeled, and then scraped on to a bit of rag, the potato-scrapings being placed next the injured part, and as soon as they lose their moisture, changed for fresh scrapings.

To Cure a Common Cold.—Boil a handful of bran in little more than a quart of water for twenty minutes, strain, and sweeten with either sugar, molasses, or honey. To be taken warm on going to bed. This is simple and very efficacious. In severe colds, a little syrup of squills may be added.

For a Wasp-Sting.—Sal volatile or hartshorn, if applied immediately, is the best specific for the sting of a wasp.

FANCY ARTICLES FOR FAIRS.

WAFER BASKETS.—These are pretty, and not difficult to make. Form the basket in colored cardboard, by cutting a shape which will stand well. Let it be three inches and a half across at the bottom, four and a half at the top, and three inches and a quarter high. Shape the top into sixteen vandykes, one inch deep, and cut an open-work pattern in triangles, or any other form, round it, with a straight strip for a handle, and a well-fitted round for the bottom. This or any other pretty form of basket will do. For ornamenting it with the wafers, have for each orna-

ment three wafers: one whole; a second cut into one half and two quarters; the third into four quarters. Wet the cut edge of the half wafer, and set it upright on the whole wafer; in the same manner fix two of the quarters at right angles with this, and then fix in the remaining four quarters, one in each division. Ornament the basket and handle with these according to fancy. The contrast of color in the basket and wafers, the size of the basket, and the size of the wafers used, may be varied at pleasure. The handle should be fastened on with a bow of satin ribbon, of the same color as the wafers. Pretty mixtures are: scarlet on black, white on blue or any other bright color, dark-green on pale-green, or purple on orange color. The baskets will hold sweetmeats, and afterward (as presents) will be valued for the sake of the little manufacturers.

NOTE-CASES.—The shape to cut for the note-case may be four inches and three-quarters wide, by one foot long. This folded up into four, is for the outside of the note-case and two pockets. Cut two pieces of the material four inches and three-quarters wide, and four inches and a half deep, to form inner pockets with flaps (which should be a little shaped at the corners) to fold over in the center inside and shut up two of the pockets. The note-case may be of silk or cashmere, nicely embroidered or braided. For bridging a thing like this, it is best to trace the pattern on tissue paper, tack that on to the silk or cashmere, and tear it away when the work is done. The edge must be finished with a cord agreeing in color.

IMITATION MOSAIC BROOCHES.—Procure a brooch intended to hold a miniature. Trace the shape on a piece of very coarse, open, book muslin. Find a Berlin pattern of flowers, or any other pleasing subject which will suit this in form and number of stitches, and work it with fine decen silk. It must be put in the miniature frame when done, and the effect will be found to be very good.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

How to Remove Mildew from Linen.—First of all take some soap (any common sort will do), and rub it well into the linen, then scrape some chalk very fine, and rub that in also; lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it again; twice or thrice doing will remove the mildew stains. Another way is to mix soft soap with powdered starch, with half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay this mixture on with a brush, and let the linen lay out on the grass for a few frosty nights, and the stains will disappear. All linen will turn yellow if kept long unused, locked up in a linen press, excluded from air and light; so the best way that we have found of restoring it to its color, is to expose it to the open air in nice dry weather. Exposure to the light and continual airings will be found the best way of preserving its whiteness.

Curacao (equal to foreign).—The peels of three dozen Seville oranges, three pounds of white sugar candy, one ounce and a half of cinnamon, four bottles of white brandy; to be put into a stone bottle and well shaken occasionally. To be bottled in a month, having been first strained through a very fine cloth, when it may be drank immediately.

A Pomatum to Make the Hair Grow.—Take hen's fat and oil of hempseed, of each a quarter of a pound, melt them together in an earthen pipkin, and stir the mixture with a wooden spatula until it is cold. Rub in the pomatum every day for eight days.

Blue Ink.—Two drachms oxalic acid, two drachms Prussian blue, to be mixed in half a pint of water, make as good a blue ink as we have seen, and is very simple.

Tooth-Powder.—One ounce of bole armoniac, one ounce of orris root well pounded, half ounce of magnesia; well pounded and mixed.

Paint to Stand the Weather.—Take charcoal powdered, a sufficient quantity of litharge as a Grier, to be well mixed with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with well boiled linseed oil. This forms a good black paint; by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green used by painters for garden work, and it does not fade with the sun. This composition was first used on some spouts, which, on being examined fourteen years afterward, were found to be as perfect as when first put up.

To Prevent Rust.—Melt together three parts of lard, and one part of resin. A very thin coating will preserve iron-work, such as stoves and grates, from rusting during summer, even in damp situations.

FIRESIDE RECREATIONS.

CRAMBO.—This game is played as follows:—Each player has to write a noun on a small piece of paper, and a question on a larger one. All are then thrown together and shuffled, and, a question and noun being drawn out, a reply must be given in poetry, in which the noun is introduced. The following may suffice for examples:

Q.—Are you fond of poetry?

Noun.—Fire.

“Had I the soul of him who once,
In olden time, ‘Father of History’ was named,
I’d prove my love, not by mere affirmation,
But by glowing thoughts, and words of rhyme,
Write down on the spotless page—
And thus convey my feelings to posterity.”

Q.—Define the term Imagination.

Noun.—Bridge.

“’Tis like a castle built on high,
A thing without foundation;
A BRIDGE by which we reach the sky—
Is this Imagination!”

The shorter the reply is, the better. It may be an original impromptu, or a quotation. Those who are clever and quick-witted can make this game a very amusing and lively one, by introducing into the answers sly allusions to various parties in the room, as the papers are collected and read aloud by one person, so that no one is presumed to know by whom they were severally written.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF VERY THIN WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is made with one ruffle, a row of insertion and tucks. The sleeves correspond. Around the waist is a sash of mauve silk, pinked at the edges. Bow and ends of mauve silk at the back of the head.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD, trimmed with a band of narrow cherry-colored velvet ribbon. The Spanish jacket is made to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. III.—THE SARATOGA.—A dress and sacque of clear white muslin worn over lilac silk. It is trimmed with insertions and puffings of muslin, through which lilac ribbon is run. Small straw hat, trimmed with white and lilac plumes.

FIG. IV.—THE BARITZ.—A dress of white muslin, made with two skirts. The upper skirt is open part way up at each breadth, and is turned back on each side and confined by bows of black lace. A long, narrow black lace scarf is put on the back in the style of a berthe, crosses in front, passes under the arms, and is tied loosely behind. Straw hat, trimmed with a black plume and black lace.

FIG. V.—THE AMAZON.—A dress of fawn-colored alpaca, braided around the bottom of the skirt. The body is made

plain and high, with a skirt at the back cut in the shape of a leaf. This skirt is ornamented with braid, and the braiding is carried around in the shape of a belt to the front.

FIGS. VI. and VII.—FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF NEW STYLE OF SWISS BODICES.—These bodices can be made of silk of any color, edged with white or black lace, as may be preferred, or they can be made of black velvet. As will be seen in the engraving, they are worn over thin white muslin bodies.

FIG. VIII.—SUMMER MANTILLA OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with black velvet ribbon put on in the shape of bows, and with a ruffle edged with narrow black velvet. This mantilla would be beautiful made of any material matching a dress, with the bottom of the dress trimmed to correspond; or made in black silk, with the bows of leather-colored ribbon.

FIG. IX.—SEÑORITA JACKET OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The varieties of new materials for summer wear are innumerable. Alpacas, summer poplins, and summer silks, are among the most popular of the spring goods; but for a little later in the season are mixtures of wool and silk, thinner than the articles just named, but more durable than bareges, and less liable to crumple than tissues. These goods are usually of some of the shades of brown, fawn, gray, or lilac, though some are in small black and white plaids. Grenadines are nearly all black, with small detached figures of only one color, as brown, violet, blue, green, orange, or crimson. The organdies are nearly all of white grounds with bunches of roses, carnations, or groups of blackberries and leaves. These organdies are exquisite, but come at the high price of one dollar per yard. There are other organdies in dress patterns, at eighteen dollars the dress, which are lovely. The ground is white, with a fine half-colored figure running through it; but around the bottom is a band of white about an eighth of a yard in width, covered with rose-buds.

We mentioned in a former number that plain cambric come with patterns printed round the bottom and up the front of the skirts, such as a buff cambric with a black Maltese lace pattern; another buff cambric with a bold braided design in black printed upon it, etc., etc. The effect of these printed imitations is so excellent, that at a short distance it is impossible to believe that the lace was not genuine Maltese, and that the design was not in reality braided upon the material.

THE SKIRTS OF DRESSES are still made very long behind, and are much gored, to throw the fullness nicely to the bottom. They are now arranged behind in large gathers, and plaited in small plaits from the gathers to the front. Bodices are being made with three points behind and two in front; the small tail behind is still also worn, but the round waists are never seen unless a sash is worn tied behind, and then this mode of bodice is admissible. Sleeves are made to fit rather closely to the arm, the long, very open sleeves being now seldom seen. Epaulets are very generally worn at the top, with a turned-back cuff at the bottom to correspond. Unless the figure is tall and slight, we think the epaulets give too much width to the figure, therefore stout persons should on no account wear them.

BASQUINES are coming in fashion again, though as yet they are so small as hardly to deserve the name.

CAMLETS, ALPACAS, AND FOULARDS of one color, as well as figured foulards, are at present the favorite materials for morning dresses. They are usually made high and closely fitting to the figure, with two points in front, and with a small swallow-tail basque at the back. The sleeves are cut either open and very narrow round the bottom, small bell buttons being carried up the seam as far as the elbow, or they are closed at the wrist with a pointed cuff, which

is at least a quarter of a yard deep. These gauntleted closed cuffs are very popular for morning wear, being found to be infinitely more convenient and comfortable than the wide hanging sleeves, with the pagoda-shaped white under-sleeve, which so speedily lost its freshness, consequently its beauty. Over these deep-pointed closed cuffs white linen cuffs of the same shape are worn. No decision apparently has been arrived at on the subject of the morning white linen collar. In London the small standing collar, with the narrow-colored silk cravat, the pointed cavalier collar, and the small rounded one, are all fashionable. In Paris there is at the present moment a great tendency toward the introduction of large linen collars. To the fairest and best of complexions this large expanse of white linen proves very trying.

MUSLIN CRAVATS are still worn round the throat; they are made narrower than formerly, and are embroidered at both ends. Some have a narrow Valenciennes edging around them; they are tied exactly as a gentleman's cravat, with the ends standing out in a line with the bow, and not hanging down as formerly.

THE CHANGE IN THE SHAPE OF CRINOLINE is daily more apparent in Paris, but in London there is no difference as yet visible. In the former city, crinolines and steel petticoats of all descriptions are made flat and clinging from the waist to the knee, and from the knee downward they expand until they attain round the bottom larger and wider dimensions than formerly. For out-door wear these crinolines are made to reach only to the top of the boots at the back, as dresses still continue to be drawn up; but for evening and in-door wear they are made much longer at the back, and are cut with a train or fan-like expansion, as dresses with trains fall more gracefully over petticoats which are cut in some measure, although in a lesser degree, in the same shape.

MANTILLAS are of various shapes. The round, full ones are probably the most in favor. The pelerine, of a shawl shape behind, with long, square ends in front and trimmed with ruffles of silk, is also very much worn.

BONNETS are still made high, though not with so sharp a point in front as formerly. The trimming continues to be very much on the top, but with persons of good taste this is never exaggerated.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

LITTLE GIRL'S FANCY KNICKERBOCKER.—Muslin is the best material for this pretty novelty for children. At the side and around the bottom should be strong insertions, with holes arranged expressly for the running in and out of the colored ribbon. These knickerbockers are made fuller than ordinary drawers, and have an insertion on each side, and at the bottom of the legs. Through this insertion a ribbon is run, arranged in hanging bows at the side, and useful at the bottom for confining the knickerbockers just below the knee, where it is tied in a bow. The drawers at the top are arranged in the ordinary manner.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Little girls' dresses are modeled so much after their mothers', that, except in the proportionate length of the skirt, one can see but little difference. Loose sacques and little round mantillas are the most popular for out-of-door wear, and hats, invariably, instead of bonnets.

Small-figured foulards, narrow plaid silks, alpacas, poplins, Marseilles, and brillantes of white grounds, with small, dainty figures in them, are all very much worn. White Marseilles, braided in black, with a deep, round cape to correspond, makes a charming out-of-door costume.

We gave so many patterns for children's dresses, last month, and so much information generally, that there is little newer now to give.



Painted by J. Verheyden.

Engraved & Printed by Elmes Brothers

THE SHOWER.



LES MODES PARISIENNES.





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